

Mary Katharine Geyer Letters, May 1920 – September 1921

*EDITORIAL NOTE: The letters in this document were written to Katharine's mother, Carrie Brown Dodds (AKA Marrie Geyer), and other relatives, mostly by Katharine Geyer, but some by Earl Willmott. They cover the period from when Katharine arrived at Columbia University in New York City (1920-05), through when she first met Earl at Teacher's College (1920-11), to their departure for China at Vancouver (1921-10).*

*Elizabeth Willmott, wife of Donald Willmott, Earl and Katharine's oldest son, transcribed the text from handwritten letters. Don and Elizabeth's daughter, Cory Willmott, has also provided editorial notes concerning people and organizations mentioned in the letters. Notes are identified by the initials, EW or CW, accordingly.*

*Genealogical facts have been gleaned from a family tree on Ancestry.com, supported by numerous documents. Facts about people at Columbia University have been taken mostly from the Columbia University catalogue for 1920-1921 (<https://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=nnc2.ark:/13960/t1hh7704c&view=1up&seq=1>, accessed Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>, 2022). Additional information has been obtained from Wikipedia and other online reference sources, particularly digitized organizational catalogues and periodicals. Some references to people in the text do not provide enough information to accurately identify the individuals involved. These have been left alone for future research. CW*

A Bench on Riverside Drive

7:00 PM, May 9, 1920

Dearest Mother,

I thought perhaps I could write you a better letter if I came out here to do it. I am sitting looking across the Hudson where the sun is getting ready to go down and the battle ships are all lined up as far as you can see in all directions. (I'm planning to go on one tomorrow.)

I learned, much to my sorrow, in church this morning (Fosdick's)<sup>1</sup> that it was Mothers' Day. It makes me feel bad, now to think that you don't even know I'm thinking about you. But I am, most awfully hard. Fact is, before I knew it was Mothers' Day, I had been thinking I'd try to write you a less prosy, worldly letter than usual. Well, here is the attempt - I'm afraid that's all it will be - as such things usually are.

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<sup>1</sup> Harry Emerson Fosdick was a controversial liberal preacher who sparked the Fundamentalist-Modernist Controversy in 1922. From 1918 to 1924, he was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Greenwich Village ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/First\\_Presbyterian\\_Church\\_\(Manhattan\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/First_Presbyterian_Church_(Manhattan)), accessed Dec. 24<sup>th</sup>, 2022). He later became pastor of the Riverside Church near Columbia University, where Katharine and Earl would have met him again when they returned to Columbia to continue their studies during furloughs in 1936-1937 and again in 1945-1946. CW

I've been thinking more than ever lately, how much my happiness was due to you, and how little I've told you how much I appreciate it, - and you. I wonder, though, if I kept raving about it all the time, if you would understand any better. I'm afraid not.

I've wondered lots of times if you ever half imagined how many times I just stop and think how good you are. A mother, I know, is always supposed to be the subject of filial affection, no matter what kind she is. I'm sure I have that sort of affection as much as any daughter ever did. But I think it is a greater thing to love one's mother as a person or personality also, and that's the chief laurel that I crown my love for you with. I'm sure no matter whose daughter I was, I should still love you, - if I knew you, - just as everybody else's daughter does. I should still, I'm sure, believe you unusual and better than the ordinary run of mothers. And that, of course, is because you are.

I've never forgotten the poor little girl you quoted once as saying, "Wouldn't you like to have her for a mother?" - after she had heard you speak at a convention. I never think of her without being overwhelmingly thankful that I really have, and also feeling a tremendous sense of what I owe to the poor little girls like that in the world who haven't.

I hardly think you would want me to go into details as to why I love you so much - that would sound too encyclopedic and analytic in face of the big fact. But I know myself, and you may be sure I appreciated every thing, little and big, that contributes to the sum total. -----A Union fellow just came along and sat down beside me, and knocked all else I was going to say out of my head. Anyway, it wouldn't have been much too different from the first, I'm afraid, which sounds very prosy (as I read it over) in spite of my better aspirations. Well, I'll leave you to guess the rest. I'm sure you can never do it, as it's much the bigger part, but it will give you something to think about.

The sun has just gone down behind a cloud bank leaving a little golden piping on it, and a little chill in the air. I guess I'll have to finish this indoors.

I stayed out till 8:00, when they lowered the flags on the ships. Lots of sailors were walking up and down the drive - quite picturesque.

I've been reading Cowper frantically this week - finished a thousand pages of him. Didn't like him very well after all that! Now I'm reading Lincoln for American Lit. So far all my exams are scheduled for next week. It will keep me hurrying, but let me off early. I don't know how soon Curtis<sup>2</sup> will want me at Boston, but I can find plenty to amuse me here. The palisades would be enough - this kind of weather!

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<sup>2</sup> Rev. Curtis Bayley Geyer (1895-1958), Katharine's older brother, CW & EW

This afternoon I took quite a walk with the S. Africans - they're white, you understand - along the river. They're interesting folk. Wednesday evening Anna Ankamp invited me to their party. There were about thirty S. Africans there. I learned to dance a S. African dance!!! and had a jolly good time.

One evening last week Mr. Tewksbury (from China)<sup>3</sup> met me in the library, and we went for a little walk. We decided to go to call on Helen Smith (Aura's sister, and Homer Lowry's girl)<sup>4</sup> the next evening. Just as I was getting ready to take a bath preparatory to getting dressed to go, in drops Helen to make a farewell call. She was leaving the next day, and wasn't going to be at home that evening! I called Mr. T. and he offered to come to see me anyway. We had an awfully interesting talk. I do like him immensely.

I shan't be satisfied till I have you here in N.Y. for a while. I want you to consider coming to summer school next summer.

I did get both the letters with money, and thank you loads. I expect to get to Delaware on it, provided I don't get my bridesmaid's dress here. Don't you think I'd better at least look? It's only once in a lifetime or so one's a bridesmaid. How much do you think it should cost?

We'll probably go to see D. Durling,<sup>5</sup> Jane, and D. Dodds<sup>6</sup> - all three.

Much love, Sister

P.S. Whom did Dr. Webely marry? I haven't the ghost of an idea.

Whittier Hall 1230 Amsterdam, NYC

September 15, 1920

Dearest Mother:

Just a scribble while I'm waiting for Edwin to call! He just called up and is coming right out. I had a fine trip in every way. I got here pocketbook, suitcase, umbrella and all. My trunk is supposed to come tomorrow and my box was here OK and in my room. I like this room. It is a little larger.

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<sup>3</sup> Donald George Tewksbury, middle son of Rev. Elwood G. and Grace Tewksbury, missionaries to China since 1890, and head administrator in numerous Christian education organizations, such as the China Sunday School Union and the Religious Education Committee. He was supported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, a largely Congregationalist missionary society. Donald was enrolled in Teachers College along with Katharine and Earl while his parents were in China. CW

<sup>4</sup> Possibly Helen Abbott Smith, a student in the Teachers College that year who later became the principal of Lincoln Elementary School in San Bernardino, California. I've not been able to locate "Aura" and Homer Lowry, or her relation to them. This Helen Smith married William C. Daustin in August 1921. CW

<sup>5</sup> Dorothy Durling attended Ohio Wesleyan University at the same time as Katharine. She must have been doing graduate work in NYC because she later became a professional psychologist. She never married. CW

<sup>6</sup> Dorothy Day Dodds (1898 – 1985). CW

I went over to T.C.<sup>7</sup> shortly after I arrived and saw Mabel.<sup>8</sup> We took a little walk along Riverside [Drive], and then it was dinner time. Mabel looks fine.

I'm awfully disappointed to learn that Dr. Ross<sup>9</sup> is having his Sabbatical year, and I shall miss him. I think I'll take Ward on 'the church'<sup>10</sup> this semester and Coe second.<sup>11</sup> I saw Kilpatrick<sup>12</sup> today so shall get him all right. I shall try to get unpacked and signed up tomorrow - a good day's work!

I just called up Ray.<sup>13</sup> He is well, but busy. Was writing to Curtis and meant to write you soon. I shall probably go to dinner with him sometime before Sunday. I have now \$334 which will be a great sufficiency I'm sure. I haven't paid my bills yet here. Must wait till I finish registering.

I must stop and send this so you'll get it soon. I do hope you'll get rested now - before the next upheaval. I think the wall motto "it's just one darn thing after another" would apply well to you!

Say goodbye to Mrs. Darrell for me please. I don't know how I missed her. She was flying around just a moment before I left. You might tell her I wore her teddy: "Miss Geyer was attired in a pink silk Theodore daintily tied with blue ribbon run in a wide border of Valenciennes lace, etc., etc."

Goodnight Mother dear and sleep tight.

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<sup>7</sup> Teachers' College, Columbia University. EW

<sup>8</sup> Probably Mabel Foote Weeks (1872-1964), who was an English professor and administrator at Barnard College from 1907 to her retirement in 1939. Katharine's mother may have known her in connection with their common work as women in higher education. CW

<sup>9</sup> Frank Alexander Ross was an applied sociologist at Columbia University who taught statistics and published statistical analyses of education attendance from the US census data throughout the 1920s. CW

<sup>10</sup> Harry F. Ward was a faculty member at Union Theological Seminary from 1918 until 1941. He "stressed proper and moral outward behavior and not, despite his early immersion in evangelical Methodism, spiritual meditation or personal testimony." (Doug Rossinow. 2005. *The Radicalization of the Social Gospel: Harry F. Ward and the Search for a New Social Order, 1898-1936. Religion and American Culture* 15(1): 63-106.) Ward's perspectives would appeal to Katharine's sense of personal religion. CW

<sup>11</sup> George Albert Coe, professor at the Union Theological Seminary at Columbia University. In the spring of 1921 he was teaching a variety of courses on religious education. He promoted a theology of "salvation by education," which he expounded in his book, *The Religion of a Mature Mind* (1902). Coe taught that all religion was "triadic," involving a social dimension (human, God, Society) (Dorrien, Gary. 2009. *Social Ethics in the Making: Interpreting an American Tradition*. Chichester: Wiley-Blackwell, p.110) CW

<sup>12</sup> William H. Kilpatrick, professor of Education in the Teachers College at Columbia University. In the spring of 1921 he was teaching courses about the philosophy of education alongside John Dewey. CW

<sup>13</sup> Raper "Ray" Alston Brown (1878-1942), Katharine's mother's uncle's son - of uncle age to Katharine but one step removed. Ray was a professional artist living in Manhattan from the early 1900s through to his death by heart attack in 1942. In 1920, he was lodging with Emil Carlsen an artist from Denmark. Emil's son Denis and another artist lodger were also living and working as artists in their household on 59<sup>th</sup> Street. CW

Lovingly, Sister

October 11, 1920

Dearest Mother,

Such a time as I've had trying to get this letter written! The reasons will be self evident. I'll begin where I left off last Sunday. I went to the Epworth League with Jack and then over to his house,<sup>14</sup> and he played the Victrola (some lovely piano) and showed me some of his pictures from abroad. He gave me a choice of three: two Madonnas and Andrea del Santos' "John the Baptist". But I made him choose, and he gave me "John the Baptist." Perhaps you know it. It is a beautiful picture of the boy John. He is having it framed for me.

Monday a Mr. Willmott<sup>15</sup> from Toronto surprised me by asking me to dinner. He is a Canadian Student Volunteer - mechanical engineer, going to China. He was in the war five years and has a big scar on his wrist from an aeroplane smash up. He's only 24 at that! He's a very thoughtful, frank fellow - and yet quite exuberant. He's always imparting something. I like him very much indeed - in most ways. He's going to take me to hear *Aida* tomorrow evening<sup>16</sup> - and maybe motor-cycle riding. Won't that be great!

Well, Olive<sup>17</sup> and I had a little party after I got home. We made salad out of our breakfast fruit and had Aleda, Gertrude Martin, Mabel and Allison in.<sup>18</sup>

Tuesday was Jack's birthday, and we killed several birds with one stone. Mabel had been wanting me to meet her man, and I'd been wanting her to meet Jack, and of course, Olive wanted to know Edwin, so we had the three men and made fudge in the kitchenette. While it was cooling we initiated the boys into the "Sweet Spoon Society" - and I had a killing time. Olive initiated Jack. She told him to open his mouth, and taking a spoon of sugar just almost put it in and then swallowed it herself! Then Jack initiated Mr. Kerschuer. You should have heard the pomposity with which he conducted the initiation ceremony. It was killing, especially since when he finally came to the deed, we gave him salt to swallow instead of sugar!

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<sup>14</sup> The Epworth League was a youth organization of the Methodist Churches of north, south and Canada, which provided both recreational social events and charitable work in many phases. It was probably the single most effective contributor of financial support of foreign missions and missionaries in the US and Canada. I have been unable to identify "Jack."

<sup>15</sup> This is the first mention of Earl Willmott in Katharine's letters.

<sup>16</sup> *Aida* was a grand scale opera by Giuseppe Verdi, set in Ancient Egypt, that played every year at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York from 1893 to 1945. In 1920, it was on the last legs of the set designed in 1908, soon to be replaced in 1923 with another set design that would remain a standard until 1951 when another new design was commissioned. CW

<sup>17</sup> Olive Reddick, a friend from Ohio Wesleyan University, where Katharine did her undergraduate work, EW

<sup>18</sup> Aleda Tarbill, Gertrude Mary Martin, Mabel Miriam Cline or Mabel George, and Allison Van Nette were all students in the School of Education at that time. CW

Well, some girl came in and poured water into our fudge by mistake, and we had to do it over, but it came out fine in the end and we carried it over to the park and devoured it. That was one of the most congenial little bunches I was ever in, and since everyone else felt the same way we decided to go off together again soon to the Palisades. I'm very pleased with Mabel's man.

Wednesday Uncle Leslie<sup>19</sup> took me to dinner at a French "Rotisserie" where we had the best broiled chicken you could imagine. Then he took me off to see "Poldekin"<sup>20</sup> again (he didn't know I had seen it) and I enjoyed it thoroughly. We sat in very swell seats and I wore my red dress. Uncle Les was lovely as usual and bought candy and did it up right. Aunt Lulu was left in Massachusetts, and he went back hoping that they both would get to see Curtis.

Thursday afternoon I went walking with Mr. Willmott [his first name is Earl] out in a beautiful place opposite the Palisades. The river was lovely, and he was very nice. He took me to supper at Schraft's and then to a marvelous movie which has been running here over a year: "Way Down East."<sup>21</sup> It is a wonderful picture. We had a good time.

Friday evening Olive and I went to the library to study and he brought us home! Then we gave him the slip and went over to Tiehls across the street for Olive to taste her first French pastry. Saturday I listened for two hours to Brander Matthews<sup>22</sup> - and he was an adorable old man - and then we started out on our Student Volunteer hike. Olive and I were the committee so we had gotten all the eats: wieners, bacon, marshmallows, coffee, and the usual accompanying things. We now have a fine band of 67 (including returned missionaries) and 30 went. We had a beautiful time just back of and on top of the Palisades, where we could just see the river between the trees. We have a splendid band. Mr. Olcott,<sup>23</sup> the president, has been in India for two years as the secretary to Dr. Fleming,<sup>24</sup> who is this year teaching in Union<sup>25</sup> and I am auditing the course. Incidentally, Dr. Fleming is a live wire - something like Prof. Buck.<sup>26</sup> Mr. Olcott is a fine-looking fellow - a graduate of Princeton 1915. Guess who else was there? Foster

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<sup>19</sup> Leslie Jamieson Dodds (1871-1954), Katharine's mother's brother, husband of "Aunt Lulu" (1869-1951), and father to Alberta Dodds, whom Katharine and Earl later met in Boston.

<sup>20</sup> *Poldekin* was a play by Booth Tarkington that played at the Park Theater in New York from Sept. 9<sup>th</sup> to Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1920. The setting was an apartment in a Russian City and a tenement in NYC.

<sup>21</sup> *Way Down East* is a melodramatic D.W. Griffith film starring Lilian Gish that was released in 1920.

<sup>22</sup> Brander Matthews (1852-1929) was a famous author whose independent wealth allowed him privileges in the classroom and public media. He was affiliated with Columbia University as a professor of Dramatic Literature from 1892 until his retirement in 1924. CW

<sup>23</sup> Mason Olcott, a student at the Teachers College at that time who had a BA from Princeton.

