


we
are afraid to use the amount
needed for effectual "watering". However
all this dryness makes it safe to venture
into all kinds of hitherto unexplored
woods roads, with the car, without
danger of getting stuck in mud holes
— far from help. Mother dates on this
"exploring" business. She wouldn't give
ten miles of our beautiful paved "Main
Highway" for one half mile of poking
into the cracks of the hills — not quite
knowing how we are going to get out!
It is this wonderful "spouting" spirit
which has kept her going through all
these years of invalidism. My
"Aunt Margaret" Shefferson asked me
especially to send her love and remem-

recd
Aug 15

Shylau, North Carolina,
August 12, 1924.

Dear Mr. Deane,

The violet drawings came
all un-mixed and intact, thanks to
your careful reinforcement of the
package. You are too good in
your praises of my work. I am not
unduly set up, however, for I fancy you
see them as I do — looking more for
each violet's beautiful variation of form
and detail (which I did try to render
exactly,) rather than for perfection of
technique. I am so pleased, too,
that you showed them to my old friends
— Mrs Evans, Miss Wargerson, Miss

Converse, and Miss Ludden — and
that they liked them too. My latest
"violet interest" is hoping to get a
reply from a cheeky little & sent Mr.
Brainard. & say "cheeky" because &
wrote to suggest that a certain violet
which he had several years ago named
as "V. papilionacea, type growing in
wet shade" was really V. cucullata!
& sent a living plant, with the long-
peduncled, erect, cheistogamous flowers
( like this — with the auricles of
the sepals much elongated) to back up
my idea. & if Mr. Brainard will agree
this is cucullata it will give me another
violet for my Skyland collection.
This "doubtful" violet was shown among

my water color drawings, a very beautiful,
very large, deep blue violet. Though
& named it V. papilionacea this spring
& felt at the time it must be cucullata,
and determined to go back to the same
spot (where they grow thickly under the
shadow of a damp boulder on the
Vanderbilt Estate — the've always called
them "Vanderbilt pinks") in July to inspect
the cheistogamous flowers. We are
having an unusually hot summer,
and so dry that our little grass
plots — which cost us so much labor
in April — are seriously threatened
with being completely burned out.
The same drought makes a threat
of shortage in our water system, so

Have I told you about our grand new
1924 Dodge car - given to us by
Aunt Margaret, this Spring?

- because to all her old friends in
Shelburne - She was particularly
interested to hear of Miss Sandler,
Miss Converse and Miss Studley.
I wonder if Miss "Dolly" Kirk has been
with them this summer? - And how
she gets along without her dear Emily?
We are trying to settle now whether
we will spend this coming winter in
Oregon or Pensacola. We rather favor
Oregon, as there's less effort in getting
moved there, 40 miles away, than to
Pensacola, 600 miles, and no car prob-
lem. (For I can't always arrange to
drive our car down as I did last fall.)
On the other hand, ^{preferred} houses in Oregon

are very expensive - twice what
we pay for the same comfort in Fla.-
and our fuel also costs twice as much,
not to speak of the "tourist standards"
of all living expenses in Oregon.
So that on the whole Oregon mounts up
to more, in spite of the Fla. traveling
costs. And while we are not at
all "pinched," we do have to manage
carefully to make ends meet around
our rather heavy Florida bus taxes.
Now we still (unfortunately) own quite
a bit of absolutely unrecuperative
property down on St. Andrew's Bay
- which we can't sell. I don't
know why I launched upon these un-

interesting details - unless because
my mind was turned that way
from having just been "budgeting".
Have you read "Servant of Sakhis"
- not long out? It is quite interesting
and amusing to me, in spite of
the rather difficult broken English
in which it is written. Another
book I enjoyed lately was Leigh-
Mallory's account of the 1922 ascent
of Mt. Everest. Poor fellow - and
I was thrilled by Cherry-Garrard's
"The Worst Journey in the World".
There's breakfast on the table, so I
must say goodbye -

Very cordially yours
Dorcas Sheppard



Sheppard, Susan. 1924. "Sheppard, Susan Aug. 12, 1924." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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