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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

MRS. CHARLES EDWIN KELSEY
P. O. BOX 276
SULTAN, WASHINGTON

July 30, 1959

My dear Wilson,

The pre-birthday message must not be neglected as the former loving message, sent through Allan some time ago was. It was inexcusable, real affection means so much as the years slip by and the sources through which it has come to us slip from our mortal sight. You see Allan made a copy of your letter for me. I am glad to know that you and your family are well and happy. But don't talk of the "Spanish Mannel" as a swan song, keep an brave to write the autobiography, the world needs just that type of talk to be printed, there is such a distressing lowering of educational standards now

in America, and this is not just
Aunt- No, Cousin- Abbie Moaning
over the "good old days" when every
thing was so perfect. I just chanced
to have recently heard a great deal
on this subject from differing ages in
different parts of the Country and such
differing walks of life. So write and
print your book, and I will surely
help you sell it by buying a dozen
copies! I wish I were as much like
your dear Mother as you remember
me. I never was, but how my entire
family did love her, and with reason,
as you know. + + + + +

Something still worse has come
to pass! You won't have to guess when
I tell you that this is the even-time of
Sunday August 2nd. I am so ashamed
of that, I won't even rewrite or apologize
for the inker tear I shed when I discovered
this sheet on my desk. I am still sure
that this note was mailed on the 30th but —

MRS. CHARLES EDWIN KELSEY

P. O. BOX 276

SULTAN, WASHINGTON

Any way I shall always love you as I always have done, and so far as memory serves this is the worst treatment I have ever dealt out to you. I probably will do better when I am older - by next Saturday. I have stoutly called off any birthday celebration, for Mary Electa and my grandson are now in California. Alan is working in the Stanford Radio lab. earning his fees for his first year of graduate studies, which will be at Chapel Hill the University of North Carolina, which work will prevent him from getting (driving) over here for August 7th, as they had planned. Which gave me the excuse to lay down the law and say "No Celebration" except that wonderful visit from my only child and my only grandson. You would like Alan; student, born and bred - who loves his illiterate grandmother so

Much that she often feels very humbled
when he looks at her. Its good for her.
And it will be good for you if I now
say good night as I really must. Children
and youngsters' need sleep. I've just
come home from a wonderful
six weeks visit with my brother Ned.
in the Infirmary, where his days
must now be spent. They took me in
as a boarder, and I really enjoyed
what I had, some what dreaded. Not
Ned - but Infirmary life, I had some
small experiences there which would
be almost worthy of your "joke book."
I'd like to send my love to your wife,
Please Sir, May I?

Good Night dear. you are
so worth while. Alan has just been
translating a Spanish work on radio-
something - or - rather, for a visiting stamps
professor. (It is time I went to bed)
Your loving Cousin
Abigail Marion (Burlison) Kelsey

P.O.Box 103, Sandpoint, Idaho
July 30, 1959

Dear Cousin Wilson Popenoe,

Your letter of July 21st flew in here Monday morning and created somewhat of a stir. Probably this acknowledgement should fly right back to Antigua, but I have no address for there -- though I imagine that just Antigua might reach you more quickly than this device of sending the envelope "Please Forward" via Tegusigalpa.

That check is really a shocker, and I suppose there's nothing I can do but carry out your instructions to the letter of the law -- with this exception: if the nine "Williams" are to be presented "from an anonymous admirer" - then she should be warned in advance of the day that her cousin in Central America is sometimes known as an "anonymous admirer". It is a most generous deed on your part, and you can well imagine the surprise and almost shock that will cross her countenance when those "nine Alexanders" are presented to her on behalf of that "anonymous admirer." Perhaps we can find someone clever enough to form the crispy bills into a sort of corsage effect. You will hear from "Headquarters" about that in time, no doubt. Yes, she is a very wonderful and special person who deserves whatever good things we can do for her.

On July 14th I took the night train to Pasco and thence the bus to Walla Walla to be on hand early next morning for packing and whatever details might be at hand. We had to get some emergency dental work done for Aunt Abbie and then just visited the rest of the day - after the packing was completed as much as possible. The morning of the 16th Aunt Abbie had many farewells to say to the staff and residents of Blue Mountain Infirmary, and we left Walla Walla airport about 10:20, flew over the edge of Mt. Rainier and landed in the downtown Seattle (Boeing) Airport about 12:30. Aunt Gwen (widow of Rev. John KE) was there to meet us, and we took a taxi in to an air-conditioned hotel where we were joined by a 75-year-old Pomeroy cousin for lunch and a visit. Then I Hertz-ed the two aunts to Sultan (45 miles), visited a while, and came back to Seattle in time to get the night Greyhound back home.

That was the beginning of our very hot spell (temperatures up to 108 and 110 in Walla Walla); so we were very glad to get Aunt Abbie back to the relative coolness of the Coast where the heat would not be so enervating to her. It had been a wonderful six weeks' visit for the siblings -- quite the longest and best visiting conditions they've had since the early 1890's, and we do admire Aunt Abbie for having been so plucky to see it through after she'd said, "If Ned can't come to visit me, then I shall go over and visit him if arrangements can be made for lodging under the same roof."