<sup>24</sup> Dr. and Rev. Daniel Johnson Fleming, Professor of Missions, Union Theological Seminary. Fleming had formerly served as an educational missionary to India. He was an ardent supporter of the "international consciousness" that underpinned the foreign missionary movement. CW

<sup>25</sup> Union Theological Seminary. EW

<sup>26</sup> Professor Oscar Macmillian Buck (1885-1941) was a missionary to India prior to taking a position as Professor of Missions and Comparative Religion at Ohio Wesleyan University from 1915 to 1919 when Katharine was an undergrad there. CW

Stockwell.<sup>27</sup> He came along with Olive and me (chiefly with Olive) and seemed to enjoy himself as much as we did having him. After supper we had a little vesper service around the fire. Then most of them went home, but Foster and Olive, Mr. Olcott, Mr. Willmott and I took a little walk along the river. We crossed back regretfully about 10:00 but Mr. Willmott wanted to walk some more, so we stayed out another hour along Riverside. The night was lovely, but I had to spend most of it trying to persuade Mr. Willmott that he didn't want me to go to China with him. He finally ended up by taking the same bath that Edwin did, so I think all will be well! They are both such really splendid fellows - but -.

Sunday morning I went by myself to hear Jefferson again. I never need to say that he is good. Sunday afternoon Olive came over a while, and just as I was getting ready to write letters Miss Amy Lewis from the WFMS<sup>28</sup> downtown called and invited me to tea down there today. I digress to say that I went and met some nice people. Also found out Miss Robinson is soon to be married, and Miss Nichols to take her place.<sup>29</sup> I am to confer with Miss Nichols soon either here or, if necessary, at the Germantown convention (they would pay expenses Linda said). Went to EL<sup>30</sup> at Grace ME<sup>31</sup> with Olive and came home with a fine young fellow named Callcott, who is taking his doctor's in history and teaching in Hoboken!<sup>32</sup> He's coming back next Sunday. I just sit down and wonder every night if this is really Mary Katharine Geyer, formerly of Wesleyan ignominy and Phi Beta Kappa scores!<sup>33</sup> Seriously, it's really wonderful to have such fine friends.

Lovingly lots, Sister

PS. I will come home Christmas if it's worth \$80 or so to you or anybody else. You know I'd love to, but that's a lot.

October 18, 1920

Dearest Mother,

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<sup>27</sup> Foster Stockwell was Olin Stockwell's older brother. Olin and Esther Stockwell would become close friends with the Willmotts in Chengdu. Esther writes that Foster had been the president of the Student Volunteer Band at Ohio Wesleyan University when she was there (*Asia's Call*, 1980). Olin and Esther's son, also called Foster Stockwell, was friends with Earl and Katharine's children at the Canadian School in West China in Chengdu and then again at Oberlin College. CW

<sup>28</sup> Amy G. Lewis, Women's Foreign Mission Society (of the Methodist Episcopal Church) missionary to Japan, 1898 to 1911. CW

<sup>29</sup> Miss Flora L. Robinson was a WFMS missionary to India, 1909-1921 when she married and thus disqualified for WFMS support. That same year, Florence L. Nichols took her place and stayed in India until 1927. Katharine would take interest in these personnel changes because she was planning to go to India as a missionary under the WFMS.

<sup>30</sup> Epworth League, EW

<sup>31</sup> Probably Grace Methodist Episcopal Church on West 104<sup>th</sup> Street, NY, near Columbia University, CW

<sup>32</sup> Possibly Frank G. Callcott, a student in the School of Political Science (which included historical studies), who was teaching courses in Spanish in 1920. CW

<sup>33</sup> Katharine was inducted into Phi Beta Kappa as an undergraduate at Ohio Wesleyan. EW and CW

'Tis Monday morning. I woke up early so have a chance at least to start a letter to you. Yesterday I left Whittier at 10, came back for fifteen minutes at 5:30, and was out till 10 again, so you see how very much time I had for letter writing.

Well, I'll start as usual: Monday afternoon I went down to a missionary tea - but I guess I told you that last time.

Well, Tuesday evening I went to Aida with Earl Willmott. He took me to dinner first, and then over to the apartment of the folks he's staying with [married and middle-aged, so quite proper] and showed me his Kodak album. I got acquainted [by picture] with all of his family and friends, and visited their pretty little summer home on the edge of a beautiful lake. I also went swimming, canoeing, and fishing! He showed me his room too, and his wall pictures, which were very much to my liking.

Aida was just indescribable. I wish you could have heard it yourself for I can't possibly tell you about it.

Thursday we had a committee meeting of Methodist students to plan a Methodist party and, as Curtis says, "the cup was found in Benjamin's sack." I have to get it up. It is to be November 11. Friday afternoon I was walking down Broadway with Mr. Willmott and met Ed[win]. He promised to come soon and take me out for dinner! - He hasn't yet.

Saturday I had a perfectly lovely day. Mr. Olcott is president of our band, and his father is president of the Hudson River Day Line. Mr. Olcott Jr. Has been in India for two or three years, and there knew the Scudder family. So he and his generous parents got up a party for the Scudder's, and invited our whole Volunteer Band en masse, as well as about a hundred other missionaries in the city to go up to West Point on one of their boats. It is a three hours trip, and we were entertained for lunch and dinner on the boat. At West Point they had a, - well a ---- organ recital in the lovely stately chapel. The organist played the Grail straum [?] from Parsifal, Rachmaninoff's Prelude, and the Pilgrim's Chorus. Now you know what the dash stands for. We saw a review of all the fine athletic teams on the green in the afternoon. They certainly were good looking fellows. I'm sending you the enclosed because it impressed me as the finest prayer for men I ever heard. I thought it would be good for Wesleyan. I wish you would send it on to Curtis when you're done with it. I know he would like it.

- Well, the trip was lovely. When we started it was so misty we couldn't see the Jersey shore, but it gradually lifted till the sky became quite blue. But still there was enough mist so that you could only see the nearest hills, and you had the delightful feeling of going out like Abraham - whither you knew not. I spent part of the time clear down on the bottom deck at the stern leaning over watching the dancing and swirling of the water till I felt very much like dancing and swirling myself. Earl Willmott was with me nearly all day.



Right at the end we divided into groups for India and China. I met some lovely people in the India group: Dr. Fleming and Dr. Hume of Union,<sup>34</sup> and their wives, who were lovely to me. Olive is considering going to India so she and Gertrude Martin came too. We got back in the rain at about 6:30.

In the evening I went to the Cosmopolitan Club Reception.<sup>35</sup> They invite a few Americans to join every year, and it seems that I'm to have a chance. You can hardly imagine what a wonderful chance it is. There were 350 there - not more than 30 Americans, I presume, but about 75 Chinese. 51 countries were represented. And to see the spirit of friendliness and brotherhood there gave one a stronger faith in the inevitableness of internationalism even though Harding is elected!!<sup>36</sup> There were many creeds there not Christian, but certainly the general spirit was very Christian indeed. I enjoyed myself thoroughly. Toward the end of the evening I held a little informal reception all my own to a bunch consisting chiefly of Chinese. I enjoyed it thoroughly. With characteristic thoughtfulness Mr. Willmott never came near all evening - except to ask to take me home - because I had told him I wanted to get acquainted with the others.

I know this letter is going to sound Willmotty, but I can't help it if I stick to my diary! Yesterday he took me to church at Dr. Kelman's church. We heard a very fine sermon on the Nature of God. I hope I can remember to tell you about it. Then we went to dinner at a lovely little Italian restaurant down town with a fountain and goldfish - and a turtle in the middle. Had lobster, chicken, and French ice cream - among other things. We walked through Central Park to the Metropolitan and spent an hour or two there with the sculpture and paintings. When I got home I wasn't quite so sure about going to China as I was last week. - Now you know exactly as much as I do about it.

Went to Epworth League with Mr. Callcott down at Madison Avenue and heard Dr. Coe. (Mr. C. and Mr. W. had a collision in Whittier lobby!) We rode up Riverside on a bus, and sat by the

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<sup>34</sup> Robert Ernest Hume (1877-1948) was born in India of missionary parents, where he attended mission schools. He received his university degrees from Yale, and then became a Professor in the Union Theological Seminary and a Congregationalist minister. He was a pioneer in the field of comparative religion, based on his intimate knowledge of Indian religions and Christianity. CW

<sup>35</sup> Esther Beck Stockwell was also a member of the Cosmopolitan Club at Ohio Wesleyan University. She explains that it had student members from countries all around the world, including the children of missionaries in other countries (*Asia's Call*, 1980). However, the Cosmopolitan Club in New York was an exclusive members-only club, originally just for women, which sponsored avant garde events in the arts and culture. During this time period, its headquarters were at 44th Street and Lexington Avenue. Katharine is correct in stating that it was a special opportunity to be invited to join. CW

<sup>36</sup> Warren G. Harding served as the 29<sup>th</sup> President of the United States from 1921 to 1923. He infamously stated that what the country needed was "not submergence in internationality, but sustainment in triumphant nationality...." He also kept the US out of the League of Nations that was established to keep world order after WWI (<https://www.whitehouse.gov/about-the-white-house/presidents/warren-g-harding/>). It's not clear how Katharine knew he had been elected in late October.

river till 9:45. He is a very interesting chap.

Mother, I thank you in my heart every day for making such happy times possible for me.  
Very lovingly, Sister

PS: I think I will send washing this week. I shall be ready for the money in a week or so. Your letters are always interesting even if I don't always say so.

October 25, 1920

My Mother,

Like a good little girl I have done what you told me in your last letter. I have loved what is lovely, - and the lovely is Earl Willmott.

I know you'll be surprised, mother - , and maybe even wonder how I could possibly know so soon. It is true that we met just four weeks ago today. Nevertheless, I have known him for years; and it has been the thought of him always that has made me know that the others would never do. I have had his picture in my heart ever since I first began to think of love - and do you wonder that it took me only a little while to recognize him?

I'm going to let him tell you how long it took him to recognize me, for he will want to write you, I know.

For the last two weeks I have thought hard, and almost constantly, day and night: I feel as if I had lived months in the last fortnight. I have seen him every day, and each hour of those days has been worth a month, at least, of acquaintance. Each day, too, have been made certain, - till last night - I knew. Mother, that night he first asked me he had never touched me, even to take my arm, and until last night I kept the same reserve that I have always known I must keep - till then, - only I couldn't in talking with him or in reading poetry. I'm sure my feelings showed there - as I had never wanted to show them to anyone before. As a rule I've given my thoughts to anyone who really cared to exchange them, and that's why I've been blessed with a few such fine friendships. But I have never given my feelings before - spontaneously, this way, - and that is one reason I feel so sure.

Of course the other great reason is what Earl himself is. He is all that I so greatly desired - and more. Mother, you will love him. And so will Curtis and George [her brothers]. Shall I just try to describe him? He is almost six feet tall, lightly built, but strong and brown from outdoor exercise. He has a straight, manly nose, and a good forehead with no wrinkles except two little whimsical ones that show themselves now and then with a certain expression. His chin is rather hard to describe, - not very large, and yet not weak - and by no means dogmatic. His lips are thin - at least, as mine. - Olive says we really look a great deal alike. When I told him this, he said

it couldn't be so, because my eyes were entirely different from anyone else - but whether they are or not, his are lovely and blue and laughing.

It is harder still to describe his character. First of all, he just bubbles over with the joy of life. His eyes and his gestures, and his way of talking are often just exuberant. You can imagine how I love him for this. Then, he has a very wonderful appreciation of beauty - in any form. Three times when our friendship took a big leap were these: listening to music together, hearing him recite Browning, and being with him at the Metropolitan. How he did smash some of Curtis' old theories!

His religion is just of the type Curtis admires so much - virile, self thought, yet full of faith in the ideal. He has astonished me several times by having ideas so much like Curtis's.

He has a fine, clear-thinking mind, and a really wonderful memory. He is absolutely sincere and frank, - and greatest of all - true to himself. One of the loveliest things about his mind is its simple purity. - And on top of all this - and much more I haven't mentioned, he is extremely practical. I think I told you he graduated in civil engineering - and he, - or rather we are going to West China, where his job will be teaching science and physical ed. - at least, until the need for civil engineering opens up. What mine will be I don't yet know - except to love him.

You have said many times that I must find someone who would love me greatly. Well, I will let him tell you about that. As for myself, Mother, I'm in love just the same way "Rover" died - you know how that is. I've been looking at your picture and Papa's often lately. They both seem to say he is just the right one for the eighth member of our little family.

Our plans, of course, are not very definite, since we only decided last night, and then didn't spend a great deal of time talking. The one thing, though, mother, that puts a drop of sorrow in the silver cup is that he has made all his plans to go out next September. I think I must go with him, don't you? Will it be too hard on you? Last night we dedicated ourselves together to China and to the Kingdom of God. I think it must come first.

Mother, I love you more than ever before.

Your little girl.

November 1, 1920

Dearest Dorothy<sup>37</sup>

I can't believe I'm writing this to you, but I am. I really am. Dorothy, next August I'm going to be married to the - oh, how shall I say it? - well, to Earl Willmott. - And when you know him it won't

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<sup>37</sup> Dorothy Day Dodds (1898 – 1985), Katharine's cousin who was attending Cornell University at the time. She later became a teacher and moved to California. She married Scott Slaughter and had two sons with him before divorcing and returning to Zenia to housekeep for her widowed father. CW & EW

be necessary to say anything about him at all. - You'll just love him, I know. He's - oh, dear - he's just Earl Willmott, and that's all I can think of when I try to describe him.

I will try to calm down now, and come down to statistical facts. In the first place, it's a secret till Christmas, so please do your best to hold pussy in tight. I find her a pretty rambunctious kitten myself. Well, he's a Canadian from Toronto, and a Student Volunteer bound for West China next fall. - I'm going too. - And he's almost six feet tall, with lovely blue eyes and just medium hair - and the littlest suggestion of a dimple in his chin! He has a nice straight nose, and thin lips and oh, a lovely forehead. And he has little wrinkles at the top of his nose when he laughs, and 'round the corners of his mouth most all the time.

He's so lovely. He's a civil engineer, but going out to teach science and physical ed. 'till civil engineering opens up. -Despite all this we read Browning together, and he loves opera and sunsets. -What more could one ask? My cup of joy is quite brimming over.

- He is so tall and strong and brown. - And he was an engineer, an aviator, and a bandman (is that what you call it?) in the army for five years.<sup>38</sup> I'll tell you more Christmas. I just wrote your mother. Always lovingly, Mary K.

542 W. 124<sup>th</sup> St., NYC  
October 26, 1920

Dear Mrs. Geyer:

It is hard, very hard, to tell you just what I would like to - not because I do not know you, for I do very well. I think you and Katharine are just such close chums as Mother<sup>39</sup> and I are, so she reflects you in herself - but because I am so overwhelmed with love and happiness so far beyond verbal expression that it is almost impossible.

As long as I can remember I have thought that to have supreme happiness would be to have a wife just such as Dad's.<sup>40</sup> The last year or so I had been wondering if ever I would meet one to whom I could give everything and who would feel the same toward me. And as girl after girl drifted into my outer love circles, each time making me wonder if she was, perhaps, going to come into the innermost circle someday, and then drifted out again I wondered more and more if God meant that I should do my work alone. The first day I met Katharine I knew that was not so. Our experiences were quite different, for quite un-understandably to me, Katharine came into my innermost circle before I knew anything about her. As she said, I didn't know whether she was born in the slums or not, whether she was honest or not, whether she loved music, art and poetry or not - and some other just as awful things. But I did know. I cannot understand why, but I was as sure that Katharine was the complement of my life as that I was in New York.

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<sup>38</sup> Earl played the piccolo in an army band. EW

<sup>39</sup> Earl's mother, Margaret Elizabeth Thom Willmott (1869-1945). CW

<sup>40</sup> Earl's father, Walter Earl Willmott (1865-1951). CW

And so it has turned out, but so much, ever so much more wonderfully than I had ever imagined. I learned that Katharine did not reciprocate my love to the slightest degree and I learned by degrees that she had such a definite picture of the one who would be everything to her someday, and that she had such wonderfully high ideals, and that being the personification of all that is lovely, noble and true herself she required similar qualities in her ideal - so I saw that I could never be that one. I fell back on the great Invisible King as I had never done before. It seemed so inexplicably strange that I had been mistaken - as much or more so than if I had been looking at a beautiful picture and someone assured me there was no picture there at all - and then, besides, the vast emptiness. Nevertheless it made me happy to be with Katharine and we enjoyed the same things so we were out together quite frequently.

