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Air Mail

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Dear Pat and Boo-Boo,

I'm writing this just about 52 minutes after you called. I was planning to write to you, but I thought I'd wait until you got back. I enclosed a thing about sleeping with the window open, Boo-Boo, since you and I always argued about it. I'm not trying to say I told you so because I always thought it was healthy to sleep with the window open, even though I never did and got runny noses when I did. I'll tell you some more good facts. I out of 100 people are epileptics. Also, it's bad to sleep with your radio on although it seems soothing. It interrupts the dream patterns you have and makes you have weird attitudes in real life. I know only one person that I can think of who sleeps with the radio on and she does have some kind of weirdness about her. I guess it's true. Oh, and KZAP (the Sacramento freako station) reported the other day that beer is the most harmful alcoholic beverage because it contains a high amount of ethyl alcohol. So there, Pat!

Well, now I'll tell you what happened on the Sunday after you guys got married.

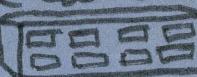


Peace On Earth.



I got sick really bad, but it's kind of funny. We (all of us and relatives) went to breakfast at Mandys (now called Dave and Eddies) and you know how I hate eating breakfast. Well, I ordered a bowl of chili for breakfast because I hate eggs. Everyone thought I was weird. Well, I wasn't feeling too good in the first place and I couldn't finish it. We finally left and all the relatives went except for Uncle Bob and Doris. So at home I didn't feel too good and Susan and Bobby and I were pitching pennies against the door. Then I felt sick so I went to the bathroom and threw up all of the chili. Boy, was it a lot! Then I felt better and came out all ready to go to church. I thought I threw up because of eating chili for breakfast. Well, then I got sick at church so Dad brought me home and I threw up a bunch more times until I kept having dry heaves like you used to get, Boo-Boo. So then I had a fever so I knew I didn't have food poisoning. I was in such pain and agony that I had to go to Doc. Morehead and he gave me a shot right in the butt, so I was still in agony. That shot was so bad that I couldn't even sit on it. Well, then I was sick and stayed home the rest of the week except for one day. I haven't eaten chili since then. I think I'm too scared to, even though the chili didn't really cause my sickness. That's what happened after

your wedding! Ain't it exciting! Well, it sounds like you had a good time in Europe. In with your bags or boxes that were sending you is something I included. I guess you could call it a Christmas present, but you may not like it although I think you, Pat, said you liked that type of thing. Well, if I say more, I'll give it away.

Well, now I'm sick again. Mom thinks I might have pneumonia but I don't think I do. I feel bad but not that bad. I went on two field trips to San Francisco this week. The first was on Wednesday with MR. Underwood in a big station wagon to see the bad ghettos in S.F. We went to Hunters Point, Fillmore district, Chinatown and drove around taking Christie and Peggy to their friends houses in S.F. where they were going to stay. Boy, I never saw shuns like at Hunters Point. Del Paso has some good ones but those old Navy blocks or whatever they are called are too much. They all look like this  Just a big box. There are either no windows or they are all boarded up. They're really ugly. The people living in them just looked out of their windows the whole time. Well, on this field trip, Stan Singleton went. (Remember, he went to Foster Camp) He's so funny. Someday I'll tell you what he does. Well, then the next day all the art classes and MR. Pitels idiot



Peace On Earth.

psychology classes went to S.F. to see the Van Gogh exhibit at De Young museum. Boy, was it crowded! People were actually surrounding that pond in the front of the MUSEUM. It's like that every day they said. But I got to see all of his pictures. It was some painter! It's really much better to see his pictures in person because the texture of all the paint makes the picture be alive. You can't get the same feeling from reproductions. (Oh, the man on KZAP is playing Segovia music!) Well, that was fun and we still had time left over so PENNY Pumphrey (Kirk Pumphrey's little sister believe it or else!) and Terry Kendall and I goofed around the whole time. Penny had never been to the Japanese Tea Gardens so we went. Then we sat drinking tea in that little place for about a whole hour! We kept cracking up. And that's when my cold started coming on. Penny is so funny. She and I cracked up before once when we had to work this popcorn machine for the ART Club. Her father likes popcorn so much that he bought a big popcorn machine like in the stores and makes a special recipe for every Christmas. Oh, guess who I'm pretty good friends with... Teresa (Terry) Rothe. She's in my black literature class and we always goof around together.

Guess what Pat? Mrs. Scari is getting divorced and it's something like her second divorce. She brought this new boyfriend named Don Luis ^{from} _{España} to school to show him off. She's really goofed up. That's not the reason. I've got her all psyched out.

Well there's a lot more to tell you, but I have to go to bed already so I can supposedly get better! There was this cricket in here today that I found on my bed that I couldn't catch and I hope he doesn't jump on my bed again.

Now I woke up. Here's the spicy news. Tom Whelan got horny with me about a month or so ago and wanted to kiss me. Naturally, I wouldn't let him kiss me. I told him what mom told me to tell him if he got romantic with me. I told him I wasn't romantically interested in him. What else could I have done? I wasn't going to let him kiss me. It's kind of sick if you think about it.

Well, guess what! I'm in this thing called El Concilio de los Indios y Chicanos at school. It just got started because the Indians took over the old communications center over here in Davis or really out in the country but in Davis property. They want to start a University for Indians and Chicanos. It's called D.Q.U. and it's a pretty big thing out here. I thought the Concilio was only for Indians and Chicanos but I talked to this teacher about it and he said that I might be ethnically a WASP but spiritually NOT. So I joined. Maybe I'll meet some tall (?) handsome Indian and marry him. Fat chance who ever heard of a tall Indian? I can't believe that Tom Whelan is 6 feet, I'm just as tall as him, if not taller and I sure ain't 6 feet.

I guess what. Joan Baez came to Davis. I didn't see her but I babysat for the Wagstaffs while they went. B.B. King is coming to Davis in February.



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And I heard that Howlin' Wolf died. I'm not sure, though.
Boy, it sure is lonesome with you guys
gone. I sure miss you. I bet you don't miss
Davis at all. Well, I don't mind taking
you up on your offer of staying with you
next summer. It's boring around here.
I pity anyone who is an only child.

Gregory couldn't make it here in Davis, so
he decided to go back home. Oh, you guys
were here when he went back so never
mind.

Tutoring is fun but it is tiring. I give
so many piggy back rides that I practically
collapse.

Well that's all of the news for now. You
guys better write back to me, ok?

LOVE,
ANNIE



← MONKEY

(I don't know how to draw
monkeys very good.)