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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.

Miami, Fla., Feb. 7th 1916.

Dear Folks:

Inote that pretty nearly every time Herb writes to us he states that he has a new typewriter; well, he hasnt got nothing on me, for I have just sent back my No 4 Underwood and got a No 5, wh has more keys on it, but the touch is just a bit stiff.

Things are lively in this burg nowadays. Yesterday and it Sunday DF and I took photos with his long-barrelled camera in the morning, I cooked dinner for Dr Harris and myself at noon, we went down south 20 miles in the am with a man from NY, and Mrs Simmonds had us all for dinner in the evening.

Incidentally, she told DF that she thought the J of H was rotten, and she didnt see what they had a young man to edit it for anyway. wh caused Daisey Bell to look over in my direction and wink slyly.

When we were at <sup>dinner</sup> ~~dinner~~ the talk turned to matrimony, and Mrs Simmonds looked at me and said "Isnt Paul thinking of getting married before long", and DF, without giving me a chance to reply, broke forth in a positive tone "Oh, NO!". You see, Paul isnt 35 yet, and he, DF,---. I seized the opportunity at another time to tell DF that if I ever heard him accuse me of having any intentions re the Rolfs I would throw up my job and sign on with CF Baker, for words to that effect. Anyway. he said he didnt really mean it, &c.

I guess Simmonds mind is getting weak. This morning he and I were looking at the avocados, and he started in to quote me an imaginary letter from PHD re avocados, and finished up

with "Trusting that the work at the new garden is progressing nicely, and with best regards, I am Yours very truly P H Dorrsett". You see, he failed to add "Plant Introducer in Charge of Plant Introduction Field Stations."

Kraus 02 have shown up by this time, but hasn't. Funny how all these chaps get here several days late. DF says he is a very young man, only about 24, but I'll bet he is nearer 30.

Ruth Sulzner called me up this a.m. to invite me to a dance down at Coconut Grove Thursday evening, and of course I accepted. Hope Dot and the rest don't hear about it. It is risky work, this trying to maintain 3 or 4 girls in one small town the size of Miami. I dropped in at Sunnyoaks the other day, after having seen nothing of any of them for 1/0 days, and Yvonne said she was afraid I was mad. I don't have time for the girls any more, and don't need em, with Dr Harris for company. That man is OK: He comes from Kansas Univ.

Daisy Bell wants me to find a little piece of land near the new garden and go in with them on a little bungalow camp. Maybe I'll do it. Dunno.

Daisy Bell came out this morning saying that Paul was taking care of her children, wh information was later verified by Paul in a letter to me. She and DF are staying with the Simmonds as I wrote you. I wish they could hear a few of the things Mrs S will say about them after they are gone.

Lots of rain here too, and lots of work, so au revoir

Wilt

Miami, Fla., Feb. 8th 1916.

Dear Folks:

E J Kraus of Corvallis, Ore., blew in yesterday at noon, in a drizzling rain, and phoned out from the Green Tree, so I went into town and brought him out in a rig. He is a fine chap, but inasmuch as he has been at Corvallis 7 yrs I guess he is slightly over 23, as DF stated. He is putting up with us, and we now have a full house. I do most of the cooking, wh seems to suit everybody (of course it wouldnt suit Paul or DF, both being particular), and in fact Dr Harris remarked feelingly this noon, when I sat him down to mutton chops, fried sweets, cream gravy et al "God Bless the man who can cook". You see Herb is not the only smart member of the Popenoe family after all, tho he might lead you to think so; at least he doesnt allow you to overlook the fact that he is smart for very long at a time.

We were all going out to the new garden this pm, that is, the men folks were, but we wanted Mrs F to go to, so Mrs S got an idea she had to go; therefore I stayed at home, as the Haute only 'clds five, and Dr Harris and I put up specimens all afternoon. I can see Daisy Bell sort of wishes she hadnt come out to live with Mrs S. She told me confidentially this morning that she felt they were imposing on Mrs S, and tho the latter always treated them very nicely, she thot it was hardly fair to put her to so much work, etc. Daisy Bell is alright, and dont you forget it. She and I are getting to be good friends, and if she stayed here a

little while I and she would get pretty intimate.

*I greatly enjoyed the good  
from Mrs Stone*



Df got two telegrams this morning telling him that his bro was going to NY and Paul was staying with the family, so I guess it must be true. Daisy Bell shivers whenever a telegram shows up, for fear something has went wrong with the kids.

Paul, DF says re that bill for cuts for Simpson's book, that Deering wrote you a long time ago that he had instructed his secy to honor checks wh you would draw on him up to the amt of the sum he is giving for the book. He seemed a bit uncertain about it, however, and I dont think you better do anything with the bill until you get further word. I will advise you. Probably DF will speak to Deering about the matter within a few days. He says he is going to stay here 8 days yet, and if you can get Simps~~ons~~ plate proof to us by that time, do so, and we will go over the plate captions and show the whole thing to Deering, wh he wants me to do anyway. If you dont get the proof in time to catch him here you bet er hold it until he gets back to Washn.

Dr Harris rem~~y~~inds me continually of Paul in the manner of our conversation, e g, he will look up seriously and state "referring to your previous proposition, that we indulge in a few boiled tubers of I. batatas L, I desire to state that the same meets with my unreserved approval", and he is a bear cat at good puns.

Well, the Simmonds gas bill is running pp mighty fast these days. Hoping yours is not the same, I am

Come siempre

Miami, Fla., Feb 10, Thu. [1916]

Dear Folks:

Just about to go down town with Kraus for lunch, and will write you a few lines before I start. DF, Simmonds and I have just come back from Masa Isle, and Kraus and I are going to Hickson's grove this pm to work on themangos. Things are very interesting here just now.

DF just asked me to see if I couldnt get a Ford in town wh we could rent by the day. They have been driving around in the Simmonds car, but this morning, evidently, Mrs S put up a howl and they think they ought to cut it out. I dont wish em any harm, but I am just a bit glad that they are gettin an idea of the way Mrs S can cut up, so they can better appreciate my position. Ma, Mrs S hasnt bothered me much this yr, for the reason that I havent seen much of her; having company here at the lab I havent been near her much, and furthermore, not having to go to the house for my mail I escape a 30 min talk twice a day. She has said a few mean things but I have ignored them entirely, and intend to keep on doing so. Theres not use letting these little matters interfere with ones work or one's peace of mind.

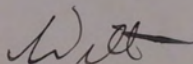
Paul, me lad, you done me wrong. Tell that dear sister Anna that I have only read the letter she wrote me when I first came down here, and I answered that a few days ago. If she has written me two here, then one has went astray. Dont let her call off that invitation on any such weak pretense.

Thanks, FF, for the advice re the botanical descriptions which meets with my own ideas on the matter, and I will go ahead along those lines.

There is no doubt about it, -Allah is merciful. I am just about out of those good Cuban envelopes, and had begun to thrash my brain in an attempt to figure out a way to get some more free stock, when Kraus announced that he wanted to go over to Cooba for a few days, and I struck him to go along and show him the stights. It seemed to suit him to a T, so I put it up to DF, and he acquiesced so we will go over about the end of next week, for a week's trip, or something of that sort. I plan to take in Habana, Stgo de las Vegas, Barle at Herradura, and Guanahey. It will make me a dandy trip and I am just crazy to see the island again. Besides, I am out of fans, and I know Paul will want to give one to Anna.

Going to a dance at Coconut Grove tonight, as previously advised. Hoping you are the same,

Soy de Uds





Miami, Fla., Feb 11 1916.

Dear Folks:

Raining today. Just occurs to me that I might write you a few lines to include several items wh I forgot yesterday.

1, I appeared in the Criminal Court of Dade Co. last Tuesday to offer expert testimony in the case of the state of Fla vs Wilfred Brown, colored, charged with maliciously and wilfully entering the orchard of George B Cellon, and stealing and taking away certain avocado pears. The poor soon got 2 yrs in the state pen, and if the jury that tried him had been trying me I should certainly have plead guilty and had it over with. Six worse looking toughs were never found in Dade county. I thot they O 2 give Brown about 6 mos, but when I talked to the judge about it afterward he said he wished he hadn't been so easy on him; thot he ought to have ten years, since these niggers were too fresh, anyway.

Sure, Paul, I will be glad to have the dope on the rumman, as I want a chapter on that subject, of course.

This morning I brot up the question of Guatemala or College with DF, and he stood out for Guatemala. Said Taylor had agreed to my going, and somebody would have to go, so it had bette be a man who had some experience with avocados. He has in mind a second man for the trip, and I suspect I will get stung, but I will wait and see what turns a p. He said to put college off for another yr, and to plan definitely on taking it then.

Paul, me lad: When I appeared last night, dressed for the dance, in Tux with standing collar, Daisy Bell took me off in the corner and told me it wouldnt do to wear a standing collar with a black tie. I told her you had put your OE on it, and that I had seen a lot of em at the Ngal Psm, but to keep peace in the family I came home and changed. Saw several men at the dance who had standing collars with Tux. Now, is our civilization a failure, or is the Caucasian played out?

The dance was quite a big affair,--about 100 present, and given at one of the biggest houses on the bay below town. Met a lot of Miami folke, some of whom I wanted to know,--others nix. But say, wa, pls dont let Ruth Salzner worry you; Oh Gee! They aint nothing to it, Paul knows that. And be-lieve me, I dont unbosom myself to her, and everything is alright. She has sort of an hard time of it because she is fat, and nobody loves a fat man, so I dont mind giving her a good time or two, and am running no risks.

DF and Daisy Bell are somewhat concerned for fear Paul will run off with Miss Senner, but I told Mrs F that the girls that c caught Paul would have to be a fast runner.

