



THE PLAYERS
16 GRAMERCY PARK
NEW YORK 3, N. Y.
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November 28, 1948.

Dear Mr. Simons,

A letter from Kathryn Wilson Stephens, and a couple of issues of the Journal-Wald, received only a day or two ago, brought Amy and me the first news about Mrs. Simons' passing - and, indeed, about her long illness. Naturally we were both flabbergasted and overwhelmed. Amy spent most of yesterday afternoon in tears about it. Somehow it has seemed to us as if you folks were going to go on, together, forever - as immutable parts of the Kansas we still love deeply, so that we would always find you there when we make our too-infrequent returns. It's all very saddening to us. We seem to be losing so many of those who, in one way or another, have become indispensable to our sense of continued existence.

There is so little we can say, in such a situation, that I'm not going to try to say more than that we realize, very keenly and poignantly, we have lost a dear and loyal friend and that we know all too well how it must have hit you - and only wish we might be able to soften the blow and cushion the shock for you - a mite's worth. Future returns to Lawrence, now, can never be quite the same - for there will always be missing - at ^{your} ~~the~~ end of ^{the} term one we always looked forward to seeing and who, apparently, reciprocated