

Friday 3:45

Dearest Patricia:

I'm sorry I woke you, but when I saw that your window curtain was up, I thought I'd give you the extra Spartan Daily I'd picked up for you instead of just shoving it under the door as I had at first intended. I really hadn't expected to find you home, though I knew you'd be needing a nap. I took one - with much profit. You looked so-o-o-tired and sleepy. Hope you had a good restful sleep.

The dinner last night was perfect! I lunched on part of what was left today. It is still very good and tasty but there was much too much for me, so if you do drop in Sunday - as I'm hoping you will, there'll still be plenty. I'm leaving Sunday open in case you do come over but I've promised to go to dinner tonight with (or really off) Hilda Hardcastle's in Las Altos. She's the famous prinny teacher of San Mateo & Santa Clara Counties, who for years included a dachshund dog

as an indispensable part of her teaching equipment. She has been such a superior teacher that the most "proper" man I've ever known as a principal was glad to get her on his staff — with the dog. Her husband (now deceased about 8 years) was one of the fine piano tuners on the Peninsula. He was often called to S.F. to tune a piano when a famous singer such as Lily Pons was scheduled to sing.

Saturday evening, I'll have dinner with the Gales, where I stayed about 3 days before I went into San Jose Hospital last year. However, I'm keeping Sunday ^{open} just in case you drop in. When I was last at Original Joe's — Wednesday evening, I think, — my toast to you was:

To my beautiful one, whose beauty defies characterization; to my serene one, whose serenity is revealed not only by her straightforward gaze with which she confronts every one, but by her world which she constructs in such a manner that there is a place in it for everyone whom she judges to belong therein and who dismisses all who do not earn a place in it — a toast. May

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you live forever — or at least through-
out my forever and always have a
place for me deep within your world —
and may I always merit that place
— as long, that is, as I can merit
anything; and at the last may you
look upon me with sympathy, under-
standing and kindness, so that
in a friendly way, you may
regret as I shall, that there should
ever come an end to so friendly
a relationship.

(Much later, since my earlier nap
proved insufficient and I took a
second nap that lasted until I just
had time enough to get to my dinner
date)

Good luck, good night, sweet
dreams and — I'll be seeing you.
Love — Carl.