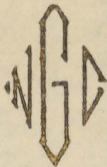


[Oct 14, 1916]  
Saturday morning

①



Dearest, Dearest Mother,

Oh! I wish I could write you cheerful letters, and think only of the happy things, but I can't, and you couldn't, if you felt as I do. I knew it was going to be hard, but I didn't know how awful it would be. There's just a feeling of being lost, and oh! so far away from everyone. I can't stand it! I wish I weren't alive! Oh! Mother, what ever shall I do? I'd give anything to be home. I want you so much! What do learning, and being with girls matter to me compared to having you? How shall I ever, ever bear it? And you talk of things happening in months, when after one week I'm tired of living.

Nevertheless, there are many (2)  
pleasant happenings. It rained  
all afternoon yesterday, so I  
made no call on the little  
Japanese, and played no hockey.  
The picnic was turned into an  
indoor festival. It was given  
by all the Sophomores in Pock to all  
the Freshmen in Pock. We  
had hot dogs in rice big rolls,  
with potato chips, hard boiled  
eggs and cider, ten doughnuts,  
cakes, cookies, etc. After that  
everyone played fool games, but  
had great fun. Then we  
went to the room of a  
sophomore, in which it had  
been announced at luncheon,  
there would be a "movie," "The  
Devil's Revenge, or the Price He  
Paid," with ten cents admission,  
for the endowment fund, I think  
(which is for some sort of building)  
it was very funny. The girls

who acted the silly thing were perfect (3)  
take-offs of movie actors & actresses in  
that sort of plot. It was very successful.  
Everyone roared. The rest of the evening  
I spent in dancing in one of the corridors  
with three or four freshmen.

Our picnic is put off till next  
Saturday, as so many things are  
happening this week. Anne and I hope  
to go to Philadelphia next Saturday, but  
we would be back in time, as it's to be  
a supper picnic. And we're going to  
ask the Rock Juniors to the picnic, too.

As you said to me, be careful when  
you unpack the laundry. I've put in it  
the broken pitcher, the little broken silver &  
glass bottle, and a film to be developed.  
And don't forget that other film on my  
bookcase.

I'm glad you're missing me. (4)  
But it's not so hard for you as  
it is for me, for you're at home. It  
seems to me that I breathe by  
rules. Oh! I want to be home!

I want you all. Please, help  
me some way.

With all the love in the world,  
and more too,

Kathalie.

P.S. I shall try to start the  
laundry after breakfast.

P.S. I'm glad Papa's coming, but  
I don't know whether I'll give  
Lieu & Mr. M. tea, or not. Beside,  
I don't know whether they would  
count Papa as sufficient chaperon  
if I asked anyone to meet Mr. M.  
They're so fussy.

Don't mind this sandwich of a  
letter, cheerful in the middle, and  
weepy at both ends. But help me, for  
I'm too homesick to stand it.