

Friday Dec. 10, 1965.

Dearest Patricia:

I forgot to give in my letter - The very thing that inspired the letter! This was your comment that you wanted my letters dated because you kept them all - because they were poetry! I know and have known all along that seeing or thinking of you always sets up poetic feelings in me, but I had not known that you kept all of my letters because the poetic feeling was apparent. This revelation was exciting! I did not reveal my excitement but I certainly felt it - hence last night's letter.

I'm enclosing a card with Marie Sanders' address in San Francisco just in case you wish to try contacting her by phone this week end. She will be highly pleased I know, but if you don't make the contact this time, you can, of course, do it later.

I've picked out one of the best of your pictures for Davis - and I enclose another for you.

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I'm in earnest about the perfume and ear rings. Perhaps we should try to get them on Dec. 21 when we roam the City. Your earrings are really the rest of your birthday present and I want to complete that.

Also—in the kidding last night in your apartment, I hope I didn't seem unappreciative when we talked about the photo enlargement of you by Stefan. I shall look forward to it eagerly and I assure you I shall treasure it. And if and when you find the transparencies that you used for your "show" at your Mom's, I'll have copies ^(pin to) made of any you wish and of the few of you that I'd specially like to have.

Added poetic thought— So long as you are my beloved God-daughter— my life is always Spring!

In closing, I hope you meet your flamenco personality in San Francisco and that your entire week-end is one continuous pleasurable experience. If you should need it, don't hesitate to tell Marie Sanders that I passed on to you her invitation to stay over at her apartment — and I'll hope that she hasn't already committed it to someone else.

With love, as always — Carl.