

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

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the Western Union in Bangor and asks them to relay the messages down here, so that the message telling me of the result of the operation which you so angelically sent last Saturday didn't reach me until noon on Sunday and you may imagine on how many pins and needles I was sitting!

At Lunch time.

There is a decided change for the better today, less physical depression and the doctor seems what our old Irish gardener called "more than pleased". It is going to be no rushing job of recovery but I do honestly feel that the anxiety as to the outcome is over while the concern as to his slowish recovery remains.

How good you were to send me the long letter of the 4th of August which has just come. Of course I was as hungry for it as you for our news, and all that you say about Dr. Koefod and the Hospital makes one almost long to have ones gizzard taken out. Every word about Robert's condition and its reason for his past discomfort and ill health makes one hope that our Two will next winter be so rosy, round and jovial that we shall have to be clinging to their coat tails to prevent their going to night clubs and other youthful dissipations!

A note has just come from your devoted slave John Thacher so touchingly grateful for your willingness to help with the gift of \$1,000. toward Miss Sweeney's salary. Her position now seems pretty well assured for the coming year. Let us hope she and I can make it a go between us. Mr. Thacher has said he would let me know as soon as he came back about the progress of the library. He seems fairly confident that the room is going to be a fine one and most "oakish" in its feelings.

My dearest Twin my heart is so much with you that there is no use even in saying so.

Yours always and closer than ever

Trix

Dear me, best it's a good world that he
you in it!

I am delighted to be a central office for messages and feel as proud as a dog carrying a newspaper! I have relayed the news to Mrs. Archbold and Madame Cantacuzene, and Mrs. Palmer reports that Madame's eyes seem better and that the doctor says they will be still better!