

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton Ohio

Saturday afternoon – February 6, 1926

You want a little love letter for Monday, if you don't have anything on Tuesday, do you, dear? Well, this will have to be a very little one – a little letter, not a little love, dear.

So the Prof thinks it's a "whether or not" adventure, does he? I'll tell him it's a "whether"! The Prof writes you nice letters, dear. Orv came home from Washington this morning and is going to the Annual Meeting of the Engineers Club tonight so he is taking a nap. Traveling always tires him so.

You'll have three letters Monday, dear, because you won't be home Sunday to get your letter. This one isn't much of any thing because I have to run and mail it while little Brother is asleep so I can do what he wants to when he wakes up. Such a dear little Brother! He looks so tired. The Collin Trophy Committee decided to give the Trophy to Reed – for work on propellers. He was a Ph. D. John Hopkins, I think – not in business. Orv had a pleasant afternoon meeting with Aimes and Taylor and a few others!

What does our post-man think? I'd hate to try to say, dear. And I am always giving him letters to mail, with that monotonous address! Can't help it. But since I have two to post this afternoon, I'll run down to the box with them. Tow is at least one too many to give him.

This is a little love letter, dear. I don't seem to be able to write any other kind – at least not to you! Ha! Ha! I love you a good deal, dear. Goodbye and a very sweet kiss.

Your
Katharine