

BEATRIX FARRAND  
~~1650 ORLANDO DRIVE~~ Reef Point  
~~SAN MARINO, CALIFORNIA~~ Bar Harbor, Maine

August 7, 1941

Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss  
Casa Dorinda  
Hot Springs Road  
Santa Barbara, California

Dearest Two:

As you know Max and I got back here ten days ago, he seeming in splendid surgical condition. Unluckily the day after he arrived he had what I believe the surgeons call a secondary hemorrhage. It was not at all important as to loss of blood but the pain was pretty bad, and the disappointment in finding he had to go back to hospital and back to all the surgical appliances he thought he had left behind him has depressed him considerably, so that I have a very sad young man to look after.

Dr. Weymouth is satisfied with his progress, and fortunately we were able to retrieve the nurse who had been with him during the hospitalization in Boston. Max does not quite realize it yet but it looks to me as though he would have another two or possibly three weeks in the hospital here as his nerves have had a severe shock and he lacks the confidence in his ability to recover quickly. This of course will come back slowly and in the meantime there is nothing to be done except keep him as cheerful as possible and do whatever is surgically and physically right for him.

There is no reason for you to be anxious my very dear. It merely means a rather steeper hill to climb rather more slowly than Max had thought likely. As far as I was concerned it seemed to me likely (from the operations of our elderly friends) that the convalescence would take longer than Max sanguinely expected. After all one can't heal up from a big operation of that sort as easily at 72 as one might at 42, and I think this slowness is what is depressing my young man so deeply.

Your telegraph and letter news relayed through Mr. Russell is of course being distributed to Mrs. Archbold and Madame Cantacuzene. # It is hard to see our Two having to go as slowly as they must. You know what it means to have you at the other end of the sympathetic postal line.

Speaking of Postal reminds me that the Postal Telegraph messages when they come here stop at Bangor which is fifty miles away, and when the Postal feels good and ready it telephones to

