

I hope
you get
your glancing
in this week
& have a wonderful
week-end in
the impending
storm.
Love
Carol.

In der Mitte des Nachtes
January 22-23, 1965.
Sainte Claire Hotel

Dearest Patricia:

"To the most beautiful young
lady I have ever known who in my mind's
eye sits opposite me, as she has done
many times in the past and I hope & trust
will again in the future, a toast to you
and your years that lie ahead" — Such
was the toast with which I began my dinner
at Original Joe's this evening. You have
never been more beautiful, it seems, than
you were at the Hawaiian Gardens Wednes-
day. That was such a lovely evening!
You know — or I presume that you
know — at least you have read that it is
so, and perhaps your mother or one or more
of the boys whom you have liked and trusted,
has told you — such beauty as yours is
both an asset and a liability. It is a
gift from the gods — one of the rare gifts
of nature that is conferred on only a most
unusual girl. So many who are
even partially so gifted lose their heads
over the realization. It is my earnest

hope and prayer that you never do.
You haven't yet. Perhaps the strength
& assurance you have got from your
mother plus your religious training
as well as the sense of independence and
balance you have developed in your
own personality have provided you with the
shield & protection that you need - to
know that you are lovely and yet
neither to misuse it into wrongly sway-
ing the young men you meet (May I
include myself?) and who look at you
with the wonderment of one viewing a
miracle (what else?) or in letting one
of the more brash ones topple you from
your proper base. Continue to let your-
self be appreciated, my dear, but retain
always your balance and humility
in the possession of a divine gift. Others
are not necessarily any the less worthy
because they lack the superlativeness
that is yours - as well you know -
but yours could be tarnished by conceit
were you ever - as now there seems
no probability - to fall prey to it. So,
in the words of the song of a few years ago,
"Stay as sweet as you are! Don't
let a thing ever change you" - in this

respect - And you will grow more lovely as the years go by and a greater maturity and more experience mellow your appearance and light your face with sympathy, understanding and compassion in ever greater measure.

And I hope earnestly - that before many years pass (while yet I have a chance to see it happen!) that you may reach a decision on the goals in life you want to strive for and that you are able to lay a course that will take you surely to those goals. You still are uncertain - but then 24 is not an age to bring worry over such a matter - you still are searching, searching, searching, with your eyes ever roaming, the or better perhaps, scanning the horizon, eager to explore every object that appears and to meet + know every person that comes your way. I tremble in wardly sometimes for your safety - in this increasingly complex & increasingly troubled world, peopled by such a mixture of individuals many of whom have neither judgment, nor appreciation, nor standards, nor

pity, nor morals. I pray breathlessly
+ always hope that you'll continue
to be able to hold your own with the
sheer force of your openness of countenance.
But I trust also that as the world
becomes more troubled in the next few
years, as it will, that fate never finds
or leads you into a place like the Congo,
or some parts of Asia or South America
— or our own big city slums and
dark corners. I hope that there'll always
be some trusted and trustworthy man
who is your friend + with whom you
maintain contact or whom you
can call — quickly — if need comes.
I'd like to be counted in (I'm really
improving now) as long as I can —
but I can't + shouldn't be the one
and only. I ask only that you keep
me where I am — in your affections —
for whatever I'm worth as long as I'm
worth it. And I hope that when the time
comes, I'll still have the good sense to
withdraw so that I'll not be a liability.
The enclosed letter ("non reclame"
"nicht abgeholt" etc.) that I sent to

Europe last November³ hoping it would
reach Jon Greenough & that was returned
to me yesterday — you will find interesting.
You may give it if you wish. I sent him
an assortment of my haiku poems —
leaving out only the more personal ones
that I directed to you, so it's contents
are something the three of us share
— or will as soon as Jon gets back to
the U.S. and the letter can be turned over
to him.

I do hope your Mom likes her new
social worker & gets over her current
nervous excitement soon. She seemed
so happy when I took out the last two
batches of groceries, etc. & had dinner
with the family — though she did tell me
that for some reason — perhaps the fact
that a male social worker was sent out
just with the implication that she might
have to work with him or forfeit her rights
to the service, she was feeling the begin-
ning of disturbance again. Your com-
ments about my imitating Morty
& telling your Mom about Dr.
Mewald's wanting the bird book

worry me a bit in this connection.
I'm sure Motty wasn't disturbed
because he later stood beside me quite
on his own + hugged my leg + gazed
at me. I knew also that you Mom
would be concerned over the request
to get the bird back + I meant to be
gentle in telling her, but she asked
me immediately "What's he going
to do with it?" and I had to tell her.
However he was kind enough to give her
another - + a stronger bird.

Anyway, as soon as things improve
I'd like to visit them again - so I'll
have to depend on you to let me know.
Would it be O.K. to telephone or shall I
just wait for her to phone me? I could
make a ^{very} brief call + you could check
for reactions - but whatever you say
I'll do. But I do miss the little
brothess + Connie + wonder what they'll
think if a long time passes before
they see or hear me again.

Well, my beautiful, I'll see
you Monday. I have a hunch you'll do
better on this exam in Ent 50 and I'm
pulling for you with all I've got on European
Civilisations. — Love Carl.