

February 6, 1942.

Dear Mrs. Farrand:

It was like news from home to get your letter of January 29th and to know that all is serene at your end in spite of expected Japanese invasion. I realize just how Mrs. Bliss must be and it is very disturbing, but there isn't anything to do about it. I think it is a wonderful outlet for her energies.

Yes, it is always nice to see Mr. Russell - he is so quiet and reassuring and a grand tonic. He was very busy while here but we did manage to have a talk about 'our family'.

I am so pleased that the Ambassador is improving and I know he must enjoy having you and Mr. Farrand for neighbors on whom he can call for a chat in between the excursions hither and yon.

About myself, I feel like a woodchuck or one of those animals who hibernate in Winter and hope, like them, I shall emerge in the Spring with new energy and some ideas, but at present I am 'moulting'. I have no interviews to record with Mr. Thacher - the only contacts we have had have been in regard to the report to be handed in to the attorneys who are clamoring for a reduction in taxes. What they need with such detail is beyond me, but I am enclosing a few notes given to Mr. Thacher who wanted them in as brief a form as possible.

We had four visitors on Wednesday, a nice mild day and I suppose as soon as weather breaks we will get busy on Saturdays. To date not one aconite or snowdrop has appeared, nor a Christmas rose, but the winter jasmine occasionally flaunts a bud or two and the magnolia buds are swelling.

Bryce left on Wednesday for his holidays in Florida and said he would write you before he left, but whether he managed it or not I am not able to find out - I know he was terribly rushed, as usual, setting things to rights.

