

June 4, 1943.

Mrs. Isabel Stover,  
Reef Point, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Stover:

Your air mail special delivery letter of May 28th just caught me as I was leaving for a few days absence, but, fortunately I was able to get word to the person in charge of express packages to get Mrs. Farrand's things ready and return them as soon as possible to Reef Point. I have just returned and this morning your telegram has been received, to which I replied that all packages left here Monday afternoon. I do hope they have arrived by this time and apologize for my seeming negligence in delaying my reply, but it was impossible on Sunday to send you a line and I have been marooned on account of bus transportation in Maryland, eventually arriving home via train from Harrisburg which took eight hours instead of the usual four. These days are hectic ones for anyone doing any traveling.

I am so relieved, as we all are, to know that Mr. Farrand continues to improve. I had refrained from writing to Mrs. Farrand because Mrs. Bliss said it would only worry her not to be able to answer any letters and it was more of a kindness not to bother her, but now that she is at home I want to let her know how much she has been in our thoughts during these trying days.

Your picture of Reef Point in its spring beauty sounds most alluring - here our gardens look like mid-summer and the herbaceous border is a riot of color. I do hope some day you can manage to get to Washington and see Dumbarton Oaks and hope the weather will be kinder to you than the brand we are having just now. All one can do is get a big enough handkerchief and just drip and droop.

I shall be glad to know that the packages arrived safely and sorry I wasn't here to attend personally to their dispatch.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,