

Friday evening
October 30, 1964

Geliebtes Mädchen:

It really isn't cricket
That you should be made sicket
By the tiny little "bug"
That causes flu.

For it just is not the ticket
And here's hoping that you lick it
Before it has the chance
To get the best of you.

Actually, when I saw the vacant
seat alongside Sylvia in the Ent 50 class
and Sylvia told me only that you hadn't
come, my heart sank for I thought you
might be seriously ill.

I explained the exam (or discussed it)
after handing out the papers and then
I passed around a number of things to
be seen - some photographs (enlarged) to
show the scales on butterfly and moth wings,
pictures of carpenter ants to show how
different true ants are from termites, and

then photos of our three types of termites in the Santa Clara Valley; also live termites collected partly by a student + partly by me to show that my prophecy that the first sunshine after the first good fall rain would bring them out:

"A prophet who can show signs in the Heavens
Has some chance of being believed"
And the termites never fail me!

Then when I glanced in "you" direction and saw a bowed head of black hair looking at one of the photos, I thought you had quietly slipped in and I felt relieved. However, "you" seat was so placed that "you" were largely hidden, and then - when "you" left so abruptly when the bell rang with-
out so much as an acknowledgement of my query on the outline of the "Epic" I submitted (for the very good reason that you hadn't been there at all and Sylvia had taken your papers for you) I was sure there must really have been something badly wrong - otherwise "you" wouldn't have left in such haste - and I was dis-
mal again."

After the usual after-class questions - and a stop at the Bacty storeroom to check with Betty Walker about the daily

2

mid-afternoon snack she ~~will~~ brings
me and which I hadn't been able to find
because the refrigerator where she puts the
lunch (=snack) had been moved out of
the prep room adjoining Room 112, I got
down to my office & called your number
to get the score, only to get no response,
so I felt worse, than King maybe I'd missed
contact for the whole week end. I always
do notice you when you come into class
or if you're already there when I arrive,
but today the timing for everything seemed
to be off. As a matter of fact, if I followed
my impulses and weren't inhibited by
the usual social taboos, I'd probably
look at you the whole hour and direct
my lecture to you. But, of course I don't
want to embarrass you nor draw un-
due attention to either of us, so I make as
good a pretense of indifference as I can.
And since you were my student assist-
ant for a short while I could easily explain
the brief extra noticed often take of you
at the close of class. But you might as
well realize - as perhaps you already do -
you're pretty discerning - you still are the
most compelling magnet I know in
my present "circle" of those I especially
love or esteem.

An hour after my first attempt at the phone - as I thought you may have gone shopping, no matter how badly you felt - I was rewarded by your voice, and something of its usual warmth, even though you told me you were ill. I was overjoyed, because I felt as one of our English poets (Browning?) did when he wrote "God's in his Heaven
All's right with the world."

Mixed with my joy at making content & knowing that you'd take things easy enough to recover (probably) over the weekend, was a real pain at the pit of my stomach for it hurts me, really, when I hear you are ill. Here's hoping, however, that, by the time you read this, you will be your "old" self again (an ever young bit of springtime & fresh mountain air) and all set for your exam in European Civ. on Monday morning. My fingers are crossed and I fervently wish you the utmost of luck - and I hope the "learning by the cards" will begin to pay off in this exam. I'll be eager to hear how it impresses you and later how you really came out on it. Any improvement will show that

you've begun ³ to move back up the ladder again.

Incidentally, on Thurs. P.M. I went over to the Spartan Bookstore & bought me four paper backs - Two of Havelock Ellis's leading books on the psychology of sex, etc. I'd read only short snatches of his writings before. I also got a book of 5 detailed "stories" (case histories in detail) by an American psychiatrist on types with which he feels Americans should be acquainted. And I got one on "Gestalt Psychology" that I've long needed to read about in detail.

On the way back I found Amadon Bander sitting on a bench looking through a folder he'd just purchased for his first examination in Cultural Anthropology that he's taken by now - but I guess I told you about this. However, Betty Walker saw us and this P.M. commented on how interesting he looked. She also asked me to bring him with me next time I have dinner with her. So there's one more contact that will help overcome his shyness & broaden his chance to learn English. Perhaps you'll go with me to Betty's some time, I'm sure you'd like her. She's one of the really open, friendly, thinking

persons among our younger faculty.

And here it is — I've written 5 pages already (writing to you is among the easiest things I do — I hope you don't mind) when I had intended starting with the little verse on the first page and then offering you a few of my entomological limericks to give you an extra laugh & help you to get well. Now, I'll have to start the limericks on this sheet & finish them on a "next one" for lack of room here. (Machilis, a jumping relative of the silverspinner)

Scotch Pegleg MacHilis, ~~the~~

One day while out hikin

O'er a moss-covered stone

Did nibble some lichen (Mac's a vegetarian)

"Tis much better than lay,"

He was then heard to say;

For I'm very much likin this lichen.

There's a gay young red legged grasshopper
With an appetite man, that's a whopper,
He eats night and day,

4

He's funny that way;
But so were his mommer & popper.

A big strong long horned beetle
Through the trunk of a thick oak
did wheette.

When asked how he did it,
He smiled as he said it,
"Each day I bit off just a little."

Pious-eyed is the lovely green mantis
But she don't wear no shirt
nor no pants
And when time comes to sup,
She'll gobble anything up (she's carnivorous)
She'll eat even her uncles
And ants.

Well more, perhaps, anon. Like the
famous early English diarist,
the time ~~for~~ has come for me to write
"And so to bed."

In closing, however, let me make
just one more remark. Your "acting"

ability — as when you put on a show
of feeling good, when actually you were
feeling lousy — I'm well aware of —
especially now, but when your voice
sounds so genuine & sincere to me —
when you're talking to me — I plead
for the justification for believing, as I
do, that it's true. You know how
much you mean to me. And having
found such a daughter-companion
equal — for you are all of these to me,
don't ever let me wake up & discover
that any part of it isn't so. As I've
said, I'll dedare again — I want to help
you realize the best of all your dreams
and ambitions in any way I can — and
any contribution I make will have abso-
lutely no strings attached, so long as you
repay the effort at all my effort alone will
have been worth all the gamble there is
to it. But if you ever do decide to break
my heart — please do it all at once so
it will be devastating! Then I'll be
so demoralized that I'll be able to
jump off the Bay Bridge without ever
having a chance to discover what hit
me. Don't let me die by inches in slow
discovery. I don't anticipate anything like
this at all of course, you are too bright a light &
too great a joy to me but maybe the contrast
will make this matter more clear. Any way
love & sweet dreams as always
Cord.