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(the story of one afternoon and the next day)
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New photographs of the collection for Mr. and Mrs. Bliss (under separate cover)

Visitors. Mrs. Frank^{Kent} and a friend came on Monday. They appeared to be sincerely impressed, and Mrs. Kent sent messages from herself and her husband to Mr. and Mrs. Bliss.

Mr. Russell spent two days here. We were all glad to see him. It was a kind of reunion which had in it a mutually felt warmth.

George Stout was here on two successive weel-ends, before and after a visit with Thacher to Williamsburg. He looked at the paintings, approving thoroughly of Rosen's work, and carried off the South German predella for first-aid treatment in Cambridge. He recommends sending someone to patch the crumbling Lohan! No other immediate work necessary.

The Heyford Peirces lunched with Thacher on the 23rd. B.S. was, to her regret, at home caring for a cold. In a long telephone conversation, H.P. expressed great enthusiasm for the arrangement of the collection, and the whole effect of the exhibition room. He ridiculed any doubt of the "queer" bronzes, which he says are like Nubian finds in the Cairo museum. "Polly" was enchanted with everything, though it seemed strange to her to see Dumbarton Oaks before she had seen its creators.

A collector of Basle, Von Hirsch, was here on the 21st. He has a fine private collection of early Mediaeval objects, which are now farmed out among a number of small hamlets in Switzerland. He had known some of the D.O. pieces for years: the Stroganoff box, for example, and the enamel cross. He was glad to see that they were here safe, yet his collector's heart still longed to possess them. He was most interesting about the Swiss mentality just now; of the sort of hypnotism that held people in a daze, in a state of inaction. In America he found he could see and feel more clearly, even more poignantly, the precarious situation of his own country.

Collection Notes. A new private collection of Coptic textiles has cropped up, and is for disposal - owned by a retired professor from the American University in Cairo who has just come home to Philadelphia, and who for thirty years, has been buying old rags brought to him by peasants and local dealers. B.S. and L.B. will try to visit him one day together, to see whether he has anything of importance. He visited the D.O. collection on March 1st, and confidently read out Arabic from the Tiraz in the corridor

Personal Notes. Mrs. Scheffer has just received her United States citizenship, and is very happy about that. Zahn had his tonsils out on Friday and expects to be back at work on Wednesday.

La Bataille de Roncevaux et le Lendemain . On Thursday, a member of the library Staff sat peacefully, between one and two, drinking her milk and eating her apple; reading Luce's article on The American Century and the riposte by Crawford in PM; remembering how - 'way back in June - Mrs. Bliss had succinctly outline much of this, marvellingThe telephone rang, startling and insistant. Through the receiver came the agitated sound of Charles' (Carlos) voice accompanied by a most surprising brouhaha. Was it a flock of starlings alighting at the Museum on their daily flight from Analostan Island to Georgetown? Quarrelling, fighting, pushing one another from this ledge to that with shrill and querulous calls and whistles? Out of the din, Charles' cry for help was just faintly audible: "There are 59 women here from the Chevy Chase Woman's Club. What shall I do?" La Staff membre éperonne sous la tonnelle, l'olifant a ses lèvres, elle l'embouche bien, sonne à pleine forcelongue est la voix du cor. Monté sur son destrier vers lui vient un compagnon. "Mettons nous a frapper. Montjoie!" La bataille était merveilleuse et pesante. Jamais homme sur terre n'en vit plus de femmes. Les vaux et les monts en sont couverts, et des landes et toutes les plaines. Elles sont tant qu'on n'en sait pas le compte, elles sont assemblées en si grande masse par centaines et par milliers. (Heard above the din: "I was abroad once when I was a little girl and might have become a good archeologist. I love antiques""Donald and I both love to learn" ... "What a modest artist .." (pointing to the Whittemore mosaic) "he has not signed his picture" "Marco Polo" "Monguls and Turks" and "Has anyone ever seen Mr. and Mrs. Bliss????")

Actually, there are 800 members of the Chevy Chase Woman's Club, of which 60 belong to the Art Group. We had 59 out of a possible 60. It might have been worse, outnumbered though we were. "Elles sont très fortes, et nous, ce me semble, sont bien peu"

Le lendemain. (A heavy snow storm all day) The map had arrived, the blackboard was in place; the list of acceptances made out and the requisite number of chairs arranged. We awaited only the lecturer, Grégoire, himself. A telegram came instead. He had a bad throat and could not speak. Swiftly the list was divided into sections and at every outside wire sat a member of the staff, telephoning. First to the distant, the venerable the infirm; last, to those who by health and temperament could best face the weather and the disappointment. All through the house, wherever one went, there was the sound of the dial and echoing from room to room the formalized sentence; "We are sorry to have to tell you that Professor Grégoire" One was reminded of the Hound of Heaven: "I fled him down the nights and days; I fled him, down the arches of the years". So successful was the organized effort (and perhaps the weather deserves some of the credit) that only nine people arrived, and to each of these, as compensation, was offered a view of the collection. (The lecture will be made up by extending the series for another week)