

October 7, 1964

Dearest Patricia:

you know - last evening, it was my pleasure to have as dinner guest quite the prettiest and most charming young lady I've met in a good forty years. There seemed to be no end of exciting things to talk about and the time just flew. All too soon it was time to return her to her apartment so that she could "hit the books" to prepare for another day of classes.

In walking back to the car, though, she revealed again a trait that I had previously discovered to be one of her characteristics, and one that is far too rare in either ~~of~~ the young people or the old timers like me in this brash new materialistic age of ours, namely that she is highly sensitive to and appreciative of all forms and experiences of esthetic beauty. Nothing could delight me more;

The tiny alto-cumulus clouds drifting across the sky and declaring that the first of our autumn storm fronts was arriving, as well as the refreshing coolness of the air that reinforced the clouds'

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testimony were colored in a thousand delicate nuances of tonal qualities and these delighted her almost as if she were a small child. Together we drank in the stimulating air in the few minutes left to us to enjoy it. Then we parted, she to her studies, I to the College to make a phone call to her mother about a little deal we had concerning some celery juice; also to lay the initial plans for a dinner for her young brother, Leon, and an evening to get acquainted with a remarkable collection of electric trains owned by a friend and former student of mine.

But as I crossed from the parking lot to the Natural Science Building, and a quarter of an hour later as I returned to my car, the changing patterns of beauty in the sky continued, and this I thought you'd be interested to hear about. The clouds had changed - as clouds always do - merging into near solid masses. Projecting downward from their under surfaces were numerous little tuft-like excursions, like tiny bits of nap raised on the surface of a woolly fabric, or tiny

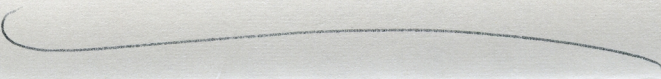
tufts of hair³ that one might comb
up from the curly mop of a small child
or from the coat of a somewhat woolly
dog. Each of these was suffused with
a yellowish to apricot glow from the
last rays of the now setting sun. Nothing
glamboyant or spectacular but rich
and lovely and warming to the heart of
a sensitive soul.

As I came back, all the clouds no
matter what their size had sunk to a
dull soft gray. Behind them, though,
and stretching from horizon to horizon,
the sky itself had taken on a strange
and rich beauty. Its color suggested
some sort of an alloy between old
silver and old gold. Against this as a
background the gray clouds were hung.
The whole gave forth a pervasive
feeling of richness and warmth.

There is an ancient Chinese pro-
verb that says, "If I keep a green
bough in my heart, the singing bird
will come." For many years I have
kept a green bough and nurtured
it to preserve its greenness. And now,

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whenever I lift my eyes and
look at the green bough, the bird
is always there - singing.

I thought this might interest you.

Goodnight, darling and sweet
dreams.  Carl