

ACT III

COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

NORMAN LEAR

March 9, 1987

Dear Sylvia:

The words of Anatole of Paris have been dancing through my head for days. I have remembered virtually all of them from the day in high school when I first found yours and Danny's album. Through all the early dating years and again as a grown man between marriages, I would find ways to introduce Anatole into a conversation to what I imagined was the delight of the lady I was seeking to impress.

So many years later, and now so many years ago, I finally met you both. It was a piece of a dream come true that I hadn't even dared to dream back in high school. I thought I would share all of this with you by way of telling you how sorry I am about Danny's passing and how much I hope that the memory of all you accomplished together will sustain you in this difficult time. There are so many people so much closer to you, I know. But, should you have time for a visit or a lunch, I have a hug I care to bring with me.

Love,



NL/caa

Mrs. Sylvia Fine Kaye
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