

Nashville Tenn.
June 1st, 1919.

Dear Dad —

As this is "sweet Papa's own day", I will pen you a brief missive. I am to start my exams tomorrow and I'll be there Friday. I can hardly wait to finish them all and come home. Tell Bob that I think of him quite often and wish I could see him. How are you this beautiful first day of June? Hope you are well and happy. Have you made any more land plunges? This time next Sunday I'll be at home on the sweet porch and I want a date to take you + Mother + Bob + Maude out riding. How does it suit you? Saturday I'm going to work on the car; cleaning it up and cleaning the spark plugs etc. Is it running well now? Tell Mother that I remembered her birthday and am bringing her a useful and enjoyable present.