



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
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About the Institute

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

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

5403 Reno Rd.,
Washington, D.C.

Nov. 10. 1923.

My very dear Paul & Betty,

How can I ever thank
you enough for sending that
beautiful linen? I was all
alone in the house when it
came, and I fairly shouted
with delight all to myself

then wanted to rush straight
off to phone Wilson about it, only
it was luncheon time & he was
not at the office. LINEN! and
such LINEN!! I never dreamed
of ever possessing such wonderful
linen, and that Italian work -
Wilson & I are just bursting with
pride about it sure want to thank
you with all our hearts and all
our arms. (We are not centipedes,

though might be taken as such from
that). When Wilson came home
and I showed it to him we just
hugged each other and had to begin
the evening of loving each other all
over again.

Dear Paul & Betty, I do want
to know you so badly. You two
and Pabito, my very, very, very
best nephew do seem so lovable,
I am sending you all a very big

hug in this letter, just to show
defiance at the distance that
separates us.

Betty, your sweet letter has
arrived; you make me so proud
and happy when I receive such
dear friendly letters from you,
especially when you call me 'dearest
sister'.

A week today. Wilson & I will be
in the train travelling southwards!!!

With very, very many thanks and
much love from us both,

Your loving sister,
Dorothy.

Mr WILSON POPP
1919 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Jan 28, 1924.

My very dear sister Betty,

Your wonderfully sweet letter brought so much happiness with it - and the photos of Pablito - I just had to hug them in lieu of hugging him! You are such a sweet sister to me Betty, and it made me feel so secure to have you. Who knows what it all means, to hold out your hand to me just when I

was feeling 'low' after several weeks of
nausea in the meanest attack of all just
when the letter came. Since then I have
been getting better & better & am now looking
forward to the prospect of accompanying
Wilson on his trip next month.

It would be so lovely to have you here
for a while, Betty, what fun we should
have together, & you would be here through
all the lovely Autumn weather when
Rock Creek seems all on fire. Don't I

WILSON POPENOE
1919 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Talk like an old Washingtonian? Well at least I can say now that I came to America last year!

When Wilson wrote to you about the wonderful advent of little Peter (we didn't christen him, he just was Peter from the beginning, that is all) I also wrote to my people asking if they would let little Betty come over from England to stay with me.

And now I am torn between the two. Betty I love so well, & could wish for both to come. We have asked Daddy to cable

his reply & ought to receive it in 3 or 4 weeks
time & I will write straight away to let
you know. Perhaps, even if little Betty
comes (which is doubtful) you would be able
to come East anyway. It is so tantalising
not even to have seen you. And when you
write so affectionately to Wilson whom you
know so well, I do wish I knew Paul a
little — at present he seems to me to
~~be~~ be a being whom I cannot picture,
though Wilson says the two of them are
a like, far away in the distance

WILSON POPENOE
1919 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

who has suddenly become my brother.
Is he happy that he's going to be an uncle,
and isn't he glad that Wilson whom he
loves very much is going to have a baby of
his very very own?

I have been neglecting correspondence
so badly lately, perhaps you can understand
now why it has been so difficult to get
down to it. I feel ashamed not to have
answered your last letter, Betty, & hope
you will forgive me this time.

The little book of "Child Poems" has just arrived by this morning's post. How very dear of you to send it. I just peeped in and read one or two absolute little gems - just enough to make me long to curl up on the couch & get 'into it'.

Your letter seemed so much to have bridged the great gulf of miles from California to Washington & make you seem so near. I do hope you will be those many miles nearer to us next summer.

With so very many thanks
from your loving sister,
Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1910 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Feb. 26. 1924.

Dear sister Betty,

You have just been so sweet to me
& written such dear letters & also sent the
'Book of Margie' & I feel so unkind to
you not to have written & apparently
taken no notice of you lately. Dear Betty,
I am so very sorry, & just hope for your
forgiveness when I tell you I have
been having a very mean time lately
with nausea & continual fatigue that

writing letters & doing anything beyond a
very small portion of the necessary housekeeping
has seemed out of the question. Then
Wilson took me strictly in hand, & nursed
me & made me rest as only Wilson
could (so I say but don't expect you
to agree with me, naturally!) with
the result that today I am just
bursting with health & good spirits
& have my head seething with plans of
all the things I want to make
do.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1910 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

So much all about myself, being more
by way of apology than anything else.

It was so good to have Herbert & Lucile
here; I am just yearning to know my
new family, & you all write me such
affectionate letters. Somehow I have
felt all along that I knew my sister
Betty already; Lucile I felt I did
not know so well, & it was great to
have her here & get to know her, & realize
what a capable, wise & staunch wife

Herbert has, I cannot think of any girl
I know who would have looked after &
cared for him so well under such adverse
circumstances. As for Herbert he is a dear
brother & I love him. I love Betty & Paul
too & am just on tip toe to meet them.

Will you thank Paul from me for the
pamphlets he sent me. I have been reading
them with great interest, & would like
to know if he wants them back or if I
may keep them as stand bys?

With lots & lots of love Betty dear,

Your loving sister,

Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPNOE
1916 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 16, 1924

My very dear Betty,

All your sweet letters have cheered me so much, it was just so lovely to hear from you so often, dear, even though I was unable to answer them at the time. Yes, I am (or do I say 'we are?') getting on splendidly now. To see me you would hardly believe I had been ill even for a few days. As soon as I was able to be on my feet at all, Wilson took me away

for a really truly second honeymoon —
to the Blue Ridge, Harpers Ferry & the
Shenandoah valley. It was so good to have
Wilson all to myself all day long and to
be out of doors all day long. I do not know
if you have read anything about the very
bad floods there, — the water was rising
rapidly the day we left Harpers Ferry.
had we stayed there a day or two
longer I think we should have been
there yet.

After you told me in your letter about

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1910 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"The Americanization of Edward Bok" Helen
bought it for me. I enjoyed it immensely
& found it very inspiring in spite of the
fact that the writer (probably justly so)
is very proud of Edward Bok.

By the way, Dr. Kellogg has written
to Wilson inviting the two of us to
spend a fortnight at Battle Creek whenever
we care to (as his guests). Isn't it
great? I would love to go some time
when you & Paul are there. What

for we should have!

Our hands are pretty full ~~up~~ now.
as we move to a bigger & better
apartment at the end of this month.
to prepare it for Peter's homecoming!

How I wish we could be with you
for your birthday & Pablito's too. But
we shall be with you in our thoughts
& just wish you the very happiest
of days. I hope you will like the linen
Wilson told you it came from China
I believe. I am going to use some

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1910 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

for runners + embroider the ends in
some Indian motif.

Many, many thanks for the photos.
I love them. What a shapping great kid
Kab. is becoming! I feel truly & justly
proud of my one & only nephew. And
my sister Betty looks so sweet & lovable
too.

With love to you & Paul & Kab. and
the very heartiest of birth day wishes.

Your loving sister,
Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1916 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1940 Baltimore St.

June 20. 1924.

My dearest sister Betty,

Your sweet letter wished me
the happiest of birthdays, and I believe your
wish came true. for I cannot remember
having such a happy one before. And I am
absolutely delighted with your gift - the
beautiful hand-worked nightie - it fits me
perfectly. though I fail to see where you have
altered it. you must be very clever with
your needle. As for Peltie's little dress.

frankly I have never seen any so dainty &
sweet. The little collar & cuffs are so dainty
& unusual. Peter was pleased to show
it by kicking extra hard when I opened
the box! Betty, you are a dear to
send such lovely gifts, - many many
thanks for them. Did Father tell
you he had sent me a framed
enlargement of Pablito? I love it so much.
he is such a sturdy husky little chap,
looks to me a good deal older than
two years. And I do hope Peter will
have eyes as sweet as his.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1919 KALORAMA ROAD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A pity you could not join Lucile's
Bridge party. I can quite sympathize
with you as Wilson. I do not play
either. Somehow our life seems very
full without card playing - there are just
107 plans that we have not been able
to carry out yet - any amount of reading
to be done that Bridge is out of the question
especially as it requires regular practice
to retain any small degree of proficiency.

Of course I am ever very busy with Keti's
clothes - what fun it is getting them all
together! I wish you could see the
sleeping basket Mañon Connor has filled
up for him. It is the one she had for her
three babies sent to other people besides
so that Keti is about the tenth to use it!
Isn't it romantic? She has done it up so
beautifully with a big blue bow & pink
roses at the head.

With so very many thanks & lots of love
to you. Pablito,

Your loving sister,

Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sept 28. 1924.

