

October 10th, 1937.

Dearest--est Two:

Such riches in the way of returned clippings (and are they not a fine tribute to Edith?), many notes and suggestions, and a parting pencil hug, and I follow you Eastward and feel as though I should arrive with you at Dumbarton as my heart does. When your definite telegram comes as to my suggested arrival on the 27th, the final knots will be tied. It seems perhaps sensible to go to the Shoreham again this time, and I am reserving a room there, not only to liberate you from a person who finds she has to keep fairly firm hours as to early rising and early bedding, but also to liberate you from the difficulty of having perhaps a troublesome guest in a very busy house.

The news from the Pavillon indirectly is not good. Elesina writes she can not find my mother's turquoise and pearl chain, and one or two other things seem to have mysteriously disappeared. The photographic copy of the Will has come, and it certainly is a strange document. Quite clearly the first part of it was written some time ago, and is holograph; the last page is strangely scratchy and was done on the day of the signature.

Another unpleasant thing is that Edith's maid, who was very faithful to her during her two illnesses, was allowed to go three weeks after her death, and she writes me that she was not well treated, and that in the disposition of her lady's garments, practically nothing came to her. It must be queer to be made like the Italian lady.

I miss you both badly and look forward to a few days with you. When you send me the wire, give me an idea whether you are thinking of the forthcoming visit in terms of one, two, three or more days.

Yours ever, with deep and grateful devotion,

BF:KCE

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