

Message # 4

"Lafayette"

Cambria Pines Lodge

~~We are~~ here

Post Office Box X

CAMBRIA, CALIFORNIA

93428

Patricia I am
again and so happy
about it!

At Cambria, Aug. 2
Sunday evening
On the way home.

Dear Patricia

(Such a salutation seems so
simple and tame and inadequate
when I feel and think so much
more about you than such
simple words imply. Still anything
that is held dear should be deemed
very precious, so I am content with
that thought and the privileged
relationship that makes it possible.)

Will the wedding is over and
"Wasn't it a beautiful wedding?"
Really ^{it was} all that was to have been
expected, so one young lady -
Eleanor Peterson, who has been dear
to me almost since the days when
in fancy now appears to be launched
on her long sought ship of happiness
that should carry her safely to the
end of her days. But I can't write
you all about this. - I'll have to
tell you in person, so of the

wedding "as well as other as-
pects of my 4 day adventure into
the Southland - more later.

Just now I'm impelled to
offer to you some
fragments of verses only half
remembered - from the many
thoughts that crowded my mind
as I drove up from L. A. to Cambria.

①
"Sea-roses on a tall white cliff
Rayed out by salty wind -
White snow drops over snow"
(unremembered section)

"But similes like these are
stock in trade with all poets
So why do I not just say that
you are fine exceedingly and
all that matter in Heaven and
Earth to me."

②
Things that are lovely
Can tear my heart in two -
Moonlight on still pools -
You!

Now something of my own
By anticipation winged
my spirit speeds along,
(cont.)

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In my mind a cherished vision,
In my heart a world of song.

Really, my darling, I can't tell
you with how much joy I started
homeward, knowing that I'd be
able to see you again at the end
of my trip. We had a most enjoy-
able holiday at my brother's and
with his family (currently his
wife Golda, son Roger & Roger's
wife Darlene) - They treated me
like a king - as they always have.
Talked to me and about me as
if I were the celebrity in the family.
Had a barbecue dinner last
evening after the wedding - to cele-
brate Darlene's birthday (tomorrow
Aug. 3 - I didn't know before) and my
presence "simultaneously" - at the
same time as the saying goes.
Roger barbecued chickens for the lot
of us - superbly! Golda & Darlene com-
bined on the rest, except that
Golda pulled a slick trick on Darlene.
Darlene had phone to say, "Since I'm close

to a bake shop, why don't I just bring
over a cake for all of us?" Golda
responded with, "Well, if you want to
bring your own birthday cake, I
guess it's all right." But after ac-
cepting Darlene's cake with due
ceremony, Golda & Roger served
Darlene another cake, with roses,
"Happy Birthday" etc. on it & flavorful
icing - also a huge candle, etc.
It was lots of fun.

However except for the scattering
of beloved friends & relatives in
the Southland so far as I am concerned,
you could take all of the greater Los
Angeles area, with its heat, never
ending smog & grime, dust, noise
& the wild, mad rush of traffic every-
where on the highways - tie it all into
a knotty bundle & throw it into the
sea! To drive mile after mile after
mile among a welter of houses
stores, homes, or more descript com-
mercial establishments (more often
than not) where there were beautiful
fields of growing crops & orchards
as well as chaparral covered hills
only a few years ago - is depressing!
and wearing. It took nearly an hour

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to drive from Ted's home to the delightful little church on a hill in Palos Verdes Estates where the wedding took place. The last 10 miles was along "Hawthorne Boulevard" that on the map looks as if it were a secondary "freeway" - or at least an "expressway" running through the countryside - but those 10 miles contained at least 30 light controlled crossings, most of which required stops, since the lights seemed not to be synchronized in any way! I was on pins & needles for fear I wouldn't even get to the wedding. I thought I'd have 40 minutes or so time left over to explore the community, locate the little "Inn" where the reception was to be held, etc. but two-thirds of this time was "eaten up" by the numerous ^{crossing} stops.

My brother's neighborhood in Toluca Lake (a part of N. Hollywood) is however, a quiet, beautiful and restful place.

3A

Incidentally Darlene is looking forward to being our guide in Marineland. Golda wants to go along - since she hasn't been there in several years; Roger will go if he isn't tied up studying for his bar exams, and even my brother Ted may go. They all embraced the idea of your coming enthusiastically so - if possible let's plan it that way.

P is for petite, which we all know Patricia is
A is for aptness and adeptness shown in all she does & says.
T symbolizes tenderness in voice and heart and eyes
R is for the richness in her personality.
I (The first's) for intimacy in the way she makes one feel at home,
C's for confidence, for character, composure and control, ^{insight and the}
I (The second one's) for inner light that shines forth from her soul
A (repeated's) for all the many other things (music, sensitivity, thoughtfulness, intelligence, thoroughness, beauty - but why go on?) that make this little person so utterly captivating, bewitching and charming to all who fall within her spell.
Together they're Patricia - she's unique - there's only one.
Fondly and affectionately
Carl.

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Postscript - (unintentionally omitted)

It is my wish and intent to do everything I can, in the years that remain to me, to help you attain all the goals to which you aspire, to be continually understanding and appreciative, to contribute every enrichment to your life of which I am capable (and without spoiling you, of course, or changing your style), ~~and~~ and to help you to find every happiness that is your due.

I pray that nothing will stand in the way of my providing this service and beneficence, for I love you deeply, as by now you must know.

P.S! - P.S. I'm so excited about taking you to the Ice Gollies and Gigi, the French reeve, I can hardly wait! Incidentally Oxnard is only about six miles inland from Ventura (place of the

winds" on the ~~same~~ main route to Los Angeles. There should be no trouble at all in finding your aunt's home.

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