

September 16th, 1937.

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss,
Casa Dorinda,
Hot Springs Road,
Santa Barbara, California.

Dearest One and Two:

The tardy acknowledging telegram started you-ward a short time ago. The main business in the long professional letter has been already attended to by letters to Davis and Miss Havey, and I look forward with keen delight to arriving at Oakdum next Thursday, today week, as Miss Bean sends me a delightfully friendly message and tells me they were looking forward to having me. Another letter from Gray also warms those mysterious things known as cockles, and there it is.

If I should answer your letter in complete detail it would be more or less like re-writing it, therefore, I will but say that a volume has gone to Miss Havey recapitulating your answers to me, and I hope it may be possible to meet her at least for a day at Dumbarton so that we may go over the tos and fros.

After this is done the resulting notes will be brought out to you at the Casa and we must have not only a breathless afternoon for the Casa itself but an equally breathless evening for Dumbarton, as there will be much to speak of.

By the kind indulgence of one or two angels here, Max and I are able to take the Chief of the 30th, which will land us in Pasadena on Saturday noon. That afternoon I shall spend in unpacking and resting, and possibly a visit to a local college, and be refreshed and ready to start for the Casa fairly early on Sunday morning, say half past eight or nine, and thus squeeze in perhaps another couple of hours with you dear two.

The catagorical answers to all of our thirty odd questions can be made when we are together far better than in print, and I, therefore, will not attempt any but the most summary review.

As I take it the wall outside the music room, the fence panel near the lilac circle, and the new Forsythia seats, should stand at the top of the list of priorities, with the herb garden north balcony, lantern

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near garage driveway, Forsythia gateway, finalities, and swing seat for the Terrior in next place. Then follows a crowded procession of priorities which will tumble over each other, and as many of them will get done as possible in the few days spent at Dumbarton.

Max and I leave here next Saturday, the 18th; Cosmopolitan Club, New York, 122 East 66th Street, from Monday the 20th until Thursday the 23rd; then Dumbarton (bless it) from Thursday until the following Monday the 27th; then again Cosmopolitan Club, New York, from the 27th to the 29th, when we rush westward hand in hand, arriving at the Directors' House on Saturday. Probably it will be desirable to spend ten days or two weeks in California, then eastward again, and you know that I shall try and fit in as much Dumbartoning as you want and can make convenient before I go west again, presumably for most of the winter.

If you could arrange to see me some time on my return from California in late-ish October it would mean just that much furthering, so will you cast over in your mind impossibilities so that at least we can strike out certain days even though we do not insert others.

Then Princeton and Yale must have their hands held, and there is a little to be attended to around New York. I shall need a fortnight here probably, and suppose it likely that toward the end of November or early December the definite westward move will be made. Does this give you some sort of a notion? We can dot t's and cross i's when we are together on the 3rd.

The remarks about Casa Dorinda are exciting and from one to fifteen have all been read and re-read. Naturally the main concern with Casa Dorinda is keeping its good looks with as little possible expenditure of energy as well as funds. The great joy is that the olive trees have pleased you, and the patio. I am delighted that the tree worker, Bebout, has pleased you as much as he did me. I shall be interested to see what your paint frescoing of the black scars does for their appearance. It sounds most promising.

Thank you for saying that I may stay over at Casa Dorinda if it turns out that it seems to you wise that I should. Miss Sweeney always can be counted on for friendly and considerate help.

As you know I shall come to the Casa with plans which can be stretched or shrunk as seems best. Far the most important is that we are to be together and that we may have a few hours of joy in each other's company. The long journey ahead is lightened by the expected delight of being with you both. You, better than anyone, will know that I am not writing a hand-made letter because the jam of departure is squeezing a good

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deal of work into an already fairly crowded date-book.

A charming letter has come from that unusual being, Gray, apparently facing courageously the fact that he would not again rush up and down the Dumbarton hills, but acknowledging that he was much better and able to take up a good deal of his old work. He sounded to me more himself than for many, many past months, and he, too, added to my joy by saying that he looked forward to my coming back to Oakdun, as apparently he enjoys the resulting chatter.

Max is well but I wish we had had a longer rest together this autumn. It has been a heavy summer for him, and while he is all right I wish he had had more silly holiday.

My two dears I can hardly wait for the intervening two weeks to pass.

Your fonder than ever,