

Friday evening

Dearest Patricia:

I kept my promise!
I ate a well buttered piece of Original
Joe's bread for you. I also gave you a
special toast with my Martini.

"To you Patricia, my beautiful, my
beautiful, my beautiful, my
beautiful in every way! What
more is there that I can say?

Perhaps, sometimes, it's just as well
that words are inadequate, because
we are always left with a challenge,
with something more to achieve in
expression, something more to strive
for, even though we know we can
never quite attain it!

I ran on to the little news story
in the Mercury for yesterday morn-
ing. I'm sure you'll find it interesting!
To repeat myself - I wish the best
for you on your trip to L. A. and I'll
hope to hear something about it on

your return. Have the most enjoyable
& worthwhile time possible —
and I'll wait for your lilting voice
on the phone when you return
Monday. — when you call me, that
is. I'll keep Monday and
Tuesday open to take you out to
see Connie, Doris and all the little
brothers. I can hear the "joyful
noises" of the little ones already,
over having their "Nanni" back.

I'll go by the house tomorrow
on my way to Asilomar, so I can
take anything out — such as a
blanket, — you may want to send.

It was a delight to talk with you
on the phone today —

Love — Carl

P.S. I'm sending one of the
news stories about the I.P.A. and we —
to L.B.J.! I marked the references to him
in red pencil. He just might have time to look
at it!