Betty dear,

Will you forgive me? I am so very, very
sorry. It is hateful to have to keep on making
excuses about not writing - but mine is just
this - I have been so wild & there has been so
much to do since little Peter came. And now
Wilson is away for a whole month - and
my life dreary & blank with one love away?
Even with tiny Peter - of course you'd love him
Betty so much as I do and am going to love my
little nephew. I suppose it would arouse his wrath
though to call him little at his time of life?
Was your back very painful after he was born?

mine is mean, but I am having a webbing belt
made for it by a Washington doctor & I hope
it will help.

I think Peter & I are going to meet Wilson
on his return, in Savanah & stay for a while
in the Bamboo Grove. Won't it be heavenly?
I am just so excited - it will be our third
honeymoon & I am making all new dresses &
have a pretty new hat for it - to surprise him.
He is so sweet about my clothes.

And Betty dear, we are thinking quite
seriously of coming out to California next
year instead of Ecuador as we had arranged.
I sort of think the game will not be worth
the candle there with Peter in that climate
& those conditions - I should not be able to

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1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

go exploring with Wilson. My people, Mother,
Daddy & Maurice (my brother) will be disappointed,
though, there is the rub. Wilson is rather
leaving it to me to decide.

Peter is two years & weeks.

I am enclosing the very first picture that
was taken of Peter & me. It is not at all good
so we did not send it to you, but the position
is so like the one you have just sent Wilson
that I thought you might like to see it.

So much love to you Betty & Pablo.

Your loving & penitent sister,
Dorothy.

Box 383-BALBOA HEIGHTS
CANAL ZONE, U. S. A.

Dec. 18. 1924.

My darling Wilson.

I would have given such a lot
to have had you with us yesterday, ^{when we went up the chagres} you
would have loved it so much. We got up
at 6, left the house at 7 a.m. & drove out to
Gamboua where we met the police launch,
there were two other people in the party too, a
fellow who had been a clerk (probably James
Clark) during construction days. His wife,
but they were so civilised & colourless that
they don't come into the story at all.

If only you could have been with me
when I experienced my first visit to a
native settlement with its palm thatched
roofs & cane sides. The prettiest picture of
all was the open door of one of the huts
allowing the sunlight to stream across the
floor showing up a tiny fire with a pot
on it & a plate of *Platanos fritos* beside.

A young woman was sitting over it & a
little brown ^{naked} ~~native~~ boy beside her. The
back of the hut was all dark, but I felt

curious childish eyes peering at us from

the darkness. Chickens ran senselessly over
the floor, in the middle of the room, sweetest
part of all the picture was ~~along~~ a hammock
& a wee brown baby, no more than three
or four weeks old was lying in it fast asleep
with one baby foot showing above the side.

Down by the stream another young woman
with her baby (all these babies & still so
small a settlement!) was doing the inevitable
washing, beating it against the stones.

The shadow of a tree fell across her & we
asked her to move into the sunlight

that we might take her photograph. But

nothing would induce her to do it, as she didn't
like Americans. & I was reminded of your
tale of the Guatemalan Indian who wanted
nothing but to be left alone. Upstream from
there we entered the real tropical jungle.
When the bright blue sky was reflected in
patches through the tangle on to deep green
water it seemed like a river of mother o'
pearl. On all sides ^{was} this dense shuffling
sprawling climbing mass of vegetation &
I knew the feeling that had come to Bullard
when he said "one is oppressed by a feeling
that the jungle is continually giving birth -
that it is guilty of mad ungoverned spawning.
Death comes to the things of the jungle, not so much
from extraneous accident as from sheer pressure of

birth." Don't you think that most typical of all in the jungle are the ropes of things hanging everywhere, as though gasping for air in the struggle they have climbed over each other & hung dangling in mid air to rest for a moment? To me the greatest wonder of all were the thick green feathery veils of climbing bamboos. Way back at Kew I had thrilled to Aunt Agnes's description of them in Porto Rico, now D.K. Hughes was seeing for herself! I collected two species of them -

Thicker & thicker grew the jungle - narrower
& shallower the stream - a tree frog fell
on one of the party - it was strange how
silent we had become - the green spell
around inhibited our exclamations of wonder -
a dazzling white egret flew out above,
a snake wriggled in the water - & lizards
seemed to move everywhere & the only
sound was the noise of the paroquets -
tiny brilliant creatures flying from bough
to bough. On all this woodland of
strange things & new sights Doffy's heart
ached incessantly for her Wilson, & she

thought perhaps he was very near. Another
time in the stream, to our astonishment an
Indian woman was bathing her two
babies in the a rocky pool. So far had I
felt from humanity & when animal life
seemed crowded out of the vegetable world
this sight greeted our eyes. When the
water became too shallow we struggled
along the bank, a native boy leading
the way brandishing his murderous looking
machete, it seemed to me to the peril of
his immediate follower. This was slow
work & the offer of a native who suddenly
appeared from nowhere to take us up

in his cayuka was a relief. By that
time I felt an old hand at cayukas
for earlier in the day when visiting
a citrus grove I had persuaded a
native to paddle me around the
river & islands nearby & collected
three good species of grasses growing
in masses in the water.

This sunset hungry we ~~had~~
returned home while the first pink
rays of the sunset shrouded the palms
& Indian settlements & helped hide the
nakedness of those ghosts of the trees that
were drowned in the canal which still

hold up their skinning arms in horror
of such an outrage.

Saturday.

A few more words before mailing this.
Little Peter will not be out tomorrow but
probably one day during the week. I
was hoping to catch the Peruvian boat
leaving Monday but now it is out of the
question. Eno favours the idea that
I should take Peter straight from the
hospital to the boat & go from that side.

But my plans are uncertain. Boats seem
to be getting scarce again & I may have
to wait for another ten days for the
next Peruvian line. I wrote to Daddy
as we planned, immediately after you
left, asking about conditions in Cuzco.
This morning he cables "Come when
Peter well".

Monday we are going to Barro Colorado
where I hope to do more collecting. There
has been talk of some day before I

leave

taking horses along the Chiva Chiva
trail.

Doffy is having very new & very
impressive experiences & though I hate to
think it is because of little Peter's illness
yet if the illness had to be it is lucky
it should be at this time when he
can be put in good hands, & Doffy,
instead of worrying herself sick nursing
him is having a chance that may
never come again.

Wilson darling, can you feel my
thinking of you? There is never a

moment when I am not missing you
- my love for you, longing for you are
so strong it seems you must feel it across
that space. There are times ~~you~~ too when
you seem so near that you might be
standing beside me or when I might put
out my hand in the darkness to touch you,
and I believe at those times you are
thinking of me particularly hard.

Loving you as only Doty can love
you, Your happy sweetheart.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 20, 1926.

Betty dear.

How to answer your last long letter
and talk 'babies'. I am enclosing two little
snaps of Peter, as I told Paul I do not believe
he looks much like Kab. Does he? He is
funny about his teeth, the two first began
coming hurting him when he was four months
old but are not through yet! I see they
are worrying him a bit again this morning.
So no doubt they will be here soon.

no, he hasn't fallen off the bed yet. I hope that will
not have to be part of the teasing. He is very
happy well. I do wish the photos could show
you his bright pink cheeks bright blue eyes
& silky bit of hair.

Your house sounds lovely in gold, purple &
black. What fun when we shall meet at last.
the two brothers, the two sisters, & the two baby boys!

Wilson. I have just had a busy week end.
He has written the first draft of an article on
Ecuador for the Geographic, I don't expect it will
be published for another year yet as the one
on Guatemala has been first. But they will

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

accept it as soon as it is ready.

~~On~~ In about an hour time I have to go into
town for my lesson at the Keility, then meet
Wilson & a friend of his at the Cosmos club
for lunch, then if it is still fine we are all
going to the Experimental station at Belk. Rd.
hope to make a few notes on the Chilean strawberry
we are working on.

No, Wilson is not called doctor here. but
I am very happy & proud about the degree.

Yes we are lucky. you & I. to be so happy
with Paul & Wilson soon babies.

With so much love to you & kin for Pab.

Your loving sister. Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 15. 1925.

My dear Rablito,

Many, many happy returns of
the day with a birthday kiss for each chuckle.

You will be having such fun on your
birthday, I would like to be there to
join in the merriment. I am sending
you a little book with pictures in it—
a book is not much good without
pictures is it? Peter sends his

love to you and says he is coming
to play with you just as soon as he
can get his Mummy Dad to put
him in a great big train and bring
him out to California.