You aint the only ones who have troubles of their own. Brother



Christian Jeremiassen, he who is inclined to lack mental brilliancy, is now viewing the passing traffic on Avenue H from the interior of the Dade county jail, his vision being somewhat impeded by parallel horizontal and transverse bars. He had been knocking around with an old chap named Warfield, who was thot to be somewhat nutty himself, and who was hauled up Wed for smuggling in chinamen in from Cuba, and Christian had to go along with him. It all came out in the papers yesterday and today, and Mrs J figured pretty prominently, so I thot it was a good time to make a call there and show them that I wasnt going to throw them over because of the affair. They explained it to me at length, and as far as I can see ~~it~~ it is just another case of a slick old crook using the boy as a tool, and Mrs J says he, Christian, is only going to be held to turn states evidence, and will then be turned free. Naturally, they feel pretty badly cut up over it, anyhow. I have a good deal of respect and sympathy for Mrs J, as she has a pretty big load to carry. The girls urged me to come around Monday for dinner, but I told em I couldnt a/c my company. They appear to think a good deal of me around there even yet, and they appear to have no other friends among the younger social set, insofar as males are concerned. When I get settled here slong once more I will have to blow em to the movies sometime, just to show em a big night.

DF and I tried to work his big camera again this morning, on some trees in the garden, but it will require some improvement before it is really praktische. He saw several things thru the hood which were weird, ghastly, and romantic, and explained several different times just what was the matter with the d--n thing, but the fact remains that it doesnt work any too well as yet. It seems to be Crandall's fault, of course.

Dr Small is going back to N<sup>a</sup> tomorrow or Sunday. DF will probably stay here until the middle of next week. Kraus and I may go to Cuba by Tuesday. You will keep right on sending my mail here, of course, as I wont be gone more than a week or so.

Paul, I enc a list from Dave Sturrock; he wants to get copies of the papers listed, and would like to know the addresses of the authors, so he can write em for separates. Do you think this is practical? If so, pls furnish them if you can. If not, pls suggest the best way for him to get the things he wants.

Lovingly,

Will

[Feb. 14]  
St. Valentines Day, 1916.

Dear Folks:

Once more I find myself drowned in the seas of obligation, bowed down under the burden of gratitude. On this bright St Valentines morning, the little postman brought me a great big box of Betty Schneider's selects, wh the same brought joy and gladness to not only my own heart, but likewise the hearts of J Arthur Harris, and Ezra Jacob Kraus. Brother, you are all there, and when you run for secretary of agriculture I will support you. That candy is strictly and thoroly allright, and up to the brag. Come again.

I've been so busy these last ten days that I have never been able to find time to write MBP a birthday letter, tho I've been thinking of doing it on various occasions. Sorry, mother dear. I'll have to make up for it when I get back from Coova and settle down to the simple life again.

Yesterday morning Dr Harris, Kraus and I went out to Simpsons, and in the pm to the beach, where we photographed plants upon the strand and made various phytogeographic observations. Had a big day, and a thoroly enjoyable one, but didnt get home until 8.30 pm.

This morning we hung around here, and at 12 went down south 18 mi in Deering's little Ford, with Simpson along, to get some photos and other things. Just came back. I suspect Kraus and I will start for Cuba Wednesday. We have to see Mr Deering tomorrow. Kraus is anxious to get started, so I dont want to hold him back any more than necessary.

This morning I called on the Jeremiassens and found them feeling pretty blue over Christian's state.

He has got to stay in jail about a month before the trial comes up and he can give his testimony. I also found that today was Yvonne's birthday, and they urged me to come around to supper tonight, so after refusing several times I finally decided to accept. Maybe I can cheer em up a bit by going. They certainly have troubles of their own.

Guess I told you that I had talked with DF re future plans, and he seems to be set on the Guatemalan trip this summer, so I agreed to go, tentatively. Paul, I suspect when DF gets back he will alarm you on the subject of my matrimonial possibilities in Miami, for I think Mrs Simmonds has been filling them pretty full, but just take it from me, -when I want any advice on matrimonial subjects I go to the editors of great scientific magazines, and abide by their decisions, just as all good men and true are in the habit of doing.

And say Paul, that was a dandy comic valentine you send in the candy box. I have it on the mantel.

And says agin, - I hope by this time you will have learned that I have written to Anna, and all is forgiven. If not, why not?

Daisy Bell read me a letter from Miss Sennar, in wh she gave an account of Gretchen's visit, and what they all did. Very thrilling. Paul figured very prominently, of course.

Well, I gotta sweep up the floor now, and then take a shower and dress for dinner. Paul, diga me una cosa: Are white buxkin shoes better than canvas, or vice vera, as Simmonds says? I've got to buy a pair of white shoes soon, and dont know wh to choose.

Always yours

Will



Miami, Wednesday morning, Feb 18th. (1916)

Dear Folks:

This is Custer's last stand; Kraus and I are ready to start for Cuba on the 11. 20 a m train. DF got a letter from Dorsett intimating that I had spent considerable time in Cuba these last few years, and expressing surprise that it should be necessary for me to go again, but Dorsett doesn't realize that a trip to Cuba is no more important affair than a trip from here to Tampa. DF says the psychological effect of going abroad is a very important thing, and must be borne in mind when dealing with the home office.

We have bid the Fairchild's adieu, as they went up to the new garden with Simmonds about an hour ago. Coming down to the gate Mrs F confessed to me that I was the first person she had ever known that Mrs Simmonds had not knocked; she says Mrs S had never said anything but good of me. This naturally pleased me a good deal. DF left me with a last solemn warning to look out for the girls, and I assured him that I had my eye on the ball and was going to keep it there. He says he wants me to get up a mango bulletin to go to press when I come back to Washington July 1st. I cited the incident of our Brazilian bulletin, and he said this would be an entirely different sort of thing and wouldn't have the same difficulty getting thru.

Got a letter from Paul this morning. And I say, Paul, if DF comes back with any suspicions in his mind concerning the possibility of my forming any entangling alliances down here, please take radical steps, if necessary, to dispel them. And day again; when I was dining at Sunnyoaks Valentines day I left my big box of Betty Schneiders on the mantel and when I got home DF had been over and made pretty heavy inroads on it. When he didn't do to it the three of us did, and as a result that box is now defunct. Hope to make the next one last longer, -if there is any next one.

FOP: The seed grafting method looks good to me. Our grafts havent had quite enough time to get a good start, but are coming out, and I think the method is going to give a very high percentage of successes. I hate to see you use West Indian seeds, as the roots might be tender, but still I think it is well worth a good trial. There are a good many more avocados in Cuba than P R, and I think you can get seeds in Habana, by buying the fruits, at about \$15 per M. Will inquire about it while I am over there and try to get someone lined up for you. If you got the big seeds in July or August you ought to be able to graft them in one month from planting, and get your grafts started before winter. You cant secure any seeds in the W I at this season; I dont know what the season is in Tahiti, but Cuba looks like the best opportunity to me, in view of the great quantities of avocados there.

Yes, Ma, cut back the lentans if it looks dead, and see if it comes out again. We can well afford to lose it, anyway.

I didnt see very much of the Fairchilds while they were here, because Deering and others have kept them on the run a great deal, and I have devoted much of my time to Kraus, but on the whole I am satisfied, and more. Daisy Bell is certainly OK. Dr Harris bemoans our going, inasmuch as it means the cessation of daily asparagus on toast.

Well, I'm off to Cuba for some more envelopes, so au revoir

*Walt*



Miami, May 9th 1916.

Dear old Dad:

I just got back from the beach and found letter from Santa Barbara. Somehow or other, the sight of your handwriting (which I don't see very often) did me good, and when I read the letter I felt gooder still.

It was so typical of you all through, and so full of sound Christian ideas, that I just couldn't help sitting down to tell you how much I appreciated it. Yes I am going to stand by Balling, for he hasn't another real friend in this country,

and I will try to keep his accounts  
so straight that no one can ever  
get me. I put \$2000 in the Savings  
Bank at Washn, and \$300 I had  
to pay his Sanitarium bills in the  
near future. That is all he has.

Dear old Dad, you will never know  
what your example has meant to  
me here. I don't live up to what  
you have taught me by precept -  
I wish I did, but once in a  
while I get a chance like this  
Billing case, and then I say to  
myself, "Now what would father do  
if he were here?" - and then  
I go ahead and do it. I do not  
look on such things as a burden

either, but as an opportunity. You have taught  
me that too.

No boys ever have such parents as ours. I  
don't ~~feel~~ you show much appreciation you  
and love you, but we only do think that  
words of you lack. If any of us ever amount  
to anything in this world, it will be because  
of the start you have given us.

I'm afraid the classification committee of the  
Assocn are not going to get very far with  
that journal. Wilson and ~~and~~ are the



only 2 that know a Guatemala from a Map,  
and I guess even they are sure about it.  
I sort of feel, however, that we have had our innings  
and will have to let the others in now. - The  
thing is too big for us to keep the lead in every  
detail. We have ~~set~~ our stamp on the avocad<sup>o</sup>  
industry, & will continue to hammer away, but  
I suspect we will see ourselves put in the minority  
pretty soon. Some day, when the industry is <sup>big</sup> growing, and  
petty jealousy has died-out, we will get the  
credit due us for our pioneer work.

Your devoted son  
Will.

Carbon copy to Capt. Popenoe  
for his information.

Tapachula, Chis., Nov. 18, 1918.

