Mrs. Max Farrand Reef Point Bar Harbor Maine

Dearest Trix:

My kaleidoscopic existence is now taking another turn. Robert is convalescing so satisfactorily and will be so completely submerged by John Dill matters in October that he won't know whether or not I am there, so - I am sailing on the 21st(Gday week) for England where Alexandra Moore and I shall tour about seeing gardens and the Aberconways will put me in the way of saving time at the Royal Horticultural Society Library; then one week in Paris and the return trip October 24th, which means Washington on the 30th of October.

If there is any book you think should be sought for, either for Reef Point or for Dumbarton Oaks, let me know to the Queen Elizabeth. Claridges will be headquerters while in London but I fancy most of the time I shall be out of London.

This is a scramble, and so many things are going through my mind that I can't write a proper letter, but what with the botanical garden affairs in Santa Barbara, the Dumbarton Oaks gardens, and arrangements for some little publications, you will know that no friend has been as much in my thoughts as you.

When do you leave for the Valley Club Cottage? Sometime a tete reposee I will tell you my impressions of the sad antagonism of Bullard and Van Rensaller for one another.

And now good-night. I hope that the beautiful gracing air and the glorious colors of a Maine September will make you feel vigorous and that the world is not going to be destroyed over-night. We feel profoundly encouraged by General Marshall's return to the post of all others he should occupy, and it is first rate that Norman Armour should be sent to Venezuela to look after the oil. This is the third time he has retired, but he is young and in good health and Myra will

just have to take the medicine - for medicine indeed it is for her.

My greetings to Clementine and you shall hear from me more satisfactorily than this when I have caught my breath.

Always devotedly,

1527-28th Street Georgetown Washington, D. C.