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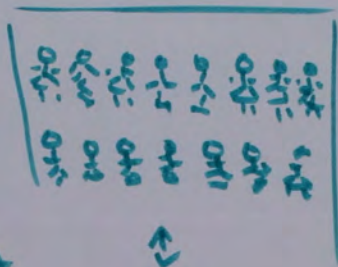
The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains 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.

Here is what I want — do these
2 things sound familiar?

1. This is a "wall-hang" that
the Baber's brought back from the S. U.
trip. It is a cloth panel with figures
woven across it to hang in a room.

It is for Betty's light blue room, on a long bare wall so a large one with a dark blue background would be perfect. On a light yellow or deep cranberry color for the background would be good. It looks something like this:



30" size —
 3 or 4 feet
 by 3 or 4 feet
 or smaller — what-ever size is
 available.

2. also — and I don't know if this can be found there or not — I think it is Mexican, But Bob doesn't remember seeing anything like it on his trips down from California. It is a large vase like container with

features cut from it in the shape of mouth, nose, eyes, etc. It is used to hold a fire on coal nights, and the red glow from the fire shines out the cut out spaces. Is this familiar? If so I'd love to have one. Any unusual face or color would be wonderful!

If you know the approximate cost I could give you the money this next weekend — are my orders "fillable?" Hugh — thanks! For everything!

am looking forward to seeing you and introducing Uncle Hugh to the group.

J.

MRS. JAMES KEMPTON
680 AMERICANA DR.
ANNAPOLIS, MD. 21403

Dearest Wilson,

We are all so distressed about the awful ravages caused by the hurricane. It is too sad not only the tragedy of the people but of the land itself.

Very little has been said about Guatemala in the press, but since it is in the path of the storm we are wondering how much damage has done. We do hope very little. We can only imagine what happened in Acahualpa but at least it is up in the mountains and solidly built.

I think about you as much and
wonder how you are feeling.
Timi and I never tire of talking
about our wonderful visits to Casa
Gidoo.

Everything is quiet here in Manu-
land. Wilder is busy in her green-
houses and Jimmy the Judge is
busy at court.

John McR. has retired from
his bank but keeps busy being
on boards.

Much love and I do hope
everything is all right with you.
Best wishes to Alice who has
probably suffered much during
the past few days. Dimp

Sept. 22.

Dear Wilson,

Thank you so very, very much for all the valuable information and ^{for} the perfect picture of Cerro del Carmen. The history of it is wonderfully interesting and invaluable. The reason that I am glad that it is Franciscan is that it fits in exactly with my idea of what an early Franciscan church was like ---heavy, fortress-like. Can you think of ^{other} any that you know of, that is built in that style? I can't.

What Mr. Annis says about the facades of the churches being added at a later date than the original structures, may be true but is not necessarily so as a great many of them were built during the period when Baroque was in full swing in Spain. After all, the pure Renaissance ^{style} period began to get wild a little over a hundred years after it started, which would bring it up to the time when most of the build- was going on in Guatemala.

By the way, the very name 'Annis' sends me into a panic. I only calm down when I think that what he writes will be quite different from what I am doing. He will be very technical, probably, and it is quite impossible for me to write in a purely technical manner, but still he worries me!

I shall probably continue to pester you with questions. Some day when you are in Antigua will you walk up to the end of your street--the opposite end from San Francisco-- and look at an old garden wall on your left. There is a very flat relief decoration in a sort of strap-like design which, if I

remember correctly, resembles a design on the wall of the Alhambra, a picture of which I have before me. I meant to make a sketch of it before leaving but towards the end left many things undone. If you could make a rough drawing of it I shall be most obliged.

After you have finished that and still feel like walking, will you stroll down to San Francisco and look at the very large bricks which form the arches in the ruined section-
out side of the Oratorio. We took a picture of it ^{down} and I should judge them to be about fifteen inches long but I should like your opinion. The construction is most interesting.

Do you know of any under ground passage-ways or secret tunnels or anything of the sort in Antigua?

By the way, if I ever finish this thing ~~that~~ I am doing it will be more than half--yours. I really am enjoying myself immensely, thanks to you, but only wish that I had been endowed with a little more speed so that you won't think I am too hopelessly behind schedule. However, I am working every spare minute trying to catch up.

I am sorry to hear about Nancy's homesickness. It would be most unusual if she hadn't been, as nine out ten girls go through the same pangs for awhile but usually recover. Stuart Hall is a grand school but very strict, I understand. I do hope she likes it later. We are going to try to drive down to see her some Sunday. Visitors often make it easier.

I could write pages about this that and the other, but must go. Just one more question--I do hope I am not becoming

tiresome. Will you look in your Britannica and find "James"? Unless I am dreaming there is a citation of a legend about one of the Jameses by some woman. It is not in the Encyclopaedia in the Library of Congress.

You are right about there being a difference between San Diego and Santiago. The picture in your dining-room is of St. James, the apostle, of course--with all the bread and fishes. Then there was James, son of Zebedee, half-brother of Christ. Santiago was evidently "James the Less". It is ~~the~~^{the} and the emblem, the shell, that I am trying to find more about.

Please remember me to dear Maria, and Julia and Victoria,
and I
Tell them that Tinita think and speak of them and remember the delightful times we had. Some day I am going to write them a long ~~SPANISH~~ Spanish letter as soon as I can find some one to take it down. In the mean time give Maria my love and tell her I think of her with tears in my eyes.

Much love and many thanks,

Dimple

[Nov. 15, 1938]

Dear Wilson,

You are a dear to send me all those notes. I too, took those same notes from Sylvester Baxter, and many more. He has done the best work on Mexico, I think.

I said in my last letter to you that I was somewhat nervous about Mr. Annis. Well, many of the things that he has told you I don't agree with. The "plateresque" did not come to Guatemala, for instance, although you mention it many times in connection with the churches. It was a finer form of the Chirruqueresque and applied only to the carving of stone. As you say, and as I have written, the Chirruqueresque was not found in G. because of the lack of wealth. The decoration was ^{was} on walls, columns etc. done entirely through the process of "yeseria", distinctly a Moorish technique, although in many cases it was imitative of "plateresque".

I don't agree with him about the façade of San Francisco, which he says is pure baroque. There is a very definite intermingling of styles there, both on the church and on the gateway.

Mr. Annis said that evidently many of the churches were rebuilt, which accounts for the rococo on many of their facades. That could have been so but was not necessarily true, as many of the churches were built during the end of the Baroque period which was also the rococo period. I think he fails to take into account the fact that in some cases one man's idea or some monk's inspiration is responsible for the design of a building, which makes it impossible to catalogue.

I have a precious copy of Juarros which I was lucky enough to find in the Public Library and which consequently I can read at home and at leisure. Juarros mentions a great many old edifices throughout Guatemala; Franciscan and Dominican. I wonder if they are still there.

Never mind about the Jameses. I have found exactly what I was looking for and a confusing subject is now perfectly clear.

Thank you again for all your trouble. I do appreciate so much all that you have done. Jim said that at my rate of speed I will take as long as David Fairchild did to finish his latest volume, which was seven years!

We are so glad that you are coming North before very long. We are planning a party for you, so don't disappoint us!.

Much love,

Nov. 15-58

Dunlap

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY
WASHINGTON

Cereal Crops & Diseases.
~~BIOPHYSICAL LABORATORY~~

May 28, 1940.

Dr. Wilson Popenoe,
Antigua, Guatemala, C. A.

Dear Pop:

I'm glad the Cinchona project is practically established. God knows with the Far East in the shape it's in it's high time we were getting a source of quinine in this hemisphere.

The rubber users have at last come to their senses and have practically landed an appropriation of one million to establish rubber experimental stations in the American Tropics.

As you can imagine this money is far too much to accomplish its purpose under customary Bureau administration. Without my telling you you could guess how the money would be spent. Yes, you are right, -the plan is to put 41 men in the field for six months. These 41 men are divided into ten exploration parties and are to bring back the facts on which the locations of the rubber stations are to be established.

Our friend, Stadelman, is slated to head the party which investigates Southern Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras. One party is to reinvestigate the Amazon and the other 8 are to cover the intermediate territory. If you can think of a more useless way to spend money you are better informed than I am. In my opinion the first consideration in locating these stations is political and the second is strategic. Certainly it would be useless to put a station in Mexico unless we were prepared to take Mexico over. Well it isn't my worry but I saw about a quarter of this sum expended fifteen or so years ago on much the same basis and it advanced rubber production in this hemisphere by not one tree. If this Bureau can't locate four rubber stations properly without further exploration we ought to go out of business.

Be careful when you go after that deer. The Latin American woods will be so full of Bureau boys you are likely to pick one off unless you hold your fire until you see the horns.

We are looking forward to Nancy's visit and hope she can stand us till snow flies.

My love to all the Pops.

Affectionately,
J.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY
WASHINGTON

Cereal Crops & Diseases.

~~BIOPHYSICAL LABORATORY~~

July 31, 1940.

Dr. Wilson Popenoe,
Antigua, Guatemala, C. A.

Dear Pop:

We were glad to hear from you and especially to learn that Hughy has a realistic attitude toward life. Not one of these lads who are willing to go through life on scenery and sunsets but one who appreciates good food and plenty of it.

I would have written sooner to give an accounting of our stewardship of Nancy but the corn plants have kept me running up and down the rows all day while Nancy keeps us going all night.

Dimp, who has a rather visionary view of life, insists that in two more weeks I will have converted your daughter into a drinking, swearing, ribald miss who will shock everyone including her father. My only defense is to reiterate "you don't know her father!" Anyway we are having a swell time and by fall Nancy's arteries should be hard enough to stand a bad winter.

My gals promptly put her on the night shift, i.e. breakfast, or as they call it "brunch", about noon, bed not before three A.M., but even so there are so many dives it's questionable whether she can get inside all of them before school opens. Probably it won't be necessary as from my observation they all are very much alike anyway.

Nancy really is a dear and frankly I don't see how we are going to let her go home. She fits right into our family and seems to take to the seamy side of life quite naturally--which is a Godsend.

At present she is on what we call the gin diet, Tom Collins, Gin and bitters, and lime gin, but we will get her over to Scotch before school opens. Marge was that way too and it took me six months to teach her to drink like a lady and even now she backslides when I'm abed.

7/31/40

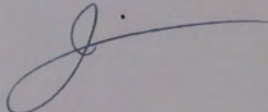
Dr. Wilson Popence---2.

Stadelman et al finally got away with the best equipped expedition that ever sailed for Tela. Brandes, who now administers the Rubber appropriation, seemed to think there were no houses, dishes, etc., in Central America so the party is fully equipped with large tents, including poles and picnic outfits designed and sold by Abercrombie & Fitch. Most of this stuff will be abandoned on the dock at Tela.

Have you heard the one about the two Irishmen who were ditch digging before a house of shame? While working away they spotted the local Rabbi, who, after looking furtively up and down the street, ducked into the house. Mike: "Now would you believe it? Only Saturday he was exhorting his flock to be good and begorra now look at him." A half hour later or so they saw the Methodist minister repeat the Rabbi's performance. Said Pat: "Faith and what's to become of us. Sunday his reverend berated his congregation, saying their sins would take them to Hell and now look at him in broad daylight, too." They went on working when some time later who should they see slipping down the street but their own Padre. He, like the other two, looked carefully up and down the street and dodged in the door at which action Mike said to Pat "Begorra there must be someone awful sick in that house."

If you are having half as much fun with Hugh as I am with Nancy you are lucky.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be a stylized 'J' or 'G' followed by a long horizontal flourish.

Sept 27 [1941]

Dear Pop

Where did you ever find Cornelia?
That was an accomplishment and one that
leaves me breathless or rather finds me absorbing
a strong pungent fragrance entirely satisfactory
to myself.

The public school system is now doubly
anathema to us for it has claimed Nancy
and interrupted her education. I fear Edith
has been unpleasantly startled several times
by fearful oaths but shall get accustomed to it.

Dwain and I went to Maine for two weeks
leaving the girls at Lanham. This gave them a
free hand with Nancy and they clearly made
the most of it.

I was delighted with her exceptional sense of
humor and also her strength of character.
She has a tendency to conceal her opinions
evidently in fear of hurting someone. One
night when we were alone I gave her a
little lecture on the desirability of making
her position clear instead of always giving

temporizing replies. She took this with her usual good grace and I was much heartened when an hour or so later I asked if she would have a glass of milk before going to bed she promptly replied "Hell no!"

Miss Lyon my long time secretary is in the post house with scarlet fever and my substitute girl is hardly up to writing my personal letters. I could always put in a story or so with Miss Lyon feeling perfectly certain she would never see the inkblot.

Speaking of stories have you heard those about the radio quiz program? You know here we are much addicted to these radio quizzes where all sorts of questions are asked variously selected spots.

One of the most popular of these is a program where if you answer the first question correctly you win 1⁰⁰ and have a chance to double this sum if you choose a second question and give the correct answer. At any winning answer you can quit play and take your winnings but if you select another question and fail you lose all. This can go on until you have 64⁰⁰ coming to you.

Anyway one evening a lady was doing very well and had reached the final question which was "What are the three most important parts of the body?"

To which she replied "The heart, the lungs and then a long pause followed by Oh please I can't

think of the name of it and we had it drilled into
me hundreds of times too." Whereupon the master
of ceremonies announced "Lady you win".

You see as the fiscal consuming Rome burns
more brightly we grow more vulgar. Election year is
being buried under the news-pour abroad and
unless a decided change takes place in the war
we are in for four more years of Roosevelt and ruin.

I do not see how the country's finances can
withstand many more of these 17 Billion assaults
such as the rearmament program is costing us.

The super colossal expenditures for defense
are having a shot in the arm influence on
business. Unemployment is dropping fast, commodity
prices are rapidly rising and once again we are
in sight of nigger workers in silk shirts. Truly this
time the public debt is 44 Billion to begin with
instead of 1 Billion. Verily our children are going
to face a different world from ours and I am glad
that the infirmities of age plus the ravages of
alcohol act together to create an indifference
as to the future.

Fairchild has been promising to arrive here any day now for Canada but Tom Barber seems to be holding him easily. Mrs Archibold is leaving San Francisco Oct 15 to join her Chinese junk in the Fijis or Solomons. She contemplates a six months cruise among the smaller islands of the So Pacific. The B.P.'s successfully avoided sucking anyone along as the old demon of plant introduction feels it is doing its full duty in moving plants from Bell to Chico from Chico to Chapman field and from there to Bell. This keeps them busy. Swingle's son John is going through.

Nancy reported you were not coming Christmas which is too bad as the Cometea won't last beyond the Holidays.

By the way Wetmore is spending Oct and November in Costa Rica so be on the look out for him. I had another story I was going to tell you but the damn paper is giving out. Take care of yourself and give my regards to Helen. I really was sorry to have missed her as I hadn't half finished sketching your iniquities. Affectionately
J

Washington, D. C.
November 28, 1941

Dr. Wilson Popence

Antigua, Guatemala, C. A.

Dear Pop:

It must be a relief to be able to sit down long enough to write a letter and something of a novelty, too. At any rate I was glad to get your letter. We rather thought you would be in for the great committee meeting on the Tropical Institute. I understand they finally agreed as to its character, i. e., a graduate school open to Latins and others who have completed their undergraduate work in U. S. colleges of recognized standing. The appropriation requested was reduced from one and three-quarter millions to five hundred thousand. Now don't get me wrong on this report. In my opinion nothing is fixed. The committee has labored but if they can hold Bressman and Lee it will surprise me. Lee, of course, having finished investigating himself in Santo Domingo for the Brookings, is here for a year to help Bressman organize the new institution. Our understanding is he is to become the head man in the field while Bressman tops the faculty with headquarters here. Just between us, and although I have a real liking for Lee personally, I do not place a high estimate on the contents of his head nor do I have too much confidence in his having principles independent of current expediency. Neither of these defects will disqualify him for his new job, however, as the first requirement for the field director should be an ability to get along with all the human diversity he will encounter. I do believe Lee will be somewhat more stable than Bressman.

I am glad to hear you are satisfied with the financial arrangements for the Zamorano Valley school. We looked at the valley going and coming to Danli and the Jamastran. What is the rainfall? We had great difficulty in getting even reasonable estimates practically everywhere in Honduras. However, one station at Hacienda Santa Elisa had rainfall records 35 to 60 inches. The temperature was such that evaporation must be high, giving a net effective rainfall low for the Tropics. Speaking of Santa Elisa reminds me of what a swell time we had with the Romeros. Please give my fondest regards to Leonardo, his wife, and his bright pretty girls. A jolly family which remains a green memory with me.

11/28/41

Dr. Wilson Popenoe---2

Just looking at the vegetation in the Zamorano Valley led me to think the rainfall was none too great but one can easily be misled by casual looking around.

The Honduras report remains unformulated. Here is the picture. We finished the Mexican report and submitted the draft to Bressman who strained at a few gnats and swallowed more camels. When these little differences were adjusted to everyone's satisfaction we turned the report over to LaGuardia (who succeeded Bressman). LaGuardia promptly had a heart attack (may have been a coincidence) but it put him to bed for a month. Meanwhile Foreign Agricultural Relations had the report mimeographed (25 copies--none for me) and sent it to the State Department for transmission to Mexico. They held it about a month and sent it back, refusing to transmit it, apparently because the language was too direct. Of all the asinine objections theirs passed all belief. At one place we had noted that a tung orchard on the West Coast had died and since it had not been properly cared for we could hardly determine whether death resulted from poor environment or lack of care. Now, mind you, this orchard was an American project, nothing to do with Mexicans except it was in Mexico. However, the State Department objected to recording it had not received proper care! At present I don't know what the status of the report is, though I suspect the Bureau Chiefs are trying to fix it up so that it will accomplish no good. Actually the Mexicans with whom we conferred wanted it strong so they could use it to get a few things started. Until we know more of the fate of this report there is hardly any point in sending the Honduran one along.

As you know Bressman and his boys want these reports to be used as a basis for setting up corporations to which the Export-Import Bank can make loans. So far as Honduras is concerned I simply can't see another one of those corporations such as Fennel has in Haiti. Each one of the Central American countries apparently is to be put on a sound financial base by growing castor beans and lemon grass. Fennel is pushing these crops in Haiti. Lee is doing the same in Santo Domingo and Puerto Rico. These same crops are to be financed in Ecuador and Cuba, and have been proposed for Nicaragua. Now you know the market for lemon grass and the future for castor beans is none too certain. In my opinion we are going to be faced with a very awkward situation if any of these projects succeed in the field. The chief trouble comes from not having any real coordination. Each one of these countries is being considered independently of all the others and since the possible crops are limited it means the U. S. is setting up independent corporations all to grow the same things and forced to compete with each other for the U. S. market.

11/28/41

Dr. Wilson Popenoe---3

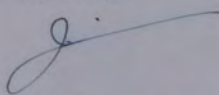
Honduras I think without doubt is the poorest country I have ever seen. Of course, the population figures tell the story of the land. The country simply has no soil except in a few favored and widely separated regions. If it is politically advisable to spend U. S. money in the country the only hope I can see of having anything to show for it is to spend it on physical plant. I have already begun in my feeble way to try and get the Pan-American Highway relocated so as to pass through Tegucigalpa on to Danli, the Jamastran Valley, and into Nicaragua from that point. Our report, when and if submitted, will bear heavily on road aid and if the roads are constructed there will at least be something to show for the money without getting the country into a false position with some crop that has to be sold in competition with Haitians or Hindus.

In many ways Honduras is better off than Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, or Santo Domingo in that the Fruit Company is just as anxious to find a paying export crop as any Honduran and in a much better position to test possibilities than are any of these other countries.

I do feel that there is the possibility of developing forest products but before anything commercial is started a very careful study of tree growth and reforestation rate is essential. I have a feeling that much of the pine woods of Honduras is slow-growing--no soil and relatively low rainfall--and if this is a fact the utilization of the forests should be geared to this speed.

Whew! What a letter! We ought to get together where we could talk of these matters quietly over a few glasses of Cometeca. And speaking of Cometeca, why don't you write Jesus Patiño Navarrete, Finca Guatimoc, Cacahoatan, Chiapas, inviting him to Guatemala to see your Cinchona work. This lad would appreciate the invitation even if he couldn't make the journey. If possible, it would be nice to offer to meet him at the border and drive him to the Cinchona. This might save border difficulties. I think Patiño may go far in Mexico and anyway all you seriously interested in tropical plants should know each other. If you write him it would do no harm to indicate that, like Kempton, you enjoy a glass of Cometeca now and then when it can be obtained.

With my affectionate regards to both of you



P.S. Fairchild is a confirmed Guatemalan now. Wildly enthusiastic about the place. Even wrote me a letter.

Antigua, Guatemala, 2 December 1941

Dear Jim:

It was a great pleasure to get your long letter of 28 November. You told me a lot of things. Now tell me a few more.

Did you meet any young men in Honduras who impressed you as reasonably sound and energetic? I must get in touch with the field, in connection with the development of the school, and I have seen little of those people during the past seven or eight years. What do you think of Salvador Cordova? It is quite probable that several of those chaps are going to approach me for jobs. If any of them have possibilities, in your judgment, I would like to know about it.

I do not know much about the rainfall in the Zamorano valley. My guess would be that it is between 30 and 50 ins. But we are not depending on it; we expect to irrigate our fruit trees and certain other cultivations. Our engineer says there is sufficient water for 200-300 acres. We'll know more about the rainfall five years from now. As you point out, it is hopeless to get reliable data from interior Honduras.

I am disappointed that you have not turned in the Hondyras report. I want very much to see it. I feel pretty confident that you view things about as I do; but you probably saw some things which I have not seen. You will get my outlook by reading the short account on Plant Resources of Honduras which I have just prepared for Frans Verdoorn's "Chronica Botanica". I believe there are possibilities for developing a few export crops, but I am not enthusiastic about castor beans, lemon grass, and rotenone. I think Pará rubber may have a future on the north coast, if the first plantings are put in the hands of foreigners and the more intelligent type of large-scale native operator. I think there are parts of the country where we might do a little something with superior strains of cacao, - because good cacao is getting scarce and the folks in So America are having more and more to fight diseases which may be some time yet in reaching Honduras.

And so on. After you read the account in *Chronica Botanica* I wish you would give me your reactions. Naturally, I have had to avoid painting the picture too black. For example, with regard to Honduras soils, or lack thereof, I have quoted Treadwell and Bennett. In my own judgment, Honduras has a tremendous and insurmountable handicap in the relative scarcity of decent agricultural lands off the North coast. It remains to be seen how much can be done to improve agriculture in those interior valleys. I am not too optimistic and you cannot be either. To my mind, the best thing to attempt is this: try to improve living conditions for the people in those areas first. Try to diversify their farming a bit, and provide more and better stuff to eat. I see no use worrying overly much about growing export crops in those regions. I know this point of view is not popular among the authorities in Honduras. As you told me, they want us to suggest some crops which will grow on that kind of land, which nobody else can grow, and which has a steady demand in world markets at a highly lucrative figure. A very tall order, Jim.

I hope they wont attempt, at Washington, to set up a Tom Fennell corporation in Honduras. Of course it might stand a chance with rubber, but I dont see that it could with any other crop known to me. I am not optimistic about the financial success of the corporations now being started in Haiti and Ecuador. From the political standpoint it may be different.

Stay by that program of yours to put the Pan American highway through Tegucigalpa and Danli. That would be something really worth while. Until we have better communications between Honduras and neighboring countries we cant do much. Not to mention my personal desire to see our school on a road which goes somewhere.

I'll write Jesus Patiña at once; had intended to do it after talking with you in Honduras, and then I rushed off to South American and forgot it. And I'll promise him a couple of quick ones if he will come over to Guatemala and see me. Same to you.

My love to all the family.

Ever yours

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY
WASHINGTON

DIVISION OF
CEREAL CROPS AND DISEASES

December 8, 1941

Dr. Wilson Popenoe

Antigua, Guatemala, C. A.

Dear Pop:

In between the time I wrote you and now we put on the speed, finished the Honduran report, and it leaves our hands today. Part of the delay was waiting to hear from Leudtke but we finally decided to go ahead without him. Our emphasis is on crops for home consumption and roads to get the crops to market.

I agree that rubber and possibly cacao can be produced in Honduras but when we were there it looked as though the Firestone people would shortly be in the rubber business in Honduras. Cacao is a possible crop in most of Central America but it will need expert attention to increase the yields. The plantation at Almirante evidently is making a little money even with the low yields but it has seemed to me something needs to be done with an orchard where some trees yield twenty-five times as much as others. Also it seems to me the shade problem with this crop needs a little investigating. Just offhand my guess would be that much of the Almirante planting is too densely shaded. My feeling is there isn't much use in suggesting cacao for Honduras unless some organization or some capable grower is prepared to do the needed experimentation.

While in Honduras I was continually being surprised by the number of young people who had been educated in the States, more particularly at the University of Louisiana, although I did meet one M. I. T. man and another chap from the University of Pennsylvania. Practically none of these graduates of American universities specialized in agriculture. In fact Cordova is the only lad who was even close to agriculture. My reactions to him are mixed. He hasn't got such a bad head, in fact is quite practical but judged by our standards I should not consider him too honest. Too much of his idle time is spent in devising possible ways to

12/8/41

Dr. Wilson Popence---2

get rich without effort. This may be only a reasonable way to pass time without its actually indicating a slightly unethical outlook. However, I got the impression that Arturo Lopez Rodezno had been assigned to us as the guardian of Honduran funds. In our conferences with Carias it was to Arturo the old boy looked for statements, etc., and there can be no question that of the two men Carias had more confidence in Arturo. He knows nothing of agriculture, of course, and could be of no use to you.

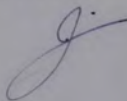
There is or was a good man loose in Mexico, namely a Hindu (Khanhkoje). This fellow is well educated, has covered a large part of the world, knows Mexico and its plants extremely well. At one time he was officially connected with Chapingo and later ran a string of experimental stations for the Southern Pacific R. R. on the West Coast of Mexico. This work was dropped during the depression but the R. R. boys are quite enthusiastic still about Khanhkoje. He is also highly regarded by entomologist Baker in Mexico City. In appearance he is short and extremely dark, but he articulates well with the natives. Some years ago, while on a trip to Germany, he stopped over in Belgium long enough to marry a very attractive and extremely blonde Belgian girl. They make quite a striking couple.

I had hoped to get him attached to the Rockefeller work in Mexico if that were undertaken but the Rockefeller Commission only suggested that Advisors be attached to the Mexican Government.

We Lanhamites are taking a personal interest in the Japanese show as Dimp's brother is a captain commanding some cruiser in Chinese waters. I was pleased to see Costa Rica jump right into the fray. That little country is certainly realistic. It has been at war with Germany since 1917 and now becomes the only country in the world, other than Great Britain, to be at war with both Japan and Germany. Where does it stand on Italy, though?

Christmas is just around the corner so the best of everything to both of you.

As ever



JHK/V

Antigua, Guatemala, 2 Jan 1942

Mr J H Kempton,
Bureau of Plant Industry,
Washington.

Dear Jim:

On coming over here for Christmas I found your interesting letter of the 8th December, and was glad to learn that you have turned in your Honduras report. I hope to get a chance to read this some day. Your statement that you have placed major emphasis on crops for home consumption and roads to get these crops to market vindicates me in my efforts to get you put on that job. We are going to follow this same policy in connection with the school: we are going to work first to make living better for the people in the back country, then when they have enough to eat we will begin to worry about export crops so they can all make enough money to buy Ford cars to drive about on the roads which will be built. I am not worrying overly much about the last part of the program.

About rubber: it is not my feeling that we can make much progress at the start except through some agency such as Firestone or Goodyear. After they have gone into the business, lost a good deal of money, and finally worked things out, then maybe things will get onto solid ground, they will make some money, and the more intelligent of the smaller farmers will learn by working on the big farms and will be able to go in on their own - just as they have always done in the banana business. This is the way I think the rubber industry is going to develop in tropical America, in any or all those countries where conditions are suitable. I am not sure Honduras can muster enough labor of the right type to go in for rubber in a big way.

Cacao throughout tropical America needs to be completely overhauled, so far as the production end is concerned. We must develop vegetatively-propagated strains and we must give more attention to the cultural end. Our farms in Costa Rica and Almirante have proved all this. Here again, if there are any possibilities in Honduras, the start will have to be made through major agencies, not through the small farmer. Maybe we can do something through our school - not necessarily at Zamorano, but I hope in time to get two or three substations in areas with different climatic conditions.

Thanks for your reactions to certain Honduran técnicos. They are helpful. As regards your Hindu friend in Mexico, I would rather not get involved because of the prohibition in Honduras on immigration of Asiatics. We could get a waiver in his case, no doubt, but we would come in for some criticism nevertheless. By the way, I wrote your friend Jesus Patiño about the end of Nov, asking him if he couldnt get over here at this time to go over the Cinchona work, but have had no answer. If you are writing him, ask if he got my letter and the literature I sent him airmail.

What do you gether re progress of the Interamerican Institute of Tropical Agr? I had been expecting to hear by this time, that they had definitely settled on the Costa Rican site and were going ahead.

Helan and I leave for Tegucigalpa on Monday, to take a house and settle down to work. First I shall do will be to start planting some stuff at Zamorano, so we will have some trees to stand under while we watch the boys at work. I have been out there a good deal this past month. I like the climate, especially for fruit trees, but we will have to make every drop of water do its work. Probably there wont be any for us to drink; but we can handle that phase of the problem. We have chosen the site for the bldgs and have drawn up preliminary plans. Doris Zemurray Stone and I want all the bldgs in the regional Honduras style, and it is quite a job to get the UFCo architects to come down to that. We dont see much use of glass in the windows, either, so long as we have wire screen to keep the skeeters out; and that is just simply too much for our crowd.

Until I get a lock box in the name of the school, our address is care Tela Railroad Co., Tegucigalpa. Our best to all the family.

Ever yours

2110 Jackson St. San Francisco 15 Calif., Sept 20 1956

Dear Pop and Helen; You must be half way through page proof by now or don't authors have to read page proof? Life in the USA is growing more amusing each day. Now we have a first class circus in the UN and Fidel with his staff of 80 choosing to live in a negro hotel in Harlem and Nikita not choosing but having to live in the Russian UN headquarters in Manhattan. While all this is raging we have the presidential candidates trying to sell themselves or rather their wives, as the big issue today is which wife spends the most money on clothes! I must say what with the Congolese and the USSR plus satellites the electioneering has been shoved back to the tenth page and the political programs on TV now come well past my bedtime. Here, of course in SF the fogs roll in and out just as they have been doing since the coast range created the central valley. We are planning to spend the month of Oct with Marge and Joe in New Orleans when we expect to get more definite info. on the Spanish business venture but probably won't. These days integration is the burning issue in NO. and speaking of burning did I ever write you my story on one? Probably did but it will do no harm to repeat it as you have properly forgotten it. Seems these two fellows were standing in the toilet for the usual purpose when one said to the other, "Say after you have had three or four Martinis does your urine burn? To which the other replied "Damned if I know, I never tried to light it." Wouldn't advise trying the way Martinis are made these days. Since we are in the toilet I might as well tell you my Pope story. The scene is two fellows, I deduce Harvard grads. One says to the other "Did you see where Pope John is having all the urinals in the Vatican raised to keep the Cardinals on their toes?" "Yes I saw that but what are urinals?" "Don't ask me I ain't a Catholic." Now I think we had better join the ladies don't you. UFCo seems to be sliding toward the cellar but I think it has reached the point where there is no way left to go but up. I'm not saying when it will break fifty again but it won't be for a year or two at the best. All the news I get from Ven is to the effect that things there are not too good either economically or politically. I didn't think too highly of the results of the San Jose conference. It seems to me that every time we enter one of these political poker games we lose. Its like playing liars dice with the UFC personnel. In my view it won't be long until we

replace Trujillo with a replica of Fidel and the Haitians will spill
moment the border, what are you coming up?
Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA

As ever J



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
FOREIGN AGRICULTURAL SERVICE
OFFICE OF AGRICULTURAL ATTACHE

AMERICAN EMBASSY
Caracas, Venezuela
June 26, 1957

Dear Pop:

If I can believe what I read in the papers as well as your letter you are now half way through your libro "The Life and Good Times of a Plant Explorer". It should make interesting reading and even royalties if you work in sex judiciously or is it lasciviously.

You didn't beat me to the retirement wire by much. The fact is I delayed my going until January next year as part of a scheme for tax avoidance. When you leave the payroll (some call it the trough) you begin to figure the tax angles, or at least I do. If all goes as of today's planning we will fly from here to Guatemala City early in December then take the train to Mexico City picking up local color and fleas in the proportion of 1 to 2 unless things have greatly changed. We want to look over the Orizaba-Cordoba region with the idea of leasing a place with a brown skinned, barefoot girl with two long black braids hanging down her back and a strong pair of tortilla hands. Duty requires us to go to Washington to sign the release papers that will finally free the USDA of this incubus after lo these many years. Then on to San Francisco to settle the impatient mind of my 92 year old mother. Somewhere in here we will go to Spain as I have yet to see my Spanish grandchildren.

I'm looking forward to the time when you never do today what can possibly be put off until tomorrow. This assignment has been grand and we have enjoyed every minute here. Breaking up will not be easy, but its a good idea to get started on something new before everyone recognizes your senility.

We have no desire (or intention) of re-establishing ourselves in Washington. Frankly the last few times I've

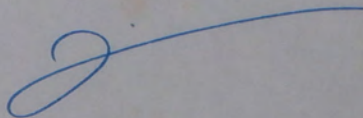
Dr. Wilson Popenoe
Casa de Oidor
Antigua
Guatemala

been there the ambiente seemed dismal. Sure sign of old age when you recognize the giants have gone, but I don't care to live where I am reminded of the fact daily.

When we get squared away and you have finished reading proof we will take up the pleasant problem of getting together. We have plenty of ground to cover to bring ourselves back into sharp focus and I propose we do it with tequila, lime juice and salt if not **Comiteca** out of kegs.

With my affections to both of you,

As ever,



Antigua C., 17 Sept 1957

Mr J H Kempton
Ambassy, Caracas.

Dear Jim:

Seems like as if I have not answered yours of 26 June pmno ppo. I remember when it came, I thought I would wait until I knew more about our plans. Since then my mind is a total and complete blank a condition which most of my erstwhile colleagues at Zamorano would say is normal.

