

Tuesday night  
April 27, 1926

It's late, dear. I've written to Griff a long letter and done a lot of things since I finished your letter and sealed it. I'm writing a little love letter now, dear, just because I want to do it. I'll be going to Oberlin tomorrow you know. Maybe I'll find a letter when I get there. Any way I'll get one Thursday, I know. Oh yes, dear, I do want your letters so much. You write me such dear letters. You are so sweet to me, dear. I don't know how to tell you how I feel about it. I haven't bene lonely, dear, as you have, but I love your letters as much as you love mine. You are so close to me know, dear, and I am so interested in all you do and think. I love you a good deal, I guess, dear. I wish you were here now and I'd be just as silly as could be. I'd probably tell you what you've already heard dozens of times. And I know I'd want to put my arms around you neck, dear, and have you hold me up close and kiss me. Then I'd be ready to go to bed. I feel better than I did earlier in the evening. I think I'll sleep well tonight but I must get about it. Goodnight, Harry dear – my Harry. A very, very sweet kiss to my boy.

Your  
Katharine

You see Will Chamberlin is a sponsor for the opera in Cleveland. I'm sorry I'm not going. Maybe I can but I doubt it.