

P.1 Message no 2. July 30, 1964

Cambria Pines Lodge

Post Office Box X
CAMBRIA, CALIFORNIA
93428

#10-Cambria Pines (not Downing St.)

Dearest Patricia: you'd never guess what is "looking" at me across the corner of the writing desk in my cabin! It's a pink carnation, now a little the worse for wear but still a thing of beauty - even though it be true that "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder." In this case it's also in the eyes of the one for whom this particular carnation is a symbol. It was sweet of you to give it to me. As I look at it I think of you as you and Connie prepare for and anticipate your joyous week end.

Thoughts on looking at the photo on the postcard that's message no 1.

Streaking through limitless space
On the incredible wings of light,
Through billions of years in ages past
And yet more billions still to come,
Energy from the countless stars,
Of which our sun is one,
That people the vastness of the
Heavens, powers the Universe!
Galaxies spin majestically and
silently,

Or "noisily" as our radio telescopes declare.
The cosmic inhabitants of our universe
Race outward in ever-expanding
patterns
through billions of light years
of space and time.

And on our little earth -
Tiny speck in the enormous
Reaches of the Milky Way,
Sun energy moves all things,
Thronging atoms, ions, molecules,
Inert and helpless in themselves
Respond to magic impulse from the sun.
Write in diverse ways
To nourish every living thing,
Become their sun and substance,
Their breath of life, the while
They grow, diversify, evolve
and reproduce
Baffle, frustrate and inspire
in giving man.
Nothing escapes the driving uni-
versal force!

The countless molecules of
atmospheric gases
swirl round the earth in
currents, winds, cyclones, or hurricanes

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Or, gentler than the zephyr's breath,
 Await their time in silent calm,
 While seas grow glassy still
 And on their mirror surfaces
 Show distant stars as points of light.
 Again, they lash the oceans in
 demonic fury
 Hurling waves that gnaw the shores
 Reducing them to sediments
 And cutting continents to bits
 To lie for ages 'neath the restless deep.
 Throughout all this creating
^{ever-changing} scenes of beauty to regale
 The mind of sentient and
 appreciative man;
 To bring him to his knees
 In awe and wonder
As to how such things may be!

The wonder of the universe is
 truly great, but no part more so
 than the beauty that is a lovely maid!

Many scenes like that in Message
#1 there be, along the rockbound
coast from Carmel to Cambria.
But there's only one Patricia!
And my wonder over this shall never
end.

And now, dear one, if I'm
to read a few of Bertrand
Russell's pungent pages
"we sleep comes down to close
my weary eyes" (my apologies
to Paul Lawrence Dunbar) I'll
have to bring Message #2
to a close. I'll think of you —
as I'll miss you (I have
so much to learn from you)
every day where'er my mind
is free for any kind of reverie,
until my return. I'm looking
forward eagerly to our
evening in Wonderland with
the Ice Follies, something as
near to fairyland as you'll
ever hope to see.
Affectionately
Carl