Dear Folk:

This is the last letter you will receive from me dated Tapachula, Chis. It may be for years and it may be for ever. Day after tomorrow, at the early hour of 4.30 (Mexico City time) I shall climb on board the Pan American, primero Dios y la Virgen, and will climb off again at La Zacualpa to spend one day with Mr Ker, who is still somewhat laid up from a recent attack of fever. I shall then continue my journey, rumbo Veracruz.

These past few days have been full of excitement. As I may have written you, when Hedin came up to the finca the other day he brought a cable to the effect that the Germans had signed an armistice and the war was over. I could not believe it, and as it so transpired, it was ~~accuracy~~ in reality a false alarm after all,--the "canard" of November 7th, which I understand was sent out by the United Press, two days earlier than the armistice was really signed. On the way down I talked with Archie Vallance, a pro-German scotchman (he says "I am friendly to all sides, but d--n the English") and he naturally made out a strong case for the German side,--that Von Hindenburg had taken the helm and the Germans were going right on fighting. But when I reached Tapachula I found several more recent cables and it really appeared that after all an armistice was imminent. And since then we have had full confirmation, and we all assume that the Great War is a thing of the past. This morning the German propoganda sheet "Informaciones Inalambricas" (so called because it contains no information and has no wireless service) reached Tapachula and it states tha the war is over; so when it appears in the German papers we can feel pretty confident that the armistice is actually signed. The Inalambricas makes out a beautiful case for Germany,--she isnt licked, she took compassion on the Allies, and says that the terms of the armistice which we have had from the Associated Press are "pure inventions" but we shall see what we shall see. It is going to be mighty hard for the Germans to convince the Mexicans that they have really come out on top, but no doubt a good many of the latter will at least consider the war a deadlock. I trust when the terms of the armistice are definitely known it will develop that they are of such a nature that no doubt can be left as to who is getting the long and who the short end of the deal. I have no doubt they are such, for as we understand it, Germany has capitulated.

There has been no celebration here, nor any show of enthusiasm on the Allies side, because the Allied colony is pretty blooming small here, but we have talked the thing over pretty thoroly these last few days and naturally we all feel mighty



jubilant. The end has come so suddenly that I can not yet bring myself fully to realize that the war is really over. Perhaps it isn't. We can not be certain Germany won't put something over on us until most of the German materials of war are actually in our hands.

They are telling here a good story on Juan Huthoff, the head of the German propaganda in this region. Juan has been sick in bed for some little time, and they say when the news came that the Kaiser had abdicated and Germany had capitulated he called his wife and told her to give him his revolver, that he was going to kill himself. His wife refused. He urged, saying that there was nothing for him to live for, and he was going to end it all. "Then" said his wife "get up and get your revolver, if you want it". "No", said Juan "I might catch cold".

The rainy season is over down here, and the air is getting clearer. Yesterday afternoon, just at sundown, we had a glorious view down into Guatemala. Santa Maria stood up as clear as day, and on down beyond it I could clearly discern the symmetrical cone of the Volcan de Atitlan, which I have often viewed from the heights between Guatemalan City and Antigua, and more closely on several occasions when I rode along the northern shore of Lake Atitlan. Viewing those familiar peaks from this side of the frontier gives me an inexplicable longing to go back to Guatemala and take to the saddle again, but I suppose were I to do so I would be much less happy than I anticipate.

Travel in the Guatemalan highlands was exceedingly interesting and there is some splendid scenery, but after all, the hard, dusty days in the saddle, the brick floors to sleep on at night, and the scarcity of white man's fodder take a lot of the pleasure out of Guatemalan travel. After one has been thru it he forgets the unpleasant parts and thinks of nothing but the agreeable side of it.

When I reached Tapachula the other day about 1.30, -day before yesterday, -I went around to see Mr Stevenson, H B M's Vice and DC, and he invited me to stop with him for the few days I am going to be in town. Hedin is up on the fincas and will not be down, unless it is tomorrow night to accompany me to Zacualpa, which he wants to do but probably will not realize. So I have been living with Mr Stevenson, and he has a mighty fine layout. The first house I have been in for some time which really looks like a home, and he has an excellent chinese cook who has been with him 16 years. We live like white folks. As a matter of fact, I have had no occasion whatever to complain of the food during the past two months, except on a three days' trip to the finca Irlanda, where we got down to tortillas and frijoles. When you can live on white man's grub travel down here is anything but disagreeable. I guess I place more emphasis on the food question than do lots of other Americans, but I must say it takes most of the joy out of travel for me to have to live on T and F, -tortillas and frijoles.

I am going up to dinner now. My next will be from somewhere up the line.



# GRAN HOTEL LUZ

de  
FLORENTINO MENÉNDEZ

OFICIOS. 35

APARTADO  
PO BOX 324

TELÉFONO  
TELEPHONE | A-1466

Habana, 22 de Febrero de 1916

Dear Folks:

Here we are again, back at the Luz! Been here several days too, but I haven't had an opportunity to write until this afternoon when Kraus went out under Mr Foster's personal guidance, along with a lot of other tourists, to see the Proceñera sugar mill in operation. I stayed here to do some errands and go to the Jardín Botánico. We have 2 days more here - Hgo. de las Vegas again tomorrow & Guanajay on Thursday, then back to Miami.

We have been on the quips ever since we got here, and are both somewhat cansado, but the next 2 days won't be so hard on the last. We have had a mighty satisfactory trip so far, and seen a lot of things. Out on Friday & Saturday at Hgo., went out to Herradura Sunday morning and stayed with the Earles until last night.

But the big event thus far has been seeing Don Gonzalo. He welcomed me like a long lost friend, and we discussed





# GRAN HOTEL LUZ

de FLORENTINO MENENDEZ

ONGIOS, 33

APARTADO  
PO BOX 324

TELÉFONO  
TELEPHONE A-1466

Habana, de \_\_\_\_\_ de 19\_\_

Our mango trip of last summer, and then he invited me to dine with his family here in town - when I had such a big time last summer. Kraus didn't want to go very badly, but he was game, & I knew it was a rare opportunity for him to see something of Cuban life. After he got there he warmed up and enjoyed it immensely. They fed us until my barriga hurt, and then the girls played and danced, and finally Kraus started in to teach them the fox trot, which consumed quite a lot of time. Luckily, I had sent the 2 girls post-cards one or twice since I was there last summer, so my credit was good. Susana played all my old favorites and a lot of new ones, and sang me several touching little ditties. Gonzalo and I started to sing the Cuban national anthem, and he forgot the words about half way thru, so I finished strong all alone, which troubled the family somewhat. Susana taught me a messy symposium little Spanish ditties, on which



# GRAN HOTEL LUZ

de  
FLORENTINO MENENDEZ

ONGIOS, 33

APARTADO  
PO BOX 324

TELÉFONO  
TELEPHONE A-1466

Habana, de \_\_\_\_\_ de 19\_\_

the 1<sup>st</sup> verse goes thusly:

Dicen que no nos queremos  
porque no nos ven hablar.  
Si a tu corazon y al mio  
si lo pueden preguntar,  
Entre dos que bien se quieren,  
no necesitan palabras  
¿ como ha de decir la boca  
lo que dice una mirada?

How does that strike you Paul? and say, Paul,  
I got the rest of our test phrase, thusly.

Erre con erre, cigarro  
Erre con erre, barril  
Rápido corre los carros  
con el ferrocarril.

Try that on your piano.





# GRAN HOTEL LUZ

de  
FLORENTINO MENÉNDEZ

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Habana, de \_\_\_\_\_ de 19\_\_

Habana is infested with tourists, and the prices on fare etc are up in G. As a result I am not buying anything except some dulces and a small market to replace the Brazilian one that I got Francisco's last fall. Dulces and markets are about the same price in tourist season + out of it.

Dropped in to the Bateria where I bought those sweet sticks last summer. The proprietor insisted on talking to me in English so I got offended and didn't stay long. He wanted \$3.00 for a lot which were poorer than the one I got for \$2 in July, and 80¢ fare is now \$1.50.

We have sampled most of the Cuban beers and soft drinks. Krumm gets away with them bravely, but doesn't drink them all. I have found where to get 1<sup>st</sup> class Horchata now, & it is a good drink.

I'll send this letter to Pucc & let him send it on home as soon as he reads it. My next will probably be from Miami again, about Sat or Sunday.

Loungly Hill

Miami, Sta Feb 26 1916.

Dear Folks:

Got back here this morning, after the roughest trip across which I have yet struck. As Gonzalo says, I was almost sick. Kraus and I both retained a recumbent position all day, and having eaten nothing but cafe con leche and a slice of toast in the morning had nothing to lose, and didn't lose even that.

Found a scad of mail here, wh I havent gone thru very thoroly as yet. DF has come back here to close the deal for their property at Coconut Grove, and will leave tomorrow night with Kraus. I havent seen DF yet but will do so this afternoon. Simmonds says he is as pleased over that place as a boy with his first pair of trousers.

Got a letter from Dorsett proesting against my going to Cuba, on the grounds that it wasnt necessary, but unfortunately it didnt reach me in time, since I have already went. Kraus and I both think the trip was highly profitable, and we certainly didnt waste any time while over there.

Paul, I am glad Shamel took the pitanga article without choking. When will it appear? And say, that letter to your Caloutta friend will make his eyes water. It is a masterpiece. Bet he will carry it around in his turban as long as he lives. I brot back one piece of sheet music from Habana, - Maria Mari! in Italian; it is all the rage in Habana now and is very pretty. Do you know anybody who will play it fo you if I send it up, or shall I hold it till I come?

I'm never going to Habana again in Tourist season.

Doc Harris will probably be here another week. After that it will be quiet and I will get more work done than at present, I hope.

