


great regret, the De Kalb
position is, perforce, given up.
But the position of house-
holder on the fringe of Am-
set Rock is a joyful one
indeed.


If you wait until June to
come you will miss the
budding trees, the birds' spring
songs, the sweet little woods
flowers, the early plowing
and planting, the waking
up of everything. How
can you do it? It does
not seem too cold to me



Aug 14
My dear Mr. Deane,

Best of greetings to
you and Mrs. Deane and
to Miss Brown from the
ledge. It is now 7:30
a.m. so this is really
a "good-morning" to you
all. I hope it will not
be long before the good-morn-
ing can be given you in person.
Thank you for your good

letters and for the little house
on the hill that brought an Easter
message from you and Mrs. Deane.
The pictured house now helps adorn
my real house. I appreciate
very much your remembering
me in so pleasant a way.

Being here is so much of a
surprise to me as to myself else. 
I enjoyed my work at details
brimondously and hoped to continue
teaching there through the summer
season. But at the Easter vacation
the last of March I arrived at
my brother's house in New York - my
doctor brother - with bronchitis and
pleurisy, with the result that I
soon found myself transferred to
the leisure class and en route for
dear Shelburne. My brother and
another doctor added "overworked and
underpaid" to the list of my ills. Men-
ors or the remedy may not have
been so delightfully long to my

R. K. S.

here. I sleep out of doors
now most comfortably. In
the morning, a few sticks
of clean white birch wood
in the grate make the house
cozy until time to go to
breakfast. It is pleasant,
I think, to have the weather
cool enough to warrant the
cheering fire. You will
have to come soon or there will
be so many questions piled
up to ask you that you

will never finish answering them.
At night all the stars come out
and I say "then Mr. Deane comes I
will ask him their names." In the
morning all the birds sing. I say
the same thing. During the day
a million little growing green things
put their heads up out of the ground.

And I say the same thing.

Tell Mrs. Deane, please, that I
have a garden which may sometime
rival hers though now it is not
large. It consists of a two-inch
spring of larkspur that escaped from
the Bangalore bed.

You should all have been here
last evening to see the rose and
yellow glow on our mountains and
a perfect rainbow spanning the
valley.

With a cordial welcome to all
waiting for you, and kind messages
enclosed in this letter, I am,

May 9, 1916.

Faithfully yours
Philbrick Fane.

Paul - K. Novis.



Stowell, Ruth K. 1916. "Stowell, Ruth K. May 9, 1916." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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