On retiring as @ June 1st, I took a little job with the govt of El Salvador - making a survey of possibilities in the line of fruit production, and before you get time to say "I thought you knew better than to go into this surveying business; didnt we get enough of that during the last war?" I will add that the survey was preliminary to establishing two nurseries, one near each end of the country, where we are now growing a lot of citrus and avocado and mango seedlings to be grafted, and some other things as well. The contract was for two months; I was in a hurry to get started so as to take advantage of the mango and avocado season; and I finished the 1st of this month and came home, tho I shall have to go back to Salvador about the end of Oct to see how things are coming along.

Now as to our future plans: I want to go over to Spain as soon as possible but it now looks as tho we may have to stick around this part of the world for some months yet. There are quite a few calls on my time - what Shamel used describe as "expertin around". As soon as we can get away I want to go back to Almuñecar and help my friend Roger Macdahl get going with avocados and lychees and better loquats and Santa Rosa plums and north Florida peaches and a few other things to relieve the monotony of grapes and an occasional carpb. What an opportunity! Of course those conservative Spaniards are not going to take the slightest interest in anything new which we offer them, but just the same!

Obviously we are delighted at the thought of your being close neighbors of ours, i.e., Cordoba or Orizaba. Nothing could be better, I share with you the horror of contemplating a move back to Wash- which place we have loved long since but lost a very long while. At the end of this letter, after commiserating over the loss of the good old days, is to say that we shall in all probability be if you come north in December as you threaten to do, and we shall of course expect Dimp and yourself to spend with us. Dimp will like the place better now, for being in electric lights; every time I go away over to Cordoba and find two new ones, all with good excuses, in that pasadizo to keep the bats out. So just say hello to them, and we will meet you at the airport in the car (the peripatetic electrician in Psadena now has a pickup "VOLTS wagon"). And tell my friends that I have left, that a man may be down but he is never out. The Army hath it, and 100,000 salvationists cant

Helen joins in affectionate regards to you both

Tu casa, 8 Oct 1957

Dear Jim:

Yrs of 28th utlimo just rec'd, a trifle long on the road I would say. What blood and sweat and tears it must have cost you to pen those words! How have the mighty fallen! But I am not quite sure I prefer the sort of thing that happened to one of our Tiquisate overseers back in the early days of World War II. Ernie Holt who had the rubber procurement program in Guatemala, Honduras and Salvador was getting desperate; rubber was coming out very slowly, and at \$14.50 US Cx per lb (I think it finally ended at \$14.63). So we decided to lend him a few really hard boiled bastards who would go out in the bush and stay there until they rana out of beans - and a cook. One of our lads was told to report for duty. He was told he would be sent to the Mosquito territory, and added Ernie, "Just as soon as possible I will get you a secretary". Maybe that's a good way to put it, after all.

But Jim, Oh Boy, what delightful news! You and Dimp and coming to spend quite a bit of time with us from 1 December forward. Gosh, that will be really be sumpin! Our plans are como sigue: I am going back to Salvador about 1 Nov to see how the program is getting along; we will be here by 15 Nov, because the widow of Archie Shamel and daughter Carol will stay overnight on the 18th, and I would do anything for Archie and any of his family. (Incidentally, he was one of th last of the Mohicans; the death of Bob Pendleton has taken another, and I have just finished revising my will and have picked out a beautiful quiet, secluded little lot in the Cementerio General here in Antigua). After about 20 Nov we will be free and stick right here until you and Dimp show up on the Pan American horizon, and for goodness sake stay as long as you possibly can. In the time we have together here we will pick out a few things for Dimp to take along with her; I wish she would relieve us of a few pieces of colonial furniture. We will take a run through the highlands and it will be a good season for it. And I cant really say I blame Dimp for shying off that trip from Tapachula to Mexico City - at least the Tapachula-Veracruz part. They havent replaced many of the ties since you and I were there - I was going to say sleepers but that could be construed in two separate and distinct ways, one of them not applying.

Now let me tell you one thing more; after three, count them three, you are going to be the happiest manx in these parts, with one exception, your humilde servidor. Gosh, but it was hard to cut loose from a job of 32 years, but now I am sitting back, collecting a few buck now and then for expertin' around, doing what I want to do - and it is a lot. Plant L₁ introduction from now on. I hope DF will walk down to the Pearly Gates and say to San Pedro, "Let me pass, I want to go down and help that guy for a few months".

Keep us advised of your plans, but remember, give us a week's notice (because we antigüenos are rather slow on the uptake) so we will know when to roll into the airport and meet you. That will be one of the great days in our lives.

Helen is feeding Maria's grandchildren, nietos legítimos, nietos naturales reconocidos, y nietos naturales no reconocidos. Good system but they all eat the same. Only difference seems to be that some of the legítimos wear shoes. Just like all of God's chilluns, according to the old song.

Come soon to your devoted friends

Mex City Dec 19 [1957]

Dear Helen & Pop

First let me record our delight in our
week with you and our hopes it did not upset your
schedule. I still think you should pull out of all responsible
connections with the School making it clear you are willing
at all times to advise on matters of real policy but are
not prepared to pass on matters of routine administration.
My feeling is that in about a year UF will be after you
to put the place back on an even keel but in the meantime
there doesn't appear to be much opportunity for you to help the
school on course. The fact will become increasingly clear that
whatever the faults under the Poposa regime it turned out a
fantastic number of successful students which to me is what
the school was created to do. It will take a little time for that simple
fact to sink in and in the mean time you can ease off which
it percolates in what the soils boys call a rather impressive medium.
We are enjoying Mexico which is one country where the dollar
enjoys an unmitigated advantage. Imagine coming from Caracas
where you can't enter a taxi for less than \$11.00 to a city where you
drive across town for 16 US cents. You are absolutely correct as usual
in the report that all tortillas are machine made. The machines
are simple and the product is poor. Even the Mexicans admit
tortillas are poor which is something for a Mexican. Out in the
provinces a few women still put tortillas in the old style and
add the human sweat and income that give them flavor and
vitamins but you have to hunt for those old fashioned bags.
Our arrival was concomitant with the coldest weather the
country has suffered in fifty years. We had temperatures 10° above zero &
which just about froze all the bananas on the plateau.

In the cross-country (we were in that grand assemblage of
miscellaneous plants) they tried to fend off the freeze by whaling in
one wheelbarrow with some burning charcoal. From one observation
the following day it is fair to report the effort made was certainly
too little if not altogether too late. Either the cold weather or the
Christmas season has kept tourists down to security levels.
Few are in evidence in the City. Even at Sanborns I was amazed
to see the place crowded as usual but crowded with Mexicans!
I am also amazed to see how Mexico has adopted the German
tree worship. Everything is Christmas trees and Santa Clauses. They
have even erected enormous trees in the Plazuela and in
the Zócalo in front of the Cathedral. At Córdoba I watched the RR
Crossing watchman put up and decorate a more size tree
in front of his little Corp. You wouldn't see more tree devotion in
Germany which shows what the merchandizers can do to a
civilization. Córdoba (its been 20 yrs since I was last there) has
changed completely and I believe is destined to pass Orizaba for
many years. As with all change (for people of my age) the
innovations seem in the wrong direction. There has been less
modernization of Orizaba which makes it more attractive as
a town but judging from the old structures neither Córdoba
nor Orizaba really were anything much before coffee became
important. We drove over to Cuernavaca which is the only spot
we have seen tourists. They were there as advertised from Com. to
Calif. to judge from license plates. That little town is now operated
for tourists. I must say the Mexicans have turned too with
a will to make tourists happy and to separate them from
their money. In the tourist belt tickets have seats and
the general surroundings are clean. Fifty yards either side of

the tourist belt you carry your own commodes and if these
are toilets they are small. The seats were not from Mexicans
standing on them in the omnibegotten idea the bowl was a target
to be aimed at. Not only have the Mexicans fixed up the physical
matters such as hot water, clean sheets etc. but they have
done a remarkable job of changing the people's attitude toward
Yankies. I am not sure they are sound in this change
either as it tends to encourage the gaudiness of our fellow
citizens. For one who remembers the old days when the Yankies
were as despised in Mexico as in Alabama this change in
attitude is striking indeed. The Mexicans go out of their way
to be helpful and polite and I can only wish that some
of this country and gentleness will rub off on our fellow citizens
to be carried back to Iowa and put into practice, even in debate
form. We are inclined to overlook the fact that as a people
we are in many ways under them. These people who are not
many generations removed from their Celtic ancestors. That Russian
student who tried crossing the U.S. on a little money and got
bounced but up and failed in one after another of our SW communities
where anyone who doesn't talk U.S. is a Mexican wet back would
have found a pleasant reception here. Sitting in Caracas we
had to listen to much of the unpleasantness that happens to
ordinary Venezuelans visiting our country, especially those
who get out of the largest cities. We are a provincial people
in the hinterland and just as the white clubber in a flock of
black ones usually gets killed by the majority we tend to treat
the foreigner amongst us in about the same manner. All of
this makes me very grateful for the way I as a foreigner
am treated in these Latin American countries.

We haven't been near the Embassy and are just enjoying
being surrounded by Mexicans. You are surrounded as there are
so many of them and unless some genius comes forward
soon with a sugar coated habit forming contraceptive pill
there will soon be more Mexicans than the current economy
can support. Even today the poverty is glaring as compared
with the poor class of Venezuela and I cannot believe that
the U.S. tourist business will continue and grow. Tourists are
a fickle lot and today's trend is toward Africa. Rapid transportation
by jet plane makes Mexico too near for the married tourists
and I don't trust an economy based on the two weeks vacation
of Detroit auto workers plus the June school teachers. Anyway
as an ordinary tourist attraction Mexico is losing its draw. The
local color is going fast (it never equalled Guatemala or Peru
in color) and as the population increases it will become even
less attractive. Mexicans are becoming, if indeed they are not
now, reasonable facsimiles of the American boy top and when
they have achieved the complete transformation what will there
be for tourists? I regret the disappearance of the little RR from Cuernavaca
to Coscomatepec and the substitution thereof of a modern highway from
Fortun. I also regret the gardenia covered pool (mossy) at Fortun
with the local red faced Americans floating among the posies
and catching calling them reclinks. Even so we are enjoying
ourselves and I find no work and no responsibility a delightful
condition. Should have tried it sooner.

Affectionately

J

2110 Jackson St
San Francisco 15 Calif

July 10 58

Dear Pop This is an attempt - probably vain -
to catch you somewhere between Israel and
points East. Purpose is I promised. Had a letter
yesterday from Sergio Mendoga Caracas. He was
civilian member of Junta during the brief episode
and resigned in consequence. He is that universal
species of a Latin American philanthropist. Among
his childrens play grounds, horse nursing service, polytechnics,
hospital etc he set up the Mendoga Foundation - Fundacion
Mendoga for the purpose of advancing Venezuela in
various ways including agriculture. His letter of yesterday
reports great success in hybrid corn and equally
abysmal failure in patacultura. The foundation has been
trying to get Venezuelans to buy budded stock of various
fruit trees. Sergio writes me in patacultura hemos
tenido éxito tambien pero esta no se ha llevado
en la forma que yo he deseado y por ello pienso
que seria conveniente traer un experto en esta
materia de los Estados Unidos durante sus meses,
para que organice nuestra seccion en la Hacienda
Macapo [en Maracay] e instruya al personal. Al
respecto, le agradecería altamente si usted pudiera
conseguirme el elemento apropiado en el Departamento
de Agricultura de los EEUU o hacerme alguna
sugerencia. I opt for the alguna sugerencia and
said you were it and that I would write you
at once asking you to write him or me or both

It seems to me this offers an opportunity to accomplish a desirable end and that you could afford to put in a few months getting this project going. You have two students of Zamorano in Venezuela who might be used and possibly you could select a couple of candidates to take the course. In any event I know you could put some needed life in this project and possibly have an enjoyable few months in Venezuela. The Mendoza clan is a very pleasant one and one likely to be important for several generations so far as Venezuela is concerned.

Drop Don Eugenio a line saying you have heard from me and indicating what you might be willing to do when.

Life in Calif is certainly pleasant even including the regular trips to the dentist. Hope you are enjoying the better weather East.

Eugenio's address is Eugenio Mendoza
Apartado No 332 Caracas Venezuela.

Our love to both of you and expecting to
quit you at the embarcadero of San Francisco
are long

Affectionately

J

2110 Jackson St

San Francisco 15

Calif July 24 [1958]

Dear Pop, Helen By now you have escaped
the Promised land and the US Marines. There are
not the days to fool around in the Middle East
getting the Jews to grow Agavacates on the shore
of the Dead Sea. Spain should be grateful in comparison.
Did you ever read in the news paper those stories
on life in Meagren by the British poet Davis? They
really have the Spanish temperament down. Your story
of the sep maniac reminds me of one about his
wife or a woman just like her. Seems this woman
gave birth to a child regularly once a year for 8
years then nothing. After a decent interval of a
couple of years and no offspring the woman next door
could curb her curiosity no longer. "Maggie how
does it happen that after having a child a year for
8 years you now have had none for two?" "I really
dont know unless its because I had my hearing
aid fixed." "What on earth has a hearing aid to do
with bearing children?" "Well the way I figure it out
during all those years when I was having those children
my hearing aid didnt work and when we would go to bed
at night Harry would say "Maggie you want to go to
sleep or what" and not hearing too well I'd always
say "what?" "Might be this woman has tracked down
Cause and effect though I suppose it could be a
coincidence. Hope you got my letter about Sergio
Mendoza and wrote him. As was

Rancho California, Almuñecar (Granada)
17 August 1958

Dear Jim:

Yrs of 24 July has just arrived; takes a long time to get mail the roundabout way. We have been here nearly ten days and are leaving day after tomorrow for the Canary Islands to listen to the canary birds singing in the *Dracaena draco* trees, which the guide book says are wonderful palms. Also I plan to see what they are doing with aguacates and bring back a lot of seeds to plant here for rootstocks for Luis Sarasola and I are rapidly coming to believe the Mexican race is not the rootstock for this tierra privilegiada. We got our *banigga*s fairly full of travel on this recent jaunt around the eastern Mediterranean, especially the grub in El Israel which I don't care for at all; the only worse grub we struck is that of Istanbul.

Now to business: I have felt it necessary to wait a couple of weeks before writing your friend Eugenio Mendoza and I will tell you why. My very good friends in Salvador are asking me to come there for a year or two and put their new agricultural school in order. (I can hear you snort). I don't want to tackle the job, but if I am convinced that I can really do something worth while I will tackle it for a year. The school has an expensive and magnificent physical plant - too good in fact. The administration is inadequate - the staff in part is OK, for one reason, they have three of my Zamorano boys, one in animal husbandry, one in field crops and one in horticulture - all of them with B S A's from Florida. I guess this constitutes the backbone of their teaching staff.

Confound it all, how did you get away from work? I thought I would be safe in Spain, and here comes this Salvador job over the horizon, and your Venezuela friend, and the FAO wants some work done in Guatemala, and I am having to prepare most of the material on tropical fruits for the new Encyclopedia Britannica. Have already done 4 articles and earned \$22.50 of which I have spent about \$22.00 on air mail.

What an interesting time we had in Israel! We had some good contacts there, and were well cared for, including three days in a kibutz at the southern end of the Sea of Galilee. Pretty interesting region historically. We visited the site of Capernaum, where Jesus told the inhabitants that what happened to Sodom was nothing compared with what was going to happen to them. The town is now a small heap of ruins. A kibutz, one of the members told us, is exactly like a Russian collective farm only you live without any fear, and I guess she is about right. Very interesting experience, living in a kibutz. There are 70,000 Jews living in them, all over Israel. It was interesting to see those chaps get out in the hot sun with hoes and shovels - it would not be believed by many without seeing it. They are going places with bananas and dates and avocados and to a lesser extent with mangos and annonas and guavas and I got a lot of information; and had the interesting experience, for the first time in my life, of travelling down the road in a jeep and seeing a flourishing banana plantation on the left side of the road and a productive and profitable apple orchard on the other.

Bank here again about Sept 5th; around Spain until the end of that month; then northward to Stuttgart to pick up our Volkswagen and run around a bit before sailing back to Guatemala from Rotterdam sometime around the end of November.

Always affectionately

2110 Jackson St

San Francisco 15

Calif Sept 3 58

Dear Pop & Helen Now you all get around
I'll be glad to get your report on the Caranacas have
always heard those islands were the Garden of Eden
and have in consequence suspected they fell something
short of that reputation. Glad you wrote Enquist & Mendoga
men and hope things work out so you can go over
to Caracas. We can both agree Venezuela badly
needs a fruit culture and I think by giving it
a whol you can create an opportunity for trained
young men to find occupations in horticulture in a
country that bids fair to be able to afford fine fruit
for many years to come. Since young Latin Americans
are being trained in the art it will be necessary to move
one step farther and show that properly planted and
managed orchards can be profitable. It is in the orchards
that Venezuela is weak. You can buy budded stocks
of almost any subtropical fruit (plus nut grass) for
about 60 cents a tree either from the Govt or from the
Mendoga Foundation but the trouble is those who make
these purchases evidently feel the job has been done
when the budded tree is planted. From then on the
tree is on its own. I know of only one orchard in
all of Venezuela. This is an orange and grapefruit
grove planted by Americans and managed by
an American from So Calif. It was beginning to
earn money when I left though it has the misfortune
of an inadequate water supply. See much of Venezuela

(as you well know) the dry season is really dry and citrus groves become practically deciduous. The Venezuelans believe the red walnut sized fruits will expand to "California" when the rains come. Don Eugenio Hernandez is a means of considerable means and with some land. I think you could persuade him to plant a modern orchard and employ a Tamorano to manage it as a demonstration of what can be done. Then with this before them more timid Venezuelans might go into the business and a fruit culture would be the result. I know you can spread yourself only about as thin but keep in mind that Venezuela has the important thing to get things going and that is MONEY. The farther work recedes into the past the better I enjoy life which proves what so many have claimed so often that I am a born loafer.

Did I write you the story about the sick Jew and the Scotch Dr? One thing about advanced age and no carbon records I find myself repeating. Anyway this Jew ~~was~~ went to the Dr and was concerned about the doc fee. So sidling up to the receptionist he asked "what does the doctor charge" "Oh his fee is \$1.0 for the first visit and \$5 for each subsequent visit" So when our friends here came to join the doc in front of his tool case he walked in hand extended a broad smile on his face and a hearty "good morning doctor its good to see you again" To which the doc replied hardly pausing to put down his saw "Well you are looking splendid today, just keep on with the treatment, that will be five dollars." Hard to get ahead of the Scotch.

Keep a sharp eye open on those German Autobahns. Reports here have it those Germans push their Volkswagens along at about 160 kms per hr. Marge the four children nurse 500 dogs and the aviary docked in NY yesterday and presumably are safely held up ~~partly~~ *Apprenticeship J*

J. H. Kempton

Rancho California, Almuñecar (Granada)
8 Sept 1958

Dear Jaime:

Returned a few days ago from the Islas Canarias, bringing 300 avocado seeds, West Indian race, for production of rootstocks - we cant get West Indians here, only Mexicans, and we think the former are going to be superior for this region. Mighty interesting stay in a fine region - Tenerife. The Jardin de Aclimatacion de Orotava, founded by Carlos III in 1788, is a thriller; lots of fine old specimens, in fact everything but the African babbañ. And not the least satisfactory feature of the trip was our return voyage on SS Cabo San Roque, out of Buenos Aires, bound for Genoa with 500 assorted pasajeros; half a day in Lisboa to see the Estufa Fria (just about the finest horticultural feature in Europe); four days in all, air conditioned cabin, pretty fair grub, all the dago red one wished, and \$22 (count them, twenty two US dollars) per capita. Of course we were 2nd class, wh they now call "Economy Class" so as not to hurt the delicate sensibilities of us latins.

On arrival, I find a note from Justino de Azcárate, who hopes I can come to Venezuela early next yr. The papers say things are not too stable down that way; not that I give a damn, so far as our personal safety is concerned, but I just wonder if one could work in peace, or would have to get a pase franco every time he wanted to enter Aragua from Caracas. Any way, we will let things stand for the present; you dont have to move too rapidly in Latin America, you know.

And in the meantime, we have decided not to go to Salvador and take over the operation of their new agrl school at San Andres. Varios motivos, the most plausible one being that I have just about decided to sit down here on the Mediterranean coast for the winter and knock out a "Manual Práctico de Fruticultura Tropical", which Salvat Editores of Barcelona, best publishing house in Spain, is hounding me to tackle. I think it might be a useful contribution; we have nothing very complete in Spanish and I dont see anything else likely to appear in the foreseeable future as they like to say in Washington. How far can you foresee the future? And just between you and me, not to be passed on to Washn or elsewhere, I hesitate to jump into the Salvador situation at my age. It will take several yrs of hard work to put that new school on its feet. It is now pretty much run by the ICA boys and I would be just about as popular with them as a snake at a Sunday school picnic. And I would be an employe of the govt, subject to all the rules and regulations, of wh I assume there may be half a dozen - perhaps more.

So now we are planning to fly up to Stuttgart about 5 Oct to pick up our new and luxurious Volkswagen (motto: Help stamp out the Cadillacs) and then we will come back and pick up one of my colleagues, of those dear dead days beyond recall, and go to Stgo de Compostela to say our prayers and Berlanga de Duero to see the stuffed alligator wh Fray Tomas hung up in the church in 1534 in exchange for the bananas he took to the New World. All this and everything else subject to change without notice: Just like the chinaman who used to have a restaurant at the corner of F and Penna Ave, and had a sign up, saying "Not responsible for hats, coats or anything". I am heartily for that policy. Best address for us, care Martha Sussmann, Amembassy, Madrid.

Helen joins in much love to you both,

2110 Jackson ST

San Francisco 15

Calif Feb 17 59

Dear Pop & Helen Can't tell you how much
we enjoyed our brief time together even
through the circumstances for you were unfavorable.
We must get together more often before time
runs out. Had a letter from Justino de Agcaute
for the Mendoga Foundation in which he makes
no effort to conceal his delight you have
consented to come to Venezuela to lay hands
on their horticultural efforts. No doubt he has done
what he wrote me he was doing namely writing
you at Antigua. If you have not yet heard from
him I'd drop him a line Fundacion Siquimind Mendoga
Apartado 332 to let him know you had heard
through me etc. The reason I suggest doing this
is that the mails in either or both countries are
not too certain as is proven by the fact that
govt officials who write me (even New Year's greetings)
always register their cartas! Also had a letter
from Neil Judd in which he wrote both of us
your copy went to Spain so may be delayed.
Neil who is noted for his tofors hasn't changed
much. He wrote last Oct for info on that
Coarros Club supper group as he and Hank

AIR ✉
MAIL

Allanson are slowly slowly compelling to history.
I answered him immediately and this joint
letter still on the same world shattering subject
is a reply to mine of Oct 58! You were correct
that Hank as well as his wife are having health
troubles and if we continue to hang on to the
thread of life we may expect to hear more of
the troubles of age. Marge flew to Spain Feb 4
a fact we learn from her eldest sister and
may learn from Marge herself sometime late
this year. We keep threatening to go to Yosemite
for another trial of the chop sticks but lately
the delayed rains have arrived and the city
is dripping. As soon as the weather clears we
will have another go at it. We did help the
Chinese celebrate their new year and that was
worth the effort. The black long dragon illuminated
by a power plant following it in a truck was fully
worth the couple of hours we had to stand while
Argentine political figures rode by at the head of
the parade. That dragon made as they say in Hong Kong
was a marvel of design and skill as well as
being beautiful. I must admit the Chinese
girls and particularly the children (no doubt mean
to detect) were stunning. Too bad the Chinese
couldn't have seen this new year's parade

AIR ✶
MAIL

but most of the 57 Chinese are the little people from Canton and by far most of the viewers were the tall people from Calif and Texas. Recall the Chinese were backed to the walls while we Americans enjoyed the display they had arranged for us at their expense. I still think its a white man's world despite what Dr. Burch told his colored admirers at Birmingham Ala.

From where you have looked over the prospects for nursery stock in Venezuela try to sell the idea that someone should start a modern orchard located at the proper altitude on the right soil with adequate water and trained management. There isn't much sense in providing good budded trees at cost or less for planting on the generally used systems of 100 trees to the acre and insufficient water.

Affectionately
J

AIR 
MAIL

Antigua, 3 March 1959

Dear Jim:

I always knew that you are considerably smarter than I am and now you have to go ahead and prove it once more. How? You effectively dodge all jobs that I have lined up for you since your retirement, and on the other hand you show extraordinary almost unpardonable efficiency in lining up jobs for me. Well, enclosed copy will show that I have promised to go to Venezuela next month - no use trying to go earlier as I don't want to spend five days watching processions during Semana Santa as we did last year in Sevilla. Hombre, if you want to effect a radical and permanent cure - provided you ever had any desire to watch processions - you just go to Sevilla. Results guaranteed. Money back if not satisfied.

In your letter of 17 pxmo ppdo, you say that I am to sell the idea that some one should start a modern orchard in Venezuela with proper management and adequate water, or was it trained water and adequate management? After seeing what the boys are doing with the Sea of Galilee in Israel, I think it might be well to train the water to go somewhere else, rather than over their banana plantations. Use it, for example, to baptise the untold millions. A good bath, not just a sprinkling on the cabeza, might work no harm.

I wish you would give me some more instruction before Semana Santa rolls around. Tell me where you think I ought to go. I have a map I made, showing 45000 acres around Lake Valencia, which I thought to be good banana soils - but not with 8 Bolivar labor, tho that doesn't sound quite so bad as it did in 1935. But give me some more suggestions so I can stand back and look wise and start saying "Pues, por supuesto, Uds tienen toda la razon, pero mi opinion es completamente al contrario" taking of course, all the credit to myself for your good ideas.

Had good talks with Richardson and Casseres on our way back thru Mexico. Richardson still hopes I will take part if they start that Mexican fruit improvement program. Casseres is getting well organized for the ASHS meeting in Costa Rica in May. Why don't you hop on an airplane bring Dimple down to it, and get some free rides around the country stopping off here with us (more free rides around the country) on the way home? You've got to figure out some way to spend that govt pension; unless I am misinformed Dimple doesn't get quite so much on your demise. Capitalise the present.

It sure was good to see you two, and we can't see any reason why we shouldn't do it again this year, on the bases arriba colocadas. But if you don't stop turning up jobs for me I am going to move to San Francisco and rent an apartment on the same floor as yours. It will be hard to pull Helen out of Antigua, for she now has this house fixed so it looks like a glorified Museum of the Hispanic Society in NY and then she kicks when people ask to come in and see it.

Much love from us both,

Antigua, 13 March 1959

Dear Jim:

Yrs of 6th instant rec'd and contents noted. But wait a minute; you dont know your gente as well as you should - for you have had not a few yrs experience. If this house becomes a good source of income someone is going to find it out. And furthermore, I am like the nigger; they asked him "Do you want to earn a quarter?" to which he replied, "Hell, no, I've got a quarter". Of course if we were living in San Francisco in the style to which you and Dimp are rapidly becoming accustomed, a quarter wouldnt go very far.

And as you say, Now for Venezuela. I havent heard from Fundación E.Mendoza yet but assume they will say "Come at once; all will be forgiven". The interesting development is that I have just heard via my scout at the University of Florida, that Provost Fifield is going down to Caracas in a couple of weeks to line things up. The Univ of Fla has a program to contract for technical assistance for the Latin Am countries - I think Costa Rica was the first to hook up with them. I have talked this over with Prexy Reitz - with whom I have pretty good relations because his Uncle was my father's secretary at Topeka, Kas., some 60 years ago. I like their program - tho I hear that ~~that~~ of the ICA boys are not so fond of it. Das macht nichts aus, as you would say. The entire problem boils to this simple equation: one good horticulturist on that job equals some progress. Jorge Benitez says he would go if somebody will equalise thtose \$2.50 per dozen oranges he would have to buy in Caracas. You remember Harlo von Wald, who went over to work for Nelson. I am not sure, but his salary was either \$18,000 or \$22,000 and I dont mean bolivares. He came back to UFCo and is not manager down at Bananera, at about \$10,000 I assume - maybe \$12,000. He probably was getting about \$7500 when he left Santa Marta to go over to make his fortune in Venezuela.

Thanks for the useful info on whom and what to see. I did not know that the Lake Valencia region has salt problems. I will sure have to keep this in mind. I have beside me as I write these lines, my soil reconnaissance map of that region on which I noted soil textures but not salt problems. I agree that there must be a lot of good mango country in Venezuela. I remember Guacara and will give Enrique Sanabria several abrazos, one for every coco de agua he sets up.

We are glad to have news of Marge. I hope she will keep those Spanish artisans busy making antiques. I remember the time I called up Jor from Granada and said "I am buying a wonderful set of old silver here; can I get it out of the country?" and that lad, who is no dumb individual, replied "Yes, and they are making some wonderful copies of old silver here". We will look up Eddie Sparks et ux. If we get to Venezuela - I wont be sure until I hear from Azcárate again - our first act after we escape from that fancy new hotel will be to go call on the Sparkses. I may write you again before we leave, if I hear more about the Florida plans.

I assume you have seen the enclosed byt just in case. I rather gather Dr Mangelsdorf isnt quite so sure about Paraguay as the origin of Zea mais. Maybe he is jumping it right over to New Mexico so he can eventually settle for some middle ground - maybe Guatemala. Tell me what you think.

Helen joins in regards from house to apartment,

2110 Jackson St
San Francisco 15
Calif. Mar 23 1959

Daer Pop yHelen;

Don't understand why you have not heard from the Fundacion as I have a letter from Azcárate dated Mar 16 in which he is jumping up and down in glee because you are coming in April to spend two or three weeks "dándonos su consejo y orientación sobre" you know what. He even promises to write me again with "mucho gusto terminada su permanencia en Venezuela" I don't know whether that last can be classed as a promise or a threat. Anyway you are expected on April Fools day (Anglo-Saxon not Latino April fools which for them as you know is a little late and comes in Nov.) Its a good date to start. I'M not surprised to hear Pt.4 is wedging into Ven via a contract with the U of Fla. I knew it would get in once that Old Bastard Kempton was out of the way. Amb. Sparks is Hell on getting our money committed, as is Pt.4. It was Sparks who whooped it up in Bolivia with the end result you are now reading about but, unlike a child of normal intelligence which learns from burning its fingers only once, our representatives have to burn off all their fingers and toes as well. Point four is a wonderful idea in the abstract. It is only when it moves into practise through one of the action agencies that its basic defects come to light. I have never encountered a point four set up that was worth its cost. There are two basic faults which will keep the idea from ever accomplishing anything. The first of these is that the service is based on the State Dept's. practise of rapid rotation of personnel. The unit time of service at a post is two years with the possibility of a second term under some circumstances. This in practise means a constant turn over of the staff and by the same token the projects, as when the vegetable expert is transferred and replaced with an animal husbandryman the project on vegetables is slightly modified. Also when a new Director arrives he sweeps out the chosen locals of his predecessor in order to have locals who owe their soft jobs to him and can be relied upon to be loyal. The second basic defect is that promotion in that service depends almost wholly on the skill with which the

project leaders can make fiction read like entertaining fact to

Tropaeum seeds are beaked

the lads who have to go before Congress for the dough. It is for this reason that we find the Service reporting, it has tripled milk production in Iran (bovine not human) just two year^s after it imported one pure bred Jersey bull. Busy bull but the busy part was in Washington. Or nearer home where the service after measuring the yield of two rod-rows of hybrid corn ~~x~~ in Colombia reported to the home office the corn production of that count~~ey~~ had been trebled. That's the kind of stuff the boys like to present to Congress where it feeds the Congessional ego and brings forth more money. There are of course many minor objections to Pt4 as operated but these two ensure its failure. As to Manglesdorf I never had any interest in his notions because he has highly developed what I call the professorial attitude of mind that easily and comfortably rejects all facts contrary to the theory currently being proposed. In his original story one of the essential needs was for the~~re~~ being no pop corns in South America and no corns with beaked kernels. When he came to me with his mss I meanly hauled out the drawers of our extensive collection of South American varieties and showed him that it was in Peru and Bolivia that the real beaks on corn kernels were developed. I also showed him five different pop corns from the Andes but when the paper was published his original statement stood because it was basic to his idea. In this paper you have sent me he shifts the birthplace of corn from Paraguay to Mexico on the evidence of two~~d~~ collapsed pol~~len~~ grains that might or might not be corn. I approve the shift but not the reason. Then he throws in the statement that pod corn even today turns up in South American varieties leaving the impression that this happens only in South America. Why our old pal Shamel found it out in the Funk Bros. field's years ago and it has been found in other UScorns several times since more often I think than in SA. His notion that the multiple rowed small seeded pop corns are primitive strikes at the heart of orthodox morphology and it stands to reason that four rows of seeds are more primitive than 8 or 16 or 32. At least in other grasses evolution has moved along the path from few to many. Now as it happens there are no small seeded four row varieties which is too bad for Manglesdorfs current revision. Well it will be a long time before you stir up the animals again. Have a good time in Venezuela and our love

2110 Jackson St. San Francisco 15 Calif. June 2 1959

Dear Pop: Received your letter doubtless written on the balcony of the Hotel Americano in Curacao while you dreamingly watched the famous bridge open and close keeping time to your orders for more of that Dutch beer. At anyrate it shows you escaped ^whole from the cradle of Bolivar which I understand is a major accomplishment these days. We have had vacationers from Caracas who all report the same thing namely anti Americanism. Seems strang^e especially in the back country where the people, like the food, are simple. I am relieved to learn that well marbeled beef has not become a commonplace in Venezuela and it is only now that I am becoming reconciled to beef that can be cut one handed with a sharp knife. I am sorry they didn't put you up in the bridal suite in the Hotel Maracay but they were trying to satisfy your well known preferance for the simple. Of one thing I am certain and that is the Fundacion more than got its money's worth and that Eugenio is vastly pleased. It won't be long now until I hear from Eugenio and Azcarate. What I would really like to see is Eugenio put up the money to start and maintain a modern orchard accor*ding to the latest methods. Once it has been proven that a real orchard will pay I think there will be plenty if immitators. I always liked that little town Bailadores where the Libertador was supposed to have both danced and slept but I never felt it was the apple country my Venezuelan friends thought it to be. Can't imagine why they took you to Maturin as the fruit culture possibilities of that sandy plan^e with its 150inch rainfall seem to me limited. The oil drillers tell me they go through 2000 feet of pure sand over there before they strike even sandy clay! I'm not surprised you found Enudio over there. He is a sort of lost soul and you remember he abandoned Honduras because the people were so bravo. Wonder what he thinks about the change nowadays. Did you see the famous dates on Margarita and the mangos? Both are the

best in the country but the really notable product of Margarita is not the fruit or even the pearls but the chinchorros. I don't believe Langham lives in Venezuela these days. Shortly after the latest revolution he moved his family to the States and was returning to Ven to sell out his rather extensive land interests there. When that was accomplished he expected to set up shop in this country and work on sesame. The trouble with Langham was he got partly Latinized and even negotiated a kick back contract with the now ex Min of Ag to spend six months collecting wheat all over the world. The Ministers idea aside from the 25% kick back was to start breeding a tropical wheat for the Apure llanos. Langham knew the chance of success for that project was just about nil but in addition to the very favorable financial terms the contract offered him the chance to travel the world collecting sesame seed. He was really interested in sesame and a thorough seed collection of that plant was justified. The trouble was the sesame was for his personal foundation and the Min of Ag was to get wheat. The revolution came along before the share of the money that was Langham's. You know how these things are done. You contract with a fellow say in late Feb. date the contract Jan 1 and collect the first quarter's dough. The next three quarters go to the contractor for the purposes specified. In Langham's case only the first quarter had elapsed when the storm broke. Its hard to conceal these things when a new Govt. comes in and gets at the records. Like so much gambling its all in the timing and Langham's timing was off. The Venezuelans now have a scheme afoot to get me down there as a advisor to the Min of Ag on agrarian reform but you can wager in perfect security I am not going. You did not mention Helen being with you on your Gullivers Travels so I assume she chose the better part of valor and kept the home fires burning. Our affections to both of you



Antigua Guatemala, 16 June 1959

Dear Jim:

I suppose it will cost me about \$1.95 US cy to send this damn Venezuelan report up to you, and I hope it costs you that much to send it back to me, and you better send it registered to boot. I suspect you will say, Why spent \$1.95, why send it up at all? But since I feel you are to blame for getting me into that job I feel you ought to see the results. And if you dont agree with me that this is a reasonably conservative and practical report then just dont unload any more such jobs on me. Which reminds me to add, that ever since that memorable day when you and I called on Dr Stern and told him there was no place for a branch of the California Packing Corporation or even Del Monte of even Libby McNeil and Libby in Guatemala, those folks havent spoken to me again; but I hear they are organizing a packing plant for El Salvador and there is a big sign on the road from the city over here saying that this is the site of the new fruit packing plant La Ceiba. I have not bought any shares yet. When I came home from Costa Rica two days ago I was heartbroken to see that the sign at the night club Miravalle saying "Nuevo Cocinero" - a sign which has been there for 15 months, has been taken down.