Oh, I say, Paul! Those movie favorites, when cut out and pinned up on the wall, will make me a beautiful frieze. Many thanks, and come again.

Paul, Kraus will probably call on you in Washn, tho I am not sure of it. He will only be there one night, probably.

Sunday afternoon: Got this far yesterday and Mr Fairchild came in, so I had to stop. Now it is Sunday pm and he is down at Coconut Grove fixing up his place, Kraus has gone off somewhere, and Doc Harris and I are holding down the fort. I have just changed my dryers on the plants-I brot from Cuba for my herbarium.

Mr F took me down to his place yesterday afternoon. It is a fine property, 8 acres, on the water front next to Doc Gifford, for wh Mrs Fairchild paid \$25000 cash. There is a good little house on it and a lot of old fruit trees. It will make a spääddid winter home, and when DF fills it up with rare plants it will be a wonder. He is surely tickled over it.

Doc Harris and I are going down to the end of the mainland in a day or two to get some photos of mangrove swamps. Later I have to go down to Royal Palm Hammock to take some photos wh DF wants to show Grosvenor for the Natl Geographic, and then I have to go down with Simpson to get some for his book on the upper keys. I seem to be developing into official photographer for the local scientific colony. I would tell you



all about my ability as a photographer, except for the fact that you will know, from having heard of Herb's and Paul's remarkable superiority in every line, that I must do well in whatever I take up.

Mrs Simmonds had us all over for supper last night, and Prof Rgl's was there too, but I didnt get to say much to him. We have a big scientific colony here, I tell you.

I want to ride in town and mail this now. Have so many things on my mind that I dont know whether I will get anything at all done these next few days. I feel that I have gotten a whole lot from association with Dr Harris; he is one of the most thoroly enjoyable men I have ever been with, and a real scientist, so that I feel I profit by his company. At least, it beats having to listen to Edwards story about the little seeds in pots that grow into great big trees and bear fruits. Dear Mr Dorsett, I am sending you by this mail.

Paul, DF is taking Simpson's book proof with him. I suppose he will bring it back when he comes, about Mar 5th.

Lovingly,

Witt

11/16  
Miami, Sunday morning March 5th.

Dear Folks:

Guess <sup>1</sup> will have time to write a few lines before Doc Harris and I go over to the garden to collect some avocado leaves. I have been at work with him since we came back from Royal Palm Hammock Friday night. Simpson came along yesterday morning and wanted me to go to Key Largo with him for 3 days, and when I told him I didnt feel that I could leave the work here it nearly broke him up. But Dr Harris and I (mainly the Doctor, naturellement) are collecting a lot of material of the different types of avocado, and are going to show that there are distinct physiological differences between the types. I think it is going to make a good subject for a short paper, and hope it will, as it will give me another whack at the subject of types and help to impress our classification upon the public. We are going to make that classification stick fast.

We spent two days on the Royal Palm Hammock trip. It didnt pan out quite as well as we expected, and I havent seen my photos yet (of wh I took 30) but if they turn out fairly well I wont kick. However, I am practically certain that they wont be suitable for the Natl Geographic; there are not enough good subjects down there. You cant take many good photos in a tropical jungle.

Nothing very exciting down here. Got a letter from Dorsett intimating that I hadnt done anything on the mango work this spring, wh sort of riles me a little. I enclose it for Paul's information. The trouble probably is, he was opposed to our going to Cuba, and thinks that knocked out every thing else. But I have too much to do to let a thing like that stick in my kind very long. I must hustle up as soon as the Dr goes and ~~get~~ get a lot of my own material in shape; this last month hasnt advanced the cause very far. It has been devoted to DF, Kraus and Dr Harris almost exclusively, tho of course I consider it highly profitable to myself as well, especially the association with Dr Harris.

When DF was here I talked with him re the possibility of taking the Civil Service ex and getting on the lists so I can have one months leave. He said he didnt see very well how we could put it thru ~~xx~~ before I went to Guatemalan, as there would scarcely be time, but that he would like to have me on the lists (civil service) as it would give the Dept a better hold on me in case I took a yr off for school, and didnt want very badly to come back. I took occasion to assure him that I would not leave him, and he remarked "The world is full of interesting people, and some of them are men, and some of them are women". While he appreciated my attitude, he was forced to discount my asseverations just a bit, knowing the possibilities of good opportunities elsewhere in this work. &c &c &c. However, he knows that it would take a lot to draw me away from him, and if the rest of the crowd dont nag me too much, and let me alone to do my work as I see fit, I dont know how I could better my condition very much. No time for more just now. Come siempre



Miami, Florida, March 7th 1916.

Dear Folks:

NOW THAT I have received a letter from FOP in wh he says Helen Dorsey Brown would make anybody a good wife, I suppose we wont have to delay any longer, and Paul can go right ahead and purchase the license. As soon as they get settled down in Washn I will arrange to board with them, as I dont doubt Helen would be a dandy housekeeper.

ANYHOW, things are quieting down a bit here, and Doc Harris has postponed his departure until Thursday night. We cleaned up a couple of big days work, and are taking it easier today, but have a lot to do tomorrow. I went down to the Fairchild estate at Coconut Grove this morning, riding down on my wheel against a stiff breeze from the south and coming back against a regular gale from the north, and make 9 exposures promiscuously for Daisy Bell. Will get em developed tonight.

Paul, I enclose a letter from Dr Tracy of Dehra Dun, and would be obliged if you would get the information he wants and reply to him. I will drop him a note telling him you are doing so. I want to keep in touch with him, as I am invited to stay with him when I go out to India. His son, R D Tracy, is here in Miami, you know.

The chief news of the day seems to be that Dr Harris and I have invested in a property just across the road from the new Govt garden, at least we have agreed to buy it, the consideration being \$700. It consists in one acre of splendid land not far from Biscayne drive (680 ft) on the side road running north of our new garden, and a quarter acre lot back by the railroad track. We got it for the acre, the lot not being worth much, but David Johnson, who sold it to us, insisted on throwing in the lot. It has been cleared and was formerly in crops, and now has several fine coconut palms on it and some other trees, tho not many. We have had our eyes on it for some time, and it was simply too good a chance to let slip, as it is the only available property near our garden at a reasonable figure, and it is certain to be of use to us in the future. Dr Harris expects to put up a small bungalow on his half of the acre within the next yr or two, and make it his winter headquarters, as he expects to do considerable work down here in the future. As for my half of the acre, it is just like his, 66 ft front and 336 ft deep, and I intend to hang onto it for a few yrs in case I may want to make it a stamping ground when we move to the new garden. It would be very handy to have a little camp there, where one could put up, and entertain his friends, while working down here, as I most likely will be off and on. We are each putting in \$350, and have looked into the thing very carefully, so that we feel it is a good investment. The title is clear. I feel that it may be very useful to me, and I am sort of tickled at the opportunity to get in with a man like Dr Harris. We are going to put out some more coconuts and a few ornamental trees this spring, so they will be coming on.



I showed the property to Daisy Bell when she was here, before I had any thought of buying it, and she took a great fancy to it, because of its proximity to the garden and the coconuts on it. There is only one objection to its purchase, from my point of view: my friends here insist that I am thinking of building and settling down, and have done considerable speculating as to whom the girl might be.

Recd yesterday the 4th vol of Bailey's Cyclopaedia, I to O, and I guess the only many who gets his name in it more times than F W Popenoe is L E Bailey. I have articles scattered all thru it, and 5 pp on mango, with a full page plate, showing Edward standing under a Peheri tree. Guess when the boys in the S P I office begin to look up trop frts and find all the articles signed by me they will become very disgost, and say that Bailey never was any good anyhow, just like Mrs S does.

Sunday, just as Dr Harris and I were finishing our sumptuous repast, Mrs S came over and invited us across for dinner, and tho we told her we had just finished eating, &c, she insisted that it was already on the table and when we saw how disappointed she as going to be if we didnt come, we shook down down first meal and went over and ate another, and a generous one. Then Edward drove us out to look over the acre we were thinking of buying.

Dr Harris doesnt think it would be worth my while to go back to school again; says I can get just as much alone as I can in school. Dunno. Maybe it will work out that way anyway. Have been much interested in reading the letter from FOP wh has just come to hand, telling about big conference with Barbour Lathrop. I guess he knows the inside of things pretty well. I suspect DF will do about what he says, + too, in spite of the Bells urging him to get out of the BPI.

Turned down an invitation from Ruth Sulzner to go to the mask ball at the Biscoayne Yacht Club tonight, on the score that I was too busy. I didnt want to have to rig up a costume, anyhow. In fact, I couldnt do it without any more facilities than I have here. Invested in white canvas oxfords and white sox last night, to officially open the summer season. It is beginning to get warm now, but the town is still jam full of tourists. Well, I must get to work again.

Lovingly,



Miami, Sunday evening, March 12th [1916]

Dear Folks:

Dont see as how I have anything to say, but guess I will have to write a letter tonight, anyhow, before going down to the Royal Palm to hear the Sunday evening concert.

I might mention that Betty Schneider's 3 libbits are holding out well, the first libbit being now fairly finished, and as I keep the box in the ice box the quality remains uniform. Great thing, the ice box, especially when Uncle Sam pays for the ice. I take occasion to renew my thanks for that candy. Attorneys please note.

Just finished reading "Adventures in Contentment" by David Grayson, a first-class thing, and very easy reading. Have been reading a little in William James "Pragmatism" too, but have reached the point where I cant decide whether I want to me a monistic pantheist or a pantheistic monist, so I stopped to consider. You see, both names sound pretty good, and I cant decide which is the most imposing. Its a great thing, philosophy.

