

Thursday, April 8, 1976



Dear son,

We haven't hear from you yet, so it's kind of hard to write you. There's not much happening here. Just the usual nightly shopping trips and work around the house. Here at work I'm in the process of making corrections on my first formula and that gets kind of boring. So I decided to send you the latest adventure of the "Citadel's Finest", Salt and Pepper of the El Cid of the wood work. How's school right now? I guess the Seniors will be dumping command onto the Juniors soon. I can hardly believe that ~~that~~ time next year, you'll be a "short timer".

Your mother and I were talking just last night about getting started on the plans for Parent's Weekend this coming Oct. We might make D.C. our stopping place after the first day's travel. Do you know how many hours it took you to drive from D.C. to Charleston? I'm guessing about 8 hrs, am I close?

Linda was kind of young when we last were in D.C. and David has never been there, (I believe). so I'm almost sure we'll spend time there, ~~either~~ going or coming home from Charleston.

Well that's about all the news for now, write soon and take care.

Love,
Dad.



[Faint, mirrored bleed-through text from the reverse side of the page, including phrases like "I'm getting smashed", "you talk me in to going", and "this is the last senior beer bust"]