

BEATRIX FARRAND
THE VALLEY CLUB OF MONTECITO
P. O. BOX 1140
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

February 13th 1945.

Dear Miss Sweeney,

Your nice letter of the second of February came a few days ago, and I have taken a few days to practice on the type-writer so that you would be able to read what I wrote.

You are left to pick up the pieces after the departing Bryce and you do a very good job of it, but I stupidly cannot seem to understand whether you are to order the new cards or whether the whole question is to await Mr. Thacher's decision. Just tell me for my own ear if the cards are to be ready for the spring sales and who is to order them. No letter has come from Mr. Thacher to me as to the cards, so perhaps he like everyone else in this world is too busy. It makes no difference to you or to me who orders the cards, but we are both eager to get them in stock, for the spring hordes. So just a line will help me to understand the situation.

Certainly you have had full attendance in the last months, let us hope in a way it will not continue at the same rate of six thousand a month. Yours is an excellent report, and obviously we shall have to expect larger numbers than in the old days before Dumbarton Oaks became known all over the world.

You are doing very wisely in registering for the course at the Dept of Agriculture, as one always learns something even if it is only the way the other fellow expresses himself, and all is grist to anyone like you, who has to meet so many different kinds of people, and who has to know how to answer the various silly questions that always seem to come to people's heads.

We got here rather battered after the November experiences in Boston, Mr. Farrand's treatments, Miss Walter's bronchitis, and my gouty hand. Mr. Farrand is gradually getting better, Miss Walter's throat seems to be clearing up, and my lame hand while still grumpy is much better, and as long as I do not make it write too mappy pen letters it keeps in a tolerably good humour.

Do send me a line, as I am always hungry for news of D. O. and everyone

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thinks that the other one has, or is going to write, and so I get no news at all, except to ask for a quick decision and a telegraphic answer.

Naturally I want to hear how Mr. and Mrs. Bliss are, as no word has come from that busy lady since she left my room at the Ritz last November, and she was none too well herself at that time. How are you and the neuralgia that so distressed you in the first years of your work at D. O. and how does Bryce seem to you to be as he said he had had a terrific cold, quite the worst he had ever had.

Also tell me how the various hounds of the family and the place are and if things seem to you to be about as usual, you see I am nearly as full of silly questions as the garden visitors!

If I can get up sufficient energy to tackle the remodelling of the plant record notes would you have time before the spring rush starts to do some of the typing that will be needed in large measure, and with the marvellous perfection you are able to accomplish.

Be kind in your criticisms of my poor efforts, as no one knows better than I do how bad they are.

Yours ever .

Beatrix Farrand

*Miss Walter & I send
over best, & wish you could enjoy
this marvellous California weather
& beauty -*