



Dearest Nell.

August 30
1964

Time has played games with the summer. Visitors have filled warm afternoons and cool evenings. the rest of my hours have been fitted together like so many pieces of a jig-saw puzzle. Two days on the beach in Santa Cruz was our only escape. But, our horse is so special. Only now the pictures begin to take shape in my mind's eye. You shall see into all the windows and

2. know why I am trying to
make it all so comfortable
before the year rushes us
along. Oh, how I wish I
could show it all to you!

My family arrives tomorrow
for a week's visit - It is the
final "social" effort of the
summer. I shall sigh deeply
afterward and bask in the
peace of work - which for
me is the best solace. Mitch
& I have fought for our time
together - so many friends
have been here - such pleasant
times we have had, picnics,
walks, parties - but it
is time now to prepare for
autumn. My sweet girls greet
you. They sit on Anne's new/old
bedstead and tell you how
delicious they are. Our hearts
are ever near you. Our silence is

full of love. Tell us of the school. We loved the
festival - so rare and beautiful in your setting -

xxoo Gretta.