

3816 West Biddison
Fort Worth, Texas 76109
January 13, 1967

Our beloved Nell,

Thank you for your wonderful letter. I have been waiting for the "moment" to write to you, but since it will not be here soon, I am writing you this in bits. Yes, I have been down again. A pocket developed in the foot. We are letting it ride, hoping that remaining quietly in bed will give it a chance to clear. But things have been horribly busy despite this. We had a constant stream of visitors. The latest and best was Doris Dana, Jacques' god-daughter, the literary exectrice of the works of Gabriela Mistral - a great joy to have her here. Gregory learned to play chess, so he came every day to my bed and we played endless hours together. I only won one game.

We are so alike, you and I - in our utter dependency on Faith, in our loathing of "public scrutiny" etc. My wife was horrified recently when I listed as my profession on a public document: "President NOYDB Society." (None of Your Damned Business Society.) So far not a soul has asked what the initials mean. If you want to join my society, you will be the second member. The thing gets ridiculous, this awful lack of respect for privacy of conscience. My secretary who was to be included in Who's Who for his editorial work, simply refused to fill in the forms with the hilarious and plaintive comment: "It's none of their business where I was born." Bravo for him.

We are so thrilled that the book is progressing. We cannot wait to know more about it. Gregory has been working in the dark-room a great deal over the holidays and has done some beautiful things. He even processed the enclosed little picture - so absolutely typical - that I made of him during the holidays. We have now read again and again the Wyeth book with its comments on the pictures and also the marvelous book you sent Johnny, which, it seems, everyone knew about except us, and which John keeps on his bedside table.

This must be brief, Nell. We have six compadres coming tonight for the week end to participate in the graduation from Nursing School (?- is that right? Anyway, it's Nurse's training school) of our god-daughter. So Piedy is baking hams and ducks and doing a thousand things to get ready, and I have to help her with some of the stove watching and telephoning.

Piedy was thrilled to have your letter, or to read it this morning. She loves you and we are so overwhelmed to have one of your prints in our living room.

All of us send you our great love,

John

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