

Home

Saturday morning [undated 44, identified as
23 Oct 1926]

Dear, I am always tired when any one is visiting us. I get over it after the first few days. And besides I am letting Carrie go before lunch today so she can get ready comfortably for her little Halloween party which she is having this afternoon for her little nieces and nephews—about sixteen or twenty of them! She has done every thing to help me when I get near the breaking point. xxx

I told Lou yesterday afternoon and she was lovely to me. I thought she would be. But nobody can make it anything but a horror to me to think of Orv's being left without me in this house. I'll do my best about it, dear. xxx

Louis called up last night when they got back home to tell us that Harold King¹ died Thursday morning and was buried yesterday afternoon. It is too awfully hard for the family to have this just now when President King can barely keep going under the most favorable circumstances. Dearest, I don't know what I can do about coming but I'll try. You are so unselfish and so patient with me, dear. It does nearly break my heart. It is such a terrible situation to be in, dear. I feel as if anything I do for either one of you is against the other! I am so sensitive about both of you. xxx

Oh, Harry, dear. I love you so and want to be with you but it is so hard to get to you. Goodbye, my darling boy. You are so sweet, so gentle and sweet with me, dear.

Your

Katharine

¹Harold King, one of President Henry Churchill King's four sons, was a professor in the Oberlin history department. His death is mentioned in the October 26th issue of *The Oberlin Review*.