

September 27, 1966

My darling Patricia:

I was overjoyed when you telephoned this morning and proposed coming over to breakfast. The breakfast and its little visit also measured up to all expectations. You were beautiful beyond words in your lovely figured blouse and white skirt. The latter I recognized as belonging to the suit that you bought in Baltimore but if I noted the blouse the day you wore it in Washington, it was bright and shiny "new" to me this morning. With a covering jacket or sweater in Washington, I could well have failed to notice the blouse altogether. But perhaps, since you have such superior taste anyway and I am so smitten with your beauty no matter what, maybe I can be forgiven for not always critically differentiating between individual items of apparel.

When I attempted this morning to comment on or ask again about what you told me a couple of days ago about the velvet shirts we saw at the Gen, you know now, of course



that I had not associated your comments with your promise made a while back that you wanted to make me a shirt. I knew of course that you were planning to make me a shirt but I thought that your remarks about the velvet shirts were made simply to help me to mature my own judgment about such shirts as purchasable items. And as for whatever kind of shirt you decide will best yield to your talents as a shirt maker, the thing that appeals to me most is that you will be making the shirt. So whatever type of shirt you make for me, I shall wear it proudly in any appropriate situation (not with a tux, of course, though if the world should change so that I'd be down to the shirt you make, I'd probably wear it then with just as much pride.

I hope that you've had a satisfying day, that tonight you're sitting a top of the world and that you'll get your needed quota of sleep tonight.

— and have happy dreams!

With all my love — Carl.