

**RIVER HOUSE**  
NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT

Dear Joan,

Just a word to let you know that I had a good trip and find everything is fine but, shall I say, just a little bit crazy in this part of the world. My experience with you and Harry at the Ranch shall remain one of the high spots of my life as long as I live - not something to be forgotten. When I wake up in the small of the night and cannot sleep, I will go over in my mind our many good times and your constant affectionate support. I shall probably always picture you in my mind the way you were that day when I found the "Den Mother" - beautiful, blonde, tall and willowy, in a pair of white shorts - perfectly adequate to take care of a fellow who was practically brought in on a stretcher.

Since being with you, I see the world through different eyes. It seems a much happier and gayer place and, as I told my daughter when she called me at 2:00 this morning all upset, "Why take it so hard? We're going to all be dead one of these days anyway; so roll with the punches and have some fun," and that's going to be my motto. Any time I feel like being serious, I'm just going to think of you - not only the day I arrived, but every day thereafter, and especially the day when I departed and I shall always drink "To Love" and when I do it, I'll think

of you. I shall never forget Harry because he is an unforgettable character - almost as much so as Victoria lying in front of the sofa under everybody's feet.

If I can ever befriend either you or Harry, I shall consider it a privilege.

I know how busy you are and how difficult it is to write a letter, so don't give another thought to answering this. You'll probably get a few more epistles from me. In the meantime,

Affectionately,



P.S. The beautiful, beautiful silver letter opener will be in my hand at least once every day as long as I live. It is now in my desk in my study where I do most of my correspondence.

December 7, 1961