You may be able to imagine the mingled feelings of joy, wonder and timidity when I first saw a change in Katharine by the look in her eyes - hasn't she lovely eyes - the loveliest I ever saw - someone gave me the very grand compliment of saying we looked enough alike to be brother and sister - but eyes, at least, are so different.

Sunday night when I found that Katharine felt toward me as I toward her I was paralyzed in movement and speech - it seemed so much too wonderful to be a reality. Oh, Mrs. Geyer I know Katharine has set me on a pedestal that I shouldn't have and I pray fervently for God's help in trying to live up to her ideals. I feel very small, and wonder and wonder why all this ineffable happiness come to one such as I.

Mother will be so delighted, and especially when she meets and knows Katharine for I know that Mother will take her right into her heart. Having the usual prejudice for an only son she has a very high ideal of the girl with whom I shall be one. And Katharine will fill her ideals completely. Dad (fathers are funny) will be delighted with her prettiness and charm and loveliness. May you away off in Delaware [Ohio] feel our happiness and love reaching out to you and may you be happy with us. Oh, I do hope, Mrs. Geyer, that your approval and benediction will rest upon our engagement.  
Lovingly, Earl Willmott

Ohio Wesleyan University

Dear Mr. Willmott,

The news from New York is most surprising. But I know my little girl well enough to know that she could only love and give herself to her ideal and if in so short a time she has been able to recognize her ideal in you all she has been requiring in her ideal, I can only be glad - and add my approval and love as you both desire.

However, I would not have you think for a moment that the matter is to me so simple and easy

as the above sentences might sound.

This is our only little girl. How her father loved her. Her brothers have been devoted lovers from babyhood, finally choosing for their wives girls who were as near as possible like their sister. And I? - well ... we are not in the least alike. All I could never be I have seen her capable of developing into and so in a very real sense she has become her Mother's ideal. She is true and fine and unselfish and I trust her and have come so to lean upon her. I have feared I burdened her - and so it is not easy to so comfortably trust our treasure to one we have never seen or heard of before. So, my dear boy, you will be a real pedestal laddie and we will take you at first for her sake, and then for you only, into our happy little family. Where there is only the uppermost love and strongest faith and trust in each for all God has so wonderfully cared for us ...<sup>41</sup> Very lovingly, Your MG

Whittier Hall

October 30, 1920

Dearest Mother,

I may not have time to write you tomorrow, and I'm not going to take any chances on your not getting a letter, so will send off this little note tonight. I'm so sorry about your poor wrist. Doesn't it hurt lots? How I wish I could be with you to take care of you and help you! But Mrs. Turrell is a lovely nurse, I'm sure.

I can't tell you how very happy your letter made me.- or perhaps I should say happier - I was so happy already. Earl's mother's letter came the day before (it's closer to Toronto) and it was beautiful. I know I'm going to love her. And then when your dear scrawly one came (that must have taken a long time and hard work) our happiness was complete.

I didn't want to tell you about his family in that letter, Mother dear. I just wanted to tell you about him. His mother sent him some pictures for me which he gave to me today - three of him and one of her, his little sister (15), and his father - the entire family. You will like the looks of all of them - I'll bring it home Christmas. His mother looks darling.

His folks are English and Scotch -one grandfather born in Scotland.<sup>42</sup> They live in Toronto and have this lovely summer cottage I mentioned on the Georgian Bay. They are Canadian Methodists, and he is going to West China because that's where his church has a big school. We shall go out with friends of his - a Mr. Wallace and his wife<sup>43</sup> - lovely middle-aged people - We

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<sup>41</sup> Marrie had a broken arm at this time, making this letter hard to read, and the end undecipherable. EW

<sup>42</sup> John Thom, Earl's maternal great-grandfather, EW, CW

<sup>43</sup> Edward Wilson and Rose Cullen Wallace of the Canadian Methodist Mission in West China. Edward Wallace was a graduate of Victoria College where Earl got his engineering degree. He went to China in 1906 single and met Rose in Toronto on his first sabbatical in 1912. Rose was attending Teachers College at Columbia University at the same time as Katharine and Earl. Edward Wallace was deeply involved with designing the curriculum for missionary

are going to have dinner with them tomorrow. - I guess I must write another sheet. There are so many things to say.

- He is going to teach science and physical ed. in Chengtu. I can teach English there too. He is in T. C. now getting ready for his work. Eventually he hopes to open up civil engineering in China, but so far no opportunity has come - through the church.

We are both going up to see Curtis and Ada<sup>44</sup> Thanksgiving if it's convenient. I can hardly wait for Curtis and him to meet! I know they'll be regular pals. - And if it's nice weather maybe we'll go up on a motorcycle. Wouldn't that be just great? Otherwise, maybe it will take a little money (\$15-20) for I couldn't let him pay my way. My next bill is due Dec. 1, \$115.50. I guess the \$65 you mentioned was for the clock, my trip to Boston, and a fall dress. I think I shall be able to get a dress for \$25 or \$30, so with the \$65 and what I have I can get along very nicely till December 10, when I'm supposed to get \$50 to come home on. - I'm just about dying to come home now. Perhaps I'm extravagant to plan to go to Boston and come home too - but it's just fifteen dollars, - and it will be worth so much! Anyway, you don't have to save money for me anymore - to keep me out of the old ladies' home!

I just wish you could plan to come here. I don't know what will happen to our summer plans, but I do want you here in New York while I'm here. Please try to think how.

Oh, yes, - Earl and his mother have both urged me to come to Toronto the last few days of Christmas vacation. His birthday is on the 31<sup>st</sup> of December. He wants to have me for a Christmas present. I don't know about that, but may I? I shall be home about 10 days if I do. - And shall we have an announcement party? I'll have something lovely to wear to it. I just feel like jumping up and down for happiness - leaping for joy I guess the Bible calls it. Last night we had a Halloween dance, and he sent me the loveliest roses with a little note. - Oh, yes, I think he will come to Wesleyan's Commencement. Won't I be proud!  
So much love. Sister

I'm going to write Mrs. Turrell about it soon.

P.S. Ray took us to dinner Wednesday. He liked him - and Freda<sup>45</sup> sent a whole box of fried chicken today, and Mrs. Wallace sent lovely roses to me, and Jack took me to lunch downtown

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schools in West China, and for the Chinese government schools throughout China. Rose died in Shanghai in 1924 from pneumonia, after which Edward left the mission field and became the Chancellor of Victoria College in 1927. In 1938, Earl Willmott continued Edward's educational work by helping to create the West China Christian Educational Union composed mainly of Chinese principals and staff of middle schools.

<sup>44</sup> Curtis Geyer's wife, Ada Lucile Wehrly (1895-1976), CW

<sup>45</sup> Freda Mae Grottendick (1899-1997) married Katharine's younger brother, George Dodds Geyer (1898-1950). It's difficult to imagine how she could send fried chicken from Boston and it still be good when they eat it almost two weeks later in New York! CW

and is going to give us a little party!

Graduate Room, Teachers College - on a sofa - with Earl.  
Wednesday morning - should be studying - but don't care.  
November 10, 1920

Dearest Mother,

I've just been waiting to write you till Earl should get his mother's letter sanctioning our plans. It came this morning so here you are. I'm sorry it's so late, but maybe the roses have been telling you you're in our thoughts. You ought to get a letter from Earl (not Mr. Willmott) on the same mail with this. If you have, please stop reading this and read his first - if you haven't already. - I'm sure it's the nicest anyway.

- Oh, yes, I will send his other letter back to you, though I hate to part with it. - Guess you didn't know that I helped finish it by holding the paper down while he wrote. (His other hand was occupied.) Thank you loads for sending it, anyway. It reads just as well the second, third, and fourth times as the first.

Well, what do you think of the grand idea? The only flaw I can see in it at all is that Curtis and Ada couldn't "kill two birds with one stone." But they have dozens more commencements to go to, and I just feel sure they won't mind. This way you and I can have each other two whole months - just to ourselves - , and then the lovely, lovely month when we shall all be together at "Go Home."<sup>46</sup> - Doesn't that just seem too good to be true? Won't it be a beautiful chance for us all to get to know each other? I'm just positive we shall all love each other heaps, - And won't it be fine for you to have a real honest vacation in such a beautiful place! We have the rooms of it all planned - who's for who - and just where you're going to be. Want to know? Well, you're to have Earl's room with a lovely view over the lake. And we are to have a darling little one-room chalet off a little piece from the main one - which Earl and his father built themselves. - If this seems incoherent, please don't mind - I can't help it.

- About Christmas. Couldn't we go to Dr. Mary's<sup>47</sup> between the 26<sup>th</sup> and the 30<sup>th</sup> - if you really want us to go? Our vacation doesn't begin here till the 22<sup>nd</sup>, but I may get impatient and start a little early. But it wouldn't be a very good time to go to Toronto, I'm afraid...

542 W.124th Street, New York  
November 11, 1920

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<sup>46</sup> The Willmott summer cottage at Go Home Bay off Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, CW

<sup>47</sup> Probably Dr. Mary Dodds (1842-1928), Katharine's maternal great-aunt. She practiced medicine in St. Louis, Missouri, with Dr. Susannah Dodds (1830-1911), who was married to Andrew Dodds (1828-1872), Katharine's maternal great-uncle.



Dear Mrs. Geyer,

When Mrs. Turrell's letter came telling us about your injury we felt as if in a mist. Everywhere had been bright sunshine - it was so incongruous - why should you be suffering from pain and inability to do what you wanted to, while everything here was so perfect. I am very happy to know you are so well and getting quite independent again.

Oh, how overjoyed I was when I read your letter - it was very lovely, Mrs. Geyer. You make me feel that I have been taken right into the heart of your family and I feel very humble for that is a wonderful thing. I see so clearly how very hard it must be to confide your treasure - Katharine - to one whom you know only through her. And it shows what a wonderful, great faith you have in Katharine and makes me reverence her the more.

I feel so very small to hold all my love for her - I can't help feeling that God is helping because it seems so infinitely larger than my little self. H.G. Wells says: "It is difficult to imagine how the association of lovers and friends can be so very fine and close unless the two who love are each also linked to God..." This could be represented thus: GOD

O--O That is a fine idea, but it doesn't seem just right to me. I feel that Katharine has the right of it when she represents what it must be thus: GOD

O O That is, that they are linked together at God.

I do so want to meet you, Mrs. Geyer - my new little mother - and so I hope you can come to New York for spring vacation. Otherwise, it will not be till next June, when I am coming, as Katharine wishes, to be "Exhibit X" (the unknown quantity) to all her friends at Commencement and then for a few days in Xenia. But we will get to know each other well during August. It was so lovely of you to suggest the plan you did - thinking about everybody but yourself, but we have decided, with my family's sanction and delight, that you are to come with us to Go Home Bay - where we have our summer home - if you don't disappoint us all by not accepting this invitation. Katharine is very enthusiastic about this plan. We will be married at the end of July and then you, Katharine, and Mother, Dad, Evelyn<sup>48</sup> and I will all go right up to Go Home for five weeks.

Here is a snap of our little Chalet - you can see a little of the beautiful surroundings. You are to have my room in the Chalet, which is the nearest corner, and Katharine and I will have the little Chalet at the left of the picture. We live very close together and there isn't much privacy to be had on account of the way the Chalet is built, but as Mother says in her letter, "There is lots of water and plenty of rocks for us all to go our own ways so that we used not to be on top of each other all the time.

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<sup>48</sup> Earl's sister Margaret Evelyn Willmott Till (1905-1965). CW

I sent Mother a photo of Katharine and this is a quotation from her letter: "And now I almost fear my extreme happy content as I did for the year after you came back to us after the war - but nothing spoiled it then, unless you might call your decision to go to China a blow, and I took it otherwise, having decided so, and now why fear happiness? Why I'm afraid I'm going to want so badly to keep Katharine near me that it will be getting worse to let you both go! Now if I could only dislike her what a happy thing that you should carry her off across a continent and ocean, putting sufficient distance between her and me." Oh, Mother will love Katharine - she has opened her heart to her now. Katharine and I are very sure that you and Mother and Dad will like each other very much.

I am exceedingly sorry I cannot accept your invitation for Christmastime - I would so like to come and meet you and yours. But I'm afraid I cannot come at Christmas and Commencement too and Katharine decides on the latter. At Christmas (I hope our plans will be all right) that is, that Katharine can come to Toronto on the 30<sup>th</sup> of December and we both go to New York on the 4<sup>th</sup>. My sister says, "I am exploding for Christmas to come." and I know how Mother and Dad are looking forward to it.

It was very nice of you to write such a long letter with your left hand - and such good writing! A little over two years ago I was doing the same thing from a hospital in England but my letters looked very much different from yours. May you soon be able to write and use your right hand again. Very lovingly, Earl

Earl's room

November 15, 1920

Dearest Mother,

Here I am writing my Sunday letter on Monday in Earl's room with his pen - while he is doing his washing in the bathroom just across the hall - the height of prosperity! - Well, maybe society might not say so, but anyway it's awfully nice and homey here, and the people are lovely. I will tell you all about them Christmas.

Well, perhaps I can come down and make this letter a little mundane - Perhaps I can't. Anyway, I bought a fall dress for \$35. I could have got one for less, but this one just suited me, and none other did. It is "twilight blue" (Olive accused me of buying it because of the name of the color).<sup>49</sup> It is rather long-waisted, with round neck and bell sleeves slit up one side and tied together with two-tone ribbon - bright blue on one side and black on the other. The same ribbon laces down the front through little silk rings, and bigger silk rings with bits of ribbon in them adorn the skirt at intervals. I'm afraid this isn't a very clear picture of it, but it's hard to describe because it's different. I think you'll like it.

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<sup>49</sup> A relevant cost comparison is that in the early 30's my father earned \$29 a week as a factory electrician, and in 1938 took a job as a telephone-exchange installer in Washington, D.C. at \$34 a week. EW

I bought some lisle hose too - two pairs \$.65 and \$.75 - to see which lasts the longer - and also a pair of winter gloves "chamoisette," not leather, that fasten tight about the wrists - \$2.25. Also, I had to get my evening net dress cleaned, \$3.00 and pay \$2.50 for the formal Whittier dance - which perhaps I shouldn't have - but I just didn't take time to consider, - and it will be so lovely. I can't help feeling a little conscience-stricken at times - you are so good to let me be here at all - and there are so many things here you can get for nothing and I don't like to think of your having to economize any more than necessary. - you do need things yourself. Won't you write and tell me how our finances stand at present? - or is that too much for your left hand?

- Well we have got the washing hung up. I wish you could see Earl standing on a chair in his shirt sleeves - rolled up - looking down at you. You surely couldn't help loving him!

Intermission for S.V. meeting, luncheon with Earl, Mr. Wallace, and Ethelwyn Ballantyne<sup>50</sup> (a good friend of Earl's), and my YW Bible Class at Harlem.<sup>51</sup> My girls were very inspiring today. We talked about the "Quiet Times of Jesus," and you would have been surprised and pleased - as I was - to hear the ideas and feelings they had on the subject. I'm getting to think a great deal of them.

Now we are in the Graduate Room again - just before dinner.

-Just stopped at Whittier and found a phone message from Ray saying Aunt Jessie<sup>52</sup> had died. Is it really true? - and what was the matter? (Just a few days ago he told me about Aunt Sallie!)<sup>53</sup> I can't believe it - about Aunt Jessie - and wonder if anybody could have gotten it twisted. If she has, I'm so sorry she didn't know about Earl. She would have loved him.

I'm getting so anxious to see you and talk to you. - Just over a month Mother dear.

Goodnight to you and your poor arm.

Sister

- Now I've just sworn not to speak another word for fifteen minutes, so this may be more coherent. I have to use this pen since Earl is writing up a report with the other. This [red color] looks just like I feel anyway - Merry Christmasy.

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<sup>50</sup> She was from Toronto and around Earl's same age. They probably attended Victoria College together. Their parents may also have been friends associated with the Metropolitan United Methodist Church in Toronto.

