

May 1894,
Vassar.
Monday Morning.

My dearest Papa and Mamma:

Here it is Monday, and no Sunday letter written to you. I don't know where the day went to. I did not get up yesterday until late and then when my bath was taken, there was just about time to get ready for Church. In the afternoon I went to walk with Sarah Hartzall. Then, (to be very prosaic and give all details of my day's doings) I washed my hair and dried it in the sun in Sarah's Fifth Story window. So the afternoon slipped away. I skipped prayer meeting thinking to write my letters, but had not time to finish one to Charlie Comstock thanking him for the arbutus, when down came the Chesleys and staid nearly all the evening. Sundays are so short here. But we need not complain this week for we've certainly had quite a holiday. No lessons since last Thursday, on account of Founders Day, you know. It was quite a gay and festive occasion to any one who had a man or was so fortunate as to have her dances taken, but I was not either of those, but had some fun never the less. I went down early to meet Dollie Vanderburgh's man, a Williams man from Fall River, originally. He was very fine. Later I had a dance with another Williams man. But with these two, and the meeting of one other man, I consoled myself very well with the company of girls. Sarah Hartzall and I trudged about together most of the evening and had good fun. It was fun to see the people. I presume we walked several miles up and down corridors- That afternoon as usual we had no regular lunch, but had one doled out to us, something like the rations in the army, I guess. It was a pretty slim lunch so a box which Marie got from home came in more than pat. There were straightway some thirteen girls assembled to help us make way with it and such good work did they make of it that now there is scarcely a trace left of it. It seemed very good indeed, and we all enjoyed it thoroughly.

You must be quite spick and span by this time. Perhaps you are cleaner than you think, Mamma. I'll put on a few finishing touches when I come home. I do not expect, now, to bring any one home with me, but I should not wonder if someone came during the summer.

Every thing is perfectly beautiful here now. Mammy, do come down- I want you to so much.

Yes Kate expects to come back- Exams begin five weeks from this morning - Six wks. from Wednesday I leave for home. Hurrah!!

Lovingly your healthy and obedient daughter, Nette.

(Nettie (Brand) De Witt, ex-'96,