

Vassar. April 12, 1873 My dear Papa, During our vacation, which has now begun, we are at liberty to sit up as late as we please, and, you may be sure, we avail ourselves of this privilege to a great extent. Last night it was nearly one before I saw fit to go to sleep, but tonight I only want to write to you, and than I shall be glad enough to go to bed. Yesterday was a lovely days we put up a croquet set and had the first game of the season.

Prof. Hinkle came out and watched our game with great interest. He makes me think of you, as regards his excitement over anything of the sort. Several times he so disapproved of my partner and my own plays, that he almost gave us up In despair, although he had espoused our cause, because we were just then, the winning side. He seemed vastly amused at our usual exclamations of delight. "That was an elegant shot!" Elegant he would keep repealing over, as if it was a strange way of applying the word. Then too, since the vacation has begun we have been out boating; but today, just imagine it, raining all the morning and finally ending with snow. I am glad you think that it will be best for me to return by way of New Orleans, for I should prefer that route. Don't you think, on account of the yellow fever, it would be best for me to start the first of June? I am perfectly willing to pass examination alone, in order to reach home sooner, and I think the Faculty would look favorably upon the plan. I would like so much better to have you write to Mr. Swenaon, or whoever you see fit, about company for me, for I fear the Swensons have no great love for me; but yet if you write me that I ought to do it I must be satisfied. Reviews here begin the first of June.

A few days ago I drew on Mr. Swenson for \$200, part of which was to pay my College bill. That will leave me nearly forty dollars in my possession, partly sufficient for my car fare I hope, unless there are numerous articles to buy before my return.

Today I received a letter from Carrie, in which she speaks of being alone. It gives me great curiosity to learn where you and Mamma have gone, for she does not tell me, and you have not given the slightest hint that you were going to make any excursion. I suppose each thinks the other has written. Having reached the end of my paper I will not give you the trouble to read further crossed writing.

Lovingly  
Julie