I can scarcely realize that my time down here is pretty nearly half gone, but it is a fact. I will probably start north soon after the middle of June. I fear I'm not going to get as far along with that book as I hoped to. If the mangos ever come into bloom again, which I expect they will do within 2 or 3 weeks now, I am going to make a lot of experiments in order to have material on this subject to show when I get back to Washn. I have just about lost faith in the pollination end of the thing, insofar as solving the problem of productiveness is concerned, feeling now that it is a physiological difficulty wh we can only get at in some such manner as Kraus and I worked on it not long back, -by girlding (I wrote that word wrong, -it should be girlding, but I am used to the other and it came more naturally) or ringing or something of that nature. However, that wont interest MBP much, so I will spare you the details.

Dined off fried mush and stewed cots this morning, Can yuh beat it? Doc Harris was raised on fried mush, like every other man brung up on the Kansas prairies, and used to take to it immensely. I guess I told you that the Doc is a K U man, and lived in Lawrence a long time. He knew the name of Popence alright. Met another man from Topeka down at Homestead, a surveyor, who also knew the Popence family.

Dad, dont send down any avocado specimens if they are very green, as it wouldnt be fair to make descriptions from them, and unless I can make descriptions I dont need them.

Think I will go out to see Cellon tomorrow morning; havent seen him in a month, and want to get the latest developments. He always gives me my instructions.

Had a chance to take a class in the Junior dept of the Presbyterian SS this morning, but I thought I really couldnt handle it, as



I will be very irregular in my attendance, perforce, and wont be here many Sundays anyway. If I had been planning to stay here any length of time I should have taken it. Had a good sermon this morning on Preparedness, and I suspect the brief was written by WJBryan. By the way, Mrs Bryan honored the garden with a visit yesterday, and the Simmonds feel quite set up, of course.

I dont see a great deal of the Simmonds nowadays. While the Doc was here I didnt see them at all, so to speak, and now that I am alone I will make a call occasionally but not too often, as we get along better if we dont have too many visits. The madam hasnt worried me at all this season, probably because I have had nothing to do with the management of the garden, wh was our stumbling block last yr. I trust the present entente cordiale will last until I depart.

I sure am glad I had Doc Harris with me. I think I have enjoyed him more than any other man I have been with for any length of time, and I know I have profited more from his association. He is really a big man, and I have been much interested in watching his methods and observing him at work. When he left he gave me a cordial invitation to visit him at Cold Spring Harbor and told me if he ever got his bungalow built on our lot down here it would be my home whenever I wanted to make it so. I found, further, that he agreed with me in views on Eugenics, which Kraus didnt do; in fact, Kraus and I had some warm arguments on the subject, and I guess perhaps I hammered it into him a little bit too much. Doc Harris having three fine boys 2 to 5 yrs of age naturally takes a practical interest in the subject.

In case anybody many think I have sunk my whole fortune in that lot at Buena Vista, I am here to state that I have plenty of money left (at least when I get my refund from Unk Sam wh I am going to turn in tomorrow) and could shake loose a few pennies at almost any time, on demand. Of course I sort of hated to put all that money into a lot here, but I thought that it would be safe there and I would have something to show for it, wh wouldnt be the case if I had stayed in Washn and spent it on The Dansanets and pointsetters. The more I look the thing over, the more I like the location and the property, and I think it may be very useful to me some day. If I get a few good trees and coconuts on it I could doubtless sell it to advantage if I didnt want it myself, as somebody is certain to want a winter place next to the Govt garden, -when the latter gets to running full blast it will probably be something of a gathering place for scientiests, just as this lab is now.

Having said all I had to say, and padded it up considerably, I will call a halt and splice these sheets together with Pipp's birth-day present.

Lovingly,



Miami, March 15th 1916.

Dear Folks:

Mr Popenoe presents his compliments and begs to intimate that he is well and hopes you are the same. Further dependent saith not, except:

P L Ricker of the BPI dropped in Monday, stopping here a couple of days to collect. I invited him to stay at the Lab and he spent last night with me. Probably going to Key West tonight. I like to get intimately acquainted with the Dept men, and there is no better way to do it than to entertain them here, tho it does cost me \$.30 for laundry. Ricker is no heavyweight, I fear, tho he labors under the misapprehension that the botanical problem wih He, Stuntz and Skeels combined cannot unravel does not and never will exist. However, as Edward says, 'uman nature is a queer think, anyway. Ricker was raised down East in Maine and talks a good deal about what he did to hum.

Paul, do you remember that poem "Spring in the Semitropics" wh you sent me. Thyra says it is allright, but the title abominable. I think it is allright myself.

I can only echo the sentiments of my attorney in re little Pipp's graduating, since it would be futile for me to do anything else. Powers of attorney are heartless things. and not easily controverted in the courts. But Pipp, you better do it. In fact, you gotta do it, see?

Ricker took me in last night, and I am now a member of the Orphelinat des Armees, wh is supporting the French orphans made by the war. He is of huguenot descent and got me on that score.

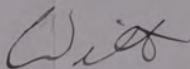
I am considerably concerned lest the invasion of Mexico in search of Pancho may mean considerable trouble in that neck of the woods, with the result that Yankees will be unpopular from the Rio Grande to Tierra del Fuego. If so, it may knock out my trip to Guatemala, in wh case I suppose I will be sent back to Miami to hibernate until the government is dissolved and some Mexican patriot is made Agricultural Explorer in Charge.

Paul, I return the pitanga proof in this mail. It looks like a good article. Just read Knowles' journal with my article on Tropical Pomology. It also shows up well, but there are a few typo errors in it.

Paul, you can read the enclosed letter from Susana, I presume.

Betty's candy still holding firm. That was a good investment.

Lovingly,



Miami, Fla., March 17 1916.

Dear Folks:

Letter from the attorney this morning with two separate and distinct pieces of poetry. If it had been only one piece I would havent thought nothing of it, but when the attorney sends down two poems at one time there can be only one inference: He wants some Fruit. Having drawn the inference, I hastened over to the garden, plucked two fine specimens from a melonenbaum or papajabaum, vel vulgo papaw tree, and packed them in a box, adding to the top thereof a few fruits from that glorious bush in whose shade old men love to give up the ghost. I mean, of course, Cerasus surinamensis, Pitanga officinalis Sham. et top. By the by, atty, I am sending this to 1430; would it be better to send such packages to the Ofs? If there is any delay in having them delivered at the house I would think so. Delays are dangerous in cases of this nature. Let me know if you want any more mamaos. There are plenty on the tree.

I was sort of surprised to hear that DF contemplates sending a young man with me. Before the deal goes thru I fear someone will gum it. I do not know anybody else in the BPI who is eligible for the trip and who would better suit me than Vosbury. He is no whirlwind, but I want to do the blowing myself, anyhow. I would much rather take Vosbury along than to have to go myself with an older man.

Doc Harris and I have got a well on our place, or rather on the Doc's, wh cost him (not me) \$8, so now I can plant trees and water em. Will get herwall started before I leave here.

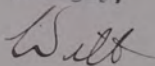
Atty, much obleege for the Civilization et Climate, wh I am finding exceedingly interesting. I note with satisfaction that you have changed the term "tropical inertia" to read "Miami inertia"; inasmuch as the twom are synonymous, however, it wasnt absolutely essential to make the change. But that it a great book, and will give me lots of new excuses for not working down here. My old stock is about exhausted.

P L Ricker left night before last, after taking me to the movies to pay for the bkfst I gave him (as he expressed it). I made him go to see Charlie Chaplin, but he doesnt like him very well. The Yankees are notoriously lacking in a sense of humour, anyway. I am hoping now I wont have any more visitors until summer. I get more done the other way.

Tourists are thinning out rapidly, thank goodness. Pretty soon now I will be able to find room at the Tea Garden to sit down for my meals.

Atty, dont eat the papayass until they are mellow, -not too mellow, but just right. You know.

Lovingly,





1966  
Miami, Sunday afternoon, March 19th

Dear Folks:

I have been reading a book. There are books, and BOOKS, and this one caused me to go to sleep. I just awoke, and find it is nearly 4 p m. How simple, yet satisfying, are the pleasures of life in Dade county!

To proceed: This morning I went up to MY place, and tinkered around a bit, and ate my lunch in the shade of MY coconut palm, after which I lay back and reflected upon the satisfaction to be derived from the simple joys of life. There's great food ~~ford~~ thought in the shade of a coconut palm, especially when it is YOUR coconut palm, and not somebody's else. I came home at about 12.30, and found Edward securely ensconced in the laboratory, reading the Annona article in Bailey, and trying to find where Safford mentioned 'is 'ybrid. I showed him the place, and we then talked a little about 'ybrids and 'ybridization, from which we drifted to avocados, followed by mangos. Then Edward had to go home for lunch, so I took a bit of a shower, put on my Sunday clothes, and lay down to pursue Civilization and Climate, from the pursuit of which I have just arisen. I pursued it about 20 pages and then lost sight of it in sleep. And I went to bed last night at 8.30, too.

But after all, you cant beat the simple life. No one to bother you, no one to consider. ITS TOO EASY. Just sit around and read and think. I turned down three invitations for dinner today, telling everybody that I was going to be out of town. If I let myself be cajoled into accepting invitations, I wouldnt have any time at home at all. I have to take a firm stand, and gaze at the placard upon my wall, whereon is written in letters



bold "He who wastes an hour of time has not learned the value of Life". Then I take a good book in my hand, sit down on my bed to read it, and fall into peaceful slumber. Thyra says I am hopeless. I hope I am,-from that point of view. I dont think I am likely to get narrow minded reading Graham Wallas, James, and Ellsworth Huntington. O, I know lots of folks like "The Inside of the Cup", and I believe Little Pipp used to recommend "Terrible Ted, the Terror of Thadlersburg", but we have a little saying in our language which expresses my own sentiments in the matter very neatly. It is "Cada qual com seu equal".

