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My very dearest Mildred:

The underground railway of Mr. Thacher, Mr. Russell and your Trix as you know communicate your news to each other as soon as one of the telephones receive it, so that I was distressed to hear that Robert had developed phlebitis, and through Mr. Russell that you were rather bothered as Robert seemed discouraged, weak and a little down-hearted.

Truly our Two do follow each other too closely for the comfort of their attendant ladies. I think mine just skidded past a phlebitis and they were afraid of it in hospital, and perhaps he paid for it by the secondary hemorrhage. Now he is said to be surgically and physically improving but he is discouraged and at times very low in his mind as progress does seem so slow, but there is a distinct difference from week to week and he is able to be out and about after his weeks in hospital. Perhaps to you and me as onlookers it seems even longer than it may to our Two, as it is nearly two months since Max and I went to Boston and it is getting over the six weeks mark for you and Robert. Doubtless you and I think of each other uncountably often and even thinking is a stay and comfort.

Three days with Miss Sweeney here were fructuous. She mercifully recognizes how little trained she is and consequently has no notions of procedure to be ironed out or cast away, but there is little background in her of botanical education and until she came here little knowledge of what would be required of a guide and teacher for youngsters and adults. She didn't appreciate that much incidental information would be interesting to children, such as the uses of the different woods growing on the place, and the reason for the formation of the prickly leaves on the Holly; why the flowers were of different shapes and how the pollen was distributed from trees, wind-fertilized, and the different forms of seeds, and why they have taken on their shapes. For example, the hidden fruit of the pine under the scale of its cone, the winged key of the maple twirling down and sailing away from its parent tree; the burr and burdock attaching itself to the passing human or four-footed animal, and the attractive fruit of the bush Honeysuckle or elder carried by birds. You may imagine that the days were busy

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and I think Miss Sweeney went on to the Arboretum with a rather new feeling of what was needed as guide entirely separate from her work as curator of the prints and the Catalogue House. She knows quite well that this coming year must be experimental and she also realizes that she may not measure up to the requirements, but she is obviously the best person at present equipped and equally she means to try her very hardest to educate herself to the position.

While there are no immediate plans for going Washington-wards Mr. Thacher and I are in fairly constant communication and I think he would let me know if there were any emergency in which he needed my help. Bryce and I are also writing to each other and I have asked Miss Sweeney to help me in extracting answers from that somewhat "tongue-tied" Scot.

It seems as though this year Dumbarton would start on its Harvard career with a better appreciation of the permanence and value of itself and its servants. So that as soon as Bryce can realize that he is not only serving you and Robert but also education and the future I think he will swing into line with less doubt than has beset him during the last year.

Mr. Thacher says the work is going well forward in the library and quarters changes. It is hard to say whether one wants to see the alterations or whether one dreads them. From the point of view of the long perspective of course the decision is wise and if the new library is a beautiful and dignified room one will welcome it to the establishment.

The day after Miss Sweeney left that particularly nice and competent man Mr. Newton Drury, the head of the National Park Service, made time to come in and see Max and me for a few minutes during a regular whirlwind tour of the Park here accompanied by all the Park Superintendents, Assistants and the entire Rockefeller family! He said he had had a delightful talk with you and Robert and that he was in entire accord with your views however new they might be to the Park Service in general. I explained to him that one of the things we all wanted to preserve was the spirit of the planting at Dumbarton and that you were particularly eager that where the Park grounds showed the need of widening walks that it should be done on the lines of the old work, and that the new return walk up the hillside should be designed more or less in keeping with the other walks at Dumbarton Oaks. He said he expected to be in Washington toward the end of October and he made a note that he and I would probably meet there with Mr. Irving Root to go over the land and at least discuss the work to be done. He said he was particularly anxious

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that everything should be done in the Park as you would like to have it done as he felt certain in your hands, and he also wanted to make the Park tenure of Dumbarton Oaks as nearly as possible the continuation of yours.

After I have seen Bryce and what the summer use of the Park has been, have talked with the Nature tour guide of the park, and have assimilated the different points of view you shall have a report as to what you can do and where and how best to cope with the immediate future work.

You will smile grimly when you hear that I have spent a very considerable amount of time trying to shorten your chronological historical tablet, as your inscription totals about 180 words which is an immense number to arrange without crowding on one stone. By extreme care and much thought and considerable time I have managed to cut two words out which I think will have to go back! If Max gets a little stronger I am hoping to present the problem to him as he is a master of conciseness and clearness. In the next few days I hope to send Miss Havey either the original or the slightly shortened form so that she may give me an estimate on what a sketch of hers would cost showing the approximate placing of the lines and lettering.

An occasional note from Coles reports some progress but I fancy he has done little work as he says the season has been impossibly hot so that he has not been able to accomplish much. As the Quod Severis inscription is clearly too small and weak for the space on which it is carved I am taking the responsibility of telling Coles to patch this stone and to prepare the larger and more heavily carved Quod Severis dummy so that I may see it when I am in Washington. Frankly, something must be done with regard to accentuating the cutting of the Museum tablet and unless you would feel better to have seen it before the final step is made I think I shall go ahead and tell him to deepen the cutting, make it more vertical, and expect also to see the escutcheons in place in dummy on my next visit.

The terrior seat should by this time be nearly ready, and Coles wrote me that when not too hot he was also working on the Mother-of-Pearl fountain, so perhaps at the time I come Westward to you and Robert at Santa Barbara a report can be given you that much of what we outlined is already finished.

As I look out of doors the sky is dark and gray and obviously an autumnal storm is brewing, but beyond the window there is a scarlet

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finger on the maple tree and beyond it a softly moving white pine branch. How I wish you were here or how I wish to be with you looking out on the Guadalupe Cypress.

Your true and fond

Trix

Yesterday our local Medico talked to the Boston surgeon - the opinion from Boston was that all seems to be going normally with Max, & that he must not be discouraged at its slowness - It's so hard for him to be so limited - & patience is a difficult masculine virtue -