ANDY

Dear Melissa. Sandy McCarthy arrived from home for the second shift here at camp, and he told me all about the Campbells' sports party. He said you wore a two piece bathing suit and ran around goosing girls and pushing boys into the pool. Do you enjoy that sort of crap? He said the other girls were furious at you. Don't you want the respect of other women? Sandy also said you let Bucky Zeller put a tennis ball into your cleavage. Are you a nympho or what? Don't you ever like just sitting down somewhere and making conversation? Sandy says you're turning into a hot box. Do you like having that reputation? Hell, I thought there was a difference between you and Gretchen Lascelles. Maybe I was wrong. Don't you care about anything in this world except hacking around? Don't you feel any obligation to help the poor people, for example? Sometimes I think your big problem is you're so rich you don't have enough to do, and so you start playing grab-ass with people. I'm sorry to say these things, but what Sandy told me made me slightly disgusted, frankly.

* * *