

July 18th, 1938.

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss,
Dumbarton Oaks,
Washington, D.C.

Dearest Milrob and prized friend:

What must you think of me for my dismal silence over your present to me of the little old Cruet Stand and its four Flower Glasses? It arrived anonymously, without card or indication of anything but the shop name. Quite naturally, the excellent Miss Fulkerson and Clementine thought it might have been a reckless purchase of mine, and so did nothing until the wise Clementine suggested writing the shop to find why the inviting parcel and its contents had appeared; and Miss Marks writes that the Walnut stand and four glasses came from you, and that the stand was a copy of an old cruet stand and the glasses replace the cruets as a "flowery" possibility. It sounds to me, from the ecstatic description of the faithful two, as though Reef Point were the place it really belonged, and it is another reason why I look forward with eager pleasure to getting home toward the end of this month.

The illness and operation of Dr. Millikan have naturally kept me here, in order to be of possible use during Max's anxious days. The operation is over, and the news continues to be all to the good, so that it now looks as though I might leave here tomorrow, and do Chicago and Yale on my way back to what is said to be the floweriest summer of the rose terrace at home. You will doubtless have a piercing yelp of joy from me as soon as I get back to Bar Harbor and turn around two or three time at home.

I shall hope to hear by the time I get home that you and Robert know how soon you can depart ranchwards as you must be pretty tired after your royal progress.

Your more-than-eager-to-get-home, and actually and future-ly

Grateful and devoted

BF:KCE