I paid 85 cents last night to get my bundle of separates of the avocado paper wh FOP kindly sent on, Glad to have em. They are put up in nice shape, tho I would have preferred to have my name on the cover in smaller type. I will distribute them pretty freely around this section, where they will do the most good.

Yesterday I received a personal letter from DF, bringing up the Vosbury matter. He said he would leave it entirely to me. I have written him that I am willing to take Vosbury. The fact of the matter is this: someone from the BPI will have to go, and I do not know any young fellow eligible for the job who is better than Vosbury. You cant find all the virtues in many one man, especially if he is a Govt man. Vosbury is perhaps a trifle slow, but I think he can work steadily, and I believe he is earnest in his desire to make good. He is a good clean fellow, and altho he and I may not have the same tastes,-not as much so as Allen and I had, certainly,- yet I think he will make about as satisfactory an assistant as I can hope to find in the lot I have to choose from. I really prefer not to go alone, for with the plan I have it

would be hard to carry on the work. I want to establish a nursery in Guatemala City and work a collection of varieties right there, so I can bring home budded trees if my shipments of budwood do not come thru alive. It is the only way I can feel sure of getting the material to the U S in good condition. By our new method of seed grafting we can graft the plants within 2 months from the time the seeds are planted, -they have only to germinate. I could leave Vosbury in the City to tend the nursery while I go out for budwood, or vice versa. I think on the whole it is the best plan to take a second man along. DF made it plain that I was to have charge of the expedition, -probably as a result of what Paul told him. I hope the scheme goes thru the way he has it outlined, for if it does it will give me a fair chance to make or break.

DF also brot up another matter. He says before we transfer the avocado project to Horticulture, wh we will probably have to do when we finish the Guatemalan trip, he wants to get out an avocado bulletin, and suggests that Simmonds and I write one jointly this spring. I suppose it is allright to take Simmonds in on the deal, in view of the fact that he has worked for a long time here on the propagation of the avocado, and I offered no objection, but told DF that we would prepare the MS and bring it back to Washington in June. It is to be a farmers bulletin, hence must be in pretty simple language, not too long, and will not give us an opportunity to do anything more than set forth in a plain way how to propagate, plant, and care for avocados in California and Florida, with a list of the best varieties of each type and brief descriptions of them. I will try to start on it in spare moments during the coming week.



Of course Simmonds wont do anything more than explain his views about planting the little seeds, etc.

I read the Univ of Calif Journal of Ag, with my article as a leader. They made several typographical errors in it, as I feared, but the thing shows up pretty well. Altogether, I am getting a good deal of stuff in print this winter, and will be quite ready to drop out of sight in Guatemalan for a year. It doesnt pay to publish too much, unless it is bagg-up good stuff, and new. I have heard the scientific men criticise Shamel a good deal lately, on the score of his appearing in print so often, with the same old story and a photograph of the author. The real scientists dont do much of it. In the future I am going to try to publish only when I have something absolutely new and worth while. That is what I am trying to do now, in fact.

I guess some of my Miami friends, e.g. Ruth Sulzner, are getting peeved because I dont pay up my social obligations more promptly, but I am going to take it pretty easy socially. It is not worth while to pay too strict attention to such matters here in Miami, there is too much else that is worth while.

Ma, I guess I told you that I weighed 132½ on my birthday. Thats as good as I can do.

Waäl, I guess I will go back to Civilization and Climate, and try to finish her up so I can tackle James again.

I wish to remark, before going, that this day witnessed the end of Betty Schneider's 3 libbits, and now I have nothing absolutely nothing, to remind me of my attorney, except an occasional poem which comes drifting in. I havet<sup>u</sup> taken to writing poetry yet this season; am staving it off as long as I can.

Hoping you are the same

Como siempre

*Wilson*

1916  
Miami, Sunday March 26th

Dear Folks:

Summer has come! I am celebrating by laying away my overcoat, felt hat, and Tuxedo, and substituting white dux, panama, and orange tie. Going to make a big splash in Miami when I appear on the streets today.

Say, but I had one big time last night. I took 3 girls to the Royal Palm and danced them until midnight. Roped in another feller to dance part of the time, but I had two to pick from at all times. Ruth got up the deal; the others were Mrs Church, whose husband doesnt dance, and May McArthur, a casual acquaintance of mine, who is light and full of rhythm and a peachy dancer. Great stuff, that. Ruth wants to get up a party to go over to the beach and dance some night next week, and already has 5 girls picked out; there seem to be no other men in sight, however, and unless she can scare up at least one or two more I think I will object, as I cant do justice to 5 girls. Men are scarce in Miami, especially real nice, real nice ones.

I suspect if the heat sets in now, as it is apparently doing, I will have to slacken my pace, and hard work will be a thing of the past. Climatic limitations are very real.

I am dining this noon at Hicksons, and tonight at Sunnyoaks. I have been busy for so long a time that I have stood most everybody off, and now that a Sunday comes along they are all clamoring for attention. I am glad I am not settling down in Miami; if I did, I should have to get married at once, to save all these poor damsels their misplaced efforts, not to mention dinners. As I said before, young men are scarce here, and girls seem to



be particularly abundant this season; probably I am getting better acquainted. Anyhow, I am glad I don't have to stay here right along and go on living a double life,-or quintuple.

I am thinking of having my photo taken some time before long, with white dux on, so Ma can look at it while I am in Guatemala. No, I have not been urged to do so by any of my young lady friends; the idea originated in my own mind, absolutely.

Father, I shipped you last night a small testimonial of esteem and regard. I marked the box Phone F-0 401, so they would call you up when it arrived in Pasadena. Charges prepaid. Hope you will find the mangos useful. I am going out to Cellon's tomorrow to talk over the mango propn with him; I understand you wrote him about mangos, and asked him to talk with me,

Incidentally, I am going to send FOP a swell elegant \$1.50 cravat, wh is a trifle too somber for summer wear down here. I havent had it on more'n six times. I think it is too good for little Fipp; he shouldnt wear ties wh cost more than 50 cents until he is 21. Paul and I never did.

By the way, father, is Hagenyer still with you, and if so, how is he getting along? And Lichty?

Allright, Ma, I wont stay in Miami after Effie comes down here. That will be about June 15th, I understand. I think I will hike for Washn about that time. Depends on how I get thru with things here, and whether I get to make the Nassau trip, as I expect to. But you neednt have any fear of the Rolfs tribe,-nor for that matter, of any other Miami~~x~~ns. Even Thyra has made up her mind to become a trained nurse, so there you are.

\*Put in a big week at Chas Deering's. Vic Soar was about ready to drop last night, and old man Simpson was carrying around

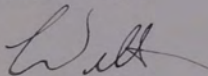
a little folding camp stool and squatting down on it every 4th or 5th step. I was the only sound man left in the bunch. We have to work tomorrow morning, and then it will be done for the time being. It has been fine experience, and I have learned a lot of new plants. I must confess I haven't done much on mangos this spring, but I have got a lot of excellent experience along valuable lines, -i.e, with Kraus, Doc Harris, and Simpson. I told DF when he was here that I wondered whether I was putting in my time to the best advantage, and asked him for suggestions; he said that just so long as I was "growing" (mentally, of course, not in the way Pipp grows) he was satisfied.

The dillies are coming in season. Attornee, do you want any? If not, I don't want to waste my money sending em up. There won't be much in the fruit line before I leave here, except pineapples, beside dillies and surinam cherries (excuse me, pitangas, I mean) and papayas.

Atty, what has become of the Browne family?

I gotta dress now for dinner. Been sitting around the lab with nothing but shirt and trousers on. Had a big job of housecleaning this morning, -accumulated dishes of a week. Guess even Paul can't beat that.

Siempre sigue





Miami, Florida, March 27th 1916.

Dear Folks:

Aint it fierce to have an inconsiderate attorney? Of course, anyone is at liberty to prefer surinam cherries to papayas or vice versa, we grant that; but in making his choice, one should by all means bear in mind that the expressage on single fruits of the two species is in the ratio of about 1:789, and when the atty says he doesnt like the cherries but will take another shipment of papayas at once, I feel a gripping pain in the region of my pocketbook. However, nothing is too good for that attorney, so when I can get a chance to pick and pack them, up go some more papayas, et voila tout.

I am writing this to advise all those interested that about 3 hrs ago I got a telegram from father Rolfs (now dont get frightened, Ma) saying that John Belling had broken down and was coming to Miami for a complete rest, and he asked that I take him in at the lab and see that he has plenty of exercise. He will be here tonight. I dont know how badly he is used up, but I presume he wont be in serious shape and it will merely be a matter of giving him a room and bed and letting him wander around the country all he wants to.

Recd long letters from both sides of the continent this morning. Yep, Ma, I fear little brother wont come to Calif this summer at Govt expense, because that graft is about worked out. They sort of have me on the hip up there in Washn now. Of course, you can never tell what will happen, but I dont see any California trips in sight.