<sup>51</sup> Young Women's Christian Association (YWCA). Katharine may be referring to the Harlem YWCA, which at that time was holding Bible study groups and just about to move into a new building ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harlem\\_YWCA](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harlem_YWCA)), CW

<sup>52</sup> Jessie Brown Dodds (1858-1920), Katharine's mother's aunt. Jessie received a medical degree from Women's Hospital Medical College of Chicago, Illinois, in 1912, and thereafter was the head of a sanatorium and convalescence inn at Escondido, California. Her husband Robert Dodds was a prominent surgeon. She died of pneumonia, CW

<sup>53</sup> Sarah "Sallie" Brown Marshall (1849-1920) died a week previous to Jessie of the same disease. They lived in the same home together in Escondido along with Laura Edwina "Eddie" Brown (1854-1934), their sister, CW

Well, I'm glad last week is over. I had to have charge of a big Methodist party for Columbia students, and it was quite a job. Olive did most of it, though. She sure is a star. Yesterday we had a lovely day - from 10:00 AM to 11:30 PM together. We went down to hear Fosdick preach, then had "late breakfast" at a little Greenwich Village place. Then we went down to Old Trinity Church and roamed around the graveyard, and inside saw a baby christened up at the font. It's a lovely place.

At 4:00 we went to a service at "St. Mark's in the Bowerie."<sup>54</sup> I won't attempt to describe it or the evening service, but I'll be sure to tell you about it when I come home, for they came nearer to expressing what I think Christianity should than any church service I've ever been in. I did wish Curtis could have been there.

We went to Enrico's for dinner in the evening - a lovely Italian restaurant where we had spaghetti and lobster and chicken and salad and ice cream in little paper dishes! Isn't it nice that Earl likes salad?

Whittier Hall  
November 16, 1920

Dearest Mother,

I got your little note this morning. I had written to Aunt Eddie,<sup>55</sup> but am enclosing the letters to Alice and Mary West because I'm not sure of the last name of the former or of the address of the latter.

Isn't it dreadful? - And Ray says Aunt Eddie really has tuberculosis of the throat. She probably can't live long either. I shouldn't think she'd much want to now.

Thank you so much for sending Dr. Jessie's letter. I think I'll let Earl read it and send it back in this letter. I do wish she could have known Earl, - and he her.

I'm so sorry you have to have the heart-ache. Mine just sort of bursts with all kinds of feelings now, - but there's one biggest one, of course.

I'm going to send you Mrs. Willmott's letter too. I think it will surely be something of a healing balm. Isn't it lovely?

- Strange, I forget to tell you Earl's whole name. It quite fits in with our family, though the

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<sup>54</sup> William Norman Guthrie's (1868-1944) church.

<sup>55</sup> Laura Edwina "Eddie" Brown (1854-1934) was living with Dr. Jessie Dodds and Sallie Marshall in California when they died. However, it appears she lasted through the tuberculosis that time, CW

spelling is a little different. It's Lesslie Earl Willmott. Isn't that pretty? - I mean nice? - Earl doesn't like anything about him to be "pretty."

Your last letter was so lovely. We read it together, and were so delighted. You are right about our love being just ideal. I'm afraid you'll have to take back something you said this summer! I can hardly wait for you to see each other. Won't it be fun? And we're so glad you're really planning to come to New York. We really couldn't wait till Commencement, could we?

I do hope your arm will keep on mending fast. - And that you'll have a beautiful Thanksgiving at home. I had such a lovely letter from Freda inviting us both for Christmas.

- Oh, yes. - You can find "Go Home" in a good atlas. It is on "Go Home Bay," which is off the Georgian Bay. So much love, Sister

P.S. 'Course I want Mrs. W's letter back.

Sunday afternoon

In Earl's room

November 22, 1920

Dearest Mother,

Earl is going to write to his mother while I write to mine. He has a lovely mother - and so have I. I can scarcely wait till we all get together.

We are going to leave here at midnight Tuesday and go up to Providence where some of Earl's relatives live.<sup>56</sup> We shall stay there till afternoon, when we'll go up to Boston and hope to have Dorothy Durling there with us for dinner Wednesday evening. Then out to East Braintree about 8:00 - for which time I am most awfully impatient.

On Thanksgiving day we shall all be thinking of you - and the three at home - and I know you'll be thinking of us, too, so we'll really be all together in spirit, won't we?

Oh, yesterday Earl took me on the loveliest motor-cycle ride. We went up the Hudson to Tarrytown and back again. The country was beautiful, especially along the river, - and motor-cycling beats automobiling all hollow. I sat in a cute little boat at the side, and bounced up and down beautifully when we hit things. Coming back we drove along Riverside after dark when all the lights shone in the river. It was so lovely. Then we came back and made fruit salad here, - and read.

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<sup>56</sup> These relatives were Margaret Bowes Sutherland (1875-1937), her second husband Harold Bernard Byron (1874 - ?) and her daughter Karin Von Pyk Byron (1896 - ?). Margaret Sutherland was the sister of Amelia Sutherland Grant, and the cousin of Lilian Sutherland Grant, who lived in Manhattan at this time with their husband/father Ulysses S. Grant. She was Earl's paternal grandmother's (Margaret Bowes, 1843-1938), sister's (Anne Marie Bowes, 1846-1909) daughter. Karin would be Earl's cousin several times removed. Bryron was a goldsmith and married Margaret after her first husband (Karin's father) had died. CW

Friday evening we had our formal dance in the Thompson gymnasium. It was so nice. I danced with four men beside Earl, and they were all nice. Earl was darling in his dress suit and pumps - he looked just like an up-to-date cherub. I can't decide whether he's nicer that way or in his shirt-sleeves! - Good thing I didn't have to!

I wore my rainbow dress and everybody seemed to like it, - including the most important. He sent me lovely pink roses again, and they looked so pretty with the colors in my dress. We had red punch and a variety of cunning little iced cakes.

- Wait till you come to New York. We'll sure shoot some kind of a "buzzy" then!  
I left out Thursday. We heard another symphony - the New York Philharmonic this time, and lovely, of course.

I do hope you'll get a nice little rest and have a beautiful Thanksgiving at home. I hardly feel the need of any special day for thanksgiving. Every day is Thanksgiving for me. - But maybe we'll have chicken or goose on the 25<sup>th</sup>!

So much love, Sister

(Between election day and Thanksgiving) ...

- And besides, there would be a little getting ready for Christmas.

I'll tell you what I want for Christmas, mother. - A bottle of Melba toilet water! I know if I'd say the trip to St. Louis or to Toronto - or home, you'd be sure to think up something else beside for Christmas day. - Well, that's all I want.

Oh, yes, I do want to have some kind of an announcement party for the girls at home. It may leak out before then, but anyway, no one will know for certain. As Earl says, the bag is getting weaker all the time, and the cat inside developing monstrous pugnacity. And Mr. Wallace, our friend from China, says that if we go around holding up our cat to everybody's eyes, we can't expect him to follow around pointing out that it's a bag. Earl adds the following conundrum: When is a cat not a cat? Ans. When it's a bag. I suggest the vice versa. - Anyway it isn't generally known now. I can't promise what will happen after Thanksgiving. I suggest that (to the general public) Earl goes to Boston and I go to East Braintree! - Well, you see, I'm feeling frivolous. - But most joyous.

I guess we shan't go up by motorcycle, anyway, so don't worry. Think we shall try the boat if possible.

We're planning right now for your spring vacation, so don't dream of backing out. I know all this traveling means money, but don't you think we can beg, steal, or borrow it for this one year? We'll just spend my \$500 for some of it, won't we?

About Commencement now. Earl is going to come a day or two before, and then we are going down home afterward and look over all my things and see which to take along. I can tell you better about things like that at Christmas. Eventually we shall have a little home of our own, but not right away. But I think I shall take my piano, and we shall have a Victrola, too, - even though the journey for freight is a little perilous. We may as well take the risk as just not plan anything at all. We go partly by all the various ways you mentioned.

Well, to continue. -

Somewhere around August first. Of course we can't tell exactly till the time is nearer. - Then all his family are coming down, and we're all going back to Canada together - and live happily ever after - just like a story book. - And part of the living happily will consist in your coming out to see us in China.

I think we shall sail somewhere around the middle of September. We hope the Wallaces will be along. (We aren't as exclusive in our tastes as some). Yes, they will be right where we are in China, - and they are very lovely people. We will meet them at "Go Home". They, too, are from Toronto.

After "Go Home" we shall start right out West, - and maybe stop a while at Lake Louise. Wouldn't that be beautiful? Everything seems just too lovely to happen.

Now I might add a few lines about what we've been doing. - I can't possibly relate half of it - only the most important.

Election Day we spent together in the Palisades.<sup>57</sup> It was windy and misty, but we had a little fire all our own right on top of a high palisade, - and sat by it and ate Freda's chicken - and other things - and read Noyes and Barrie and Browning, - and talked some. It rained coming home, but we didn't mind.

I was so sorry not to vote, but couldn't help it.<sup>58</sup> I'm afraid I never shall now. Do you know I shall be a Canadian citizen after August?!

Saw Johnny Albrecht Thursday. She sure looked good. Thursday evening we went to the Boston Symphony - a lovely performance of modern music.

Saturday afternoon we had a lovely walk in the Bronx woods, and, in the evening a little private

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<sup>57</sup> The Palisades are a rock cliff formation on the New Jersey shoreline across the Hudson River from Manhattan.

<sup>58</sup> The 1920 presidential election was the first in which women were allowed to vote, ratified by Congress on Aug. 18, 1920.

dance at Whittier that Allison<sup>59</sup> got up.

Between these two events Olive and I managed to get to dinner at McElberry's. They were lovely to us. They have a beautiful apartment, and had roast turkey and cranberry sauce! We liked them.

Sunday evening we went to hear Galli Curci at the Hippodrome. She was delightful, and so generous with encores! She sang "Sweet and Low", "Swing Low Sweet Chariot", "I Cannot Sing the Old Songs", and, at the very last, when everyone wouldn't go home, she came out and played her own accompaniment and sang "Home Sweet Home". We just loved her voice, and are going to have some of it on our Victrola.<sup>60</sup>

Thank you so much for the money. We had planned \$65 Nov., \$115 Dec.1, and \$50 Dec.15. If I have \$120 now, when and how much more shall I have? \$115.50 is my December bill. I'll try not to need more than that.

So glad about your arm. Had a lovely letter from Mrs. Turrell, also Dorothy. You are a darling mother - with all your plans for us - and never thinking about yourself. We are anyway. So much love, Sister

Earl's room  
November 29, 1920

Dearest Mother,  
We all got your most lovely letter day after Thanksgiving, Earl appreciated being one of your children so much!

The next day we got the darling little nose-gays. I'm wearing mine now - the red one - which goes nicely with my hat. My girls at Bible Class today admired it.

- Oh, the most lovely thing to tell you! I have my ring - a perfect darling. Earl's mother selected it up in Toronto. It is a perfect blue-white diamond just about the size of Ada's - a trifle larger - set in a Tiffany setting with a very fine band. It is so lovely and dainty and sparkling. I haven't gotten over just loving to stare and stare at it, and watch the rainbow colors. I can hardly wait to

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<sup>59</sup> Allison Van Nette was a student living at Whittier Hall who was in the education program along with Katharine and Earl that year. CW

<sup>60</sup> Amelita Galli Curci (1882-1963) was an Italian opera singer who made her American debut in Chicago in 1916. She signed a record contract with the Victor Talking Machine Company in the same year, hence the reference to the Victrola! Galli Curci made her New York debut at the Metropolitan Opera on Nov. 14<sup>th</sup>, 1921, just a week before Katharine wrote this letter. Interestingly, the show Katharine saw was not the opera, La Traviata, in which she starred, but rather a musical performance at the Hippodrome, an immense venue where vaudeville acts, movies and more popular musical acts performed. CW



show it to you. Of course, I can't help wearing it here, but I'm in hopes nothing more than a rumor, at least, will float to Xenia before I can have my party. Earl has just gotten some new calling cards, and I'm going to send them out in cute little envelopes along with mine - after the party.

Later... Prof. Baldwin's Comp[osition] class at Barnard.<sup>61</sup> M.K.G. in back seat "observing" and writing letter.

Just saw a sign in the elevator saying bills are due tomorrow! I had forgotten to remind you. If your money doesn't come for tomorrow, I'll tell them you get your check then, and ask them if they can wait till it comes. The bill will be \$119.50. Besides that I shall have about \$25 left from the \$120 you sent. I left Curtis \$35 for a clock which was shut up in a store because it was Saturday afternoon. He had said it was a chiming one, though, so I hope it will be all right. - I'm afraid I may need \$20 or \$25 more to get home on. That can get here any time before the 18<sup>th</sup> (when I hope to start home), but please send the \$120 right away if you haven't already. This is the reason for the "special".

We had such a beautiful time with Curtis and Ada - But I'll begin at the beginning. We left Tuesday evening on a sleeper for Providence, R.I.

- I see I've let Earl run off with my pen in his pocket, so I'll have to finish in pencil! I was saying - Earl has a cousin living there, and his grandmother (paternal) was visiting there, so we stopped off on Wednesday to see them. They were lovely people, - as I'm sure all his people are. This morning he got a letter from his mother after she had seen his grandmother, telling what she thought of me!

We got into Boston about 4:00 P.M., and because we were going to stay in for dinner with Dorothy Durling, I hadn't told Curtis when we were arriving, but there he was. Johnny on the spot, meeting all the Providence trains! We found Dorothy and had a lovely dinner together and a walk on the esplanade. I think we all liked each other!

Thursday we had a lovely homey time and a wonderful dinner, in getting of which we each had a finger. You should see Earl washing potatoes and washing dishes!

Friday we took the historic tour of Boston (Earl and I), and Curtis and Ada came in town for dinner, and we all went to the theater at night. - Had a lovely time.

Saturday we went clock hunting and saw the pictures in the library, which Earl loved as much as I do. - I'm so glad he does - some other people wouldn't. In the evening we took dinner with one

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<sup>61</sup> Dr. Charles Sears Baldwin, English professor at Barnard College, 1911-1935. Barnard was one of the "Seven Sisters" Ivy League colleges for female higher education. CW

of Earl's old girl friends (only about 21 now, with a little baby) in a swell-elegant house with much correctness about everything. She is a very charming girl.

Sunday Curtis preached a wonderful sermon, and did it just perfectly, too. I think he might be a great preacher as well as social pastor if he would realize how good he is.

Uncle Earle, Aunt Mary, "Baby Earle", Alberta, and Helen Beals<sup>62</sup> met us in Boston just before we left. They all loved Earl. Must stop now. Love, Sister

P.S. It was so darling of you to send Curtis money to entertain us all. We all had such a good time.

P.P.S. I made an angelfood. Eggs \$1.00 a dozen!

Whittier Hall

December 4, 1920

Dearest Mother,

I'll start this letter now, at least. The days are so full. Olive wants me to go to call on Mrs. Fleming this afternoon. She is the wife of Dr. Fleming who teaches missions here, and came from somewhere around home. They're lovely.

Earl is taking a long walk with a lovely old widower cousin of his this afternoon.

I got your money on the second and it was all all right. They were very nice about it. I was surprised at the amount. You are a darling to send me so much. I'll try to bring some back home, but maybe I can get a Christmas present or two with a little of it. I know we aren't going to be extravagant on presents this year, so don't be afraid.

I got the cleverest, funniest letter from Earl's father yesterday. I've heard from the whole family now. I can hardly wait to see them.

Thursday we went down town for dinner at a pretty little "English tavern", and then to the Boston Symphony, which was lovely. Didn't it pay to wait for someone who loved music and sunsets though?

Friday evening he studied and I went to "The Merchant of Venice" with Olive. There's a series of Shakespeare plays going on. I'm trying to see all of them \$.50 each! Are you going to Hamlet

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<sup>62</sup> Earle Clifford Dodds (1876-1956) and his wife Mary Hutchinson Dodds (1875-1964), Katharine's maternal uncle. "Baby Earle" could refer to their son and Katharine's cousin, Earle H. Dodds (1903-1984). Alberta Dodds (1898-1993) was another one of Katharine's cousins, the daughter of her mother's brother Leslie Jamieson Dodds (1871-1954). Helen Beals was a Canadian artist from Nova Scotia who was studying at Simmons College in Boston in 1920. She earned a certificate in Library Sciences before returning to the Maritimes. It's unclear how or why Earl and Katharine knew her, but one can see that they networked in wide circles, CW

and Macbeth this week? Earl is going to some of them, but has seen most of them many times. Yesterday we had a lovely time, - climbed straight up the palisades and built a fire on top and read "Two Gentlemen of Verona"! Then we came home and made crab salad for supper! Went to church with Olive this morning. She's such a lovely girl.

