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Title: **1970-12-11 Mike McCormick letter to parents**

Provenance:

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Person:

Date:

Dear Mom and Dad [Got your letter today]
12-11-70

yes I've been to the 'mailbox'. I went this morning at about 9:00. Had to ask a policeman where it (post office) was before I got myself halfway oriented. I remembered 4th street and I remember you (specifically Dad) showing me the building. Right down from the Village tea house. Williamsport is hard to get used to especially when I haven't gone through the town so often. It seems so small that one could go through just a couple of streets and see everything or find at least what one is looking for but when one (me, I suppose) gets down in the town he can't see an overall picture. I noticed that I was blocked by tall buildings closing in my view from all around. Just think if we were a little (a lot really) taller we could see very easily where we are going and what is only around the corner. Also the kind of atmosphere that is produced in such a concentrated area of people: there are policemen. I find myself not wanting to let me nervousness make me feel or look suspicious. Then there are the people rushing around. You've got to be one of them and rush around and look like you know where you are going or there is the feeling that they will think you don't know where you're going. My point

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is that it's hard to relax and find one's bearings. There seems to be a parallel with the living of life in such an atmosphere as I experienced this morning.

Yesterday it was almost 45° pretty warm. Two days before it had snowed in the morning. Snowed this morning too. Snowed last Sat. for short time about

midnight. Then some the next day (Sunday). It must be raining now. The snow accumulated up to about a 1/4 inch then the rain began.

Good bye for now.

Love,

Mike

P.S. Thank you for the Birthday Greeting