

Vassar College, Po'keepsie

June 3, 1877—

My dear Father,

It is much too long an interval since I last wrote to you. From my notes to Mother, you have probably heard how many entertainments there have been in these last weeks. And they are very Serious Matters, too, for they absorb all our short Fridays and Saturdays. If there is ever any social life at the College, it is found in the last few weeks of the senior year, when the members of the Faculty, or Classes, give formal parties for the graduates. There is a story afloat, that our unmarried Trustee was the only young person in Miss Terry's rooms last June, and we shall easily encounter a greater number at Dr. Raymond's, next week. On Friday last, we played a comedy at our little theatre which has absorbed much of my time in rehearsals. I enclose a programme I hear that it was very well done, including Mrs. Swandown's role. These plays take many hours of rehearsal, but, I find it is excellent practice for other acquire, on the whole, not a waste of time. I am so fortunate as to be again at the German table; and at Fritulein's right hand, too. I fully expect to continue to attend German, during our vacation of the two weeks preceding Commencement-Weeks there are several in the class who will carry it on to the end. But I do not like to mention the end, which is growing so painfully near. This senior vacation, of which I write, is planned so that the graduates may finish their Commencement work, end, besides, pack up the remains of five years' housekeeping. We dispose of many things at the Annual Senior Auction, which is a remorseless sale of senior belongings - carried on by any facetious members, as Auctioneers I do not expect to go away during this vacation, although most of the class go off for a change; but I shall have to go to New York for a day to see about my dresses, and, if we can afford it, we will go to Lake Mohuak, across the river, for an excursion. That lake, I told you, is on the top of the opposite mountain!, these have some wonderful name: not the Shawngums, (they are further north), but something like that.

Miss Hersey is coming here in two weeks to bring several of her students for examination; she wrote to me, with hesitation, to ask if you would feel like helping one of her girls here next year; she tells me sad stories about the struggles of the students, who cook, serve or teach to earn their tuition. I wrote that you had expected "to put through" one of the girls who graduates next year, (Miss Botsford) if possible, and that, for the present, I could not answer. I think it would be best. In any case, to leave the choice of the student to be assisted to the judgment of our faculty, since they learn by the Faculty the circumstances and, sooner or later, her protégée will be provided for the faculty if she proves worthy. There are several gentlemen who are doing what you are for some girl's education,—among them Mr. Warden, of Philadelphia, Mr. Bushnell's relative and of Mr. Sharps's old Church. He had two daughters here once, who were in bad health. Prof. Backus knows of two scholarship funds that are written in wills now. Mrs. Livermore and another Boston lady, are the only women who ever gave money to the College and they gave suites. If Smith or Wellesley (both near Boston, you know), get the ear of the public first, then our chances will become even more slender than now. I am afraid you will soon be obliged to file away my letters, docketed "Wanted - Assistance."

I know you like to hear about such matters aside from the practical application. --- Dr. Raymond never preaches from Easter until Baccalaureate Sunday, and today we have had one of the most dangerous preachers that was ever inflicted on us. I mean dangerous because there are so many girls who are ready to sneer at the Word,

forgetting the Spirit; so many who cannot see the Master In the Servant; and it is not surprising that Dr. Raymond should look so uncomfortably conscious of the Illiterate haraaguer, who filled his pulpit this morning.— Mary Jordan Is to be Librarian next year. Grace

Learner may be offered the place of President's secretary. One of our class is to be Drill & Gymnastic teacher next year. Alumnae are desired as teachers. There are four or six here now that I think of. — Miss Jones has gone to Cleveland to be a brides' maid for the daughter of Mr. Rhodes, who died last year. Fannie Rhodes left In her sophomore year. I guess she was s nice girl. Miss Swift is at home today. Miss O'Leary is unusually quiet - for her, so I am writing in exceptional peace; for that reason I should write more legibly, but that the day Is hot & sticky, as well as beautifully bright and clear- The mountains are visible to the north, south & west while you remember the two near hills on the east? I shall have to ask you for some money soon: I will write again. It is a good thing that Mother expects to go early to [Cuison]

With much love Your daughter  
Mary Thaw.