

EL MIRASOL HOTEL
Santa Barbara, California

September 16, 1946.

Brava, Trix darling! The bulletin is good; so wisely, simply and thoroughly conceived, and the little glimpse of you and Max at the end of the walk tightens my throat whenever I look at it.

How happy you and he must be in thus concretely realizing your dream for the perpetuation of that beloved garden!

Mr. Bullard showed me his letter from you after our Board Meeting last week, during which he had suggested to the Board that, as you had been so weary and unwell lately, he thought it hardly fair to put you on Committees and harass you with questions difficult to answer at long distance. (This after Mr. Kellam had spoken of having written you to ask if you were willing to re-open the question of parking space, etc.). It was then moved, seconded and unanimously agreed that you should be invited to be Consultant to the Botanic Garden, and as such an ex-officio member of all Committees.

He handled it beautifully and after reading your letter, my respect for his ability and common sense increased to new heights! So, my dear, you will no longer be harried by the tensions you dreaded; will have a very important say in Garden affairs, and be able to steer through talks with the President and directors in a way which will increase your effectiveness and give you the minimum trouble and the Garden the maximum help.

Here is a clipping from the local paper.

Your letter of the 9th came on the 11th. I am sorry you feel your progress is slower than anticipated, and I most earnestly hope it may possible to give you a hug before you start westward, for I assume you will be spending your winters here, although you did not mention it.

Since, alas, you are not going to Dumbarton Oaks this autumn, would you kindly ask Mr. Patterson if in talking over the dates of his visit with Mr. Thacher, he would let me know them, as I shall have to go to New York not infrequently, and should greatly regret not being on hand to discuss things with Mr. Patterson. The fact that he did not return to Washington as planned last June makes me all the more eager to talk with him this autumn.

You say there will be a letter regarding Dumbarton, and its problems, to meet me in Washington. It would be much easier for me could I receive it here, and we leave on the 7th.

D.O. inaugurates its Winter Semester on the 12th. We arrive a day before, and the following week I shall be absent. It is not easy to be met by enormous folders of problems to be considered and decisions to be made before one has got one's hat off, a shampoo and a woolen frock from the attic. ^P I shall be thinking of you, my dear, all these autumn days, and hoping that the elixir of Maine will carry you through your memories without the strain wearing you down.

Robert sends his love with mine. Always your devoted

Mildred.