Thanks for your letter of the 2nd, which was awaiting me on my arrival. You ask why they took me to Maturin. Simply because that was closer to Caripe than Cumaná and we had to fly home from somewhere. I was glad, however, to see Enudio and wouldnt have done so if we hadnt gone to Maturin. He was out there in the ring, shouting éver the loud speaker, Now just look at this animal, look at that Zebu face, ochocientos cincuenta ochocientos setenta cinco ochocientos noventa a la una a las ~~ocho~~ las tres, VENDIDO. Enudio showed me a photo of his two nice little kids. The boys told me he is very happy and I am glad for that fellow had a pretty hard time of it with Maruja.

Yes, we saw the dates on Margarita, pls turn to the enclosed report. I didnt buy any more pearls for Helen, but you should see - or Dimp should see - the absolutely gorgeous, repeat gorgeous, Venezuelan gold orchid wh Eugenio sent Helen, with a Margarita pearl in the center about as big as a pullet's egg, a very young pullet. Really, those folks were awfully good to me.

You are correct in assuming that Helen did not go with me: she had planned to meet me in Costa Rica where I spent 12 days playing around with old friends and attending the VII reunion of the Caribbean Region, ASHS, but her mother and aunt liked the filetes mignones so well they decided to stay on in Antigua until I got home, and left only yesterday for L A. Now Helen and I are packing up to fly to Mexico City on the 27th instant, to help Ernesto Casseres handle the Curso Corto de Productos de Consumo Popular, Proyecto 39, OEA. Oh how easy it is to land jobs these days, as long as no pay is involved! When we get back here about the 15th of July I swear I wont move from Guatemala until I go over to Zamorano in Nov to attend the annual mtg of the Board of Trustees of EAP, from wh I wish I had resigned as you so tactfully suggested. That new director has jumped the budget from my \$315,000 to \$500,000 and everybody seems happy, including Boston, I cant figure it out. I dont much blame you for not going back to Venezuela to help on the agrarian reform program. I think you would get much better action in Cuba. But if that program lowers the quality of Vuelta Abajo tobacco I am going to fight it.

Must get busy. Just recd proof of my article on mango for the Encyclopedia Britannica, including cut of a group of Florida mangos one of which is a navel orange. This requires some attention. We join in affectionate greetings

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco (15) Calif. June 19 1959

Dear Pop y Helen:

The report, presented by the professor, on fruit culture in Venezuela has arrived, has been read and is on its way back with this letter. At this writing I don't know the sad news about the postage. That will be spared me until I cart the whole thing down to the local postoffice where the negro or Chinese clerk will throw it on the scales and give me a story about how all Latin American postal clerks steal the stamps and destroy the evidence. For some reason these local clerks believe that by using the postage meter they foil their Spanish speaking colleagues. The real point is they are too lazy to tear off real stamps and prefer to punch the meter keys. Anyway you can sleep an untroubled sleep as your report shows that Helen more than earned her gold orchid. I am sure the Fundacion is pleased and they know they have received the real thing as they know how hard they had to work to get it. You, as usual, and probably from your greater rapport with our Latino cousins, were more gentle than I would have been. The Venezuelans see all the US grapes, apples, pears and plums filling their markets and immediately resent paying foreign exchange for these fruits and want to grow them at home. They will not face the fact that one big reason they have these massive fruit imports is because they do not put on the market grade A or even C fruits for which their country is adapted. If the consumer could find good avocados, pineapples, mangos, oranges, papayas, riñones and a host of others they would not import so many pears and plums which to my mind are almost inedible fruits. You have a hard time finding in Venezuela even a good banana but perhaps I shouldn't stress this as you cannot find one in California either. I'm glad you got to Bocono. It's a favorite spot of ours and unspoiled even by the German who runs the Colonial. I wonder why the Venezuelans are always so determined to create something at Las Canoas? To my mind that place hardly escapes being a shallow lake but they always drag it out into the open. Maybe you have sold them on the idea of putting that Macapo cow manure to use but I am willing to bet you a big dish of frijoles negros fritos that the dung will be draining off into Lake Valencia during the coming ten years as in the past. Both our affections to both of you.

*It was not known
I am amused by the budget of EAP. It could have been predicted. The WRCs in just like the US govt
It thinks the more it spends the bigger & better the results. There is no cure and the knowledge of the
fact must do you any good. Some thing happened to Bocono in Ven. The best I know down but his high speaking someone*

Hillsborough Calif.

July 17, 1959.

Dear Pop yHelen: Glad you returned from Mexico unscathed. It is a great country but somehow has achieved an industrial poverty that Guatemala has so far escaped. You returned too late to cast your vote against the growing red tide. Now before I get into the trivialities I must as usual give you some advice since you are determined to run yourself ragged in behalf of everyone in horticultural troubles. You must set yourself up as a consulting service with appropriate letterhead (this should'nt cost much and could be quite fancy when printed in Antigua, consult Helen on design) because among the few things I've learned in my indolent life is that people in trouble value the cure in direct ratio to its cost. Look at Julius Klein Associates. Now there is a successful group that has diagnosed the ills of Peru, Chile, Costa Rica and God only knows how many other countries. The fees are respectable say in the range \$100,000-300,600 and the cure never varies. After Julius' task force of retired Foreign Service Officers, broken down economists etc have surveyed a country the prescription comes in an imitation leather bound tome about the size of the Los Angeles telephone book and reduced to the essentials reads "stop spending more than you make and invest the resulting surplus in profit making projects" The patients love it because it cost so much and for the same reason are likely to give it a whirl. This is only human nature (a dog wouldn't be impressed). The advice you get gratis is often valued at cost as any medic would tell you. So you must form a thing called Popenoe Associates. The associates you pick up as the jobs require which has the wonderful advantage they are only on your payroll when someone in trouble is paying their wages. Its all foolishness for you to spray the knowledge and experience it has taken you the better part of a lifetime to acquire for free with the result that the recipients spared the pain of payment feel free to


ignore the treatment. I have watched many of these things Milo Perkins for example and many others. These fellows are not really crooks ;they have learned that simple lesson that their advice is valued at its cost. This of course does not mean that the fees cannot be tailored to the economic condition of the customer. Look at our mutual friend Raymond Crist. Now there is a fellow who needs field trips to broaden his knowledge of Anthropological Geography or whatever you want to call it. A broad base is essential to his teaching. Now you in the same situation would jump at a chance to get this experience for yourself say at cost. Not so Crist. When the Creole fell for a project in the Guajiro Peninsula Crist was ready and willing to do the job all expenses for himself and wife, car and driver, secretary etc. and a guaranteed net take home kitty of \$1000 per month. He did an excellent job got a lot of stuff useful in his teaching and Creole is simply delighted. As things go they would have felt they had been gypped had they got this job at a lesser cost. I made excellent use of your Hijo de puta story on July 4 without giving credit. Some Venezuelans came to call on our day of independencia (you can always count on them being socially proper) of course I know they associate our July 4 with the Scotch that come in bottles but lets not detract from the spirit. These people and their host did a fair amount of celebrating and as a precaution I accompanied them down on the elevator. As you might guess that was the one time the damned asensor chose to get stalled between floors. Late in the afternoon of July Fourth with all of Calif. on a long weekend and even the manageress out somewhere shooting fire crackers. That was a long long imprisonment with all of us sitting on the floor and I at least learning what a low capacity a bladder has for Scotch and soda. Subjects of conversation get pretty thin after the second hour but I scored heavily with your story at the risk of rupturing

some Venezuelan bladders. A fourth I'm not likely to forget. These days we spend most of our week days here at Hillsborough where Dimp's half sister has one of those Calif. places with swimming pool gardner and a female Senegambian to help run it. The family have gone to Europe for two months and have asked us to look after the old manse as well as their cabin on Fallen Leaf lake. So I am at work. About the time this family returns Tini (Detroit) and her husband take off for Europe and we are going to Detroit to baby sit during their tour. I'm thinking of starting a service. Marge is planning to take her brood back to Spain this fall. The second hand business does not thrive too well with the manager in New Orleans and the business in Madrid. My own feeling is it is far from a producing gold mine but children have to learn for themselves. The only advantage I can see to this move is that the Spanish education is far superior to that of the deep south as is proven by the fact that those three children working in a language foreign to them each led his (or her) class. Its an unfortunate fact that my young Spanish grandchildren acutally write better English not to say far more legible English than my Maryland grand children who are almost through high school! You will soon have in Guatemala a new Ag. Attache one John Montel who was at one time my assistant at Caracas and has more recently been Ag Att. at Quito. I know you will give him all the help you can. Wife's name is Ynez-a Virginian* they have one little girl. John is quite a linguist and really should be in the pothook language countries while he is still young enough to learn. I'm never surprised to learn one of our Pt4 efforts has failed but it is always a surprise to learn that one has folded. Usually they go on and on and get more and more complicated the more they fail. If employment keeps up in the USA we will see more of them close down for lack of unemployed experts to hire for service abroad. With the affections of both of us to you both.

2110 Jackson St San Francisco 15 Calif., Aug., 9, 1959.

Dear Polly Helen: I am returning with this the interesting commercial opportunity offered by Paul's Hindu friend. At first thought I intended to suggest he be referred to suppliers in Paris but on second consideration and in view of the continued decline of UF perhaps we should not throw away so lightly a chance to sell dirty post cards to the East Indian population. That market is large and most likely avid. Post cards of the sort described might have a wide sale among a people already interested in sex and lacking the funds to attend movies. Anyway you might give it some further thought. Dimp's sister and family have returned from Europe so our luxurious holiday down the peninsula has come to a close. Next month though we go to Detroit as I think I wrote you in my previous letter. The fogs ^{are} finally arrived and they have given me the opportunity to think up another job for you. This is another one of those tasks that involve all glory and no money. For years I have been trying to get the tortilla line established in the area between Costa Rica and Panama. I thought I would succeed when Claud Horn became Ag.Att. at San Jose but I never got the proper fire lit under him. As you well know the break between the tortilla makers and the arepa eaters marks the boundry between the Indian civilizations of North and South America. Even though there was a measure of trade across the tortilla boundry there could have been no real intermingling of peoples. My present thought is that this is a nice Guggenheim project and our friend Raymond Crist is the grant committee for that sort of thing in Latin America. Now you know Costa Rica and Panama better than anyother Gringo and you also know the problem and its bearing on an understanding of the corn civilizations of pre Columbian America. So when you go to Florida for that free? banquet why not suggest to Crist that you could draw the tortilla line. It has to be done before much more time has run out as bef^{re} long the line will be hopelessly blurred.

Now dont brush this project to one side On the Trail of the Tortilla could be worked up into an article for the Geographic and the Guggenheim grants are flexible once you get the funds allocated. Talk to Crist even if the H has been dropped from his name. In spite of the NY Times Cuba appears to be going from bad to worse and even Venezuela has come through with another agrarian law(the fourth to my knowledge) The usual sociological approach:give the peons a little patch of land on which they can starve. Take the land away from the large farms and thereby reduce national production and at the same time punish the large land owners for not supporting the revolution. Naturally the peons want a piece of something already growing. The US press always regards this sort of thing as social and agricultural progress. Perhaps if this idea for bettering the peon spreads we would be wise to sell our UF shares and write off the loss on next year's income tax. This thought may be a little late as I note the Boston investment trusts sold theirs some months before yesterday's announcement of the passed dividend action. The peach growers here would welcome the Govt confiscating their orchards giving them bonds and giving the trees to the Am Fed of Labor. While the peaches fall from the trees the AFofL is trying to unionize the pickers and to do this effectively it has to keep those Mexicans out of the country. Under the benevolent administration of labor Gov Brown the scheme is succeeding at least to the extent of letting the crop rot. For the US fruit grower the future is not too bright. The AF OF L says flatly that no American worker can live on less than \$17 per 8 hour day. The trouble is that you cannot pick peaches any faster in 1959 than you could in 1859. At the Unions wage scale it would cost \$30 to pick a ton of peaches and they sell for \$34 at the cannery. Meanwhile the truck drivers are on strike so you can't get your fruit to the cannery even if it were picked. So with this horticultural thought I will close suggesting you think more of anthropology and tortillas. Affections to both of you



836 Edgemont Park, Grosse Pointe Park, Sept. 29 1959.

Michigan

Dear The Pops;

Here we are baby sitting while the parents are rambling through the rye or Rye in Scotland. I find this a job to my liking as the children spend all the daylight hours in school and all their nights doing home work. As they are called for and delivered my responsibility is limited to checking them in and out and to improving their profanity. I am glad you will draw the tortilla line as well as that for black beans. These are important bench marks that should be located and put on record before they are obliterated. We will be here until the end of Oct. unless these hard drinking auto makers put me under the sod. Thank God I've had some experience in Latin America with John Barleycorn and although I'm a little out of condition from lack of practise I believe I can make it through a month on the little liver I have left. Marge phoned from NY that she is flying to Spain this week for a stay of unknown duration but as the children Spanish maid, husband and live stock are all in New Orleans I imagine she will be back before the snows of winter drift along Canal St., Michigan this time of year is very pleasant with the temperature still reasonable but the foliage is turning red and the ducks (wise birds) have started South. Heard a Texas story that might be useful sometime. Seems tis Texan was touring New England and in Vermont had to stop for a tank of gas. He fell into talk with the old fellow who manned the pump. "This place have a name?" "Name's Greenhill" "Looks like a crossroads to me" The old fellow walked back to look at the license plates and saw his customer was from Texas. "You farm down in Texas?" Aw shucks I don't do what you'd call farmin". My little place is only thirty thousand acres so I just play at farmin" Pointing to a small neat new building he asked "What's that over there?" That? OH that's our new town meeting House" "It is hey? Well I declare Taint much bigger than my out house". To which our New Englander replied. "Reckon it aint but I guess you need a large one" He probably also sold the poor Texan watered gas. Hard for Texans to get justice in this world. Here there is a degree of unrest in good old Quetzal land so things

must be more or less normal. I don't anticipate tranquility until you find a reasonable facsimile of Ubico. Affectionately


836 Edgement Park Grosse Pointe Park Michigan Oct26,1959

Dear The Pops; Your problems accumulate too fast for me. I can no longer think as fast as ~~you~~ Guatemalans. Here I've been ruminating on your duck problem (no results as yet but paciencia) and giving it all my spare time little suspecting that you were nursing a couple of flush toilets to spring on me. I think the ducks will be easier than the toilets though possibly not as useful. Its unfortunate the way Latin America gets confronted with the Anglo Saxon civilization such as drum majorettes. You saw how those cuties almost tumbled the conservative Govt of Ecuador and at least gave the conservative beggars an excellent excuse to loot. Here, you will be sorry to learn, the latest garb for these teen aged majorettes is long Victorian bloomers!. No improvement I think you will agree. The parents of our Detroit grandchildren have been back a week now and the children have about completed what we in State were wont to call reindoctrination. In short they are relearning (slowly) the meaning of obedience. So it is time for us to leave which we are doing Thursday of this week. Besides there is no mistaking that winter is just around the corner, leaves coloring and falling all around us. We will be back at 2110 Jackson the night of the 29th. I can't say I have learned much from these automobile moguls. In fact the only story I can remember from my alcoholic bouts with the compact car makers has a strong cultural twist. It will make you nostalgic for that defunct New England institution called, I believe, "Mrs. Peabody's School for Polite Young Females" Seems there were these two tweedy women of a certain age who once each week rode down to Boston on the Boston and Maine. They had been doing this for several years without of course speaking to each other but also in good old New England fashion not unobserved by each other. Came the inevitable day that makes this cultural tale possible when some act of

See
what
mean?

God rather more violent than normal greatly delayed the return train and put everyone in a talkative mood. You know the reaction, the storm or whatever it was blew down all the normal reserve. These two women reached the same seat and sat down together. "I've seen you on this train before have I not"? Yes indeed you have you see I go to Boston once a week to get scrod. (I hope you know that to us boys that is an excellent fish)"You do? Isn't that amusing. I do too but I never knew the past tense before" I'll drop the story at this point but you will appreciate the cultural flavor. Sorry to hear Sally has another child. What that girl needs is a long rest from bearing and rearing children. After the past three weeks with my active grandchildren I can speak with experience on the rearing part and I half suspect the bearing part isn't much more restful. When you write her give her our love. Sally is an unusual girl and really needs to be reassured of her ego. I think if she can once gain some weight so as to face the trials of life with more beef she will climb over her difficulties. As it is she simply does not have the physical power to back her mental ability. When you get up to the city look up John Montel who should be there by now unless the old USDA has had another idea. I should write you the story about the Texan, the New Englander and the out house but it will have to wait. It isn't much good anyway and neither am I at this point. Take care of yourselves on the road and with the affections of all of us here(Ishowed your letters to Tini to make her homesick for Guatemala after Scotland).

As ever



ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUICIGALPA, HONDURAS
CENTRO AMERICA

Antigua, Guatemala, 6 Novbr 1959

Dear Jim:

Well, we sure are glad that you and Dimp survived Grosse Pointe Park (Why dont they call it Gross Point? I dont like those e's; sounds too much like Ye Oj de Hotte Dogge Shoppe- but speaking about the latter (who was?) we have got the food business licked in Guatemala City; we go to a little hole in the wall across the Sexta from UFCO, the Cervceria Frankfurt, for lunch when we are in town; and we get a Hotte Dogge in a darn fine fresh roll with a lot of good guacamole and a little chopped cabbage and pepper sauce for 12 count them 12 cents). Now this would be reasonably-priced lunch were it not for the fact that I usually weaken and ask for a tarro of Gallo which is 35 cents; and this brings out total bill, what with Helen's bottle of Gallo, up to a flat 95 cents; which would be just about the tip you would give the waiter in San Francisco, and here they dont give tips.

Yrs of 26 Oct recd and contents noted. I wish you could have taken part in the polemics re the majorettes. Maybe if you come back in the next month or two it will still be possible for you to write an article, saying you understand that they began dressing the majorettes from the neck downward and if you had known in time that they were going to run out of cloth when they got a trifle, oh such a little trifle, below the waist you would have been delighted to chip in a few ~~\$\$\$~~ to buy some more cloth.

First time you and Dimp are out in your 1960 Cadillac (no, dont wait for that; just go in your 1957 Plymouth) do run up to the Langley Porter and give little Sal a boost. The agonies of the Christian martyrs are nothing to what Sal has been going thru and in spite of it all she doesnt complain or say her old daddy is a tal por cual. I shall do my best to help her have less physical work; I dont seem to be able to arrange thin s. T. e idea as of last writing is that she will go up to Tahoe next month where Ed will rent a house (I have willingly agreed to pay the rent) until he finishes the one he is now building for the family I cant quite figure out why Ed plans to spend the rest of his life at Tahoe - I do hope he has something in mind. We heard from Sal that he expected to get a job, driving a school bus, but later she said this had blown up.

I havent seen John Montel but will call on him if I get there before he is transferred to Bangkok. Did you read the article in Reader's Digest suggesting very tactfully that ICA should be completely overhauled and reorganised? Helen and I are going over to Salvador next week-end for a few days to eat some oysters on the half shell and see how the Fruit Improvement Program is coming along. I've got to get a way from the bathroom installations for a few days anyway. The soquete still doesnt fit the albacete and the mojinete is too high. And I'm trying to get some writing done, and I am up against the problem of the gal who wrote to Funk and Wagnalls saying "I dont see why, inna dictionary as big and fanous as yours, I cannot find the word "physcoanalytist".

Helen joins in much love to both

2110 Jackson St. San Francisco 15 Nov. 24, 1959.

Dear Pop yHelen: Until your letter of Nov 6 we had no idea that Sally was still over in that institution of twilight people. We cranked up the old car and went over there yesterday and nothing gives me greater pleasure than to be able to report Sally is 1000% improved from the condition she was in Feb last. In fact we had a wonderful time with her. She is jolly, laughs, tells amusing stories and I judge her principal worries at the moment are (1) Hugh is not married and will have to spend Christmas alone and (2) that you are procrastinating on your book. Evidently she had not heard of your bout with the plumbers but when I told her that you had gone to El Salvador she said "Ah he is running away from his problems". Three times a week she gets on the bus and visits the new baby, and pond job of which she is very proud. She had hoped to be released this month but that happy event has been delayed and she is not fretting. In fact she discusses her difficulties with complete and charming candor. Still hears voices but I judge they are not terrifying. Eats well, has excellent color, and the day we were there she was helping wash the interior walls of that place! Other times she sews for the brood and reports the oldest boy is bordering on being a genius, God help him. Her mother-in-law is coming over to get her for Thanksgiving and we made a deal to drive her to Stockton as soon as we return from Carmel around the first of Dec. The house at Tahoe is progressing slowly and she is looking forward to moving up there where she can resume skating and skiing. That's what comes of being born in the tropics. Anyway so far as Sally's physical and mental health are concerned your worries are over. As to the financial health I'm not well enough informed to express an opinion but I must say money or the lack of it does not appear to be worrying Sally. Her trouble is too many large babies in too short a time but believe me she cherishes those children. Sally is a bright girl with a marvelous sense of humor and once she is freed will make out OK.

I have been reading a series of articles on The Iriquois about half of whom went over to Canada at the time of the revolution. Today from the Canadian branch I found in this account one Clarence Papineau whose occupation is of all things a tree surgeon. Your ancestors must have been a little careless with the squaws but the genes are coming through. Here the public is finally being aroused to the fact that we are all being slowly poisoned with systemic weed killers and insecticides. The blow fell on the cranberries just before Thanksgiving when food and drug banned cranberries because they showed measurable quantities of a cancer causing chemical used as a weed killer. Could'nt be washed off because it was interhal. Natch the farmers were only supposed to use this stuff after the harvest but weeds and farmers being what they are they couldn't wait. The resulting scream of the growers must

have been audible in Salvador. Anyway it focused attention on the chemical capons and the hormone fatted cattle as well as the tranquilizers in mil~~k~~. Now it appears that all water supplies are full of detergents and DDT. The one from the Monday's wash and the other washed off the fields and into the streams. These chemicals never disappear. So the women will be growing beards and singing bass from the hormoned fatted calf; the men will sing soprano from the chemical capons and all of us will die of livers riddled with the flourine added to the water to save our teeth while our kidneys dissolve in DDT washed from the sprayed pastures of Kansas. Yet as you well know the first question of an American landing in Central America is "Is the water safe to drink?" Why the poor Devil is already half eaten away with Strontium 90 and systemic insecticides developed by the chemists of Am. Cyanamide. So count your blessings and pray that the ubiquitous salesmen don't penetrate the Central American field with their miracle sprays. Speaking of sprays I note the Esso is advertizing its chemists saved the banana industry with aⁿ oil spray. Neglected to say what it did for the stock holders. Both our affections to both

ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS
CENTRO AMERICA

Antigua G, 26 Nov 1959

Dear Jim et ux,

Yrs of 24 recd and contents noted. It was mighty good of you to go up and have a chat with little Sal. I share your feeling that there is nothing wrong with that kid which could not be remedied in two weeks by having a home, two servants, and plenty to eat. Knowles has written very strongly about the matter; he thinks Sal's whole trouble has been ~~been~~ too many babies too fast and too much hard work the nonce. Of course Dorothy had babies just about as fast but Dorothy had servants and we had plenty of money - no financial worries.

But I hope Sal wont push too hard on this marriage business for Hugh, especially if she insists - but I shall go no further. I am thinking about girls he might marry and that is a bad policy. As for worrying about my forthcoming book, have you ever written many books? Or has Sal? You dont just sit down one afternoon and mail the MS to the publisher the next morning. Maybe some folks do. I cant. But I am building up what I believe is going to be a good book; if it stays in the market as long as my first one did I shall be more than satisfied though this book is going to cost me, personally close to a thousand bucks. The first one only cost me 500, a much better bargain. And to carry the point further, I doubt that Sal mentioned the book at all; I think you are the one who is trying to make me sit up nights. Right?

And now speaking of that business you mention, the boys who are selling us the chemical cure-alls, I shall probably get myself in trouble by taking a whack at some of them in my book. I go back to the day, about 1916, when I walked down to the office with Harry Johnson who had just joined SPI from California. As we passed Iowa Circle there was a big pile of stable manure on the curb, ready to adorn the tulip beds. Harry who had been on the pavements for some weeks sticks his hands up to their respective elbows in this black and crumbly, and said with tears in his voice "Ah, that's the stuff we need". I have returned this past week from Salvador, where I went to look over the work I started two years ago. Coming on fairly satisfactorily, I am glad to say, likewise the agr'l school. But they are now going in for a fertilizer factory and everybody will pretty nearly have to buy 14-14-14 when I would sell him 20-0-0 in most cases. But I am always wrong.

Looks more and more as tho I should have followed your example and stepped clear out of the picture. Once you are on the retired list nobody takes you seriously any more. Curious psychological phenomenon. I wish you would send for No 1, Sy posia Interamericana, just issued by Ralph Allee at Turriabla. "Ecological Indications of the Need for a New Approach to Tropical Land Use". Just came this morning so I havent gone over it carefully. Last thing from Turrialba was a dissertation by Bob Hunter on classification of tropical climates, in which he says my (and Henri Pittier's and Paul Standley's) use of the popular classification, caliente, templado y frio, each divided into arido, semi arido and seco is no good. We have to say submontane and so on.

ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS
CENTRO AMERICA

Yes, I am thoroughly behind the times and I better realise it and move to San Francisco where you and I can foregather at the Cliff House whenever I get my monthly pension check or you gets yours - I Hope they dont coincide chronologically -and have a seafood plate like that gorgeous one we had last time and then go home and so to bed, without worrying about the fact that there is nothing up the river but the banks. Just last week - to bring up something along the same line - Chico de Sola told me at San Salvador that I would dine that evening with Mr Fox, head of the Minute Maid outfit, who is interested in deveoping a big source of orange concentrate in Nicaragua. Chico said the govt of that country, my good friends the Somosa boys, had offered 100,000 (no typographical error - I dont mean a hundred, I mean a hundred thousand) acres of citrus land. That's quite a large tract. When we got together at dinner, Mr Fox didnt mention citrus at all but wanted to know why United Fruit has gone down to 23.

Day before yesterday the Board of Trustees of Eascuela Agr Panam had a meeting in NYC, which I did not attend. I gather Bill Paddock was there, likewise Boris and Prexy Reitz from Florida and someboyy from the Boston office, which has advised that UFCo will no longer have a representative on the Board of Trustees of EAP and desires to retire its financial support wh rapidly as other support can be found. Keep this to yourself of course. I dont know the answer. My guess is that UFCo will have to carry on for some time, but perhaps Rockefeller Foundation will step into the picture. What would be your gueses? One of the difficult features is that expenditures in my last yr there were \$315,000 for operations and \$35,000 for betterments; and the proposed budget for 1960 is \$421,000 for operations and \$72,000 for betterments. Quite a jump.

Enough griping for one session. Prof Bradfield of Cornell due here to stay overnight on 15th December. I want to talk with him about tropical soil problems of which I know nothing except that I believe the boys are running away with the chemical approach. Though I will stick with them on the subje t of nitrogen; look what we have done with it on the banana farms, not just for a couple of years but ever since 1927 when Pfof Knudson of Cornell told us to use nitrogen and apply it just before a good rain.

Ever yrs,

ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS
CENTRO AMERICA

Antigua, 7 December 1959

Dear Jim:

Everything going wrong these days. Amado Pelen, my old secretary at EAP, writes that he is just back from the Policlinica. "They cut ~~out~~ my appendix and my Goldbladder which was infected with a big rock." But all this is neither here nor there. The point is that Sally has just sent a letter which really worries me, to the point where I am thinking seriously of flying up to San Francisco within a few weeks - most likely early in January because Paul will be back in California about that time.

As you said in your last letter, when we talk with Sal she seems perfectly normal and happy. But Karl Bowman wrote a couple of months ago that she seemed to be developing symptoms of paranoia. I on my part hoped that getting her out of the Clinic might help a lot, but now they dont know when she will leave - of course it isnt like being on Alcatraz; she can leave at any time if some of her relatives just go and get her! I have felt that the Clinic is not the place for her; she has been there some 14 months and tho they say she has improved greatly, she is not well and if the psychiatrists cant straighten her out in 14 months I dont know who can. The encouraging thing to me is my keen recollection of John Belling's case. You probably remember him - a really fine geneticist at the Univ of Florida. He used to grow beans with spots on them, then he counted the spots and hung the beans with a given number of spots, let us say 15 to 23 - in bags up in the attic of the Exp Station bldg - where I lectured two yrs ago and a gdy got up in the back row and said, I wish to ask if anybody else in this room heard you give your first lecture here in 1914. No takers. Well, Dean Rolfs sent John Belling down to me when I was working at the Plant Introduction Garden on Brickell Avenue. He was in pretty bad shape. The second day he walked into town and when he came back he asked me, "Why did you telephone that soda jerker to put arsenic in my lemonade?" John Belling got well, and went out to Berkeley after marrying Sewall Wright's aunt, and worked there for many years as you doubtless know.

I will await further news from Sally. She may snap out of it again, but this last letter is alarming. We thought we could help by hurrying back from Spain, which we did, and going to San Francisco last February. All we achieved was the dislike of her husband. He took her up to Tahoe, where he is now living, right after Thanksgiving dinner at Stockton, and things seem to have blown up. Sal says she got emotionally disturbed. What I want to do is to get her out of Langley Porter and into a happy environment- the problem is, where is the happy environment? I will let you know if and when I plan to reach San Francisco, because I will want to talk things over with you and Knowles. The problem seems to be a tough one.

Ever yours,

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 Calif. Dec. 15, 1959

Dear Pop y Helen: I was surprized to hear about Sally which shows you cannot always trust appearances. I suspect the child is being given some of the new tranquilizers and that the effect wore off on the long trip from Stockton to Tahoe. I understand some of these tranquilizing drugs are quite effective and that once the medicos have learned the kind and the dose for the patient the latter is released but has to keep eating the pill. Sally is in good physical condition 100% better than when you were here and aside for her play-mates the institution is very pleasant. She shows no impatience to get away and seems quite content with the routine. She reports the food good and adequate and her general condition indicates that it agrees with her. Under the circumstances I do not see what you could do in the next couple of months unless you took her out of the institution and accepted the responsibility of dropping the treatments. Were I in your place I would write the attending physician for a frank appraisal and for his best guess as to what the future holds. You would certainly want his opinion before you took any action on your own and I cannot see why you cannot have it before you make a decision on coming up. As I say Sally is not fretting, does not feel neglected and evidently takes a calm and intelligent position with respect to her affliction. As things look at this moment I advise waiting a hair longer. I do this knowing full well that you have already been through 15 months of waiting. There are so many complicating problems that arise the moment you take Sally under you wing. Some of these are legal and some are just the care and feeding of infants. Until Sally rebels you can safely do nothing knowing that she is well cared for and to all appearances quite happy. A very appealing girl and full of quiet humor. Lets hope the new year will see her problems solved.

I am amused by your account of the outgivings from Turrialba. For many years now our scientific brethern have been building themselves a language as the primary basis for establishing a priesthood no more intelligible than the Latin of the good padre at Totonicapan. Our priesthood doesn't wear reversed collars but usually displays some sort of key in place of the cross. We are well along the road toward a theocracy and if the Russians don't miss a few planets we will find ourselves obeying the dictates of the Pope in charge of the National Science Foundation. When that day comes and its later than you think we shall have to learn to call a spade a geotome. Gone will be the days of well rotted cow manure and speaking of manure the local grocery not only sells canned bat manure but also bagged scented steer manure. The USA has the highest standard of living in the world where even the manure smells like Chanel #5 or could it be the reverse. It didn't suprize me that the budget of EAP rose like bread dough with too much yeast. Nor did it astonish me that UFCo was looking for a financial angel to carry the load. Back in the days when that school was run for peanuts by a fellow named Popenoe it used to be the Mecca for a host of important and influential people. In those days the school was double barreled. It educated some of the deserving and gave the UFCo some extremely valuable publicity. It was perfect for what is known as public relations. Today it is questionable whether either barrel is firing wads but I doubt if the Rockefeller Foundation will reach to pull that chestnut out of the fire for the new petroleum President of UFCo. You left EAP in fine shape and momentum has carried it along but it will not be what it was or what it was designed for until someone catches some more Popenoes. There is more to making these things work than meets the eye and EAP will not function fully until someone with the feel for the Latins and for our mutual relations is found to run it. UFCo can stop searching for financial angels and begin looking for a wizard to direct EAP.

