

Vassar

Dear people:

Do forgive me for being so late again. But we had a match game Wednesday and we have all been perfectly breathless ever since. Dear, it's raining today, and we are all broken hearted. There is no change of having field day tomorrow with the ground too wet and there is every likelihood that we can't have the play either. Isn't that dreadful with all the people coming up and Katharine

and Ellen. I am so unhappy. What can we do? I suppose there is no use crying over spilled milk though. It will be lovely to have them up any way. In the match game we got beaten by the seniors, 4 to 2 but the juniors beat the sophs 6-0, and we play a fine game so we don't feel as terribly as we might. Dear I wish it would stop raining so. We are crazy with things to do this afternoon, all the lessons for Monday to get and the room to pick up and all kinds of things to do.

We have just been down at the store laying in a store of provisions. How terrible about grandfather? I suppose we can't go away for the summer then if he is ill, can we? Aw so glad you have at last got a girl.

lovingly Ruth.

Didn't you get the letter I wrote last week Thurs or Friday?