The following is a statement dictated by my Brother.

To M. S. B. — Martha Snow Brown

I cannot understand why I recall so few of the incidents of that very important day when the University of Kansas graduated its first class, three years after the opening of the institution. Such a proud day as it was to us all. Which means largely the whole town.

As the faculty and students were both as very small the people took immense care most happy to comply with the request that they should furnish a picnic lunch, to be served after the exercises were over. And a general invitation was given to the townspeople to attend them.

As many hands were needed to help prepare the lunch, I went at 5 o'clock with Mr. Snow to the then unfinished Fraser Hall. In the pleasant company of Miss J. E. Hatch and Mrs. Babcock I stayed for two hours making sandwiches in the lecture rooms where many busy hands were employed.
At 10 o'clock my husband came for me. To go into the simplestest chapel where he listened to the Commencement addresses of the students of the graduating class, General Bissell presiding.

Although it was such a momentous occasion, the students seemed unmembranized and thus relieved the mind of Prof. Kellogg's best orations. His best orations had stirred them as a musician and brilliant a teacher must needs do.

And yet, with all allowance for their best and previous training, it was a fact that satisfying and amused smile that he turned to receive my enthusiastic congratulations when the exercises were over.

We were seated in a temporary arrangement of chairs, in my memory, since one rightly, but I cannot remember the position of the small desk erected for this occasion. The hole in the center of the ceiling which met on gaze later things several years had not then appeared.

I recall few details of the luncheon served in broad, tables, but the post-prandial speech when I remember particularly.
General Miles of the United States Army, who, I suppose, was invited from the Richmond to be the Great G. Hero for the day. He was a remarkably kind and some of distinguished looking officer and he delighted us with his steady words of sympathy and appreciation.

The General lunch habit for Commencement Day has continued for three years. Then it became so very popular that even the men of the Pinchbeck foundry brought their wives and children to help — and the citizens of the town came in such large numbers that an extra change in the proceedings became necessary.