

May 2, 1939.

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss,
Dumbarton Oaks,
3101 R. Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Dearest Fellow Gardener:

At last the bitter Spring is yielding here and green daffodil noses are rushing up through the ground to my great excitement and delight. Equally to my excitement and delight the master of the house is coming here for a few days and you don't know how I hope the weather will conduct itself with propriety for him. You and I know that when we are either at Dumbarton or Reef Point we endure what weather there is with what philosophy we can compass, but the men of the party ought to be better treated, and so I hope last week's winds and rains will yield to sunshine for Max.

Although I know you are to be away from Dumbarton during the first days of my stay I look forward to seeing you when you can escape from your New York meetings, openings and duties, and hope to have various things ready for you, if not already finished.

Letters are going to Mr. Coles to prod him on the terrior roof, the cutting of the stone on the Music room wall, the cutting of the stone on the Gray memorial, the cutting of the forsythia seats, and asking him whether it is he or I who are stalling on the forsythia arch.

A good letter from Bryce told me of the wonderfully fine day and of the eighteen hundred visitors for the first open day at Dumbarton. He said the primroses were especially pretty, daffodils still good, and the stream-side looking its best. Perhaps by the time I get back some of the early tulips will be out, and the fruit blossoms not all disappeared.

A long and very interesting letter has come from the nice Mr. Thompson as to possible tree arrangements and inspections for Dumbarton. You doubtless remember that he is the man who so favorably impressed Bryce and me, and as he suggested two or three different methods of usefulness I am writing him to say that you and I and Robert will go into solemn conclave and will let him know the result of our cogitations.

Mrs. R.W.B. 5/2/39 -2

You may be interested to hear that I saw Berkeley Updike on my way through Boston and he asked me whether I knew you! He said he was quite pleased with a dummy he had made for you for possible Dumbarton use, as he thought it both dignified and handsome. I thought you might like to know that he who is critical of his own work seemed to feel he had done something worthy of a fine enterprise.

Don't think I have forgotten the inscription for the four yew seats. The Elizabethan Gardens talk is being laboriously hammered out. So far nothing has turned up which is divisible into quarters but I may get snacks that are less commonplace than the usual "god-wattery".

ribbled
Your ribbled but ever affectionate,