Here are some kisses xxxxxxxxxxxx
and here are some hugs oooooooooo

all for Pablito on his birthday,
from his very loving Aunt whom he has
never seen.

Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPNOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 15. 1925.

My dearest Betty.

This is to wish you the happiest
of birthdays - who knows but that
we may be together on your next
birthday? I have ordered you a box
of stationery like this, feeling sure you
too would like to have your very
own paper with your very own name

on it. I hope it will arrive at the proper time.

We were very pleased to receive the 'family photo'. What a big husky boy Tabito is! he certainly shows that he has been brought up out of doors. There is certainly a strong likeness between Paul & Wilson. Wilson says he does not think it is very good of you - that you are much prettier than that. I believe so too, from what I

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

have seen from the snaps you sent us.

Little Peter is a perfect joy, he crows
& whoops with delight all day long
& loves his Daddy to 'roughhouse him'!

And his cheeks are so bright & smooth,
& his eyes so blue & his hair so thick
& silky. He is coming out with us
soon. Mrs. Ackbold who lives in
Georgetown is sending her car for
us to take us to her beautiful garden

to enjoy the flowers & sunshine, and
of course, Peter come too!

With lots & lots of love & good wishes
to you Betty dear.

Your loving sister.

Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 19, 1925.

My dearest Betty,

What a joy it was to receive
your sweet letter! You are about the
most appreciative person I know, you
make such a fuss over the smallest
things people do for you - I can picture
you so well, just sparkling with joie
de vivre! I am so glad you liked the
paper, it makes us still more sisters to
even be using the same notepaper.

And I am glad you liked Kate's little
book too, that also was such a tiny
thing, but I did it for you and
that is why I am happy when you
say it pleases you. As for putting it
on the market it, I would much
rather do it for you than have you like it
than to make any money out of it.

I am afraid Betty dear, there will
be quite a little disappointment if
the Honduras plan works out.

It will be disappointing all round if
we cannot pay our visit to California

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

but Wilson & I have talked it over at great length - there are so many factors involved - we have come to the conclusion that if the Fruit Co. Scheme is good it would be better to take it straight away. Wilson leave next week for Honduras to see what it is like there. If it is not good enough not healthy enough then we shall pack up Beta & the house & come straight out to California.

This is quite a day for Peter. He has
real boy's rompers on for the first time. -
baby frocks - diapers all gone, & he is
now on his best behaviour to keep them
quite dry all day! He is big for his
age - weighs 21 lbs when that is believed to be
average for 12 months. He is now playing
in a canvas swing I bought him.

Lots of love to the three of you, especially
you dear self.

affectionately
Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

June 30. 1925.

My dearest Betty.

You dear, sweet girl! I am just
thrilled by your news! it is wonderful!
but I am so, so sorry you have been
having a hard time - what was the
trouble, nausea? Of course I wish you
all the luck & joy in the world. I
was so excited about it that I dreamed
last night I came straight out to California
and I found you in bed. Paul waiting
on you. And you looked such a little

quite to be the mother of Pablito his brother,
that I told Paul he had just a baby
for a wife! I was very anxious that
Paul should like his new sister but he
was much too taken up with his wife
to notice me!

I wonder if there is a limit to one's
capacity for affection. You have so
much love to give Paul & Pab & his
brother that I wonder if you have any
at all for another nephew who may
also be introduced in January! There is

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a surprise for you - and what a joke
too. It would be fun if we could be
together & go to hospital together ~~see~~ how
much alike the cousins were. I am
better now, too, but have been having
a bit of a struggle with nausea & fatigue.
The amusing part of it now is that
Wilson being away. everyone thinks I
have nothing to do ^{they all} make plans to fill
up my time. Of course no one knows
about it, & I have no excuse to make

and are kept on the go much more
than I care about. But they are all
so kind I must be grateful to them.

What are you going to call your
little son or daughter? If the latter, is
she to be Marion?

As I told you, Wilson has gone to Honduras
to see what it is like & will be away a month.

All the love & good wishes in the world,

Your devoted happy sister,

Dorothy.

I have just sent your letter on
to Wilson. He will be delighted.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 27. 1925.

My very dearest Betty.

Peter's little rompers are perfectly sweet - they arrived this morning & are much prettier than any that he has. He will wear them for special high days & holidays & when he grows out of them I shall put them away for his little brother (?) thinking lovingly of his Aunt Betty. Thank you again & again.

How are you now I wonder and am wondering all the time. I am a great deal

better. in fact feel that this the probably
the maximum health period for me.
the first being over & the last not yet
come.

yes, I asked you about 'Ranion'
because I remembered the discussion
over girls' names before little Peter
came, & you were fond of the name
Ranion then. If we give you a little
niece she is to be Nancy after the
old Nancy Kopenoe. if another nephew
he is almost sure to be Hugh just to
carry on a branch of the old English

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Welsh family tradition of the 'Hughes'
which was all of me when I came to
America just two years ago this month.
And what a world has spun round
in those two years!

I am glad you are keeping my secret
for me Betty dear - because I don't yet
feel like spreading the glad tidings.

You see, after all, I am still a little
bit strange to the family you have to
know them very well to say things
like this so early. Ye. I will tell!

Father — a little later on, for you know
I only saw him once before we were even
engaged or such a thing had entered my
head as possible. But I shall know him well
in time & then love him knowing him as
you do.

For the first time in our letter writing
friendship I have found a little difference
of opinion that is fun & gives me
something to argue about just as though
you were here & in intimate discussion.

I would bet a good deal on saying
that Lucile is just as maternal & you & I,

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

I believe she is just longing for the day when
Berbert will not need so much help from her
they can really begin on the baby business.
She was so sweet about Peter's coming
when she was with us last year. I maybe
all wrong - maybe time will tell us?

Your dear letters have been so welcome
lately - they always are you know,
but how much more so just now when
we are both hugging our secrets.

This morning was spent in cross-
buying - buying for Gordinas. - sheets

Dwels, table linen etc. Don't you love
buying things - it is such fun - all
~~exp~~ except the bills.

With many many thanks, Betty
dear from Peter (if he knew) & from
me, love from the whole family,
affectionately.

Dorothy.
P.S. I have a little cook book - "Cooking for
Two" by Janet Mackenzie Hill which I do not
want to take away with me - would you care
to have it?

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

Oct 29. 1925.

My dearest Betty.

It was delightful to have your letter on the boat as though you were to accompany us on our new venture.

Tell Paul I think we had the rottenest letter from him yesterday and Peter doesn't think he is much good as an uncle. He spends much time & good energy in explaining why you will not be able to come to Sela to

see us in the near future. Now I
will spend more time & better energy
in explaining why you can come.

1. You will not only like it - you
will love it. I am delighted with the
house, set a few yards away from
bluest of seas where Pat can join
the little group of amphibians I
watch there daily. Every evening
Wilson & I go swimming, and
there is golf, tennis, horseback riding

• dancing - also bridge if you can

for it.

If you come before Baby Oliver or
Marion is weaned - well that is
easy. If after, he or she can share
the food of Hugh or Nancy, strained
vegetables, fresh milk & all. So where
dark Paul, are the difficulties? It
will be easier for you to travel with
you two than I with my two
because Peter is still such a baby.

He always looks well & is big & heavy
but I have never seen him better

than now, cutting canvas sundresses
without a whimper & eating enormously.
The room is ready for you & Paul.
The four babies can all sleep in
the nursery, there is plenty of room.

Betty dear, we would love to see
you here, if you are tired or overworked
at the time there couldn't be a
better rest cure than our hammock
slung between two coconut palms
on the beach - where I spend my
afternoons.

With lots & lots of love & good wishes.
 Lovingly. Dorothy.

~~Southern Pines Hotel~~

F. W. HARRINGTON, MANAGER
Southern Pines, N. C.

To Tola R.R. Co.

Dec. 16, 1925.

My dearest Betty,

When was it one of us last had a letter from the other? My year has been so chopped up & uncertain that I hardly know what I have nor have not done. They tell me now that Christmas is near. That is a good outstanding landmark even if the trees have not shed their leaves & we are still wearing summer clothes.

So here is the happiest Christmas to you all. Happiest, that is, next to the one we shall soon all spend together.

with Pat. Oliver & little Peter back again.
& Nancy who is growing up so fast!
She has taken her first few steps alone.
tho' I would not say she is walking
yet. I am hoping to hear from you for
Christmas & learn about yourself & the
baby boys. I saw in Paul's letter the
possibility that you might go East next
summer. How lovely that will be for
you! And perhaps — do you think we
may see each other at last?

