

Hawthorn Hill

Saturday night April 4, 1925

I just want you to know, Mister, that you can't write me a love letter, such as I got today, and send me flowers, such as I got today, without getting a love letter back! The letter was so dear and the flowers so lovely. Carrie arranged the flowers in the basket that came from you two years ago. It was such an exceptionally pretty basket and Carrie made the loveliest arrangement. There were a great lot of red sweet peas, poet's narcissus and two exquisite stocks of Easter lilies. The sweet peas are the most beautiful clear, bright red and the stems are three times as long as you expect to find in sweet peas. They are certainly lovely, dear. I wish you could see them and enjoy them with me and I wish I could kiss you for them. I do enjoy them so much, dear, maybe a little more than most people do! I wish you were coming tomorrow night, as you did last year. But it wouldn't be such a very good time for you to come, either, dear, for Nan has that blue room. And you know we really need the blue room, when you come for a visit. It was such a sweet place to love you, with the lovely moonlight for our only light. You were so sweet to me, dear. I love to have you so close to me, Harry, dear. I might forget how it is if you don't come pretty soon, you know. I might and then wouldn't you be sorry!

The other evening, dear, I was reading a story about two people who loved each other very much, or thought they did, and then the story ended unhappily. It was down right silly, dear, but I was so depressed I didn't know what to do. What if we should ever change in our feeling for each other? And I think people aren't always to blame. Some way one one can't always help such a change. It is so terrible to think about, dear. I couldn't live—but I guess, dear, that we don't have to begin yet to plan what we'll do when we don't love each other! I know you love me, dear, and I'm not as much afraid of you as I am of myself. I mean that you are so much more reasonable and unselfish than I am and I know that you would always try to see everything from my point of view. You are so good, dear, so reliable and strong and so unselfish. I want to get up close to you, dear, and whisper lots of things to you and have you tell me how much you love me. I'd feel better, dear, if I could touch you and have you touch me. I feel a little lonely tonight and I want to be with you. I love you so much, dear, and you are always so sweet and affectionate with me. You do love me a lot, don't you, Harry, dear? This is Saturday night. I wonder if you have been to the office. Maybe you'd be coming home about now, dear. It's ten o'clock. And of course, I'd be waiting up for you. If you would honk your horn I'd run down and open the garage door for you. And then you'd get off your coat and I'd wait for you to go upstairs so you could put your arm around me. Maybe you'd have to do such a prosaic thing as look after the furnace for the night before we could go up. But anyway, we'd go finally and you would have your arm around me and maybe you'd kiss me a few times because we couldn't wait until we got upstairs. And I'd have every thing nice and cosy in the study and we'd sit in the big chair and you'd tell me what questions you had discussed at the office conference and what you thought and what others thought and we'd talk all about the prospects of the sale and you'd tell me all about what happened at Laurence—what Chancellor Lindley said and what you said. And we'd talk and talk and talk, dear, for a while. Then I'd

cuddle up close to you and tell you I wanted you to tell me again that you loved me and we'd be off. There's no telling what silly things we would say to each other, dear, for we'd be all by ourselves and we'd feel as if about our whole world was in that room, wouldn't we, dear? I would love you, dear, just the way you want me to love you, if I knew how. I would stroke your face and hair and I'd kiss you and I'd want you to hold me close to you and love me the way I like to be loved. And we'd not have to hurry to bed because tomorrow would be Sunday and you wouldn't have to hurry off to the office. We would be so happy, dear. We are happy any way, dear, because we have each other. Thank you so much for the flowers, dear, and a very sweet kiss for them specially. Goodnight, dear.

Your Katharine