

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL  
OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

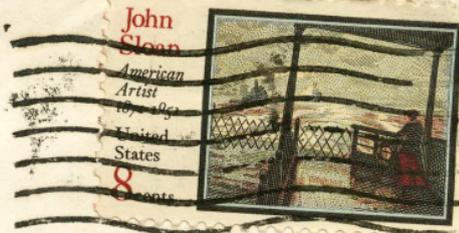
2125 Thirteenth St., N.W.

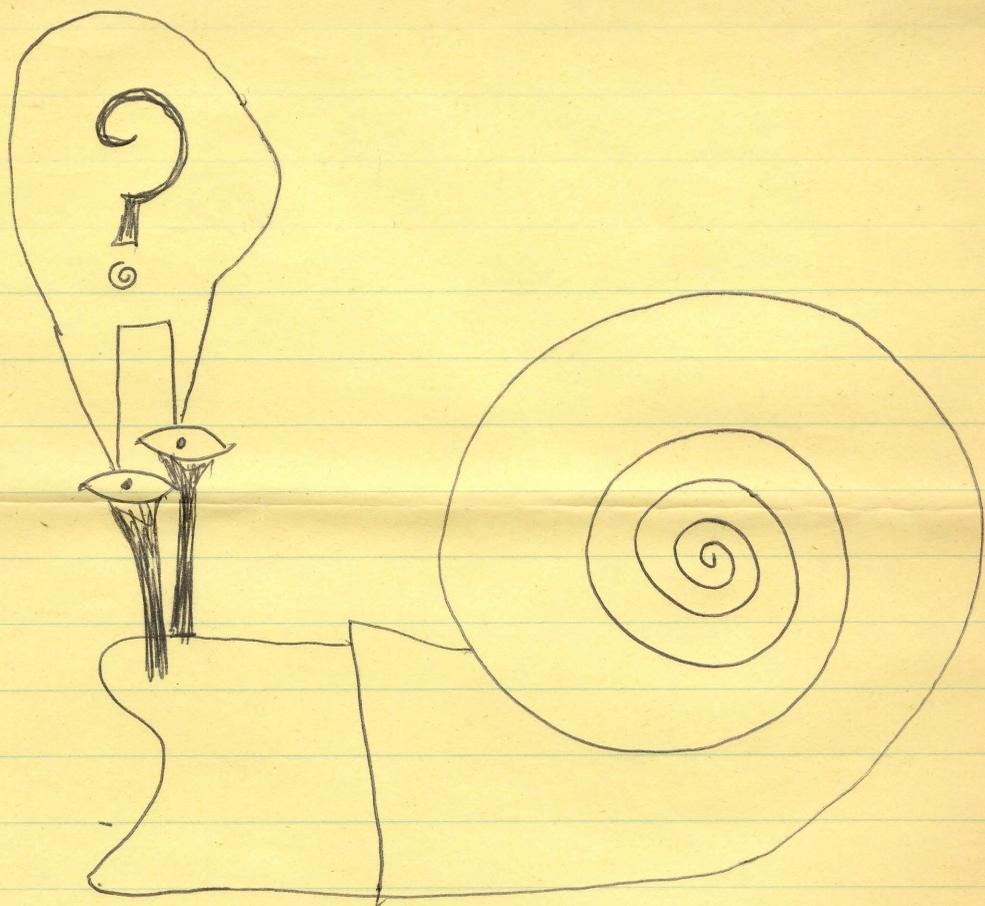
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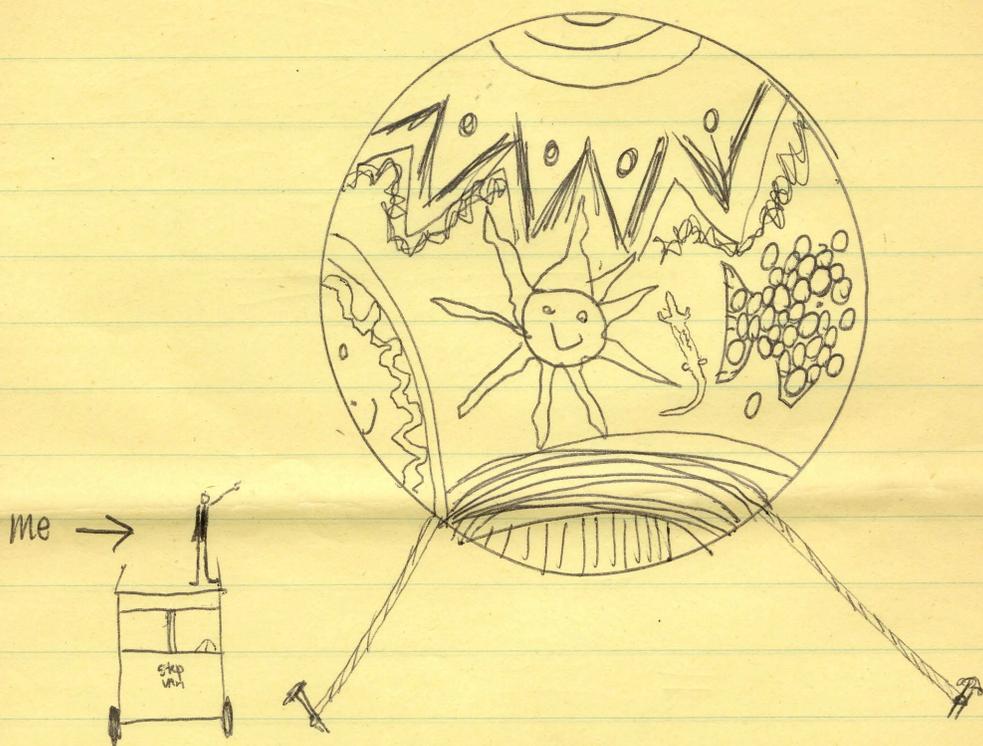




