

Hawthorn Hill  
Oakwood  
Dayton, Ohio

Tuesday afternoon – January 19, 1926

I didn't write yesterday, dear. Last night, I thought I would tell Orv but I couldn't—and then I couldn't do anything. I won't talk any more about it until I do tell him.

I found a package, in a newspaper wrapper in our mail box this morning when I stopped for the mail on my way home from town. It had an empty bottle and one nearly full in it—both bottles marked “Whiskey”! I was uneasy about it. I am alone today. Carrie is gone again. She thinks they will take her father to the hospital. It is a long story. But I shall insist pretty soon on Carrie's being here more. I brought the bottles up to the house. Maybe it is only a joke. I really think it is a very serious thing—this everlasting “joking” about paying no attention to the law.

It is a lovely day, warm and bright. I think I'll go out for a walk. I simply can't stay here by myself and worry. The letter you wrote Sunday was so sweet, dear. I know how generous you will be. I am sure of it. I'll write a nice letter tonight, dear, if I can. There is nothing the matter only I'm tired, today. I'll feel better if I get out. I stay at home too much nowadays. Goodbye. Goodbye, dear. A very sweet kiss.

Your

Katharine