

Home
Monday afternoon [17 May 1926]

I mailed another Special Delivery letter to you this morning, dear. I took it to the Station so I feel sure you will get it tomorrow, especially since I got your telegram this noon, saying that you had got the letter mailed yesterday. I love you so, dear, that I can't bear the thought of your anxiety and uneasiness. Sometimes now, dear, I do have the thought of wanting to do something to get out of working my problem through. But that wouldn't help a bit. It would just make sure that both of you whom I love so much would have the thing you both dread. I don't think, dear, it is because I am so desirable. I'm not silly enough to think that. It is just one of the crazy pieces of bad luck that has to be beaten. I am so tired, dear, of going over and over everything to try to find some way out. I'm going to take a vacation, dear, and talk about something else. I must. I got two letters this morning, dear, and one this afternoon—just finished reading it. I am glad you are having such an interesting and busy time, dear. It is too bad for Roy Roberts if his wife doesn't enter into his interests and enjoy them. Well, that is the way it so often goes, dear. How many times it is the other way around—an interesting woman and an unimaginative, dull man. I was reading an article in Harper's the other day that pointed out how a wife's place is determined in society, in general. It goes according to the husband's standing, not the wife's own qualifications. Once in a great while, a woman can break through and make a place for herself but she has to be exceptional and very exceptional, too. Men wouldn't put up with that and you know it, dear. Still, my sect has many obvious defects and short-comings. Maybe we get about what we deserve. When I hear an intelligent, smart woman like Mrs. Deeds saying 'it is enough for her to be Edward Deeds' wife', I about give up hope. It is so absurd. She just misses the whole point, doesn't she?

I've just been writing to the chairman of the Trustee Committee on Trustee nominations, Mr. Cochran. The Committee now consists of four, since Judge Hadden's death. Mr. Cochran said that George Jones proposed Homer Johnson and that Mr. Johnson proposed Arthur Davis, Hall's associate in the Aluminum Company. We have to have two to take the places of Judge Hadden and Mr. Johnson. Mr. Cochran thought we might make more than one nomination for each place and I urged that. I was enthusiastic over Homer Johnson's nomination for the long term; not very enthusiastic, but not down-right opposed, to Mr. Davis for the short term. I "pointed out," as Stef is always saying, that, on general principles, I was not in favor of having any one on the Board who might have interests opposed to those of the College, as Mr. Davis might have. It would be all right unless he would be put on the committee, dealing with the question of disposing of our preferred stock. However, I didn't oppose Davis' nomination but I don't really see any reason for it. Then I suggested that Mary Millikan be one of the nominees and I told Mr. Cochran I would write again if I thought of another good name. I have a notion to propose Will Chamberlin. Mr. Cochran proposed (I do not doubt that some one from Oberlin suggested all of these) Wells Griswold '94; George Morgan, '97; John L. Laird '01; Robert Keep Clarks ex '02. I wasn't particularly agreeable to any of them. I really think we ought to get some younger people on, from 40 on up, or even a little younger. I think Beatrice Doerschuk would be good but I don't know enough about her myself to push her. The Lords think very highly of her and so do many others. Our L.L.S. crowd is

devoted to her. She is very clever, very attractive and, I think, able. She is about the right age, under forty.

I am so stupid I don't know who Clinton Gilbert is, dear. The name just "sounds familiar." Of course, The Star is the place for you, dear, if things go at all well. Yes, the Trustees' statement was clever. It didn't appear that they were begging for bidders!

I am going down now to see if my automobile is ready. If it is I'll take this down and mail it as I go for the car. You will get it Wednesday morning, without special delivery.

Don't worry, dear, any more than you can help. I am resting now, and letting everything go. I had to rest. Goodbye, dear. I'll be so glad to see you again. A sweet kiss.

Your

Katharine

I suppose you got my telegram yesterday (Sunday).