Yes, I think you have the information about Uncle Allan about right. I'd have to check with Aunt Abbie to make sure about that. You've floored me with that Spanish "Bandito pescuezo". The latter word I take to be "neck" but can find nothing but "bandit" for the other. Did you then consider yourself "Bandit necked"? Anyway, I can imagine that slide on the ice might have made you think many more things than neck were broken. ... I had to go to our Mexico-ophile neighbor to borrow a Hill's dictionary. -- She's a retired school-teacher of 78 Aprils, and more, but gets up at 3:30 and 4:00 to do her gardening and berrying and fruit (peach) tending. Mrs. Lulu Nash has tramped more of Europe and C.A. than anyone since the Popenoe Bros., I think. She visited Antigua in 1946 or 1947. Of course, she had read Adamic's book and wanted to see "The Old House" but her young guide wasn't sure whether Maria (if that was her name) would give permission. Mrs. Nash did get inside but her guide had to tarry outside.

In June we had a very cheerful letter from Aunt Myra who had just passed her 83rd birthday. She keeps her physical vigor and sense of humor and deplors the fact that her half dozen special friends and lifelong acquaintances seem to be shelved by arthritis and a variety of infirmities while she still gets around the country as if she were still a mere 50. You will remember her as the Mrs. Myra W. Sloper from New Britain who so enjoyed the stay at Antigua for a few months (don't ask me what year!).

We shall be keenly looking forward to your "Popenos's Joke Book" -- not only for its incisive wit and good narration -- but for the great breadth of interesting material about travel and accomplishments and people and diversity of avocations, etc. -- wish you could finish that before the one for the Spanish Press. Think what pleasure your Cousins Abbie Kelsey and Ned Burlison will have in reading anything of an autobiographical nature that you may compose!

This weekend I shall be in Walla Walla again. I try to spend one day there each two weeks -- catching up on details of things for father, reading to him some of the things that are too tiring or trying for his eyes, etc. In between-whiles, he's pretty good about writing two or three notes a week, even though the aim at the typewriter keys sometimes produces erratic results. He is almost well enough not to have to stay there longer, but I fear if he leaves he'll just be candidate for readmission in two or three days again. 'Tis well for him to be there the rest of the summer, if he wishes.

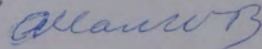
Richard Bowman was very good in writing us the plans for his father's marriage. We all rejoice that he is to have a companion again to make that Market Street House and Namwob Manor seem more like home again. These intervening years must have been lonely for Karl in spite of all the travel, lecturing, teaching, etc. that have been somewhat diverting.

I shall have to beware of pickpockets when I leave on the night train, a week hence, to carry out your anonymous mission. It will be very convenient to board the Great Northern here about 6:30 P.M. and detrain at Everett next morning -- only about 24 miles west of Sultan. If JKB Jr. doesn't happen to be taxiing over that direction or is not at home, 'twill be very simple to backtrack the few miles to Sultan. And in the evening I can catch a train (or a Greyhound right in Sultan) to bring me home again. We really are well-fixed, transportation-wise in case it is ever necessary for us to get to Sultan or Walla Walla on emergency. Occasionally, when I'm in a real hurry, I get the plane at Coeur d'Alene Airport (40 miles from here) and can be at Blue Mountain Infirmary in Walla Walla in less than two hours. These schedules would seem rather creaky and out-moded by your faster-traveling standards, but for us they are a great improvement over "the old days."

I hazard a guess that within two weeks you'll be having word from a 120-lb 90-years-young lady of your acquaintance. Of course, she will have to write in the same anonymous vein in which she will have been addressed! And we know you'll be thinking of her and your surprise to her a week from tomorrow.

With all best wishes to you and your family,

Sincerely,


Allan W. Burlison

P.O.Box 103, Sandpoint, Idaho

August 5, 1959

Dear Wilson:

Ach, Mein bendito cabeza -- or something like that! Anyway, when I took your letter of July 21st along with me to see father on Monday and read it to him, I discovered that, indeed, you had written bendite instead of the "bandito" which I had read previously. Now it all makes sense to my silly brain, and I shall never speak again without reading letters by broad daylight instead of the inadequate lighting of this typewriter table!

Things seem substantially arranged for Friday's party. I telephoned Gwen last night and told her that Alice Napjus (sister of the Charley Jaes who m. Gwen's eldest child Louise), and Alise's father, and I would arrive in Sultan about 9:00 Friday morning and suggested we make it a "surprise" if it wouldn't surprise Aunt Abbie too much -- but to inform AMBK if she thought that might be better. Alice and her family (husband and two sons) live at Zenith, south of Seattle. Alice will drive up to Everett and meet me shortly after I have detrained at that place, then we shall drive the 24 miles to Sultan and the little Methodist Parsonage where we shall find Aunt Abbie and Aunt Gwen and Hughko (son of Gwen's son HLB II -- half-Japanese); so far as we know, the party will just be "WESIX". Mary Electa and her son to drive north later in the month, and Rev. JKB Jr away for a week on some sort of Church Camp work. I say all these things in advance and then shall take this "script" with me on the train to see if anything over there matches up to our "plans."

