

October 24, 1946

Mrs. Beatrice Farrand,
Reef Point, Bar Harbor, Maine.

Dear Mrs. Farrand:

Your letter of October 11th reached me the day Mr. Patterson arrived and I expected that we would be able to indulge in some garden gossip to be retailed to you, but he was kept so busy all the time he was here that there was no opportunity to say more than how-do-you-do and good-bye.

It is true, I do miss your visits when we could talk things over and even though your invitation to 'speak my mind' is heart-warming, I find that "what can't be cured must be endured", so I shall not burden you with any bothersome details from this end. Mr. Thacher knows how I feel and the sense of insecurity which is not very encouraging to say the least, so he and you will be able to go over the whole garden situation of which I am a very small part, and perhaps when he returns we will be able to have a heart-to-heart talk about this particular job.

The gardens are beyond description this year - each year I think I repeat the same old phrase, but each year the beauty grows more and more dear. I am torn between love of spring bulbs and blossoms and the gorgeous autumn colors. This year all the trees have dropped their leaves very early, but to make up for the bareness, the remaining stalwarts have put on their best clothes to bid us goodbye. There is one sweet gum in the Oak Hill cemetery and one American Beech which make me stand aghast.

On Thursday we had a group of ladies from the Nature Study Group of the Twentieth Century Club (52 in number) and all the afternoon people kept coming in twos and threes wanting to come in - some were friends of the Blisses or someone else - so we averaged about 75 for the whole day. Last week I had the biology class of the Holy Trinity High School. Saturday the 19th, our first open day this season, we had 354 visitors but on Sunday it rained all day, so clocked only 23 hardy souls in raincoats and boots bent on seeing the chrysanthemums.

Mr. Patterson will have told you of the various changes made and in operation now and give you a better picture than I can. Our friend Bryce seems to be very happy and busy and more content than he has been for some time. I don't see much of him since I've moved into my own wee apartment and don't go there for meals any more.

You ask about funds - I still have \$11.00 left of the \$20.00 you sent me early in the Spring as I have not made many purchases. Mr. Thacher agrees that Harvard does not want to spend money on prints to be spoiled by the bad weather in the Catalogue House, so I have not done

any more print buying, making use of all the available material I can find.

I have made a new card index of the Garden Books which are now moved downstairs with me in the underworld department. I am now awaiting delivery of the filing cabinets in which to install the mounted prints which are still reposing in the third floor hall closet. I have much more room down here and when I have things straightened out I think it will be very comfortable and workable. It is easy of access to the Orangery but I still find it quite a chore to take out and bring back all the material which I use in the Orangery,

Mr. Thacher has a scheme in mind in regard to the possible future use of the Orangery which he intends to talk over with you in Boston. It is not ideal by any means, at present, but we are doing the best we can under trying circumstances. There has been so much to attend to in the renovations to house and museum that Mr. Thacher has had his hands full trying to bring some order into Dumbarton Oaks.

I only saw the Blisses for the short time they were here the day they returned from California so have no personal contacts to report.

I have just received a letter from Mr. Patterson enclosing a card such as is used at Reef Point Gardens for listing plant material. It is very like the card I am using here, which you suggested, but mine only treats of the prints on file.

Mr. Thacher just came in to tell me he was leaving here Tuesday night to meet you in Boston, and asked if there was anything I wanted him to discuss with you. I told him that I was writing you anyway and that any decisions would necessarily be made by him and I would fall in line and do whatever was necessary insofar as is humanly possible.

I didn't realize that it was so near time for you to start on your trip to California. My best wishes go with you for a restful Winter and holding fast to the hope that you will come to us in the Spring when we can have a real heart-to-heart talk about everything in which we both are interested.

Please give my greetings to Mrs. Stover, Mr. Patterson and all the friends at Reef Point.

Very sincerely yours,