

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton, Ohio

Monday evening – November 23, 1925

I used to read a while every night before going to sleep but now I write to you instead—because I want to! Last night and the night before I got so sleepy while I was writing, dear.

Why in the world didn't my letter get off Monday night? If the man at the window at the Oakwood Substation hadn't told me the letter would go down that night I could have put it in a box nearby and it would have gone Monday night. I am so sorry, dear. I really try hard to make sure you have a letter every day. It is the least I can do and I am so glad to make that effort. It provokes me to have such a stupid thing happen when I thought I had taken care of mailing that letter. I do worry over your being alone, dear, and I can't help it. I want at least to have a little letter for you to take home when you go in the evening and I want it there every day.

Yes, dear, the moon was beautiful Friday night when we were driving home from Detroit. It had set before we got home at half past ten. Venus and Jupiter were so gorgeous too. I thought of you a good deal of the time when we were driving home, dear. Some way I usually do think of you a good deal whatever is going on! Harry, my dear, dear Harry, I'd like to be with you and talk to you and love you tonight. I'd love you gently, dear, and we'd talk over so many dear things that wouldn't interest any one else a bit, dear, but would interest us very much.

You didn't think I was very much in earnest about your Unitarian friends, did you, dear? And I think I will go to church when you do, dear—that is, if you want me, dear. But maybe you don't go too often! Sometimes, dear, maybe we'll go to church somewhere to hear some beautiful music. And I'd like to go to church in Oberlin with you sometime, dear. We'll do that some day, won't we?

You are so sweet to me, Harry dear, to tell me again that I can make long visits to Orv. You do everything to help me, dear, and everything that is unselfish and thoughtful and considerate. I do love you so much for that, dear. I want to put my arms around your neck this minute, dear, and tell you how it touches me to have you so sweet and so good to me. I can't tell you about it, dear. I just can't. I have a feeling that I can't express at all.

There are so many things I think of during the day to tell you but I leave out so many when I write. They aren't important but I like to tell you what I think about. Nearly everything has some connection with you, dear.

No, dear, I won't tell you any more about that mysterious letter. It's about something that I hope will please you some day. That's enough for now! I've got so many letters to write that I am just about swamped. I don't write to anybody much but you, dear. I think I'll get some other letters written but when I sit down I get off on a letter to you and that's the end of it!

You see, dear, I have to tell you specially that I love you and I have to tell you so many times. I love to tell you “specially”, dear. I know just how you felt (I think) when you wanted me to tell you specially. I feel that way too, dear. I am so happy when I get a letter telling me that you love me “specially”—in your way, dear. Sometimes I want it so much. I think you did that time when you said “Please tell me specially, dear, that you love me”—and, dearest, you’ll always kiss me when you come home, won’t you? I want that so much, too. Let’s keep up the dear, sweet ways with each other, dear. And I want you to bring me a little surprise now and then—not much, dear, but I’d love anything you brought me. I feel close to you tonight, dear, and I love to tell you some of these little secret longings. I don’t want you ever to be indifferent about coming home to me, dear. I won’t feel alone out there ever, if you want me lots. I suppose people always feel so when they love each other. But it seems as if I had a little special reason for wanting to be close to you when I leave Orv. This is really silly, dear, because I know how close you will be to me all the time. I feel so close to you tonight, dear, and I can just feel your arms around me. I’m out in Kansas City a good deal of the time in my thoughts, dear. I know you love me so much and want me with you so much. I am with you tonight, dear.

Tomorrow is Tuesday. I’ll mail this tomorrow morning and let it arrive when it does! Then tomorrow afternoon I’ll write a letter and see if I can get it off late so you will get it first thing Thursday morning. But I won’t depend on that altogether. I’ll send another Special Delivery to the office, for you mustn’t miss having a letter from me on Thanksgiving, dear—not when we want to be together so much. I will be with you, darling. I’ll mail the letter to the office tomorrow night, too, if I can. I can’t get down in the morning in time to get a letter on the nine o’clock train to St. Louis. That would be just right. Well, you may get an extra letter in the process. And this one may not reach you till Friday, dear, for I’ll put it in the regular mail. Goodnight, dear, I must go to bed. We had a visit from a little cousin—three or four times removed—today. She was married on October 14th and they have been on a regular bridal tour—to Niagara, New York, Washington and so on. Six weeks day after tomorrow since they were married. They have a Ford Coupe. They were nice young people—so happy and not a thought of any troubles. So I didn’t get any nap and I’m sleepy again, dear. If I were with you, I’d put my arms around your neck, dear, and give you a sleepy kiss and be off to sleep in no time. Goodnight, dear.

Your

Katharine

Had a letter from Doctor Dick today—trying to make me jealous by telling me of all the attractive young widows! Doctor Dick thinks he will make me uneasy about you!!! He hopes for results.