

Dear Mrs Culver,

I hope you will excuse me for not writing a proper little "Bread and Butter" note, but somehow when I think of the dandy time I had Sunday night, I just want to say plain thank you, for that seems to express one's feelings a lot better than a great long string of words. Please thank Dr Culver for me, for carrying my suitcase all the way to the station. It was as heavy as lead and I felt awfully guilty about it.

It was lots of fun meeting Teddy (I hope that doesn't sound too familiar but I hear it so often from Mary.)

College is grinding away the same as ever and tests are following upon tests with lightning speed. (so it seems anyway.) The other night we had quite a little excitement on campus. Everybody had gotten nicely seated and was looking expectantly towards Billy Hill on his lofty seat, when they discovered that the lofty seat was empty and Billy hadn't arrived as yet. The organ played on and on, but Billy didn't come, and of course everybody was tittering. There was one poor lone man in the whole place, a guest, a father or uncle of one of the

girls and would you believe it, but they prodded that unhappy man up to face the giggling crowd. It was an awful ordeal but he went through it very well, although he did get fearfully mixed up, and to this day, nobody knows why Billy didn't show up. There are rumors that we have a president at last, and they are fixing up the house for him, but probably it isn't true.

Mary just opened the food-chest door and the most awful odor came out. She keeps some unhealthy brand of cheese secreted there. At least I insist that it is unhealthy but Mary defends

it strenuously, However she can't account for the peculiar phenomenon, that every night exactly at [crossed out: twelve]

I meant to say [nine] that food chest door jiggles. I lay it to the cheese, but Mary insists on something occult.

Dear Mrs Culver, I want to thank you again, and ever so much for all your kindness to me. I can't tell you how much I appreciated it. Hoping that you are well and that you will soon come down to Vassar, I am

Sincerely yours

Doris G Bullard.

Thursday December second,

P.S. I have a very poor joke for Dr Culver
After the War: St Peter, "I've got a full house"
The Devil, "You lose, I've got four kings!"

P.S.S. Would you please remember me to Lee?

DGB

Mrs E M Culver
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Albany
NY