

BEATRIX FARRAND
LANDSCAPE GARDENER
124, EAST 40TH STREET
NEW YORK

December 30, 1941.

Dearest Mildred:

Your telephone has been frantically busy this morning so that I have not been able to get the message through to you as to this afternoon. Nor have I been able to ask how Robert gets on, and whether yesterday's encouraging report is still more encouraging today.

This morning we had sad news which has hit both Max and me in that legendary spot known as the midriff. Berkeley Updike died yesterday and as he was one of our oldest friends, both of us feel the loss keenly.

And now as to this afternoon. The eye doctor says there is nothing wrong with my seeing apparatus but that he would advise as much rest as possible so that I doubt whether it would be sensible to try and do any work with you this afternoon on the D.O. points we need to review.

Bryce writes me that Mr. Thacher has just told him that he foresees the "heads" are likely to insist on having the greenhouses closed and that they will do their best to see what can be done towards salvaging and keeping the material growing in the orangery. This also is a bad blow as I had hoped they would realize what a wasteful system they are countenancing in perhaps losing plants of real value.

Agnes and Gerrish Milliken may come over tomorrow afternoon from Pasadena as they are on their way east after seeing Gerrish, Jr., in a Camp somewhere near San Diego. Perhaps I may telephone you, asking whether we may, during the afternoon, come to Casa Dorinda to see you, or if you are out at least to have a glimpse at the place.

It is too bad about this afternoon as I had been looking forward to our hour together but obviously the eye man counsels making haste slowly.

Yours always and ever devotedly,

Beatrix