Your new paper's awfully nice. So sorry about your being sick. Are you all right now? Curtis seemed getting on fine every way. Much love, Sister

Toronto  
December 22, 1920

My dear Mother Geyer, -  
I have tried twice to write you a Christmas letter to tell you of my Christmas joys and feelings - but I just can't find the words (if only I could express myself as well as Katharine can). It just seems too much, and I tremble when I think of so many wonderful gifts I have received. Katharine - the supreme gift from you and Mr. Geyer and God - I feel utterly incapable of being sufficiently thankful. And then, I am to have had such an exceptionally fine father. - I have just been reading Mr. Geyer's memorial book and cannot express my feelings of admiration and reverence of him.

I do like Curtis - he is so cheery and optimistic and so very lovely to be with, and so sincere and earnest and has such a clear vision of the real things of life. As well as having a grand time with them at Thanksgiving. I got a new light and a new inspiration from him. It is lovely of you to let us have Katharine a day longer, tho I do hate to rob you. We all danced with delight.

I want so to be with you all but I will have patience to wait till April and June.  
A very happy Christmas and love to all at 512. Your loving, Earl

74 Crescent Road  
Toronto, Ontario  
December 31, 1920

Dearest Mother,  
It's Friday morning before I have half a chance to write to you, but I'm going to send this "special" so you'll get it before you leave.

I did get the first train. Fortunately, it was right across the track. There wasn't the ghost of a red

cap around, so it was a good thing I stuck the candy under my arm, and hung all the things on it, and staggered up the steps of the chair car - for there wasn't a porter about either. I had a nice, restful time, and got into Toronto just a little late. - Lots of red caps. I trotted along with one of them till we met Earl, scanning the scenery for me, and looking so nice. He was by himself in his Dodge car, and we motored home in about fifteen minutes.

His mother and dad and Evelyn were all waiting inside the door with open arms, except Evelyn, - she didn't know whether to kiss me or not, but I made her! When I kissed Dr. Willmott his glasses caught on my hair net, and we had quite a time!

Well, I know you want to know about them. They are darling, - all of them. I think you'd think his mother was a good deal like me - in general manner - sort of skippy and gay, and very sweet looking (last is especially like me!) Dr. Willmott is very quiet, but awfully nice, and Evelyn is really a darling - a little tom-boyish, but very winsome and sweet. She's been out all morning making a slide.

Last night we sat by the fire while Evelyn dried her hair and Earl sang, really beautifully. They have several nice big fireplaces. Then Earl read me some of his letters, and then his mother sent us to bed - at 10:30. I had a bath and some hot malted milk first. They treat me like a baby. Mrs. Willmott comes in to tell me to tell you that she thinks I'm as nice as my poetry! Earl says the family approve, so it's all right.

I'm going to wear my pink dress this afternoon and my blue organdie tonight.  
Much love mother dear. Sister

We're going out to slide with Evelyn in a lovely toboggan. Earl sends love.

T.C. Library  
January 5, 1921

Dearest Mother,  
Here I am again sitting beside Earl in the library, just as if nothing had happened, and Christmas vacation were all in a dream. - Only, I know it isn't, because I found my laundry box when I got back with the things all mended up so beautifully, - and that couldn't have happened over night. Thank you so much, Mother dear.

Your letter, also, was waiting for me. It was all right about not writing to Toronto. Earl got his, and that was enough for us both. He says to thank you and sends his love till he has time to write you. He was so pleased with his book, too, - and incidentally, so am I. It came right away, - was there before I was.

I got a perfectly crazy letter from Jessie today, saying a lot of slanderous things about the uncles, aunts, you, George and Freda, Curtis and Ada, myself, - and even Earl!<sup>63</sup>

I found also a beautiful box of home-made candy from Dorothy Sprengle and a number of other notes and cards. Wasn't Miss Elwell sweet to send me those cunning little ribbon things! Thank you so much for the raisins and the cane. You were very thoughtful to send it. I left a little pile of things, including the camisole and the maline which I meant to take with me, but got on very well without them.

A lovely little Christmas folder from Mrs. Shambaugh with an etching of her own fireplace on it says that they have adopted a little three-weeks old baby boy. Isn't that lovely?

Oh, I must tell you about my physical exam. I'm a star performer! He examined me all over very carefully and found my lungs absolutely perfect, my heart in splendid condition, my blood-pressure normal, my muscles good, my nose perfectly passable, my throat fine (said Dr. Brown did a fine job), and after punching me all around the abdomen, said everything seemed in its proper place. He was astonished at my chest expansion, such was 3 ½ inches - a half inch more than Earl's! Now will you give me curtain lectures about breathing deeply!

We had three parties in Toronto besides lots of calls and other invitations. Mrs. Willmott's afternoon tea was quiet and lovely, - just about fifteen of her best friends, - some in the family. Earl's [birthday] party was a corker. We had a regular rough house. We had four teams and a track meet of original stunts Earl himself invented. The winning team (Evelyn's) were awarded medals which Earl and his father had made out of fusible metal with wax and a plaster cast!! Monday afternoon his grandmother ("Grandmaggie")<sup>64</sup> had another tea with more of the family - chiefly older people. It was very lovely too. I wore my red dress - without the collar, as Mrs. Willmott suggested. It looked quite nice.

Mrs. Willmott insisted on giving me a Christmas present, rather two. One was a beautiful pair of sand colored broad-cloth spats, and the other a pretty little red leather copy of "Kim," just like the "Just So Stories" Mildred gave me.<sup>65</sup>

Had roast goose for dinner yesterday!

Oh, maybe Dr. Willmott will stop off in Delaware [at OWU] and see you on his way to Indianapolis soon. Better write and invite him to the guest room: 74 Crescent Road. Love,  
Sister

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<sup>63</sup> Katharine may be referring here to her aunt, Jessie Katharine Dodds (1883-1924) who was considered psychologically unbalanced and lived with her parents until their deaths. She then moved in with Katharine's mother, so Katharine grew up with her in the same household. CW

<sup>64</sup> Margaret Taylor Bowes (1843-1938), Earl's paternal grandmother. CW

<sup>65</sup> Kim, a novel by Rudyard Kipling (1901) and Just So Stories, short stories by Rudyard Kipling (1902), both children's literature.

New York

January 6, 1921

Dear Mother Geyer, -

I feel very much ashamed of myself for not writing to you long before this. I have wanted to but have been on the go continually. It was awfully nice of you to send me Bishop Bashford's book - thank you so very much. I have only looked thru it enough to see that it will be intensely interesting and that it contains a great fund of knowledge for us, both before we go and while in China.

Your great present to the Willmott family - Katharine - just delighted everybody's heart. Mother got just crazy about her and it's going to be so much harder to let us both go to China because she loves Katharine so much. Katharine captured Evelyn's heart completely - and very hard it is to capture too. And Dad is just delighted - in fact very enthusiastic. All our relatives are just very much pleased with such a lovely addition to our family. But only Mother and I realize just how wonderful it is that we are to have Katharine. Mother grows prouder and prouder of her new daughter-to-be. Last Sunday evening Mother noticed a resemblance in Katharine to someone who had been very weak and died quite young and she told me afterward that the idea gripped her so much that she was nearly sick and cried after she went to bed. The next afternoon she cried for joy tho when she heard Katharine was perfect in physique as well as in other ways, in which she could see for herself.

I cannot tell you how happy I was to have Katharine - it was a great joy. And the more I was thankful for her being at our home the more I realized what you were sacrificing in letting her away from you during the all too short time before we go. Katharine says that you will visit us in Chengtu during that long seven years - I think that would be lovely.

Tho very wrong of you to think of sending me anything for my birthday I certainly am pleased and thank you very much for the lovely handkerchief with the mauve W and the Monnett calendar and for the thought of sending them to me. Monnett looks very fine and was all the more interesting when Katharine had some recollection in connection with every picture. Katharine told me about your talks and discussions about our wedding ("my wedding" she had in her letters, so I guess I should say - her wedding) and I agree and am very pleased with your tentative plans. I do hope Katharine doesn't think I am indifferent about the different arrangements because I am not - but I had to be very careful to be sure it was what she wanted before agreeing, else in her extreme unselfishness she would want what I agreed to or suggested - so I hesitated.

The family is looking forward with great delight to August at Go Home - we are going to have a great time I think.

We did have such a good time the last week - I hope Katharine isn't tired after it all. There were so many who just must see Katharine and all were charmed by her - whether they were young society demoiselles or staid old orthodox missionaries. Katharine is beautiful to them all - We were so proud on Sunday morning to take her up to our pew right at the front. Bruce told me a few days before that he would be all eyes on Sunday morning - and he was. Bruce Hunter<sup>66</sup> is our pastor by the way and he was delighted to meet Katharine.

Wasn't it sad that we had to go to a tea room for our New Year's dinner? The woman who was to cook it for us was so sick and Mother didn't feel up to it after parties the day before. Katharine's visit did her a lot of good - for she was very well all the time and didn't get tired out after the parties. Thank you for so many things.  
Good night, Lovingly Earl.

Whittier  
January 12, 1921

Dearest Mother,  
I'm answering your letter as soon as possible. It is good of you to be looking out for me all the time.

I will take (to China, since the advice comes from a China missionary) at least two of the suits of underwear. I don't believe I have any with me after all. I have only a heavy, long-sleeved shirt. I don't think I'd better take more than two of the kind that have such high necks, since none of my clothes have any collars except my Buster Brown waists. I think I'd better have also two or three cotton ones with lower necks and elbow sleeves, and one, Mrs. Wallace says, with very low neck (like a shirt) and no sleeves and knee legs to wear with evening dress. If I get chilly with that I'll wear a silk shawl!

Then I think I ought to have, for the coldest weather, three or four suits of either wool, or wool and silk.<sup>67</sup> There's no hurry about any of these unless there are sales. I will look here, but I think will not ask Mrs. Willmott to buy clothes, but only linen and things like that. I will just ask her to pick up anything she sees at a sale and send the bill to me. For the rest, I think the later on we get them the better, since arrangements are a little indefinite for next year, - though Mrs. Wallace says she feels sure Earl will get to go, since he is so much needed at Chengtu. We shall know, however, by the time you come, so we can do lots of shopping then. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace have their stateroom already for September 15 on some Vancouver line, and they think

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<sup>66</sup> John Bruce Hunter was the pastor at Central Methodist Church on Bloor St. E. at Park Road, 1919-1923. This is walking distance from the Willmott home on 74 Crescent Rd., Toronto, CW

<sup>67</sup> I wonder why she doesn't seem to have any as her diary for her last year at Ohio Wesleyan tells of buying several suits, EW

it likely ours will be the same.

Mrs. Wallace says she'll be delighted to "make lists" with me when you come. She's so nice. We are going over there again tomorrow evening to take care of Edward (aged 5) while they go to the symphony.

Well, to continue. I don't want the gowns unless they are nice and pretty. If they are that, get several. I like pinkey and bluey ones. I don't want to look like a (I was going to say grand-mother, but refrain!) - even in bed. But I shall want, I think, half a dozen outing flannel ones, for you wear them half the year. I mentioned them to Earl as "outing gowns," and he thought I meant dresses for pleasure trips!

I don't care for any aprons without tops. I might take along one of your big white ones, or maybe two. But I should like two of the all over ones, and at least two, maybe three of the apron-dresses. They might come in awfully handy for certain times. So get these if they are still cheap, - or at least part of them, and write me as soon as possible what you get, so I won't duplicate. One or two smock things would be very nice for "Go Home" if they are pretty, - and also for China.

There's one thing about getting bed clothes and linen that we have to remember. You have to pay duty on all that is new going into Canada. So it would save trouble, if not expense, to get them in Canada, since we ought to take our bed clothes along with us, and couldn't send them from the States. However, any real bargains would be worth picking up. We could use them once and wash them.

I suppose you didn't get the other shoes like these, did you? These are awfully comfortable. I did write Aunt Eddie. I was disgusted with Jessie's letter and tore it up before I wrote you! Much, much love, Sister

The Wallace's  
January 25, 1921

Dearest Mother,  
Here's my Sunday letter, belated again, but you've had some extra ones, haven't you?  
I finished my last exam today. I didn't worry at all about any of them, though maybe I should have.

Tonight Earl and I are over at Wallace's keeping "Eddie" while they are at the opera. Eddie is a five year old - in bed. We've just put some fudge to cool which acted very funny. Earl is studying on a paper he has to hand in this week. He isn't quite through, so I decided to borrow his other pen [she is writing this in red] (he keeps this one to make diagrams with!) and improve the time.



Last night we went to the opera, "Norma" by Bellini with Madame Raisa in the leading role. It was lovely. Got home at about 12:30 and went right to bed. It was a bitter cold night, so I took my hot water bottle along and wore my one flannel nightie. Then came the "end of a perfect day" when the hot water bottle sprung a leak and squirted all over my bed. Before I could get it out both sheets, the blanket under, and the mattress were soaked. I had to laugh. I got up, put down the window, and took off all the wet things, put towels over the mattress, and slept between the top wool blankets! I giggle now to think of that hot water bottle squirting around. It did look too funny!

This morning I had my exam to Prof. Baker, the jovial old soul I've been telling you about. He has been kidding me along in class lately about my knowledge of Biblical allusions. Every time one is mentioned he calls on me as his "Sunday School" girl to answer it. Last time was the other day when he mentioned something about Golgotha, and asked the class what that was. Would you believe that most of them didn't seem to know! So he called on me. I said "Well, I know, but I'm not going to tell."<sup>68</sup> - And I didn't. Today the room was quite chilly and he saw me shivering. He went to his room and got his big fur coat and insisted on making me sit in it! I told him that quite squared the account!

Earl and I are having an awful time deciding what to take next semester. I'm going to try to get in both swimming and sewing.

I got a letter from Mrs. Buck today inviting me to come out with Olive for a couple of days. I think I'll go since Earl is busy tomorrow. We'll leave tomorrow (Wednesday) afternoon and come back Thursday evening. Won't that be nice? Foster Stockwell is going for dinner tomorrow.

Friday I'm going shopping. We got a letter from Mrs. Willmott quoting Toronto prices. From comparing them with those advertised in the paper here, and with yours, it seems that we shan't gain much by getting anything before June except the sheets and pillow slips. Earl thinks it might be well for you to get one dozen to send out with my things if you can get them for a bargain, and let us get the other dozen to send with his things in Toronto. We figured that it would hardly pay for you to get them unless you got them around \$1.50 apiece. After your letters today we decided you might get the \$1.63 ones if you like - and they are good. Were the others you mentioned \$2.00 apiece or a pair?

We about decided to get two twin beds (single) and one three quarter size for company. So we decided to get all our bed clothes three quarter size, which will do for both and give plenty of room to kick about. I think 3/4 sheets are about 72 inches wide. 70 would do. And we do want them long enough for Earl! - eight feet, we thought. If you think better to have all the sheets to

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<sup>68</sup> Golgotha is a hill in Jerusalem where Jesus was crucified, mentioned in all four gospels. CW

get in Toronto, all right, but I think this is a good idea. If pillow slips are cheap too, you might get a dozen of them, too.

Mrs. Willmott suggests that you and she each donate a table cloth and we use doilies for the rest of the time. I think it is an excellent idea. I have the new one and you have one or two for me, haven't you?

- But what about napkins? Since linen is cheaper in Canada (so they say) hadn't we better get them all in June? The salesman told Mrs. W they wouldn't be any higher then. I think things are going down.

- Some joyful news, Mr. Wallace says we shall get \$200-300 for outfitting and Earl says I shall have at least \$100 of it. I really think that's all right, since I have to get things for so long. We won't count too much on it till we find out for sure, but I think it will be coming to us. Also, all our freight is to be paid, he thinks.

To continue: Mrs. Willmott thinks wool comforts are fine, but can't get any in Toronto. I saw some advertised here and am going to look them up - \$6.75 as a bargain. Sounds rather fishy to me, but I'll have a look at them. I do want one or two down ones, though. They are so beautifully warm.

