

Home

Sunday evening [undated #7; probably  
24 Oct 1926]

There has been no chance to write today, dear. Some one has been here all day and I had a good deal of work to do. I am sorry I did not write last night. I might have got a letter off today but there was no chance to write.

We are going with Lou to Groveport tomorrow and I may not get another letter off tomorrow. Carrie will mail this for me in the morning. This is just a little love letter, dear. It is late and I am very tired. I do love you so much, dear, and I wish I were with you. I'd put my arms around your neck and keep out every worry and trouble, dear, if I could. Such a sweet kiss for you, dear.

Your

Katharine