

And this shall be for music
When no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the
rare song to hear!

That only I remember, that only
you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches
and the roadside fire!
Robert Louis Stevenson
From the Book!

Sunday Evening, etc.

Dear, dear Patricia:

You cheerful "Good morning" and "Hello" this morning gave me the lift I needed all day. Building on + coming right after Connie's similarly joyous + bubbling call, yours was perfect! As long as I can hear your voice in a few moments conversation — and be of occasional service to you in the days when I have no claim to see you — I shall be happy.

The note I pushed through you door in the afternoon was not intended to imply that I expected you to call me for a coffee break today — actually I didn't! but as the old proverb says "Hope springs eternal" and I only wanted you to know what my schedule would be, just in the remote chance that you should want to or have reason to call.

For your information, in-ce-de-nt-ally, and to show you that I am following your suggestions to broaden out in my contacts, I have accepted ~~the~~ an invitation to go with a group of students, including the charming negro girl upstairs, Gt. 20, Margaret Carter, whom I've told you, — to go with them (Dutch) to an opera on Oct. 31 in S.F.

However this does not mean that my affection for you and my interest in you (or your family — they are a lot of "dolls") are waning in the least. They are in fact stronger than ever. I just feel more secure and happier in my relationships with you than ever before. But you are still at the top of my Christmas tree. You are still my morning star — I still accord you top priority in demands on my time and I'd cancel any arrangement (except a few duty ones) that I may or might make at any time to please or to accommodate, or to serve you. The little book you gave me just underscores everything I have said. So call me again some time. I'm looking forward as eagerly as ever to dinner on Thursday and to anything else I can do for or with you. As always — love — Carl.