

Saturday January 7, 1967 ←

Dear Grandma and Rezi

So Happy New Year which is seven days old.

Man like have you had vacations which you need a vacation to recover from it? If you've spoken to my mother at all I suppose you heard something about it. It all started off with a bang as soon as we stepped into the house from the airport - Stan called and got directions on how to get to N.R. I didn't know that he wanted to stay over the first night and so it took my mother and the whole fam by surprise. Then the circumstances were really good - my mother left for Boston the next morning (came back the same night) Then Stan had to go back to Providence to see a few Prop and I ~~he~~ went ^{with her} to talk to some guys that Dr. Butler referred me to. It gets more and more complicated. (my mother will fill you in on the details) Then my roommate came ~~at~~ supposedly the day after Christmas but didn't arrive till noon the following day. Her boyfriend had picked her up at the airport and they stayed somewhere in N.R. that night - Well that set the scene for the rest of the vacation with my roommate. It was one of the most insulting, frustrating, shameful and disgusting experiences I have ever had. This girl who I know from freshman year and have roomed with for 3 years came to my home and treated my family and my home no less than some kind of motel - where she lived, came and went as this guy would have her. She was absolutely oblivious of the trauma and chaos she was causing - all she had (and still has) is her small world ~~and~~ made up of this guy who ~~so~~ seems to have a very weak ego which she supports through ^{her} hero worship. There were so many things that happened which were so inconsiderate and downright insulting, and she has yet never said anything to me about them.

So of course the idea of another whole semester ~~with~~ rooming with her is quite sickening. On top of this my other two roommates announced that they want to do separate shopping

and cooking because they eat differently and they don't think the finances aren't coming out even. To say the least I feel like I'm being hit ~~in~~ ^{on} the head from a million directions. I'm beginning to doubt whether people are worth the effort - It's like all of a sudden I'm being stabbed in the back by my supposed friends. I've thought about all this jazy a lot and I can understand some of it - It's not like I'm ready to give up but it sure jolted me. (still does)

also my mother said in effect that she didn't like Stan cause she thought he was hostile to her. It might be true but that added to the very pleasant vacation.

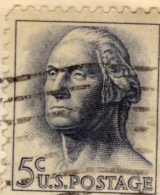
I'm telling you - it was enough to make me want to give up vacations

Tell grandma thanks for the sweater - I've just about worn that blue yellow ^{one} out (~~it~~ it being my favorite) I've decided that your travel clock gift means that I should travel. Right? Ho Ho.

How was your Christmas with the bidkamens?
Has Walter really changed (mellowing at such an early age good grief) If so - why?
Kathi

K. Demoto

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Ann Arbor, Michigan



Fuji

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