

Hawthorn Hill

Monday morning [undated #28, probably
29 Mar 1926]

This has been a busy morning, dear—what with my Austrian doing everything I don't want done, the minute I come in the house and with Carrie tackling me every three minutes as to what I want done with things in my hall closet. I use that for my papers and such. I don't know what I want done with a lot of things so how I can tell her?

There were three letters this morning, dear, counting the little one giving Dr. Dick's address. Many thanks for it.

There are wheels within wheels, aren't there? Mr. Nichols is a good one to have on the Trustees, as, of course, you know. I suspect you of ulterior motives in getting him on! There is one set of interests which concern the whole organization and then there are as many other sets as there are members of the organization. I don't view Mr. Seested's control with any satisfaction. And I would be downright afraid to have Mr. Kirkwood in full control. On that I'd rather trust some one like Henry Allen, though it might not be so pleasant on the whole, considering that he would come in, maybe, with a lot of ideas that wouldn't do at all for The Star. I think, dear, I'm swinging around back to my original impression of Mr. Kirkwood—though I like him better for what you have said of him. He really is mostly son-in-law, isn't he?

Now, if you want my candid opinion, I should think you could omit the Sunday magazine without hurting the paper much. The outside page has been good and I suppose the K.C. people like the pictures of people in it. But I haven't thought the reading matter was very good—outside of a very few features.

I had to stop there and go and get Anne to bring her over to lunch. She is on a diet and not strong so we are trying to keep her out a little. It was only a "little" this noon for we didn't have a very good lunch. But we had what she could eat. Anne staid until just now and it is nearly four o'clock. We had a long talk on pictures and painters and I found I remembered a good deal after all. I do love painting and so does Orv. Anne has a Peter de Hooch (spelled a dozen different ways, you know) and a Ver Meer which she has just had framed and now has hanging in her living room. We have one of each, too, in our living room and that started us off on Dutch and Flemish painters. We were both hazy on what the Flemish was, exactly, and where the Dutch came in. Well, I know now but won't by tomorrow night!

Tomorrow you will be driving up to Lawrence. You are getting to be quite a speechifyer, dear. I am not able to get up much alarm when you say you haven't an idea. It seems to me that you can always get command of your mind. I can't often. Well, anyway you were going all right when you wrote your last letter. Maybe you will find this when you get back from Lawrence Wednesday. If you do, you can imagine me giving you a sweet, scrunchy kiss in congratulation for your good talks!

There were awfully good letters today, dear. I'll run down and mail this and write more tonight.

Nan comes tomorrow night. Goodbye, my Harry. A very very sweet kiss.

Your

Katharine