

BEATRIX FARRAND
LANDSCAPE GARDENER
REEF POINT
BAR HARBOR, MAINE

October 30, 1947

Dear Miss Sweeney:

Your letter of the 27th came just as Mrs. Farrand and Miss Walter were leaving for Boston where they will be at the Ritz-Carlton until the 12th of November. They had planned to go on Tuesday the 4th but as both of them are very tired from the past strenuous week they have decided to leave today - and are now on the way from Bangor to Boston. It has been strenuous. The fire was worse than any words of mine can ever hope to describe. All I owned in the world except what few dresses were hanging in my closet were burned - everything I had saved of the children's childhood, pictures, etc. ALL GONE. I admit it is not a good feeling and I think even now I don't realize how dreadful it is all going to be in the days to come. Of course the house where we lived belonged to Mrs. Hawkes (for whom my husband is gardener) but all furnishings and personal belongings were ours, and my daughter who is away at Wheaton College in Norton, Mass. had about \$400-\$500 worth of books and these of course were taken. It all happened so quickly that we had no time to get anything but ourselves out - with five minutes to spare before everything in that section of the village was a burning furnace. We live on the Ocean Drive you may remember. My sister and her family lived in the next place (her husband too being a gardener) and they lost everything also, she didn't even save an extra dress! So it has been a pretty dreary week for us - but we are not alone as many people are worse off as they lost furniture and a house also. So we can't cry too much. All the family came through safely - 23 of us "Marshalls" were in and around the town, the men and boys all out fighting fire and the women strewn in all sections, but by 1:30 Friday morning we had all congregated at my mother's home in Trenton. It was in short one terrible night - but then think of all that the English people went through in the war years - certainly we shouldn't complain of this.

I don't know when I shall get at the book orders again, as Mrs. Farrand does not want me to take the files and books out to my home this winter (I haven't any yet, but plan to move into a few rooms of the big cottage which my husband takes care of) she is still afraid of fire and I will try and get office room in town somewhere, so until I do I am afraid there will be no books ordered for D.O. but they will come in time. Now no more, as I still have lots to do and for the time being we are commuting morning and night (since yesterday when we were allowed on the Island) to our camp which is between Bar Harbor and Ellsworth on the shore about 12 miles from here. It is a beautiful spot if we could forget why we are there and make believe it was another holiday! Please give my regards to Mr. Bryce and perhaps you can tell him of our loss, as he has been there and may remember the set-up of the place. Yours ever sincerely,

Isabelle M. Stover

I haven't read this over but it probably sounds
as crazy as I am.