

April 15, 1966 12:15 PM.

My dearest darling Patricia:

Right now, I'm high—without benefit of anything to drink—and there's nothing I want more than to write to you and share my joy! I finished my state income tax just a little while ago and got it into the San Jose P.O. with the narrowest margin of time I've had on any income tax report yet. The multitude of papers sent by the state together with the small salary I got last year as a half time an definitely retired person gave me a lot of trouble knowing how to make my report out but I finally figured something out that I think will be acceptable, along with my check for \$72.43. But it's in and a big load is lifted from me.

Add in the fact that I met your Jacobina friends at the Tri-Beta potluck

This evening at Jo Crane's (who knows you, and I think whom you'd recognize if you saw her). I found the Jacobinas delightful. Both they and Mrs. Ellis and two or three others who know you — and I, of course, were in complete agreement that you are a very charming and lovable girl. The Jacobinas were amusing as they described the way you prepared for the night when they camped with you — describing all the clothes you put on to keep warm & how you crawled into your sleeping bag & had it covered with a blanket or something as further protection. — but it was an affectionate description & all most friendly. They & the Edises (Dorothy at least — as Al may have stayed by then — noticed my ring & commented on its beauty & how did I get it, for until then they hadn't known that we went to Palm Springs. Earlier in the day — at lunch time — when I went to lunch with 4 of the women & girls from the Bacty area on the 3rd floor and Dr. Akizama as well. — You probably

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remember him from Death Valley
a couple of years ago, and this year
too. He was with Mc Callums Special
group of repeaters this year. — two of the
women — Betty Walker and Judy William-
son noticed the ~~new~~ ring, admired it.
I was curious as to its origin. I'm
as proud of it as I can be and I feel
so good having it on my finger now +
knowing that it will never come off
again unless I have special reason
to take it off briefly.

You were so delightful and joyous
and gay this afternoon when I picked
you up by the Clinic + brought
you home. Your face was simply
radiant; you seemed as beautiful as
you ever are — but you are always so
to me; and your voice is pure music.
I could listen to it endlessly!
Well that's my "story" and my
feeling for tonight. The pansy is
symbolic — you're a lovely flower!
(Pansy comes from French penser, "to think")
as you probably know, and there's no

no one I'd rather think about —
and none that I do think of more
often, or think more of. I picked
this one from a pansy bed in St.
James Park across from the Post-
Office. It not only will not be missed
but if the whole crop of them could
be picked now, the plants would just
'pour out' more bloom. So take it,
darling. It will last for several days
if you want to keep it.

And now to come down a bit I
will have to drink a can of beer or a
little vodka & eat something so I can
go to sleep — but I'll go to sleep
happy — and wake up ^{that way}
tomorrow A.M. when I'll tackle the
job of beginning to get my apartment
ready for your beneficent influence
to give it that Polynesian touch!

Good night — sweet dreams —
and restful sleep. May you wake
repacked for your philosophical studies
over the week end. I'll phone you sometime
tomorrow just to hear your voice a moment or
~~two~~. — With all my love, as always.
Carl.