Mrs. Willmott says wool blankets at bargain are \$15.75 for 7 lb. 64-84 in. ones. I see some advertised here for \$7.25 - no size given. I'll look them up too.

I shall look for dresses, too. - a tricolette<sup>69</sup> one (Mrs. Wallace says the very thing) and a velvet, and a wool one. If I can't get just suited and a good price, I'll wait till you come.

We think the Willmott's are coming for Easter too. Won't we have a glorious time? I can just hardly wait.

So much love, Sister

Earl sends love.

Whittier Hall

February 6, 1921

Dearest Mother,

Lots of things to say this time. First of all, I got both your checks all right and in plenty of time. Earl fortunately had enough to lend me so I got registered early. What is left of them is safely deposited in the Columbia Students' Deposit. I can't make checks on it, so won't need the slips. You have to draw the money out yourself. I have \$350 left.

I have made a few purchases. Was down town the first of the week with Earl and bought two

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<sup>69</sup> Tricolette was a silk or rayon knitted fabric used especially for women's clothing. CW

beauteous blue-flowered wool-filled comforts for \$7.85 apiece. They were having a special sale at Macy's. You can take them home in the trunk you bring. Better bring the one of Jessie's that is in the basement at Monnett. - The flowers are large blue roses, and there is a very pretty Delft blue border. Mrs. Willmott writes she can get eider down ones cheap now for \$15.00 and will get two. Then I think we'll not need any cotton ones at all, with the quilts I'll have and blankets. One thing Mrs. Wallace says to be sure to get is cotton blankets to sleep between. She says they are so much warmer than sheets in winter.

I saw a lot of tempting table linen, but didn't get any; - a lovely hemstitched set of tablecloth and six napkins for \$112.00 [sic!]. Also beautiful table doilies.

I think two of the Jap. cloths would be lovely. Earl loves them. Get all these things out of the \$500.00 and keep track of them.<sup>70</sup> I mean, of course, send me that much less off any money you send. I've already had to spend about \$60.00 or \$70.00 for registration, so that will account for what you've spent already.

I bought two pairs of cotton gloves something like the ones I wore home, only longer and lighter weight - for China; one is white and one taupe, \$1.75 a pair - pretty.

Then I went down to Worth's (where I got my blue wool dress) and got two dresses: one tricolette of bright blue, long waisted and simple - needs some kind of little white collar, and hem turned up; the other a pretty brown wool - soft serge, I think, with tan tricolette sash and rolled collar lined with same - no trimming besides, - also has to have hem turned up. The first was \$18.50 only, the second \$30. Earl was with me and likes them both. I hope you will. So I've spent about \$70.00 of the \$500. I looked around for velvet dresses, but didn't have time to see many. Will look again soon. It may cost a little more, I fear. I saw a beautiful brown velour broadcloth suit with high brown fur collar and beautifully braided at Macy's for \$75.00. They may come down more still. What would you think of getting one if they do? When and where would I get my going away suit if not here? I shall need a heavy one for travelling. Do you think I could get that in July? Should I have two new ones if I can get one here cheap, or will one do? I think I shouldn't spend over \$100.00, if that much, for both.

I'm afraid my winter coat won't look reputable for six years. It has looked nice this year, but the fur is beginning to wear off the edge of the collar. What about that?

I'm so glad you get all the underwear. That's lovely. I do hope the sheets are 3/4 size. They'd be awfully large for single beds if they weren't wouldn't they? They must be pretty if hemstitched.

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<sup>70</sup> For comparison, my father writes that his yearly salary was \$1900 in the 1920's. EW

Mrs. Willmott says linens and woolens are cheaper in Canada, - cottons perhaps a little cheaper here. She hasn't gotten anything for us yet. We're going to leave most things till June. Aunt Sue<sup>71</sup> wrote wanting to get me my steamer rug for a wedding present. Isn't that nice? I wish they'd all be prompt with decisions. Then we'd know what to do, - and we do want as many of our things as possible to go off in June. We may not get them for a year if they don't, and they might get lost. Earl says we should send out wedding "intimations"! Whenever you get a chance you might do some "intimating" for us!

Well, I had an awful time registering, - not because of the "red tape" this time, but because almost everything I wanted to take, almost, came at the same time. I did want Prof. Erskine's poetry course, but had to cut it out for sewing. Had to cut out two teaching courses for home nursing. I'm sure you'll think that a wise choice. Earl is taking another one I wanted - "Mental Adjustments in the Family" - conflicts with sewing. I'm keeping on with my Philosophy of Ed. Then Earl and I are taking a new course in "Hygiene of Adolescence" which includes education for parenthood, mental and emotional hygiene, and sex education; this by Dr. Wood, our college physician.

I signed up for Dr. Stevens' course for advisers of women and girls, but the first lecture seemed so technical and administrative that I'm going to drop it and take a teaching course instead. I shall have either 12 or 14 hours, when I decide on the course, besides swimming. I had my first lesson Thursday. I learned a little I think.

Monday evening we heard "Lucia" with Mme. Galli Curci in the leading role. It was lovely, - especially the sextette and two of her solos. We are going to get some of these records to commemorate our happy evenings.

Friday evening after shopping we went down to see Ray, and called up Junior Marshall<sup>72</sup> and took them both to dinner at a little French restaurant, Mollats', where a real French "fiddler" plays happy music. We'll take you there.

Last night we had a little informal dance at Whittier - not so little, either, but inexpensive - only punch. It was awfully crowded and everybody stepped on everybody's toes, but we had a lovely time. I wore my white and pink dress, and everyone liked it, especially Earl. (No "e" by the way.)

Letter from Mrs. Willmott says yours was lovely. They have passed it on, as usual. This morning the YW Sec. [YWCA Secretary] asked me to take a S.S. [Sunday School] class at St. Nicholas Pres. I consented and went down to find that the regular teacher had appeared. The

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<sup>71</sup> Probably Susannah Way Dodds (1830-1911), Katharine's mother's aunt. CW

<sup>72</sup> Probably Cloyd Marshall Jr. (1898-1956), Katharine's mother's sister's grandson, who was roughly Katharine's age and who lived in New Jersey at this time. CW

director of religious education insisted on my keeping the check for \$2.00 which he had given me for coming. I told him I would come back and earn it!

Earl is out walking with Mr. Grant today.<sup>73</sup> We are going to Cosmopolitan Club at 5:30, and then to St. Mark's.

I'm getting so anxious for you to come! So is Earl. I think the plan about Curtis and Ada would be lovely if Curtis can spare the time. Will you write them right away and let me know soon? I don't know where we'd put Curtis, but could probably put Ada in Whittier. You see, Earl's folks will be here too. Maybe if I took his mother and Evelyn, he could take Curtis. I think I won't pay the extra \$7.50 for meals here that week, but just eat out all the time. Then we could eat oftener with Earl and his folks.

I'm wondering if you wrote Uncle Ralph<sup>74</sup> and Bishop Hughes,<sup>75</sup> and what the results were. Bishop Hughes is to preach at Union soon. We'll go to hear him. Also, Dr. Gordon of Old South. Much love to you. Sister

#### Earl's room

Sunday morning, February 20, 1921

Dearest Mother,

Here I am this morning over at Earl's instead of at church - very unusual I assure you. It is a whirlwindy, blizzardy day. We had lots of fun on the way jumping around in the snow. Earl was going walking this morning with this Mr. Ulysses Grant I told you of, and I was going to church with Jack. But Jack got sick and of course Earl couldn't go walking, so we just decided to come over here. Earl is peeling tangerines for me while I write, and making little arches of the pieces!

Mr. Takagi called yesterday morning while I was at class and left word for me to telephone him. So I did. He's coming out this afternoon. We'll take him to Cosmopolitan Club with us tonight if he will go.

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<sup>73</sup> Ulysses Simpson Grant (1861-1945) married Alicia Earl Sutherland (1865-1920), the adopted daughter of Annie Marie Bowes Sutherland (1846-1909), who was the sister of Margaret Bowes (1843-1938), Earl's paternal grandmother. This Ulysses S. Grant was the nephew of the former president of the same name. He also had a cousin and three nephews with the same name. By the time of this letter in February 1921, Mr. Grant was living on his own in midtown Manhattan. In January of 1920, his only child - Lilian Grant - had married and moved out of town. She was a year older than Earl. On Jan. 6<sup>th</sup> of 1920, Alicia died of as yet unknown reasons. So, the date of this letter was approaching the one-year anniversary of her death. In 1945, at the age of 84, Mr. Grant died in his midtown apartment, apparently of a gas stove suicide.

<sup>74</sup> Ralph Clarke Dodds (1878-1922), Katharine's maternal uncle. CW

<sup>75</sup> Edwin Holt Hughes (1866-1950) was a Methodist leader who graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University in 1889. This is no doubt his connection with the Geyer family. He went on to become president of DePauw University, and other higher education administrative positions before and after becoming Bishop in 1909.

Earl has a new job as “fool” in the T.C. [Teachers’ College] Carnival. It’s one of the principal parts, so quite a nice compliment, - though he thinks the unanimous decision of the committee upon him for that part is a rather doubtful one! It is going to be given the 16<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> of March. I’m afraid you’ll just miss it.

We’re getting more and more thrilled about Easter. We’ve all sorts of plans up our sleeves. Won’t it be fun? I’m so anxious for you all to meet each other. Earl thinks now that his mother and Evelyn with both come on the 18<sup>th</sup>.

We’re going to have our Wesleyan celebration the evening of the 22<sup>nd</sup>, and I’m to make some limericks again! Jack and Olive are doing most of it. Jack is to be toast master and Carol Smith is to make one of the toasts. We girls are going to get the supper ourselves - at Madison Ave. M.E.

Friday evening we went down to St. Mark’s to hear one of Guthrie’s Lenten Lectures.<sup>76</sup> It was quite unusual - on the relation of early religion and art. We came back in time for the dance at the end of a graduate party!

Last night we heard Erskine<sup>77</sup> on Emerson’s poetry, and meant to go afterwards to the British Empire party at the Cosmopolitan Club, but were so sleepy we went to bed instead! I’m feeling fine, and that little trouble is getting better. I eat figs, tangerines, oranges, and apples like a martyr.

P.S. Earl and I made “angels” in the snow in Morningside Park.

Wednesday morning. - I got your little sentence note Saturday, saying a letter would follow next day, I waited till Monday to send this off, so I could answer it. Of course, it didn’t come, and I’ve been busy since then. I almost forgot I’d started this.

Mr. Takagi did come, but had to leave before Cosmopolitan Club. His father had typhoid fever. He had lovely letters from Dr. Walker and Miss Bremman. They were going to hold a Japanese Memorial Service for his father in Grace M.E. here.

We had Raymond Fosdick at Cosmopolitan Club - on League of Nations - fine.<sup>78</sup>

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<sup>76</sup> William Norman Guthrie (1868-1944) was rector of St. Mark’s Church in the Bowery, New York, 1911-1937, after having served in many educational administrative positions. While at St. Mark’s Church, he was notorious for creating non-conformist religious programs. CW

<sup>77</sup> John Erskine, Professor of English, Columbia University. CW

<sup>78</sup> Raymond B. Fosdick was Harry Emerson Fosdick’s brother, himself a lawyer who was lobbying for expansion of internationalism and the League of Nations in 1920. Both brothers were liberal supporters of “modern” Christianity,

Monday evening Earl had a play practice, so he gave his opera ticket to Olive, and we heard "Edipo Re" with Ruffi as Edipus. It was short, but lovely, and followed by two pretty ballet dances "The Dance of Death" and "The Dance of the Hours".

Yesterday morning I made limericks, and then Earl and I went down town for dinner, and to hear "Parsifal". It was just lovely, and Earl loved it too. If it comes here again on Good Friday we're going to take you.

Got out just in time for the Wesleyan Banquet. Olive and Gertrude Martin had done most of the cooking, and Ruth Stewart made the pies. It was lovely - about two dozen there, and everybody made a speech. The only thing the matter with it was that Earl wasn't invited. Wasn't that mean?!<sup>79</sup>

Earl has just brought me a page for the front of my note-book beautifully engraved in India ink with my name and address in Old English letters done by himself. Isn't he a dear? He's such a "nice, clean looking boy" too: that's what you'll like about him!!

I see I'm just running to frivolity, so will stop.

Lovingly always, Sister

P.S. Give my love to the Austins, Mrs. Turrell, the Howells, Miss Thomas, Miss Nelson, and any others who might like a dole - Mildred Gillan, and Susie, for instance. I had a nice letter from Susie.

Whittier Hall

February 27, 1921

Dearest Mother,

I'm afraid you're going to be all tired out before you get here. I do hope not, though we'll let you get some rest here too. Leave my teddies to fix till you come. There will be lots of time while I'm at classes.

Earl thinks it would be better to get Curtis and Ada a room together somewhere close about. He can't take Curtis because he will have his mother and father with him, and Ray has only a cot for himself. So we'll find a room for them both, and they'd like that better anyhow. You pay their railroad expenses and I'll pay their room money out of my Columbia funds. I'm going to have 6 or 8 dollars for teaching a Sunday School class by then! I taught it this morning. But the main point of it all is to find out exactly and right away when you all are coming, so we can engage the

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which didn't take the Bible literally. They were also both close to John D. Rockefeller Jr., and influential in his support of liberal education and of the educational work of the China mission societies. CW

<sup>79</sup> Because he was a Canadian, not an American, Methodist? EW

rooms immediately and buy theater and opera tickets. You have to get them some time in advance - two weeks is best.

I have a pretty full schedule. Not a great deal of time for shopping, but we'll get it in somehow. I can cut the audited ones any time. Perhaps my swimming lessons will be over by then, too; or I may have their day changed. - What do you think? - I took off the wings the last time and swam five strokes!!

I'll take you along to any classes you'd like to visit.

You aren't allowed any new things when you cross the border to Canada, so I hardly think there would be any use in your bringing anything for the Willmotts. There will be lots of wedding presents that will have to go off from home anyway, and our bedding will be good to wrap those in! Earl thinks the earlier we have the wedding the better, and insists on calling it the last of July instead of the first of August! He'd like us to be at Go Home by the first of August for their Regata Day. - We'll see.

I have \$250 in bank now, but will have a little less when you come, probably, as I have only fifteen cents besides! Opera and theater tickets cost a good deal too, but we're not going to get orchestra seats - except for Earl's mother (and himself). She can't hear from the balcony. I should have \$200 anyway when you come.

I just had to pay my Masters fee, \$20, and also \$10 for a new hat. Of course, this had to come out of the \$500.

My new hat is blue Milan straw with little decorated circles of horse-hair around it. It's hard to describe, but I think you'll like it. Earl will have to tell you about my firmness in sticking to my price! He was greatly amused. He went along to give advice. He has quite definite - and good - ideas about girls' clothes.

Good Friday is a holiday here, so we can't plan to go shopping then. Saturdays are crowded, but we can go.

I shall have plenty of things to fill the trunk full, I think. Bring your bag too. I seem to have accumulated an awful number of hats!

I think I shall be in Delaware from the first of June on. However, we can't plan too much then. You will be so awfully busy.

I'm getting only 6 hours credit for my M.A. this semester. I needed only 5, so it's all right. Sewing, Nursing, and Swimming don't count on an Ed. M.A. at all.



Earl isn't getting one at all. He's just taking the work he needs for his job.  
The answer to your last question is Sure she will! Oh, yes, I'm feeling fine.  
Love. Sister

P.S. I thought of some more things to say.  
Yesterday we went to hear Gounod's "Faust". It was wonderful. I like it next best to "Parsifal" of all the operas I've heard (about 8 now). The music was wonderful - I can hardly wait to take you to "Parsifal".

Friday I cut my nursing class to hear a play the Chinese students gave in one of the down town theaters for the benefit of the Chinese famine fund. They did it splendidly. They wrote a Chinese drama in English, and gave it themselves. We thought it was remarkably well done. One of the girls at my table was in it. I think they made about \$4000.

Thursday evening we heard the Tuskegee singers. They were lovely, and sang "I want to be ready" and "Swing Low". Earl had never heard them but liked them immensely.  
Friday noon Olive's father came in unexpectedly. They took me to lunch. He is awfully nice. Olive is away with him now at New Haven, where her brother lives.

