

Sunday Evening 10:00

Dear Patricia:

My toast

To you, my beautiful one, who
departs not from progress toward her
distant goals except for brief respites
in which to rest; who looks and thinks
kindly on all other souls - even when
they don't deserve it - allowing them the
full freedom of spontaneity though
which to reveal their own natures in
their own ways; and who reacts adversely
only against what seems artificial
or is actually antagonistic, but who
wastes not her precious talents on
the unworthy, the selfish or the false.

May our association be long and
always worthwhile. May I continue long
to draw inspiration and courage
from your superior personality, for
these are the main springs of whatever

or

measure of youth I yet may
call my own.

Sincerely - Carl.

All the French bread and
the butter (2 slices and 3 pats)
I ate tonight, I ate for you.

Love - Carl.

Tonight is another of those
nights for walking. There's
hoping they continue to appear
and that, on the night that we
shall feel the need for one, it
will be available! But with
you for a walking companion,
how could the weather matter
much? Moonlight or a pouring
rain would be enjoyable.