I had my nails removed a few days
ago. This is my first letter since then.
So I know you will forgive me if it is
short & unsatisfactory.

With all my love & best wishes to you
& Paul (I think his books are great)
& the babies,
lovingly, Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1845 BALTIMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Feb 28. 1926.

My dearest Betty.

How is young Oliver? I want to know so much about him - what he looks like, what he does, how much he weighs etc. And you - are you quite strong again, & what does Pat think of the newcomer?

Nancy is as sweet as can be - fat as butter, all hand rolls & creases. She weighed 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. when born now at 7 weeks is well over 11 lb. She has always been able to hold her head up perfectly steadily. Twice when I have left her bright in the middle of the big double bed. I have gone in later only just in time to

save her from falling off the edge. She is much
brighter & more active than Peter ever was, she
smiles & responds when we talk to her as lovely.
Peter doesn't think much of her, he is rather
jealous & fancy.

We are looking forward tremendously
to Father's visit. He has promised to bring us
anything we are in need of. I wonder if you
would mind helping him & me by buying
2 things that I want? — 1.) 6 thin cotton
sleeveless shirts for Peter — shoulder bands they
call them in the catalogs — 
plain woven with no tabs on them.
They are all the clothing he requires down here
in hot weather. Size 5 or 6 is right I believe

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

2.) Do you think you could match this
very fine cotton crepe? I want it for
underclothes as continuous washing is
wearing out my silk things very fast.
If you could get it a very pale pink so
much the better. 6 yds would not be
too much.

A few yds of baby lace for Rauey's
clothes would be useful too.

I should be so grateful to you if you
could get these. Father will pay you for
them & we will refund him here.

After all these months I am only just
beginning to get around a 'discovery' Seta,
my strength has been very slow in coming
back, due no doubt to an attack of
grippe a few days after leaving hospital,
but I am feeling well now & better each day.

Our fondest love to you & the little
family.

lovingly, Dorothy.

Raucy looks neither Popenoe nor Hughes. Very
bright dark blue eyes & black eyelashes. Face rather
long oval in spite of the fat cheeks, hair medium
like Peter's first crop, nose small & mouth minute -
a perfect little rosebud.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

April 12. 1926.

My dearest Betty.

Mr. Samuel is with us now
& brought your parcel for me. It was
so good of you. Paul - particularly
Paul, being a mere man - is doing that
shopping for me. I have not received
his letter yet. so do not know the
prices of things. but will send you a
check as soon as I hear. Peter's shirts
are splendid, better than the ones he
has just worn out. I like the plain

week with no string. I am particularly
pleased with the underwear material
let him, it is the exact thing for
here where I often need about three
changes a day. I have some hand made
chinese lace to put on it.

Poor lonely little sister! I know so
well how you were feeling when you
wrote that letter - Wilson has
just been away nearly a month in
Panama, Costa Rica. Now he & Mr. Shamel
are going to Guatemala for about

ten days. At first I was a little
afraid to sleep in the house alone
in this country of sneak thieves. But
I am used to it now. Do not mind
at all.

The country is perfectly beautiful.
I really saw it for the first time last
week when Wilson & I went riding
& walking in the jungle. The plants
are wonderful & it is full of game
of all sorts & monkeys & birds.

How sweet little Oliver sounds, I wish
I could see him before he gets bigger!
You forgot to tell me tho' what Pab.
thinks of him. Peter doesn't like Nancy,
gets perfectly mad if he sees her with
a bottle, his own bottle days not
being forgotten yet. He is getting on
well, little Paul; I am not nearly so
worried now. He seems to do something
new every day becoming out of his little
day dream. Paul will love Nancy, I
think, she is so very feminine in everything
she does. She is just discovering her hands.
With lots of love to you Betty dear.
lovingly,
Dorothy.

Send back

PALACE HOTEL
GUATEMALA, C. A.

May 27, 1926.

My dear Betty,

I feel so ashamed & sorry, knowing you must have been disappointed not to hear from me for your birthday or Pabe.

It was rather a trying spell for us just then. The weather has been at its worst. very hot & very damp, so sweating it seemed all I could do to keep the children from getting them. I had a severe attack of Ocellular pharyngitis that put me to bed with high fever for a week & left me very weak afterwards. So in the midst of that Betty dear you will understand how

your birthday was missed. I am
perfectly well & happy again now.
the weather is still trying everybody
but the rains are due next month
will cool us off a bit.

We tried to take some photos of the
babies yesterday. I am not very sanguine
about results as Nancy is so terribly
active she will not keep still for a fraction
of a second - as we took them on the porch
a fast snap would not do.

We are so anxious to hear about
Lucile. days never seem longer now
more tedious than that waiting at
the end. I do hope she has her
baby by now.

Wilson's experimental grounds look perfectly lovely. I was going to try & make a sketch of them for you but he is having photos taken next month they will show you better. We have just spent the weekend up there sleeping on the office porch. The animal sounds at night are wonderful. There is dense virgin jungle all around & the howler monkeys make such a noise. We also have the spider & white faced monkeys here. Any amount of other noises that I do not know continue all night.

Wilson is away again for about three days - to the interior to look over some land. He has taken his shot gun & hopes to get some game. We hear there are a lot of wild duck there.

Oh, did I never thank you for the pictures of Oliver? I think he is perfectly sweet, so fat, and how very very poppoe! Isnt he rather like Pab?

How I would love to take him in my arms & play with him.

With very much love Betty dear & belated birthday wishes tho' now the less time for that.

lovingly,
Dorothy.

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

Aug 24. 1926.

S.S. Tacapa.

My dearest Betty.

I was so happy to receive your letter in the States, and, sorry, very, not to have answered it there. I have never had such a busy time as then, when every hour was full till night time, and my seven weeks divided between New York, Washington, Ithaca & New York again.

The doctors are quite encouraging about Peter. (Please let Paul see

this as it is for him too) There is
no endocrine deficiency at all,
but a slight cerebellar defect which
affects his sense of balance and
hearing. His mentality is perfectly
normal. This accounts for his slowness
in sitting up, (which he does now
with perfect stability & ease), and
his inability to walk at present.
He is getting over it though, &
is much steadier on his feet than
he was. I will not be long before
he is able to walk. His hearing is still

a question - will be for 2 or 3 years more.
It is probable that he hears little if at all
at present, but we cannot predict what
sort of a recovery he will make, as he
is mentally deaf not physically deaf.
He is improving all the time, I see
quite a change since he left Tiba.

I am so glad to hear the babies are
doing well. I loved the scrap of
Oliver you headed ^{with which} your letter.

It was great to be back in
Washington again, though very lonely
to be in the old familiar places

without Wilson. I was desperately hot too.
I then returned north with the Ralph
Robinsons to Ithaca to the International
Congress. (Peter all this time in N. J. with
friends) The Congress was great -
especially meeting the European botanist
friends I had not seen since leaving
England.

So you cut your hair? I am sure
it looks nice. My hair is not curly -
no such luck!

My fondest love to you, sister dear,
and to the family - I am glad you
liked the blanket, I chose it myself for you -
your loving sister,

Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Paul.

Jan 5. 1927.

Wilson gets tired of me because I ask him so many questions. I tell him it is only to keep him in trim for the time when the children begin. And there are a thousand and one I want to put to you. Your "Conservation of the family" is more than interesting. You are so decided in your opinions. Do you disapprove of Dorsey? His ideas of race he seems to have taken mostly from Boas. In "Why We Behave Like Humans" he speaks of the feller repeatedly as a "parasite". You insist that this is not so, and call pregnancy symbiosis. How whose work do you

get the glandular theory — that the fetus supplies
beneficial secretions to the mother? To me
it has always seemed that the laws of nature
are very much on the side of the young and
care little for the mother. Even Slemmons
calls pregnancy "Health under a strain".

I would love to hear your views on so
many subjects, and so far I haven't even
seen you!

Then there is Will Durant's "Story of Philosophy".
Wilson and I are reading that now. We think
it a masterpiece and a book to be not only
read, but possessed and re-read.

With love to you + good luck in all you do.

Dorothy.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1940 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

c/o Tela Railroad Co.

Tela, Honduras, C.A.

Jan 5, 1927.

