

rich was greeted "God keep my
memory green", and I hope I too may
be so blessed. March 10th. A fierce
flood is raging into accompanying
gales, what a hard winter for our sailors
and out door workers, and there is no
abatement of bad weather as yet; the whole
world is in a fearful condition & some-
times I think I won't read the newspapers,
or skip a good deal in them. I
read "The autobiography of St Grenfell" this year,
& enjoyed it very much, books are such a
pleasure & comfort, but I find myself
turning very often to the old friends; I do
not think in fiction any one today equals
the earlier writers, in travel and science
of course the modern authors have some
advantage, we have just finished Ring-
horn's "Inca Land" not equal however
to his "Across South America." He both
send me greetings to Mrs Barr & say
aff. regards to you & those in the old
home, & Mrs & Miss Dexter -
Sincerely yours
H. W. Putnam

ansd
Mar 24/23

Chas. M. G.
March. 9. 1923

Dear Mr. Deane

If it was not a case of
absolute inability to do much writing
I should send many apologies for
my delay in replying to your last
letter, but I know you understand
that old age will be recognized. I heard
from Mr. Ruthven Deane not long
since & he said you were ill mixed
with a nurse, but on that was the
middle of February I trust you are
now feeling much better, if not well.
We are having and have had a most
terrible winter, very cold and incessant
snow storms, three to five feet on a
level all winter and that in the
village, in the mountains it has been

much more, impassible wad have
meant real suffering and distress.
Our doctor here had to walk miles
on snow shoes, and that in intense
cold: this morning at 5 P.M. it was
35° below zero, but the March sun is
bright and now at noon the mercury
has reached 10 above. While I have been
here all winter, having only been in
the open air for a few minutes since Sep.
22nd (except for lying near open windward)
four times; on that day I was taken
with agonizing pain under my left shoulder
blade, under my left arm and under
the left side of my body, all around but
not in my heart: I thought it was
intercostal neuralgia, but it was pronounced
inflammation & congestion of the arteries.
and I was very ill; for the last three days
my pulse was never more than thirty
five & I grew very weak with that and
the intense pain. I had everything

that love & skill could do, and the pain
is better, but has never ceased for an
hour since it began, and I have simply
"kept quiet." In Christmas week David
brought special kit from Troy "you didn't
expect I would live as long as this did you?"
"No," he said "to be frank I didn't, & I
don't know what keeps you alive now, ex-
cept your exceptional heart and your
own determination not to give up, which
is unusual at your age." Oh you can
imagine me - once so active - in
a reclining chair with my book, and
once in a while a bit of work or
knitting; it is a curious experience this
sitting for "the opening door"
To the fair fields of overmorrow
and I am so very thankful my
memory is so good: I have such a royal
store of recollections, my mother used to
quote very often the saying of the old
woman in "Christmas stories" and her



Audubon, Maria R. 1923. "Audubon, Maria R Mar. 9, 1923." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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