

Hawthorn Hill
Oakwood
Dayton Ohio

Saturday evening. Feb. 13, 1926.

Harry, dear, I want to put my arms around your neck and kiss you, and love you. I want to love you as much as you want to be loved, dear. You are so sweet to me, dear. Three dear letters today and the flowers for a Valentine. I am so rich, dear, with your love. There isn't any thing stingy or skimpy about you, dear. And, do you know, I believe you are a very generous person, naturally. I have always notice that, dear, and I love it in you. I can't tell you, dear. How sweet your love is to me, because it is so sweet and so unselfish. I'd be ashamed to be selfish with you, dear. But I am more selfish than you are. You have had every thing to make you unselfish, dear, and I am afraid I have had a good deal to make me selfish. I don't know, dear, what makes you love me so much. I want to love you tonight, dear, and I want to talk to you and be close to you. It is so sweet to love you, dear, and have you love me. You are so delicate and so considerate, my darling - darling Harry. It is so nice to have you hold me close and touch me - I love to have you touch me, dear. You know how I trust you, how absolutely I trust you. But I always have, dear. I always have had that feeling about you. I want you tonight. I'd love you an awful lot gently and some not so gently. Such a sweet Valentine letter, dear, and the flowers were lovely - sweet peas, freezias, (a new shade, pink) and poets' narcissus. Carrie is gone this week, you know, and I had to arrange the flowers myself. I'm getting conceited, dear. You feed my vanity and it's your fault, but I never had such a pretty arrangement in your blue bowl. We had Frank McCormick in to dinner tonight. Anne is still in New York. The flowers were so pretty on the table. I felt just as if you had handed them to me, some way, dear. After Frank went, I took the flowers out and put them in deep water in a cool place so they will be fresh in the morning. I love to have you give me anything, dear. And that isn't a hint! You are going to get a little funny Valentine tomorrow - the kind we used to send to each other when we were young. I wouldn't have anything but one with lace; and the little picture and the verse were so cute, I thought. Cost five cents! When I saw the little girls going home yesterday from school, with their valentines hugged up to them, I thought of how pleased I used to be when I got them. It was so much fun guessing who had sent them. I never was one of the "popular" little girls but I always got a few.

I love the way you love the Whites, dear. I can easily understand it. I hope Mrs. White will get well. Maybe she will even if it is bad. She isn't very old. How lovely of Ginevria Allen to ask Henry to stay at the house with him. He hasn't any son of his own, has he? I don't remember you ever speaking of one. I am sure Henry must be very likeable and he is doing good work, of course, But Henry should do good work, dear. He's had an example before him. I have often thought that I don't see how a father could be a better father than you have been with Henry. It will all come back to you, dear. Of course, it has already but Henry will appreciate you more and more as he gets older. I suppose we all do with our parents. It is so nice that you can talk to each other as you do. It was so nice that you can talk to each other as you do. It was so important when his mother was sick and now that she is gone it is so much more important for you both. I'll be interested in Henry, dear, and I'll try to be a good friend to him. You have been such a good man all around, dear. You don't know, dear, how all that appeals to me and how it makes me want to do all I can and be all I can to make you feel that "it pays". I want you to be happy, dear - just as happy as it is possible for you to be. I wouldn't know what to do without you now, dear. Some day we will be together, dear, and we'll love each other so much. Maybe I'll quit fussing about Mencken and the Unitarians! I might be awful good. Yes, dear, I quite agree that "Pink" is probably a difficult person to line with - just as Ed Howe is most likely a very hard man to get along with

– as well as his wife having faults. I have had my own ideas about “Pink” since I heard that it takes a few drinks to get him warmed up. I don’t want that kind to live with, dear. I’d be afraid of that kind of a man. – Did you ever see any one worship men with money the way Ed Howe does? He had some ridiculous thing in this last monthly about how no one who was industrious ever failed to make a good living – or about as foolish a thing as that. But I like lots of his observations. I enjoy most of them. Sometimes he is so vulgar I wonder that any one can have even such thoughts. He is a curious man – but interesting. – Louis Lord knows something about Oriental rugs. They got a new one this fall for the dining room – a Chinese rug - mostly blue. It is very thick and fine and very lovely. Maybe [sic] we can manage to get our rugs before summer. And then we could get the papering done, too. Well, we’ll see, dear. Would you like a plain rug with a border in our room? I could order that from here, dear, after we decided on the color – old gold, maybe. I have liked mine so much. Or blue would be nice, dear. When we once decide on the rugs we can easily get the paper. But we can’t do a thing about the paper until we get the rugs. What about the guest room? Shall we get that rug now? Maybe we could be a little extravagant this year, dear – a celebration, you know!

It was so sweet of you to send me the valentine, dear. I love to have you remember me. I’d give you lots of things if I could, dear. I’d even give you smoking outfits, if you weren’t so well provided for! I won’t mind your smoking whenever you want to, dear. I really won’t. All that tries my patience is those men that come into your house and keep it smelly and covered with ashes and matches thrown around – and have to do it – no matter what happens. Goodbye, dear. I love you a good deal. I love to have you kiss me and put your hand against me. It feels so good, dear.

Your
Katharine