

Dear Patrick,

Just to be spiteful, I may not type this letter in and according to all of the rules you have to follow, We have to do something in typing so I decided to type this to you. Now, aren't you glad? How is the army? I hope it is dandy like popcorn and candy. (My friend in San Francisco used to always say that) Today I am going with Becky to Berkeley to visit Debbie. It is her birthday today, February 7. In art, they played the Beatle record and when they put on "Hey, it's your Birthday", I remembered that it was Debbie's birthday today. I got her the "Light My Fire" 45 by Jose Feliciano. She really likes it and she lost one at our house, so now I bought her a new one. I can't really stand Jose Feliciano, but I got kind of used to hearing that record at our house and when I got it, I couldn't wait to hear it again. It brings back great memories when I first got to know Debbie really well and when I was visiting her in Berkeley. When I think about it, I remember it gives me a stomach ache. I'll have to hurry. We don't have much time left because I came in late from a basketball game. If I don't finish it now, I can always finish it later in the car on the way to Berkeley driving with Becky going safely watching out for the other guy being careful on the way to Berkeley with Becky of course and making sure I bring the presents and the junk and. I am going to miss a play just because I am going to Berkeley. This day has been pretty good. In P.E. I was miserable because my teacher is a big (pardon me) bitch! But in art, we went on a field trip over to the Memorial Union and we were supposed to look at art but they had all of these games to play on the same floor and in the same place, so I played ping-pong and threw darts instead of looking at the art. The others were playing Monopoly and Shuffle Board. I played ping-pong against my art teacher and I was ahead the whole time until the end when he crept up on me and won 21-18. He knows how to spin the ball and I don't so I asked him how and he didn't teach me very well. He had to do other stuff and look at all of the artistic things. I think I better shut up now and get ready to go to Berkeley. I will see you in the car.....

Well, now I'm in Berkeley in Debbie's room continuing this letter. Debbie is in the bathtub. She is taking a bath in the bath tub. Debbie just got out of the tub. My! She took a pretty short bath. She just squirted Ben under her arms and she forgot that she just shaved there. Owwww! That must have hurt, Debbie. She just put on her new pants that her parents hate, but Becky and I dig. She had a big argument over them. You would like them. They are huge bell-bottoms with a black background and nice white flowers. They are kind of hard to describe.

Annie's doing her hair and we're listening to Debbie's radio. Last night was the biggest hassle over the pants that Debbie bought. The pattern is india ink flowers, but Dad thinks they look like pajamas.

I'm not saying what I want to say. (Mooooo)

We just got back from cruising around Berkeley. First, we went to the "PIZZA HAVEN." It was nice there and we stayed for an hour and listened to the juke box music that we paid to hear. Then, we walked down telegraph. It was pretty fun, but we didn't see any nude guys or anything. I bought some Astral Incense - MYRRH and now that I smell it, it smells weird. We stayed down town for about three hours. Then we went over to Betty Horn's house. We picked up three hitch-hikers today. The first was just this real straight not real, but not a weirdo, who wanted to go to telegraph. Then we picked up this guy and girl and they were kind of weird, but at least they didn't blow grass or anything or buy Debbie. I think hitch-hiking is fine except that when you are nice enough to pick up a hitch-hiker, then he or she should have the courtesy or whatever to not get them busted or feel up girl's legs or be a nuisance like that. Debbie said that guy you picked up when you were down here with Debbie, was putting his hand all over her legs and stuff. You'd think she'd have a spaz. I don't think it is too safe for girls to hitch-hike all by themselves, but if they're with a male, then it's safer.

Well everybody is sleeping now, so I think I will rest, too. I've been tired for a long time and at school I sometimes feel really weird. Goodbye for now again. I'll be back in a minute or two. It has been two hours since I am continuing this.

Now it has been a long time since I am continuing this. We are back in Davis now. How can you tell if someone is or has been on drugs? Do you look in their eyes? Becky and Debbie said that you can tell and that Jan can too. How do you do that? I can't even tell if someone is stoned by the way they act. Well enough of that! The party last night was terrible and I don't think very many of them had fun. Do-do better learn how to give parties or shell have a bad scene. Well, goodbye now. Don't get killed shooting morphine into every body. I didn't mean it that way, now that I read it back. You better come and say goodbye to everyone before you go to Vietnam. Why did you join in the first place? Oh, I know, but maybe prison or school would be better. Don't worry. Goodbye MR. CLARY

Don't worry, the words of the prophet says: Keep your nose on and you won't mess up

loves
Miss MOOOOOO

TA DA

the nose by Henry Gibson

I love my nose, it is my friend it shields me from the flu

and tells me when it's breakfast, and lunch and dinner too. it shields my lips from pouring rain and makes me warmer too I love my nose, oh I do, and I like my nostrils too

(NOSE)

