

You have such a light sensitive touch in your poetry.
I love the little verse with
my birthday gift.
Carl.

Saturday Morning
November 7, 1964

My dearest Patricia:

You have to be the dearest
one, for you're the only one I have and I'm
so proud that you found the father-
daughter relationship acceptable. I'm so
proud I could just "bust my buttons!"
And last night in your new trenchcoat
and with your new bag and gloves
you were as stunningly smart
as any girl ever was!

I was most pleased to have you with
me last night — not only because I
always feel good when I am able to
take you to dinner and I did want
you to meet Barbara and Woodrow (that
was really all I had in mind when I first
asked you if you'd be my guest the next
time I had dinner with them), but also,
as I have got to thinking lately —
with their College background and variety

of experiences across the country, they'd
more readily understand my desire to
act as a "new father" (your words) to you and
to have a daughter to whom I could
direct much of my affections — than
anyone else in the family. Anything
that filters out from these two to the
other and more curious of my relatives
will be all to the good. It will do much
to dispel any misgivings anyone may
have had as to the nature of the young
lady of whom I had become "enamored"
when Louise De Soto made her unwise,
and cruel attack on your personality.
And you — loyal trooper that you are
visited me in the hospital the very
next day and revealed nothing but
sweetness and light! I shall not
forgive Louise and I shall be forever
grateful to you! You came through the
fire — bright and shining!

It was dear and sweet of you
to give me the tie-tack for my birth-
day. As soon as I can get your ideas
on the matter, I shall have my initials

engraved on it and I shall wear it
proudly - as I now wear the gold
till clasp that you gave me. and as
I look with pride at the dangle earrings
that you wore for me last night they
so enhance your beautiful face!
You must have been inwardly amused
at my ignorance of how a tie tack works.
I'd seen plenty of them, but I'd never
investigated the construction of one or
learned how it is put on. Now I'll have
to get me a couple of Ernst tries to set
mine off and I'll wear them as you
can see how much I appreciate
the tie-tack.

This morning is a beautiful day out
here on the ranch at Capetino and,
looking out my bedroom window at the
growing carpet of new green grass,
weeds, and wild flowers, brought into
activity by our recent rains I'm
reminded of a verse that often is
taught to children. I think you
must have become familiar with
it, but I frequently meet persons -

even teachers - who've never heard it before,
so, on the chance that it might be
new to you - Here it is!

"In the heart of a seed
Buried deep - ~~so~~ deep!
A dear little plant lay fast asleep.
Wake! said the sunshine
And creep to the light.
Wake! said the voice of the raindrops bright
The little plant woke
And arose to see
What the wonderful outside
World might be!"

The sprouting of the millions and
millions of tiny seeds that lie dry and
inactive in the dusty earth while the
hot days of summer & early fall come
and go - is a perennial marvel to me.
And though I know - in terms of "the colloidal
swelling of tissues under the influence of
water" - how it happens, the wonder
of it never ceases and the beauty of this
little poem grows with each passing year.
And - all the remaining days of my life -
in the words of a song popular a few years
ago - "I'll spend all my hours, among fragrant
flowers - And I'll be reminded of you." - As always
Carl.