My dearest Betty,

So Oliver is one year old! And Nancy will be the same before you receive this. Betty you are such a darling to be so generous and appreciative about my Unifinites efforts. They are so amateurish, and I am very much aware of it, and only because the Unifinites is what it is I dare contribute at all. It is such fun, when we are so far away from things down here, to try to

do things. There is no doubt about it —
those who live in the tropics for any
length of time do tend to vegetate. I see
it all around. But then as one of them
here says "we are all down here for a
reason". And that is what makes our
contacts here so interesting. Tropical hangers,
pseudo scientists, hypochondriacs, dreamers
all drift down to places such as Lela,
and drift & dream - or sleep.

Raney is in splendid health, no she is
still not walking quite alone yet. She takes
one or two steps and then gets frightened.

MRS. WILSON POPENOE
1845 BILTMORE STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Lucile has just sent us some of the
latest snaps of Joan. What a darling she is!
How we want some more of Oliver and of
Kab Do. We get good news of Peter,
and my strength is returning — always
a slow process.

Now I think I would like to write a
line to Paul, just to begin the New Year right.
Write to us some more Betty dear. We look
for your letters and enjoy them so much.

Your loving sister.

Dorothy.



c/o Sela Railroad Co.
Sela, Honduras.
March 31, 1927.

My dear Betty,

The photos are lovely. You, or
Paul, whoever it is, do take such splendid
ones. I imagine the California light must
be particularly good for photography.

Wilson is away in Cuba. It is a hot
stuffy night, there is not even a stir
in the coconut palms the sea is just

managing to lap in a semi fluid manner. Nancy is asleep & I am all alone in the house getting a few letters written before bed.

I have only just begun to realize from photographs that Pab. is exactly like you, feature for feature. I had been imagining all along that he was like Paul. Nancy is me from the ~~the~~ eyes up, Wilson from the nose down. When they grin at each other the similarity is almost ludicrous. She has all his

rhythm. One has only to hear a little or beat a tattoo & she is dancing from head to foot, arms as well. She has been walking two months now, at least lately it has changed to a run which amuses Sela greatly, Wilson's rapid walk being quite a feature in so tropical lazy a place.

She has quite a number of words; whenever she sees the icecard in the distance she shouts "ice" at the top of her voice in exactly the same tone used by the ice man. She is beginning to feed herself too, but it is rather a messy proceeding so far.

So you liked the Ulua paper? You dear.
I do hope you will like the one Wilson
& I have written on the ruins at Quirigua
Guatemala. We don't get any ruins here
like those Gauss describes in British
Honduras but I assure you we have the
insects. Our slogan is "If it bites, we
have it."

All my love to you the babies & Paul,
Betty dear.

Your loving sister,
Dorothy.



c/o Tela R.R. Co.

Tela, Honduras.

May 18, 1927.

My dearest Betty,

All good things to you on
your birthday. I would love to
send a little gift for it but it
is impossible from this country.
Congratulations on the look of the

children. Father has sent a lovely
set of ~~the~~ photographs.

Oliver looks to me bigger than
Hancy: she is of a ^{slight} ~~big~~ build though
always pretty chubby and up to
weight. From the photos your
two babies are much more alike
than ours. I imagine Pablo to be
a somewhat serious and imaginative
child. Pete is in very good health

& growing well. He seems to be
progressing in all directions, slowly,
and is walking holding on to things.
Karl paid him a visit recently
and still is not sure about his
hearing.

Hancy is joy personified. Lively
& responsive, carries on a constant
stream of "conversation" & finds
life pretty good so far.

I wish you and Paul could see
Wilson's work down here.

Lancelilla is becoming quite a
show place for these regions, &
much visited by tourists &
passengers on boats touching here.

With very much love to you
& the children,

Very affectionately,

Dorothy.



Ch. Sela R.R. Co.

Honduras.

May 18. 1927.

My dear Pat.

Very many happy returns of the
day. How many years old are you?
Six? No that seems too big and
old for my little nephew. It means
you will be beginning to read and

write and do all the things
that grown up men do.

Father sent us some beautiful
photographs of you and Oliver; I
think he is very like you and
is following you very fast.

I am sending you one of Nancy
but it is not a very good picture
and our garden is less pretty

than yours to photograph

later on I hope we shall get
some better ones.

Now I will write a letter to
Mother for her birthday.

With lots of love to you
from
your loving

Ann Dorothy.

40 Tela Railroad Co.

Tela, Honduras.

Dec. 5. 1928.

My dearest Betty.

What does Paul mean in his letter saying that you and he went to see Pete's new accomplishment—that of walking alone? I have heard nothing about it from father yet. If only it might be true! I am so excited and keen to know. It will be the biggest thing in his little history and will give him quite a new outlook on life.

I expect you know by now that poor little Nancy is in hospital with typhoid. She developed a high temperature and I nursed her at home for more than a week before they were able to diagnose it.

She is in about the fourth week now and is feeling a lot better. She even sits up a little now in bed and plays with 'Caroline'.

It is an extraordinary thing as there is no other known case in town. She had been so bonny

and well after her long stay with you in California. I feel sure she would not have got through it so easily if she had not been as sturdy and fit.

I do want to know that you are keeping well. I envy you so much that you are going to have another little baby. Two new ones have just been added to this division, both boys. Babies do wonderfully well here. There was one little baby, one of twins whose mother died. He weighed only 4 lbs and

had to be fed with a medicine dropper
before he was strong enough to take
the bottle. He is now four months
only. a fat, sturdy, chuckling
little creature.

How are Pat and Nell?

With very much love to you and
Paul and them,

lovingly.

Dorothy.

Cp Tels Railroad Co.

Tels. Honduras C.A.

Jan 20. 1928.

My dearest Betty.

What a beautiful Christmas card
you sent us! The photo is perfect from
every point of view. Who took it?

Olive is a darling, so fat and lovable.
And Pablo is such a big boy now.

I do hope we shall be able to get to
see you this summer.

I am glad you like Maurice and
that he is so happy. Daddy is very
pleased about it all, though he felt
at first that it was a leap in the dark
to go out to California as Maurice did.
Now he is more than satisfied.

Frederick Coville arrived last Monday.
and brought that gorgeous box of
candy from you & Paul. So many
many thanks for it. It is lovely.

These three days we are entertaining
a crowd of about 100 baseball guests
from the Cio division in Guatemala.

Yesterday I gave the women a budge
party (tho' I do not play budge myself)
and had your lovely candy out.

They were so enthusiastic about it, and
several asked when I had been able to
get such good stuff.

Wilson is chairman of the committee

and working very hard. He is in charge
of all the food, which in itself is no
light task.

Next week he expects to be in Guatemala
with Dr. Reinking on business. I shall be
staying here with Nancy. But it is my turn.
A short while ago I spent 5 days in San
Pedro Sula, a days journey from here, and
had a good time. The weather is
now delightful - just the right temperature.
We can accomplish far more than
will be possible a little later in the year.

Today Nancy is having her first
experience with modelling wax. She
is sitting at her own little table and

chair with by rolling pin + board.
scissors + other tools, and is very happy
making a general mess.

I will send you more snaps of her soon
I hope. We have none at present for the
weather has been too wet to take them.

When Wilson comes back from Guatemala
we will try again.

With very much love to you and
Paul, thanking you for your lovely gift,
affectionately.

Dorothy.



c/o Telo Railroad Co.
Telo, Honduras.

April 7, 1928.

My dearest Betty.

This is the last letter to you
before we climb aboard the boat
here. I find it fun to be able to say
a thing like that, much easier
to say than to believe.

We were so glad to have your letter.

written a short while ago. No, Betty,
I am no sort of a manager at all,
and run this household very simply.
Personalities tire me somewhat. I respond
too completely to them. A few years
more of applied philosophy may help
to make me a little more unresponsive.

It does seem extraordinary after all
these years, that we still do not
know each other! I am delighted
with the two little photographs of
you and Paul. You look so sweet

I could just hug you. You are so much
better looking than I am, and some
years younger too I believe?

I do want to see Pat & Oliver, Pat
must be getting so interesting & Oliver
& Nancy will love each other. You
will like Nancy, she so sweet & feminine.

When we come to California I hope
you will let me look after the
various young members of the family
while you go off on a trip with Paul
or Father or Mother. This is going to
be your vacation as well as ours.

I expect we shall have to arrange a
family conference about Peter and
see if something cannot be done to
relieve Father of so much anxiety
& responsibility concerning him.

With all the love in the world,
we shall be seeing you very soon now,

your loving sister
Dorothy.

1928

(Summer 1928)



Observation Car

En Route

My dear Betty.

