

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton Ohio

Friday evening – February 12, 1926.

I had a dreadful time getting mail into a box, dear, today. The box was stuffed full of valentines, I suppose. It was snowing, too, and the ink smeared and made a fearful mess. I had to fish my envelopes out and mail them in another box. I do hop you'll get your mail on Sunday as usual. I suppose the mails will be heavy on account of Valentines.

We went to the funeral of a boy of sixteen this afternoon. His mother went to Oberlin because I did. His father was my first "beau" – thought my long hair was pretty! Both families were prominent in Father's church – general officers and so on. The father is a Y.M.C.A. secretary (horrors for Mencken!) a district superintendent or something of the sort and they have lived in the East. The boy had a dairy "on his own" – managed it and every thing. Last Sunday evening he came in from delivering milk and said he had a pain in his chest. In a few hours he had a temperature of 105° and by Wednesday he was dead. It is very sad for he was a promising boy. Dr. Bosunth is a great friend of both families and he came for the service. He looked old. I thought, and rather feeble and his voice was weak. But he must be at least seventy-five. My father was much stronger at that age. Dr. Bosunth read, in connection with the boy's love of nature – "Knowing that nature never did betray – the heart that loved her" and so on. I hunted it up tonight and read all of Tintern Abbey. I had forgotten how lovely it was – and is – I am old fashioned enough to love Wordsworth, dear. You'll have to listen to some Wordsworth occasionally - maybe. It will be good for you to be bossed around a little. I rather suspect that you have thing mostly your way with most of your friends – when it come to Lit. and such. But maybe you like Tintern Abbey and "the like" better than I do even so I may not get to discipline and teach you, dear.

It is cold or getting cold in my room and I can't writ much tonight, dear. That was a sweet letter I got today. You do love me, don't you, dear? I wish I could be with you a little while tonight, my Harry. I would give you a long sweet kiss, dear – as you said you wanted one – maybe two, who knows? And I would put my arms around your neck, dear, and be just as close to you as I could be. Maybe I'll rush over and get the chaise longue (how do you spell it?) while you have to sit up straight at your desk and write! The book cases and the desk are nice, dear. I don't believe I have spoken of that picture which came yesterday. Thank you, dear, for all the pictures. I was so glad to see them all. I have the wrappings for the album and for White's Coolidge out ready to tie them up and send them off – maybe tomorrow. I must go to bed, dear. It is getting really cold. Goodnight and a sweet goodnight kiss – a very sweet one.

Your
Katharine

I didn't get the letter mailed Sunday but I got down town as early I could Monday morning and took the letter to the R.R. mail clerk. So you see it got off in time for you t get it Tuesday noon. I wanted to surprise you, dear. – It is just about a year since your mother died, dear. You will be thinking about her and I am thinking about you and her. She was so lovely. I am glad I saw her twice any way. Kate Lenard took me there once years ago but we found that your mother was away – had gone to Michigan I think we were told. Kate thought so much of her. Is your sister still in Cleveland? I hope your dinner and theatre party will give you a good time Monday night, dear. You'll get this Monday. I hope.

K.