

356 WEST 22ND STREET

NEW YORK CITY

May 3rd - '32

Dear Fanny Robbins:

Urea culpa! I should have, for it did. At least, "have" to you. Maybe I ought to have trusted my guess as to who the generous donor was - but the old adage still holds - once bitten, twice shy. I did once guess the sender of the Valentine, and guessed wrong. To the confusion and dismay of all parties concerned!

So if kind friends choose to hide
behind a gorgeous red heart
of Valentine anonymity, they'll
be out o' luck and thanks from
me.

But this is no excuse for not
writing you, and I'm very, very
sorry. I certainly meant to, for
the scrumptious contents of
that heart gladdened not only
my own, but those of an entire,
depression-swamped family with
whom I shared the day and it.

"Said Advisor" will tell you
just how hopeless I am about
letters. Has had experience in
times past.

Remorsefully yours -

Brenda Putnam