

February 8, 1966

Dearest Patricia:

My little Jim is indoors standing guard (really sitting) over me until such time as I can give him a name and he has his seat belts! It was sweet of you to get him for me. Your thoughtfulness in such little extra touches in life make you dearer than ever to me.

And you add so much extra to a party such as Nobie's birthday party today. You seem to understand and properly evaluate everything that happens. I don't know when I've seen a child's birthday party that seemed so right in every way. Everyone helped, of course, and none more than Connie. She is one of the sweetest young girls that I know and all of it shows in that beautiful picture of her. I have

A small copy of it, as I think you know
and I carry it in my wallet along with
the several pictures I have of you.

Your mom was really pleased to get
the celery juice & said, "Now I'll have my
cocktail!" We chatted a few minutes,
mostly about the party, though she
showed some real interest in Plateau -
she's heard so much about it. I think it wouldn't
take too much to get her to go with us for a
dinner there - if we could get the little brothers
to be content to be left without her for a
couple or three hours.

I thoroughly enjoyed the interlude with
the cocktails and the music - and your
company, of course. I don't think you
taking the time out kept her up a great
deal later than otherwise since she had
the celery juice to look forward to. Traffic
was as light as I expected - almost
non-existent, so I hardly had to slow
down in taking the juice to her. It was
no chore at all to me, especially
since I always enjoy seeing you.

Mom give me a ring in the morning if you're
up early enough & let me know when you
think it's best to call for you for dinner on Thursday.
Or let it ride till Thurs. A.M. if you feel that's wiser.
It can be 5:00, 6:00, 7:00 or whatever you wish. Goodnight -
and love, as always - Carl