

April 11, 1966

Dearest Patricia:

It certainly was a pleasure to talk with you a few minutes today, and I'm looking forward to taking you to the Clinic for your therapy. The little visit that accompanies any such brief service I can perform for you adds a welcome "lift" to the day.

Your postcard arrived in today's mail. Undoubtedly had not yesterday been Sunday I would have got it then but it was welcome anyway and had its own special message for me. Just your thoughtfulness in sending it makes me feel good. Incidentally (my word) though I've been over the Ridgecrest - Irona road many times, I've never acquired a definite impression of the "Pinnacles" shown on the card. Guess I've been watching the road too closely. However, I take your comment to mean that you and Jon had got to Death Valley - not that you

were taking around these particular
"Pinnacles". Sorry I didn't get to D. V.
this year for I understand that with
the early rains & the ocean of wild flowers
it was at its best - but I wouldn't have
traded a workweek in Death Valley for
our four days at Palm Springs -
and anyway I was correct in feeling
that I wasn't yet quite up to the
Field School pace at Death Valley and
I wouldn't want to be a drag on
any part of the field program. Next
year, perhaps, but the flu hit me
too hard this year.

Losing the ring that you got me -
even for two hours was the most
disturbing experience I've had in
years - or any time, for that matter.
Had you been able to see me you'd
know how much that ring means
to me. For the first time in my life I
became genuinely ill physically from
an emotional cause. Even after I had

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found the ring again, it was a full
half hour before I felt even half
way normal, though I was overjoyed
at having it again. The first thing I
did the next morning was to take
the ring to Hudson's jewelry shop to have
it cut down to my size so it wouldn't come
off again. Ed Cismondi at the Sam
Jose Camera Shop knew I was badly
upset by losing it so I called him on
the phone as soon as I found it and
I could hardly talk. But all is O.K.
now and I hadn't just lost it off
my finger without knowing it when
I was walking from my car to the
Camera Shop. If that had happened, I
would have lost it for good, I'm sure. It
is so attractive that I can't imagine
the finder bothering to try to find the owner.
I think the ring would just have been kept.
It is my most prized possession and
I'll take the utmost pains to be sure
it never gets off my hand again. But
it had to come off to be reduced in size.

To me the ring symbolizes you -
and our close and understanding
friendship. It ~~has~~ never have been the same
again if I hadn't found it.

Well, darling, - that's all for now -
not much, and perhaps not necessary,
but I just wanted to write something.
I'll see you tomorrow at 3:30. I'm
glad that you are feeling so good and
that you had the time to hike around and
see as much as you did in Death Valley.
The out of doors with interest and exercise
is good for you. I hope that you'll always
be able to use them whenever you need
them for the good of your body and
your spirit. And I'm glad you got in a
day more or less with the Field School.
It needs persons like you!

And now good night and
sweet dreams.

With all my love - Carl.