And a Merry Christmas to you both. Hoping you have rockets for New Years. C. W. J.

2110 Jackson Street San Francisco 15 Calif., Feb., 9, 1960

Dear Pop Y Helen;

Actually we are not at the above address but are down by the sea at Pacific Grove where we have a temporary occupancy of Dimp's father's studio. Here we are enjoying the high winds and rains of this time of year accompanied by some spectacular seas. When your latest letter arrived in its TWA envelope we had the momentary hope you were enroute with the completed ms under your arm but were soon disillusioned. Too bad. Too bad you were not enroute SF and too bad you have not yet finished that book but are instead running about in distracting ways. I too had read Peattie's paen published in the SF paper and it recalled to me your account of breaking him into plant introduction work in Florida. Remember all those notes you thought (at first) he was diligently making on horticultural gems you were giving him? It's really odd he could have made a life of his free lance writing but evidently he has not starved to death. Am enclosing the first of what I expect will be several clippings of Delaplans travels in Guatemala and CA. These will show you how the region appears to the lads from Market St. and it will give you an idea as to how many tourists to expect from No. Calif. In Mexico Delaplane holed up in the El Cortez. We have been gently vegetating in this benign atmosphere though Dimp has become enamored with Japanese ink painting and is busily wielding her brush turning out bamboos and birds in sen men shapes. Can't say at this point where all this will lead but it gets a fair amount of black ink distributed over the furniture. As Helen knows this form of art looks artlessly simple but there are some hidden oriental tricks to handling that brush. Its like learning to eat chicken broth with chop sticks. Suppose you saw the laudatory article on Pres. Betancourt of Ven. in this weeks Time. Evidently Time is making a real effort not to get itself banned during this administration. In the old days it always used to open its articles on Ven with "Pot bellied, pop eyed, baby faced Dictator etc."

This saved the censor a lot of trouble as he never had to read further than the first line to confiscate all the edition. Marge is still in Spain still struggling with Spanish lawyers and the corporation law. Each letter she expects to be back in NO next week and each time her return is delayed by a legal monkey wrench or the court's having adjourned to the sea shore for a much needed vacation. From all accounts the business is thriving but the object is to get it in the form of a corporation and out of a partnership. You will have no trouble in visualizing the problems connected with setting up a corporation in Spain where the principal share owner is a foreigner. This is lawyer's meat.

Had a long letter from Langham who is enrolled at Yale for some post Doctorate education. Actually I think what he was after and what he got was a nice office and evidently secretarial help. Its nice the way the Universities treat the customers these days. Langham succeeded in selling his farm and his several nurseries but still owns his house in Maracay. As the house stands on property of the Ministry of Ag. I wouldn't give him more than a Cuban peso for it today. Steyermark wrote from Caracas that he had finally joined Lasser's group there. Lasser is in Europe for a years study of botanic gardens but you may be sure Steyermark will be working away at the Flora of Ven. Before leaving this country he completed a 1600 page Flora of Missouri with as many maps showing therange of the mast important species This flora is illustrated and what is more astonishing is actually being published by the Univ. of Iowa press. You may be sure that Julian is not paying anything to get this work published and it seems to me that there is a point here for you. Despite all the cries of poverty many of our Universities are really well heeled and are looking for prestige works. You should submit your book to the Univ. of Fla. press or for that matter to old Tom Barbour's standby the press of Harvard. You never know until you try. In simple justice it should be published by the press of EAP.' Affectionately J.

ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS
CENTRO AMERICA

Antigua G, 17 Feb 1960

Dear Jim:

I haint written you since I got back from Florida, has it? Well, I sat on the platform while Hugh got that doctoral hood slapped over his neck, but thank goodness, it didnt have a wide band of pseudo-silk around the edge like my honorary doctorado hood. Pretty good to keep one jump ahead of your kids, foe the time being. But hombre, Hugh turned out a pretty good dissertation; didnt read it at the convocation thank goodness, as it is 134 pp in length, but on the subject which O'Cook worked on in Guatemala some 50 yrs ago; what Cook called the milpa system of agriculture and they now call shifting cultivation. Swmt thing, same results. After we got that hood over Hugh's manly shoulders we threw a banquet for everybody who had helped him then we rolled sluth in his fiamante 1956 Ford; saw Ralph Robinson who looks well; numerous ither guys of the old school, and when we got to Homstead Hugh said Let's roll on down to Kew West wh we did, then came back for a day with my nephew John who is horticulturists at the Subtrop Expo Sta since the very untimely death of Bruce Ledin. Ended up at Coco Grove with Mrs Fairchild for a couple of days; she is in better shape than she was two yrs ago it seems to me, though she has a "heart condition" which worries her. I told her if I dont have anything less than a heart condition at aetas 80 I shall be very happy.

Yr several clippings about Guatemala have come, and have been read with interest. (I say came because you may recall the little Florida verse, The spring has come, the snow has went; it was not did by accident. The birdshave flew as you have saw, back north again by nature's law).

And since we are on the subject of verses, do you remember the English one, A bloody blooming sparrow flew up the bally spout, but the bally rain came and drove the blighter out - or something like that.

No, I didnt see Time on Betancourt. I note however that Time seems to be changing its policy in re Latin America generally/ Adlai Stevenson was here yesterday. Apparently didnt have time to call on us. The Wssistant Secy of the Treasury (or one of them, I imagine there are several) Mr Upton spent two days with us last week, just about the two most interesting days I have had this yr. Interested in big loans to Latin America and seems to think some consideration is required.

Glad to have news of Marge. Dont talk to me about formalities. I wish she had tried to import five ozs of vegetable seeds from the US. I have passed on your news about Steyermark to Paul Standley. Only a few weeks ago he, Paul, wrote me that Steyermark had been kicked out (sic or almost sic) of the Chicago Museum and Standley didnt know where he was. Dont talk to me about publications. Since I left EAP they have gotten out two issues of Ceiba, one which Paul Allen got out shortly after I left and one more which Dr Furman PHD got out a year ago, marked Vol 8 No 2 or something like that, in spite of the fact that I wrote him it should be Vol 5; he also said the journal had been published since 1952 which it haint. Incidentally, Helennand I shall be leaving here, DV, in about 3 weeks, for Salvador and Honduras, first time in the latter for 2-1/2 yrs. Expect to see a lot of old friends and I am booked to preach the baccalaurate sermon at EAP on 19 March.

March 9 1960

Dear Pop Y Helen; You do more jumping around than a munitions salesman. No wonder you don't finish your book. Had a letter from T.Ralph Robinson recording your doings in Florida and we had hoped you would combine Florida and California for a change. There is an interstate war on this time avacados. Seems the Californians say the oil content of Florida fruit is too low to permit its sale here. Why Florida growers would want to try and crack this market is a mystery to me as the local growers can not be getting rich on current prices. It should be far more profitable to make tortillas which cost us 25 cents per dozen while we can get two avocados for 29! Ralph wrote that Maude Swingle was living in SF and had a paying job at the Calif Historical Society. Sure enough he was correct. As the Historical Soc. is just three doors from 2110 Jackson it didn't take long to check Ralph's info. Maude is really enjoying herself- sold her house in Washington to her Foreign Service son in law who por ^{gran} fortuna has his Washington assignment. Son John has just embarked on his own as a dealer in rare books. He operates from Berkeley but what on I wouldn't know. Maude is doing some sort of editorial work and studying Japanese on the side. The woman was clever. She retired from the USDA and took a job as Sec for McClure(Mr Bamboo). This gave her Social Security so she receives two pensions. Of course her Social Security only permits her to earn \$1200 per year additional but I judge the Cal Hist Soc has no intention of paying her even the legal limit. Our Spanish daughter is back in the USA having exhausted even the Spanish lawyers. Before she could emplane for New Orleans she was asked to help put on some sort of exhibit in NY of Spanish antiques so she is still in NY and from what I can gather using up all her gains living at the Plaza and drinking highballs for breakfast. Still has the Madrid custom of breakfasting at noon. I often wondered why they had breakfast so late. Now I know.

Mr Bamboo does not have a very prosperous future in his horoscope. He has been operating for years on various short term grants and these are becoming more and more difficult to get. He has only about 8 years USDA service and still has a girl to educate. His wife clearly seeing the handwriting on the wall took nurse training and has a job at that medical complex in Bethesda Md. Too bad with all the ICA money going to the dogs or worse that he cannot catch on somewhere and complete the work on bamboo. I trust when you were in Florida you discussed with Crist that Gugenheim support to establish the Tortilla Line. I see by my Govt Printing Office List that Crist has published his work on the Goajiras in the Smithsonian. Crist is a good man in his field and gets down to the grass roots. As to the milpa agriculture I have always felt that this system was just about perfect so long as the population was small relative to the available land. It is inefficient but until McCormick and his harvester who needed efficiency on the land? What the milpa system gives you is a 25 year rotation-3 years in crops and 20 to 30 years in bush-usually legumes. Couldn't be a much better land treatment. The difficulty comes when the population grows so large that the milpas adjoin one another. Then you get the grass and fire hazard that raises Hell with the rotation. This would be heresy to Bill Vogt but I hope not to Hugh Popenoe. The enclosed clipping show the changing times. When I was twelve girls were only nuisances that got in the way of shinny sticks, baseballs and such like. In the winter they were the sex that always had trouble with their skates. Evidently we or at least I was born sixty years too soon. This comes under the head of non recapturable pleasure. There is always something to mar a pleasant day. Fidel is really going to town. If he keeps up it will be impossible to keep the Louisiana and Florida Congressmen from joining the beet members of Congress to cut that sugar quota. I can hear the representatives of Peru, Trujillo land, the Philippines not to mention Hawaii and Puerto Rico egging them on. These are engaging times. Affectionately

Antigua G, 8 April 1960

Dear Jim, Y Dimp ca va sans dire:

Your letter addressed to Pop Y Helen reminds me of the big pennant they put up across the street in Panama years ago. "Viva Porras Y Price" (the latter being the Amembassador or Am something else at the moment) and the gringo who came by read it "Viva Porras Why Price?".

But let us get to our muttons. We have returned from 3 weeks in San Salvador, Tegucigalpa, and way stations, somewhat the worse for wear, but with two new gold medals to put in the exhibition case. I would like to stay at home for a while and continue work on das buch, but when I do this, in comes a lady and says Oh doctor Popenoe, I just saw your brother on television and he looks so much like you!

Pls note enclosed envelop wh has recently arrived from that dear Caracas. Pls note postmark on rear, first endorsement, Correos de Guatemala, 25 May 1959, 10 a m, latter item important. Please note "No está en el hotel". Please note Maracay Arag 28/5.59. Please read inscription on face of letter, under address; Please turn upside down and read again. Please quit. Please do not return. DEVUELTO.

Thanks for news re Maude Swingle. As for Ray Crist, I took quite a liking to him in Gainesville. Pretty smart hombre. I think it was he who told us the story of those college degrees a story known to you long since but perhaps lost awhile. BS, you know what it is; MS, more of the same; PhD, piled higher and deeper.

We come back to the irritating round of petty concerns and duties. Yesterday in trying to figure out what is wrong with Helen's new bathroom it develops that Arturo has the new wall 1.3 inches out of plumb. What does that matter? Arturo asks. We just file down the new glazed tile, one by one, here a little, there a little more, until they all fit, and there you are!

Zamorano fast on the road to higher education. Professor Curiel of Italy, head of Dept of Horticulture the past yr, now happily gone to Nicaragua (happily for him, not for Nicaragua) completely ruined my mango and citrus orchards by a system of pruning which he terms poda de rejuvenación. It sure will take some rejuvenating to bring them back to life. The school is in fine physical shape, new buildings and all that sort of thing, including a big monument to the first John Deere tractor which we had; Bill Paddock sent a photo to John fully expect to get a new one and what did he get? A letter of thanks! The nurseries are fine; bigger than I ever had. The dairy going pretty well based on frozen semen from the States but not long ago they had a fire which burned up the storage compartment and the cows are really suffering.

Well, enough for today. Trying to find a way to tell those folks in Colombia I cant come down and do a fruit improvement program for them, and trying to tell the Somosa boys I will do one for them soon but perhaps not before June. I've been strong for the boys ever since Tacho gave me the Orden de Ruben Dario and said "I hope you appreciate the honor. You are the third to receive this decoration. The first two were Juan B Peron and Generalissimo Trujillo".

Much love from us both to both

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 Calif. May 7 1960

Dear Pop & Helen: That (y) is so convenient I think we should adopt it in place of the & which always looks to me like a fat man on a commode reading the Lit. Digest. While you were away collecting medals & honors (all well deserved) we were touring Northern Calif and instead of returning with medals, and rash promises to return and go to work, all we have to show for it is less rubber on the tires and the accumulating bills for gasoline! Even so it was great fun for at this time of the year with the snow begining to melt in the highlands the red buds, dogwoods, poppies and lupines are really something to behold. As all of the northern part of the State is being logged there is no problem about getting hearty meals. It takes lots of energy to fell the giant redwoods and the magnificent firs and spruces. The loggers feed well but I fear me the coming Californians will pay a heavy bill. The general idea seems to be to convert the US forests to ply wood before the Japs. get the entire market. I don't know where the Japs get their logs (probably Washington or the Philippines) but they are able to undersell the local boys by a substantial sum (possibly the workers in Japan do not eat roast beef at \$1.20 per lb). Our local wood cutters put up such a howl about the Jap ply wood that the accomodating little brown men agreed to an import quota. The result was that the plywood they would have sold us they sold to the Germans who considerately turned around and sold it to us at a somewhat higher price but still well below the cost of the native product. All this plywood goes into dwellings which these days are put together with staples and spit to make the slums of two decades hence. All financed by Federal Home Adm. loans (nothing down and thirty five years to pay) This permits the downtrodden colored man from Alabama to move into a pretty pastel three bed room house with modern kitchen and pay \$90 per month for life or until his


big black toe punctures the plywood siding (the way it sticks through his sock if he has socks) at which time he can move out and let Uncle Sam foreclose! It is an ideal economy as it leaves the laboring man (that's a figure of speech) plenty of scratch to buy his Cadillac and that of course is what makes us all prosperous according to those modern wizards the economists. Well enough of this high flown economy. From all accounts Venezuela is still having trouble which the Betancourt Government proposes to cure by spending 26 billion Bolivares over the next four years. Where this vast sum is coming from is not made clear and as current income is only 3 billion per year and the foreign bank loan floated in the US and Canada is only 3/4 of a billion Bs the Govt must either plan to print it or else soak the oil companies. The big project is to build an industrial city for 200,000 Venezuelanos at the confluence of the Caroni and the Orinoco. This should be sad news for the real estate men twenty miles up stream at Ciudad Bolivar. What is to be industrialized has not been thought out yet and may never be. The previous administration built or was well on the way to building a big industrial city at Moron based on the petro chemical complex so I judge industrial cities are the magic cures for all Ven. problems. Wait until this idea hits Guatemala. Then your plumbing problems will really be minor. There is something favorable to be said for the old privy as we have had a union plumber working four days on one of our johns and he has yet to make it function. Perhaps our civilization is really getting too complex. It begins to look as though the only way we can expect to see you in Calif. is to get UC to award you a gold medal which I have no doubt it will eventually get around to do. Marge is in New York handling the Spanish exhibit at the Int. Trade Fair. She is learning fast. No insurance co will insure against thievery because not only does the public steal but so do the hired hands. She is also learning about

the US customs and the unions. "No madam you cannot change that light bulb. That requires a union electrician" "No madam you cannot move that wooden bust. A union teamster must do that" These union fellows are just one reason why the insurance lads won't cover your goods. We have not heard yet whether any of the goods have been sold but we understand the job lasts a month. I noticed in the last report of UFCo there was no mention of the petroleum business. Evidently the new Pres. an ex oil man knows the pit falls in petroleum with everyone getting into the act. Those new fields in Lybia will take care of Europe and apparently the Sahara fields of France are quite large. Every new country wants oil exploration right now and if the US companies are not willing to go to work the Russians are. So I think the UFCo is wise to soft pedal the oil business and concentrate on fruit. If the AFofL is successful in getting the minimum wage of \$1.25 per hour established in this Congress or the next the US fruit growers might just as well cut their throats as it has been my observation that a fruit picker cannot pick peaches or any other fruit faster in 1960 than in 1900 when he got ten cents an hour. I am not sure the UFCo policy of buying most of its fruit from local producers and going out of production itself is wise. From watching the tobacco growers in Ven I concluded the best way to make a large group of vocal unhappy local citizens was to have them producing a product for which there was only one outlet and that a foreign corporation. No matter what the company offered the local producers were dissatisfied and wanted more. Few governments support foreign corporations in quarrels with their local citizens. Meanwhile we are eating bananas like mad at ten cents a banana which seems a hair high when we get excellent avocados at almost the same price. Get on with that book and let the john take care of itself. Love to you both from us.

2116 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 Calif., July 7 1960

Dear Pop y Helen: You must be buried up to your ears in galley proof its been so long since we have heard from you. Possibly you have been drafted into the home guards to help repel the Fidelistas. Our papers report the Cubans plan an invasion. Probably searching for oil or a place to dump sugar. There is money to be made in the tanker chartering service these days and probably UFC should start planting those abandoned banana lands with virus resistant cane. Many of those old banana farms would make swell cane plantations and from current appearances we will be looking for three million y pico tons of sugar outside of Cuba begining in 1961. Once Hunduras, Guatemala, Panama, Coata Rica get quotas they will never have to give them up. You have no doubt seen that someone almost succeeded in blowing the Pres. of Venezuela into Kingdom Come a week or so ago. Natch he blames it on that great and true Democrat-Trujillo and is demanding that the OAS do something about it. Things get more and more complicated. If we ask the OAS to slap Fidel half a dozen countries will vote against us unless we agree at the same time to help them dethrone Trujillo. We know that doing that would only put in the Dominican Republic the spitting image of Fidel! Venezuela which financed Fidels revolution has just lost its Cuban oil market for its pains. The country could ill afford the loss of that market. Not only has the USA restricted the importation of Ven. oil but the price has dropped twice in the past year, so the country is not only selling less oil than formerly but gets less for that it does sell. The Japanese troubles all of which have come and gone since I last wrote have raise^d Hell with the sale in the USA of Japanese goods. The public reacted promptly and our little hissing cousins are worried. In fact all the Japanese consuls assigned to the US are here in SF trying to devise a plan that will restore their really large market for optical and electronic goods. We of course (meaning the voters) are getting our ears ready to take the beating they will get from the two political conventions this month. Otherwise everything is about as usual. We were up in the mts. for a week and over in Nevada to look at the cattle industry. Returned to spend a week at Carmel and now we are going down there

tomorrow to tour some old adobe houses that although ancient in Calif. were not even under construction at the time the Casa del Oidor was abandoned! The enclosed clipping will show you what Paul is up to now. One never knows where that fellow will pop(no pun) up next. This is our cool foggy time though we have had one or two hot days when the temp almost reached 70. Bill and Mona Phelps of Caracas spent a week in SF enroute NY and from them we had all the latest info on Ven. practically none of it good. I believe all of these present troubles are very temporary and that the countries with assets will prosper in the long run. I don't believe though that I would advise any US investor to put his money in LA ventures right now. Haven't heard any good stories. The latest going the rounds is the one about the kangaroo that walked into a bar and ordered a martini. The bar keep handed over the drink and said "That will be \$5" The kangaroo tossed him a tender and as the barkeep handed back the change he remarked "Say I don't believe we ever had a kangaroo order a martini here before" To which the kangaroo replied as he hopped to the swinging doors "No and you wont see any more in here at the prices you charge!" Not too good but it at least isn't sick humor. At the last report all of our family is in the USA for a change. Marge wrote that the sale of Spanish antiques at the International Trade Fair exceeded her fondest hopes but no balance sheet accompanied her report so we are left with no definite measure of her hopes. We will probably make a swing around the daughters this fall and perhaps in that way learn more about the Spanish venture. Take care of yourselves on the highways and with abrazos from us both. Affectionately

A handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of a large, stylized initial 'J' followed by a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 Calif. Aug 30.1960

Dear Pop and Helen. No doubt you have been following the doings in San Jose if in fact you have not been there in person correcting proofs with one hand while offering unacceptable advice with the other. In my view we lost our shirts and didn't even get a barrel in exchange. What we expect to gain by unhorsing Trujillo and opening the way for a Dominican Castro I cannot imagine. My prediction at this point is that Raphael will begin trading with the USSR and buying arms from behind the iron curtain. After all he has not remained in power all these years by being stupid. I'd feel better about all this were it not for the fact that both Presidential candidates are down on dictators (the only real friends we ever have). In fact Nixon, who in my opinion has the election in the bag if his boils don't get him, believes we should give Latino (not US) Democrats abrazos while we only shake the hands of Dictators. In order to tell which is which you have to stand around and see who is embraced by Nixon. Of course everything will be perfect south of the border as soon as the dollars from the new six hundred million development fund start rolling. On this my guess is that most of these will be used to pay off the mortgage on Brasilia and to put lawn sprinklers in its suburbs. I'm so far behind that I didn't even know Les Mallory had been transferred to Washington until someone wrote and asked me to write a letter approving him for the club. The last I heard of Muccio he was in Iceland so I imagine that State has decided to thaw him out. He has been in the deep freeze for years what with his service in Korea. Marge who writes seldom said in her last letter that she made enough money with the NY exhibition to almost get out of debt with the business in Spain. That sounds about normal does it not? Anyway she found a place up in Tennessee that breeds crickets not for song but for bait so she bought several gross or prides (whatever you call a clutch of crickets) as she has a collection of Portuguese cricket cages. When she got her menagerie back to NO it appears the Portuguese breed them bigger and fatter for they were soon all over the apt house. This of course, is not a disaster except that the residents of NO not being too well educated entomologically couldn't tell crickets from cockroaches and stepped on the trilling sopranos whenever they got within stepping on range. The deep South is surely backward though for my money I prefer roaches. At least they don't sing while chewing holes in your clothes. Love to both of you from both of us. Affectionately

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15
California, Nov 5 1960

Dear Pop and Helen; Just returned from a month in New Orleans where the time I did not spend with the grandchildren was devoted to a study of the export possibilities of the Bourbon St strip teasers. Matter of fact it is too warm in NO to develop a good strip act because the strippers start with too few clothes and hence cannot build up the desired suspense. Its something like Nixon and Kennedy the suspense is lost. Now San Francisco would be a good place so far as the number of garments is concerned but here the art fails because long before the final chemise is off the poor stripper is so covered with goose flesh that the emotions she arouses is pity not lust. The New Orleans family is going strong and the children are looking forward to integration with impatience. This is not the attitude of the parents but parents usually see things from an angle different from that of their offspring. The Spanish antiques business is flourishing and Marge is planning to be in Madrid shortly after the first of the year. They have two apartments in the French quarter of NO and I must say the location is excellent except its a fur piece from the children's school. A great deal of time is spent delivering and collecting children. Its a better town than San Francisco in which to eat, more restaurants of the hole in the wall kind all of which serve good food at prices about a third less than here. Had a letter from Langham that he is now some sort of Professor at Yale giving a course in economic botany. These universities amaze me as off hand I cannot think of anyone less fitted to give a course on that subject than Langham but perhaps the future bond salesman who matriculate at Yale have only a passing interest in economic botany. Glad Helen got her plumbing in order and from the cost it should be the fanciest John south of the Rio Grande. Too bad about her ankle and at your age you should stop chasing her across the flag stones. Heard a story in NO. Seems this troupe of traveling actors and actresses reached San Angelo, Texas when one of the girls had to leave. This left the group one short and the manager was commiserating with himself over a few beers when into the saloon walked a girl. "How would you like to be an actress in my company?" "Who me? I can't act" "Now don't you worry about that. All you have to do is walk in the door and fall down when I shoot you. You don't have to say a single word!" "Well if it is as simple as you say I'll give it a try!" The fateful night came as they always do in these stories and the girl walked through

the door only to be shot by the hero. True to her instructions she fell silently to the floor whereupon the marksman smote his brow and groaned "What have I done Oh what have I done?" At this an old fellow in the front row arose shaking his finger at our hero and said "Mister I'll tell you what you just done. You just shot the last whore in San Angelo." With all this religious fervor raging in the USA you may have heard about the little Jew who ran the clothing store next the catholic church. Business was dull and the Jew used to have long friendly conversations with the presiding priest. He was taken through the church and shown all the images, the garden and the various vestments. Days of this sort of thing went on and finally our clothing merchant decided to join the true faith. He persuaded his friend to baptize him and once the ceremony was over could hardly wait to get home to tell his family. When he entered the house the first person he saw was his daughter Rosie. Bursting with faith and enthusiasm he rushed up to Rosie and said "Rosie the most wonderful thing happened to me today and I want to tell you about it" "Now papa not tonight, I've got a big exam coming up first thing in the morning and have got to study. Tell me tomorrow night." Somewhat chastened Abe went into the adjoining room where his son Sammy was practising on the saxophone. "Sammy put ~~that~~ that thing down a minute I want to tell you all about the great thing that happened to your poppa today." "Not tonight poppa I've got only an hour before my concert. Tell me tomorrow" So Abe moved into the kitchen where Rachel was removing the Bismark herring from their jar. "Momma listen to the grand thing that happened to you Abe this afternoon" "Not tonight poppa the kids have to eat and right after that I've got to go to the meeting of the daughters of Abraham. Tell me tomorrow" Poor Abe walked away disconsolate muttering isn't it remarkable here I've been a Catholic only three hours and already I've begun to hate the Jews! As you can see there is no news from here. I'M sorry the Spaniards welched on your book but you will have no trouble getting a US publisher and I think the idea of a Mendoza Fundacion reprint in Spanish is excellent. Better hurry though as my reports from Ven are to the effect that Eugenio has asked for a moratorium along with a number of other former men of vast means. Things around Caracas are not so good, as they say.

Our affections to you both

Antigua G, 7 Decbr 1960

Dear Jim:

Referring to yrs of 5 Novbr, which I do not believe I have yet answered due to mis múltiples quehaceres - and how I wish sometimes I had stepped out of the picture completely and had Toya tell everyone who comes to the door, No esta el Doctor, salió a la calle.

But as a matter of fact, I have waiting for Jorge Benátiz to get back from Venezuela. He came in night before last. He had covered the territory between Caracas and Merida and hasta Bailadores (para que? His report says the terreno es muy pedregosa, and I asked, porque no dijo Ud la verdad -No hay suelo alguno, solo piedra). Jorge did a good job and wrote up a very sound report. Azcarate treated him very well. But he sure hit there at a bad time - including the week when the lads who ought to be leading in understanding and culture - the University boys - were barricaded until Betancourt brought them to terms. Seems to me this would have been simple; I would have sent them word, tomorrow at 7 a m the airplanes drop bombs on you; then at 8 a m the tanks move in the the stockade with the machine guns, and then at 9 a m the infantry comes in to mop up. That's about what happened here in Guatemala two weeks ago. The lads who defected took army trucks and what arms they could grab and moved down to Zacapa. Early in the morning we began to hear over the radio, Ola Zacapa, Ola Puerto Barrios, en este momento la Fuerza Aerea esta para volar, con bombas para reducir las fuerzas revolucionarias en Zacapa y Puerto Barrios. Salgan todos los cáviles para evitar derrame de sangre de gentes inocentes. Two days later there were 52 militares guatemaltecos at Tegucigalpa.

But let us return to our muttons. Jorge had been offered 800 dólares per month to take up a program of temperate zone fruit production in Venezuela. He picked out the region of Merida for his nursery (as I have suggested) and was prepared to take the job. Then he found that the Bolivar has broken and to send out of the country his savings he would have to pay, right now, Bs 4.50 and perhaps more per \$, and the Minister told him that he would be paid his \$800 and the official rate of 3.35; and it seemed to him he might have to pay more; when he bought dólares at the airport to come home he paid 5 Bs. This scared him quite a bit and I doubt that he goes back to take the job. I believe he said that the cost of the project was to be divided three ways, one by Mendoza and one third by the Ministerio and I forget who waste pay the other third.

I will give you any further news if and when there is any. I am swamped with correspondence; Ben Morrison writes that people only write to him when they want something and I am in the same boat. I wish the UFCo would give me a part time secretary - but what a chance! The papers said yesterday the Supreme Court of NY has settle the railroad case; the stockholders are going to get four a half million dollars from UFCo and in the same ink the papers say this money should be spent putting in new and better station and overhead passes for automobile traffic. And now I am waiting for news of the mtg of the Board of Trustees of EAP wh took place in NY, to see how high they are going to raise the academic level and where they are going to get the money.

We are expecting Hugh down here Xmas. Got to get the boys offn those milpas within another year or we will starve to death. Helen joins in affectionate regards to you both.

Antigua G, 10 Jan 1961

Dear Jim:

Glad to have yrs of the 2nd instant, wh I am sending on to Hugh because it will interest him greatly. I will say this on my own side: I have opposed burning grasslands and still do, in spite of my experience at Zamorano, when we had carefull made a fire break around our pastures but a spark (they always call it a spark) jumped the fence from our neighbor, and when I bawled him out he said "You ought to thank me. Look how many snakes that fire has killed". I had never realised snakes were a major problem in our pastures. I always thought it was the sacalenouas, an animal which kills the calves, eats their tongues and then retires to its lair.

As for felling, burning, planting and moving elsewhere Hugh's arguments are rather new to me; he thinks it is a good business so long as you have somewhere to move to, but he has a suspicion that some day there wont be any more available land, if Bill Voet was right, so he wants to find ways & means of keeping those lands working. Maybe a little boron or cobalt, I suppose. I would be more inclined to put on cattle after the three yrs cropping, use the manure to keep some of the land in cultivation; and continue the rest in beef production. Or maybe I am all wrong? I am strong for beef cattle; I doubt that the Kleber boys can supply the US forever.

The tourist business down here is terribly in the doldrums. The hotel Antigua had no one in it yesterday; the Belem 4 passengers (you know we always call them that). A very intelligent couple from Boston who came in yesterday says the trouble is that the papers in the US have headlined the recent revolution in Guatemala and scared people away; and he thinks the tourist agents are making more money by sending people to Miami Beach, where they probably get a commission from the hotels in addition to 5% on transportation. Which reminds me of Paul's story; the American who was in Jerusalem and went over to the Walling Wall, where he stood for a few moments and watched an old Jew who was crying "Where are my people? Where are my people?" The American put his hand on the old man's shoulder and said "Miami Beach".

EAP is going out for the money. I may have told you they have taken on Martz and Lundy of NY to organize a fund raising campaign; now they are going to hire a top-notch public relations man to spend his time talking to Presidents and Ministers of Agr and Rotary Clubs throughout Latin America; and Bill has asked the US govt for the sum of \$389,000 this year for improvements which will make it possible for the school to operate more economically.

You talk about that guy who took his two martinis for sentimental reasons. Did I tell you about the travelling salesman who got offn the train at a little town in new Mexico, walked across the street into the nearest bar, and approached a guy who was having his regular fusil. "Do you know a man in this town named Smith?" No. "Do you know an man named Thistlethwaite?" "If I dont know a man named Smith how in Hell am I going to know a man named Thistlethwaite?"

Helen joins in tardy wishes for 1961, and hoping we may see you before the yr is out, which had best be in Antigua - why not?

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 Calif. Feb.166,1961


Dear Pop and Helen; Who should turn up this week but Dusty Miller now working for the Natl Acad. of Sci. with money provided by ICA to find profs. in various disciplines for the several Universities of Chili. He is not having too much success as first^{natl}ie name, Profs. see no reason for giving up good US Univ. chairs for a two year hitch in Chili and possibly oblivion afterwards. Then, too, they must be fluent in the Spanish language and that limits the draw so to speak. Anyway at the moment a bevy of Rectors from several SoAm Universities is touring this country at our expense and as nearly as I can discover this bevy is being treated to detailed accounts of the troubles encountered in administering US higher education systems. This they get from the addresses of the several Deans and Chancellors provided by ICA to accompany them across our fair land. What the purpose of all this is I wouldn't know but I gave up looking for rational purposes in ICA years ago. Knowles came up for air the other day and got it--mostly hot air. He very kindly had me to lunch during one of those sessions devoted to "Whats wrong with our Latin American Policy" and I think if the luncheon speaker's talk had lasted one more paragraph I would have had a major stroke. This fellow whose name has mercifully escaped me heads, I believe , the LA division of ICA. In any event he thinks his job is important for he wound up his fictional recital by saying that if we do not bring all of Latin America up to the US standard of living and do it quickly(he meant by this during the first years of the New Frontier) the US civilization will crumble to dust faster than that of Ancient Rome! The well fed luncheon guests were impressed. Dusty told me he encountered Doris Stone when she attended the Directors meeting of the EAP but that the hopes of the Director for funds from the Rockefeller Foundation are really hopeless. He was dumbfounded when I told him the new policy was to establish a degree granting college and made a note to talk to Harrar about such foolishness. Harrar, now that Rusk is Sec of State, is head of the Foundation and has every reason to believe his tenure will be made permanent as soon as Rusk demonstrates he can last a year in his current job. In the meantime I had a letter from Dr. Law, who headed the Consejo Bienestar Rural for the Am. Int. Assn. in Venezuela saying he is now in Costa Rica at the Int. Amer. Inst. of Agr. Sci. to head a project of rural youth training--I imagine a sort of glorified 4H project financed by the AIA but tied in with IAIAS or whatever it is called.

As you know the hope for Latin America lies largely in the practical training of its youth and it is a shame that the one effort that met the requirements has to be fouled up by a lad who fails to understand the problem. As you know far better than I the UFC is trying to unload on someone, anyone a package of Lancetilla, EAP and some other things but is finding no takers. Meanwhile the Ford Foundation, that has far more money than ideas on how to spend it, is making a grant of \$429,000 to the Univ at BA to create a physics Dept. I have no doubt it will finance, at least in part, the projected Univ at Brasilia but where the teaching staff for the latter is to found escapes me. Possibly in refugee Profs from Lisbon after the revolution. So much for the foibles of Foundations.

