



Brno, Slovakia
The Twelfth of June, 2014

Dear Baroness,

Both of your admirers discussed for a couple of days what would be an appropriate gift for a Lady of your status. While Michael was inclined to break away from the nature of previous gifts, and was leaning towards furs, I was thinking a beautiful grey fox would always come in handy thrown over one of your multiple Chanel suits.

The image of you carrying the fox and entering one of your gatherings in Tasmania brought to my mind some wonderful moments with Feodora Balduina Swistopelk-Mirski. Feodora was my dearest friend and carried with great aplomb the title of Princess, conferred to her ancestors by the Holy Roman Emperor in the year 1515. You should know that Feodora and I kept a very close relationship while I was living in the Argentine. I had some wonderful moments with Feodora and for a while we were the talk of the town as she was many years my elder. But she was still a sensuous woman who oozed elegance, and centuries of class. Let me not go off on a tangent because I don't wish to take away from the main focus of this message which has to do with Michael and my discussion of what we should pick up for the dearest Baroness to mark her birthday.

We are certain that you are very familiar with the Amber Room at the Summer Palace built by Catherine the Great, which disappeared, and to this day no one knows where all that beautiful amber went. It is said that Hitler changed the size of one room in the Ksiaz Castle, (spectacularly situated on a hilltop in the middle of a picturesque park in the Sudetan Mountains in Silesia) to the exact measurements of the Amber Room in St Petersburg. It is also said that the looted amber could well still be hidden in the tunnels beneath the Castle. We saw that room on our recent visit.

Wherever it is, when both of us were last in the Argentine, I introduced MM to Feodora who described again in great detail how the family history told to her by her beloved grandfather of the Duchy of Pomenarie how it was her family's Amber mines that supplied Catherine the Great with the beautiful stones mined in the Baltic Sea.

For the sake of brevity, we will not go into greater detail at this moment, but we will be remiss not to mention that after Feodora escaped the Nazis by sleeping with the Governor General stationed in Krakow with responsibility for Poland, she was able to flee to Lisbon and arrive in Buenos Aires in a ship full of Jewish refugees. All Feodora needed was to be admitted to Buenos Aires for which she sent a message to the then Colonel Peron, future General and Evita's husband, that a train wagon full of amber would travel from southern Bolivia to the city of

Mendoza in northern Argentina. This, Feodora wrote in her note to Peron was her gift to him in gratitude for the permission to stay. See, Feodora had made arrangements with Antenor Patino of the Bolivian Pewter fortune to storage several ships full of amber in his mines until such time she needed it. Our friend Feodora met Antenor during the beautiful years of the European Café Society but that's another story.

In reminiscing about our encounter with Feodora, I checked my contact list in my iPhone and found the office of her representative for all of her Amber retail boutiques in Poland, and decided to invoke her name as she had insisted should ever I be visiting her homeland. So in our meeting with Mr Saszowski we chose a token of our high esteem for the Baroness by instructing JPMorgan for Edmundo and Macquarie Bank for Michael to make the necessary transfer of funds to Switzerland and then to Krakow.

Here is a photo of Feodora's Amber that will grace the neck of the Baroness and dazzle Launceston Society and grand landowners alike. While Mary Astor's blue brooch provenance is a tad murky but has a lot of historical significance, this 'chunk' of amber gift brings a Certificate of Authenticity.



Felicitations dear Baroness! May you celebrate your birthday for years to come.

El Duque de Cobos

PS

The news of Feodora's death in 2014 while having sex at age 92 was widely published in Buenos Aires newspapers.