

Vassar
Sunday.

Dear people:-

There are always so many more things to write about on Sunday than on Wednesday. I wrote you Thursday afternoon didn't I? Well after that noting happened because I have to prepare for the 3 first house Friday morning, so I have to get them all done Thurs. night. Now I will give you a diary of what I have done since then. Friday morning after the 3 recitations were over I did my Latin for

monday and part of the trig. Then after lunch I did an hour's more trig and then Edith and Helen Graves and Cora and I went on a long tramp. We went way off up on a ridge called Cedar ridge in the woods. I took a basket, quite a good size, along just as a joke "to gather my flowers in" and it was very fortunate because it was heaped up with them when we came home. We found hepaticas by the dozen, one big plant, I never saw such a large one, Edith dug it up for me

with her finger nails. I have it in a big Japanese bowl and it looks very pretty. There are 13 flowers on it now and more coming out. Then we came on a spat where there was a big patch of blood roots, we got enough to fill four tumblers full. They are so pretty. We had such a good time all off in the nice springsy woods we found a place where Colombine is going to be very thick, and we found dutchman's breeches and violet and dog tooth violet plants by the score.

I got some burs in my hair, in reaching under the bushes for the flowers, and we had a terrible time trying to get them out. I can fully sympathize with Loddie now. Then we came back and got dressed for dinner just in time. After chapel came a Students' meeting. But they hadn't got the report from the faculty yet. After Students' we made some fudge in Edith's room. Lucile and Dube couldn't eat any being in training, so we had it all to ourselves.

and mm mm mm mm but it was good. Then the soph's, just a few of the real nice ones that is, (the ones we would like to get in with next year) have the rivets show in one of the rooms. They charged 3 cents admission. It was something they just concocted for the occasion. This young gentleman came to see a girl at Vassar but had no peace, 1st they were interrupted by one thing and then by another. It was very clever all the college characters

were introduced you know and current jokes. They mimic capitally. The room was packed and every one roared. They had to keep fueling us up. Then Saturday morning I did my German prose for Monday and some work in the library, and fooled around until lunch time. Then in the afternoon I went for a walk with Mary Bell then as we were coming in we met Marie Honeycutt and she wanted us to turn around and go with her. Mary couldn't

but I went. She is very nice. I like her and her room-mate Dora Waring about as well as any of the girls. Mary Bell is a fine girl too. She has asked Lucile to room with her next year if they can't get singles. Lucile thinks she is condescending to room with her (Mary B.) and doesn't exactly want to I think. She says she doesn't know her very well, but if Lucile wouldn't study all the time but would try to be more agreeable she could learn to know a great many

people. That has been just the trouble she doesn't know anybody. She always has some work to do. It is perfectly dreadful. She gets her lessons all done up in no time, then she does them for the next day, and she never seems to get any leisure. We can't understand how she works it. I am very fond of her but she disgusts me extremely sometimes. She has absolutely no sense of how things she says sound. There is something very strange about

her. I know she would like to room with e. But it would drive me wild to room with her. Mary B. is a poor girl, but she has got lots to her, and I think it was very nice in her to ask [Stimmie] to room with her. You see complications are many. If we have to stay over here in main next year then we should have to be in a parlor and I know Lucile would want to come in with us and it would fidget Cora more than it would me. She gets so disgusted with her. I can make her

do pretty much what I like, but it's tiresome and that isn't the kind you want always. Now I think this is rather horrid. But she's queer. Cora and I have great discussions about her. But to continue. (It's nearing supper time). Saturday afternoon, after that, there were two chapter plays and one of them was particularly clever. It was a melodrama. I'll tell you about them when I come home. Then in the evening we went to the Williams

play, which was great. I had never seen men take girls parts before. They were so funny, not as good as the girlmen. Why they all wore such big bustles I can't imagine. It looked very odd. I wonder if they think all women stick out so behind? I'll tell you about that when I get home too. Why don't my dresses come. Next week comes the big promenade and I must have them. I think Mrs. Gallagher is horrid to keep them

so long. I wish could hunt around and see if you couldn't find a good dressmaker who could make my dresses and get them done when she says she will. Of course Aunt Flo must come. I can't think what Aunt Belle can be like to allow her to do such a thing. I think there must be some mistake. I hope Grandfather is feeling much better now

lovingly
Ruth.