

Read at
least the
parts indicated
in red tonight.

Sunday evening
9:00 o'clock.

dear, dear, Patricia:

Please phone me when you get in. I'll still be up and doing school work. I'll not hold you long but I'll know that you are back safe + sound and every-thing is O.K. Then I'll sleep better.

I could have taken you to S.F. This eve-ning and would gladly have done so. I was at your Mom's when you phoned but I didn't know that you were without trans-portation till Doris had hung up and as she said you were on the run to get the bus it didn't seem there was any chance to get you. You could have tried to get me and failed, not realizing that I was at your Mom's - but then, you might have decided then that, under the circumstances, you'd rather go alone, as your Mom. said. You are such an independent and courageous young woman. I admire you greatly for it but I am ready to do, or get, or chauffeur for you any time that I can. I believe you know that.

You'll be tired when you get in so if you want to sleep as long as you can afford to in the morning, please do and have breakfast with me. I have everything ready

and need only the "go ahead" signal. I'll even play alarm clock for you if you'd let me know tonight when you want to be called in the morning. I've had two good nights' sleep in a row so I'll have no trouble getting up in plenty of time. And maybe later in the week - say Friday morning we could breakfast together again.

I'm counting on dinner with you at the Interlude on Wednesday. Tomorrow (Monday evening) I'll go to the ranch. Tuesday, as I told you, I'll eat at Betty & Bob Walkers. Thursday is Bogosian's class and Friday evening I'm on the panel of the open-end forum.

Any one of these - except the Walker date I'll change if anything at all comes up that you'd want me to share in. Don't forget that as soon as The Sangha Club has another meeting or work hour - if it comes any time except when I have my two classes I'd like to work with them. I'll cut Bogosian's class in the evening - I don't really have to go to it - It's just enjoyable and one of the things that needs support. - but

you and what you want of me occupy the top places in my priority schedule - and I'd not let anything interfere

for the world - if I can help it.
 If Sangha Club work can come Tues.
 or Thurs. P.M. after 2:20 I'll promise
 it and can schedule it regularly.
 And most any evening - so long as I
 can know a day or so in advance so I
 will not make cross commitments I'll
 be glad to join the group for any service
 I can render.

When I phoned Doris today and
 wished her a happy birthday she
 asked if I couldn't go out today instead
 of waiting till Tuesday as I had proposed.
She wanted to talk about her problems
with the social worker. That woman doesn't
 sound any more sensible than a lot of
 the others. Of course I know that the real
 genius of working with others & helping is
 born into one - or God-given - as you choose,
 and is not learned but I'm really surprised
 at how many social workers have no under-
 standing of what it means to recognize that
 every person is an individual case and
 that all can not be poured into the same
 mold. Doris' social worker seems to think
 that every one should be reshaped - by pressure
 if need be - until they fit the one image of
 "normality" that the social worker has in his
 or her own mind. Which is nonsense.

Well, Doris wanted me to stay —
and talk. She had fried a chicken (as
she told me over the phone) and was
preparing to give me lunch. We talked
much of the afternoon — with incur-
sions by Leon, Connie, and all four of the
little brothers — even Noble who is ill
with something — possibly mumps.
Every time I tried to suggest it was
time for me to come back — Doris gave
every evidence she didn't want me
to leave and finally she brought out
her collection of pictures of all of the
children from Patricia to Mort. Plainly
she was enjoying the visit — and surely
I was! It was real fun looking at them
all. It was beginning to get dark when
we got through and I came away with a
invitation to see them again soon. I think
I was able to get your mom considerably
relaxed from the tension developed around
the Social Service worker. I'll take her some
more celery juice about Tuesday — and also
an album to mount the photos in. She
quite incidentally — revealed that she could
use me — saying that some day she'd get an
album and mount the pictures. She gave
me two (she has duplicates) and I came away
feeling as if I'd just fallen heir to some of the
treasures of India! Guess whose pictures they are!
She said you wouldn't mind me having them. I'll treasure them
as long as there is an existential me! I'll listen
for your call. Love Carl