

Los Angeles, 5, Calif.  
June 2, 1949

Dear Mr. Simone,

In reply to your letter concerning the easel picture of Mrs. Robinson, I am very sorry to have to tell you it was never returned to me, and I know nothing about it. How it ever reached a second-hand store is a mystery to me - but presume it must have been when I broke up our home on Rhode Island street, after my father's death. I was not well at the time, and did not pay too much attention, I imagine.

Mrs. Robinson was an intimate friend of my mother - and as a little girl, I drove my mother out to her home many times. I enjoyed the visits as much as my mother, and have many delightful memories of them. After my mother's death, Mrs. Robinson kept up her friendship with me. She wrote me often, and gave me numerous presents. She also willed me a Wedgewood