Now that Mardi Gras is over in NO Marge is flying to Spain, tomorrow to do something about her second hand furniture business. So far as I can tell it appears to be doing very well and as a matter of fact the business in new furniture would do well, if the Spaniards could develop an interest in meeting their US orders. All this is familiar stuff to you but Marge still thinks that when Macy's orders X quantities of coffee tables for delivery in six months at least some of them should be shipped in that time whereas at the end of the six months the Spanish makers have yet to select the trees for cutting. My own opinion is that none of us will live long enough to reconcile the commercial systems of Spain and the USA. Now for the story. There was this Methodist minister who, in a moment of abandon, bought a parrot. When he got this bird home (According to the story it was a male. Don't ask me how anyone knew, as sexing parrots is an esoteric art for anyone but a parrot) it proved to be equipped with the vilest language known to sailors. All day long it gave utterance to a stream of blasphemies until the poor preacher was shaken to his fundamentals. One day he was telling his parrot troubles to a Roman Catholic priest friend of his and the good father told him to forget his concern and send the bird over to him. He said "I have two female parrots (see above for parrot sexing) and they are boring me to distraction. One spends the entire day saying nothing but Ave Maria, Ave Maria and the other does nothing but count beads with her beak. I think your bird will learn some new tricks from mine so send him over" Well you know how fast these suggestions are adopted so as the saying goes no sooner said than done.

As the priest carried the Ministers' male parrot into his study his own parrot stopped her Ave Marias and said to her cage mate, "you can stop counting your beads now as here comes the answer to all our prayers." And in somewhat more mundane vane did I tell you the story of the fellow who patronized the same bar every afternoon and ordered two Martinis simultaneously? Well he did and finally the barkeep, who in good union fashion, believed that washing one glass was better than cleaning two asked him why he did not simplify things by ordering a double Martini. "You get the same amount of gin you know" "Yes I know but to tell you the truth this is a ritual with me. You see I had a very dear friend and for years we followed the custom of drinking Martinis together. Now he has passed away and I am trying to continue the custom by ordering two drinks one of which is for him!" So this went on for several weeks until finally the day came when our sentimental friend ordered only one Martini. At this the barkeep could restrain neither his curiosity nor his humor. "What happened? Your friend come back?" "Oh no nothing like that but you see I went on the wagon." The moral of this story, probably concocted by Natl Distilleries, is always have plenty of drinking friends, preferably dead ones of course. Well thats it and I hope this finds you well, idle and warm. Our furnace blew up a few days ago and just as in LA you don't get these little things corrected overnight. We are having a cold spell at the moment but are buoyed up by the cheerful notice posted in the elevator that bids have now been let for a new furnace. All we have to do is stay alive sin califaccion for a week or two (and by summer everything will be OK. You see we get more like Latin America daily.

Love to you both



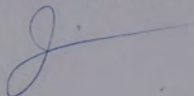
2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 Calif., March 29 1961

Dear Pop: Knowles just phoned me about Helen and I am writing not because there is anything to say that can lessen the disaster but simply to let you know that our sympathies are all with you. There is one element of comfort in that it was sudden. The really sad cases are those where there is suffering and incapacity. Helen was spared that and we may all only hope that when our time comes the end will be equally unexpected and swift. Helen was a grand girl and it is saddening that she had to go so young.

Now once more you are faced with some real problems the solutions of which will not be easy. I can only urge that you arrange as soon as possible to get away from Antigua for a complete change of scene. It is folly to stay there confronted daily with your grief. Knowles was of the opinion that Hugh is still in Guatemala and I hope he is correct. I don't know the extent of Hugh's project but as a complete shot in the dark I wonder if you could not arrange to join him in some of his field work. It would be good for both of you. I don't want to pester you with far fetched suggestions but you must know we are all concerned.

With all our sympathies, all our best wishes and deplo-
ring our inability to offer any worthwhile comfort,

Affectionately

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be a stylized 'J' followed by a horizontal line and a small flourish.

2116 Jackson Street San Francisco 15 Calif. July 8 1961

Dear Pop: We are both concerned about your welfare and readjustment. I think you should get away from Guatemala for a while and come to California for a complete change. You must have things organized now so that you can get away. Its bad business to stay there by yourself and your problems. Give the idea of coming up here serious thought. Furthermore if you stay unprotected anywhere in Latin America the Peace Corps will get you and you will find yourself supervising privy building in Colombia. Everywhere we turn in LA today there are problems; Cuba, Brazil, Dominican Rep., Haiti, Bolivia and even Venezuela! Now there is a country that has raced through its patrimony in less than three years and is now in hock to foreigners for almost a billion dollars and the end not in sight. Many of those who in my day had it made are struggling to get what is left of their goodies out of the country but I am afraid some of them waited too long and are going to have to discount their fortunes. The Administration is still running in all directions in its LA policy and if the liberal professors come out on top we can very easily have Fidelismo in Trujillo land. The morning paper though records the resignation of Berle which is one small step toward sound policy. The Peace Corps which you heard was going to save the world for us has been evolving slowly into a second edition of the ICA and as it evolves the Washington headquarters fills with ex newsmen sharpening their pencils to blazon forth with the Corps accomplishments (if they don't get some corpsmen into the field shortly the accounts of their successes will be in print before they have their work assignments). As of today the idea of idealistic undergrads raising the starving heathen to the affluent society is giving place to one of middleaged experts and Emeritus Deans carrying priviledge to the under priviledged or to come down to specifics privies to the underprivied. All this will sound familiar to you but I hope not discouraging although its not something to get involved in. All your friends have you constant in mind. Affectionately

AIR MAIL

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 Calif., July 28 1961

Dear Pop; We were distressed to get your news of further disasters and hope that from now on you will be on the straight road to recovery and free from further worries. Do not consider answering this letter as I am simply writing to let you know we are with you all the way and ready to help in anyway possible. Take my advice and do not take on those Ag students until you feel so well, and the internal pressure, to set them straight, builds up in you to the point where you can no longer keep the lid on. God knows you have earned a chance to loaf a few months and I can promise you that if you put half a mind to it you can discover how to do nothing and love it. This will be a novel experience for you but take my advice and give it a whorl. Remember too that the boys in the physics labs have invented a little gadget called a tape recorder which enables you to get your thoughts in reproducible form with a minimum of physical effort. You can even rent these things and lie out under the coconuts talking to it. It has the advantage of not only getting your wisdom on record but you can have the additional satisfaction of listening to your own ideas expressed in your mellifluous voice! With a tape recorder you need not have twinges of conscience that you should be up and doing. The important thing after what you have been through is not to tax your physical strength. You have got to give the old body a reasonable chance to recuperate and at Gainesville with Hugh to keep the brake on you should have a good chance to act sanely. Once you get in the USA where the mass media can get to work on you with world crises you will find your circulation running at high pressure and that should speed your recovery. In Florida you will be right handy to the Cuban situation and maybe you will be able to explain to me why the State Dept wants to import 20,000 Cubans at your a my expense when they already have more of this commodity than they know what to do with.

We didn't get rid of very many at the Bay of Pigs. *Take good care of yourself and dont write until you feel fit. All our love J*

2110 Jackson Street,
San Francisco 15 Calif..
July 25 1962

Dear Pop; The more you rest the harder you work it seems to me. What's the use of going to Antigua if you carry your lecture circuit with you? The idea of putting Maria to making pies from temperate fruits seems much more sound to me than trying to tell visiting professors anything. I think though you and Jorge should give some attention to melons for those hot land sandy soils. The successful introduction of the Crenshaw for example would do wonders to keep the country from going communist at least in the melon season. I hope you can keep Lancetilla a going project. I fear me it is under pressure again.

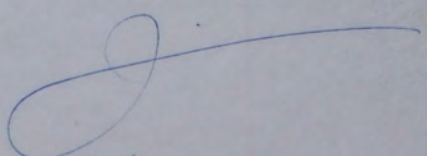
If you are still in Antigua early in October, and if you will promise to forsake the lecture tour for a couple of weeks at that time, we may very well snap up your suggestion of a two weeks visit. I'm handicapped by my 98 year old mother but think I can arrange for someone to look after her for a couple of weeks. Its high time I checked you over and applied the brakes. Putting on the brakes is something I can claim, what they call, expertise in.

California as you may have heard^{is} enjoying? one of the coldest summers on record and I just read this morning how the temp. of the Pacific off La Jolla is at a 45 year low. San Francisco has been blanketed in fog for days and the attempt to transmit scenes of the city by Telstar to Europe resulted mostly in carrying fog to London otherwise the Telstar transmissions were unbelievable.

Now that you are far away from Florida, freedom rider jokes are not much good to you and freedom rider and Kennedy jokes are about the only things circulating. Anyway there was this colored freedom rider or sit in (they call them flushins down south) who rolled in by bus to a small town in Alabama. He strutted into the white waiting room where two Alabaman white men were sitting and asked loudly for the white toilet. One of the sitters pointed his thumb to a door in the corner and our flushin strolled over whistling. He pushed open the door and staggered back at the sight of three black men swinging by the neck. Rushing over to the ticket counter he asked "When's the next bus for New York?" "In about an hour" he was told.

"How long ago did the last one leave?" "About fifteen minutes ago" he was told. "Sell me a ticket on that one quick. I can catch it" And that's how we will be on the Pan American plane to Guatemala/come October. It won't take any swinging black men either. In the meantime try and not do three years work in the next three months. There is nothing beats solid contemplation.

Affectionately



I note the air mail takes a week from Antigua these days. They must send it Por caballo to Comitán for the flase. Think we could still make our fortunes bottling Correteca for the discriminating drinker.

2110 Jackson Street San Francisco 15 Calif. Sept 11, 1962

Dear Pop; I must crack out this letter before my arm becomes useless with the smallpox vaccination. By now you should have exhausted Honduras as well as yourself and be back in Antigua. Maybe you have even rested sufficiently to give clear thought as to whether you really can face having us on your hands for a couple of weeks next month. If you can't please by all means don't hesitate one second in saying so.

As you know our time is uncontrolled so that if next year, the year after or any other time looks better to you you must say so.

And there is another little thing I want you to be frank about. When Tini was here last month with the grandchildren (oh yes we did Disneyland from end to end and from inside out) and learned we were really planning to visit you in Antigua in October she asked me if I thought you would mind if she flew down for a few days while we were there. She wanted to revisit the scenes of her happy childhood. I told her it sounded like an imposition to me but I would put it up to you with the admonition to be perfectly honest and say some other time.

San Francisco has had a cold summer to exceed all cold summers and the fog refuses to lift even in September. Even so it is better than LA where the smog was out of this world. Disneyland though was well worth the trip and if you haven't taken all the rides you should give serious consideration to doing so the next time you are there. I hadn't been in LA in 35 years and was simply amazed at what a place it has become. How the natives live through that smog is a mystery to me. Even the cab drivers have to stop and dry their eyes every few blocks. What a life that must be.

No doubt you have put EAP back on the main line but my prediction is it won't be the last time that task will have to be done. Haven't seen Paddock's name mentioned in any of the US stuff that comes to me so maybe he is having a little trouble finding a large desk with a rug and a carafe. Probably the New Frontiersmen have them all covered. As my teeth are more and more what they call dentures on TV I don't get to the dentists as often as in the past which means I don't see my source of stories. The latest thing I heard was the definition of a nudist colony as the place where men and women go to air their differences. Now write me frankly about this

Proposed trip. Assent Document.

Dear Pop; I was sure you would receive an enthusiastic and touching welcome from your paisanos in Antigua but even I didn't think it would be Q 60 worth of touching. Anyway it just shows the native citizen enjoys advantages over the common tourist. I had to go all the way to Guatemala City to have my cartera lifted while you have it done comfortably at home in Antigua. All this only proves what I have long suspected namely that we gringos are no matches for the Latinos in a no holds barred business deal. You at least have the satisfaction of knowing you have added to the GNP of Guatemala and that, I understand, is the big thing these days. We have GNP running out of our ears.

I am pleased to note you have reverted to the old two finger machine as that must show a real progress with the arthritis. That is a mysterious malady. My old mother had it so bad in her right hand she learned to write with her left. Waste of time though for after she got proficient with her left the trouble disappeared completely and has never returned. So lets hope yours will do likewise.

Obviously you have everything under complete control at EAP and in Boston yet. I can't say I am surprised but lets say gratified. Now don't get intoo deep, feed more and more rope to Bert. Its a fine idea to get those Floridians down and I am certain that once you get them on the property and away from the restrictions of Alachua County you will be able to sell them the bridge over the Choluteca if not indeed the Civic Center of Danli. It may take the rest of the Jim Beam as they have what might fairly be called an accumulated thirst but that Jim Beam is on EAP.

Sorry to learn Maria has difficulty getting to the market but so long as she can cook liver, even if you have to prop her up before the carbon, she is still invaluable. As for Concha the poor girl is merely paying for a status symbol. I presume her grounds for divorce are supreme mental anguish and I also assume that after she gets her freedom she will move in on mama which will facilitate her job of collecting vegetables and fruits from the garden.

I really am amazed you heard so promptly from Azcarate. He
yourself. Have from us both request cooking. Take good care of

2110 Jackson Street, San Francisco 15 California July 5 1963

Dear Pop: Glad you are back in Antigua and gladder you had your purse returned even without the cash. Its the credit cards that count and such things as your drivers license. Its too bad that the calendar is catching up with Maria. One gets in the habit of thinking that unlike the rest of us she can go on forever. So long as you can prop her up before the stove though all is not lost. As a matter of fact its more fun to do your own marketing, as well no doubt being less costly. Though at Antigua prices even if you shop at 50% less than Maria you don't save any money-only pennies. You probably could make more by short changing the money changers in Sta. Clara.

I read the pamphlet on "Temperate Zone Fruits in the Central American Highlands" and am frankly astonished at the quantity of material you and Jorge have been able to find and evaluate. Apparently Central America is farther along the road to developing a temperate zone fruit culture than I had imagined. I'm sure Guatemala and Ecuador must have more of these fruits than Venezuela.

We have been having a succession of Venezuelans this past month. In addition to those going or returning from visits to Japan the Ven. navy has been training to take over a couple of Destroyers from Mare Island and when they finished their training the Ven Amb. came out to give them a farewell party (maybe he thought they would never make it back to La Guaira or perhaps he just wanted to escape the Washington heat) Anyway he is a young friend of ours so we helped him celebrate over at the Officers Club on Treasure Island. He is an example of what you have been telling Hugh, that today's office boy is tomorrow's Minister. A couple of years ago this Amb. was the Ven Asst to the Agr. Attache in Caracas.

Probably you haven't noticed in your delayed copies of the Wall Street Journal but the Jim Beam outfit has been doing so well it declared an extra dividend. Maybe now that you don't drink the stuff you should invest in the stock and get your pleasure vicariously.

Things are getting no better in Venezuela but if we can judge from the absence of news on Guatemala everything is normal in your area. One never can be sure as the cult of the black man takes up so much of our press there is no room for news of the outside world.

The wife of one of my newly retired friends made this quotable remark "Sure I married him for better or for worse but not for lunch."

Take care of yourself Affectionately, J

Give my regards to Hugh when he shows up. Tell Maria I say she should start smoking.

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 California Sept.12,1963

Dear Pop; Here I am writing to that same apartado in Tegucigalpa that seems to me came into use about a quarter a century ago! The local papers tell of shootings and uprisings in Honduras so I conclude everything is normal including EAP. Foreign Aid had some stiff knocks in the House and though the lumps may be salvaged in the Senate it is my guess that next years budget is going to be drastically reduced. This won't affect your current income which I am sure you will get but I believe it would be unwise to count on an equal contribution for the coming year. In those branches of our Govt such as Foreign Aid the practise followed when cuts are made in appropriations is to save all the personnel and cancel enough grants and projects to release salary money. Its the job holders who make the noise and they are the last to go. UFCo earnings are not recovering at a very rapid rate and you will have to cultivate that source of additional income. Fortunately judging from your activities you are in fine shape now to take on a few of these burdens. Of course, you may have to forego those Popenoe conducted tours of Guatemala or at least reduce them to not more than one per month. It just shows what can be done on tortillas and good lean beef. My old mother has reached 99 on a diet of beef, bread and apple sauce, very little salt, no fats, no green leafy vegetables and almost no fruits. Her diet hasn't varied in 25 years and is the same for all three meals. Her blood pressure, weight, vigor etc are all excellent and only her brain has gone. It didn't have far to go though and I don't charge her diet with that!

Marge and Joe have finally settled in Madrid and write that the place is better than ever. Spain seems to be humming though the way the Germans are buying up the costal properties there soon may be no place for Spaniards.

Here at home all you hear is integration and Madam Nhu. You would think that we white folks owed all we have to the blacks who unfortunately are in a position to swing elections in all the large cities. As for Viet Nam the only reason we are still involved is because no administration could survive letting the place go. Its of no importance to the USA except for face and would probably be better managed by the Chinese who after all ran it until 1848 which is pretty close to my birth year. There is still a chance for a tax cut (which I oppose) but if it comes it will increase your taxes, and mine. Don't let that disturb you though we have both survived worse financial blows. That was a good story. Hope I

Can reciprocate one of these days. We both send our love and I add my usual hope you will show down. Affectionately J

110 Jackson Street, San Francisco 15 California, Oct 14 1963

Dear Pop: I suspected you would approve the new Govt of Honduras when I read how annoyed State was with the revolution. Chuck Burrows is a nice fellow but is not likely to entertain any ideas of his own and especially if they conflict with what he guesses Washington wants to hear. Right now with the Foreign Aid bill before Congress the Administration doesn't want any Central American disturbances that might indicate the money being spent in those countries is not creating little USAs. This year Congress is showing a reluctance to appropriate lavishly for some of the do-good projects abroad that seem only to do good for the US personnel on the payroll. The affair in the Dominican Republic was a hard blow for not only did we buy the election of Juan Bosch but we had so many aiders in the country telling the Juan Bimbas what to do there was hardly housing for them in the Gran Hotels of Ciudad Trujillo, or whatever that city is called these days. It was a shock to the Administration to discover that all that expert help did not make everyone happy.

Whether the new Honduran Govt gets recognized depends a great deal on what goes on in Venezuela. Betancourt is clutching like mad at straws to keep him afloat for a few more months but the army is really restive especially now that the Commies have shot down some of the armed forces. It has determined that from now on the military will enforce the laws and that all Commies will be tried in military courts. You can see that State is reluctant to recognize any Govt put into power by the military for to do so might just encourage the Ven. army to depose Betancourt. Ven. is Moscoso's prize exhibit and if that goes the entire Alliance for Progress appropriation goes down the drain and with it Kennedy's sole claim to having improved things in Latin America. Well you know all this better than I. I'm sure you know too that the US Dept of Defence has awarded a contract to American University (Amount unknown to me but doubtless several hundred thousand) to study how to communicate with Latin Americans! Inter cultural communication that is and I'm sure you and Hugh would enjoy the gobble de gook the Prof. in charge of this project sends out. He suggested I might accept an appt as consultant and I promptly informed him I would not and that furthermore he would sleep better nights himself if he sent the money back to the Pentagon.

I haven't heard from him since which is strange.


Hugh certainly gets around and there is a child (sic) you won't have to worry about. Hugh has it made. As for EAP naturally it is progressing somewhat disappoiningly for you but remember its doing far better than you think. The fact is you are too close to see it as a whole. Its like being in the front row in a strip tease show (not that you would even be in the tenth row) you see all the warts and welts, the wrinkles and rolls of fat and miss the picture as a whole. At least that's what grandma always told me and I believed her.

Glad to hear you are going to Spain. We have had one letter from Marge since she left in June. There is a great housing shortage in Madrid and the Presley family were living in a borrowed house in some modern Urbanizacion. However Marge wrote she had leased an apt. somewhere near the children's school. She gave us a good description of the interior, exterior etc but neglected that little thing known as the address! They get their mail at the Castellana Hilton and I suspect they want some excuse to send a a"Botone" home with the mail. Anyway you can find out where they live by asking the Hilton for the home address of Joseph E. Presley. We have a friend from Atherton who is now in Italy and who will visit Marge in Madrid early in Nov. She promised to write us the address and as soon as it comes in I will forward it to you.

It shouldn't come as a surprise to you that you get the blame while the commendations go elsewhere. Youv'e been watching that happen for more years than either of us care to contemplate.

Take it easy driving back to the land of eternal spring. You want to arrive you know and after all there is no hurry with good black beans all along the way.

Affections from us both



Dear Pop; The bulletin of the Fairchild Tropical Garden arrived this morning and I have just had a very pleasant time reading your "David Fairchild Lecture". Every word was interesting and it not only gave a picture of the incomparable DF but showed quite a lot of WP. I liked particularly your resurrection of some of those early characters who have slipped into oblivion.

Old Oliver, for example, plant propagator without peer in his day. Well I remember his teaching me how to hybridize alfalfa!

I've often felt that Shamel faded out without adequate recognition.

The last time I saw the Fairchilds was in Caracas. They had been invited to come to Ven. at the expense of the Minister of Agriculture who at that time was Eduardo Mendoza. He was out as Ministro when the Fairchilds arrived but the Ministry honored the invitation. Henri Pittier and his wife were living in Caracas then and Bill Beebe (the baby) was on one of his annual visits. By an odd coincidence LH Bailey was also there and the venerables in the course of this conjunction all had lunch together at the Gran Hotel Jardin. Fairchild was in fine form and well I recall how he made me get a couple of peons to cut down a giant of the forest so he could collect some of the epiphytes. He stood on the edge of the barranca giving them encouragement. When at last this trip was over and the Fairchilds were ready to head homeward they had collected a mass of stuff for me to get home to them. The most troublesome was an 18 foot blowgun. It took me weeks back in 48 when planes were DC3s to persuade a pilot to take that thing to Miami lying in the aisle. Never heard whether it arrived.

On Bell's Wednesday evenings the best story I ever heard was the time old Bell was demonstrating how, though you were drifting on a raft at sea, you never need suffer from thirst. All you needed was a small pane of window glass and a bottle. You breathed on the glass and the condensation dripped into the bottle. Bell had been breathing on the glass (and if I know Bell he had also had some of his hired hands breathing too) until he had collected a respectable quantity of condensate. Among the distinguished guests that Wednesday was the Honorable Joe Cannon, Speaker of the House. Bell started the bottle circulating among the front row group telling them to take a swig. All went well until the bottle

Reached old Joe Cannon who was not noted for suavity.

note pg 68 you were first married at the age of 11. That's young even by Kentucky standards.

As the bottle was passed to Joe he was heard to say in his rasping penetrating voice "Take it away. I'll be Goddamned if I'll drink anybody's spit".

I think that, despite Joe's obvious usefulness to his Son in Law's appropriations, Bell scratched Joe from the list of Wed. savants.

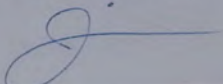
I note from the Bulletin that your nephew John has the job I picked for you. This is all to the good. He can do the detailed work and you can do the snake charming that gets the place properly endowed. Its a better idea than mine.

I also note that Standley has checked out. It will be a long time before the botanical world sees another Standley and while his last years were not filled with honors his monumental floras will serve very well to record his having been on earth.

When I look at the plate on page 77 I'm reminded how amazingly young everone was when the BPI was humming. Maybe that's why it functioned so well. Today you don't find 21 year olds doing a man's job. Perhaps I'm wrong but it seems to me that what was the BPI in our day hasn't moved much ^{SINCE} the 1920s. After Galloway the place marked time. At times I read the stuff being issued by the remnants of those old divisions and most of it reads like rewrites from Cook, Swingle, Collins, Coville, Orton, Cobb, Kearney, Shantz and several others. These days most scientific work is being financed either through the Defence Dept., The Natl Science Adm., or the Foundations and the real money is mostly spent through the Universities. Naturally this leads to greater diffusion of effort than in our day. The Giants are distributed among the Educational Institutions not agglutinated in little red brick buildings in SW Washington.

To tell the truth Pop we were the lucky ones born at the right time. Born today we would face a less flexible world and one of punched cards and social security numbers. We had the good fortune to get started when names meant people. Galloway never searched for digits. He wanted characters and if at times he got a few 'tipos' so what. Remember Galloway hired Mark Alfred Carelton, Amos Chilcott and Lyman Briggs. You can hardly imagine more disparate characters and if you add the nematologist, that Australian Cobb, you can see what we grew up with. A bunch of hard headed individualists.

Affectionately



1811 NW 6th Avenue
Gainesville, Florida
October 18, 1963

Dear Wilson:

I hasten to answer your newsy letter of the 15th to assure you that the fault in the mist system lies in the medium, the one factor that I feared might cause trouble from the very first view of the sand there. The admixture of the sawdust was not sufficient, I fear, and so Mike will have to go to a much larger particle size. Try a section of the bench with sawdust alone, with all the fine wood dust sifted out. Try another with screened and sifted coarse, COARSE sand. No, the rain is not responsible for the difficulty. Here, mist systems work perfectly in the pelting rains of Florida's fifty-inch rain records. No, you don't need a roof over, but Mike could try this. I feel confident that the rooting medium is not sufficiently well aerated.

I plan to fly to Jamaica for a couple of weeks by Pan Am jet on November 14th; I still hope to find a companion to help share the cost of a U-DRIVE Anglia. I shall make a true attempt to view Cinchona Estate this trip. I think I'll spend at least a part of my time at my beloved Mona Great House, where we enjoyed such happy days on other trips to England's Isle of Wood and Water.

I booked passage on the Santa Maria for April 4th. This passage is the nearest to the date you recommended, and ties most closely with the time ~~is~~ suggested in the travel books that I am reading. World Travel is planning to book me west-bound from an Italian port on an Italian liner, probably the Leonardo Da Vinci, on June 20th. This will put me in USA in time for the best season in my native Pennsylvania and in the North Carolina mountains.

I learned in school that it is bad form to commence paragraphs in letter with the letter "I", and since that day, a half-century ago, I have observed this rule-of-thumb. As I started this epistle with the expression "I hasten-" I decided to release all my repressions that blow the works on my dear Don Pope.

I had a call from the Armours, and we talked long on the phone, will get together over coffee soon for more details. Their home at Altamira was, indeed, a beautiful building, and I can well understand that they speak so enthusiastically about Salvador.

I enjoyed my stay at the Davis house at Fairchild very much indeed, although I found Barry Tomlinson, that kind of shy Britisher that is a little difficult to communicate with at first meeting. He very kindly had me to breakfast, although he found it impossible to take the time to accept my invitation to lunch the day previous. I really saw the sights in southern Florida from the ease of a little U-Drive Corvair, and the ride north on the SEE-BODE was all that you said it was.

I have been re-modelling my study to make room for my junk from my McCarty Hall office, installing new heat, and making ready for some concentrated writing. At my beloved ranchuelo escondido, I work mornings.

I received a proposal for a 6-months' consultation for a botanic Garden adjacent to the College of Agriculture campus at Laguna, on Luzon in the Philippines. I jumped at the chance, and if this assignment jells, I shall cancel my trips to Jamaica and Europe, or, I should say, defer them.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, my sincere thanks for all the good wishes you both extended to me.

Regards, j

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15 California Nov. 5, 1963

Dear Pop; I'm sending this to Antigua so that it doesn't have to chase you all the way back from Honduras.

Our ^{peripatetic} friend finally got to Madrid and has sent us the Presley's addresses. Joe's office is in the Castellana Hilton and their apartment is just five blocks up the street at 100 Castellana.

If you miss one you should be able to hit the other. I suspect mail gets to the office more promptly and possibly with more certainty than to the apartment during these first months.

Evidently the Presleys have fallen right back into the old groove of lunch somewhere around three and dinner about eleven. Makes for long night life and I'm not certain I could ever be happy at such nocturnal goings on.

We are leaving here Thursday for Mexico City where we expect to eventually meet up with Tini and John for a go at the Mexican country side more or less ending our journey with a side trip to Puerto Vallarta where according to the press Liz Taylor and one Burton with various hangers on such as Ava Gardner and Lolita are currently in residence (or bed). This is not my idea as you no doubt have guessed but it is one of the sights most current among the Aztecs. We will return here about Dec. 1

These days we have been having the usual unusual weather-rain-and its time to head south.

I see by the papers that Cerwin is taking a party of tourists to the remote back country of Guatemala this month or next. The party with luck hopes to penetrate the unknown as far back as Chichicastenango and I hope they make it without incident as we old foreign service hands always say.

Listened to Madam Nhu, whose husband and brother we just killed, talk at the Commonwealth Club. This was before we slit her realative's throats. Not only was she an uncommonly pretty Asian but she talked what sounded to me like sense. Our press though turned thumbs down and all the people whose conversations I overheard (that's a left over from my years spent in the gossip service of the Dept of State) were agin her. Natch I could only hear female voices as they are more strident and just possibly the gals resented Madam Nhu's clothes and good looks.

Now Pop before you take off for Spain why not come here where we have a room and bath for you and can feed you salt free food. I might even break down and get cinematic. Give this serious consideration

AS YOU MUST BEER A LITTLE RELAXATION BY NOW. *Affectionately*
Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA

2110 Jackson St., San Francisco 15, California, Dec.7 1963

Dear Pop: Tini and John brought good reports of you to Mexico though it gave me a jolt to learn you have abandoned ginger ale and taken up sodium salts again. You may be pushing things too fast and the old liver may object again. I'd be more than a little abstemious for awhile at least. Tini reported the Casa was better than ever and that even Maria is still ambulatory so you must be sitting pretty.

I'm not the unsentimentalist you characterize me and I think you are quite right in not wanting to go to Spain to wander about all alone.

Not that you would be alone all the time but there would be times which would seem interminable when you would be alone and that's no fun. The idea of taking Hugh (or the reverse) through Europe in a Mercedes sounds better to me than going alone to Spain in the winter. Furthermore this does not seem to be the winter to spend in Spain as it has been raining there all through November and so far into Dec.

Now that you have wisely given up Spain there remains San Francisco where you would not be alone and might even think longingly of the quiet and peace of Antigua. Anyway give it serious thought. We are all set with bed and bath, have an operating kitchen and a small but adequate wine cellar. Even now "Silent Night" reverberates up and down Market street punctuated by the red-nosed Salvation Army bell ringers and illuminated by all the stars, crosses and Merry Christmas signs the Chosen People could get the honest Catholic city fathers to buy and string up. After Mexico City though I think our street decorators lack ingenuity. Mexico City at Christmas time is just what the Mexicans need for their exuberant art. Its almost Disney land in lights, even though when everything is lit up the elevators in the tall hotels can't operate. This is no hardship on those of us who stop in walkups such as the Cortez or El Conquistador, which by the way may have joined the Iturbide and the dear old Plaza as I didn't notice it when I strolled down Isabel la Catolica. Could have missed it though as I was intent on getting cerillos classicos with which to set fire to some handrolled cigars Tini brought back from Antigua. When I first looked at those cigars I thought they were the business end of a cohete but I must confess the aroma made up for the appearance. They burned evenly too which astonished me even more as its an art to roll a cigar so that it does not burn rapidly down one side while refusing to ignite the other. With a little more practise you can be in business and I'm sure it wouldn't take you long to train one

or two of those cute little doll makers from San Antonio Aguas Calientes to do the rolling right on the premises. Every tourist would buy at least a box of fifty and Maria could get a percentage. Seriously though the cigars were fine and even in their present undefinable shape are no harder to look at than Pittsburgh Stogies which had and for all I know still have an ardent following. Our Mexican trip was fun all the way through. John hired a Hertz car and we drove by easy stages to Guadalajara where we abandoned Hertz and flew to Puerto Vallarta. Greatly overrated and I doubt if it will ever offer serious threat to Acapulco as a place for the vapid to pass idiot hours. At least not until someone cleans up that mangrove swamp just abaft Pt. Vallarta. There is where those salt water mosquitoes breed and multiply and Oh how they multiply. The only place I can think of that comes close to it zancudo wise is Ayutla and so help me God the city fathers of Pt. V. have found those same smoking kerosene flares that were used to protect us those many years ago in Ayutla!

Of course Pt. V. was filled with young things trying to look like Lolita or if too old for that at least like Cleopatra Liz. Everyone was eyeing everyone else in the hope he or she was a star or perhaps a director or more hopefully a producer. None was. I fell in love again with Morelia. It hasn't been spoiled yet and still is the same old Mexican town with some excellent church bells. It reminds me of Guadalajara forty years ago before it grew into the monstrosity it is today.

I was interested to read while in Mexico one of the speeches of the next Presidente one Diaz Ordaz. In it he said that in the enthusiasm of the revolution Mexico had made the serious mistake of destroying the Haciendas and was now paying for the error in reduced production. Thats some admission for a prospective Presidente to make on the eve of his election and it drew banner headlines in the MC papers. I doubt though the Moscoso can read so the Alliance for Progress will go right on insisting that the lands of Latin America be given to the peons as one of the prerequisites for getting more of our money. I was also interested to read with what joy the Mexicans advertise they are selling wheat to Central Europe and the middle East and at a price almost fifty percent above that the USA is offering wheat to Russia. At the same time the Mexican papers were exhorting the people who were eating free food from the USA to turn up for mass for the

late President Kennedy. It was the first time I had heard we were feeding Mexicans who have had land redistribution and agrarian reform for now almost half a century. Being harvest time I was not surprised to read daily about the troubles of the ejidatarios trying to collect from the Mexican Agricultural Bank for the crops they had turned in. The bank professed an overweening desire to pay or at least if not to pay all then to pay a little on account but you guessed it there simply were no funds. When Harry Edwards and I studied those ejidos some thirty years ago it was the same story and I have no doubt it has been that way all during the thirty years and easily can endure another thirty. The fact is the land distribution system is not working never has worked and never will.

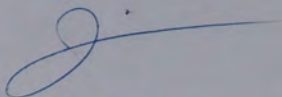
I must admit there are far more Mexicans with money now than there were even six years ago. Where they get it I wouldn't know but these days the Mexicans make up a large part of the trade at the luxury hotels and crowd the expensive restaurants and night clubs. That's an improvement over the days when the Americans filled those places and the Mexicans were on the outside looking in. Perhaps the money comes from the tourists which if true is fair enough.

Fortunately you and Tini working together will never get me into the lecture game. I'll admit some people find it rewarding but I have spent so much of my life meeting deadlines and having to be someplace at a particular time that I'll never get caught that way again. You have no idea what a joy it is to be able to go to Mexico Guatemala or elsewhere and never have to justify the trip to anyone or to make a reasonably lucid report on the places visited. It's the same about lectures.

I gave my copy of the Fairchild paper to Maude Swingle for you may recall you said some nice things about WT and as I knew she liked that. As the paper was never returned I suspect it is going from child to child and as they are scattered it may be a long time or never before that paper returns. If you have a spare mail one to me and I'll promise to keep that one.

Go easy on The Jim Beam and continue to watch that sodium input.

