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Activities, various. Everything is decided about the binding of The Dumbarton Oaks Papers, Nos. I and III! And, as we understand, everything will be in the binder's hands before July 1. Isn't that exciting. We pray that no one will be disappointed in the finished appearance. And everything is decided about the bookplates, too. The charming little label is being made, and it is our hope that, during the summer months, while the research library has fewer readers, we may catch up on past business and that all the books which were in the library at the moment of the Gift will be plated. (If Mrs. Bliss still has her little black book of "Pleasant projects" - or whatever it's label said, will she record these facts about ~~their~~ progress)

Antioch III. Five copies have arrived. Will you instruct us as to your wishes in regard to them? One to California? One for the Research Library? Others?

Publicity. The National Geographic is taking the first steps towards the publication of an issue in which "Washington as a center of science, research, education and art" will be the feature article. Text and photographs, some in color. Dumbarton Oaks, Library of Congress, National Gallery, Freer Gallery, National Academy of Science, Folger, Smithsonian (and there may be some others that were not mentioned.) The Mr. Culver, who was here this morning making the first explorations, wanted to know if any of the benches, urns or other stone ornaments in the gardens were of historic importance. We did not feel qualified to give a definite answer. Might we be enlightened?

Travelling Personnel. M. Rathbone has just returned from a Special Libraries Annual Meeting at Hartford. While in New England, she could not return without looking in on the Fogg, and she also stopped at New Haven where Mr. Glanville Downey conducted her through the Fine Arts Library of Yale University. Of the Underworld, Rathbone, Diehl and Sessions start for their respective homes in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and ~~Pennsylvania~~ New Hampshire. Mr. Thacher leaves tomorrow, but will be back with us about the middle of July.

on July 1st.

Memorabilia (The Acorn). A day that began at 8 a.m., standing in the soft sunlight at the "frames" while Kearny selected plants for the border, advising about this one or that, its requirements and responses; and ended at 8 p.m., kneeling, by starlight, putting the last plant into the moist earth.....

The unbelievable view from the east balcony (a painting by Rousseau, or lines from Kubla Khan), the rising moon turning one layer after another of the dense foliage into silver, the rising sun turning them into gold; Léger, rivetted, speechless, except for one word "inattendu!" Perhaps, I said to Mr. Bryce: even Mrs. Bliss herself has not seen this from just here? "M....m....m....Madam", he rebuked me: "has s..sh...ss...s...sss..seen every inch of these lands f...f...fr..from every angle". And that, I expect, is true.Thacher, coming along the lower path with a calceolaria plant in his arms "No one is really living in a house till there are flowers in it".....Roy, sweeping, sweeping, back and forth along the paths (I am reminded of the Sorcerer's Apprentice in Fantasia) and sprinkling my terrace in the early morningsbaskets of fresh vegetables, of cherries, of raspberries that mysteriously appear on the doorstep or the kitchen table Friends coming for tea and staying on and on till the sun has gone, the birds have stopped singing, and we sit in an incredible décor "Measureless to man" lighted by fire flies

You said the big oaks would like to give something to the Acorn. That was very sweet, and I will respond. It is not very satisfactory to have someone answer oh, anything; but, on the other hand to be too specific robs the gift of some of its lovely qualities, and so I am going to mention a number of things which the Acorn does not have (in china or glass, as you suggested) - so many, that if out of these you should decide to select any one little thing, it would be, practically, a complete surprise; practically, your own selection.

Lacunae;glass. Pitcher for ice tea or fruit juice. Bowl for those raspberries or for cottage cheese. Saucers to fill with those raspberries or cottage cheese. Sherry glasses.

Lacunae, china. Tea cups. After dinner coffee cups. Tea pot. Cream and sugar. salad plates. Bowls for cold soup. After dinner coffee pot. Breakfast coffee cups. Breakfast coffee pot.

Under the camera again. The old guard were taken again yesterday. B.S. was in town for the afternoon, so we commandeered Carlos, and posed light-heartedly in various parts of the grounds. We hope for a more natural result. B.S. had her ankles bandaged on account of poison ivy so we had to place her discreetly each time. Other wise we were quite carefree.

Album Ingredients Work on this has not progressed sufficiently to send your first loose leaves. A special drawer in the files is reserved and as other things (the letters, etc) come from you, and photographs are taken, everything will be kept together there. Without Zahn, we are unable to bind, of course, but perhaps he will be back by the time everything is accumulated. (He is, by the way, Private Zahn, 29th Division, 176 Infantry Regiment, Company F.)

Work in progress

Preliminary Guide Book for the Collection.

M. Focillon, as soon as he was able to work again, started to write a foreword for the guide. Miss Dow was detailed to be on hand to be his messenger and to list the objects and give brief descriptions of each. Miss Bellinger was asked to write an article on the technique of Coptic textiles. (See her delightful letter below, sent for enclosure in this week's Courier or - as she expressed it - to be "mailed in the scripbasket") M. Focillon and Miss Dow have left but Miss Day, the one junior fellow who is still with us, is writing about the Persian and Arabic pottery and all of the pottery with inscriptions, and is preparing labels for the textiles - at least for those with inscriptions - that hang in the textile gallery.

HILLTOP
WASHINGTON
CONN.

June 16, 1941

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Bliss:-

The other night our cousins the Knopfs came to dinner and cousin Eleanor asked me to send you her greetings. I had not realized that cousin Tucker Bliss was a friend of yours. But then we always saw him at Grandfather's or up in New Haven where he would be one of the family, perhaps not receiving his full share of ours. He used to read papers to the Clerical Club at Yale occasionally - and he was very quiet

about it because it did seem such an amusing pastime for - general.

I saw Miss Davis the other day and she was in fine spirits. Her yellow cat had just had two kittens one yellow and the other black and she was having a grand time watching them and keeping them out of the garden.

Since the Faculty Club at Yale closed up I have retired to my own home in Washington where we have been enduring a series of very noisy thunderstorms and adding to the racket by typing permanent

records for the Census. As I had been stretching every nerve to include all the small details in my descriptions which might be significant, M. Focillon suddenly made me feel like an accordion when he requested that I condense my knowledge of the technique of Coptic textiles into a page and a half for the forthcoming Collection Guide. It will take a little while still before I can expand again to my full capacity about minutiae.

My best wishes for a pleasant summer to you both.

Sincerely
Lorisa Bellinger