Drew down \$83 on reimbursement today and now have a bank full of money, in spite of the fact that I have been buying fancy drinks and candy for about 3/4 of the girls in Miami these last two days. Last night I took Thyra and Yvonne to the Royal Palm after dinner to hear the concert (free) and we sat and talked with a couple of elderly ladies who were very interesting and philosophical, but they made me wince when they began to commiserate me for having to batch it, and Mrs Amy said she hoped I would soon be able to enter a more blissful state. The women folks are all alike, arent they Paul? I guess you neednt have any fear, Ma, about the Jeremiassens misunderstanding my motives. The poor girls have had ample opportunity to size me up and I think neither of them expect anything. Tracy and I seem to be the only male admirers they have here, at least the only ones who show them any regular attention, and they naturally like to get out once in a while, so they encourage us to hang around. Of course, I aint denying that they would like to get married, individually and separately, but that dont hinder em from enjoying a little fun.

Dad, I visited Geo B Cellon this morning. Incidentally, I asked him how he liked that avocado paper I read in California, and he said it was the strongest document on the subject wh had ever appeared. He went on to add that I had won the everlasting gratitude of his wife for the "send-off" I gave Geo B Cellon, wherein lay the merit of the document, of course. We talked mangos and decided that he would send you 50, 30 Haden and 20 Mulgoba right away, and more when you want them. He seems to be willing to supply you all you want, as there is hardly any demand for them here and he can use avocado budwood.

By the way, I got a letter from P H Rolfs asking me to speak at the meeting of the Fla State Hort Soc on April 26th. It is to be held over on the West Coast below Tampa. I have written DF to ask if I shall accept. I wouldnt mind going, as I would like to get acquainted with the crowd, but I am not particular one way or the other, and if I have to choose between the West Coast and Nassau will take the latter/

Father, re your suggn that we ask DF to send Chase on the trip: I have already written him that I would take Vosbury, so couldnt very well put it up to him now, but there is quite a possibility that Vosbury will not be able to go for some reason or other, and in that case a<sup>d</sup> will put up Chase. I will have to wait a while to see what turns up. I would much prefer Chase to Vosbury; in fact I would be tickled to death to have Chase along.

Paul: Much bleege for the return of the paper on common names. Bel it shall be. Do you know the derivation of carob?

Have invited a landscpae architect named Silvers to dine with me tonight; he is aa queer duck but I want to get acquainted with him.

I have essayed to make some cottage cheese today, following the instructions Thyra and Yvonne gave me last night. Doesnt look as tho it was an entire success, however. Will have to try again.

Au revoir

Witt



Miami, Fla., Mar. 30th 1916.

Dear Folks:

Lest we forget, I wish to remark, 1st, will Paul kindly send me a package of that Granite stationery wh I buy at Brentanos, -about 48 sheets of paper and 24 envelops, and chg to my account.

2nd, will the same gentlemen kindly deign to send me down 3 of those solid head pearl buttons for white dux wh I bot here in Miami, with fasteners for same? I find I only have Hongkong buttons for my dux, and they arent quite sporty enough to match my orange tie, wh Yvonne says is some class.

To proceed:

John Belling blew in here Tuesday morning, after I had waited for him at the depot until 1.00 the night before (missed his train) and he certainly looked and acted as tho he was all in. I had an MD come out to look him over and give me some advice re diet etc, all of wh I knew myself before he came, but I thot it well to be on the safe side. But as I was saying, Belling was one sick man. He ate well, however, and has slept pretty well, and is now in pretty fair shape physically, so that I begin to feel, after watching him very carefully these 3 days, that his trouble is not so much physical or nervous as mental. In fact, I fear his mind is sadly unbalanced. He is not crazy, of course, but seems to have lost his mental powers to a great extent, and he suffers from occasional hallucinations of a mild nature. He took to me at once, and seems to have almost child-like confidence in me, and we talk together a great deal. He has no relatives in this country, and no friends. While he may get well enough to go back to work again, I am rather inclined to fear that his days as an investigator may be ended. I dont know what I will do with him, but will keep him here a couple of weeks and see whether he shows any marked improvement and is likely to get in shape for work; if he doesnt, it will be time to find a home for him somewhere. He has \$2000 save up, and thinks he can retire on it, getting a little place up in the mts in the West Indies and living off the income. He is terribly economical.

To get back to pleasanter subjects: I went down to Coconut Grove yesterday noon and took lunch with the Giffords, and had an interesting talk. They are nice folks. I am gradually getting "in" with the folks worth while. As I said before, my greatest difficulty nowadgys is to get time for work.

Recd Journal of Red Heditz today with big Pitanga article, in wh I note the editor spells "liqueur" "liquor", wh will make folks think that Shamel et Fopence dont know much about the subject. Paul, when you get separates printed you can send me down about 50 of them for use here and hold the rest against my return to Washn, wh will be early. Late in June, that is.

Pa, I enc letter to and from Condit. I see the gang beat us to it on the committee business. Aside from Webber and Condit

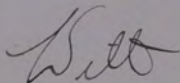
that committee is a farce, as the other men dont know anything about science. I wouldnt care to be on a committee like that. I think we have sort of spiked their guns, you and I, and whatever is done in avocado nomenclature and description in Calif hereafter will pretty nearly have to be based on our work. In re classification, if they dont accept ours then they are chumps and are going to get left, because that classification has been worked out and is going to stick. Simmonds and I will use it in our bulletin, of course. We can put it over, and dont you forget it. I think Condit would like very much to feel that he had done something original in the avocado line, but so far he hasnt put forth a single original idea so far as known to me. If he gets up anything in classification that can beat us, I want to see it. You are on the ground, and you want to keep your hand on the throttle all the time. Two copies of your variety list read; it makes a handsome pamphlet and the frontispiece is a beauty. Send me down a dozen more of them if you can spare them, so I can give em to my friends here.

Mr Connelly of the House of Representatives has asked me, as an expert, for my opinion of his peace idea, but since I note that Paul has already given him a testimonial I suppose it would be useless for me to add anything; my attorney's testimony abrogates all previous statements, of course, and likewise all future ones.

I sent FOP that cravat this morning. If you dont like it, give it to hHerbm and he can trade it to the Barton boys. But Herb should remember, in negotiating the deal, that it is a \$1.50 tie, as Paul can testify.

I have been busy most of the week on that darned card index for Deering. It will take me a couple more days to finish indexing all the stuff we listed last week. The mangos are coming into bloom now so just as soon as I can get shet of this job I am going back to mangos. By George, but there is always a lot to do here! I'm doggone glad of it, too. I miss the stimulus of Washington society a bit, but beyond that I find it quite enjoyable here.

Must get some lunch ready now. So long





Miami, Fla., April 4 1916.

Dear Folks:

Aint it fine to have a live attorney? When I run out of fine stationery, all I have to do is to drop him a line, and back comes a neat box from Brentano's, just the right size and style. Oh, its great. Havent got the bill yet, however, so I may change my mind.

Nothing startling to chronicle. Belling remains much the same, just like John Dunham used to do. Still has times when his head bothers him and he feels giddy. Hope he will be over it in another week. By the way, he says Paul is the "prince of editors", and also that he is sure I will get caught, for he thinks if he were a girl he would fall in love with me himself.

Speaking about girls, I took four (4) over to Collins Casino to the dance last night, and had one great time. Mrs Church, Ruth Sukzner, May McArthur and her cousin. Art Pancoast, who now manages the casino (ancien ami of mine) helped us out by bringing in an odd man now and then, but I didnt miss a dance myself, and had one great time. It was deuced hard trying to keep track of whose turn it was next, so they would think I was showing any favoritism. Ruth got a little peeved once, I guess; I have about decided she has a rather disagreeable temperament, anyhow, and think I will dodge her as much as possible. Mrs Church is a dandy dancer, likewise May. I am beginning to feel that I am a medium good dancer myself, if I have a medium good partner and the floor is only medium full so there is plenty of room. Suppose when I get back to Washn, where good dancers grow, I will have all the conceit taken out of me.

I must send that atty some pawpaws,-but not now! Maybe,-next week sometime. Too busy with mango blossom to pack pawpaws. We have not forgotten you, however, nor the dillies either.

FOP, thanks for the bundle of your avocado separates wh arrived per express. Glad to have em, and will make good use of em here. Paul, thanks for the few Pitanga separates. Can use some more, as previously indicated.

Yesterday I turned out a 12 page MS on the common names of trop fruits, wh I have sent to 5 other pomologists for criticism. If we can all get together on it, I will publish it and we will standardize all the common names we have picked out. I doubt if some of the ginks, e.g., Wester, will agree to the list however, simply because they dont want toagree to anything that anybody else puts forth.

Paul, if that papaya photo, the one with the little kid, isnt a dinger, then I dont know a dinger when I meet it on the street. The baby's mama says so, too, as well as its aunt Sally. By the way, that kid is a boy, so if you put a caption under the photo "She likes papayas" it wont be quite fitting.

Forgot to add that I got in at quarter of two this morning. Almost equal to Paul's Washington habits.

Mrs Edward Simmonds says Edward, I mean Ed-wahrd, isnt acting right lately. Poor Ed! Having seen Belling, she thinks maybe he is breaking down from too much mental work. Hoping you are the same

Siempre sigue



Miami, Fla., April 5 1916.

Dear Folks:

In spite of assertions that I hadn't time to send the attorney any papayas, I stole enough time today to pack him up a box of six, and as Sergeant Bouncer would say, I paid tuppence on them, Sir. You can credit \$1.03 on my account with Betty Schneider. Hope you will find them good. You know the quarantine is now lifted so you needn't keep it dark, and can give away fruits wh I send up without fear of landing me in a melee for violating the quarantine orders. I sent six this time with the idea that you could dispose of one or two if you wanted. Dont take to feeding Anna Cooper on papayas, however. You can try one on that dear Gretschn, if you want, for my sake. You know that girl thinks a whole lot of me.

