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Dear Mom and Dad,

It was good to see you the other day and fun for us to all go out together. Everyone enjoyed the day and I hope you did, too. How did you like Mr. Muggs? He sure did seem to like Dad. Now you know one of the real characters amongst us. Muggs goes everywhere with Joyce, the lady you met. Well, I hope you enjoyed it. We would have liked you to see the children's home and some of the other places but I guess time was too short. Maybe you can see them the next time you visit.

Well, I got my first test back for my anatomy class today. I think I made an A on it - I got 175 out of 200. That's either an A or B. I started my physiology lab and it's pretty interesting I guess. We looked at tissues under the microscope the other day. Now we are studying bones and putting them together and learning every little minute part on them, all the processes and fossas.

I'm at work right now. Lovely, wonderful work! The old folks are doing fine but convalescent hospitals aren't the most cheerful places to be, as you would well agree. (That rhymes!) Anyway, it seems that working here, anyone would be convinced that there is no loving God (Sky-God as many old fundamentalists would believe and do) and if there is an old God there I'd like to lay my hands on him for letting these poor old senior citizens suffer so. God is whatever you make him to be. To me God is love, love is God and it can only be created or developed in each individual. Working here is a learning experience. I wouldn't mind getting my mitts on my employer who is one of the main causes

of these people suffering. He pays his people such low wages even after they have worked here for 10 years and takes in all the profits to spend on his fat ass - his vacations to Hawaii, his camper, boat, swimming pool, now his organ. He's a sickening person. He's as old or older than Bob Moon, runs around in the latest fashions, thinks he's real cute with his pot belly and porky pig face and that the young girls think he is cute. I wouldn't mind it if his looks are dorky if his personality was one of concern. He prides himself so much on being a minister of God yet Jesus would surely be disgusted with him. When he was a missionary in Brazil, he and his wife lived off the sweat of the poverty-stricken, Brazilian "slaves" in a nice home above all of those suffering beneath him. He lifted not a finger to work unless you call converting people to a sky-god that keeps the poor, poor, work. I can't stand working for this man, one whom has exploited so many people. I despise him but I always kiss-up to him to make him be pleased with me. If I didn't want to keep my job then maybe I would tell him what I think of his lazy ass, but I need to earn money, so in the meantime I have to shut up. I would love to see him sweat it someday and suffer a bit - let him see what it's like to be on the other side of things, a little less fortunate with not enough food in his home to fill his fat belly. Well, I'm tired of spouting off about him. It makes me vomitous just thinking about the injustice of it so I'll just refrain myself from thinking about

it right now. I just was going to tell you how
work was and I guess I got involved.

This message is for mom. I don't want you telling
Terry Kendall how to come up here. I told you that
I don't want to have anything to do ^{with} her. If you
do tell her, I will be furious. I wrote her and told
her I was on a special tour all summer and that
I had just left for Mexico. So if she asks where I
am, that's what you can tell her. I don't know what
it takes for you to understand that I don't want
to have anything to do with her. She's a lazy ass,
I have nothing in common with her; all she wants
to do is take drugs and sit around feeling sorry for
herself. I told you she had the chance to be friends
with me, she always rejected my friendship so
now it's too bad. I'm busy doing what I know is
good to do ~~and~~ and she just wants to do her own
thing. I ~~do~~ have better stuff to do with my time,
I'm tired of lazy assed people who don't do anything
for anybody. Let them prove to me if they want
to show me they are different. So don't tell her how
to come here. You know what her most exciting
tidbit of information was the time she called
me before - it was that she had recently tried
smoking opium. That's where her head is at - that
and the big city life of New York with its choice
delicatessens. So don't tell me I am so mean and
cruel. I can only give so much, she didn't respond
then, so just forget it, OK? She's always just shoved
it right back in my mouth so now she can have
a little shove in hers, all right? Thank you. I
thank you not to tell her where I live also
because she would just come up any old time

hitchhiking and leech off of us, sit around ~~of~~ on her fat ass, smoking dope and drinking, not doing anything around the house. You may not think this is true, but I know it is true. I know her too well and it's obvious that you don't. If you like her so much why don't you have her come leech off you in Berkeley. Then maybe you'd see what I was talking about.

Say hi to Eileen and Jane for me, and Vince too. I don't know when I will be coming down next. I won't be able to stay long until I finish school, which will be on August 21st, but I was hoping to come sometime sooner to get some shoes. Anyway, it was good to see you. All the animals say hi. So does Carolyn and Patricia. Thank you for the new sweater. I wear it all the time now.

Love,
Annie

P.S. Patricia was so thrilled with her presents too because she was used to having some sort of birthday thing and she had to be alone all day on her birthday because everyone was gone working.