

Sunday A.M. Aug. 23, 1964

Dearest Patricia:
You were so sweet to see me off
at San Francisco! As I told you, there is no one
I would have preferred as a companion on the way
up - I loved your singing - It all made me feel
so warm & snug inside - and our little visit
in the cocktail room I'd have prolonged
by the hour did Fate permit such things to be.
I can still see your face framed in your
little shawl across the table. And though, as
you requested, I'll not embarrass you
with prolonged tribute, you'll surely permit me
to say that, whether it's justified in your mind
or not, to me, you're still the sweetest thing
I know this side of Heaven.
"There's beauty in the love that freely gives
And knows no sacrifice."

I hope by now, you are able to realize that
this is the only spirit in which I offer love to
you. I am sure that - if you can just be
patient with me - and give me time - I'll
be able to prove this to you so that you'll not
need to feel any cause for embarrassment (I
looked it up - the r is doubled), but do let me at times
show my affection for you. You said that, as I freely
wait for a child to come to me, I should wait
for you and let you come to me. This I'll be most
happy to do, as the last thing on earth I'd want
to do would be to press attention on you
and so to repel you. If I were to blunder

into such an error, I'd never forgive myself and I'd cry inside for the rest of my days over my stupidity. So I'll try to take my cues from you and follow your guidance. I felt lifted to the skies when at your Aunt's in Oxnard and at the Motel in Long Beach, you offered your affection to me - the little hug, the hand clasps, and the soft little caressing kiss on the cheek - are manna to my soul.

And now I'll change to another vein. I hope you'll not feel I've overdone this, for I had to tell you once to make myself clear. I'll not have to do this again. Hereafter I'll just try to show you by word and action that you do not need to maintain any guard against me whatsoever, that you really can "trust me utterly."

My trip was smooth & uneventful all the way. The plane had hardly gotten to the San Joaquin Valley after its swing across the Bay when I fell asleep. I slept soundly and didn't waken till I heard the stewardess say, "Please fasten your seat belts as we are beginning the descent to Chicago."

To my surprise it was raining. The streets over which we shot and the O'Hare Field were wet and shining. The rain has continued since I arrived in Bloomington, with some thunder

and lightning, and lots of rain in
light showers and in heavy down pours.
We all went to a party at ~~some~~
the apartment of one of Sandia & Dave's
young friends in physics. The assorted
wives and I were the only non-physicists
present. Nevertheless it was a very lively
party with much discussion & making
of wits over such subjects as music,
plays, movies, Beatles, race relations,
politics, population, etc. etc. etc. Sandia
& Dave cultivate only live wires for their
friends. It was the kind (or one kind) of
party that you'd enjoy to the last minute,
I'm sure. Countries represented included
India, Germany, Italy & then beside
the U.S. Not a dull person or a dull
moment — and an ample assortment
of cocktails on the making, dips, etc. &
go with!

Well it took just 2 1/2 hours to reestab-
lish full diplomatic confidence with my
tiny niece, Carrie (Sandia's daughter)
not quite 13 mo. old, who saw me
last in January. She is quite pretty.

as pictures I'll bring home will show
very happy and most animated.
She doesn't walk but runs almost
everywhere and is quite sure-footed.
She is a most lovable little doll.
Sandra says that recently she went
through a shy period as babies often
do and that she made up to me
in nearly record time. I doubt if
she remembered me though I might
have seemed more familiar to her
than some other adults. However
I have never yet been repelled for
more than a short while by any child
I've ever met. We always become
good friends soon and I don't
believe any child has ever had cause
to question his or her confidence
in me, once it has been established.

That's all the news for the moment.
If more develops, I'll write again, but
before long I'll be able to get back before
any more mail can.

In the meanwhile I'll hold my
vision of you in my heart (please let me
say this) — for I love you truly
Sincerely
Carl

I've reached p. 142
of "Wanderlust."