

145 Virginia Street  
Elmhurst, Ill.

August 6, 1924.

Dear Mr. Deane:

Your letter of June 30 should not have remained so long unanswered, but owing to various circumstances I am not the good correspondent I used to pride myself on being. To begin with, I had the sinus operation I spoke of. It was not especially painful, but what followed was excessively so. Four days after, to pass over the painful night that immediately followed, I had the rubber tube removed. This was like the simultaneous and slow extraction of three molars, and to add insult to injury I was subjected to a fresh packing of the hole with gauze - an operation scarcely less painful than the removal of the tube. Since then my visits to the surgeon have been less trying and I think I can say that the trouble which was discovered as long ago as last December is now definitely a thing of the past. But tired nature, as if loth to let me off too easily, has contrived a fresh torment, an obstinate neuritis in arms and shoulders. This is letting up some and I believe I shall finally shake it. My physician, Dr. J. Murray Washburne, a Harvard man, by the way, advised my trying something he proved out in his own case a few years ago. He had a worse attack than mine, making him miserable for four months. He finally went to Florida and spent the greater part of ten days on one of the beaches in the glaring sun, of course attired only in a bathing suit. My beach is my back yard, and having mislaid my bathing suit I am forced to use the B.V.D. combination as the best substitute. Well, I tried it for some time yesterday and intend to keep at it. If ten days of exposure cured the doctor perhaps a similar course of treatments will suffice for the patient. You may then think of me as taking these sun-baths and the while using smoked glasses to protect the eyes from the glare while I read. My reputation with the parishioners has to be considered. If any should chance to look me up while this sort of thing was going on I imagine the first thought would be that of asking for a commission de lunatico. I was spied yesterday by a boy coming into the next house from a delivery wagon, and his sarcastic comments were probably justified when the fact is stated that the mercury was then 92° in the shade. But owing to my mens sibi conscia recti I ignored his gibes.

Mrs. Foster has been getting along very well and we have been enjoying our summer at home, our first of the sort in many years. She has taken this time to have some extensive dental work done, very necessary and quite painful, but I hope and believe she will be through with that by the end of this month. We have enjoyed our car and so far have had no accidents - I say this with reference to your solicitude, which I grant is fully



justified when 16,000 a year is the toll exacted by autos/in deaths alone. Of course much of this is due to carelessness, and unfortunately ones own carefulness is not sufficient protection on the road. We haven't taken any long trips, our longest being 60 miles. We have had what is perhaps the common experience - all sorts of expense for this thing or that - but of late there has been none of this and, to quote Andy Gump, "she runs like a watch". When I began learning the nature of the beast every time I took her out for a run I felt as if I were embarking on a real adventure with all possibilities good and bad in view, but since my feet have been educated and I have been able too veer out of the way of an approaching and skidding car on a freshly oiled street and slippery trolley tracks - to cite one instance - I am less apprehensive and withal not a whit less cautious. I am not meaning to boast, however, for I remember that pride goeth before a fall. One thing I have decided upon, the little bus will have a well-earned rest this coming winter. Another is that I shall never hold the wheel in a traffic jam through the congested streets of Chicago. A friend of mine has an acquaintance who has several times entered the races on the Indianapolis speed-way, where 90 miles an hour is going too slow to win a race. This man drove my friend to town the other day and instead of going to the latter's office with his car left it in a garage and they completed their journey by trolley. He said that money wouldn't hire him to drive in "the Loop": "on the speedway the fellows observe the rules of the game".

We both enjoyed your letter immensely, especially the parts connected with your botanical interests and the news items about the guests. Give our kind remembrances to all our good friends - yes, we know the Emertons - and especially to Miss Brown and the Wares if they are with you. We are much interested to hear that they are locating in Louisburg Square, with which locality we have grateful associations.

Please forgive my use of the typewriter. I have had a lot of letters to write this afternoon and can always accomplish more under these circumstances when I press the little keys. Let us hear from you again when you feel up to writing.

With love, in which Mrs. Foster joins,

Cordially yours,

*Mrs. G. Foster*



Foster, Theodore B. 1924. "Foster, Theodore B Aug. 6, 1924." *Walter Deane correspondence* –.

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