We are still travelling - this line runs through particularly fine country. New Mexico has quite won my heart. Tonight we shall be in Sopoka and I should not wonder if your ears burn as we tell them of the happy times we have had with you. You & Paul were so good to us Betty dear. Wellie & I have been sitting side by side going over it all again. I am so happy, too, in being able

to picture you in beautiful Ahauacatlan
with the children having their luncheon
in the patio where the goldfish swim
"all about." And those five weeks,
brief as they seemed, have drawn you &
me close together for life. I feel so
rich in having a dear sympathetic
sister suddenly belonging to me.

The train makes it very difficult
for me to write as we roll through
the Kansas prairies, I doubt if you
will be able to read it. Even if

you cannot you will know at
least that I have tried to tell you
how much we are thinking of
you & thanking you, dear Betty.

And Nancy? I know she is getting
as much loving care as I could
ever give her. I do hope she is
happy.

With an ocean of love & thanks
to you & Paul,

Dorothy Welton.



866 Beacon St.
Newton Centre, Mass.

June 16. 1928.

My dear and Betty.

Now we are in Baden, missing our little Nancy very much, yet knowing she is happy with you a far better off than travelling with us. We had a perfect journey across & arrived here before we were the least bit tired of it. Topeka is lovely, & the country was so green & laden with wild flowers. The Currys are a dear family & made us so happy. They spoke warmly of you & Paul, and

Grandmother Bowman - well you
know her - tears of affection came into
her old eyes when we talked of you.

The next break was Chicago -
nearly a full day spent at the Field
Museum - giving me time to make
a sheaf of notes, although the
archeologist I had hoped to see is
in the field in Central America.

And then Boston. The whole
Bowman family is in fine shape.
Wilson has to put in full time
at the office. I have spent one
day at Harvard. The collection &

library are magnificent & I began
work there Monday. Unfortunately
all the archeologists are away on
leave. I want to secure a room
there and take a summer course
in German as well as do my own
work.

Next week Wilson begins his
return journey (alas!), I would
like to go with him as far as
Washington, but I do not believe we
ought to do it on account of the fare.

We see a big difference in the
Bowman boys. Since last time.
Two at least - Richard & Paul are

going to leave their marks on the
world - they are very individual &
clever boys. The other two are too
young yet to judge.

And all the time we are thinking
of Alladene & looking for news of
you all. Write to us Betty dear -
tell us about Pat & Nell & Nancy.
Is Paul quite well again? you
know what I want to hear about you!
Did Father get off on his trip all right?
Is the new woman good to Peter?

all the Browns send love to you,
and Wilson & I send an ocean,
lovingly to you & Paul.

Dorothy.

(The check is for last month & this.)



P.S.

Since unpacking here I have not been able to find our *Oniscus* separates & I rather believe I must have left them in Altadena. Would you be good enough, Betty, to look in the closet in our room in some yellow shirt boxes that are on the half shelf. If they are not there I cannot think where I have left them. If you do find them perhaps Paul would kindly put them in a large envelope in the office & direct them to me here. Apologizing for troubling you - many thanks. Doffy. P.T.O.

P.S.

Did you come across Dr. Van Wye's bill?



40 Peabody Museum of Harvard,
Cambridge. Mass.

June 23. 1928.

My dearest Betty,

How goes it with you all in
California? How is Nancy? I hope
she is behaving as she should.

Congratulations to Pat on his loose
teeth, it is the first sign of manhood.

Give my love to Holl. Thank
Karl for his letter. I should love

to know how things are with you,
if Sadie is still faithful. I know how
difficult it is to write when you have
so many things to do, so will abide
in patience till the opportunity comes.
Perhaps one weekend ~~you~~ when
Paul is in the desert you will find
a quiet hour for us after the children
are all in bed.

Wilson & I leave for Washington
Tuesday night unless he is delayed
in the office. We shall stop off in
New York for a day only, I think,
spending the evening with Herbert
& Lucile. I will not forget you

package for her. I do not know how
long our Washington visit will be,
less than a week no doubt; Wilson
then proceeds to Florida, thence
Cuba & Tula, & I return here of course.

I am having such a good time
hauelling into Cambridge each day &
returning in the evening. After returning
from Washington I hope to get a room
in or near the college grounds.

The library is particularly rich with
a fine collection of old & rare editions.
I have an office & telephone all to
myself (ahem!) so can work quietly
without interruption.

I have - - - -

Here Wilson interrupted by

coming into the room, the thought has fled my mind.

Betty gave me recently a little hat, a pair of socks & a pair of sand pile shoes. I believe you may find them useful for Nancy and will mail them to you. The shoes she will be able to wear without socks & save washing.

Wilsie says he wrote yesterday so has nothing to add.

With very much love to you & Paul & a big headache for Nancy. Love also to Emily & Bruce.

Your loving sister,

Dorothy.

July 8. 1928

My dear Pablo,

your Father tells
me that you are
taking great care of
Oliver and Nancy
and that you
bath them every

morning.

Also I hear you
have two loose
teeth. You are
growing up fast,
I wonder if I shall
know you when
I come to California

again in a month or two.

There is a napkin for your
dinner. It was made in Japan

Your loving

Grand Daughter.

JEABODY MUSEUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE, MASS., U.S.A.



1928



Master Oliver Popeue.

to Mr. Paul Popeue.

Altadena.

California.

July 8. 1928.

My dear Nell.

This is a letter
from your Aunt
Dorothy. I hope you
have not forgotten
her. She is sending

you a napkin to
use instead of a
bib our dinner time
when the food is
not so spilly.

With love & kisses

xxxxxx

from your loving
Aunt Dorothy.

M. Hagiwara
Japanese Sea Garden
Golden Gate Park, S.F. Cal





July 10. 1928.

My dearest Betty,

You poor little soul, I am so sorry you are having such a mean spell this time! There is no knowing how it will take you, is there? It is the most disgusting feeling I know of, and about the most difficult to cure. Is Sadie giving you all the help you need? Don't worry about a thing, and if Nancy is anything of a burden I will come out for her now or whenever you say. And don't dream of writing, Paul will give me the news of Current Events and your love.

Please thank him for his last. I am glad the grapes look promising, I saw some crates here to-day labelled Imperial Valley. Anta ought to be kicked the way they do it in the movie slap-stick comedies.

As for Nancy's legs, I do think an 'ist of some kind ought to be consulted. Tell him it is a tropical bug, that would yield there to no kind

8 sulphur compounds, but improved slightly with cadum. If you think a quartz lamp is the thing all right, provided there is no danger attached. It is a most tenacious complaint, she must have had it for nearly a year. I felt sure the change of climate would shake it.

Just now I am working on an old letter dated 1547 written by a Spaniard who, at the king's orders had travelled around Honduras. His report is hardly fit to read. How he loathed & despised ^{Honduras} it! The mud & the insects & bad roads & bad food! And it all sounds almost as though it might have been written yesterday, 400 yrs later. So little has the country progressed!

Wilson is now in Florida leaves about tomorrow for Cuba. Letters will begin being far between if not few now.

Paul tells me how good Pab has been with the other children & helping generally. Hope his ear trouble will be well in a day or two. Have you enough clothes & instruments for Nancy? My love to all three.

And an ocean to you & Paul. Get all the sunshine possible,
lovingly,
Doffy.

The food here isn't a patch on the Californian.

PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE
EIGHTEENTH & H ST. N.W.
E. C. OWEN
MANAGING DIRECTOR



FIREPROOF-EUROPEAN
CABLE ADDRESS
POWHATAN

Hotel
Powhatan

Washington, D.C.

July 3. 1928.

My dearest Betty,

Tonight I say goodbye to Wilma & take the train to Boston! We shall both work hard to take the edge off missing each other & little Raucy. There will probably be a note from you at the Peabody when I get there tomorrow. Thank you for your last which arrived just before I left for New York.

I am so delighted with your "prospects" Betty dear, all the good luck in the world to you. I do hope things are behaving perfectly that Raucy is as little trouble as most children of her age. Even if she still misses a little it is good for her to learn to be a little independent.

We had a delightful day & night in New York with Herbert & Lucile. They did it up brown for us.

Joan is a dear little soul - very independent like her mother. She is quite small - thinner & I should say shorter than Nancy. Lucile is in splendid health. Herbert says he is better than ever before. They have a nice car which Lucile bought, & a very tastefully furnished little apartment. Nevertheless I do not envy them having to live in New York.

I have just gone into our storage here & taken out some suits that were given me by Peter a while ago. I am mailing these to Father. They are pretty large still but a sweater & one or two of the smallest may be near his size.

