

Give me a ring
when you come in
just so I'll know
you're home again

Sunday 12:35 PM.
January 2, 1966

Dearest Patricia:

Although I hope that you've been having (and will up to the last minute) a wonderful time, in spite of the weather I shall be glad to see you again when you get home. I've missed the brief phone calls + contacts and I'll be looking forward to our next dinner when I'll hear from you as much as time + circumstance permit about your trips up + back and your time in the Tahoe area.

I'm glad that yesterday and today have been relatively clear days - at least here - for that means they've been better days than Thursday + Friday in the Sierra. Late Friday the weather broke here, the sun came out and we were treated to a constantly changing panorama of gorgeous clouds. I thought of you over + over as I looked at them because you enjoy the clouds so much. Also, I felt a bit envious, for I'm beginning to feel good enough to look forward to the days when I'll be able to hike again at a brisk pace, to carry a sleeping bag + to camp out!

I hope that, soon you'll come to breakfast again - for "Constant Comment" and to see my cards that now cover close to half of the wall by my table - some 86 of them!

Actually I shouldn't count a couple because they are baby announcements and one from K PFA. ("Greetings & Solicitations") which is as much commercial as anything.

The New Year's Eve, I celebrated with the Tildens in east San Jose. Ron Stecher & his wife (very pretty & animated) were also present. We talked about a lot of things, laughed a lot over good humor, but mostly listened to the Tilden collection of records - especially a wide assortment of excellent jazz, including Count Basie & Thelonius Monk! Bill Tilden, I believe I've told you, played in pop orchestras & combos for many years & knows a lot about the history of jazz, the development of particular jazz movements, & many of the notable players, a few of whom he knows personally. I find him a fascinating person to talk music with - or just to listen to. I think you'd enjoy knowing the whole Tilden family - & would be at complete ease with them all. They are all individuals - Bill & their daughter (5th or 6th grade) are "characters" when at home & among friends. All 5 - Bill, Hazel, Bruce, Jim, & Jan, are independent personalities. The kids are not in the least inhibited, but are well behaved - not wild. The older boy (still in high school) is an accomplished collector of beetles & uses technical literature better than most college ent majors - his collections are beautifully put up. He kept Ron Stecher completely absorbed for an hour. Jim - also in high school but a year or two younger - is quite

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different - more studious - but an
avid athlete (he holds the mile record for
the James Rick H.S.) and a superior
player of ping pong. Also something
of a genuine artist. He has designed
& carved (of hardwood) two beautiful vases,
one an idealized bird about 2 ft. tall.
Jan, the girl, seems to be all play & fun.
But I presume she has talents too.
Hazel (the Mrs.) is always friendly, full of good
humor, an excellent hostess & always
seems to have everything under control.
Nevertheless she finds quite a lot of time to
visit with her guests. Bill has an excellent
sense of humor (shown in some of his record
selections) - for that matter all of them have
a good sense of humor. Bill can shift in-
stantly from light hearted to serious things,
if someone wants the latter - he looks at
the whole of life, but he's not a crusader.
I'll manage, if you're interested, to find
a time to take you to visit them before
the College year is out. You'll not regret
it. We all made our share of noise at the
moment of 12, Sticker's stayed till nearly
two, when they had to relieve their baby
sitter; I didn't get away till 7:30.
Hazel insisted on making some Date (?)
coffee for me as the temperature had dropped

outside and she didn't want me to risk irritating my throat unnecessarily when I started home. More talk + music stretched the time from 2:00 to 3:00. Bill + Hazel admired the scarf - of which I'm very proud. I wear it everywhere when the air is chilly.

When I did go out to start home, my entire car was covered with ice, the last of the rain frozen on the car. So I had to return to the Tilden's for some hot water. I took a towel to be wet with hot water for me, but Bill brought out a teakettle of hot water + poured it over the rear window and the wind shield + some of the side windows of the car. I started the motor + the windshield wipers + could see clearly everywhere as I drove home. Didn't get up till 10:00 on Saturday.

Had a visit Saturday P.M. by George Malouf (Lebanese student - I think he was in your class but it could have been the year before). He was one of the boys who had the Arab booth at the U.N. festival at the Fair grounds - the one that got closed up - a very nice, well-balanced, chap - with a good mind. We visited a couple of hours + parted with New Year's wishes. I think he also is a type you'd enjoy knowing. Well, darling here, is the end of my paper. All my love - Carl.