

BEATRIX FARRAND
LANDSCAPE GARDENER
REEF POINT
BAR HARBOR, MAINE

October 2, 1941

Miss Anne Sweeney
C/o Mr. James Bryce
3245 S Street
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Sweeney:

The days have gone by and as no word has come from you I keep wondering what is happening and having a sort of uneasy feeling that all may not be well and that you may be striking snags. While silence is supposed to mean favorable progress, in your particular case and under the circumstances I can't help wondering whether any progress has been made toward your arrangements.

It is of course impossible for any of us to expect that Mr. Thatcher can give our department any real time or thought while he is so agitated about the physical moving into the new quarters, but I do wonder if you have had any inkling as to whether there may be classes for you and, if so, of what sort and when, and when your working quarters may be restudied. Let me know about this, as I am fairly certain that it will be impossible for me to get to Washington before the last ten days of this month.

Mr. Farrand is, I am glad to say, better and he is now able to walk over a mile a day and take up a more normal existence. Until he is really even more improved, I do not want to leave him. It is perhaps silly, but I have a feeling that he might be a little less at ease as to what to do with himself if I were away than he is even with me here. So write me a good letter telling me just how things stand and how I can be of use.

A note is going to Mr. Thatcher in the course of the next day or two as I have purposely let him alone during the opening of the building and the arrival of the students. Now I feel I can ask him a question which pertains to my work and which he will be able to answer with a less troubled mind than he might have had in the course of the last two or three weeks.

Naturally I think very often of our nice two days here and wonder whether you also remember our talks and walks and the stimulus we both got from each other as to your future work.

Yours ever sincerely,

Beatrix Farrand