I'm starting to put the lace on my teddy now - for sewing class. Buttonholes will come next. I hope it will be done when you come down. I'm going to keep it for my trousseau. It's all made by hand, so I got some real Armenian lace for it, - a darling little edge. Wait till you see! We're going to make cooking aprons (white) next. I'm sorry, for I just had to buy a nurses' apron, but I suppose they will come in handy. I should have asked for one of yours if you had been home to get it for me.<sup>80</sup> - Let's not think of my going away at all till I'm gone, and then we'll start thinking about when you come to see us. Isn't that a good idea? I don't think we can stand it unless we just try not to think of it at all clear through to the last minute! Goodbye for today.

New York  
March 6, 1921

Dearest Mother,  
It was quite nice to get two letters, even though small, from you this week.  
We have our program pretty well made out - if only we could be sure about Curtis and Ada. I think I won't bother you with it all now since it's so short a time now. It can't go too fast (the time) for me! I might just say that the program includes "Parsifal" (if it's given) St. Mark's Broadway Tabernacle, family get-togethers, shopping, meeting Olive's mother, one play while Curtis and Ada are here, classes, and rest.

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<sup>80</sup> Katharine's mother trained as a nurse after university. EW

Earl doesn't know the Ebbets who bought the Sanitorium.

I'm so delighted about the house. Things do come out right in the end, don't they?  
Isn't it fine about Geordie too?<sup>81</sup>

Earl thinks now that he can arrange to take Curtis. We'll fix it some way anyway. I wrote Curtis as soon as you wrote, telling him to let me know immediately or sooner. I haven't heard yet, but am counting on their coming when you said.

Parsifal will be on Good Friday if at all. If we can't get enough shopping in on the days you say, we'll cut some classes.

This letter seems choppy, but I'm trying to answer yours as I go along.

Please don't think of getting anything for my birthday. Won't a whole trousseau be enough? We'll let any article in it be for my birthday, or all of them! Or what about your trip to New York? That is the nicest one you could possibly give me.

This morning I taught Sunday School again. Earl went with me, and then we hurried back to hear Bishop Hughes at Union. He preached a fine sermon on the naturalness of the Christian life, - text from Luke 15, "He came to himself". We left in time to meet the recessional at the door. He recognized me and I introduced Earl. He asked me if we were married yet! - then when we were going to be!! Evidently your letter had rolled off his mind for the time being. I didn't mention it, for there were lots of others to talk to him. Mr. Wendell Thomas came up and introduced his father, who knew papa in college.

Tonight Olive is heading League at Grace M.E., and Earl and I are to make little speeches! Think what you're missing!

I must stop now and write to congratulate Geordie. Lots of things will wait to tell now.  
Much love from us both, Sister

P.S. Heard Frank Crane<sup>82</sup> at Grace Church in evening. He was fine. Olive had us over to speak at League. She had a missionary meeting.

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<sup>81</sup> George Dodds Geyer (1898-1950), Katharine's younger brother, had probably just announced the pregnancy of his wife, Freda Mae Grottendick (1899-1997), whom he had married in 1919. Their daughter Miriam Elizabeth Geyer (1921-2011) was born in September of 1921. CW

<sup>82</sup> Frank Crane (1861-1928) was a Presbyterian minister who had gained fame, and a widespread following to his newspaper column and speaking engagements, by the 1919 publication of his "Four Minute Essays," which contained Christian sayings for every day of the year. CW

Wednesday evening

March 20, 1921

Dearest Mother,

I'm feeling lots better tonight. I'm clothed and in my right mind (I think), and sitting at my desk with your picture just behind some lovely apple blossoms that Anna Ankamp brought me from Betty Eckhardt's farm. Earl and his mother are at the musical festival, and I'm going to bed soon. We had a lovely picnic at Mrs. Klepac's tonight. Earl got the supper!

This morning I slept till about 11:00. Then Olive came in and brought me an egg nog, and Mrs. Willmott insisted on giving me a bath and rubbing me, as I had to let her! But wasn't that nice of her? She dashed cold water on me after the hot, and I began to feel better right away. I got up and went to lunch with them at the Kingscote, but didn't eat much: soup, tapioca pudding, milk, and half a roll. Then I came home and slept all afternoon! Mabel and Olive came in about 5:00. Mabel entertained us telling about her announcement party and shower they had for her in Pittsburg.

I felt rather miserable after you left. I went to Earl's, but came back about 5:00 -----Allison calls -----and went to bed. Mrs. Willmott came with a note from Earl, and Olive read to me. I had to try not to think of you, because every time I did, I burst into tears! It was awful nice to have you when I was sick, and you were so nice and comforting, besides all the things you did for me. Earl says Ray said when you left "There's not another like her anywhere." Earl thinks you are wonderful, and papa, too, from all he has heard. I ought to be worth lots more. Maybe I will be when I'm Earl's wife!

Must go to bed. Goodnight Mother dear.

Sister

The Wallace's

Monday evening, April 12, 1921

Dearest Mother,

I meant to bring over some stationery, but forgot. This formidable looking paper is for a quiz and two papers due this week. I'm keeping Ebbie tonight by myself till 10:00 when Earl comes from a class.

I'm feeling fine. I'm quite recovered and sleeping again, and never did get pale, as Mrs. Willmott thought I should. However, I acquired another boil (this time under my left ear) which assumed enormous dimensions till today, when Earl turned me over his knee and squeezed the core out. It was a little uncomfortable, but is fine now. What do you suppose makes boils? Their one reconcilability is that my skin other places gets perfect and soft!!

Earl's mother didn't leave till last Thursday. She seemed to enjoy herself too! I'm so glad you

did have a nice time, but feel penitent for spoiling the last of it. I didn't "go to", really. I'm trying to get caught up now. I have my dress started, but my petticoat isn't finished yet. I just tucked its ruffle today. I'll enclose a sample of my dress (if I don't forget). It cost \$1.25 a yard and I got 4 ½ yards. It's expensive, but is guaranteed pure Scotch gingham, not to fade, and I think is lovely. I could hardly choose between the blue and the lavender just like it, but finally decided on my old standby color. It is lovely in the piece. It is barely begun. I shall sew in the sleeves tomorrow.

I swam across the tank on my back last Thursday. I'm having lots of fun in the pool. Tuesday evening we had a surprise. Did I tell you that Uncle Earle and Aunt Mary took us (E and me) to dinner Sunday? Well, Wednesday morning they called up again and wanted to take us to dinner and to the circus. So when we got down to the hotel, there they were with Kay and Uncle Leslie! I was so glad to have him meet Earl (and vice versa), and we had a good time. The circus was really wonderful, - bears riding alone on high bicycles, and seals clapping their fins, and lions and tigers jumping and performing, and some very lovely white statuary groups of men, women, horses and doves, and some marvelous trapeze actors and actresses. You would have liked it too. It was all clean and lovely.

Thursday evening we went to the last of the musical festival, which was the Greek play Iphigenia, with orchestral accompaniment composed by Damiurosch [spelling?] himself. It was beautiful. I wish so much I could just trade places with you sometimes and watch your desk and telephone while you hear and see some of these lovely things.

Today we had a YW dance at Whittier and had a lovely time. We learned how to unwind a waltz, which we had never done before, and is lots of fun! I wore my pinky white dress, and Earl liked it.

The girl hasn't called me up about my wedding dress yet. Earl keeps wanting to know what it is! Saturday evening was Chinese night at the Cosmopolitan Club. I do wish I could have taken you there. It's very interesting.

Yesterday (Sunday) Earl went walking with Mr. Grant, and I slept until 1:00 P.M.! Olive came over after dinner and stayed till Earl came, hence no letter to you.

At about 5:00 we went to Lillian's for tea. Lillian is Mr. Grant's daughter, and quite nice. She's married, and has a sweet little apartment. We got our own "tea", and had shrimp salad, cocoa, ginger ale, English muffins, peaches, and cakes. I helped make the mayonnaise, and peel the shrimps!

Earl got a letter from his mother today saying they had gotten your wee letter, and were agreed in thinking you were just right - or something such.

I forgot to mention the nice little picnic we had on the palisades Wednesday afternoon. I wished so much for you to be there too. Earl, his mother, and two cousins, Mrs. And Mrs. Byron and myself were all present. We roasted wieners, and found some little anemones, violets and cinquefoil. It was lovely there.

Earl and Olive and I are all going to the S.V. [Student Volunteer] convention at Bear Mountain the 22<sup>nd</sup>-24<sup>th</sup> of April. I decided to use my S.S. teaching money that way. It will cost \$10, and I have only \$8. It will be my next Christmas present from you. The nerve of some----!  
Lots and lots of love, Sister

Whittier Hall  
April 26, 1921

Dearest Mother,

I got your nice letter when I came back from Bear Mountain. We had a beautiful time up there: Saturday it rained all day, but we had huge fireplaces with roaring fires, so we didn't mind much. Sunday was our six months "versary" - and it was a beautiful one. The sun was shining brightly in the morning. I got up a little early and met Earl and we had a little before breakfast walk. I have him a collar bag, which he had wanted for some time, and he gave me some lovely tinted pictures of Corot and others - six altogether, which he had done himself. I know you'll think they are beautiful. Also, when we came home he brought me a framed one of Corot in colors, which he didn't do himself. But I like his best. Isn't he a darling?

At noon - just before dinner, we climbed the mountain and saw the loveliest view - it was like looking at a map - the way the hills and river seemed spread out, I mean. It was quite a climb, but worth every step.

The conference was very inspirational. Dr. Haas of Turkey, Dr. Fleming, and Dr. Laubach being the chief speakers. All were fine. Olive was along too, and we roomed side by each. Olive had some night visitors in her room, but I didn't!

I'm scalloping my dress now in blue organdie. It's to have a white organdie collar and sash, but all scallops bound in blue and blue flower. It isn't put together yet - skirt and waist, but I thought I'd sew the scallops first because they're going to be so cute! As always, I want to see what it's going to look like right away.

I dived last week, though I was a little scared! I'm going to do it again today. It was really fun. I'm going down tomorrow to have my own dress fitted. I got word today it had come. I think I shall need some more summer clothes. I really have very few comparatively. Do you think if I can find gingham, voil, or swiss dresses around \$10 I might buy two or three ready made? We'll

have a lot to do just fixing my things all up at home. I doubt there'll be much time to make things, though I'm not so awe-struck about doing it any more.

I must close and work on my petticoat. Will get your waists soon. Lots of love, Sister  
P.S. Earl is camping all week with a camping class, so I'm just a little "lost".

Whittier Hall  
May 8, 1921

Darling Mother,

I've been thinking of you so often today. I did wish I could pick up a big bunch of long-stemmed violets to send you, but it's too far, and there aren't any violet patches around here anyway: - just one little plant here and there.

It's such a beautiful day. I thought of you getting ready for Sunday School and hoped your foot was well again. I wonder what you are doing now - I hope sleeping!

It doesn't take a Mother's Day to make me think of or appreciate you. Many and many times I tell Earl what a wonderful mother you are, and how much worse I'd have been but for you! The older and older I get the more and more I can see just how great you are. I'm afraid this just sounds like raving, but you know there never are words to tell the things you want to most. I only try occasionally just to give you a little hint of how I feel, and to let you know that I do feel always you're the very best mother in the world.

- So many "inciting" things to tell you and ask you. First, I had my dress tried on, and got the pearl trimming promised again. They didn't have it there, but would order it. I'm to go down next Thursday when it is to be all done. The \$8.00 wasn't simply for the shoulders, but for changing the vest and shortening the skirt. The vest came high enough, but too wide. Thank you so much for writing so soon about it.

Thank you for the money too, and for your letter about Earl's visit. I do hope he can come. He has written again about it.

Earl is walking with Mr. Grant today - is coming back in a few minutes. I've had a lovely time with Jack - went to Old Trinity to church, took a ferry ride to Staten Island and back, and had dinner late up here at the Spinning Wheel. He's going to be in Delaware the first week or second of June. He asked about you, and said he would have come to see you when you were here if he had known! You see, I'm not the only one who thinks I have a nice mother! He was so nice to me today. He's a fine fellow.

- Well, I got switched off. I got two new gingham dresses \$9.85 and \$5.95 respectively - at

Altman's. They are rather coarse-thread gingham, but made very attractively - the first pink checked with organdie vest, the second red white and blue checked with organdie collar. They were Intermediate size 15 - one reason for cheapness [a teen size?], and just exactly the right length. Isn't that nice? All the dotted swiss or dotted organdie are more expensive \$16-\$25, as well as all the fine imported ginghams like the one I'm making in sewing. But these will wear fine and launder nicely, and are so cute. What do you think about getting one of the lighter ones? There was a darling coral dotted organdie for \$16.

- Oh, I almost forgot a very "inciting" thing. Earl got his telegram saying we were commissioned by the board, and also a letter telling about salary, expenses etc., and that we are to sail on the Empress of Russia (a lovely big boat) from Vancouver on the 15<sup>th</sup> of September. So all our plans will work out fine, won't they?

Earl's mother is anxious to have us all come up to Go Home as soon as possible, and so far as I can tell now, it would suit me better - as well as us - to have the wedding a few days sooner than the 26<sup>th</sup>. Don't you think we could get ready by the 21<sup>st</sup> - Thursday? Then we should get up to Go Home either Saturday or Monday (if the latter, we'd have a Sunday in Toronto) and we'd [Earl and Katharine] have our little 4 or 5 day canoe trip at the end of July, and then we'd all have all August together. I'll tell you more reasons later, but if you think we couldn't have it then, all right.

I'm planning to be vaccinated just before I leave Toronto, and inoculated for typhoid immediately upon reaching Delaware. They say that doesn't hurt you at all. This is the only way I can see to get both in, and that will be the easiest time, and I shall be all right by the Baccalaureate.

To continue the "incitement": I found the very kind of organdie for the bridesmaid dresses at Macy's - in all the pastel shades, and ruffled and tucked beautifully, for \$3.94 a yard. It takes only 3 yards a dress, and I've written all the girls. It will take an advance of \$48 from me. It's the prettiest I've seen, and it's quite wide - and plenty for waists.

Wednesday afternoon we did all the shopping. Earl was along. We looked for suits, too, but found none we liked. There didn't seem to be any as nice as this one I got in Delaware, but I'll keep looking.

We had supper with Ray that evening and came back early to greet Mr. And Mrs. ....[?] at Whittier at 8:30. She is awfully shy and sweet. I gave her a very artistic little silver spoon with the Woolworth Building on it. That doesn't sound nice, but it was very pretty and dainty, and cost \$1.89.

Friday night was our last dance - just simple and informal. I wore my blue organdie, and we had

a lovely time. The YW gave it to make money for Silver Bvay! Suggestion for Monnett!! Saturday (this is Monday morning now) we had a beautiful little walk up the Palisades and on top, with a little fire all our own at dusk, and a little picnic supper. It was lovely. The wild flowers and dog-wood were beautiful, and the river was so smooth.

I'm getting so anxious to see you again - just about three weeks now - or sooner - don't know exactly yet. So much love, Sister

Whittier Hall

Friday morning, May 20, '21

Dearest Mother,

Sunday I just couldn't find any letter writing time, and then I thought I'd wait till Tuesday to answer your letter, - and it didn't come till Thursday! - Of course I didn't have to wait, but I've been so busy. I have an exam in an hour, and am going to study with Olive in half an hour, so must scratch hard. [Actually, this letter looks as if it were written with an old-fashioned nib. EW] Last night Wallaces had us over for dinner and then left us while they went to the theater. I read Coe most of the evening and made sea foam for Earl. I've been madly trying to finish up my reading - as usual at end of semester.

I do feel ashamed not to have let you know before that I'm leaving here tomorrow for Toronto, and expect to leave there a week from tomorrow (Sat. evening the 28<sup>th</sup>) for Delaware. I wanted to get to Delaware a little sooner, but one day of that week is a Canadian holiday, so Earl wants to take that day and another to go to see his aunt in the country, since we'd have to waste one day anyway for shopping. That will leave just four days, - which won't be any too many with the afternoon naps Mrs. Willmott will make me take!

Of course you were disappointed about Earl, but I'm afraid there's nothing more to say about it. His folks just can't realize how much we want him, and we can't make them, so I'm afraid we'll just have to wait for him till June, and get as many of the Delaware people to come to the wedding as possible. We've had quite a time about it, so I guess you'd better not try to say anything more. I know very well that you would look at it differently, but you are a very wonderful mother and always think of others first. Everybody doesn't and can't, I guess. Well, about shopping. The last time I tried on my dress it was finished and lovely - everything just right, pearl trimming and all. I paid for it.

