

10:00 A.M.

June 4, 1965

Dearest Patricia:

You must think that I'm plain crazy, but still a bit confused would be a better characterization.

I'm just about the "Hill!" This morning, I guess I misunderstood you over the phone, for I envisioned you as at that moment, ready to mount your bike and head for the campus and as having just caught the telephone for my call. And so I acted according to the way I was brought up (as, by & large you do also). For me this meant that you would be at my door in 5 minutes and I should not greet you with my mouth full of food - so I'd wait till you had dropped in and we'd wished each other well - for me that would be no wait of any consequence. If you, full of life and sparkle such a wait was unnecessary and you thought that I would have eaten. Then I thought, per-

haps, when you looked at your clock and saw that it was later than we had thought, you might have felt it imperative to head for school & you might have left a brief note to that effect on your door. So I piled into the car, leaving my keys on the table & drove over to see and — you know the rest. I realized instantly that as usual, when one tries to build in his own mind the pattern of another's thoughts, he practically always blunders — so here I was looking silly and there you were — looking astonished & not knowing how to figure me out.

What started me on my train of thought? Principally comments made to me at the picnic where several faculty members or their wives asked me if I didn't feel a little queer at now being — or almost being on the outside with no way to get back in? Didn't I feel sad — they would have — in my place! Others vouchsafed that they wouldn't expect any change, that I'd be around as usual. To preface all this a week ago one of our profs.

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got me scared by saying that I spoke of my letter of resignation to Dr. Clark at my dinner when I should have said the letter in which I proposed to retire. I was told that legally the State distinguishes between retirement and resignation. The man told me that George Stone, our photographer, also had used the word resignation and that, in consequence he almost lost ~~the~~ all his legal rights to even a penny of retirement pay. — None goes with resignation. It does go with retirement. Mr. Engdahl checked correspondence for me & found that the letter I had written to Sacramento, spoke in terms of retirement so that my future was secure. One that I had written to Dr. Clark had said resignation, but it had been kept in Dr. Clark's office.

Well, as I've told you, there seems to be a conspiracy in our society to completely eliminate a person once he retires and it seemed that again I was being pushed in that direction.

My making the abrupt stops on
Williams (a Reed?) Street and scaring
the daylights out of you when we
started for the picnic hadn't helped
things any, and as I told you I paid in
regrets and feeling badly about it all
the rest of Wednesday, Wednesday night
& Thursday morning. For here I was, in-
secure again, seeing my resources
disappear, facing the inability (if my
concerns proved correct) of helping you
any more — and of losing your esteem
and affection (declared in your little
notes with the pictures you've given me) —
and so much appreciated, — also think-
ing I'd be unable to help you now
and the kids any more and I've come to
be about as fond of them as you are —
so here I was — heading for emptiness
again — and needing the reassurance
that your cheerful self always pre-
sents to me. So — jump on me with both feet —
tell me how silly I have been — that I need
only to let you call the plays — and then try to
understand a persons in my position, Mrs.
DeVoss nearly starved to death by having all
retirement income shut off and I had that in the
back of my head too — not for myself but for all I hold dear.
So I look at me + please forgive — Love — Carl