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Thursday night [undated #53; probably  
14 Oct 1926]

I've been in a mood where I couldn't write, dear. I am "stumped." That's all there is to it. I don't want to make matters worse, dear. I can't bear to cut myself off from Orv. You can't imagine how I do feel about that, dear. But you are full of understanding and sympathy. I know that, dear. You are so good to me, Harry dear, so good. The unselfish people always get the worst of it, dear. That's the way it goes. You see, dear, if I came out to Kansas City now I'm afraid I'd break down. It isn't just because Orv makes it hard for me. It is almost unendurable anyway, dear—the thought of what I have done to him. I would have had that anyway. I can't quite tell even you, dear. It is so serious and it is all against Orv, even at the best. Oh, Harry, dear. I'm sorry I can't go through it better. I have the terribly desolate feeling that I have when there is a death in the family. You see, dear, we can gloss it over and try to make it look better for Orv but after all, he is being left alone and it is so sad for him. Well, I won't write about it, for it doesn't do any good to go over and over it. xxx

I wrote the best letter I could to your brother, dear. But I haven't had any heart in anything I've done these last few weeks. I felt that it wasn't a very nice letter and I was sorry. Maybe it will sound better at the other end! I hope so. There is some satisfaction in getting to the bottom, dear. Then you know you can't go any lower. Of course, dear, I never dreamed it would be so terrible as it has been or I wouldn't have got you into such trouble with me. This isn't right. xxx

I am enclosing Lou Warner's letter. I mentioned Beatty Williams but not "Bill" Chamberlin or you. I can't very well push "Bill" but, of course, I wouldn't oppose him. Isn't it funny? Mr. Rogers hasn't written to me about Davis, at all. I can't make up my mind whether he thinks it isn't necessary to bother with me or thinks it's no use to talk Davis to me. I'm afraid, dear, that Lou and I can run that committee! I am sure Joel Hayden will join in with us. He hasn't much force, really. Louis is level-headed—never goes off on a tangent. He is a fine man, with the noblesse oblige idea. Lou is never self-seeking and is never selfish in any organization. He is lovely in his spirit toward the class, and it is understood. Well, now we'll see who is the next Trustee! Not a woman this time, dear. I'm going to show 'em how liberal I can be toward the men! xxx

I went down town to lunch with Agnes today and got home late and tired. It tires me so to lunch in a crowd and then shop around afterwards. I always go down early in the morning to do my shopping. There are some pretty plates, German china, decorated at the Pickard "studios," near Chicago. They are nice but not so nice as the lovely English china. These Pickard dishes are being shown here for the first time. xxx

I have to be at my dressmakers at nine in the morning. I'll get this off on the early train, if I can and send it "Special." Then you ought to have [it] Saturday—surely by night, when you go down. I love you, dear, and I want to be with you but I am so troubled and puzzled as to what would be best to do. I am afraid I was wrong in the first place but what was right a year ago isn't right now. But, dear, there is no comfort. If I can't come

out next week, couldn't you come here, dear? Orv will be away from Wednesday the 10<sup>th</sup> to Wednesday, the 27<sup>th</sup>. But that won't do any good about the house. I am so discouraged, dear, and so concerned about that papering—for you, dear. It oughtn't to go so long. Goodbye, dear. I don't know what I can do. I do about the best I can but maybe that is mostly wrong. I don't know. Goodbye, dear, and a sweet, sweet kiss.

Your

Katharine

This letter isn't worth sending—special or any other way!