

Monday afternoon ①
[Oct. 8, 1916]



Dear Papa,

Don't mind the irregular times at which I write. I want to thank you at once for the lovely letter you wrote, and for the pedigrees, or whatever you call them. Anne and I are much pleased to discover we're cousins. I think it is very nice indeed. She is a really lovely girl. I hope you'll meet her sometime. Do come in November if you possibly can.

I should like to know Miss Melida. I've been rather interested in her ever since I saw her at a class meeting. I'll try to get introduced. Is her father

an ambassador or consul, or what?
Do you know him? Tell me
something to make conversation
when I meet her. Dartela Clark
and I met on the stairs in
Taylor the other day. She seems
quite nice. I haven't yet called
on anyone in a different hall,
as I never could find my way
around.

Anne and I have planned
for the first Saturday we're out
of quarantine, if we're both
free, to go in to Philadelphia
for luncheon, to get a decent
meal. Have you any objection?
I hope not, as I long for some
different food. Things were a
bit better to-day though. I shall
look forward to Sundays, I think.

I was wondering about
something. You know those two

tiny Japanese wooden figures that one of
the counsellors gave me. Do you suppose
they would look cunning on my mantel,
as long as my pictures will be all
Japanese? Ask Mother. Other girls seem
to have lots of little things, animals, etc.
If you do send them, tell me their names,
who they're supposed to be, and all about
them. It's lovely of you to say you'll
give me another print. I hope the frame
can be like those I have, as that colour
goes beautifully with my woodwork and
wall paper. The "Wisteria Bridge" and
"Spirit of the Sea" were much admired
last night.

Don't let Mother work hard sewing
covers for window cushions, etc. There's

no hurry. If she'll send my green
unshin, and my Latin grammar
(the new one that's with my books
from school, ~~not~~ her old one), that
will be enough for now.

It seems ages since I saw you
all. This last week is the longest
in my life. And you're awfully
far away. But there's one
freshman in Rock, Helen Bolles.
(or some thing like that) whose
home is in Hong Kong, China.
I'm glad I'm not she.

Give my darling Snipper. eat a
kiss right on his sweet little
brown nose. And give my bestest
love to Aunt and Mother and
the rest of the litties, but keep lots
for yourself, dearest, dearest Papa.

Lovingly

Katharine.

Thank Aunt very much for the
Saturday Evening Post