

BEATRIX FARRAND
LANDSCAPE GARDENER
REEF POINT
BAR HARBOR
MAINE

October 22nd, 1944

Dearest Mildred:

This shabby typoscript goes to you to say that it looks as though the Dumbarton days next week might be impossible on account of a stupid attack of neuritis in my right hand which has deprived me of the use of this flipper. Traveling under these circumstances and under present conditions would be almost impossible and note-taking or writing with my right hand equally impossible, therefore should I come to Dumbarton I should be even more of a nuisance than ever. You don't know what a bitter disappointment this is to me as I had looked forward to the good hug and talk with you before the long winter separation. Tomorrow the Santa Barbara tentative letter will go to you to see what you think of it.

As things now stand the faithful Clemmy and I leave here next Friday so that I can see good Dr. Ragle in Boston on Saturday and be in Boston at least over the following Monday with Max in his hospital check-up.

In writing to Mr. Thacher I may suggest the possibility of Bryce coming on to see me as there are several things such as post-cards and vegetable growing which really ought to be decided even though I have been stupid enough to lay myself up with the bad paw. Please forgive an unsigned letter as my hand writing is somewhat medieval in character at the moment. There is absolutely nothing to be worried about except my own foolishness in having worked to the point of fatigue where this particular devil got hold of me.

Yours ever with devoted love,