Affectionately



Dear Pop; I'm delighted you are staying with the low salt diet and I have no doubt the exhaustion of the duty free Jim Beam will help your liver too. I really think some effort should be put behind the Hundurans and refugee Cubans to push that tobacco culture. It could turn out to be the solution of the entire Cuban problem. Start a main land Cuba in Central America. I realize you would have Care against you but you are accustomed to uphill struggles. Henry Wallace's heart is in the right place but his decimal point needs moving to the right. Probably the quickest way to increase those corn yields is with fertilizer-some of that chicken manure ^{from} the poultry factory. Trouble with manure or commercial fertilizer for that matter it also makes the grass and weeds grow and those who use it have to struggle all season to see that the corn plants get their fair share. It has been my observation that Indians and/or Venezuelans would rather have low yields and no work than high yields with work. I'm not sure they aren't correct in their thinking. On run down land you hit the weeds once with the old machete and their spirit is broken but on well prepared, fertilized land how those weeds grow. A fellow hardly dares fall into his chinchorro for a little siesta.

I wrote Marge in Spain that you had abandoned the idea of going alone to Franquista land and she was indignant at my explanation which was that you would have some lonely hours. Just the same I'm sure you and Hugh will have a good time. I think it would be a grand idea for you to collect a grandson at Tahoe and take him off where the work begins. We will be expecting you.

I believe Maria underestimates Toya's capabilities. For one reason she is underfoot so to speak where Maria has a daily chance to find fault. Perhaps the two females are too nearly alike. Of course Toya with her commercial acumen, or is it just avarice, would doubtless start a commercial venture but you could soon convert that into rolling and selling Popenoe panatellas. Julia would start a commercial venture and probably one more interesting than a laundry but it would draw flies. My notion is that Concha would be third choice even though she is the least likely to open a store.

I've noticed that with the advent of the affluent society and the availability of leisure that stories grow longer and the punch lines have less punch. I suspect that happend in ancient Rome just

before the fall. Those purple robed senators lolled around the baths of Caracalla telling interminable tales while the Nubians

with or without freedom rides, did the integrating. Anyway in my grandfather's day when the men in the Derby hats gathered around the spittoon for a brief pause in their twelve hours of hard work any story teller who couldn't get the heroine undressed and panting the equivalent of "Madre mia" which in our part of the country was the Irish "Holy Mother of God" in five succinct sentences was shoved out of the circle to let a real story teller take over. There was no time to dawdle and end up as they do today with the hero barely getting to the girl's garter in two pages of single spaced type. All this is preliminary to the following tale.

Seems there was this retired Colonel who had taken up selling some line of goods in East Texas, Okla and Arkansas. (Probably snuff). Anyway one night he made it into Hugo, Oklahoma, which I should pause here to tell you is in an Indian section although not far from Arkansas. After a good nights rest in the Hotel Murray, named for that famous Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray who left those starving Oklahoma immigrants on the plains of Paraguay, our man started off for his next town which was Fort Smith, Arkansas. As he drove along through the warm early fall morning he saw a pretty Indian girl standing by the side of the road brief case in hand. (The account did not state the girl's age but I think I should tell you that the age of consent for Indian girls in Oklahoma is not high.)

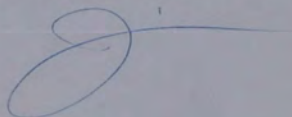
As our Colonel was a kindly fellow he stopped and asked the Indian maiden (Female Indians are always maidens until they are squaws) if she would like a ride. She replied that she would certainly appreciate a ride if our man was headed toward Fort Smith. Not bad for an Indian maiden but I think I should tell you here there is an Indian school in Fort Smith so our subject's language is in character. Our Colonel said that indeed he was going in the direction of Fort Smith and in fact was headed for that very attractive city. So the Indian maiden got in and our subjects continued driving down the sunlit road talking, he of snuff and she of her lessons, I have no doubt. In due time (I'm sure you will think it due time) they came to a crossroad located in a pretty little dell with the cottonwoods just begining to show their fall yellow. Just as they reached this intersection along came a herd of cattle and there was nothing to do but sit there until the herd had ambled past.

While they were thus sitting and no doubt getting deeper and deeper into the vagaries of snuff selling and the intricacies of Topology as taught to Indian maidens at Fort Smith it happened that an

ambitious bull mounted a willing cow and went to work. As there are no shades on car windshields in Oklahoma our subjects had no alternative but to sit there in a private box so to speak and watch developments. Now as this story is in Oklahoma I don't suppose this was the first time the Colonel, and the Indian maiden had seen this behaviour though (4) was, of course, the first time they had seen it together. Well to make a long story obscure our little Pocohantas turned to the Colonel and said "I've often wondered what determines when the bull does that" Our Colonel taken somewhat aback, as well he might have been, and who knew more of the manual of arms than of animal husbandry, although he did, I presume, know of short arm inspection, was at a loss to reply, as the fiction writers say. However he did say that he wasn't sure but he had heard somewhere that the sense of smell was involved in the bull's decision. Well about that time it was all over and the herd moved out of the way so that our two subjects could drive on to Fort Smith, which, you will be relieved to read, they reached without further incident. Pulling up before the school the Colonel let the Indian maiden alight and she in turn thanked the Colonel most graciously adding "I do hope you will soon recover from your cold". Being only a Colonel he was two blocks down the street before the significance of that remark registered.

Now you know why Rome fell whatever Gibbon says to the contrary.

Take good care of yourself Affectionately



Antigua, 11 December 1965

Dear Santiago:

With one foot in the stirrup, or to be more accurate, one foot on the AVIATECA ramp, I seize the opportunity to reply to yours of 6 November, and to thank you for the copy of your letter to Professor Singleton. I wonder how he reacted? In any case, I am going up to Miami on the 17th of this month and will promptly get in touch with John and and I will together figure out what is next to be done. In spite of the rather discouraging letters from Ben and Bob Cook, it still seems to me there is hope. I am not at all clear as what arrangement DF made with the Am Genetic Assn. As I think I told you, I never saw any legal document covering the matter. It might well be that I was away from Washington at the time the transaction was completed. If there was any transaction.

As to the financial end, I am sure you are quite right it not bringing this up in your letter to Prof Singleton. And as I wrote (or rather told you, I believe) I would personally put \$500 into a fund to strike a medal once a year, it to be awarded by a Committee chosen for the purpose, which could well be self-perpetuating.

As to your other program, the Peace Corps et id genus omne, as you would say in your polished Latin, I think I would rather devote my time to the Meyer Medal, with more hopes of success. We have one lad in our neighborhood, Paul Mackay - did you and Dimp meet him here, I guess not - who is living in an adobe hut up at San Mateo Milpas Altas, 8 kms from here. He is a Godson of my brother Paul. I drove up there the other day - barely made it in dem kleinem Volkswagen - and passed Paul on the rode with a 12-inch Collins hoe, working with two of his conciudadanos on the road. He carried out 19 of the Wallace plots up in his neighborhood and did it well. If those Inguns can get enough credit from the government to buy fertilizer for their corn this next season everything will be fine and they will be getting 35 bu per acre rather than 9 or 10.

All well here, except that someone stepped into our zaguan when we were at lunch and lifted our fine oil painting of San Antonio. No doubt he will burn in Hell for that, but I wont get my picture back.

Nancy has gone to Paul's place as you perhaps know, and then plans to have another try at family life in Lake Tahoe. They say the shock treatment was very effective. But I am fearful of further shock treatments from her husband. Poor little kid.

This morning I showed thru the house one three-star general, two of only two starts, and two colonels from the Canal Zone. Up here to celebrate the day of Guatemalan Army Aviation. Hugh has reloaded me that he wants me to join him spending Christmas week in Martinique, not the hotel in N Y but the French W I island. Might do it. What ideas that lad gets. Thinks he is going to learn French in one week. I will have my GHQ in Gainesville from 2 Jany next, until I dont know when.

Much love to you both

2110 Jackson Street, San Francisco, California, July 7, 1966

Dear Pop: Its been dull as Hell around here since you left and for a fact its been foggy every day. Your brief stay coincided with the best weather we've had this year. Primitives would make something big out of that coincidence.

I'm astonished that Ed has procrastinated on moving Sally and her brood down but then I'm poorly informed on the cosmetic business and no doubt it is more demanding than I would think. Anyway with Sally anxious to come, and I imagine the children too, Ed will have to abandon Melinda for a day or so and get his family settled. I'd be willing to gamble that the dog comes too and will go even further and bet that the landlady will accept the creature. What's a dog compared with 220 per month guaranteed?

It may be a wise precaution to have some spare cash with Nancy but it would be folly to let Sally know about that nest egg. If she is sold on holding on to Ed its an easy move to tap the fund to keep him happy. Ed must not be allowed to get the idea there is emergency money as no doubt every time he lacks cash is an emergency to him. Furthermore you don't want your money plowed back into cosmetics especially as the cosmetics might be used on Melinda's face. We should have contrived to see that girl and in that way have a basis for making a judgement as to whether Ed would drop her for the bucolic life of Mill Valley. Just saw in the press that a young lady from Mill Valley walked off with first prize for voice at the Tchaikovsky contest in Moscow which shows that there are other voices, besides Limeys singing sea chanties, over there.

You must have worked a fourteen hour day to get your LA business finished so soon and I trust you found everything in good shape at Antigua. Judging from our press the inauguration went off without incident and in accordance with your prediction that the streets would be well patrolled.

If Hugh fools you and gets himself married you should give real thought to moving your US base to California. There is a lot to be said for this State and anyway there will be more Popenoes within it borders than any other state. Its easy to slip into Mexico from here too and I think for an author the library facilities are superior to Gainesville. Take care of yourself, encourage Maria to keep on the move until the Lord drops her in her tracks and don't try to reform Gonzalo. Reforming people is a discouraging task. Its better

2110 Jackson Street, San Francisco, Calif., 94115, January 14, 1967

Dear Pop; Glad you found PanAm a pleasant way to get from here to there. Airplanes are fine so long as all the seats are not filled! Now the CAB is threatening to force the plane companies to pay between \$50 and \$200 to any hopeful passenger who holds a confirmed reservation which the company cannot honor because of oversold space. I thought that only happened infrequently but CAB says there were over 100,000 oversold seats last year!

I had a note from Kathy Phelps saying what a fine time they had with you which was no surprise to me. The Phelps are a great family and God knows they did everything possible to help me get into the remote parts of Venezuela. Although Billy has sold his palace since we left Caracas he tells me that Kathy has fixed up his present house so that it is also a gem. Anyway now you have a place to stay when next you go to Caracas and the Phelps organization throughout the country can make your travels easy. Speaking of your travels yesterday I finished painting your room so when you return you won't find it so dingy. I may even get rid of those useless decanters that clutter the dresser. Decanters go back to the long gone days when on Saturdays the house man took the basket covered demijohn to the local grog shop and had it filled from a barrel of spirits. The demijohn usually held five gallons and was too awkward to use to fill highball glasses. These days of the throw away bottles the distillers have solved the pouring problem and besides there are few housemen to send to grog shops.

Its too bad about Carol and I know she is bitterly disappointed. A few weeks in Guatemala would probably work wonders for her health though this might put you in the manicomio. I really hope she can surmount her difficulties and get that book to a printer with or without her journeys on the rivers of Guatemala. The paintings are worthy of being put in book form not to mention the stories you are supplying to accompany them. When I'm not painting your room I'm travelling vicariously in Guatemala via Brigham. What a character! Not only did he heave a poor conscript in the river but when he had had a good breakfast the next morning he "even took the trouble to ask if the soldier I had pitched into the river was drowned! He didn't record what the answer to his kindly inquiry was so I assume the soldier never made it to shore to lodge a complaint. Those were the days but I must say they haven't quite disappeared in Guatemala Gracias A Dios. No doubt you are reconstructing Hugh's house and getting the sidewalk repaired. May the New Year keep you well supplied

Affectionately
WITH DRY WOOD AND SCOTE.

Dear Pop; Yours on the Hotel Antigua stationery with the amazing enclosure is before me. I hasten to reply, as boy you are being drug into deep water. By no means can you assume any responsibility for the health and welfare of your botanical client nor indeed should you even select a medico except in the case of emergency. Just because you supply food and water doesn't mean you should name the vet. I suggest you direct your time to the problem of the arriates until this health picture clears and you can get back to the book on a botanical and literary basis.

If Concha has diabetes it just means she has to stay out of the liquor cabinet and have her shots. Again I suggest you insist Maria give the shots and not you. I think you have a good lad in Juan and maybe you should teach him all about budding and the vegetative propagation of plants. I'm sure he will discover all about human propagation for himself.

Your strictures about liquor in decanters drove me to testing and while it is true liquor does not improve with age when in glass I can report neither does it deteriorate. Maybe I should put some activated charcoal in those decanters then the spirits could go on improving themselves. Doubt if Dimp would permit that experiment. Anyway your room is ready except for a new lamp shade. I'm being told daily its a disgrace which I have little doubt it is. Give me another day or so and I'll have you a new lamp shade.

From the news it appears we just barely escaped with our lives from Managua. Tini wrote and wants to know how the dissidents got the taxi drivers away from the front door long enough to occupy the Gran Hotel. Evidently the Americans were rescued by nuns and taken to the AMEMB and as Tini says she would far rather have remained in the hotel with its Capuchin monkey and well stocked bar. I think it would be the perfect place to pass a revolution certainly superior to anything the Amemb could offer. It was a good story though and all Sarge Shrivvers lads, the Aid people and God only knows what other branches of our government will have tales to tell their legal grandchildren. That is ,of course, unless their respective chiefs in Washington raise the awkward question as to what in Hell they were all doing in the hotel in the first place. Not a question likely to be raised. And so I close once more waving the red flag of danger. Stay clear of health responsibilities for anyone but yourself. Thats enough.

Affectionately



Dear Pop; Presume you are still busy filling the order of Kenneth Close of Coral Gables. That fellow seems to have an omnivorous as well as insatiable appetite for things Guatemalan. I'll spare you my advice as to what to do with his request.

No movement from the "Flower Book" up here so its either going forward down there or estivating in Hawaii. Probably you have completed the 27 chapters on the flowers and have moved along to something else equally likely to get you in trouble.

Some time ago I finished reading William T. Brigham which you with customary generosity presented us (It still smells of the Guatemalan dampness of that locked book case; you better take all those books out and put them in the sun) and I must say I found him interesting and informative. So much so in fact that I looked up the Brighams and found one Brigham, William Tufts 1841-1926 who just might have been this fellow. Nothing was said about any Guatemalan writing but the fellow was Director of the Bishop Museum of Ethnology Honolulu 1888-1918 and said to be the author of books on Hawaiian history and agriculture. You will recall in his book "Guatemala" he made many references and comparisons on Central American and Hawaiian and South Seas volcanos which indicated he had been in those parts or at least had an interest in them. Certainly the time period fits. The Tufts in his name shows New England in his ancestry and no doubt ties back to the Tuft college family. Anyway its a hunch.

The enclosed clipping on Guadeloupe is not an effort to persuade you to visit the place but merely as confirmation of my contention that the French Departments of the West Indies are expensive for Americans. Our press is disappointed at the outcome of the elections in Nicaragua. It was hoped till the last that the Dentist would win and thereby bring on such a situation that news stories would erupt daily. Maybe things would get bad enough to send in the Marines and then the press and TV would have ready made news. Now, as things have turned out, the country will be calm, quiet and prosperous with zero news value. Thats about the news value from here. Plenty of rain with the country side unusually green. The nearby hills are again covered with grazing sheep so spring lamb will be ready for Easter.

We have only to get a new lampshade for your room and then it will be ready for you or as nearly ready as we can make it. That direct flight Pan Am first class isn't hard to take so keep it in

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

February 25 1967

Dear Pop; I've heard of accident prone persons but you have a worse problem. You are what could be called problem prone. What you should do is consult Vice President Humphrey who is said to have more solutions than there are problems. I am truly sorry for Carol and I admire her husband in his efforts to meet her whims. As I told her she should not go to Guatemala until her health was satisfactory. Actually I am not convinced she has a bad case of emphysema or at least not nearly as bad as several cases I know where the sufferers carry on without oxygen. I've talked with Carol for several hours at a time during which she showed no physical distress and with the other emphysema cases I know they are constantly coughing. So I still think Carol has a mental complication that may be more of a handicap than her lungs. Anyway she is off your hands for awhile and for that I trust you are burning some candles at San Francisco.

I never met either of Henry Wallace's sons but am sure they could not be free of institutional restraints and be more ethereal than their father. I can enjoy people like Henry after the cocktail hour arrives and its time to remake the world but in the morning when its time to accomplish something, shall we say practical, I find characters such as Henry get in the way. This is no reflection on Henry as a man who had unselfish and highly admirable interests in his fellow men. He also had an inquiring mind but lets face it he never possessed the ability to control the vagaries of his enquiries. To him one interest carried just about as much weight as another and the time he put in on designing plastic boomerangs just about equalled that he spent on hybrid hogs (two and four legged). I think Knowle's experiences with Henry and Old Roerich are typical of the Wallace mind. So let him rest in the peace he honestly earned.

You should enjoy getting the Plant Introduction Symposium in shape for the printer. There were some interesting papers given there and papers of some historical importance. Whether you can extract any real pleasure out of the Armour-Mueller embrogilo is another matter. I belong to the school that believes you should

withdraw from any situation where it has been made obvious you are no longer wanted. Evidently Bert wears the tie of a different school and believes in fighting the inevitable. Maybe he even believes in suing for separation pay! I should think his best chance for landing on his tennis toes with some other institution would be vastly improved if every member of The Board held a pleasant memory of him. In fact had Bert been wise, according to my book, he would have himself proposed that Armour be chosen for his job. Well its always a lot easier to tell how someone else could have lived his life better. I hope though there is no change in the replacement of Bert with Bob Armour.

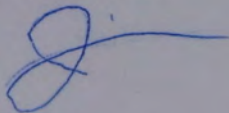
If you would buy Eaton's Corrasable paper which comes in several weights including this one you would never be troubled with the problem of erasures and that would eliminate one of your problems, though one I confess that does not appear to trouble you unduly.

This paper though is the greatest invention since toilet paper.

You can wipe the letters off with one sweep of an eraser but after the ink has set it is reasonably permanent. Tini doesn't like it from the printer's point of view as the ink is likely to smear before it hardens. But for us two finger operators its ideal.

Now keep Maria propped up in front of that stove and settle yourself comfortably on the rim of the fountain say cheese and keep on enjoying life. You and I and Maria are coming down the track neck and neck but it won't come as a great surprise to me if Maria outlasts us in the home stretch. Could that be bad?

Affectionately



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

March 20, 1967

Dear Pop; It would hardly be proper for me to say I am sorry Sally is doing so well that you have abandoned the idea of coming to get her. In fact I'm delighted that the pills are doing their stuff for if they only hold out your troubles should ease a trifle. In short you will be right back where you started supporting Ed. However, this will still be better than having to arrange for Sally's life in Antigua. I hope Hugh will be able to squeeze a little time on his way through to visit Sally and make an independent assessment of her condition. I would be more than glad to get him over there and back. Sally looks up to Hugh and I believe has more confidence in him than in all the rest of us combined and what is of even greater importance she values his good opinion.

I'm enclosing another of your Secretary's communications. You will get all your mail answered before you ever get to Antigua so you won't have anything there to interfere with your posing on or in the fountain.

I'm pleased to learn that we are still protecting those rubber plantations of the French. The last I heard we were supplying gasoline to the managers to use as bribes to the Viet Cong to let the rubber collection continue. The rationale of this was that Viet Nam needed all the foreign exchange it could get and besides the French would bill us anyway for all the rubber lost. The catch in this is that they will bill us just the same. Lever Bros. made us pay for all the coconut trees that died in the period 1941 to 1947. Those that were shot down in the various landings and those that were lost due to lack of care because we did not get the Japanese out of the way in time. For all I know we also had to pay for the copra not made during the Japanese occupation. The funny thing about the French is that they never had it so good as this Viet Nam affair. The French own about all the buildings in Saigon not owned by Chinese Reds and the Americans rent all the rentable space at fantastic rates. I believe we now own our own Embassy but up until a couple of years ago we rented our building from the French. No doubt the old embassy is now rented to Foreign Aid or Military Intelligence. So De Gaul deplores our being in Viet Nam. Take care of yourself lay off the buttermilk.

Apprentice

EX-CONGRESSMAN POWELL IMBIBES SCOTCH AND MILK. IT SEEMS TO WORK WELL FOR HIM

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

April 28, 1967

Dear Pop; I was just on the point of writing you when your letter arrived. Not that I had anything to say but just to discover where you were. I'm not surprised to learn Hugh was made a paying member of the Club but I don't believe they are accepting members any faster than ever. You have to keep in mind that the mean age of even the paying members is high which means that like us they pass into the non paying senile citizens class or pass into the next world more rapidly than second Lieutenants become four star Generals. With luck Hugh should extend the Popenoe membership into the next century and indeed if he would ever select a help mate he could ensure a Popenoe on the Club rolls well beyond a hundred year span!

I'm truly sorry to learn of Maria's dissolution and especially that it is painful. Perhaps with all those available ears in Concha's house she may be diverted from some of her infirmity. I still think your best bet is Concha if some way can be worked out for her to take up her residence in your house. She obviously is a responsible female with her main fault too much ambition.

You can remind Kitty Coolidge that Curley got his start as Mayor of Boston and turned it into quite a good thing. Maybe you should send her the book "The Last Hurrah" which will show John Winthrop just how it can be done. Actually between the Kennedys and the McCormicks I think the shanty Irish have Boston well sewed up. It will take some one who is willing and able to fight a dirty political battle to take Boston into the arms of the respectables.

We have had nothing but a succession of rains and the country has turned green all over. Were the temperature ten degrees higher the tropics would come to San Francisco and justify those topless girls in the cantinas on Broadway. As it is the thermometer has, if anything, been lower than normal so the girls are goose fleshed and not what I should think stimulating to long, lavish meals. Its bad enough to have flushed red colored udders hovering over the Martinis but when they grow blue and pimply the tendency is to order Hemlock and get it over with.

Billy and Kathy Phelps were here for a few days and among other things told us Carol was in a hospital in New York and showing

improvement. So maybe you will be back trying your nose on that grindstone. I do hope the medicos can give her some curative treatment. A lot of attention is being given to emphysema these days so there should be some progress.

Billy who sports a couple of Duprène arteries, one in each leg, has reembarked on exploration of the Tepuis south of the Orinoco. This has become possible because in order to chase Fidelistas the Ven. Govt. has bought some French jet helicopters and to give the crews some break in the monotony of chasing guerillas they let them fly the scientists to the tops of the tepuis. Billy and Kath added Steyermark to their first foray and Julian harvested some ninety numbers under very difficult conditions of terrain. Most were new genera and one may add a family to the plant world. This isolated tepui is just about in the middle of the Venezuelan Guayana and evidently a mine of new things.

I congratulate you on being God father to a bell. Those Franciscans must have come into money to have a big bell cast and I hope they didn't skimp on the silver. Even Protestants appreciate melodious bells. Lets all thank God the good fathers didn't buy one of those electronic bell simulators such as curdle the sabbath in so many parts of our own country.

Its just our luck to have missed Fuego's show. Last fall when the earth trembled I thought perhaps Fuego would pop off but no luck. Maybe if you do your duty by the bell the old vulcan won't start spouting sand. That's about the only annoyance that could mar your idyllic existence.

I never hear any stories these days and I am sure they are still being concocted and distributed by the gainfully employed group.

The nearest thing I have to a story is that Obstetrician who delivered a wildly laughing boy. The Obs. looked at this infant in amazement and said to the nurse "I've delivered several hundred babies but this is the first one ever born laughing." The nurse, looked carefully at the laughing child and gently pried open the clenched fingers of its right hand. There sure enough was the 20th pill. So no wonder the little fellow laughed. The story didn't record the emotions of the mother.

May 1 postage to the Caribbean countries goes up so I'd better get this in the box. Take good care of yourself, keep us abreast of your wild doings and come back as soon as you can.

Affectionately

[May 8, 1967]

Dear Wilson -

Will you do me a great favor?

We hear that you are coming
up to the States in June so
I wonder if you would kindly buy ^{me}
some optail Swamp - "Nestles"!

Can't live without it - and can't
get it here. Please take out enough
for parcel post from Florida and
mil gracias.

Tomorrow morning we start out
for the desert & do wish you
could join us! We are going
down to a place on the map

called "Painted Canyon" where my father made many of his desert paintings. It will probably be as hot as blazes but we are going to try it anyway taking along plenty of iced fruit juice + of course a paint box.

Kath + Billy Phelps were here recently and of course raved about your palacio. They had recently returned from an extraordinary expedition on top of one of the highest mountain ranges having been landed by one of the Senegalese government's helicopters. They remained a week + found many new species of birds - which was of course, why they went. They are a wonderful couple.

The food problem on these ex-
peditions is always something to
consider so I thought I would in-
troduce them to the delicious and
nourishing "Cortail" or "Sopa de Buey".
We are thinking of flying down
to Venezuela in the fall so I
will take some down when we go.
"Si Dios quier", a rather if
you are kind enough to send
me some.

We are so sorry to hear of
poor old Maria's trouble. She
is a grand old woman for
so many years. I do hope
she will recover but with
her type of arthritis at her
age it is doubtful.

I do wish we had been with you
when "Dues" erupted. It must
have been a gayous spectacle.
Please come and see us when
you come to the States. We are
always happy to see you.

Much love as always.

~~Dear~~

San Francisco - May 8 -

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of narrow old road a well
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of narrow old road a well
of narrow old road a well
of narrow old road a well
of narrow old road a well

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

May 22, 1967

Dear Pop: We returned from inspecting what is left of your early date work(lots) to find your letter and its enclosures. Herewith are some in return. You will note, perhaps not unexpectedly, that weuns sold UFCO a hair early or else UF has sold Time a good story. Oddly enough since you were here last we have been getting excellent Chiquitas from Costa Rica and from the long stems I believe them to be Valerys though they spot as invitingly as Gros Michel. I doubt if the market is too profitable as these fruits are retailed for 10 cents a pound! Anyway I hope the Time story is right and I still think the requirement to start a competing company is outrageous.

I'm not surprised to hear Concha can cook. That girl is too ambitious not to have learned all she could from her mother. It was her ability to learn that made good old Maria try to hold her down. That instinct of the Dictator runs deep. Don't have a standby ready to take over as it might give some one an idea. All the reports we get these days suggest Guatemala is quieting down and the focus of trouble is shifting to Venezuela and farther South. Lets hope so as those countries are better prepared to handle such troubles.

Russian missiles are again being sent to Cuba in some quantity but these are ground to air things that could be used if Venezuela decides to retaliate by dropping a few bombs on Fidel. The air boys are always hoping for a chance to display their skills and to use their equipment.

I'm delighted that Sally has made an effort to put some heat on Ed. Not that you can get blood out of a turnip, though I expect that would be simpler than getting child support out of Ed, but because it lays the groundwork for proving those children are entitled to some of the child aid money being thrown at our colored brethern.

As I see it there is nothing anyone can do to keep Sally on the track. She will either stay on or get off come Hell or High Water but the problem is the children. With Ed in Stockton I believe Ed's parents will gradually move to take over the children and if they make this move gradually I doubt if Sally will react unfavorably. Sally, herself, once she can accept the fact that Ed cannot be won back may very well straighten out. I'm sure she had a hidden belief that Ed would see the light and come home to act the man.

So long as she held on to that dream she was incapable of considering alternatives.

Its too bad about Carol and hard for me to accept as she was so far from actual physical distress when we saw her here last. Even so her acceptance of the simpler book is a gain and it is possible that if it could be published she would have a favorable health reaction. She so wants to have published something I do hope she succeeds and as you say her art work is worth the effort. Evidently it is worth the cost Chick some of his Spice Island and Leslie Salt profits. The latter company is as much a real estate operation as a salt one as are so many California ventures. Leslie also supplies most of the brine shrimp for the aquarium trade!

We really enjoyed our visit to the Coachella and the trip on the teleferico up San Jacinto. That date palm culture is still the most magnificent agricultural development in this hemisphere and right behind it comes those astounding grapefruit orchards. Although we were late by the calendar to be in the Coachella the weather was delightful though we did see an awful lot of old bags in new bras and shorts. The desert though is large and these slight annoyances were no more common than lizards.

On the way back we digressed to Fallbrook to call on the Langhams. They have a fine avocado orchard mostly Fuertes, and also tangerines. Oddly to me large avocados do not sell well. The market wants nothing over eight ounces. This leaves the cream of the crop to be eaten at home and the Langhams have a Spaniel that keeps himself grossly over weight eating the fruit the pickers leave. He cleans up an avocado half the size of your head right down to the seed. Actually growls over it the way proper dogs growl over bones. Fallbrook, as the rest of this State, is filling up and orchards are pushed to the limit of the available water. In fact I fear they exceed the limit and some people may find themselves with a salt problem. Anyway the Langhams are full of beans and while we were there bought their third house!

I don't envy you on that problem of financing Zamorano. Perhaps Jeff Coolidge was right and in 25 more years public funds will come forward to keep the school going. Twenty five years ia a long way to forecast. Take good care of yourself come West anytime. Affectionately

Querido - Mil gracias por la Sope Maggi. I should have said Maggi in the first place!

We were took some with us on our trip to the
desert and cooked it in the hotel. Wish you could
have been with us to enjoy that fascinating
country. Actually found the spot where
my father painted - beautiful - and made
some sketches.

Everywhere we looked we saw the
beautiful date groves. At sunset with
the sun rays shining through the (green) palms
was an unforgettable sight.

Thank you again for the sopa de
cola de Tully.

Love -

Dimple

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115 June 13, 1967

Dear Pop; I have no idea where you are but surely you must have finished with Boston by now. So, assuming you have not flown directly back to Guatemala, I am writing you in Gainesville.

First the soup arrived and Dimp now has enough to open a Buey soup kitchen, which indeed she has with herself as the only customer. The Maggi (Nestle) people would be delighted with a testimonial from Dimp who downs a cup of that soup the first thing in the morning. Evidently its superior to Geritol and certainly its a nourishing "pick me up" almost as effective as "Old Red Eye".

I agree with you the UFCO got a raw deal all around from the US government and I can't understand why, as it had such a good case. For some reason it became the whipping boy for all our failures in Latin America. I'm not sure but what the new company, split off like an amoeba from its parent, will not be a better investment gamble as it won't be burdened with extraneous things, such as root beer, and may be small enough in organization to move with speed.

Actually I have been thinking of going down to the Oxford Hotel to see if by chance you are registered there. This in connection with Carol and the book. I think it would be a mistake to go out to her place but what you could do is come here and from time to time as the mss. required I could drive you down. Its a very pleasant drive as you know. You could finish those descriptions as soon as Carol has completed her pics. and then it would be off your back. If when the time came you felt the book was too amateurish you could bow out as joint author and take a credit in the introduction for the material on the plants. I'm afraid the book is not going to rival that of Manchester's as a seller unless one of you can contrive a scandal that surpasses the one the Kennedy's enacted for Manchester.

Good thing you and Paul got those dates before the seventh ave. rag merchants (as they call themselves) took title to all the Oases. The Arabs don't appear to be able to learn to cooperate.

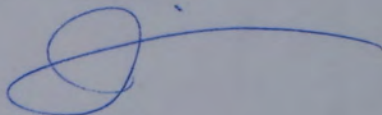
Tini phoned the other day and said her daughter was reading a book on Chile by one Earl Chapin May written in 1924 in which he made reference to Pierre Palta Popenoe accompanied by a Mr Stolks both of whom were collecting fruits for the USDA. She wanted to

why you were travelling under an alias as a youth and I couldn't enlighten her. I don't recall having seen May's book in your library in Antigua so assume you never considered it worth collecting. I do vaguely recall a Stolks but can't place him in my memory now.

As you have left Antigua, at least for a few days, I presume you solved the housekeeping (and that really is a descriptive word in this case as the job is one of keeping the house from walking away in your absence). I hope you worked it out with Concha as she is much like her mother in being responsible. True she has more ambition and determination but you can accommodate yourself to these disadvantages in return for trustworthiness. Jesucristo what a word.

Now give serious thought to coming here for a while and getting that book off your back. I'll guarantee not to disturb you from 9 to 12 and that's a long enough day to put in in writing descriptions.

If Hugh is around which I doubt (he might as well have been a pilot) give him my warm regards and naturally my love to you



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

June 28, 1967

Dear Pop; You move so fast and so far its hard to keep up with you. I wrote you at Gainesville all about the soup and such, under the reasonable assumption that after Boston you would have a week or two of proof reading (or a reasonable facsimilie) in Florida before you headed for home. In fact I nursed a hope you might make it to California enroute. The next thing I knew mail began coming from Antigua. Now I suppose you had to get back to arrange how The Casa is to be handled during your frequent and sometimes hasty absences. By now you must have this all worked out and running in its customary smoothness.

Like so many of our foreign activities paid through the US income tax I had no idea there was such a thing as the "Caribbean Monthly Bulletin" so don't have the satisfaction of canceling my subscription. Worse still it now appears quite possible the US income tax will be graced with a 12% increase begining in January. LBJ would rather face the wrath of the taxpayers in Jan. than to confront them with a budget deficit of 28 billion dollars just before elections. By reading the Wall Street Journal carefully I see the tax boys are drawing the new schedules in such a manner as not to apply the increase to those whose incomes are less than yours and mine and to make up for this generosity by taking from us such little things as retirement income credit, double exemptions for having achieved 70 years of age and giving us a somewhat higher tax rate. The SOB who presented this plan to the Ways & Means Comm. had the gall to say that the retired group with an annual income in excess of \$8,000 gross were basking in unnecessary luxury. He is grossing \$22,000! Now I don't really expect the Congress to hit us quite this hard but we shall be hit.

Enough of all this impending gloom. We are begining to take a second look at Glassboro and Holly Bush and finding what we see is the same old communist position. Our public is amazing. Kosygin could have been elected Gov. of N.J. just because he smiled, praised the house of the college President as "a comfortable farm cottage" and didn't kick LBJ in his shanks publicly. Today after reconsideration he wouldn't make dogcatcher in Glassboro.

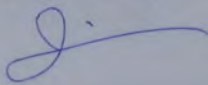
Not to add any ~~more~~ misery to your golden life I'll just say I believe the Jews are in a very precarious position. They can't afford, even with our money, a protracted period of waiting armed for the Egyptians and Syrians to get reformed and try it again.

I do not have the Boletin of the Sociedad Venezolano de Ciencias Naturales with Guillermo Zuloaga's "Homenage" to Bill Phelps. Either Billy failed to mail it or it failed to arrive. Guillermo is a fine fellow about the age of Billy Phelps. He is a graduate of MIT and a retired director of Creole Pet Corp. We have made many trips together. At the moment he is greatly interested in the possibility of the commercial production of edible protein from petroleum. This is now being tested as animal feed and fattens hogs. Trouble at the moment is cost.