I got my bridesmaids' dresses, and they are sweet. I'll take Evelyn's to her. I'm so sorry if Freda won't be one. I'd really rather have her than anyone else I can think of. I got blue, lavender, pink, and green. Dorothy Turrell will wear the green.

I got my suit too. We looked all afternoon, and finally found a soft, fine blue serge that just suited us both for \$35! I'm pretty sure you will like it - plain skirt, and pretty little coat with



serge strings that tie in a bow at the side front. 6 pockets! We got it at Stern's.

While there I discovered some Junior gingham dresses size 14 for \$2.95 each. I grabbed two of them - one blue plaid and another navy (almost) and buff. They're cute, and will be nice for Go Home. It was too good a chance to miss!

In Toronto we're going to a garden party for a duke and duchess, and I'm going to wear my pink and white dress I think. I think I'll have to get a white hat too. I'll need one light hat anyway for China. I think I'll have the hat Earl likes so much recovered in navy with one white waterlily for my going-away hat. Don't you like that?

Oh, yes. I got a georgette waist to wear for Sunday in Toronto - \$6.95 - with filet lace down the front. Also a white cotton one with pink gingham front for \$1.69.

Earl wants a signet ring instead of a wedding ring, so I'm going to get that in Toronto when he gets mine.

Wednesday evening we went down to see Ray for dinner, and he had the whole Marshall family plus Lloyd's best girl, Mrs. Marshall's sister and little niece. We had a lovely time. They wanted to be remembered to you. Lloyd's girl is cute and nice. Ray is a dear.

Tuesday we had our last little fire on the Palisades together. It was so lovely.

Monday evening we had our last spree with Olive - went to Coney Island, saw the lovely beach at sunset, and then the glittering lights of the town. We didn't go on a thing, but it was more than a circus to watch!

Sunday Mr. Grant invited Earl and me and his niece Karin and her friend to breakfast, then to lunch on the Palisades.<sup>83</sup> Anna Ankamp was getting up a little party there in the evening, so we joined it for supper and then went to St. Mark's.

I've almost lost track of what happened before that - I haven't even had time to get up my Line a Day.<sup>84</sup>

I had a letter from Evelyn yesterday - like her. Also one from Curtis, Ada, and Freda. I sent George a tie for his birthday. Dorothy Turrell wrote too, so I've heard from all my maids. You've been awfully busy too, haven't you? Well, I'll soon be with you - and so glad.

I'll pack trunk, suit-case, and laundry box today, and send the latter to you. I guess you'd better have everything in it washed, though it will cost something. I've just let everything get dirty

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<sup>83</sup> By this time, Katharine and Earl had already visited Karin and her family in Providence, RI.

<sup>84</sup> Katharine's diary, which is in the Willmott Family Archives. EW

because I knew Delaware would be cheaper than New York.

Too bad about Auntie Glass. I will write her.

Do keep well, even if one or two less important things don't get done. No more 1:30 A.M.s! I'm taking lessons from Mrs. Willmott!

Lovingly, Sister

Wednesday evening

June 15

Dear Mother Geyer,

I had such a wonderful time with your dear big O.W.U. family - it just seemed like a big family everyone was so nice. Oh, I was just so absolutely satisfied with it all, the whole visit just seemed perfect. I felt so proud to be taken around by the Dean of Women and her daughter, who were so very highly esteemed and loved by all. I did like George and his family - I am realizing more and more what a wonderful family I am being taken into. I knew it before of course but it's just being impressed on me more and more, the more I see of you all and the more of your friends I talk too [sic]. I am indeed a most fortunate boy.

Katharine will be telling you of our canoe trip plan and Mother says to warn you that for the few days we are away it will be very quiet and perhaps lonely, so boy scout motto - "Be prepared". Thank you so very much for my good time at Delaware, it was so splendid-

All the love Katharine can spare, Earl

The folks are quite sure that it was more than worth the time and money.

Xenia, Ohio

Tuesday evening, June 21, 1921

My darling,

There's not much to say about today - at least not anything very happy, so I guess we'll just talk together about the happiest thing in the world.

Sweetheart, when I see all the unhappiness and sorrow in the world, I wonder how it can be that I have such a full and beautiful life - especially when I deserve it so little. Surely, as someone has said, we look only at the tangled threads on the wrong side of the beautiful pattern God is weaving. And some people's are so tangly. My heart aches so often for the people who can't believe that there is a lovely pattern, and who can't see through their tangles at all. My darling, I hope and pray that God will give us the faith and the love to guide some of those poor ones through to an understanding of the glory and wonder of the right side of the pattern of life. Maybe it will be through our home. I'm believing that it will be a beautiful place of peace and joy and rest for all who come into it. I've noticed an atmosphere like that in some homes. I think it comes from the real presence of God there. We won't be selfish with our home, will we?

- although it will be a great temptation. But we'll just plan always enough hours to ourselves to keep the very foundation of it unshaken, - save enough time each day to feel our love one with God's.

I love you so much as I write this. I wouldn't dare send it to anyone else for fear of its sounding, - well, pious, but I'm just so sure you'll read every word of it just as it came out of my heart, and not think how poorly it is expressed. It's so very wonderful to have someone who you know will just think with you.

I've been thinking so much of you while we've been looking over things. Tomorrow I'll send you a list of our china. I'm pretty sure you'll like it.

Lovely, I hope you'll get this on the 24<sup>th</sup>. How I shall be thinking of you then, too, and how you gave me your pin in S.V.s, and how inquisitive Miss Gregg was! I'm buying you an anniversary present for our last monthly one - the 24<sup>th</sup> - but I'm afraid to send it across the border. Can you wait? And would you like to know what it is? - I feel in your arms now, dear.

Katharine

Friday morning  
September 1, 1921

My darling mother,

This little note has a task entirely too big for it - it's to tell you how much I love you. I was afraid to try to while you were still here for it would have made us both feel sad, and I didn't want our last days to be anything but very happy.

But now I think you will be crying anyway, maybe, - just a little bit, so this is to tell you to dry your tears and eat a piece of this candy, and listen to me telling you how much I love you, and be very happy again.

You know how fast the years go at Delaware, and it won't be any time till you'll be coming out to see us in our little house in China. - We'll just have enough time to get it all fixed up for company before you'll be walking in the front door, and we'll be taking you to our lavender room to stay.

And in the meantime you'll have to have the girls take snaps of you to send us, and you'll send us your Bijou picture every year, and we'll send you snaps, and there will be lots of letters - and maybe even some parcels - to bridge the gap, - and there really won't be any gap, for it will be all filled up with love all the time.

- As Earl says, what do you really care just for my "carcass" to be maybe in New York or Marian

or Xenia, when my love is right with you all the time! - And that's surely the greatest part of me, the rest isn't worth much.

My darling mother, you mean more and more to me every year as I get better and better able to appreciate you, - though if I rivalled Methuselah, I'm sure I could never appreciate you enough. You are the best mother in the world. I honestly think so.

With a heart full of love, Sister

On the train to Lake Louise  
Friday morning, Sept. 8, 1921

Dearest Mother,

I am going to try to get a little note off to you here on the train - It's the first chance I've had! There's so much to tell. I'll go back to the beginning. We had a beautiful boat trip - calm and smooth - on Lake Huron and very rough on Superior. The crew said it was the roughest night they had had for three years. Lots of people were quite sick, but we weren't. We got up at 4:30 for a few minutes and went up on deck to see the waves. I felt a wee bit "woozy" at the bow, but kept up my courage and was all right. The waves were so high they had to close the port holes.

There were ten on board bound for West China - four single missionary ladies (3 new) and six married (3 couples). The three poor new girls all got terribly sick, but none of us six did! The other two couples are lovely, and we got very well acquainted - stayed together nearly all the time, and ate at the same table. We are all between 23 and 26. Dr. Leslie Kilborn and Janet (also M.D.) Aged 26, Mr. Lewis Walmsley 24, and wife Constance 23 - both teachers. Constance is a sister of Leslie. Both Kilborn's and Janet's family (McClure) are medical missionaries in China already. Janet's wedding was Aug. 5, and Constance's the 9<sup>th</sup> so you see, we are the oldest married couple. We are meeting three more on the big boat married in June! - when we'll have to resign our senior dignity.

We saw them all again in Regina, and are expecting to see them tomorrow in Lake Louise, whence we shall finish our journey together. We'll try to take some pictures soon and send them. I'm sure you'd like them all very much. They have the spirit of the new age we were talking about, but are certainly very much in earnest. -----

The scenery is so beautiful now I can hardly write. I do wish you could see it. - big rocky mountains with tips peeping out above the clouds. It snowed in the night so all the crevices of the mountains are white and they show up beautifully. We saw a little blue sky peeping out a while ago. "Three Sisters" [mountains] just went past with neck kerchiefs of clouds around their necks. I went out onto the observation platform to see them (quite cold, by the way), and heard one girl remark to another that she was bound for West China - Cheng tu. We've struck up an

acquaintance now - Miss Rapson - another nurse. Four other Cheng tu people are on the train - Dr. Speers and her mother, and Miss Hambey and another woman - very jolly and nice people. Beautiful majestic mountains going by now, with snow-laden firs on their sides, and precipitous rocks going up into the clouds. Bright yellow, green, and red trees below, and a pretty green blue river right in front of all.

- To return: We had a very nice time in Regina. I like Uncle Douglas [Burr] very much. They have four children 6-15 - a lovely family. Aunt Mabel had a tea for us at which she had a number of missionary folk including the president of their society and Dr. Speers.

Next day we motored to their home on a little lake and went swimming. On the way back we got lost and came through a very wild and wooly part of the Indian Reserves. I saw a real teepee with Indian signs painted on it. We came through a lonely valley with hills on each side that looked exactly like those you see on bas-relief maps. Just as the sun set, it showed up every crevice in light and shade. We finally got home again, after travelling miles on rough Indian trails.

Next day we were invited out to tea and dinner with some nice people, and in the afternoon they asked Mrs. Kilborn, Dr. Speers, Miss Hambly, myself and one or two others to a missionary meeting where they stood us all up and had us "say a word." When we left, Uncle Douglas presented me with a box of candy, and Aunt Mabel gave me some lovely blue beads. I am enclosing Miss Knox's prayers, which came after you left. I think they are very nice ones - for people her age or older. I don't think young girls think so much about heavenly homes! Continued at Lake Louise:

I'm sitting up in bed this evening after a hot bath and a little sleep. We climbed 3000 feet this afternoon to the top of a 8600 ft. mountain [Temple?] (we are 5600 ft. here at Lake Louise) and my muscles are pretty sore - We got a wonderful view - it's one of the highest mountains and we could see over range after range of snow-peaked mountains. Before we got to the top we were climbing in snow several inches deep. The firs were all covered with it, and looked lovely. It was quite barren at the top - just snow and stones, several big piles of them that energetic and vainglorious people had left for their "marks". It was enough for us to have the memory to ourselves of being in such a magnificent spot.

Yesterday we circled the right shore of Lake Louise and climbed about 1500 feet (and 5 miles) to the glacier that you see [in an enclosed photograph] in the very middle coming down between the two mountains. We got quite close to it, but didn't go on it.

When we first came, nearly all the peaks were in the clouds, but today it was sunshining off and on, and the clouds much higher.

On the train we met a most delightful gentleman from New York - Mr. Delafield - who has invited us to go motoring with him tomorrow to some more beauty spots. We couldn't afford it ourselves - costs \$10 or so - we had almost decided we preferred walking anyway, - till he asked us! He is a very interesting person - evidently quite wealthy, and he has been here numbers of times - goes shooting.

All the waiters and officials know him, and he was the first one to climb one of the highest mountains about here - Mt. O'Brien. He lent us sweaters to climb in today. He's about fifty I should judge, and very cultured, quiet, and unobtrusive - so don't worry. We're going to talk missions with him tomorrow, and invite him to dine with us and the other missionaries, who come tomorrow.

It certainly takes cash to hang around here - breakfast \$1.00, lunch \$1.50, and dinner \$2.00 - with a la carte services so cleverly arranged that you can't get anything at all for less than the table d'hote. I did get simply a crab salad today for \$1.00! Our room (the least expensive) is \$7.00 per day. I've just spilt some ink on the spread to help get our worth out of the money! However, this is our honeymoon, and if you have it to spend, the scenery alone is worth any amount. I never expect to see a more beautiful spot.

We have just finished your chocolates. It was dear of you to leave it for us. It was our dinner tonight. We were both too tired to dress for a \$4.00 dinner tonight, and are going to bed very early.

The little turban you fixed is coming in very handy. I wear it all the time, and feel quite comfortable, both for looks and for convenience. Earl likes it very much. It's quite cold - hovering around freezing. Mr. Delafield's sweaters come in quite handy even with my cape, too. Earl carried it most of the way up today, though. You get quite warm climbing.

We are having such a beautiful time, mother dear. I wish so often you could be here seeing it too. You must come on your way to China. You don't have to climb mountains. There's plenty of loveliness all about.

Would you like to send this letter on to George and Curtis! I hardly think I'll have time to go into so much detail again. Give them my best love, and tell them I think of them often. Give my best to all of Monnett and Delaware that I know and love.

My very best love to you and Earl's with it. Sister

P.S. Did you tell Geordie [George] to send the bills of lading direct to Jardine Matheson and Co., Shanghai?

Vancouver, B.C.

September 14, 1921

Dearest Mother,

We had a most lovely trip through the Rockies. All six of us were together again. We came part of the way on a "tourist car", which I never heard of before. It's just a little less nice than a Pullman, with leather seats and no regular dressing room. However, we spent most of the time on the day coach just in front, for we could have almost the whole car to ourselves. We played games, and had a great time.

We arrived in Vancouver Tuesday morning, and are at the Station Hotel, which is very nice. We have a room next to the Walmsleys with a bath between. Tuesday we attended to some business and went to our last picture show! Yesterday we saw the beautiful little Capilano Canyon and the big trees in Stanley Park. Last night one of the big Methodist churches had a farewell meeting and reception for us. There are 53 Canadian Methodists in our party going to Chengtu.

We saw Mr. Crawford this morning and he says there are about 10 M.E. also. He is going out for four years by himself while his wife stays at home with the children.

Good news! My freight is on the boat! Isn't that lovely? Also all of Earl's and our luggage. We were over to our room this morning. It is very nice - hung with pretty cretonne, and by some squeezing we can get my wardrobe trunk in. Once more we are right near the Walmsleys. The Kilborns are on top deck.

Yesterday we inquired for mail and got about two inches of it! Your nice fat steamer letter is in it, and many were lovely looking ones - from both Mr. and Mrs. McCall, Olive, Ruth Hirst, Ray, Dorothy D.S., Freda, and lots more. A very funny post card from Uncle Frank with a picture of the Xenia Court House, and on the other side: Be good, Be kind, Be generous — To the fishes Like your Uncle Frank!!

Your other lovely letters came a little later, having been forwarded from Regina. We don't either of us think we deserve what you say in them, but each thinks the other does, and also that we have a very wonderful mother. Thank you so much, mother dear.

I was awfully glad to hear all the home news. I was very anxious to know what was happening. I'm so glad George and Freda are free again. They certainly had a summer of it. I bet Miriam is cunning now! We've met all the rest of the six couples now, and like them very much. Harold Swan is a fine chap, and his wife what you would call "a dear". They are just a little older - in the late twenties, I'd guess. The Sellerys are about our age. He is another doctor. The Edmunds are a little older, and a little more pious than the rest. However, they are fine, too, I'm sure. When we got into our stateroom we found a big package of choice fruit from "Dad". He had had one of the Vancouver dentists get it for us!

There are letters from both Mrs. Turrell and Dorothy and someone else from Delaware whose writing I can't be sure of. Maybe it's a "Crates"!

I saw a pretty waist that I thought would look nice on you, and Earl did too, - so we're sending it registered. It has real fillet and isn't transparent, so you can wear it with long underwear! Much love is in it from us both.

You can see I'm in a hurry. We leave with our things for the boat in half an hour. My next letter will be from the boat. Earl says you'll get one from him, too.

Love and love and love, Sister

Got a pretty new hat - beaver and soft felt - black with a bright blue scarf shaped like my pink straw.