

Oakland Jan 12th 1880.

Dear Father,

Your last letter to all of us was entrusted to my care from which I conclude that you have not lost all confidence in me. I do not

understand how it is that the rest have not got my your letters, if indeed they have not, because I have sent them all along with mine.

You have heard of the cold spell at home. It is still cold here. We had a little South wind and drizzling rain a few days ago, but it has now cleared off grandly and the weather is as pleasant as could be desired. There was frost last night.

You speak of coming back in March or first of April. You will not, of course, hurry at all on my account, and you must be very careful not to get into a cold spell.

You might take a very severe cold, unless you are careful about that.

I suppose that you will tell all about your trip to Vermont, if you went, or your stay at home, if you did not go.

I have not yet seen Cup =

tain Keeler, or Dr. Guisard. I
don't know now when I shall go to
the city. It will
be imperative for me to go to here
and teach this summer. Other wise I
cannot go on at all.

We have been having an addi-
tion to our school here, in the shape
of Mr. Smith and Mr. Taylor. Smith
does not amount to much, Taylor
who has just come, seems to be
of more account.

I want very much, if I can
to go East and top off. The school
here does not have very much of
a reputation. It is no great credit to
a man to have studied here.

I am well. I weigh
now 140 1/2 lbs; pretty well up for
me. I am studying mental Sci-
ence now. The class is not very interesting,
Smith, who is not able to know anything
about it, Rich who has studied so little
that he don't care don't comprehend it, and
Dr. Benton, who is very wandering, do
not interest me very much. You need
not think that I am disgusted.

I hope you are well.
Don't overwork. Write.

Good Bye

Your Loving Son

Wm. H. Wood