We expect to go to the Sierras right after the Fourth for about a week in the mountains. Later this year we will go East and very likely make a side journey to Caracas but all this won't develop until Sept-Oct if at all. Billy and Kathy are pressuring us and if we are ever to revisit the scene of our crimes it will have to be while we can still climb into planes.

Here is a story that won't do you a damned bit of good in conversation at the Club Antigua. Seems in South Carolina school integration finally caught up with them and under the new order some white classes were to be taught by colored teachers. The little girl I am telling you about was from one of those good old white Charleston families and her parents were worried about how she would react to this strange situation. Monday afternoon came and mama met her little princess coming up those side steps characteristic of the old manses of the city. "How did school go today dear?" "OK" Well did you enjoy it?" "Not exactly but it was OK" Not wishing to push the subject nothing more was said and this sort of dialog continued all through the week. Finally came Friday and school was out. Mama and Papa could contain themselves no longer so after getting the usual non committal rejoinders from their pride and joy they asked directly "And how do you like your new teacher?" "I don't know mama. She hasn't come to class all this week." "She hasn't!" "Then who in the world has been teaching you?" "Oh she always sends her maid." Which proves most worries are unnecessary.

Affectionately



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

July 14 1967

Dear Pop. Returned from a few days up in the mountains where we discovered that the higher than usual rainfall last Spring incubated a greater than usual mosquito population. Even so it was a good week. Upon our return I found your letter of June 30 with its enclosure of the Utawana pic taken Barrios I think. Of that group beside myself only Little Eva and Mary B. are among the living. Funny too as all looked healthy enough as recently as 1931! Hugh will have a lot of fun with his 220 acres but he surely won't need a horse to ride the place. Perhaps like most land owners he is planning to add a few hundred acres to his spread. Success in ranching in the East comes with being able to select a good tenant or two and by good I do not mean exemplary behaviour. The best tenants for a farm are those who get put in the clink on the week end. You bail them out on Monday and the Judge, if properly cultivated, releases them in your custody. That makes the tenant not only grateful to you but also legally your chattel. So with 220 acres your cultivate judges not cabbages.

You should have a lot of fun with John at Lancetilla and I wonder if anything has been done about financing that garden. When the Fruit Co. splits into two there might be a hiatus that will again imperil that monument to your sagacity. You know how such things go. No one does anything until its too late.

I guess I'll have to register my letters to Antigua as my records show I sent you two letters there in June and here you are writing on the 30th that we must be lost. We have a grand daughter coming from Maryland in August for a visit and we shall be in or around here until late Sept. at least. Present plans call for us to go to Venezuela for about a week in early Oct. visit Maryland later that month and possibly be in Detroit sometime in November. By doing this we can achieve the greatest complication about such things as overcoats and winter clothes.

You never told me whether Bert Muller finally decided to retire gracefully but I assume if he hadn't you would have said so.

You should get part of that \$2,000,000 for apples and pears in Guat. Even 1% would help but 10% would be more normal.

Affectionately J

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

July 22, 1967

Dear Pop; Your recent letter (July 14) arrived the day after Carol phoned that you had evidently lost the art of writing. Especially the art of writing descriptions of flowering plants. She maintains you have completed only six of the texts. However, from her voice I believe she is partly under sedation. She says she goes to the hospital from time to time for treatment, which I imagine is oxygen. Despite all this she appears determined to go ahead with the book though she has convinced herself you are not. She can be told over and over again not to fret that there is no question you will have your part ready before hers is completed but saying that is like shouting into the wind. Whether she will last through this year I can't guess but sometimes these emphysema cases drag on for four or five years even when they are quite bad.

Now for more cheerful things. We are not definite about visiting Venezuela and if you are coming up Oct. 1 we will por lo menos be here to welcome you. Had a letter from Eduardo Mendoza enclosing several pics of soy beans growing on 500 well planted hectares. The plants look fine (they always do) but in the close-ups I couldn't see any beans! He neglected to tell me whether the plants ever flowered thus neatly leaving Hamlet out of the show. He did say this was a strain selected from Pelican which as I recall is a modest variety developed in Louisiana and no world record breaker. So far as I know no tropical or subtropical soy bean has ever been an oil success though always excellent for forage. Soya is really a plant sensitive to day length. Besides soya Eduardo urges us to come to Ven before Sept. 1 for by doing so we can be present for the wedding of his daughter Antonieta. So we won't be going to Venezuela in Sept! The principal reason the Mendozas are interested in soy beans instead of apples, pears and plums, and in a country where the African oil palm would be a better oil source, is that they need oil seed cake for their mixed feed business. When pulverized apple seeds become an essential ingredient of mixed animal feeds apple orchards will extend from Barquisemeto to Cucuta not skipping a side arroya.

If we do go to Caracas I shall certainly raise the question as to why the fruit project withered. Affectionately



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

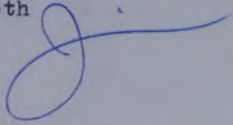
94115

August 20, 1967

Dear Pop; Yesterday I put one of our Maryland grand daughters on the plane for Baltimore thus closing a hectic two weeks that proved what I already knew, namely at 76 you are not as spry as you were fifty years earlier. Young people really can go farther and last longer than their elders, even though the latter resort to cunning. Anyway we, and I trust she, had a good time but I fell behind on the Olivetti. I appreciate the Homenaje to Bill Phelps. He was a grand character and a big help to me in getting around Venezuela. As you say Venezuela has a truly large number of first class savants, probably more now than ever, though we hear less of them because, as in most places, these days the gifted young^y go into mathematical physics and not into the biological sciences. Indeed even the biological disciplines are becoming more physico-chemical and your biological researcher spends more of his time minaturizing electronic equipment to measure things than he does on the things themselves. Look at the Craighead Twins, not to say the son of one of them. They began as falcon fans and became game management lads putting in hours studying life histories of wild animals. Now they are tranquilizing bears, planting minature radios in them and by means of this technique, are able to plot migrations hibernations etc. To do this they have to have advanced training in communications and how to keep the stuff in repair. Venezuela has a large and well financed Institution for making use of atomic energy in the study of all sorts of physiological problems and even in my day this agency was manufacturing diamond knives for microtomes and giving them to institutions all around the world. Clever too, for in return they got put on the mailing lists of all the scientific institutions and were rapidly accumulating a big library. Also Foreign researchers were put up free of charge for particular projects. When I left the country there were seven or eight profs (Sabbaticals) studying such things as "What colors do what fish see and how". I never heard how all this came out but the Prof was from Johns Hopkins and doubtless published his results in some abstruse form. The odd thing is that with all this esoteric research there has been no practical political, or even private, plan for using humdrum knowledge to advance the country. Actually Venezuela does not need

an institution for arcane studies, pleasing as these are to the researchers. What it needs is a means to make use of the trained brains it has returning each year from abroad.

As a matter of fact we all have too much money for research and are desperately trying to find projects to spend it on. Things were somewhat different when you and I were young. I am reminded of this by the fact that Langham phoned me last night to find out where Yucatan is and what he is likely to encounter there in the form of good Iowa soil. Seems Rutgers is sending him there today, paying all transportation, meals and lodging and paying him \$100.00 per day. He is to go over to Merida and in four or five days tell Rutgers whether or not the Yucatan peninsula affords a likely prospect for the commercial production of sesame! Now I don't have to tell you where Rutgers got the money for this sort of thing and as a matter of truth I really don't know but if asked to guess would say the US taxpayer, of which you are one, and I think my guess would come close to winning. Why is Rutgers interested in sesame in Yucatan? I'll tell you why. It has signed a contract to take Yucatan under its corporate wing to raise the standard of living of the remains of the Maya. Keep that \$100 per day in mind when next you are asked to give an opinion on onion growing or anything else. This is what I've been telling you for Lo! these many years. Those are bargain rates these days. Most profs. in residence get at least double that sum but Langham came cheap as he is not attached to any recognized Institution, only to his own Foundation, Genesa. Its worth a hundred a day more to be attached. Look into attachments. You may find it profitable to incorporate the Antigua Institute for Tropical Agriculture. All you really need is a well designed letterhead and you can get \$200 per day the next time you go to the coast for whistling ducks. Of course, Uncle Sam gets most of it in the end so you are only a collector. Don't fall over those ducks at night and take good care of yourself. Love from us both



CIRCUMSPECT. *W. H. Kempton* THEM I COULD IMAGINE HOW THE KIDDIES HAWLED IN GLEE AT THIS ONE. HOPE YOU ARE MORE

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

May 19, 1968

Dear Pop; I have no idea whether you have joined the march of the poor on the Washington Mall, whether you are too busy riding fences on Hugh's ranch or are back in Guatemala trying to get the Maryknollers more interested in spreading Henry Wallace's fertilizer than in burning draft cards in Maryland. Maybe its none of these things. You could be hopelessly entangled in the web of the tax collector. Anyway I am sending you a clipping or two you may have overlooked. The information they set forth won't change the even tenor of your life or divert you for long from deciduous fruits for the American tropics. You may get the idea from this accumulation of clippings that I have buried myself in the press to the exclusion of other interests but you would be wrong. I've continued my studies of the stories being told to the preschoolers by TV and have reached the tentative conclusion that the Jews tell the raciest tales, the Italians excel in dialect stories and the Irish tell the tales with the gentle punch line. I'll have to continue my attention to the black box before I can be sure. To show you what I am driving at here is an Irishman's contribution to the kiddies. The setting is an ocean beach, probably California as it involves lots of what he called seaweed and could have been kelp. On this beach is stationed a lifeguard. These are not too common in California where everyone knows how to swim but for the purposes of this story he was there. Also there was a swimmer, male, disporting himself in the chilling water (the story teller didn't call the water chilling, that's my addition. So the teller of this tale was doubtless born in California from an Irish family that came West for gold in 49) But lets get on. As you have guessed, our swimmer developed a bad cramp (this marks him as a tourist) and went down for the third time, as they say, before the astonished lifeguard could get to him. This fellow, once he had recovered from his astonishment at the sight of a swimmer really going under and staying there, did his duty and finally towed the limp body up on the beach. Immediately he began mouth to mouth resuscitation bringing up large quantities of water and sea weed but no signs of returning life. After about an hour of this effort with no evident reduction in the amount of recovered water and a growing pile of sea weed an interested by-stander spoke up as follows: *hey back i aint no engineer but if you dont haul*

UP THE WHOLE OCEAN, THOUGH WATER I COULDN'T SEE THAT MAN'S ASS OUT OF THE WATER YOU'LL BE SUCKING UP

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California

94115

June 12, 1968

Dear Pop; You really had me guessing and to tell the truth a little concerned but now I've run you down to earth. I understand Hugh got into an argument with his tractor and came off second best. The rancher's life is not an easy one but Hugh will recover fast. He's at the age when a couple of broken legs is no disaster at all. As a matter of fact ski breaks of the legs are so frequent the mfgs have even brought out a cocktail crutch with attachments for the Martinis, a can of beer, the transistor radio and a sandwich tray. Private enterprise steps in whenever opportunity offers.

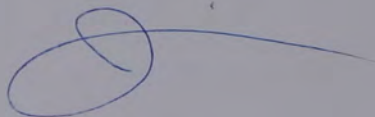
I am sure you have your hands full getting Sally back on the main track. Some way has to be devised to keep her on the appropriate pill and convinced that it is the only way for her to lead a normal life. Just how this can be done I have no idea but if she could find a Doctor in whom she trusted he could probably influence her to stay with her medicine. The real trouble is she has not reconciled herself to losing Ed. This may be a deep seated and unexpressed pride but if she could be brought to the realization that Ed's immaturity has nothing to do with her qualities she just might take pride in running her little family without him. We can all agree that Ed is a lost cause and has been from the beginning but none of us knows how to sell that fact to Sally. I hope her sojourn in Antigua will let her figure things out for herself.

You escaped the four day continuous funeral for Bobby Kennedy though it isn't all over yet. After the Calif. primary Bobby was politically dead but the obsequies were as prolonged and as formal as though he had been the President. By the misfortune he suffered he has established a place in history just a hair below that of his similarly unfortunate brother. Talk about the Latinos being emotional they can't nearly equal us when we turn on all the mass media. The Roman church has all the drama for these things and didn't miss a line for this one. Naturally there haven't been any good jokes on TV but I did hear this one which is not too far from the church. Seems there was this Irish biddy who wanted to smuggle some whiskey into the old country so shoved the bottle down her blouse front. At the customs the inspector said "Anything to declare?" "No not a thing begorra" That's thrown in for atmosphere.

Spotting her ample bosom and not being hampered by a Supreme Court which puts limits on searching persons he reached across the counter and down inside the blouse (our Civil Liberties lads would have screamed at this one) and extracted the bottle. "Ah! What have we here?" " Oh that. Thats a sample of Holy water I'm a takin to my invalid sister." "Holy wate^r, you say? Well we'll soon see about that." So pulling the cork he tilted the bottle back into his mouth and took a healthy swig. He'd never get away with that in this country but the story is in Ireland. "So you call this Holy water. We call it whiskey." "Here let me see!" And suiting action to the request our culprit took a big swig. " Praise be to God, another miracle". That is where this story ended so I assume the customs were persuaded a miracle had been wrought for as you know the Irish, and especially Irish officials are very religious. They wouldn't be on the pay roll if they were heretics now would they?

Youv'e got your work cut out for you for the next few weeks. You'll have to start with Sally as though she were a child and get her to accept responsibility for certain things in daily life around the house. As she assumes a task you can gradually add others and if all goes well she may react favorably to the necessity of being in charge. Meanwhile take good care of yourself for you can see you have become the indispensable man.

Affectionately



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 June 28, 1968

Dear Pop; You are the lightning rod for family disasters and just like the rod you can do nothing but take it. With all the surgical advances made in the past two years I believe there is excellent reason to hope that Hugh's foot will be saved. What I don't understand is the prospect for a long hospitalization. Could it be that some of those conniving nurses have determined to get the lad? If so it might be a good thing to encourage as a nurse in the family could be a contribution! Actually, with all sympathy to Hugh, in what can only be a painful time, there is something to be accomplished. There he is compelled to lie in bed and that gives him an excellent opportunity not only to plan future projects but also the golden chance to get his reports on paper. Now is the time to get stuff to the printer and as you well know these young fellows always think there is plenty of time and therefore put off the drudgery of setting one thought before the other and getting on record. They always feel they should be out and doing not sitting at a desk thumbing Roget. I am sure Hugh will be up and at it before you know it. Sally is the big(if) and who can guess what's behind that troubled mind and how to correct it? That's what makes it such a frustrating problem. You can't avoid feeling inadequate but there seems to be no solution except constant supervision and you cannot supply that indefinitely all by yourself. I can understand how people like her she is so gentle, and to outward appearances calm, and there lies the trouble. Were she violent and wholly irrational it wouldn't be any pleasanter but the indicated action would be clear. This about gets us to the bitter end of where there is nothing much left but to pray and I'm not faithful enough to think that even prayers and candles in old San Francisco are going to effect much of a cure. Maybe we need more faith!

Saw by the daily paper that Alan Chickering had his sister from Hawaii here to act as hostess for the opening of the Spring opera and also for the wedding of his son. Nothing reported on Carol so I guess she is incapacitated. Too bad.

Tini and all her family are in Europe for a short fling. Her elder girl is in Spain with a Spanish family to get the language

We haven't done anything or gone anywhere for months but in Sept. we will be in Maryland for the wedding of another grand daughter. Possibly about that time will become great grand parents the issure of a grandchild married early last year. Time rolls on.

Your present situation reminds me of one of those stories on how to make the best of a bad situation. Not that this tale can be directly applied.

We are now in Japan and out at the airport where the plane is loading for a cross Pacific flight. In the line ahead of us is a typically small Japanese who is obviously nervous and just as clearly frightened at making his first flight. The plane is loaded without incident, as they usually are, and our little firghtened Japanese finds himself seated beside a well dressed oversized Texan. The^v exchange nods and the plane shortly takes off. As if to introduce our nervous passenger to the worst that can be expected in the air the flight was unusually rough. Our man just as promptly became ill. The Texan meanwhile leaned back and went to sleep. Not so our little fellow. He held out as long as he could but those raw fish wouldn't stay down so up they came along with those accompanying half cooked greens, and a large part of this landed on our Texan's \$300 suit. Relieved of his stomach contents our Jap leaned back and had a nap from the exhaustion. Shortly the Texan awakened and was looking in stark disbelief at the condition of his clothes when our Japanese spoke up and in rising inflection said "You felling much better now ~~g~~ Yes?" That, of course, is making the best of an awkward situation.

Sorry I can't do better. There is a true tale that illustrates something of the Latino espiritu. The pregnant American lady who lived on the West side in NY was walking down her street when she was accosted by a preteenaged Puerto Rican boy. "Lady what have you got in there a boy or a girl?" "Well really I don't know and will have to wait until its born" "O.K. If its a boy name it after me. My name is Majestic" There is a well spoken Latino.

All our love and take care of yourself
on the road.

day at 11 a.m. in St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 178 Clinton, Redwood City. Arrangements are being made by White Oaks Funeral Chapel of San Carlos.

William Vogt

New York

William Vogt, 66, national director of the Planned Parenthood Association from 1951 to 1961 and author of the best-selling book, "Road to Survival," was found dead in his apartment Thursday.

Vogt's book, published in 1943, warned of wasting natural resources in view of increasing population.

Associated Press

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115

July 30, 1968

returned from the Sierras where we spent a few days letter announcing the imminent arrival of Nancy lightful children, Marion, Barton and Katy. What a will have. I can see you now scouring the country inquiring from the stolid wayfarers whether a little of a horse passed that way. Nancy, meanwhile will be ously at Sta. Maria de Jesus for Barton to return g Agua. Marion, of course, will have assumed the task and will be appraising the tripas for the noon meal. s, if there any, Barton can practise target shooting from the roof. Ah! the joys that are in store for you and Nancy. Give that boy rope, lots of rope, and if he wants to climb Agua encourage him. He may get cold and even wet but he will be laying a fine foundation.

While in the Sierras I read of Emma's passing. This will be harder on Knowles than you may think. He has carried that burden for all these years until it has become something like a child's blanket. He may be like your Indians who lacking a marketable load to trot up and down the mts. with, load up with stones! So far as I recall I only met Emma once and then in Washington but I know what a care she has been and how much she has occupied Knowle's thoughts. The sudden lifting of that burden, which may look like a blessing to us, may be quite the contrary to him. I hope he will get away from Berkeley for some months to get re adjusted.

Your report on Hugh sounds encouraging and with today's medical skills and Hugh's perfect physical condition, not to mention that invaluable element—youth, I am sure he will be restored; if not to pristine shape, at least to sound working form.

I hope Nancy gets a complete rest. Its not so easy being a mother to three children and when you have to be the father too the burden can get to be oppressive. This is her chance to take a deep breath while she escapes some of the daily problems. I hope she can be persuaded to abandon the three children in Antigua, where they can hardly get into trouble, and go with you on a little swing around the country. It may give her a perspective on Atherton.

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115

July 30, 1968

Dear Pop; Returned from the Sierras where we spent a few days to find your letter announcing the imminent arrival of Nancy with her delightful children, Marion, Barton and Katy. What a time you all will have. I can see you now scouring the country in the VW inquiring from the stolid wayfarers whether a little girl on top of a horse passed that way. Nancy, meanwhile will be waiting anxiously at Sta. Maria de Jesus for Barton to return from climbing Agua. Marion, of course, will have assumed the task of marketing and will be appraising the tripas for the noon meal. On rainy days, if there any, Barton can practise target shooting from the roof. Ah! the joys that are in store for you and Nancy. Give that boy rope, lots of rope, and if he wants to climb Agua encourage him. He may get cold and even wet but he will be laying a fine foundation.

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I en^v you going to Huehuetenango even though you were after peaches and not Maryknoll eloping fathers. Judging from your account of the barber theplace has not changed too much since we were there together, now some 35 years ago. I'd almost be willing to bet he didn't charge you Q3.00 for running those combination mowers and spore spreaders throughyour locks.

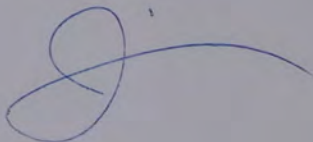
A week or so ago I stopped at Sanchez' to pick up some tortillas tostados and found I could get four in a plastic bag for 49 cents! Tell that to Marion when she orders hot tortillas from across the street.

I think it a good thing for you to lose weight provided you don't go off the deep end and lose it too fast. If you lose more than a pond^u a week you may find it weakens you. After all if you lose at the rate of a pound a week you can achieve Ichabod thinness within a year and thats time enough.

We plan to be in the East practically all of Sept and Oct primarily to attend the wedding of a granddaughter but also to visit Christine who has just returned from taking her family to England. Her youngest child could hardly wait to get back and out to Wyoming where she is at this moment doing what I hope your Katy is doing namely riding horseback all day. Of my nine grand children this girl is the only one who resists urbanization. My Spanish grandchildren are wholly at a loss when they get so far out of the city that the sidewalks end.

Have a good time. You'll never have a better opportunity and remember the stones of that colonial case have waited a long time to absorb the shouts and laughter of the patron's nietos y nietas its a pleasure just to think about it. Give our love to Nancy and admonish her to let her cares slip away.

Affectionately



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115

December 10, 1968

Dear Pop; We returned here yesterday after being away since Sept. 17. I should have written you sooner but we have been in a state of flux as it is called in some quarters. Marge died suddenly in Spain and it was some time before Dimp could regain enough composure to travel. When she did we started for Spain via Maryland where I thought the diversion of getting a granddaughter married would help ease the blow. Instead we both got flu and Dimp was knocked out for three weeks. A few minor disasters were added such as a broken tooth and before all these things were corrected it was too late for us to go to Spain and return in time for my required throat check. So we went to Detroit and Tini and John made a quick trip to Madrid to see how the Presley family was reacting to a motherless life. I am glad to report the children have taken over in fine style but, of course, that can only be temporary as they all have to get themselves educated. Pepe, the oldest boy has made application to several US colleges and if the draft doesn't get him he should be in this country next Fall. The youngest boy is still in high school and represents a problem in that he needs one or more of his sisters to act as a mother. Joe intends to stay in Spain where his prospects are best and I think it a wise decision but his girls are sure to get themselves married within a year or two even if they do not come to the USA to finish their educations. As of this moment we fully expect to be here all winter and may well go to Spain for a visit next Spring. As you can imagine this hit Dimp very hard and there is no point in going to the Presleys mostly to mourn. In fact the cost may very well be better spent in helping them get established. Their problem is that their mother ran everything and now each one of them has to make decisions on their own.

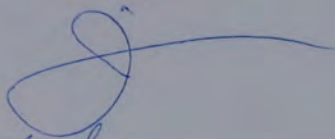
Not all our news is bad. We did get another granddaughter successfully wed and the one we got wedded about eighteen months ago has come through with our first great grand child—a girl—who I am told, by her objective grand mother, is the most intelligent and prettiest baby ever born. Being born in Maryland this paragon demonstrates her genius by being able to hold her bottle without assistance at the age of six days. To be able to hold a bottle, and especially its

As soon as Tini and John returned from Madrid we flew here. Snow was on the ground in Detroit and its has been raining here for several days. Even with the rain San Francisco is more appealing than Detroit and we are glad to get back. It will be some time before we dig through the accumulation of mail but we easily spotted yours of Oct and Nov. I'm amazed that Carol has again taken up her brush and pen but wish her luck. Sally seems to have found a comfortable niche and I don't see how you can do anything to change it. Evidently she has freed her mind from the responsibilities of her children and that may be all the silver you can find in the lining of that cloud. You didn't mention Hugh so I assume he has recovered from his accident and is probably flitting from country to country arousing sympathy and concern from various and sundry mini-skirted airline hostesses. A slight limp ,maybe even a cane, will make him irresistible to those jet angels.

As for the price of UFCo stock today's quotation was 82! We sold at 24 but remember it wasn't paying and didn't pay for several years.

They held an election in Venezuela and the Government's candidate lost! A conservative won and it appears the voting must have been fair and honest. How the Government could lose is beyond me. Perez Jimenez who was finally convicted of stealing while head of the Govt and exiled to Spain ran in absentia for the Senate and won overwhelmingly so may return with impunity. Things seem to be changing in LA. Tini reported plenty of avocados in the market in Madrid with people buying them so I guess you have another accomplishment to your credit. Well this brings you up to date on us and I will follow this shortly with more. If you do get away and make it up here all you have to do is push that bottom button down stairs. Your bed is ready.

Affectionately

A large, stylized handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of a large loop and a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

Can't wait for your book on the horse.

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 December 21 1968

Dear Pop; La Casa Oidor came, along with the news that the Directors are determined to sink the school at Zamorano. The "Casa" meets enthusiastic approval and engenders nostalgia. I've sent it to Tini in Detroit to show her what that printer in Tegucigalpa can do for 7 and 1/2 cents. Probably the very printer in whose shop we spent much time while Tini talked of old type and admired especially his wood type which he informed her came from Miami Fla. where all the good wood type comes from these days! So if you have a spare copy you can mail me another. There is one suggestion I can now make, too late, as usual, and that is there should have been a figure in the upper right hand corner of the cover, say 25c, or even better 50c as tourists want to spend money. That's why they tour and they are disappointed if they are denied the opportunity. I've heard many of them complain "There's nothing to buy." The failure to have something to sell is what kept Caracas from being a tourist's Mecca. Turning a 7 and 1/2 cent item into a 25 cent one is an operation that meets my full approval. You could hardly do better than that, percentage wise, in UFCO stock.

The trials of the Zamorano school reminds me of what happened to the General Motors school for training auto mechanics. They started it many years ago and sure enough it was found by one of those lads who always turn up to expand things, such as the Cosmos Club out of the Dolly Madison House, and Zamorano into a University. Now the GM auto mechanics school has become a Technological University turning out engineers who, I have no doubt, are excellent but the industry is crying and wringing its hands for competent auto mechanics to keep our 100 million cars operating and to encourage purchasers to buy more. The big complaint, and the big cost of operating a car, today an essential of our civilization, is how to keep one running without going bankrupt.

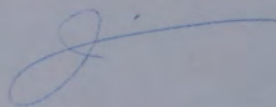
I hear the production boys in Detroit saying "what this industry must have is a school for training mechanics." It is no longer done at the crossroads garages where all a fellow learns is how to put in spare parts. They no longer even clean spark plugs, probably because they no longer know how. There is the basic problem of your school. The Directors are not content to make it the best practical school in tropical agriculture and will end up by converting it into a second class Latin American College for what purpose none of them knows.

The reason the VW is so popular is that it needs little intricate care and its engine is so simple repairs are relatively easily made. In one of our modern cars you almost have to disassemble it to change the fan belt. Well enough of cars. Here the Christmas season is upon us and last night's prediction for SF was 20 degrees. I doubt it got that low but it is cold though sunny. No wonder Paul is heading for Hawaii.

I'm glad Hugh has recovered from his accident. Bone grafts seem to work out alright if the bones are your own. Surgeons are becoming more and more like carpenters and plumbers and actually little more expensive and a whole lot more polite.

We will probably be here for months with nothing to do but keep your bed made and the car in running order so we can get up and down the hill for buttermilk. I don't see how you can let your advisory position on avocado culture keep you from making use of these facilities. Give it a thought.

With all our well wishes for your Christmas
Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to be a stylized 'J' followed by a horizontal line.

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 January 27, 1969

Dear Pop; You must be wondering why I have not written thanking you for the two copies of "La Casa del Oidor!" The fact is the letter came the day I was hauled off to the hospital at 3AM in an ambulance my second trip by that vehicle in a month. Today was the first opportunity I had to escape to the post office. Knowles phoned and talked to Dimp so we are cognizant (how's that for a word?) of your mounting troubles with Sally. Keep in mind though that while Sally continues to be a real problem the other two girls are living pleasant lives and as you say Hugh is surmounting his disaster. Perhaps the handicap will oblige him to publish, which I'm sure you will agree would be a plus factor. Knowles as you probably know has become almost an enthusiast for Ed and reports him a model father taking excellent care of his children. I never expected to hear of a current miracle in my life time but according to Knowles the miracle has occurred in Stockton. I believe you should check this situation carefully with Knowles, though God knows he was never what you and I would call an apologist for Ed. If the situation is as he describes it now I believe it would be a mistake to reintroduce Sally into the equation. I doubt if it would be a help for Sally and am sure it would complicate what appears to be a satisfactory life for the grandchildren. I'll agree it isn't easy to watch Sally disintegrate but in my view the only reasonable solution, if she reaches the cracking point there, is to put her directly in an institution here without an intermediate attempt to get her back with her children. Naturally all this is suggested without my having the slightest idea as to whether Sally misses her children. I doubt though if she does as otherwise she would be pestering you to get her home.

I am being entertained by a curious malady for which the solution has not yet been found though I underwent two weeks of tests in the hospital. My problem is a sharp drop in blood pressure in the wee hours of the morning leading to black outs. Among all the usual tests I had a brain wave study where a female Sade stuck twenty thumbtacks in my skull and charted the flow of thought, if any. This was followed by a brain scan where they dye the old gray matter

blue and search for tumors etc. All tests of whatever nature

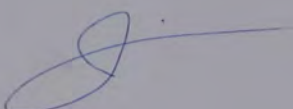
were negative so they make me swallow Belladonna pills and turned me loose. The blood pressure still falls and all I can give the treatment is that it has made the time of falling erratic. I simply stay in bed until pressure builds up again and my pulse mounts from 40 to 72. From then on I'm just as usual. So far none of this foolishness has taken place twice in one day. This oddity has been far more of a strain on Dimp than on me and I have no doubt that eventually some medicament will be found or else it will all go away. Until I have become reconciled to the uncertainty I hesitate to drive very far but aside from that I have no complaints.

Trying to popularise a cigar from Honduras at 40 cents will take the entire advertizing budget of Procter & Gamble and even then I doubt if it can be done. When a US smoker moves above the 20 cent line he is showing off and is more likely to jump directly into the dollar cigar level. To make a market for cigars the regular smokers must be appealed to. The wealthy cigar smokers get abroad enough to smoke Havanas. Maybe Honduras could negotiate a trade treaty with the US wherein cigars were permitted free entry. The cigar lobby in this country is not very influential and the administration is always searching for Latin American products that can be granted free entry.

As you may have seen in the "Antigua Bludgeon" California has been drowned in rain and the region around LA has suffered from unusual mud slides. Nine people in one night were buried alive and some forty souls have been claimed by the floods. The TV pics are amazing and your good friend President Nixon has declared the entire State a disaster area. This gives those who have suffered capital losses the right to borrow rehabilitaion money at three percent-not a bad rate considering the tight money situation where the most favored borrowers are charged 7 1/2 by the banks and industrial bonds rated AAA are having a hard time finding buyers at 7%!

Well that's the news from this front as of today. Be of good cheer you are not God and cannot expect to restore Sally to her normal self. There are only certain limited things you can do an all else is in the hands of Fate.

Affectionately



Antigua, 28 January 1969

Dear Dimp,

Just rec'd a letter from Knowles Ryerson in which he said that he called you and you told him that Jim is in the hospital. Maybe not now, but he was when Knowles called. And he also said that a letter I sent you, certificado (registered) was not delivered because you were not at home. I have been sending all letters from here registered, because it is safe, and I figured that either you or Jim would always be at the apartment, tho I should have known better. It is allright when you are in Mill Valley and the postoffice is two blocks away, but when you are in SF and the PO is 3.7 miles away it is different. I wont do it again. I will send this Special Delivery, not because it is important but because we find it is about as safe as registration and donest cost 1/4 or what it costs to send a Special in the USA.

Do write me, or get Jim to write me - tho there is no rush as I just rec'd a telegra, from Bob Armour at Zamorano to the effect that the International Garden Clubs are having a jamboree in Tegucigalpa (of all places! there are less gardens than in Calexico, but maybe the idea is to arouse interest in planting more flowers and incidentally buying more Esso fertilizer). But Bob Ar our plans to dedicate the primary school at Zamorano to the memory of the daughter of Doris Stone with a bronze plaque and all the trimmings and Doris will be there and most certainly should be there too. So off I go on the 4th or 5th of Feb, for a week or so on my old stamping ground.

You both may be interested to hear that Carol is back on the war path; says she has finished 50 pictures, up there, and that I must immediately complete the 50 descriptions because the University of

California Press wants the book and we must send it in toute de suite. I dont have the necessary information here with which to complete the descriptions - I dont just which plants she has done to complete the 50, and I am sure the Univ of Calif will not take the book even tho Chick underwrites it 100% - that is, if Carol insists in putting in her travelogue and the plant geography of Guatemala. I think what I will have to do is to finish the descriptions but I will not consent to being joint author or having my name used unless it is with a brief note in the introduction to the effect that I did the descriptions, nothing more.

Knowles wrote that you had quite some rain, and that you are now a disaster area, and Nancy can get a handout on the basis that the ditch right behind her back yard broke and overflowed her yard and drowned Katy's goldfish and her sweet little turtle. That turtle should be good for at least \$50. It was a thoroughbred. Speaking of jokes, no doubt Jim has seen the enclosed but I like it so much I will enclose it anyway.

Tell Him that a special meeting of the Board of Trustees of EAP has been called for Feb 7th in NY or Boston, to approve the contract with the University of Honduras which actually puts us completely in the hands of the Central American Facultades de Agronomia, though I should make it clear that we are allowed to pay all the bills. Gale Plaza and myself and Kitty Coolidge are strongly against it but I think the cards are stacked. There are now 8 Latin American members on our Board, and several of the gringos seem to think the time has come for us to do what so many European govts (and ourselves in Puerto Rico) have done. It looks to me as tho it is going to be another Alliance for Progress.

Much love to you both

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 Feb 15, 1969

Dear Pop; The enclosed clippings will show you Allen Chickering is having some corporation troubles but that is not all. Yesterday morning he stopped by to drop in my lap your and Carol's wild flower book and it lies before me this minute. Carol had phoned the night before asking if she could send it for editorial scrutiny and what could you answer to that? She sounded fairly feeble and reported she cannot get off her bed but is working away as fast as her precarious health permits. She also reports her head has never been so clear or functioned better but I thought she sounded weak. Of course she wants this manuscript back in a day or so and as she is undoubtedly lost without it I shall go over it once again. I can tell you that having glanced through it there remains plenty to be done as it still lacks organization. In the course of her conversation she went over the old ground of having all the pics complete and the whole enterprise delayed because you wouldn't write the material to accompany the plates. She still believes the U of Cal. will publish and for all I know they may. No doubt the staff over at Berkeley would rather work on this book than join the striking students. Actually whether this book will ever be printed is becoming questionable in my mind and I've reconciled myself to cleaning up some of the more obvious bloopers as my contribution to Carol's passing days. I still hope that a way can be found to publish the pics as they are excellent. They do not accompany the ms. for obvious reasons. All this because Steyermark lost the Chickering's address and sent me something to forward to them. That awakened the sleeping dogs so here I am struggling with sentences where "many of the trees and shrubs seen in the gardens of Antigua were planted by long dead padres!" California has been enjoying one rainy day after another and if you believed the TV you would know that half the expensive residences of Los Angeles have slipped into the sea. The water though has turned the hills green.

