

September 1, 1965
Wednesday Evening.

My darling Patricia:

A few minutes ago, we parted company - always still an event that is tinged slightly with sadness for me, for this is perhaps one of the existentialist absurdities of life - What if I should never see you again? But I am not nearly so affected as I was a few months back for I now feel that I am securely included in your circle of affections and that our relationships are steadily growing better. When you told me that you were beginning to discover that I was priceless to you - my cups was full. I love you for saying that and I sincerely hope that I shall more and more be able to justify your feeling as time passes. You now are beginning to experience what I believe any daughter should be able to feel in relation to a father and which you have never known and too few

otherwise experience fully. Only you are much more than a daughter to me — you are such a splendid companion with ideas of your own and the fearlessness to express them as an equal. I admire and treasure your independence. Just let me see or talk to you briefly a couple of times a week in addition to our weekly dinner period and you'll "save my soul." or let me take you to an occasional extra event such as a movie, an opera, an ice follies show etc. And let me share with you in doing something for your mother and little brothers — as today. Georgie's birthday and everything involved in the day from stuffing oleander branches into the garbage cans to opening presents was so thoroughly enjoyable, I could hardly ask for more.

Perhaps I should end by quoting a non-remembered poet, as I did once before:
'Sea-roses growing on a high white cliff,
White snow drops over snow —
But similes like these
Are stock in trade with all poets —

Why should I not just say
That you are fine exceedingly,
And all that matters
In heaven and earth to me?"

I shall proceed as rapidly as
I can to get my little plot of
real estate in Menlo Park clearly
assigned to me and make out the
papers that will turn it over to
you and similarly prepare the
papers that will secure the place
at 457 Los Padres to give security
to your mother and the boys while
they grow up — even if I live to
be a hundred, which is unlikely —
but I expect to establish myself
as a productive and needed and
wanted individual even though I
am retired. I am beginning to feel
that I can accomplish what I want

to do for you and your mom and
the boys, in a way that will be
as gratifying as anything I could
possibly accomplish. Material things
I care little for — "The best things in
life come free" — at least they are
earned, not bought. And what
could be a better culmination of a
life's work than such an accom-
plishment.

As I have told you, my favored &
most beloved young relatives such as
Sandra & Lindy and my sisters will
understand and accept my wishes.
Those who can not, I can forget about.
I hope time & circumstances will make
it possible some time for you to meet
& know & appreciate the ones I really
care for as they have justified my
feelings & you will enjoy knowing
them.

I'll show you the deed to 457 Los Padres
& the other legal papers I have and will
get soon but I feel that all is going well.
And now to you who are a darling and
in a real & proper sense my darling,
Goodnight, sweet dreams and the best
of everything. I'll see you at 10: tomorrow.
Love — Carl.