

Vassar College,
March 19, 1882.

My dear Mamma,

You did not write to me last week. I guess you are so busy with your painting that you did not have time to write to me.

We had the organ dedication Friday. The services were very tiresome but in the evening we heard Mr. Walter Damr[...]che[sp:Damrosch] play. That was just splendid. You know he played at the May Festival in New York last spring. He is only nineteen years old and is a wonderful genius. He came to see Mademoiselle and was

enchanted with the College and is crazy to be a girl.

Prof. Dwight's little baby died Thursday. The president preached this morning about dying and being sick. Poor Prof. Dwight was there and of course felt very badly. The president hasn't any tact whatever.

Yesterday Gertrude Nichols was up from [...a...town?]

to see us. She has been down South visiting. She has modified [crossed out: my] her opinion of us.

There is the last bell. I guess I shall want some money. I want to get me two linen dresses or gingham when I am in New York and get a hat and some shoes. Vacation begin[s] a week from next Wednesday.

Love to all. Write soon

Your daughter
Marth[y?] Boyd

March 1882

Ma[...y?] B[...]y

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