

In der Mitte des Nachts
June 12, 1965

Dearest Patricia:

(At least, of all the Patricias I know, to me you certainly are the dearest!)

"Ah, fill the Cup - what boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our feet.
Unborn tomorrow and dead Yesterday,
Why fret about them if today be sweet!"

And Today was sweet! Lunch and half an afternoon of talking with you were most delightful.
And shopping was joyous! The afternoon ended too soon - but not too soon in view of the time it took me to pack and get away.

And here I am in a room of the Enco Motel in the little town of Oakdale at the beginning of the foothills to the Sierra Nevada and 26 miles beyond Manteca ^{or at Manteca} east of highway 99. At Oakdale ^{one} turns south to Modesto, Fresno & Los Angeles, or north to Stockton & Sacramento or he continues east to Yosemite.

I'm thrilled & excited over the fact that you are interested in considering my little place in Mendocino as a place for you to live for a while or a place where you and your Mom might stay after Connie and the boys are on their own - if it is to be swallowed by a highway

as an investment to lead to something more
suitable somewhere else. Soon as I can clean up
a bit of the disorder when I get back - and it does
need some cleaning up - I'll take you to see it.
It has yard, fence, trees shrubs + good soil for
growing things. It's been beloved by hundreds
of students and many others and yet it is a simple
little place.

Now we'll start the search for a place you
Mom can move to with the boys + Annie. If this
(mine) were bigger it would be OK. But we'll find
something.

I did drive carefully in getting over here -
+ was not once in any sort of threatening si-
tuation. I think you would have been proud of
me. I am committed to becoming the kind of
driver you will have confidence in, but your
experiences these last two days have shown that
one can not always be smooth - sometimes one
has to make a quick decision + choose safety.

Your (now my) carnation is in a jar of water
looking at me in the bed. My Omar is on the
foot of the bed and your picture faces me
from the other bed. (The motel had no single units left.)
I'm sure this is right and that ultimately you
will feel so too. A father - any kind worthy of the name -
should be thrilled by a daughter who holds her head high +
grows in personality - and a daughter should feel warm +
toward her father no matter how new. Today ended joyously so
Goodnight Love Carl