

March 18, 1937

Dearest Mildred:

Your pace sounds miraculously fast to old fogies like Maxtrix, who amble along at a far slower gait. It is too bad to have to miss the Whittmore Santa Sofia and your galaxy of concerts but it does not seem possible to leave here before the eighth of April and as Chicago is bleating for three full days work there it will bring me to Washington the fifteenth.

The days in Washington, probably stupidly at the Mayflower, will be given over practically entirely to Miss Sweeney and the catalogue house as we need joint work on the enterprise and long distance letters, even air mail, are not too satisfactory. I shall therefore snatch the minutes of your time that may be available without effort to you, but shall be busy even though I do not have the fun of long chatters with you.

Yale has booked me for one of their Art School lectures on Thursday, the twenty-second, so I must leave Washington on the nineteenth for a day in New York with the Elmhirsts who are coming over from England for an April visit, and from Yale I will go on to Bar Harbor to start the wheels moving in the various enterprises there, coming back to the New Haven and Washington neighborhoods some time towards the early middle of May. As the summer so far away from Max and his hard work looks to me rather long, I have told the Elmhirsts that it is possible I may not be able to go over this summer. Max is well but he has been doing too much and I do not like the idea of six thousand miles separating us unless it is absolutely necessary.

The Casa Dorinda olive trees are a real anxiety. In November and early December the ground was perfect for their transfer from the Blaksley Garden to Dorinda, but since the first of the year we have had a succession of heavy storms and impossible freezes and now we are faced with the necessity of moving these trees before the spring growth begins but under conditions of real difficulty. The ground is water-soaked and it seems to be out of the question to drive the heavy trucks over the south lawn at the Casa. Therefore the two big west trees will have to be rolled in to their places. I think it is undoubtedly going to mean a slightly greater expense in moving these two trees than if it had been possible to do the work under normal conditions, but the exact costs are being carefully kept by the mover, in whose integrity I have entire confidence, and if you will let me



decide what seems fair as to the possible extra payments to him I think Milrob can be sure that the fairest possible arrangements will be made for both you and the trusted mover.

Forgive a very briefly dictated letter on the eve of leaving for Santa Barbara. You will have a report of the journey as soon as I get back.

Lucking was eager to go to England to see the coronation and return with an elderly sister-in-law, and this bridge seemed a difficult one to cross. However he has very decently agreed to give up his journey but asks the privilege of going east to meet his sister-in-law when she arrives towards the end of June. This I think can easily be managed without interfering with the work on the place and later it may be wise to think of his English holiday as he has not been home for over twenty-five years.

Best love, my dears, to you both and a longer letter when I get back from your Casa.

Yours ever

Signed for Mrs. Farrand who was leaving before the letter could be typed.