9 April, 1917.

Dear Dadie,

Your letter written on the "Clinic" nursing paper just came, and while my weather and letter are changing with some friends at Base, I am taking this opportunity to write you, for really your letter needs an immediate answer. You said dear, I referred to the "Flu," and I only wished you had taken time to recover before plunging into such strenuous work as the Army nursing course. Your mental state seems at the time of course, your mental state seemed at the time of your writing to border on the hysterical, and for one so well balanced and sane as you usually are, indicates that there is such a state in a great deal more than it is. I hope you have been, for instance, you have had your share, and that you have enjoyed it. I am sending you a little reminder that I always love you, and understanding you in spite of the distances separating us.

I know how you must revolt against the drudgery of uniform, and I too wished...
that you could go to a "Sophomore Play," although I fancy that such an event would not be as thrilling to us now. The same conventional "everydayness" of life, I know, seems at times almost too oppressive to be borne. And it's all very well for people to say that if one had an interest in life, life becomes more meaningful and vital. But it is pure sentimentalism. I say, all this is pure transfigured book, sincere and unassumed. 

What really counts in life, oh, Dad, what is it? Have you found it? This cornerstone of life? Frankly, I think I know what it is, but so far I have not yet attained it. It is a pity, in some ways, that we do not have the power to be thrilled at certain events in our lives, is it not? For instance, if I were to go back to college now, I would see things in different lights than I did, and things in different lights than you. But still I would not be capable of the same emotions now. It is silly to talk about feeling old, but I fancy that most of us who have been out a couple of years do feel the lack of spontaneous feelings and
thought.

you will not be angry if I say something to you? It is just this. I think women lose interest in life, at least they feel a distinct lack, as though they have been cheated out of life, if they do not marry. But from many come slyly deny this roundly, but from my observations, I find my theory to be my own. And this too, really what has one time. And then to look forward to if one does not have children? life would then end with the death of that one person. She has no hopes, no ambition, no desires save those within her life time.

OK. I know, some people argue that being interested in one's own work is of more importance than feeling that one's son or daughter will continue it after one's death, but I simply cannot believe it. For instance, some of my friends feel that China may acquire the international feeling without first going through the stage of Paestum feeling, whereas I myself do not believe this is possible. In my club work too, I notice
that when I talked of being upright and honest for the sake of honesty or for the good of the world, at large, I showed them that to pretend that when I show them that to be honest means a Chinaman without corrupt officials, they are instantly all attention, but then of course this is only an example, so such is of limited value.

But let me go back to my theory, I think what you ought to do is to get married. I know I sound brutal, but I do. I mean for you or as a Jane Austen. How do I mean for you to get married to anyone who happens to come along. What I do mean is that if you fall in love, many the man, provided there are no insurmountable obstacles in the way, you will then stop being discriminated for there will be at least two individuals in the abilities in which you are interested. Oh, I know what you are now thinking of "Better to have sought and blessedness than to have sought and cursedness." But are you feeling happy as
as you are now, and does manage
mean necessarily a petty life of small
annoyances? I think not, especially
for a person with as much power
for sympathy as you have.
You understand, what I am trying
to get you do now is to give you—
new friends a chance to know the
real you. The you who loves good-looking
real good fun. Push the self who
doted on Nancy James a little more to one
side. You had enough of that in college.
You are wondering why since I
do not many? Well,
because as I told you once before I was a dawm
as I told you once before I was a dawm
fool enough to have fallen in love with
a man. I know not many without giving
sorrow to many people concerned in this.
Sometimes, very often sometimes, I am
sometimes tempted to check over everything and many
thoughts of going into
their. I have even thought of going into
the woods and live a familiar life. Brief
I knew there are that temptations and
while matters are as they stand, I can only do what I am now doing—do nothing. I noticed that my mother looked at me very querulously last night when I remarked to her that my idea of happiness is to go off to the wilderness to live a primitive life with the only man I care about. Today I am regretting my outburst.

Dear, Dada, this is not helping you. The girls seem to solve your problem. If the girls seem to want to find out what is in your "brain, want to find out what is in your brain" (this is an Austrian Romanesque word, a form) let them try and see if a thunder so sudden) let them try and see if they succeed. You will get a great deal of enjoyment out of leading them on by of enjoyment out of leading them on by the wrong tracks.

Goodnight, I do wish I wish I could read upon a gorgeous bunch of Golden Heart Roses.

Dorothy.