

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

17/2/45  
Feb 12. 1945 -

Very Dearestest,

Please forgive bad typing as I am trying to learn, in order to be polite to a sulky hand.

This will reach you long before the twenty-second, as in these days one is not allowed to say anything by telegram that savours of remembrance of days that one will never forget. Those days we were here together in the beauty of the surroundings and the overwhelming dignity of death, brought me closer to you than ever before, and my affection for you and admiration for <sup>your</sup> ~~the~~ control and <sup>your</sup> ~~your~~ thought for others taught much that will not be forgotten. You will know the tender affection that you will find beside you and with you all that day, and the wish that we might be closer than we now are.

Max has had a difficult time after the X ray treatments that were given him in Boston, the medicos thought it wise to order the deep-ray attack as they saw the possibility of trouble from the little bladder tumours that have plagued Max in the past. But if one is no longer young the nervous shock from such profoundly powerful rays is disturbing to the whole nervous and bodily frame. As you would know, Max is taking the whole situation with his quiet wisdom and entire lack of complaint; it makes me so ashamed when I think how badly I would behave under like stress. Max is really better than when we reached here, but the progress has been slower than we both hoped it would be.

You know how much you have missed me in the last weeks, and so you will gauge the measure of my lack of you. When we know the other one is none too well, or needs a close-up and not an epistolary hug, it makes this continent swell up to the size of the Pacific Ocean. But joking aside we could not have been more fortunate than this year in being away from cold.

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and blizzards.

(how odd and moody typewriters are) 0 !

Each time we read of snow we are the more grateful to you for having found this refuge for your two, and we worry at the cold for your "bronicals" in the damp cold of a place that is not meant to be <sup>frigid</sup> cold.

The Garden is going along well and things are much smoother on the board since the anonymous gift of last August. Occasionally one of the very conservative members takes fright, just like a young colt, and has to be stopped before he gets into a headlong runaway backwards into his agitations of last year. For instance they are now quavering at the idea of a directors house, but with treatment like the blessed "White Queen's" of a little kindness and putting up her hair in papers, the fright will pass and they will see that they have already agreed to what is commonly supposed to be the sensible housing of a director.

The sale of the whole household equipment of the North Duane house is painful even to outsiders like ourselves, and to Anne and the many close friends they had here, it must twist the pain of their loss in the deep wound that the whole community feels in the closing of that lovely chapter.

Now dear, you have endured enough of this wierd writing, and just as a finishing flourish, the paw wants to say to you that he is much better, and no longer has to be carried in a mitt.

Your always & daily fonder  
Trix