

Mon. P.M. 5:45.

Dear Patricia:

From the enclosed reflection
of My Fair Lady - you might guess
that I've finished reading it and
that it set me musing. Anyway
I'm hoping and looking forward to
hearing you sing some more!

Meanwhile I'm "all" moved into
"my apartment" 556 South 5th Apt. 16.,
but I'll not get a telephone until
tomorrow afternoon, at which time, if
gate wills it I'll be in Chico. Traveling
by medium sized plane in weather
such as we've been having seems to
be still uncertain business. The big
planes with their advanced radar come &
go, fog or no fog but fog shots the others
out of airports. I'll try to get out of the
S.F. Airport this evening at 7:40 &
hopefully will be back Thursday A.M. if
the fog persists (It's getting less & less here)
I may come back by bus so as not
to miss our Thursday evening rendezvous.

I'll try phoning you from Chico - though
I don't know when to call. - Thurs. AM.
if the planes is fogged in - otherwise, if I
can get the Thurs. AM. plane back O.K. I
may not phone or I'll phone from the
airport

I hope your last few days have
been as enjoyable & worthwhile as they've
been busy. Perhaps you'll be able to talk
Cockney when I take you out on Thursday.

Bye Bye & Sweet dreams
as always - Carl.

I'm going via
Pacific Airlines
Flight 726 up to Chico

Wouldn't That be Lovely?

I ask only to be near her
Near my lovely lady fair
That I may see her radiant face —
Now wouldn't that be lovely?

I'd smell the perfume on her hair
Drink in her song that fills the air
See her eyes shine like two bright stars
Now wouldn't that be lovely?

Soaking up the sunshine of her personality
I'd be enthralled completely
Building splendor in my soul!

I'd show her only tenderness
Of which true love is always made
I'd care for her forever
Now wouldn't that be lovely?

Lovely! Lovely!
Lovely! Lovely!

Carl. January 31, 1965