

The moustache that I
wore in the skit satirizing
Dr. Fuller this evening.
I ad libbed a comment
that was the hit of the
evening. I'll tell you about
it.

Leo St. John
1554 A Day Ave.
San Mateo

It's past midnight
I'll not say how much.
May 1 (till midnite)

My dearest darling:

I just returned - a half hour ago - from the dinner at Los Altos Hills Country Club for Lawrence J. Fuller retiring - and much beloved - superintendent of the Las Comitas School District - a very warm and friendly party of which I'll tell you more later. Your new friends, Ann and A.C. Rosselle and Bess Frank asked about you and wished to be remembered to you. Ann and A.C. think - and they're right - that you are a darling girl - and they are as happy as my sister, Joyce, and my niece, Sandra, that you include me in your affections. They think it wonderful that I have been able to find so sweet and charming a young lady to fill the spot in my heart that ~~has~~^{is} needs to be so filled. So my dear, your family, like mine -

through your mother, your sister Connie and all your brothers, has been enlarged by the addition of very warm-hearted and genuine people.

And since coming home tonight I have looked long into your face as I see it in the pictures I have of you, and once again I am moved to say that no lovelier creature was ever born on this earth than you. It is not only your loveliness of face that I see but the beauty of the spirit that shines out of your eyes and lights you with a continuing radiance that must be very rare, for I have seen it on no other countenance! I must say these things to you for they keep continually welling up inside me providing me with the joy of life that makes my life worth while.

I brought back a beautiful lot of rocks for you and a walnut bowl to hold them — the choicest collection I have that Neva and I had picked out to keep — but I can think of no one whom I'd rather give them

to permanently than you. Then
I have a lot more that are less
select from which you may want
to select some additional ones to help
bring out the beauty of the prize lot.
I was so pleased when you asked
me if I had more and to learn that
you had been enjoying the handful
that I gave you last Christmas.
Now I can see them whenever I am
at your apartment and feel just
as much ownership in them as if I
had held them back - no more because
I'll see them often and I'll be glad
that you have them in your care.

Also I brought back all the books
in the Life Series on countries that I
have - There are 22 in all. So some
day soon you'll have to come over
for an evening and leisurely explore
them with me - and then come
back as often as you wish or borrow
any of them you wish. Also I found the
book on String Figures & How to
make them that I'd been looking

for, and as I thought I'd hidden it
in plain sight in the book case in
Menlo Park. It will interest Leon
and Connie and perhaps Georgie too.
The younger ones will be charmed with
figures that someone else makes but
the older three will want to try making
some themselves.

To book up a bit, one place we
might go for a first camping
week end is to the Cambria Pines
area where we could pick up a batch
of polishable rocks for you on the
beaches - It's lots of fun. I can set
up my polisher ("turner") and polish
them for you - and you'll enjoy
seeing that work + watching the
rocks as they change from relatively
dull - wave worn rocks to the polished
ones in which their beauty shines forth!

The rose you gave me is in my
bud vase (like yours) on the table in
front of me and beside your pictures.
I could buy an extra rose or take out

one of the lot that I buy for you but
I treasure one much more by leaving
it in the lot and having you give
it to me. Somehow it then means
you, in a way it wouldn't otherwise,
and I can't tell you how much it
means to me to have you identified
with the flowers and pictures with
which I live every day. I am so
grateful to you, darling, for being
your beautiful, sweet, self and
for understanding me as you do.
I have lots of friends - I was sur-
rounded by them tonight at Dr. Fuller's
dinner, but you are at the top - the
star on my Christmas tree!

Turtle Lane was my highway
this afternoon and evening - I
set 50 miles as my top speed and
mostly travelled at 43 to 48 - only
staying above 50 a couple of times
very briefly when I drove watching
the cars ahead of me + unwittingly
increasing my speed to 52-54 for
a minute or so. But generally I drove

safely, as I promised you I would -
and perhaps I should set that as my
standard generally now. When there
is little traffic and a real reason
to hurry I may go faster but mostly
I think I can get along on the lower
speeds. I'd weep my heart out if I had
an accident and had to have you come
to a hospital to see me all broken
up as a result. While I last, I want to
be useful to you and to continue to
deserve a place in your affections.

"Incidentally" - there's my word again -
letting me get the prescription filled for
you today is what I mean when I say -
do let me do things for you as often as
I can. I get no greater happiness
than that which comes to me as a
result. I was just singing inside
all the way to Palo Alto this P.M. because
you let me get the roses and
have the prescription filled for
you. give me lots of things to do!
They'll keep me singing.
I'll call you by mid morning
tomorrow to learn how you made out with
the medicine - and to bring you the rocks, if I may.
With much love, as always - Carl.