

Sunday - what matters
the time of day?

Dear embodiment of all
that's poetic and beautiful!

Blessings on you - wherever you
are - today - tomorrow - and every
hour of every day when you are not in my
sight! The blessings are shared whenever
you can afford me a few minutes or hours.

Someone said, some years ago - as doubt-
less you know full well - that "Men are
only boys grown tall." This I often realize when
I think of you or when, in your presence -
or looking forward to it, I try to formulate
ways to present myself to you and momen-
tarily to escape the barriers that time and
circumstance seem always to place be-
tween people - not the protective devices to
which everyone is entitled as shelter for his
inner being, but the barriers that grow
out of the semantics of life.

And now - even now I feel a timidity
expressed in the hope that you will understand
fully what I am trying to say. I asked once
that you never close the doors against my
including you within the poetry that
that is a part of me and always looking
for a medium through which to be
revealed. - I've had no reason to believe

that you ever would shut me out - and perhaps when I voice ~~at~~ such things I am only revealing that, with individuals everywhere who have lost something of their places in life, a loneliness creeps in and hovers around to fill any void that develops.

And really now, that I have got these feelings on paper, I suddenly feel a calm - and a surge of happiness that, because it is inspired by you, lifts me up! You are in my poetry because you are my poetry to a large extent. And I'm sure that this pleases you.

Perhaps I feel so, because my expressions of affection & love, that were not clear in nature at first, have gradually been giving place to a more normal(?) expression in a father-daughter relationship! This I have much desired as it can exist alongside and reinforce the sense of companionship between us that knows no time or place or climate except that of equality of or in confrontation. This is why your occasional appearance for breakfast and your cheery leave taking after a few minutes of conversation over tea 'n' trimmings - so delights me!

Now - "Men are only boys grown tall." and you are the most delightful little girl I've ever known, grown "almost" tall, who has at the same time developed for

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herself the most amazing character:
marked by strength and beauty and a
clear seeing eye — And with it all you've
developed a surprising measure of
maturity — this is what your character
really says to me — and it is true
character and maturity — and not
the ordinary relinquishment of the
spirit of adventure + forward looking,
the eagerness + ambition of the young per-
son. You've not begun to lose any
worth while ideals or illusions though you
may have added some, or replaced worn
out illusions with better ones! Result? You
combine the delightfulness of a child and
the freshness of youth with the promise of
a lively future. Don't ever lose the com-
bination. Persons who possess these qual-
ities are above all others, the salt of
the earth' and the hope of humankind.
I bow before you ~~and~~ in admiration
and deepest affection and humility — Thou
kindred spirit! Dare I say this much
at my age and with the barriers, or rather
against them — that the sea of human
mediocrity attempts to build around
a person like me? — Yes, I dare, and
I shall continue so to do so long as you
approve and with your "leased wife" to the

pulse of the oncoming generation, are willing - increasingly so - to speak out and give me guidance - as you have many times already.!)

And now to the "practical" things. This coming Saturday (Mar. 27) when we go to the Mandolin Orchestra's concert in Redwood City, Mrs. Ann Roselle will be expecting us to dinner at 5:30 so we should leave here between 4:30 and 4:45. That will give time for a leisurely hour of dinner & conversation, after which they will lead the way (by the route they think is the best) to the Veteran's memorial auditorium where the concert will be held. I'll drive & follow because they'll have a car full and anyway, we'll want to be independent after we get there. Neither they nor we should be constrained in deciding what to do or when to leave afterward. You'll find the Roselle's - especially Ann - as free and friendly as anyone you might wish.

Now - incidentally - (There's that word again!) please be informed that my hostel now possesses a new spool of dental floss and a couple of packs of gum against any need that you might have for either again!

The bottom of the page is approaching so to you Patricia - whose person & personality are as musical as your name - to you, my wish for "All things bright and beautiful". I'm already anticipating breakfast! (Interjection: I heard a tufted titmouse singing a few minutes ago - over the general noise) Love Carl.