

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton . . Ohio

Thursday night, October 1, 1925

My darling Harry: I am tired, dear, awfully tired, but I want to talk to you. I don't have to. I just want to write. The McCormicks have just gone. They were here for dinner, which I put on the table after Carrie had really done all the work. About half past four I saw a whole chicken being cooked and I thought that might as well be shared. Anne and Frank are doing over their house and have been living in a good deal of a mess all summer. I always enjoy them and I never do an extra thing for them.

You often tell of stopping to look at some letter. I just got up and went to get your picture to look at. It is so like you, the big one. Before there was anything special between us—at least, said—I could have had that picture framed and could have had it in my room without feeling the least self-conscious about it but I can't now. And I do want it where I can see you every morning when I wake up and every night before I go to sleep—and lots of times between. I love you, dear, and I'm going to have a hard time waiting. Yes, I am. I can think of a better way to get rested than writing letters, can't you, dear? I want so much to put my head on your shoulder and have you love me and tell me that you do. Love letters certainly are silly but I have to write them just the same. It brings you near. But your letters are so sweet, dear. They aren't silly. I read them over and over and over. But you mustn't forget, my darling boy, to take off those rose colored glasses once in a while or you'll have too big a shock when the color fades out and you see poor little me in natural tones. You are in for a disillusionment, sure as fate. But I'll try to assume my true character in small doses. Please kiss me this minute, dear, and tell me you'll always love me—no matter what I really am like. 'Cause I'm always going to love you.

Your letter today was so lovely—so sweet and whimsical—half joking and laughing but a good half full of such tender love—though of course it all goes together—all mixed up. I love you when you write that way and I love you when you tell me you love me and want me and don't joke about it. You see I want to be with you awful much tonight, dear. I just do and can't help it and, as you say, don't want to help it!

It is lovely about the Langdons, what you told about her mother making so many lovely things for Mildred and evidently the father just as interested as can be in the pretty things. It is a sweet way to be married—with all the family so interested and all doing everything to make her happy. That's the way it would have to be when you are young. But we don't need any special things, do we, dear? Our special treasures aren't things but we've got the special treasures all right. I guess, dear, I couldn't ever have had anything so sweet and satisfying as your love is now. You love me just as I want to be loved and it must be because you are what you are, after living for fifty-one years. And I have the feeling that I never can love you as much as you deserve to be loved, for what you are and for what you are to me. I can never keep up to your unselfishness and talk about capacity for loving! My darling, darling Harry. I know I can't get to the bottom or end of your love. I

know I never will. You see, dear, I'm so safe with you. You'll be safe with me, too, darling. You know I told Mella you were "safe with me!" I have to smile about that. Well, you are, dear. You are so good. There I go again but I can't help that either. But I love to think about that and about how really noble you are. All that does touch me in a very tender way and makes me very happy and you needn't Pooh Pooh! You see, dearest, I'm awfully stirred up inside tonight and I just have to try to tell you how I love all the things that make up my Harry. And then when I get them together, I love you much more than there is any reason for! What do you think of that? I don't believe in spoiling the men. You know that is against my principles. Sometimes I'm afraid maybe I will spoil you just a tiny bit and I know I want to be spoiled a lot.

Tomorrow night we are going out to Major [Augustine Warner] Robbins' for dinner. He is the commandant of Wilbur Wright Field. We like him and Mrs. Robbins very much. Saturday night we are going with Frank and Anne to hear Houdini. He pretends to "expose" spiritualist tricks but Orv doubts if he will really show how anything is done. Stef sent his book to Orv and Orv says that tells nothing but gives the impression it is about to tell a lot.

Goodnight my beloved, my darling boy. I'll write a little more in the morning, when I hope I can write a little more sense and then I'll send this Special for Saturday night. If you get it Saturday morning, all right. I do love you dear. A good deal, too!

Friday morning—I'm going down town with Orv and I haven't time to write more. I'm afraid to read over this letter. Maybe I couldn't send it if I did! It isn't a very nice letter—not what I want to send you, dear, for Sunday. But you are at least partly responsible for my being silly! Goodbye, dear. I saw the Fred Kelly reprint. As one of our Dayton reporters said, it's curious how much interest the K.C. Star has in aviation and how much they know about everything! Now Goodbye again, dear, and a very, very sweet kiss for Saturday night and another for Sunday morning!

Your

Katharine