

CHICAGO WESLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM DEERING AND ABBY DEERING HOWE

HISTORY AND PROGRESS NOTES

DATE

Dear Scott—

Thanks for your very good letter. Having just returned from the West Coast in a great cloud of dust and having been occupied with 4 god-damn studying gross bodies in the anatomy lab & just got the guts to sit down with pen in hand. We really should be better correspondents, and since you seem obviously willing, I shall spend more effort in holding up my own bleeding end.

I returned from Texas with full intentions of bombarding the mails with copious correspondence at your charming (prior) address at BROAD and CHERRY streets — a name not easily forgotten by someone with such a filthy, backwards old mind as mine. But almost immediately we whizzed out to the West-Coast to look for yachts. We hope to Spokane — Seattle, stayed with friends, had a drink in the "space needle" and clam chowder at Swari's down on the waterfront and all that stuff you must do to be a good conforming tourist. Stuart would like Seattle, very good climate is good & warm, great hunting & fishing, nice, beautiful scenery & mountains and such anything in the ground and it grows like weeds. The mountainsides are covered by laurels and Opheodendrons. Just camellias & azaleas grow everywhere — amazing. Then we went down to Portland on the bus, a fascinating trip in view of the fact that we couldn't speak any English (our next door neighbors brought us back a fluent spoken English and we haven't spoken English to each other since). All these stupid Americans go out of their way to impress us with the ways of democracy. And all that P.S. We loved Portland with all its apple trees and lovely ice-cream-cone-like mountains. Then down to San Francisco by bus when we had a beer, rented a car and immediately dashed down to the bay for a swim in the 55° water. Very judicious treatment for our smelly pits. Went out to see Stanford U. medical school, then drove over to the Pacific to swim in the surf. Erv says "I'm not swimming in that water — it's full of sharks." I say "Bull, there are no sharks." So we get out about 50 feet in the water, and Erv says the biggest damn shark you ever saw, just beyond us. Needless to say, we exited the water post haste.

And we later found out that several people had been maimed + even killed on that beach by sharks, and more than half in less than 3 feet of water!!! Then we went to several wineries and tasted the wine - all different kinds. Great fun. They have great 20,000 gallon barrels that the stuff sits in. Remember my attempt at home brew? Same thing on a bigger scale.

Last night was the fraternity dinner meeting. Afterward we went down to Clark Street (Chicago's third row) to visit a few bars we hadn't seen for 3 years and the brought back old memories. On the way home one guy stopped to pee in a doorway, and the gentle patten of rain must have awakened the man inside. Who came storming out with a baseball bat and chased the guy down the street, his fly open, etc.

We are having very atypical lovely weather here; the lake is truly beautiful and the wind is coming from the lake (East) so that it carries away the industrial smoke, a rare occurrence.

Are you out in the country? How far must you go to work? Let me hear from you again. Have you a telephone number?

Must go cut up bodies. See you soon at Christmas.

Pedro.

Enclosed: slide. Am sending you a slide of our back porch.

If you would like to paint it, go ahead; if not, send it back.

And please send the slide back sometime before Christmas.

P.S.

Just got a letter from Mrs.

Charles.

Spocombe about the coming Christmas "Coming Out (at the jeans) parties"

And you will be invited. To go as well as Stuart and I.

Suppose we could, the time goes alone, totally destroy the entire racial system of F.B. Worth.

P.