

PALO ALTO-STANFORD HOSPITAL CENTER

STANFORD MEDICAL CENTER

300 PASTEUR DRIVE, PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Room 62 B Old Building

September 1, 1964

Darling Patricia!

(For you are a darling - in my eyes at least
and if you will indulge me to the extent of
letting me speak the truth as I see it.)

"If I had a talking picture of you - oo"

"I would run it every time I felt blue - oo"
(Only that would not be often enough, for I am
rarely blue except when - these days I fear
that I have pulled a bone of some sort
and displeased or hurt or offended you. The
I suffer until your eyes and voice tell
me that I have been mistaken or that
I am forgiven!

Have you heard the old song?

"I would have ten shows a day
And a midnight matinee,

If I had a talking picture of you."

It came to mind repeatedly today as
your voice came to me over the telephone.

I want to put into words on paper
what I have struggled to say to you ade-
quately a couple of times the last few days -
namely how happy it has made me and

How much of a spiritual lift I have gotten
out of taking you and Leon to dinner. He
is such a nice boy. You must be proud
of him as a brother - as your desire to help
him grow into a balanced personality shows.
And, as I think you understand, I will
do anything I can to interest him and
help him - along any lines you suggest. Just
tell me at any time what concern you may
have - we'll talk about it and I'll do my
best. I think Leon's own good sense will
do the rest. From what Neva and I were
able to accomplish (often in fear and trembling)
for my niece Sandra - in Bloomington - I am
sure that two open minds and dedicated
hearts can save most souls and make them
"blossom as the rose." Sandra told Neva,
a year after she was married, "All that I have of
stability and judgement of balance and
taste, I owe to you two." And she has
abundantly repeated & amplified the
same sentiments to me since. She is one of the
few persons with whom I am completely at
home and at ease. And with whom there
is never a lack of something to talk about
- and it isn't necessarily trivial chatter either,
though some of that gets mixed in. She has a fine
sense of humor - has always appreciated my pen
chant for punning and does pretty well at
turning herself.

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This makes my in-
creased official,
you know.

Also I had my share of fun and satisfaction out of having Connie along with us at Mainland, Disneyland, etc., esp. Disneyland. To be able to do something for "kids" like Connie & Leon and you, of course - I regard as a privilege and an honor. It makes me feel very good inside. As you know too, for I have told you, to be able to exercise this privilege has given to me a new sense of purpose - when for a while after losing Nera I felt I had lost my sense of purpose and was becoming a restless soul in search of some sort of fulfillment. The search now has ended and the spiritual and emotional reward is inexpressibly great! I know you reacted against my first declaration that I seemed to have lost my sense of purpose, saying that I have so much to give to so many that I would never be without it. However, there is a difference between having a purpose and ~~to~~ a sphere of usefulness and having a sense of purpose. The latter requires a guiding star, a central unifying inspiration. This is what I had lost and this is what I have regained - thanks to my great good fortune in having been on the Field Studies program again during the summer and having gotten acquainted with you - my guiding star and center of affection that will last me for all the days of usefulness that remain to me on this planet.

So this is why you should let me do for you
(and yours) everything that I can. It is right
and proper - and I couldn't be more proud
if you were my actual daughter - though once any
bond is set up between me and another,
it matters little whether the relationship is genetic
or only (?) nominal.

And, some how, these last few days, the feeling has
been growing very strong in me that I am making
the grade! And the feeling is more warmly satisfac-
fying than anything I've known for many years!

And - now that my medical picture appears to be
so much better than my fears, I'm more than ever
happy over the steps that I have taken. I don't know
if I ever told you, but one verse I remember from
a speaker at a joint dinner. The staff of San Jose
State College had with the College of the Pacific staff years
ago when I was new at the College, but it runs
like this.

"If only I were right, how delightful 't would be,
To open the breast of a friend,
Take a peep at his heart, then replace it again
And believe in him then to the end."

I don't need to open your breast or peep
at your heart, to believe in you. - to the end.
You've revealed your character and beauty
in so many ways that such artificial aids
to confidence would be superfluous to say the least.
To fill the remaining inch and a half of this sheet -
I've been lent by the young Greek school teacher I've told
you about - the book "Kodo-ku", the account of the one-
handed sailing across the Pacific from Japan to San Fran-
cisco in a sailboat. Kenichii Horia is his name - a very good
looking young Japanese. I have another topic to talk about, but I'll
get this letter ready for you tonight. Much love, as always,
Cass