

August 16, 1947.

Dearest thoughtful Trix:

Your telegram has just come to warm and comfort me with your affection. Thank you, my dear. The acute phase of the cholera is over, and very trying indeed it was, but I still suffer a good deal of discomfort and annoyance from the waves of nausea which appear and disappear as unaccountably as real ones do on a beach - and much less prettily!

The first typhus inoculation is safely over, and there are two more to come, but of course as long as one has these foreign antibodies roaming around one's system, one cannot be normal, so I am writing off the entire summer as the price necessary to visit Byzantium.

Your July 28/August 6th letter was full of helpful suggestions, and the book studied with enthusiasm.

I shall go over Garden Center project with Thacher before getting on the steamer, if it is humanly possible, but of course nothing more than the "mulling" process can be started. It was a very great disappointment that Jack's visit to Santa Barbara had to be cancelled. An important matter pertaining to Dumbarton Oaks obliged all plans to be reversed, so Robert and I are feeling much aggrieved, as we had looked forward to a visit with him, not only so as to talk of Dumbarton Oaks, but also to learn of traveling conditions as he found them in Europe. However, that is "water over the dam", and there is nothing to be done about it.

I hope, Trix dear, that your back is really better, and that you are being as good and sensible as your letter sounds - Clementine is taking care of you well, there can be no doubt.

Goodbye my dear. Thank you again, and Robert's love with mine.

Always devotedly,

Mrs. Max Farand,  
Reef Point,  
Bar Harbor, Maine.