

“LETTERS NEVER SENT: VINCENT PRICE TO HANK SNOW”

Dear Hank,

There are certain voices that seem untouched by time, voices that carry not merely melody, but memory itself. Yours has always been one of them.

People speak often of fame as though it were made of applause and bright marquees, but you and I both know it is more often built from lonely roads, late nights, and the quiet burden of carrying one's heart before strangers. Yet somehow, through all of it, your songs have never sounded bitter to me. There has always been dignity in them. A weary kindness that reminds people they are not abandoned in their sorrows.

That is no small gift.

I suspect audiences rarely understand how much comfort a performer gives simply by enduring honestly in front of them. A man sings of loss, regret, distance, or hope, and somewhere a stranger feels less alone. You have done that for countless people, Hank, perhaps more than you could ever know.

As for me, I have always admired artists who preserve gentleness in a world that rewards hardness. Your music carries the sound of open highways and cold stations at midnight, but also the warmth of home remembered from far away. There is compassion in that balance.

I hope you have allowed yourself moments of rest among the endless miles. Even the strongest voices deserve peace now and then. The world can become terribly noisy, and sincerity is increasingly rare. Men like you remind us that sincerity still matters.

Should the years ever feel heavy upon your shoulders, remember that your songs have become companions to people you will never meet. That is a kind of immortality far more meaningful than statues or headlines.

Take care of yourself, my friend. Continue singing as long as it brings you joy, and know there are those of us who listen not merely with our ears, but with our hearts.

With admiration and affection,

Vincent Price