

104 EAST 68TH STREET

March 22, 1938

Mrs. Max Farrand
1650 Orlando Road
San Marino, Calif.

Trix, dearest,

Bless you for your letter of the 14th received Saturday and the one of the 18th which came this morning. It will be hard to tell you how glad we were to hear from you.

1. In regard to the forsythia arch, that ^{whole} unit certainly should be designed as such and I would like to take the whole matter up with you when you come, but I cannot help feeling that the arch-way as entrance to the park from Dumbarton Oaks and vice versa should carry some weight, actual and metaphorical.

2. I hope to mail you some plans for the new room and shall beg for prompt return with comments.

3. Perhaps we can show Davis how to have the stone curbing with the parking space laid without going through the lost motions of f. s. d.

4. The Casa Dorinda notes show a most satisfactory report. Will you please tell Lucking that at present we do not expect to go to California this summer, so the flower garden need not be planted as if we were to be in residence. The summer of '39, however, we expect to spend there, but all future plans are more than ever ~~on~~ the laps of the gods.

5. It is good that Hamsher thinks he can save the olive trees. I hope so.

6. The March 18th note speaks of "the enclosed p. s. showing the photograph of the sequoia tree plaque", but alas, there was no enclosure.

7. We shall count upon you by all means about April 6th. It is, in fact, a good time for us and we shall await you open arms. You will let us hear later the exact day and hour and all the flags will be unfurled.

8. Sir Arthur Salter comes to us next Sunday for three days. Would you and Max were to be there!

9. I feel as if I ^{more} ~~was~~ immersed in a Slough of Despond. Ernest is really pitiful. *Juliet Hamilton an angel. Ernest spends with much with us & I am with him here Daisy & do literally root in place.*
10. Robert had to take the midnight for Washington and telephoned this morning that the garden is heavenly. The weeping cherries at the west end of the swimming pool are in bloom and lakes of golden jonquils are everywhere. Should Sunday be a fine day, I imagine it will mean a forsythia party. *It is a penance to be away from action. But Ernest needs me & Boston was such a strain.*
11. Sam Dushkin has a ten day old daughter, comically like its father. All is well with Louise.

I don't speak of the misery created by the floods or by Whitney or by Hitler and I shall be very, very glad, indeed, to see my beloved Trix again.

Sincerely yours

M.