Dear Annie: Becky & I shouldn't both write to you in the same month, you might get overwhelmed. Today's Saturday, I'm working as usual (I saw Mrs Nelson in the cafeteria today) and Boo-boo's at home making posters. I'm working both the day and the night shift today, I traded with Mitchell so he could go to New York to apply to med-school. What I traded him was one of his nights for two of mine, so I only have to work one night next week. Almost a whole weekend of messing around! Maybe I'll work on the last six-foot section of Batik. The part you & I did turned out really well, and we made huge yellow alligators in a green river on the part that was plain when you left. My motorcycle is fixed now (maybe not tomorrow) which is pretty amazing, too. I rode it to school yesterday and it was only 10 minutes slower than

riding my bicycle. ~~I~~ I'm still having a good time in school - Chemistry is my most interesting class, I've learned how to figure out the answer to important questions like how big would a ~~balloon~~ helium balloon have to be to carry four average size people, 300 pounds of food, a hundred gallons of water, ~~and~~ a gondola weighing 200 pounds ~~and~~ plus one hundred and twelve pounds of miscellaneous equipment including one Nikon camera?

Answer: if the balloon was round it would have to be ~~at least~~ about 32 feet,  $1\frac{1}{5}$  inches in diameter.



My other classes are not so useful. Philosophy is the only really boring one — that is, the lectures are boring. A philosophy discussion group meets every week. The discussion groups are not boring. Week before last those other two guys & I attacked the rest of the class for not knowing or even asking why they were in ~~the~~ the class and studying philosophy — which upset the class and upset the teacher. I ~~was~~ felt pretty good about that. Then this week the instructor started talking about proofs of religion, mentioning along the way that he didn't think any of the proofs were too valid. The whole class jumped on him (vocally) and me too when I said that I agreed with him. It was pretty scary, this whole class of people saying "I don't see how you can believe that... what do you think of Jesus? Do you think he even existed?" They were amazed that anyone could have a different view than theirs, and they sounded, in their arguments (more like interrogations) as if they were ready to make a pile of desks out on the lawn and burn a couple of heretics. For the first time I really realized that I'm going to a catholic school. Their intolerance is not their choice — many of these kids were educated in parochial elementary schools and Jesuit High Schools — they've never been that

exposed to Godless Protestants, Godless apostolics,  
Godless atheists, etc. So they think anybody  
who doesn't believe more or less as they do  
is weird. I've begun to believe that they may be a  
little weird (as a group, not as individuals).

Did you know that Becky's gained  
ten pounds since we left California? It's cold now,  
two blankets on the bed and time to start having  
fires in the fireplaces. love, Paf

~~PS. I was reading this stuff by  
BLAISE PASCO for Philosophy and  
I couldn't ~~even~~ understand it  
by just reading it so I typed  
some of it up~~

PS. When you watch Laugh-in on  
Monday nights, think of us, for at  
the same time you're watching Laugh-in,  
we are watching Laugh-in. Unless you're  
doing homework. Then we're still  
watching Laugh-in, while you are not.

Ch. "Bud" Homily