

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton Ohio  
Saturday morning, January 30, 1926

Two letters yesterday, dear. I fear none today but I don't care at all – only I like to get them, dear. The one you mailed Thursday morning on the way down to meet Henry and Stef came yesterday afternoon – pretty prompt delivery.

Well, what a nice surprise for you – to hear that Henry was coming – and with Stef. I'll be waiting to hear what happened and what every one had to say! I wondered if possibly you had them at your dinner Thursday night or whether you postponed the dinner. I love to think of your having some one in the house with you, dear. I am always so glad when Henry is there. Wasn't it nice for Mrs. Allen to choose Henry to take care of Stef? I remember what Generva Allen told you about being proud to have Henry interview "real" people. I hope Henry enjoyed Stef. Stef can be charming and he was always interested in Henry. Did I ever tell you, dear, (probably not) that Stef said if he were choosing, he would rather have Henry go to Oberlin than to Howard for an undergraduate course. I was astonished at that. He tried to get Ruth Bryan Owen to send her daughter to Oberlin instead of letting her go to New York. I haven't seen Stef since the time you were here when he was. And I haven't written to him since his birthday – in early November! I told Stef that breaking one's heart over a friend was something like worrying and being afraid to get to sleep on moving ice – when you were afraid there might be a crack right under you when you were asleep. After awhile you get tired and quiet! Stef said that in The Friendly Artic.

That was such a dear letter yesterday afternoon, dear – recalling a lot of things that I love to remember, too. I remember so well how you called just as the last was starting out for the ball game on that Monday morning in 1917. I can't remember where I met you but it seems to me Lorin drove us out to the ball grounds and then we joined '98 again. Lou Warner was with us for it was really Lou who insisted on you coming over to tell us all about your experiences at the Convention.

I was so concerned about you, dear, when you were in Europe. I thought you had stood about as much as you could and I know you were so lonely. You may remember, dear, that I later warned you to watch that loneliness! I used to turn over and over in my mind some way for you to be with your friends – some one to live with, I mean. I wished you and Mr. Stetson could live in the same place but, of course, I know you couldn't. I had no idea, dear, that you cared so much for my letters, though. It was all I could do for you at a time when I wanted very much to do something. You had a book, dear, when you came, on your way to Europe, that staid with me long after you were gone. At first, I would think I had said something that hurt you – brought up some memory or something like that – and I could hardly go on talking. Later, I saw it couldn't be the things I said – but the expression would come and go. All those things concerned me very much, dear. I never lost interest in you. And I had so much admiration for you, dear, always.

I have to go down town, dear. So I'll take this along and mail it. Don't look for a letter Tuesday but I'll have one there if I can – at the Star office – not Spec. Delivery. Goodbye, dear – a sweet kiss.

Your  
Katharine

Undated – attached to 30 Jan 1926

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I wonder what was the matter, dear, that the letter I mailed by ten o'clock Monday morning didn't get to the office until after you had left Tuesday. Others have got to you on Tuesday – mailed at about the same time. I seldom can get a letter to the box on Sunday when the weather is so severe or the streets so slippery. Would you mind, dear, if you missed the letter on Tuesday and, maybe, got two on Wednesday? And I went clear down town with that Special Delivery letter, too. I tried to get it to you Tuesday, dear.

Your letter this morning brought the tears to my eyes. It was so sweet – so – well, noble, dear. But why didn't you send the other letter, too, dear, the one you said you had written the night before and weren't going to mail it? – Oh, Harry. I feel as if I were such a complete failure all around. But I won't talk about it. It doesn't do any good to talk. And your letter! I don't deserve such unselfish love. I know I don't. You are so good to me. Please don't think you have to tell me that you will do your best to "meet the obligation". Don't I know, dear, that you will always more than "meet obligations". You always have. That's the most convincing proof there could be, dear. But there are no words with which I can tell you, dear, how absolutely I trust you. You have been such a good man – such a strong and such a noble man. I would be sure I could trust you to the ends of the earth. Oh, Harry – dear – I know I am such a fortunate "girl" (!) to have your love – so fine and devoted and unwavering. I would be so happy if it weren't for this one thing, for I love you, dear – and I want to be with you. I want to wrap you up in my love, dear, and give you every thing you want to satisfy you and make you happy. It will be so sweet, dear, when we can go away together and when we can be together all the time. We'll have a beautiful home together, dear. It nearly breaks my heart to think of the anxiety I give you now. I am so sensitive now and every thing cuts in so deep. I'll try to make up to you, dear, for everything that has been hard for you. And I wanted to keep you from having any more hard times, dear. You know I love you, dear. If I could only put my arms around you now, right now, dear, and forget about all the things to worry about. I know how you love me. It is so sweet the way you love me, dear. And you know, dear, I love you the brisk, energetic way you love me! It is something that is so characteristic of you, dear. You probably don't know quite what I mean but I know and I love it so. It will be so lovely, dear, when we can be together. Goodbye, dear. I'm going to get this into the mail this afternoon so you will find it with your other letter that I mailed this morning. I mean I gave it to the letter carrier. I hope you will get it Sunday – for I always want to be with you so much on Sundays. I'm gelling you specially that I love you, dear. And such a sweet kiss! Your Katharine