If there were a large enough bank in Sultan (I'm not sure there's any at all!) - it would be a temptation to turn your check into bright new silver dollars -- just for the birthday counting -- and then convert them back to paper. But since you have decreed, it shall be 9 "Williams" of the "Alexander H." denomination -- nice new crisp ones, and I only wish we could get a camera view of the consternation that will spread across your Cousin Abbie's countenance at the presentation of your gift!

I spent Monday with Father in Walla Walla. The heat has been very debilitating for him. He had much for me to read to him; so we had about six hours of that and did not get our usual strolls in the garden (too hot for that, too). Unfortunately, some of the reading items promoted too much hilarity and caused father to laugh so hard that he literally toppled out of his chair and banged his head on a radiator -- result, some gore and a gauze halo. It is a relief to get his latest report mailed yesterday: "Cranium slightly sensitive, otherwise wholly normal." As I said to father, his sense of humor was not his downfall -- merely his falldown; I'm so sorry it happened but so thankful that the results were nothing worse than a "goose-egg bump" and a bit of red flow.

It occurs to me that AMBK may want to send at least a brief note in this envelope and then let her longer note wait for a day or two after she recovers from whatever excitement is attendant on the festive occasion of August 7th. I trust the envelope may possibly be more satisfactorily addressed this time.

Probably I mentioned that my nephew Noel (youngest living son of my deceased brother Theodore) is in Mexico for a year on an Organization of American States grant, making special study of some socio-economic evolution, with an eye to amassing enough of the right kind of material to furnish the main part of his doctoral dissertation for Harvard. It sounds like quite a task, but I'm glad he's able to have the opportunity and trust he may do nobly in his work.

Father joins me in sending all best wishes to you and your family.

Sincerely,

Allan W B
Allan W. Bursleson


See other side for any comment that may be added in Sultan!

August 7, 1939



You are a bad, Naughty boy,
hiding under an assumed
Name and then sending me
such a royal gift of "The
Needful!" Imagine if I had
had to lie awake desperately
wondering whom to thank!
You might even have been
the Cause of sending me into
a severe Case of Nervous
prostration! Seriously, I am
really overwhelmed and have
not sufficient brain to collect
thanks in proportion to the
gift. But from my very heart I do
thank you and on my hundredth
birthday I shall send you 100
bills then you may guess how I
feel today - looking at your gift.
With all the affection of the
years Cousin Abbie!

Sunday evening -
August 9 / 59.



Wilson dear it was a very
inadequate Note which went
to you by Alcom on August 7.
Alcom had to leave early, and
wanted to take it with him.
There were still birthday guests
in the living room so I could
not take time to say much.
To tell the truth I was so
bowled over by the generosity
of your gift that I was not
quite "all there" any way.

But even then the thanks were
very sincere, though inadequately
expressed. Now, this week I shall
be fitted for the glasses I rather
 sorely need — yes — eyes first — you
are right, but you must know that
there is so often a clash of duties,
that it is hard to decide. I am
sure you will be glad to know that
you have helped out with a rather
serious, but not fatal situation.
And I promise not to procure the

owns which (to me) are like looking
at my friends eyes through a tangle
of glass and glittering metals, or do
you not have those huge and
ornamental frames in your part
of the world? Mary Elita and
Alan expect to be here for a few
days visit on August 25th or 26th.
I can hardly wait. Then they drive
on to meet Tom in San Francisco
where he lands Sept. 6. you may
not remember that Tom is a Play-
wright and teaches in the Dramatic
dept. in Chapel Hill. He has spent
the summer touring U.S. army
camps with a group of young
players some of them his students
giving a play written by one of his
classes. They have visited the
Phillipine Islands - Okinawa -
Japan - Korea several small
Pacific Islands, and now it will be
Hawaii and then San Francisco
Sept. 5th. He writes me - My son-in-law
I mean, that it has been strenuous
but the more than hearty welcomes
have made it very rewarding. I can
fancy that would be the case.

I am realizing that you really

(2)
Need not have a lengthy letter to read
just because I did not have time for it
on my birthday - but its really all your
fault that you are one of my
very "specials" and you are so
like your Mother that you will
forgive me any way.



Callers came here and now it is
Monday Noon and past time.
I hope the street number on
your last letter from me
was right. Allow read me
a part of a letter from you to
him and he said there was no
such number or it. Or am I
confused on this subject? At
any rate it is the only address
I have.

Very Much love from
"the ancient one" and greetings
from Wendolene & John. Be
a very good boy!!

Your Cousin
Afgail Marion.

Box 276

Sultan Wisconsin