

BEATRIX FARRAND
LANDSCAPE GARDENER

~~Reef Point~~ Valley Club of Montecito
~~Bar Harbor, Maine~~ Santa Barbara, California

April 4, 1947

Mr. John S. Thacher,
Dumbarton Oaks
3101 R Street
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Thacher:

It is with real relief that your news of easing of pain has come. Those sciatic aches drain one of energy of all sorts.

Nothing pleased me better in your letter of March 27th than your "unconsciously" signing yourself - affectionately yours. It is a feeling I have long had and it is good to know that we think and feel alike in this also.

The unspoken reason underlying my wish to retire from the active position of consulting landscape gardener is that I must recognize that at least until some measure of physical strength returns, the combination of the physical and psychological work at Dumbarton would be too heavy a strain to carry without likelihood of a set-back. Please do not think this statement is meant as a change of point of view, and that I do not accept with gratitude your agreement that I retire as consulting landscape gardener to Dumbarton Oaks on June 30, 1947. If there is less pressure to come to Washington and if Mr. Patterson and I may discuss things quietly at Reef Point and in occasional visits of yours to Boston, it would seem to me that the continuity would not be broken and yet the strain on my conscience eased. Do not let us at present go into the business end of the agreement, but later we can discuss this and you may want to speak of it with Mr. Patterson.

Mr. Patterson will be urged by me to take the place left open by the retirement of his elderly colleague, and his friendship, and perhaps also his affection for that individual will, I trust, make him accept.

Frankly I do not feel strong enough to take the Washington journey this spring, with all that it inevitably entails - Mrs. Bliss is so magnificently strong that it is hard for her to understand (as indeed it is for me) that physical and mental limitations must be met and acknowledged as years progress. Until it is possible to count on myself for a stay at Dumbarton Oaks of perhaps two or three days, (shepherded by my devoted Clementine as a watchdog) it will worry me to promise and fail as I have for the last two or three visits. So please let us write off this spring's visit.

