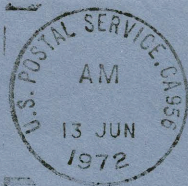


1118 Villanova Drive
Davis, California
95616



Pat and Boo-Boo Clary
632 "A" Street S.E.
Washington D.C. 20003

Dear pat and Boo-Boo,

I decided that I better start brushing up on my typing if I am going to be a secretary or something awful like that for a job. So here it is and I don't know how good it will be. I just got your package today and you sure were tricky the way you wrote fragile all over it. Well, thank you very much for the beautiful purse that was inside of it. I don't ever have to worry about getting new purses because you always get them for me. It sure does smell like real live leather. Pat will get his present as soon as I get it. I ordered it about a month ago so it should be coming soon. I hope it does, at least.

Well, last night was graduation for us. We had to have it at Freeborn Hall because it kept raining here. So the whole thing was rowdier than it normally would have been because nobody knew what he or she was doing. I don't know why I decided to be in it. I guess I thought it would be fun to be in the joke with everyone else. It was pretty absurd, but I've been to more absurd things than that. I wanted to see all of my friends, too and have a good excuse for hugging anyone that I wanted to. And the best part about it was that I brought that trick buzzer that you wind up and then buzz people with when you shake their hand. It's the first time I ever really used it and it sure was fun. Some people looked at my hand before I could buzz them, but the other people I tricked pretty good. It sure was funny. The first person it worked on was Olga Nevarez. Some other people that it worked on were, Mrs. Noda, Mrs. Goetzinger, Jean Jasper and some others that you don't know. Mrs. Goetzinger was the best one of all because she thought I was just so glad to be graduated and that I just wanted to shake her hand and she really jumped when I did it that all the people standing around looked when she screamed. I was going to buzz the people during the ceremony that handed out the diplomas when they shook my hand but our senior class president wanted to do it so I let him use the buzzer. He tried to do it to Mr. Mansfield, but Mansfield saw it



Peace On Earth.

before he could buzz him. Mr. Pytel was there and the day before, I talked to him and he wondered how you and Pat~~z~~ were. He told me to come in and he would show me all these collages he knew of that offer Occupational Therapy. He sure is a funny man. Mr. Crabill always says to say hi to you all. I sure like him a lot. He and I have a lot in common. He seems kind of wise because he has had lots of different kinds of experiences. He's really against the war and he told us how his nephew was killed in it just a few days before he was going to leave. He also told us (when we were talking about euthanasia) how when he was 18, the doctor told him he had 6 months to live and how he felt. He didn't tell us what was wrong with him though. I guess he seems real experienced. He also believes in E.S.P. and all kinds of weird psychic phenomena. And he also is interested in music (he is an ex-music teacher) So anyway I just like him because he's nice. I guess practically every teacher in that whole school knows that you two are married. They seem to all know about you.

I'm glad that you got rid of your motorcycle, Pat. I think they are so dangerous. I hear about accidents all the time. Just the other day, the dude that runs the air war petition, Lee Hamilton, got his big toe ripped off because some dumb person ran a stop light and hit him. He was dumb not to be wearing shoes, but it was still dangerous. I think Volkswagens are fun to drive if you're careful with them. I drove this dude's VW the other day and it stalled every time I showed down or stopped. I told him that I thought I must have forgotten how to drive a stick shift, but then he said that his car was just weird. Well, I'm not having much luck with Mike Mussolf so I guess I'll just kiss him off. He already has a girlfriend anyway, so he probably doesn't want another one right away. I met this other neat dude at this music thing that I went to. (People get together at this man's house and he sings and yodels and plays all this country music.) Well the dude I met is sure talented. He can play the fiddle, the mandolin, the banjo and the

guitar all expertly. And I wouldn't guess that he's much older than you guys. I thought he was nice and he sang such funny songs. I told him he could come over and try out our mandolin and I am going to try and convince him to give me some lessons before he goes back to Hawaii. He ain't a Hawaiin dude, but he grew up in Hawaii. I don't really have my eye on him, but I just want him to come and play some music here. he probably has a girlfriend anyway. Well, it's Manday now and I don't have any special job to go to. I can't decide if I should really pursue any job activities or just take a vacation and wait for a job until when I come and live with you, if I do. I still don't know for sure what I will do next year. I saw "The Last Picture Show" Last night. It was a pretty good movie. It was the best that I have seen in a long time. The other one wasn't so hot. Now that school is out everyone is relieved. Practically all of my friends, well a lot of them are going to Berkeley to school. And I think there might be only one or two of the whole bunch that want to go to college. The others are just going because they don't know what else to do. I think that is a dumb reason to go. It seems like you'd be wasting your time if you don't really know what you're doing. But I guess college is where people find out what they want to do. I have decided for real this time that high school really does not prepare anybody for life. It must do some preparing, but it hasn't done enough. It seems like they babysit us for twelve years and then all of a sudden they throw you out (or let you go) and expect that you will know what to do. Most of the people don't know anything of what to do except that they guess they will go to college because their parents want them to. It seems like a waste that everyone has such limited experience that they don't have any idea of what they want to do in life. I'm not speaking as Miss Experience herself, either. I just know that living with you last summer set me straight on lots of things and I found out that I liked working in the hospital. There's probably other things that I would find interesting to do like maybe working in a prison or something, too. But I think



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I have found that I have been pretty smart to do the things I have done, like tutoring and stuff to see what kind of stuff I do like to do. (Hope I don't sound conceited) I think I know for sure that I don't want to be a regular old teacher. I think I can tell that by being in school for so long. Everyone thinks I should go into art but I know I would be kind of bored being an art teacher in a regular kind of school and I think I would be bored sitting at home all day doing art work. I think I need to be where a bunch of people are or else I'll get bored. I don't know what the answer is for making schools more fun or exciting or I mean making them offer enough stuff so that the people will have some idea of what they want to do in life. Well, so much for that. I guess I'll start ending this letter since I can't think of much of anything else to say. Thanks again for the purse. It sure is neat.

good bye for now. I'll
write again sometime.

LOVE,

Annie Banam

P.S. Old Keith Pirl is moving to San Diego tomorrow. I'll miss him.
Ruth Walker is moving to Rochester New York.
Terri Archer is moving to Atlanta, Georgia. Karen is moving to San Rafael. A whole bunch of people are going already.