Wilson will be going to Florida in all probability at the end of this week. My affairs are going swimmingly, thanks to you, Betty. We have just arranged for a four weeks course of mapping & surveying with the American Geographic Soc. in New York, at the end of August & beginning of September.

A load of love from Wilson & myself to you & Paul & the children.

lovingly yours.

Dorothy.

to Peabody Museum of Harvard,
Cambridge, Mass.

July 23rd. 1928.

My dearest Betty.

I do wonder so much about you
all the time, and hope you are
feeling better. Hearing nothing
from Paul makes me just a shade
anxious.

And Nancy. Of course I do want
to know about her. If she has not

already seen a doctor I think she had
better go when someone can find time
to take her. And she had better have
whatever he recommends. If he says
Cod liver oil or liver or meat, let
her have it. People do not all respond
alike to certain dietaries and perhaps
she needs more protein. Of course she is
in your hands and I have every faith
in you and Paul's judgement.

If he can spare time to send me a line
about her, I shall feel easier. No doubt, tho' one
is on the way now.

And Pablo, are his ears quite well again? That
was hard for him, poor little boy. And hell
how is he?

Please give my love to Emily. I am writing to her
quite soon to thank her & talk about Peter.

Take lots of care of yourself, Betty dear, & let Sadie
do all the work.

Your loving sister,

Dorothy.

To Peabody Museum of Harvard.

Cambridge, Mass.

Aug. 5. 1928.

Dearest Betty.

So many thanks for your nice
letter and the good news about
Nancy. I am so glad the children
are all able to have plenty of sunshine
& sun baths. How are Nancy's
legs behaving now I wonder?

Did she get her little sand pile
boys? I know there are already plenty
of boys like that in the garden
(already). but I thought it might
arouse their interest in the sand pile
to have something ^{new} for it again.

Do you know if Peter ever received
all the clothes I sent him? It was
just about the time that house-
keeper was running off with every-

thing and she might have appropriated
that package too.

I am delighted and relieved you
are feeling better. You must take
great care not to get too tired at any
time. Next month we shall be talking
about my second visit to you and
California!

With lots of love to you and Paul
the children,

your loving sister.

Dorothy.

R.T.O.

I am so pleased with the pink silk
dress you gave me and wear it to
work a great deal.

THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

15 GRAMERCY PARK

New York

N. Y.

Sept. 3. 1928.

My dearest Betty.

I am so snowed under with work I can hardly see straight, and have been trying to get a letter written to you for days.

You make me so happy with the news of Nancy. It is great she is so well and known, that Pab & Oliver are in a similar condition. Paul says you are pretty well now. I am so glad, and envy you being "that far along".

Did you like New York when you were here? I don't at all. New England and Boston have tremendous appeal for me, but this no. Maybe it's because all our friends are out of town & everything

is dead. I have not been able to see
Heibel & Lucile. They are in Pittsburgh.
I did have a brief telephone conversation
with them, that's all.

All day long I am occupied ~~at~~ tramping
the countryside taking "compass bearings
and barometrical readings" or sitting
at a table plotting maps. Every fine
evening we have a honoreury from 8-10,
that is my instructor & I, for there are no
other students.

I want to send Nancy something else,
but have been able to find nothing suitable.
Must try Woolworths again.

With loads of love and thanks to
you & Paul. Looking forward so much
to seeing you in a few weeks.

your very loving sister
Dorothy.

These kisses for Nancy.

xxxxxxxxxxx.

Shall be writing to father soon.

THE NATIONAL ARTS CLUB

15 GRAMERCY PARK

New York

N. Y.

Sept 13. 1928.

My dearest Betty.

Things are coming to a head!
I am now winding up all my work
here. To-day I received a preliminary
programme of the Congress. As far as
I can tell now, I may be able to get
away before the end of the week, and
get to Gettysburg about Thursday night
Sept 20. The following week I will
make for California my dear folks.
Spending only a day at New Orleans
en route. So I think you may see
me at Altadena before the end of the
month! I am nearly expiring from
homesickness yearning for Nancy
and my family. Don't let her forget
me; I know she loves you so much.

& she will have no use for me when
I arrive.

You are a darling to take such good
care of her; I am so glad she is as Paul
says she is.

And the news about Peter is wonderful.

My love to all of you, particularly
yourself and Nancy.

Your loving sister.

Dorothy.



c/o Tela Railroad Co.,

Tela, Honduras.

9 Oct. 1928.

My dearest Betty,

The only thing this (to me) dear house lacks, is writing ink. And as the mail goes out to-morrow I must resort to the typewriter.

Betty dear, you have taken the most wonderful care of Nancy. She is in splendid shape. I find she has grown a good deal, and am continuing what you began -- lengthening her brief skirts. She was not in the least

upset by the journey, and settled down happily at home.

I am glad to have your letter about her. She is eating well, better than on the boat, and sleeping peacefully. I have cut down the eggs as you suggested, giving her one now and then to encourage immunity. I have seen no sign of a rash on her legs since Father handed her over to me in New Orleans.

Yes, Grandfather was plucky to undertake to bring her. I still do not see how he managed her.

With regard to wetting by day or night, I believe she must have had some little psychological reaction while in

California - shyness or fear. From the

very first day in New Orleans she has not made a single mistake, except occasionally at night, and now I let her sleep without any diaper at all and the bed is dry in the morning. And she drinks constantly. Probably shyness accounted for it.

I was so pleased with her table manners on the boat, she sat up and helped herself and ate with the best of us. You have trained her well. Oranges and grapefruit have come into season here now and we have them delivered by the load. When they go out we shall have plenty of pineapples and mangoes.

Father's Talavera glass is a joy. It did not get broken in transit, and looks so pretty in this house of home-made

furniture and weavings.

I am so very glad that your strength ~~has~~ has come back at last and that you will not have any more trouble from now on. I was so sorry not to see you and Paul and all the family once again before going to far away. Do keep me in touch by photographs and letters. But not the latter unless you are really in the mood for it. I always understand, for letteriwriting takes up valuable time when you are so busy with the house and children.

With more thanks than I can ever express to you and a load of love frm Nancy and Wilson and myself,

Your loving sister,

Barth

answered

Polunited Fruit Co.

12 C.O. Nixon!

Guatemala City.

27 June 1932.

My very dear Betty.

I have run away from home this afternoon to spend a few uninterrupted moments at the office writing letters. It is extraordinary how useful a mother can be in the house & how little she is missed away from it. I have a telephone at my elbow in case of volcanic eruption, earthquake, fire or flood. The last seems most probable - how it can rain here where it has a mind to!

A thousand thanks to you, Betty dear for your delightful heartily-welcomed letter. We are thrilled about your news. Oct. 1 is not so far off now. I wish I could be with you to take the boys off your hands now and then. What are you going to call your little daughter? Yes. I of all people! can sympathize with you over Paul's leaving again. Wilson has been away nearly all the time with these last two.

So bad that you have not felt so well this time. Is there some definite trouble or just general malaise?

I am so pleased with the swap of Pat and John. Pat must be so much of a companion to you. I would ~~so~~ much rather spend the day with Nancy than with a lot of grown ups I know. John has a splendid face. He looks a dear in every photo. Wilson promises to bring some films from Launceston when he comes. Help me get some pictures of our little ones.

A short while ago I began considering seriously the possibility of coming up the West Coast with Nancy & Hugh this summer to see you all. My heart aches for poor little Peter. I long to see him again. And it is tantalizing not to see you and your boys. Now they have taken off all the steamers & see no way of making it within a reasonable limit of expense.

This week I am trying to get all the children vaccinated against diphtheria. There is a good deal in there, also typhoid. Do you consider it at all necessary in California? Pauline I will leave alone yet. She is now convalescing than I knew a baby could be, laughing & giggling all day long. She keeps up to average weight but not above it as the other all were. Would rather play than eat.

Do you know Betty, that yours was the only birthday letter
I received and it arrived on the day of my birthday.
It was so sweet and thoughtful of you to have
remembered it and to have written when you are so busy
and not feeling so well. It is hard work making
babies & the time seems interminable. ~~but~~ But when
it is over, you have the sweet smelling cuddly wee
thing in your arms - how good the world seems!

Pauline looks sort of red headed so far. I
cannot imagine red hair in the family. It will
probably go darker & then perhaps be sort of a chestnut
shade which I like. At least she has not white
eyelashes which so often go with red hair & white skin.

A heart full of love to you Betty dear, wishing that
the time may go quickly for you, to give you Paul
back again & your baby a tangible fact.

Lovingly yours.

Dorothy.

