

Wednesday
[July 12, 1962]

Dear Carlston,

Perhaps words do open doors.
A great deal more may have
happened last night than I
realized at the time. The
beer, no doubt.

I think you gave me a
push I have sadly needed.
I have known, of course, that
there was room for growth.
Thanks to you, a very specific
direction (and goal) was occurred
to me. I mean it - thank you.

As ever, I am gratefully
astounded at the concrete (and
therefore unquestionable?) simp-
licity of a certain kind of
truth - like "Follow Me," etc.

See you soon. I had hoped
on the spur of the moment
to have you over for ham-
burgers à la backlander
tonight. Shall certainly
try again.

Faithfully,
Jon