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Wednesday afternoon [undated #49;
probably Sep 1926]

Dearest, writing has been impossible the last few days but I feel better this afternoon. I have decided to go and talk to Lorin about it. If he thinks it is all right, I think I'll go right ahead now, dear. It will be pretty bad if he should not encourage me any. xxx

I ordered two dozen towels this afternoon, dear, for our house—if we ever have one that is ours. I have got so discouraged, dear, and I know you are. That worries me so, dear. I'm doing about the best I can. I'll try to find a way to make all this up to you some day, dear. I love you very much, my darling boy. A sweet kiss.

Your

Katharine