The old picture of Wilson is sweet. He must have been a
dear little boy. Thank you.



Sela. Honduras.

23 October. 1932.

My dearest Betty.

We are all so happy and
proud of you with your
fourth little son. A thousand
congratulations to you. The
name you have chosen is
so sweet - David - and
goes well with Popenco.

I do envy you all your fine
sours. There is nothing for it
now ~~for~~ but that we must
move to California - mix
up all the little boys
and all the little girls
and mother them jointly.

I do hope you are taking
great care of yourself at
this time and not attempting
so much. In my opinion
the six weeks of convalescence

are a most trying period, with
so many things crying out
to be done and so little
strength with which to meet
them.

Young David! Betty. I
really am awfully jealous
of you. Pauline is the
sunniest and most crowing
and gurgling of all our
babies and I adore her. But
before she came I had

dreamed of a son. Doesn't
it always work that way?

Congratulations also on
your clever announcement
card. It is the most pleasing
one I have ever seen.

All our love, Betty dear to
you and Paul in your
happiness, may David
find the world a most
satisfactory place full of
all the good things he may
wish for.

Lovingly yours
Dorothy

1932



Sela

12 December

My dear Betty.

A very Happy Christmas
to you and Paul and your
wonderful family of boys.
How is David coming along?
Following his brothers at a
respectful distance? They
must keep you very busy as
ours do me. This is my best

hour for letter writing - after
Lunch when they are all
asleep in their little beds
and Nancy is off at school
again.

I do hope you are feeling really
strong again now. It is too
bad that Doll will have to
have that operation, but as
you say most of us with
families have problems of one
kind or another. These last
three babies are strong, sturdy
youngsters and look somewhat

alike with their fresh complexion,
pink cheeks, blue eyes and
long dark lashes. Wilbur is
awaiting a new pack of films
from the States to take some
snaps. The weather has been
hopeless lately for photography -
last month alone we had
42 inches of rain - that
must sound a lot to a
Californian.

My Mother has just sent me
from England a number of
books we had as young

children. They bring back so
vividly memories that have
lain buried many years.

Even Marion enjoys some of
these stories.

I am much encouraged by
what you say of Peter. That
he really is improving is the
best news we could have.

With loving wishes to you
all,

affectionately as always
Dorothy.

The Theory of Life.

As this theory gradually evolved it seemed more and more clear to me that it is necessary to think of Life as one great indestructible whole, and to banish the common conception of lives as separate & complete entities.

Life, as it appears to me, is the greatest, most wonderful & complex of natural forces, but like all others it can be demonstrated only through certain suitable media. That is, it is ^{to} ~~always~~ was, & always will be, present, but in a state of suspension, ^{unless} ~~until~~ it can ^{express} ~~show~~ itself through ^{some} ~~a~~ suitable agent. Analogies are always helpful, ^{in this case} but we ought to find one here ^{outside} ~~we must leave~~ the organic or living world & ^{so seek an external viewpoint} ~~search in the inorganic~~. In the inorganic, for example, Electricity is a tremendous force, but as far as man's conception of it goes, it did not exist until he learned to use it, or rather demonstrate it, through suitable media. It might be considered to have been in a state of suspension until man learned to apply it. The electric bulb is in itself a weak object of glass & wire, but it is so constructed that when it is placed in contact with an electric current it gives light. A broken filament or other damage, & the current still applied is no longer demonstrated. Or, the bulb may be perfect, ~~but~~ but disconnected with the

current, there is no light.

So it seems to me with all living forms. While they remain in a state sufficiently perfect & ~~are still connected~~ to have not been disconnected from the current of life, they will demonstrate life, ^{i.e.} live. The current was first applied or rather carried on in the first uncellular stage, & will continue until either the body becomes damaged or imperfect, or life is suspended for a sufficient length of time ^{so} that it becomes disconnected. That is it cannot again connect with a perfect body, as after drowning or choking, though the object which disconnected life ~~was~~ be removed.

But the light shown in an electric bulb is not a separate entity though the bulb is, so with life, though our bodies are separate organisms they merely demonstrate one entire & indivisible power, life which in suitable conditions flows through them.

Hence, ~~our~~ so called souls, are not some larger or smaller than others. Ourselves merely demonstrate life less or more perfectly according to the adequacy of our bodies & the suitability of our surroundings.

According to the degree of development & perfection of the living organism, is the demonstration of life.

The human body with its highly developed brain is the greatest of the organisms, demonstrates life more brightly & deeply, & shows a ^{higher} attribute — consciousness. But the life demonstrated is not merely part of but is

the same as that demonstrated by monkeys, animals & all & living things including the very insects & plants.

Man is no special creation separated from other animals by possessing that thing which is the conception of his own mind — a soul. He is immortal in that life is immortal. When his body becomes inadequate life is no longer demonstrated in it, but life cannot die, not even that which ran through his body — it was never a portion separated from the great power life itself — life shone in him as in other organisms in the world — it does not become either broken up or less because his body is no longer fit to demonstrate it, any more than there is less electricity in the world because an electric bulb is broken. Nor is electricity confined to the demonstration of light alone, but for heating & all forms of power is it used. So life is demonstrated in & millions of ways — in all the beautiful & wonderful plant forms, forms in water, in the air & on the land, each with a different appearance, each with a different character & different needs, full of beauty, vigor & strength, while the living power runs through is demonstrated in their constant striving for the best, and as all as nothing when disconnected from ^{that power} life. Man being the highest form has it still in his nature to strive for higher

mings, & the history of a nation is the history of this striving, showing of body & of mind, the latter known as religion.

leaving the general history of religion alone, there are one or two religions which have survived centuries of test -

Christianity, Mohammedanism & Buddhism. The worship of a deity is the worship of a supreme power, & what seems supreme to a people, that does it worship, & call God. Christ, Mohammed & Bhudda were each acclaimed as the 'son of God', & the super man. In reality each of these men demonstrated life, which is the supreme power & therefore God, in a more complete & fuller manner than the his fellows. They were more nearly true life & therefore worshipped as divine.

Each was an example of the 'perfect man', even called gods. How do we treat the imperfect man? Let us for the moment share the common belief - that ~~we~~ we are superior beings & that a priori we have souls. How do we account for those whose demonstration is distorted? If the imbecile has a soul, being a man he must have (unless of course he belongs to a coloured race) in what way is he carrying out the will of a loving God or demonstrating his goodness? What happens to the personality of the brave & lovable man who gave more than his life to save others in the war, and then was kept for the rest of his life in a padded room, because, his brain being damaged, he became no more than a ghastly caricature of his former self? Can his soul, (we are given

21
This span of life for the purpose of saving our souls) be dependent upon mortal existence in such a form? And if an unbelieved has a soul, is the same denied to a lovable, intelligent & faultful dog? Where is the soul of the babe who died unborn, can that be an entity as full as the soul of the man who has lived & struggled & died? The whole conception in such a form ludicrous, more over it is horrible enough to blacken the horizon of any who seeks for higher thoughts, commonly termed religion, and have it presented, even in childhood, in such a form.

It is all so sickening & discouraging. Our conception being distorted in such a way - what honors do we see & suffer? Life devouring life, the vicious greedy spider sucking the blood of the unwary fly, birds tearing to pieces beautiful & dainty butterflies, hordes of caterpillars devouring our helpless trees, man covered with blood in the reeking air of the slaughter houses, & worse, still worse the crimson battlefield. This picture, our world, the beautiful gentle & loving world that ~~gladdens~~ clothes herself with beauty before our eyes, that fills our nostrils with delicate perfume & our ears with the sweetest sounds! The world is all right & demonstrates wonder & beauty on every hand. It is ^{man's} ~~the~~ conception that is warped.

A clear idea of the unity & indestructibility of life
will straighten our vision & we see this —

that one is not killed that another may live. It is
the same life ~~shining~~ throughout shining with
greater brilliancy through the forms whose vigor &
health is best maintained. These must be maintained
at the expense of the lesser forms, the earth being of
limited area & the available food material therefore
limited also. To produce a maximum field crop for
the use of man, we must first destroy the natural
vegetation & keep down all insect pests. In this way
equilibrium is maintained, life flourishes & man
is fed at the expense of the insects & natural vegetation.
Therefore should man in his health & vigor demonstrate
life more clearly & pave the way for higher forms
of life, the descendants (or ascendants) of his progeny.
So the story of evolution unfolds, life shines more
clearly & brightly in those forms which more nearly
approach the perfect and whose existence is maintained
at the expense of the less perfect forms.