

Vassar College, May 15, 1867.
Wednesday A.M.

My dear Tom:

I am very strongly impelled to write to you this morning, and so as Prof. Knapp is sick, and unable to be at the college for our Latin recitation I am going to take part of that time to write to you.

The week has gone very rapidly and we fully realise now that the end of the year is close at hand. Monday the seniors met and organized. I was chairman of the meeting by nomination and was subsequently elected president of the class by ballot. Miss Geiger is vice pres. Miss Woodward is sec. and Hattie treas. You see that we have each an office, and all with the exception of myself have two. Hattie is historian, Louise G. is scribe and Miss Woodward poetess. The Pres. called Hattie and me to him yesterday, and told us that he considered that we were the principal members of the class, that the others were rather incidental, and that we were to have the honorary appointments: via the Salutatory and Valedictory. He told us that he had a choice between us as to which each should have. The Salutatory is to be in Latin and Hattie does not want to have it, because she is not at all used to the pronunciation in use here, while I have had some practice in it. And I felt as if she could write and deliver the Valedictory much better than I, and moreover that she as being the better scholar ought to have it though to be sure there is little difference in the
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honor of the two appointments, for the one who has the Latin Salutatory has to appear twice, having also an English essay, while the valedictorian appears but once. The Faculty have invited the special students to compete for an essay and a poem to be delivered by the successful contestants at the same time that we have ours. We are rather inclined to think that there will be no contestants as many of the students seem to think that it is not fair for the interest to be divided, on Commencement day*

A photographer is settling himself in a sort of car between the College and observatory. I suppose he will be here all the rest of the year, if he is only a first rate artist it will be a great advantage for a very great many pictures are wanted and it is not at all convenient for the students to have them taken in town. I hope I shall be able to get some good ones, for I have promised several and I want my friends to be satisfied with them.

Prof. Knapp and Mattie have both been sick since last Thursday and Mrs. Knapp since Saturday. I suppose Prof. will wear himself out worrying about his work here. The Tenneys are still in the depths of woe on account of having no girl. The Quaker lady Sunday night addressed us most beautifully. Monday night Miss Whitney one of the Juniors received the unexpected news of her father's death. She lives about nine miles from Boston. Miss Mitchell went to N.Y. with her. It May 15, 1867 was a great shock, and greatly affected all acquainted with her.

Goodby, darling, with much love, yours
Minnie L. Dickinson.

[Maria (Dickinson) McGraw, '67,

To Thomas S. McGraw* whom she married In 1867.]