

Jan. 7, 1965
11:25 P.M.
Dearest Patricia:

I'm disturbed
and lonesome and mixed
up tonight, so I've got to
write you. I phoned earlier
& got a strange, almost mono-
syllabic response from
Sylvia who said you had
gone out - she didn't know
where, so I asked her to leave
you a note to call me when
you come in - no matter
what time it might be.

But knowing how con-
siderate you are of me and
how you might feel if it
were real late that you
shouldn't disturb me - I'm
writing to you anyway,

even if I have the chance
to say the same things to you
a little later, if you do
call me, as I hope you will.

I called your mom earlier
in the evening and talked
with her a long time about
a good many things. She's
one of the easiest persons
I know to talk with and
I think we could go on at
times for hours - all of
which makes me feel
good & relaxed more or
less. I told her what
I feel very sincerely -
that I'd like to feel
like one of her family &
would certainly be so
if the thought was agreeable

to her. This seemed to please
her so now I have the
feeling that I can visit
most any day (not too
often of course) & take an
assortment of vegetables
fruits, etc. as I'd like to
do. Of course I've been
doing this but there's
never been any formal
understanding about
it and I wanted to make
sure I wasn't just
inserting (strange usage?) my-
self into the family with-
out really being welcomed.
I think she was pleased -
at any rate I think in
a very real sense I am
one of the family now.

However, I learned incidentally that you had got your paper back on the European Civ. class today and the result wasn't good & so, you were pretty much disturbed & shaken by it. So this put me on pins & needles because anything that hurts you, hurts me - truly & deeply.

Please, darling, when anything like this happens, or anything else that is in the nature of misfortune, let me share it & help in what way I can, feel or otherwise to ease or improve the situation. This, I beg of you. I wish for

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nothing so much as to
help comfort you & to help
you over the rough spots
whatever they may be. —
as a father ought to be
able to do for a daughter
— or as I feel I ought
to be able to do for you
regardless, simply
because I love you so
deeply.

You told me once that
when you first got acquaint-
ed with Al, that you just
poured out your heart to
him and it helped a great
deal. Please let me be one
to whom you just let
down & open up & pour

out your feelings. It will
help you gain strength
and it will make me very
happy to be able to do some-
thing for you. I'll cancel
any arrangements I have
outsid of my classes, which
I can't cancel - as you under-
stand. - But nothing else
that I do & no ^{other} obligations
I have are one tenth as
important to me as
you are. Come to or phone
me at the office or any
where I might be & I'll
drop whatever I'm doing
& meet you anywhere
you say whenever you
say. We can get in my

can + take a ride for
how or two or as long as
you want + wherever you'd
like and you can just
lay your head on my shoulder
+ spill anything in your
heart that's troubling
you. It will not cure
everything but it will
go a long way to help. I'm
sure that scholastically
you are just suffering
from psychological
blocks that go back a
long way into the past -
and sooner or later if you
will just let me we
can unearth the origin
of the blocks and then

they will just disappear.
I've had no such experience -
or rather several and I know
this can happen. Each time it
does the world just grows
wider for you and becomes
more beautiful. So
please, please take me
all the way into your
heart & let me help!

I'll be all trembling &
uncertain inside un-
til I can see you ^{tomorrow} & know
that, within limits, at
least, you are all right.

Maybe you've phoned
Al & he is helping you
tonight. This I fervently
hope, or else I hope
that you are using your

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remendous personal strength to stoically hang on till you can decide what to do. The end of the semester is still some distance away and I suspect that all is not yet lost though your prospects may look pretty grim. But don't do anything rash & do put some real trust in me.

My impression of you improved with every paper I get from you, as you can judge from the last two. If you'd rather not have them handed back to you in class, I can give them to you

outside of class. From what
you've told me I know
some of the lazy louts in
class are trying to parasi-
tize you because (probably)
they've seen the scores on a
couple of your papers - and
I'll do anything I can to
help protect you from that.
You are too good to people
who try to take advantage
of you. I'd like to see you
find a way to cut off
+ turn away any & all
who have no real reason
to take your time & whom
you do not yourself want
to come see you. Certainly
you are under no obliga-

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tion whatever to turn over
any thing at all of your
work - not even a para-
graph or a word or two to
anyone who doesn't deserve
it and doesn't fully respect
it.

One thing I wanted to
tell you when I called was
that I paid a deposit to-
day on an apartment -
only instead of the 1st one
on the left ^(no 7) as I thought, it is
the one directly opposite across
the driveway (no 16.) With it
goes car port & locker No
16. Also I may be able to
get into it a few days

before February 1. The boy
who has it now plans to
vacate — so thinks the Land-
lady, Mrs Marshall — as soon
as his finals are over. Soon
as she knows she will
phone me at the college so I
can begin to move in. I'll
not get occupancy till she
has satisfied herself that
she has the place clean enough
to rent her — and that may
take a couple of days.

When I left Original Joe's
after dinner tonight — since
I hadn't seen you or been
able to contact you during
the day — (no doubt if I'd
phoned early enough or at

the right time this P.M. I'd
have been able to) I had
a truly lonesome, homesick
feeling. Then as I returned
to my room, I almost
choked up inside as I
suddenly realized & the
words came out - "But
I'll see her tomorrow, at
class!" So don't disap-
point me. And let's be
sure to set up some sort
of schedule that will
enable you to share a little
more of your life with me
regularly - so that I
can be of more help. I
feel more or less helpless

now, mostly because I
feel so uncertain about
making demands on your
time, — but if you'll give
the permission or lay down
the conditions, I'll know better
where I stand. Of course if I
were 20 or 30 years younger,
this wouldn't be a problem.

At times I wish desperately
that human beings could
live with enough trust &
confidence that I could
maintain an apartment
for you as my father could
do for a daughter but I
know too well that couldn't
be done. Perhaps, though
once I get into my apart—

ment & you could really
cook & share a meal with
me occasionally, we could
come ~~at~~ a little closer
together.

After the experience with
Louise DeSoto, though & seeing
what jealousy can do
I know there isn't a prayer
of a chance of doing anything
more. I'll never forgive
Louise for what she did —
as I believe she knows —
and if it weren't for the
shock my withdrawal
would work in the kids —
I'd not go back at all any
time. If it's important
enough to you — and
you say the word, I'll

make it plainer than ever
to Louise that the only
reason I'm still calling
occasionally is Sylvia &
Sydney. They are two sweet
kids who have a pretty hard
time every once in a while
understanding their mother
and guessing what they
must do to be "good" in
their mother's eyes.

Well darling, I'll keep
my ear cocked for the tele-
phone & hope you do call. - I
don't care when. Otherwise
I'll try to contact you by
phone in the morning before
you go to school and I'll
"look" hard for you wherever
I go till I see you again.
With all my love
Carl