

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton Ohio

Saturday evening – February 6, 1926

I'm alone one more evening, dear. Orv is out tonight for the Annual Meeting of the Engineers' Club. I wonder if you went down to Emporia this afternoon or whether you are going tonight. You see I don't know just how far Emporia is from Kansas City and I'm too lazy to go to see! I might get some idea from a map. I hope you're in Emporia now, dear (It's half past eight) and I hope you are going to bed there and have a good night's sleep – with other people in the house. I don't like you to be alone in your house all the time. I think of all those things, dear. A woman naturally does.

I have been thinking, dear, that you must be some other person than the Harry Haskell I thought I knew in Oberlin. I thought you had very little interest in girls. I know I was so astonished when I heard you were engaged! And I thought you would never be much interested in any thing but your work and your intellectual interests and so on. No one could have made me believe you were or ever would be one bit as you are, dear. I told Mr. Stetson once how amazed I was when you told me casually ~~one~~ that you found it very hard to go into Henry's room after he had gone away. I said I had thought you were lacking in feeling. And he said Oh no quite the contrary. So I haven't yet quite got used to your being so full of feeling, dear. You surprise me often. At first I was in earnest, dear, when I used to be so concerned for fear I was too heavy for you and that maybe you were tired. I can't tell you, dear, how it makes me feel when I see that you never get enough of having me near you. It is so sweet to be wanted to much, dear. I know, dear, that you will always love me – that loving me won't "be an old story" with you. You get into some funny grammar, dear, telling about it but I could guess antecedents for the pronouns when there weren't any! It was so sweet, dear. If you had been here I would have kissed you and not noticed the parsing. Tonight I want you, dear. I wish the fuss was all over and I could be with you all the time. It would have been so much fun to go down to the Whites' with you. Of course, I'll like them. I only hope they'll like me. You may not know it, dear, (you don't see things very straight just now, you know) but lots of people don't like me as well as you do and a good man, I am sorry to say, not at all! I just love your blindness, dear. I love your wanting me more than any one or any thing else. You are a regular story book lover, dear, only much nicer and much more convincing. Arthur Cunningham never loved me a bit as you do. You are so unselfish, dear. I'll have to be very careful or I'll be selfish with you. I won't be, dear, because I'll love you so much and I'll try to give you ever thing you want that I can give you. You have had so much care and anxiety but you aren't beaten down by it, dear. You are so full of energy and not a bit appalled (at least you don't show it) by all the new cares you're taking on. I think you must have a lonely disposition, dear. I know you aren't so irritated by things as Orv and I are. We get annoyed, both of us. But Orv is awfully nice to travel with. He never fusses about any upsets in inconveniences. I do, dear, but I try not to! But Orv hasn't as even a disposition as you have. He often speaks of how provoked he is with himself for letting things irritate him. It is much more so now than before he had that dreadful sciatica month after month. That was very hard on his nerves. Of course, Orv isn't a bit hard to get along with. I remember his telling me – years and years ago – when we were young – that one of the girls told him that I was the only person who could suit him! As a matter of fact, Orv is very critical. That is a fault we both have. We aren't awfully mean – just a little, dear.

You know, dear, I was always so proud of Will and Orv because they didn't swell up and go strutting around. It is so easy to believe flatterers and they always surround any one who is a little successful or prominent. It is so small – so childish; it shows such a lack of experience and observation

and understanding of the great things in the world, to imagine oneself so wonderful and it show that you don't know much about people if you believe all they say to your face. Orv is always warning me not to take too seriously the nice things people say to me about him – for instance – or any thing else that is of great interest to me. My little Brother is not easily soft-soaped or deceived. Sometimes he makes mistakes but not often, I am bound to say, after a great deal of experience with him. – Oh yes – I didn't tell you in the little letter I wrote after Orv came home today that Walcott is still sick – hasn't been to a meeting for months – only one, I think, since the explorim last spring. But the attitude of the Smithsonian will not change. I do not look for that even under a new administration. The Smithsonian could never have been wrong. It is “scientific” and learned. – Did you see what John Rodgus had to say about us in the January Air Services Magazine? He is trying to blow up my reputation of furnishing all the mathematics and son on. What do you think of that? I'll have to write to him and protest. He says I have “a highly developed social sense”! I tried to get a copy to send to you but I kept forgetting when I was down town and finally when I tried there were no more copies here. It was a lovely little picture of Father. He was always so nice to Father. – Did you notice that the A.P. is giving him and the captain of the Roosevelt gold watches of their “reporting”? Rodgers is a good writer. He is interesting original and philosophical. When I am in Kansas City we'll get some of our friends to stay with us there as they do here – not celebrities we don't know but some of these old friends. I think General Patrick and Admiral Moffet would be nice visitors. They are both awfully nice to Orv – and to me, too, dear. General Patrick wrote to Orv that they were naming Wright Field for the whole family – including me. – It is getting late now, dear. I'm not going to “wait up” for Orv. I'm going to read a little while and then drop off to sleep. Orv may be home very late – for him! Goodnight, dear. I'll like to put my arms around your neck and kiss you “good night”

Your Katharine

My - but you are hard on paper and envelopes!!