

January 13, 1972

Dear Mom and dad,

Hi! I'm at work right now and I don't have anything to do because it's 1:45 A.M. I'm working graveyard shift these past three days. It's actually O.K. except that I start getting sleepy around 3 or 4. As long as I keep moving I'm O.K. It takes a little time to get adjusted to working all night. I sleep in the morning from 7 to 12 or 2, around then. It's no fun wasting the day but I don't mind it that much. I get the money and that's what counts I guess.

At least you haven't had to give me any more money since the first \$200 dollars. I have almost \$400 stored up.

By my next pay checks I'll be doing O.K. Supposedly I'll be getting a raise if I've been here 3 months but I don't think I've been here quite 3 months. There are only two of us here tonight, the charge nurse and me. The other girl was sick. They are so cheap here, the employers, the Pritchards. Mr. Pritchard is a real miser, a penny pincher. We are understaffed so many times and they can't get anyone to work, because old Pritchard won't pay them double-time or even time and a half. He gets bugged if we use sheets with tiny holes in them but if we put each sheet that has one little hole in it in the mending box, there wouldn't be a sheet to put on any of the beds. He's such a creep. He won't let us wash on Saturday because he's a damn Seventh Day Adventist so we never have any clean diapers

or anything because they are all left dirty until 12:00 Midnight of Saturday. He complains of how we can't have any little B.M. spots on the draw sheet but when he doesn't let us wash at all on Saturday, then all Saturday we scrounge around trying to find stuff to use. So the patients end up suffering because he's such a creeps for not providing us with enough laundry stuff. These people lost their nursing home license before and they are on probation now. The way Pitchard acts, you would think he really cares about the patients, but after awhile you can see that he's in it for the money. He's so pious acting (he's an Adventist preacher along with being an R.N.) but he sure doesn't practice what he ~~is~~ preaches. Overall, he's a real creep. The lady that has to figure out the schedule has a rough time. That's why I didn't want to tell them at the last minute that I wanted some days off especially around Christmastime. Everyone here thinks the work is bad for the pay. This supposedly is the worst place to work of all of the Convalescent hospitals in U.S.A. What a mess it is sometimes!

Your last letters were interesting. I don't want you to think I am against marriage. I'm not. Maybe I'll get married some day but certainly not now. That is not my main concern at the present time. I think other things are

more important at the moment. I think marriage is over rated and too glorified. I think lots of people want you to get married so you can share their misery with them. They talk about how great their marriage is and usually that means that it is pretty terrible. So I'm in no hurry to jump into it. I'll probably marry some day but not until I'm ready. I'd rather be devoted to a worthwhile cause than a possibly unworthy person. Well, I have to get back to work now. I'll continue this in a little while.

I'm over at Clara Phillips house right now. She's the one I stay with when I have to work on the weekends. Lately I've had to work on weekends quite a bit. I sure do save their necks a lot at work. They are always calling me at the last minute to come to work at any time. You should see the nurse I work with at night. She's a real character. She really gripes about the Pritchards and says she'll see to it that they get their nursing home license taken away from them. I wouldn't bat an eye if they did lose it. That would be twice for them.

I sure can't believe that Mr. Pritchard was a missionary. He probably exploited all of the people in the country he worked in (or lived off the fat in). Anyway, I was telling you about this nurse. She comes in to work and the first thing she does is flop down in her (over)

cheir and say, "oh shit." Then she proceeds to ~~cuss~~ her head off about how she's sick of work. She's 56 years old too, so it's something to hear her cuss all the time. But Jan Phillips (Clara's daughter who is Carolyn's age.) says that medical people are the nastiest, swearingest people around. She is an L.V.N. She said after hearing the doctors' comments on people like during surgery, you wouldn't think the human body was anything beautiful.

I went to Santa Rosa J. C. for my counseling appointment and got my schedule all taken care of. This is what I will be taking:

Chemistry 2A

Math 53 (Algebra II and Trigonometry)

Anthropology 2 (Cultural Anthropology)

Psychology 1A (Basic Psych like what I already had in high school)

English 1A (Composition class on literature of Social issues)

P.E. (Hopefully I'll have volleyball)

So right now they are all solids except P.E. but if I get them out of the way already, the better off I will be. Then in my coming semesters I can take more fun courses. A lot of people I know are taking art and music, so you don't have to worry about that. I can take an ~~ethnic~~ art class for my Sociology requirement, too.

Well, I have stuff to do now so I'll quit. I'm kind of excited about school actually, although the classes I will have will really be a pain, especially chemistry, but I'm willing to work hard for an A in each one!

Love, Anne