Knowles phoned he plans to make one of those 21 day tours to Europe to see the tulips in Holland. He also said Hugh was not going to postpone the operation on his leg which must mean he is feeling fit.

The medics evidently have discovered how to keep me from passing out nights which may or may not be a step in the right direction but so far as I can tell everything is OK. Hope the same can be said for

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 Feb 26, 1969

Dear Pop; Knowles phoned the good news and your letter of confirmation arrived the next day. Without a doubt this is the best news we will receive this year and had we a source of cohetes I would be firing them off the roof of 2110 right this minute. As it was all I could do was go down to Grant Ave. where the Chinese are celebrating the year of the Rooster, buy a package of fire crackers and set them off among the Chinese celebrants. As they were doing the same thing this didn't get the attention your marriage deserves but no harm will result. Now you are set to enjoy life after all those disasters. Who knows? you may even convert your bride into having an interest in deciduous fruits, other than the usual consumer's interest. I wouldn't try to cram too much horticultural lore into her at first. Be patient until she can't cast the hook. Begin with ornamentals before you get deep into winter banana apples. Also you may have to light up those Danli cigars outside the house for a few weeks. Well I'm sure you will make any adjustments that need be made without any advice from me and I am delighted.

Carols mss is back in Allen's downtown office and perhaps its still there as I haven't heard from her. Allen has been up to his ears in that Cement affair and may well be spending most of his time in LA. Anyway this time the account of life at Tikal and the river trip were not among the pages and a great deal of "my life and hard times in the Guatemalan bush" has been deleted. I'm certain you won't like what is left as there is a great deal on climatic zones but when the typescript has been cleaned up it should be resubmitted to that committee over at Berkeley to find out once and for all if they would print the book and for how much. Inflation has hit publishing as well as everything else. Perhaps the campus over there now under National Guard is in no shape to consider Guatemalan wild flowers. Carol insists she has 53 pics completed and has about made up her mind which 50 to use. I don't want to be in the firing line when she learns you have put the project to one side while engaged in the frivolity of getting married. There's more goes on behind those flowers than meets the jaundiced eye. We both send our love to the both of you and are jumping up and down as we add mil abrazos.

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 April 5, 1969

Dear The Popenoes; I wrote you in Tegucigalpa some weeks ago and the other day received your Announcement mailed March 24. So I presume you are still floating somewhere in the area of Guatemala- Honduras. Knowles phoned a couple of days ago asking for news and denying he had received your Announcement. Carol has written me twice, the last letter almost pugnacious and asking me to do something about getting you to finish the book! She speaks now of a printer's dead line so I imagine she has decided to have the book printed outside the UC. I am also holding her handwritten idea of a preface which she asked me to send you. I told her I would mail it when I knew where to mail it as I didn't want to send it to Antigua and get blamed for delaying publication because you happened to be somewhere else.

She told me some weeks ago that she intends to do a book on the wild flowers of the Sierra but wants the Guatemala book off her mind before she undertakes a new project.

I tried to explain that very few honeymooning couples write books but I didn't get very far with that observation. Whatever else might be said about Carol she is certainly self centered but perhaps lying in bed all day tends to develop a limited interest.

By now you must be back in Antigua as surely you wouldn't miss the floralcarpet before the Casa del Oidor neither would you deny the local pickpockets a reasonable chance at your purse. Home for the resurrection should be your goal.

Tini is in Puerto Rico with her two daughters. My grandson of the same family seems to be fulfilling his scholarly duties at Yale by taking a quickie course in Skiing in Austria or maybe it is Switzerland. Either one would be stretching the Yale campus. Margies children will come to the USA as soon as school is over in Madrid and that covers the news from here. Take good care of each other and plan to visit California while there are still vestiges of the golden days.

Affectionately

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115

April 15, 1969

Dear The Popenoes; Glad to get another bearing on your location I'd begun to think the student rebels had you both locked in the administration building. After all whats good enough for Harvard should be good enough for EAP or should it.

Anyway just to keep your cup of bliss from running over I am enclosing a communication from Carol. Just why she elects me as a forwarding agent I don't attempt to discover. As usual I just do as I'm told.

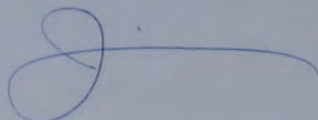
There isn't a thing you can do about Sally either legally or morally but if Knowle's reports are correct her children are being properly cared for and that is something you could not have predicted a couple of years ago. In these cases its always well to search out small blessings.

I've been hampered of late with acute asthma engendered by a daily dose of Atropine. After getting me down fighting for air the medics have switched to Digitalis so at the moment my position is that of a addict breaking the habit for one drug while building the need for another. Eventually I expect to recover from all these cures but while under treatment I lose all the family arguments because before I can score my point I run out of air. Thats a frustrating condition and if continued too long would get me off my trolley. Maybe I've been off all along!

Talked with Tini and John last night. He was hoping to get his Form 1040 in the mail by midnight. They are playing with the idea of recovering from the tax bite by holing up in the Hotel Antigua for a couple of weeks but my guess is they will actually arrive in Nassau.

What do you mean "I will like Alice?" I already like her for obviously she is a woman of great courage and you two should have a very merry time bouncing about in the VW.

Love to you both



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 May 14, 1969

Dear Pop y Alicia; Received both of Pop's letters, the one wrapped in ox tail soup and the one said to have been written only yesterday. At anyrate it is the one with the letter to Allen Chickering which I report went into the postoffice this PM and should be in his elegant office tomorrow morning. Incidentally his address is

Allen L. Chickering
Chickering and Gregory,
111 Sutter Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

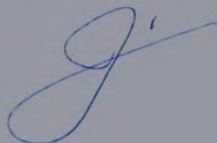
You better file this as I fear me you may be starting another correspondence! Its been some time since I heard from Carol, not in fact since I returned her ms. through her husband with some very obvious editorial corrections and some general suggestions that, had she undertaken to follow, would have kept her busy. I've been very careful not to express more than my continued interest and probably will find myself credited with having done the editing, which I definitely have not. I really haven't felt up to any real work and you know much real work remains to be done on the text. I did suggest she write a wholly new preface and not just use a reprint of Steyermark's article. When last I saw it the talk was divided into chapters based on numbered botanical zones but the chapters were not arranged in numerical order. Carol said way back then that the printer was awaiting copy but you can be sure it is not being published by the UC Press. If Allen pays for a private printing and Carol insists on first class floral plates, which they will have to be to bring out color contrasts that print job will cost more than \$25,000 and the books will end up stacked in Allen's garage while he has to park his Cadillacs under the trees. Its silly to have an edition printed without a corresponding distribution arrangement for how can she get the book on the store shelves. Well the book has been a lesson in frustrations for all of us and I for one will be delighted when it is finally laid to rest.

I've been practically house tied since leaving the hospital in Feb. but I think I can detect improvement. I ceased graying out but the cure, atropine, has left me with an acute shortness of breath and among other things I am now on quinine four times daily.

Next month the four Presley children return to the states to begin new lives. Pepe will enter college and I believe the two girls will too. The youngest-Jimmy still has some high school ahead of him. They will all be based at the McNaughtons in Grosse Pointe Park at least for the summer. They probably have some tough sledding ahead of them but I believe they can survive. They are as you might expect excited about coming. Joe may accompany them for a week or so but plans to return to Madrid and go into less elaborate quarters.

I honestly believe you are going to be faced with the sad fact that Sally must be placed in an institution. She simply cannot take proper care of herself on the loose and the children will have to be shielded from her interference. Its impossible for you to handle her even if you devote all your time to that job. Actually her future is Ed's responsibility and he should be the one to initiate the necessary action. Ed Sally and the children are not your legal responsibility as they constitute a separate unit over which you have no legal rights. You can't have a man's wife put in a n institution merely because she was and of course is your daughter. I am sure his consent would be required but however its done the sooner the better for her and the family.

Both of us send love to both of you



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 July 10, 1969

Dear Pop; I got back home from one of my hospital assignments just in time to get your joyful letter of June 28. By now you are no doubt overseeing the hostilities between Honduras and El Salvador. That's better than accompanying Gov. Rockefeller on a fact finding mission. In the first place he is the last fellow I'd pick to find facts though I must admit he may have matured a bit in the past twenty years. I noted with amusement his observation that the US experts sent down under the Alliance for Progress were grossly overpaid and therefore somewhat resented by the people they were supposed to help. Well he should have looked up the record of his own days in the aid business where his men were not only grossly over paid but each had a car and a driver. In the mornings all the parking space in front of the Gran Hotel Jardin was preempted by the lineup of Rockefeller aid cars whose occupants were enjoying a pleasantly airy breakfast in that delightful dining patio now, alas no longer a place to eat. Their Venezuelan assistants were already out in the field. Well that's our "know how" at its finest.

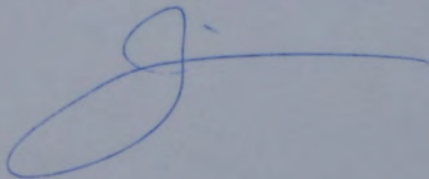
Knowles and Edith phoned yesterday and there you have a bubbling couple only slightly oppressed by such problems as what to do with two houses full of furniture one in Berkeley the other in Silver Springs. They are busily house hunting at Santa Cruz and expect to be off for Samoa shortly. As nearly as I can make out going by way of Miami in order to visit Hugh! Perhaps the long way round to Samoa is the best. I've never been to those South Seas Islands but what I have read and the pics I've seen I have no regrets. I only hope that Edith's furniture is exclusively museum pieces if they plan to truck it across country. The costs for anything but collectors items is prohibitive. Its not like taking a trailer full of Colonial church items from Comayagua to Antigua behind a VW now is it?

At the moment Joe Presley and all Marge's children are in Michigan at the McNaughtons. Joe and the younger boy, Jimmy, will return to Madrid but the two girls and Pepe will enschool in the USA. Tini and John McN will guide them in their reorientation and that will

be an experience for all involved. We had expected to go to Mich. to join the festivities but my infermities stopped that. I now (and isn't this the Iron Eye of fate) have the same sort of pipe in my throat as your coauthor Carol. Must be contagious via mss pages. To talk is like playing an Ocarina. You have to take a deep breath and plug the hole with your finger. Something like patting your head and rubbing your stomach. This tends to reduce unnecessary talk which is a good thing. It does help on breathing and thats the objective.

Now you two take good care of yourselves and confine your local war making to observation. Soon enough we will have the Jews and the Arabs at it again probably even before we can get out of Viet Nam of the shores of which I have a grandson in the US Navy. He reports the war a mess which didn't exactly astonish me as his experience with the cruel world has thus far been fairly well restricted to Grosse Pointe and Yale.

My affections to you both,



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 August 22 1969

Dear Pop; Delighted to get your letter that shows you cleared the zone of hostilities. I can imagine Don Francisco de Sola's position re the school is touchy. In fact the war hit him in other ways as the US supply of Salvadoreño instant coffee was cut off and unless I'm not mistaken he has a finger in that business.

The Casa del Oidor appears to be fulfilling its function as thoroughly as it did in the days of the original owner and you know he didn't turn out to be immortal. However, those grandchildren have accumulated some lasting memories and who knows some one of them or all may become residents!

I haven't heard a word of Carol and the book and neither have I received a copy of the book so presume its condition is about where it has been these past two years or is it three? Carol is persistent and if she lives I have no doubt the book will be published and probably shipped to you to market. She certainly can't market it from under her tent at Woodside.

Speaking of when are the Venezuelans going to get down to business I just had a letter from Kathy Phelps who among other things states that the Venezuelans intend to create another university in the outskirts of Caracas where they already have two. The Govt has at least four universities but this new one is private. I don't see (1) what they need with a third University in Caracas and (2) where they can possibly raise the money to build and staff a full blown institution. The new medical college alone of the U of Cal. being built in San Diego is to cost fifty million and the equipment for a first class engineering school wouldn't cost much less. The highly sophisticated equipment for these technical teaching centers is really expensive and from my close observation of the medics they are working toward a day when they won't have to fool with patients. They can just study the reports from the computers and after mastering the acronyms can prescribe medicine and dosage by code. I spent two weeks in June in the hospital and it billed Medicare for over \$3,000 on four pages of single spaced items very few of which I could understand as they were all in code. This is only hospital the Doctors surgery etc. rare. I managed to decode and found

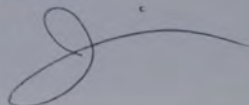
I'd used \$118.00 worth of trays, not food trays, just those little things they give you to wash your teeth in. As most of my teeth are dismountable I never even saw a tray. In fact washed as usual in the bath room! My snorkle is not complicated just a tube within a tube but when you have a hole open directly to you lungs it has to be plugged to give you enough back pressure to work your vocal chords. Also, of course, you can't block it with neckties or you promptly suffocate. But I have no real complaints. I'm fully ambulatory drive without trouble and am leading much the same life as always.

I thought the apple business for Guatemala had been solved with the Winter Banana. Its only a question of coining a more appropriate name in Cristiano. Pears are another matter but I'm sure you must have found some promising varieties. The handling problem is greater with pears than apples but for some reason pears appeal to our Latino cousins, making the effort to produce them locally worthwhile.

With you I believe turning EAP over to the U. of H. would be a disaster so far as the basic idea of the school is concerned. Maybe you should clandestinely arrange a riot or two and a few sitins by the students protesting the move. Student riots get all kinds of action in this country even to dropping entrance requirements and letting the students name the courses and dropping all grading. The way things are going at some of our institutions it may not be long before English is one of the foreign languages that can be studied. Many social anthropologists today maintain that the language spoken by the minorities is the correct one as it relates to their deprivations and is therefore meaningful whereas English as normally used by the Middle Class is discriminatory and works to keep the downtrodden down. Ergo all classes should be taught in Charleston Gulla. I'm continually confused by the constant use of terms such as middle class, upper middle class, lower middle class. Now if we have all these middle classes there must be classes above and below but I never hear of upper class or lower class. They seem to be economically privileged or deprived. Well there is no point in opening up this subject at the bottom of the page.

Here's hoping you two have put your feet in the Sea of Tranquility and that all goes well with you both.

Affectionately



James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 Sept. 7, 1969

Dear Pop; Delighted to get your letter with the pic of the happy couple, taken I judge in Honduras. You both look in the pink and as the shot shows you in standard form I can only conclude that it does not flatter Alicia and she must be as pretty as the Kodak reports. There isn't any news from here but I wanted to write before your flier on what not to eat and drink has me reduced to a point even below that of the starving Biafrans.

I think Carroll's book has been put on ice over at the Uof C. At least that is the way it sounds to me. "We have to await the return of our reader before we can decide!" Appears to be the old run around. He can take his time returning, then he can be too busy with accumulated work to give the ms. the careful attention it deserves etc. etc.

On the certificado mail the problem is that these days mail is delivered by Hippies, sometimes barefooted females, and they don't like to be held up by slow elevators so what they do is put a notice in your box that you were out when they called and you can get the mail by going to the following sub-station. Now that Antigua is using the machine instead of sellos, or is estampillas, the local boys gain nothing by not forwarding the mail. No doubt the machines are milked but that is probably a perquisite of an upper echelon and wholly unrelated to the movement of the mail. In any event the non-certified mail seems to arrive though its not as pretty as the mail with stamps from the airport. Probably you would do well to continue certifying any mail that looked as though it contained something that could be exchanged for cash.

Three clippings are enclosed. One shows that Pacific Heights is making progress though the reputed rate charged by the girls strikes a blow at the neighborhood! The colored street walkers on Market St., claim to get \$25 and I believe they are telling the truth as in the economic section of the Ameremb. it was always taken as a base that the charge of a prostitute is the mean daily wage and few earn less than \$25 per day in this country. In some cities plumbers now get \$14 per hour and its about as hard to get them to make a house call as it is to get a Doctor to go do.

The smallest clipping but the one that will interest you is on the search for *Camptotheca*. No doubt this was distributed in the USA and elsewhere by The Office of Plant Introduction. For all I know there may be a forest of these trees at Lancetilla.

The other clipping shows what seems to me to be some geographical rearrangement in Central America by the United Press if not by hurricane Camille herself.

Finally from what has happened in Rio to the American Amb., we should be able to look forward to a series of these events not only in Latin America but in many other troubled parts of the world. It will be a hard thing to combat if it really becomes epidemic and furthermore may strike a blow at rewarding the party faithful with ambassadorships. Few men of means would care to stick their heads in that bag though their wives might urge them to make the move as being a perfectly legal and easy way of disposing of them!

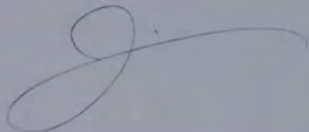
I suppose you have been following the new miracle in the Dead Sea valley where the unlamented exBishop Pike has apparently been snatched up to Heaven in good Old Testament style. At least he left no trace. Whether he made it on a ladder or was flown off by an angel will be debated for the remainder of this century by all good church men.

Well as I said at the beginning of this letter "There ain't no news" or, as the old title had it, "What killed the dog!"

As for me I seem to be holding my own and gradually adjusting to the tube in my neck it could be a lot worse. Dimp is the one who has to put up with my peculiar noises but she seems to adjust too. Maybe I've been making peculiar noises all my life and have only now discovered it.

Keep looking the way you are in that pic. and you will have only minor matters to worry about.

Affectionately

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, consisting of a large initial letter followed by a long, sweeping horizontal stroke.

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 October 1, 1969

Dear Pop; Almost with your last letter came a phone call from Carol talking to Dimp as she can't breathe (Carol, that is, not Dimp) but can talk (maybe you can figure that out) whereas I can breathe but can't talk! Anyway the gist of a rather long conversation is that the Univ. of Calif. has been too busy to read the ms and she wants to know will I read it again as she has redone it. Naturally I said I would but as yet her long suffering husband has not deposited it on my doorstep. She reports having finished her book on the flowering (or some of them) plants of the Lake Tahoe region. Dimp couldn't quite understand what stage the publication of that book is in but I rather imagine its about like the Guatemalan venture. Seeking a publisher. Oddly enough Dimp reports Carol is quite cheerful and has evidently worked out a means of living she is able to endure. Its amazing really and I will continue to read her story just as long as it gives her pleasure to quarrel with my suggestions.

Encourage Alicia to pump Maria for her recipe for liver and while we are on the subject of edibles if you can get hold of another one of those toss sheets that tell you what not to eat and drink please send it to me. Dimp sent the other to the Phelps in Caracas and I'd like to send one to my Spanish grandchildren now resident in Detroit. I should have had the sense to put the original through the Xerox.

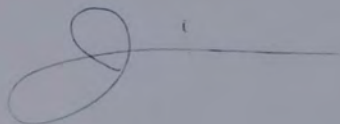
Sorry to hear about the flood from Agua it must have been terrific. Reinforces the idea that history does repeat.

As for the special delivery letters it happens as you foretold. The buzzer is punched and the letter is put in the box downstairs. The reason for this breakdown in the former discipline of the Post Office is that many of these mail carriers are from what is called minorities (the real minority in this country is anglo saxon, protestant, Republicans) and no white supervisor dares discipline a black or there may well be a sit down and the white will be out of a job. You can see this at work in the hospitals where the personnel below registered nurse is mostly black. None of the rules are enforced. TVs and Radios play day and night, visitors refuse to leave at curfew and the patients order double meals while the hired hands look the other way and the patient's

relatives and/or guests eat at the taxpayer's expense. Where a physician has a really ill patient who cannot adjust to the noise of TV sportscasts the only remedy is for the Doc. to ask to have his patient transferred to another room hoping he will eventually land in a room with another patient too ill to play his transistor! The physicians don't mind this as it means they have to visit their patients daily and thereby collect from either Medicare or Medicaid. For some reason the racial business has overcome all common sense and it may be some time before the people restore a just equilibrium. Well we can't do much about that problem except note it in passing.

What you hear these days is Polish jokes. The current one is a Pole talking to a West German. The German is saying how wonderful the American landing on the moon was. The Pole says Oh that was nothing we are planning a Sun landing. To which the German says even if true you can't make it as the Sun will burn you to a cinder. The Pole replies "Stupid, we are going to make it at night." And with that solution I leave you to the whistling duck and the gastronomical delights concocted by Alicia and Concha. Properly encouraged that rivalry could make the next 20 years well worth while. All you have to do is eat what's put before you and when replete stroll out on the corridor, light up a Danli, fold your arms over an expanding waistline and await the tourist's knock on the old portal. The life of a conquistador as it was lived.

Affectionately,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, consisting of a large, stylized loop followed by a horizontal line extending to the right.

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 October 25 1969

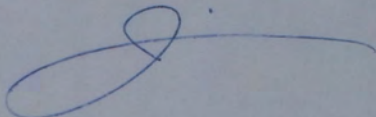
Dear Pop; You seem to have become a regular cummuter to Honduras and I suspect are so busy catching planes you do not read The Cosmos Club Bulletin word for word so I am enclosing a clipping from the latest number I have. I know very well how that Monday dinner group got started. It was started by and for Sylvanus G. Morely (God rest his soul) who found it took a lot of time to become properly acquainted in the Gov't Depts. that could and in his opinion should contribute to studies of the Mayas. Morely, who in addition to being a damned fine fellow and a fanatic for the Mayas was no slouch when it came to stimulating support for his interests. Middle American Archaeology wouldn't have become what it did without Morely's interest and skill. What he wanted was a group of lower eschelon fellows from those Federal Depts. that could be of help in Archaeology. The idea being that these fellows would still be on the job whenever he got back to Washington and while they themselves might not make the contribution he wanted they would be able to give him a fast personal introduction to the men who could. It was as simple as that. Needless to say Allanson and Judd were not original members and came in after Kidder and Tom Barber torpedoed Morely and the control of his work passed to Boston. Well so much for that.

Carol phoned that the ms. is back and will be sent to me while the U of Cal. gets time to bless it. No sign of it yet and I'm in no hurry. Matter of fact she did say she was having it retyped incorporating your emmendments so it will arrive one of these days. At that time it will become one of the problems I submit to Prof. Caballero for one of his Milagros. Your friend in Gainesville who pronounces arthritis Arthurititis recalls that story of the two Colored girls who met on the street of one of those small towns in Florida. "Well for lands sake Marylou it shure has been a long time since I saw you" "I haven't been around much lately. Fact is I've been in bed most of the time with Arthurititis" "You don't say. I never heard of him. Is he a local boy?"

As for Procaine it had a brief run in this country several years ago but the potential losers evidently lost interest when it threatened to reincarnate them as long haired teenagers without definite sexual orientation. Seems that was not what they wanted at all.

You will need your Ecuadorian scarf in the Northeast this November. Record cold weather is reported from Penn. to Maine. Have a good time buffeting those New York crowds and maybe you should stay for the election.

Affectionately

A handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of a large, stylized loop followed by a horizontal line extending to the right.

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 December 25, 1969

Dear Pop; I've fallen behind on my correspondence partly on health reasons but mostly because the physical restrictions leave me with nothing of interest to write about. One becomes self centered when health dictates every move. Recently I had a note from Carrol who reported the ms of the Guatemala book was in the hands of the reader for the Univ. of Calif. press but that as of Dec. 1 it was about to be read and turned over to the publications committee for final action. No indication of what the reader will suggest but Carrol said the committee will not meet until Feb. As the reader has had the ms since March that is a year gone by with no feverish action on the part of the Univ. publications dept. and to my jaundiced eye suggests the old "wear em down" treatment. I feel the University will make a lot of unspecific changes with no promise of publication even if they are made. Unlike some books, in this case there is hardly an excuse for the University to publish a work on which it knows it will lose money and I doubt if it will. Carrol has a source for color reproductions as her Christmas card attests and I don't doubt can easily afford to pay for printing the book. Its the marketing that will be the real problem.

I'M delighted Hugh could make it back to Antigua and it will do him good. Even if the new kitchen is not on stream. I'm amazed that bottled butane gas can be sold at a cost where it can be used as cooking fuel. I can understand it being used for refrigeration. Well if enough of you Conquistadores use the stuff they will soon deliver it in tank trucks and you will pay the bill indicated by the gas meter! We used it at Lanham for years and it worked fine. The next thing you will be getting is a disposal machine to cheat the zapolotes and then you can consider your downfall complete. No one can deny you have fought a gallant delaying action over the past forty years. That was an amusing incident of the two Ambassadors and the graduate. Actually I believe the British would be delighted to return the province to Guatemala but the citizens of EH are opposed. Some one has got to work on them to demand reunion and then after a respectable objection the British will give in and Guatemala will find itself with a lot of indigent colored folks. Well it won't happen in 1970.

Affectionately J

Wrote to tell you but it's a beautiful sunny Antigua day for Christmas in San Francisco in 1969. After 4 days of rain spires cleared, temp rose and the sun burst out. The best of everything for the new year. J

James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 January 27, 1970

Dear Pop; I'm falling behind in my correspondence principally because I have nothing of interest to write about.

I certainly remember General Carias but I had no idea he was current Jan 3. I only saw him once and he was impressive. Just about as tall as broad. He was shrewd too. You are right it was when Harry Edwards, Leudke and I engaged in that survey to use up money so the US Congress couldn't say you didn't spend the money we gave you last year. Carias had us in to explain what we were planning to do. We sat in that big office with the semi circular sofa. Carias sat in the center of that piece of furniture and told us that what Honduras needed was a crop it could grow that the USA couldn't survive without and that could be grown nowhere else and that would sell for a good price in the USA. He had each of us in turn explain how we intended to discover what Honduras needed. Leudke served as interpreter and he was very good at it. Carias had me sit at his right hand, I think he had it figured out that I was too dumb to make any trouble. Anyway after we had thrown all the dust in the air of which we were capable (and between us it was plenty) The General got to his feet and remarked "Yours is the third study group to come to Honduras. The first two didn't accomplish anything and I doubt the third will either" I have always loved him for that. He wasn't being fooled one minute. Later we visited his ranch where among other things he was raising some mangey sheep!

Today I had a rather cheerful letter from Carol saying the UC had declined to accept her ms. for publication and she is trying it on Doubleday and Chanticleer and asks for suggestions of possible publishers. She has had it re-edited by a neighbor who changed it to the third person and evidently did a good job according to Carol. Anyway while Chick is hospitalized in Oakland having a plastic cap put on his hip bone. She herself says she is looking forward to the day when she can get out to her orchid house and that is a hope she hasn't expressed in these past two years. I doubt if she will find a publisher among such giants as Doubleday and if

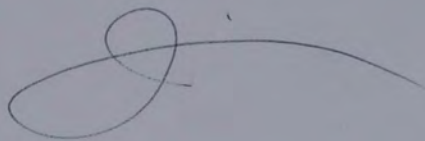
the book is to be printed it will have to be subsidized.

As my principal occupation is reading the Wall Street Journal I'm enclosing a few clippings which you may scan between touristas. Evidently L.B.J. has bought a cattle ranch in the Guanacaste. Costa Rica is hardly big enough to contain the Prince of the Pedernales.

I heard an intellectual story the other day that may amuse you. Seems this fellow telling the story had a job in a Highschool counseling the students on what college if any to attempt to enter. Being a realist he also realized that not all his students were capable of benefitting by four years of higher learning and he tried to explain to them it was no disgrace not to have a college degree. He also tried to explain the facts of life to the irate parents and to help him in this effort he told them the following story. There were these two boys, childhood friends, one a positive genius the other just regular, as we would say. Both made it to the University together where the genius proved he was a genius and the other chap gave up and dropped out. Some twenty years passed by and the genius who had earned his degrees and was teaching history for \$15,000 was walking down Fifth Ave. when he saw his erstwhile friend of earlier days being let out of a Rolls by a footman. Catching up to the fellow they engaged in some reminiscing and finally the History Prof said to his old friend "Tell me what happened to you?. We all thought when you dropped out of college you were down the drain" The other chap said "Oh its quite simple. I knocked around for a while then I began manufacturing a gadget that cost \$1.00 to make and I sold for \$5.00. I began small, of course, but now dominate the field. You'd be surprised how fast that 4% gain piles up money."

Well I hope this finds you in good shape and cooking on gas even if its bottled.

Affectionately



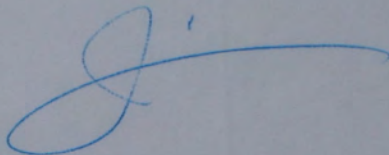
James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 May 15, 1970

Dear Pop: I've certainly been derlict in my correspondence but tha t doesn't mean you have been out of my mind. So far as Sally is concerned you have tried everything and the sad fact is that there is nothing you, or anyone else, can do to rehabilitate that unfortunate girl. You were lucky to have a satisfactory institution in Central America in which to cradle her. Tini, Dimp, John and I were in San Jose, and around, about three years ago. I like the Costa Ricans as they certainly are friendly and accomodating but they aren't much like Latin Americans as we think of them. I guess its the Gallego in them. Curiously enough Costa Rica is a hot bed of communism and the fellow who is President again is a hot one. He helped engineer the demise of S^omoza, and, along with Juan Bosch (who by the way I see is back in Santo Domingo) Romulo Betancourt (whose wife is a Costa Rican and sister of the Sec. of the party in C.R.) and Muñoz Marin, engineered the departure of Trujillo. Now that makes a conspira^oational four, each of whom will deftly sink the tomaha wk in the other, once he reaches the top. You will conclude I do nothing but drool in my chair and play with fantasies and perha^ops I do but you will have to admit there is nothing more fantastic than the European tour UFCO has arranged for you and Alicia. Sort of restores ones faith in the Corporation. Here is UFCO just taken over by something called AMK, or some acronym like tha t and it has just nicely launched itself in the lettuce business by buying two big lettuce properties in the Salinas valley. It planned to expand in the fresh vegetable business just as the ax fell from the Dept. of Justice which is demanding only two things (1) that the UFCO get the Hell out of the lettuce business and stay out of all fresh vegetables for ten years and (2) the AMK, or whatever it is, sell its control of UFCO--a pleasant prospect at today's market. Just about in here somewhere came your letter about the possibility of a pass to Europe. Man everyone in the Company was pra ying for a pass to somewhere but apparently along with all the computers AMK must have inadvertently moved a UFCO human, doubtless on^o with field experience in the American Tropics, and some janitor ca rried your plea past those rows of instant calculators to this fellow botanical documentalist, who is in his corner, and he, God

Bless him gave it the old time UFCO attention and approval. You should have a good Holiday in Europe and its probably a good time to be in Switzerland the Guatemala of Europe!

As I don't have your address at Tegucigalpa I'll send this to Antigua where you can read it after your return and while you are calculating how much this largess by UFCO increased your income tax. Have a good time and drop us a post card whenever you get mired in some burgh by inclement weather.

Affectionately

A handwritten signature in blue ink, consisting of a large, stylized initial 'J' followed by a long, sweeping horizontal line that ends in a small hook.

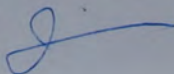
James H. Kempton
2110 Jackson Street
San Francisco, California, 94115 May 24, 1970

Dear Pop; I think it a good idea to have Marion in residence in Antigua while you are away. In these troubled times an honest to God Popenoe on the premises may go far toward deterring bad thoughts. Hugh's story about the Jew boy was a good one. I think the punch line would be improved if the last line ended with -----the^v had a Jew nailed to the wall. Mighteven say *** a naked Rabbi nailed to the wall.

I'm enclosing a few clippings just to prove my reading is not limited to the Wall Street Journal.

As usual I must again tell you to get an agent. Now those Peruvians, who are delaying your departure, are each drawing \$100 per day, plus traveling expenses. Nothing would please them more than to consult you in Zurich or Lucerne in extenso and I doubt me not their expense account will show they paid you a fat fee wherever the meeting took place. Who cares, it is International Petroleum money being used ostensibly to train managers for the W.R. Grace sugar lands and perhaps reward the sons of some important people by sending them on an agreeable journey. Not that Peru would not benefit from a well planned and staffed agricultural school for, of course, it would. In my view while it is alright to get a background on what it takes to create a n EAP and keep it functioning the key decision is picking the right man to head it. If they can find the man he is the fellow to consult you. It should be simpler to run a school for Peruvians than an International Institution such as EAP but it won't be. In any event one has to pay for knowledge and experience so you need an agent to establish a rate scale. I know you are allergic to money in exchange for your good offices and what a world it would be if the same allergy afflicted the legal and medical professions. The point is you have a unique allergy. I've always held that the advice most likely to be followed is the advice that costs the most. You just can't get away from the fact that the value people place on things bears some relation to what they had to pay for them, While you are lying around Switzerland give these matters some more thought. Have a good time.

Affectionately



Tecumseh apt. 410 nr
Annapolis, Md. 21403
[Oct. 16, 1970]

Dear Wilson,

Thank you very much for
for your cordial invitation. I don't
think of anything nicer than to visit
you and Anna in lovely Antigua at this
time.

But I am very much unsettled, first
because my furniture came in a de-
plorable condition and I must wait and
wait for the adjustas.

I am very lucky to have two nice son-
in-law to help me with my affairs.
Jimmy Martin, Heloise's husband is
a lawyer here in Annapolis & takes
care of my legal affairs. John Mc
Naughton is a banker and is helping
me with my financial business.
I would be in a helpless state without

them.

My bright spot & one that gives me a wonderful sense of freedom is that I have bought a Volkswagen and can drive down through the lovely Maryland countryside to Helobeth's farm whenever this apartment becomes too confining.

Annapolis is an interesting old Colonial town but this summer has been blazing hot and I have longed for some good, cold, windy fog of San Francisco.

However, I try not to dwell too much on the past as therein lies depression.

I am continually thankful that Jim didn't suffer towards the end although the past year and a half was very sad.

Thank you again for your cordial
invitation and maybe later I
would love to accept.

The best to you and Anna-

Dimples

Bot-16.76.

CHK

Dearest Wilson-

I haven't heard
from you for ages. I think
of you so often and wonder
how you are feeling.

This precious photo
was taken by Timi on
our last trip to Antigua.
What a lovely time we had!

Please write.

Merry Xmas to you and
Alice - & love

Dimple

Dec 10-72