

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX Reef Point
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX Bar Harbor, Maine.

July 5, 1940.

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss
Dumbarton Oaks
3102 7th Street,
Washington, D. C.

My dearest dear:

It has been so very long since I wrote you that you may think my silence either disquieting or inattentive. The second I know you could not think! The weeks since we talked and wrote each other have not been easy ones for any civilized heart or mind and I have felt with you each day what it has meant to you and Robert. The tragic situation has got to be met with as much courage as we can muster.

Bryce wrote me a day or two ago telling me of his deep satisfaction and gratitude to you and Robert for having given him the raise in wages about which we spoke in the early spring. He feels that the change in his salary comes as an acknowledgment from you of work well done and therefore has warmed his heart and tied him even closer than ever to you both and to Dumbarton Oaks. It is nice for you to know what you have done for him as he speaks frankly and gratefully to me.

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The two Farrands met each other joyously in Boston on the 10th of June. Max had already been uncomfortable for ten days with a skin infection which manifested itself in Job-like manner. We came down here and the infection did not clear up, but the excellent local doctor in whom we have entire confidence said there was absolutely nothing to be alarmed about, but last Sunday one of his tormentors gave him such intense pain that we took him to the local hospital where the devilish carbuncle was operated on and since then he has been far more comfortable. He is still at the hospital and will stay there probably another few days. The surgeon-doctor is entirely satisfied with the condition of the wound but he says it is going to be rather a long job, --longer than Max himself at the moment realizes. He is now in no pain and as he is getting the proper serum the doctor is sure he can check any further performances on the part of the wicked germs. It means, however, that Max is going to willy-nilly have a rest here as we shall probably have to stay until at least until the middle of August before the deep wound heals properly and safely, as it is now doing, from the bottom. Please don't think I am in any way alarmed but full

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of pity for the poor dear whose holiday is being so cut into. Naturally I am profoundly grateful to have him here at home rather than in California as he is contented here and is being well looked after and our hospital is really first rate.

Tell me whether you hope to go West with Robert, or whether the Dumbarton work is keeping you tied to it. Our very best goes to you both and constant and devoted thought.

Yours