Price with LOVE LOVE LOVE (also Sunny Nell)

July 23rd, 1963

Nell Darling,

I am writing, rather than calling you because if I told you all I felt for you, I might blush and make you blush.. itis so much, so much love, and that is hard to spell out. Soya joins me in this, she is completely d'accord.. we had such a wonderful time with you (as always).. felt so protected in your warmth, your nearness.. nowhere else do we get it in just this way but from you. The green lawn, the trees, the music of the birds seem to be your expression, its your waterfall, your gardden, yoursalad.. your heart, your soul... and you are able to share to give.. We drank it in and were regenerated, strong again to take the hurry, the pressure the dirt of awful New York in which we do not feel at home...

How can one thank ?.. Only to be grateful from the bottom of one's being for having been allowed to meet you, to meet you really,

and that I am that you know..

Soya dreams about being with you, her paws folded like in prayer, she sleeps and suddenly she runs like a puppy and yelps with a high voice .. I detected it to say : Nell, Nell, how beautiful that you let me be with you...

So entirely yours,