Tracy Sahib called on me last night, after I had crawled into bed at 7.30, so I crawled out and we had a good chat. He has plans for a big curry dinner down at the chop suey cafe some night before long, but I suppose he will have to wait until Lent is over, for the sake of appearances.

Going down town tonight to spend the evening with Rosenbaum, a pathologist from Orton's ofs, who is in Miami for a couple of days. Seems like a good fellow, but has a strong German accent. About 30 yrs old, I guess.

Didnt get any mail at all today. First day I have missed in a long time. Guess my friends have forgotten me.

Feel sort of drowsy this afternoon, so I guess I will quit and read Wills Moore until supper time. Getting lazy, with summer coming on apace. I would tell you all about how hard I have been working lately, only I am afraid the attorney's cracked lip may not be entirely healed yet.

I begin to think, once in a while, that it will be nice to get back to Washington, and go out canoeing once in a while, and all that sort of thing, so look out. Guess I cant come back early if Vosbury is going to depend upon me to teach him the entire tropical fruit business during May and June, however. I am waiting for more news re the Guatemalan trip, as to whether Scott or Vosbury or someone else is going. If Scott goes he will have to go alone, and he cant talk Spanish and doesnt know an avocdo when he sees it, so it will be sort of a tough job for him, and I would advise them to send Stuntz instead.

Lovingly

Wills

Miami, Florida, April 9 1916.

Dear Folks:

Sunday morning, breakfast finished, and while John Belling is sweeping out the Lab with a peculiar back hand stroke which indicates he never used a broom before, I will employ my time to better advantage by writing to you. Belling is exceedingly ignorant along some lines, e.g., housekeeping. As further evidence of this fact I might mention that he didnt know what a Ford was until I informed him that it was a dwarf species of automobile.

But that is neither here nor there. What I started to say was:

How divinely was that dear sister Katherine Browne inspired when she lifted up her head and sent me the enclosed postcard! Of course she has to keep her stand-in with the family, or Paul might refuse to marry her when it came to the scratch.

Paul, me lad, I rejoice that you found the papaya photos satisfactory. As to the conspicuousness of the baby's diaper that thing of which we never speak in public- I would intimate that it lends local color and individuality to the scene. Few photographers have the foresight to look after all these little details the way I do. As Ned Wilder said when he slipped up on the carpet, that was just what I intended to do.

Also, me dear boy, I like your vacation idea so much, and I reply that I dont much care where or how we take it, so we get it. I await suggestions from yourself, my head

being fully occupied just now with other and more serious matters. However, if I can be of any assistance, I await your commands. As to coming back to Washn June 1st, I got you the first time, Steve. I can tell Vosbury all I know in two weeks, and a little bit more.

If I live with Belling much longer I will become almost as great an egotist as Pipp. I have already learned from said Belling that I am not only the best Cook he has ever seen, and have the most good-natured disposition, but in addition I am the hardest worker he has ever laid eyes on (Paul, take care of that lip!). It would do Pipp good to have some one talk to him like this, wouldnt it? As it is, he has to listen for the echo of his own words.

No, Paul me lad, I never seed a good photo of *Asimina triloba*, barring one wh appeared in the Garden Magazine five or six yrs ago.

Also, I will send you two papayas about the 12th inst so they will be on hand for your affair of the 16th. I might mention that the stationery you sent me was one size larger than I had last time, but I suppose since you picked it out it must be the correct thing, so I wont send it back, providing you will deduct 25% from the cost.

Further: While there is nothing particularly unusual in the idea of crossing mangos, if you had ever tried the porposition you would realize that it is about the most ticklish job in the plant breeding line. But what I sent you Burns' letter (wh pls return fo I can answer) ~~was~~ for was to get your opinion re his statement that the fruit produced by the crossed flower showed the characters of



the staminate parent. Does this sound likely to you? Believing things it highly improbable, but he goes on the hypothesis that anything is possible. But I have never heard of a fruit of this nature showing the results of the application of foreign pollen in the character of the fruit produced by crossing. I might add that I am trying some mango crosses myself just now, but don't have too much confidence in them, for the reason that it is deucedly hard to make the fruits stick, and most of them always drop off.

Now look here, attorney, What did Gretchen ever do to you, that you should want to hitch her up with G Macmillan Darrow? Wow, chico, Que va! A girl with her esthetic tastes and emotional temperament tied hand and foot to an ultra-practical Yank like Darrow! No, don't do it, say I, don't do it! I think Alice Bennett would fill the bill for him, but never poor little Gretch.

Yes, Yes, I too think that it is a shame so many nice girls have to go around just hungering and thirsting for a real nice hombre, but it seems to be the Way of Nature. The only way out which I can conceive at present is for the men to adopt the policy of Each One Marry One, and I know Paul would never consent to live up to any such thoroughly practical idea as that. It is sweet of him to want to help out the poor girls by finding them congenial companions for life, but I daresay there are a few of the girls ellatif who would intimate to him that charity begins at home.

Never mind, Paul, I am in the same boat, only she has sprung a few more leaks at my end. I know four nice girls

and one otherwise right here in Miami ~~would~~ who wouldnt turn down a good proposition without careful investigation.

I very much fear Belling's case is chronic, and that I am not going to be able to do much for him. He has been here nearly two weeks, and aside from overcoming his despondence he hasnt improved mentally very much, still being subject to aberrations.

Havent heard anything more from DF re the Guatemalan propn, but hope he will write soon to relieve my mind on the Scott matter. If you get a chance to talk with him, Paul, tell him I either want to go with a big man like Collins, or else a little one like Ned, that will know his place. Scott drawing bigger salary and being older would certainly do as he pleased, wh of course wouldnt give me an opportunity to run the show. Of course I have to run the show, naturally.

I say, Paul, you can safely invest in a suit of those Jewish gabardines if you want, but shun, shun the Cadet shoes. They look nice but dont wear worth 0.02 U.S.Cy. I think they lasted me just 5 weeks, and I have a pair now wh cost \$3.50 locally and are standing up better.

Glad to hear the good news from home, re FOP's clothes, the Coachella well, and other manners of national import. In conclusion I can state that tout va pour le mieux ici, and by the time I start North I am going to have enough data and material accumulated to last me a solid yr when I come to work it up.

Always for the People

*Populose L.*

Miami, Tuesday April 11th 1916.

Dear Folks:

This is my easy day. Taking this morning to catch up a lot of little matters before I start some new work. Still going on mango pollinations. Tried to make some avocado pollinations yesterday, crossing the Mexican and West Indian types, and I am here to say that it is a tough job. The pollen is so scarce that it is very hard to find enough to work with; it seems to be discharged and lost as soon as the anthers open. Probably with more experience, however, I would find a better way to do it. By the by, I am here to say that Fuerte looks like a winner, for the Mex type. Coming on strong, bearing all she can carry and still setting fruit. If the quality is all there I believe she ought to take first place among the Mex, since she has vigor and hardiness on her side.

FOP, Thanks for papers. I think Vosbury's article was first printed in the Fla Grower; I edited it for him, and he tried it on Country Gent, but they had just published one and turned it down. But what I wanted to say is this: You and I are no longer in the Great Aztec Food Fruit, Nature's Own Laxative class. The day of that sort of writing is just about over; The little fellows are all jumping in to it now,--we did our share of it 5 yrs ago. The real workers are now going ahead and finding out new things about avocados, and publishing on them. Then later on the little fellows will come along, rehash the stuff, make it "popular", and publish it in cheap weeklies. You see what I mean? You and I can afford now to be conser-



vative, write only when we have something to say, and keep our stuff dignified in tone. We have the hunch on 'em, and we will stay in the front ranx as authorities. Havent seen Lake's letter yet, but am glad he came thru. That list is just about the kind of writing we ought to do from now on,-it takes a lot of work, is largely original, and a real contribution to our knowledge. Stuff like Vosbury's is space filler, like Pipp writes for the Star.

Doc Harris has just sent down the MS of our paper, and it is a dinger,-beautifully high-brow. You wont be able to understand anything except the discussion of types wh I wrote. Lots of figures, and square roots, and that sort of thing. Its nuts for me to be in on it. You see it pays to make friends. Incidentally, we are getting a good whack at the types question again, and I think it will help us to hold our ground. I enc FOP letter to and from Condit; you will see he has come around in pretty good shape, and I think we can hold him there. He is enough of a scientist to know that if he puts forth any theories wh arent sound we will tear em up in no time. Whenever we do anything that is right, the others have got to follow.

Yep, I bet some of these days Paul will be wanting to take a little vacation in midwinter and run down to Florida; then he will want me to build a bungalow on my lot and let him have it rent free. Wont that be great? I will take some photos up there when I get the trees planted out. I know I have been sort of tight with photos this spring, but I havent taken many except professional ones wh wouldnt interest you, and havent had time for any others. Going to do it soon, tho. You watch me.

Saw S B Bliss recently. He has just come back to Miami.

Glad the date orchard is coming on so well. I would like to get out to the Coachella next fall in date season, -maybe I will. You never can depend on that Guatemalan trip until I land at Puerto Barrios, and then the railway make break down before I reach Guatemala City. I am really not a bit confident that I will go. There is too much opposition. Whenever there is a melon like this to be cut, -big foreign trip, -everybody wants to get a slice. The trouble is, they want the trip and not the hard work of it.

Paul, you can let the debits accumulate until they are sufficient to permit another box of Betty's ~~XXXXXXXX~~<sup>to</sup> come fwd without cost to the receiver. I like Betty's so much.

Doc Small is here again; will be around a week or so, I guess.

Going to begin on the avocado bulletin right soon now. Think it will take a couple of weeks or more to whip it into shape; I am going to make it a good one, but no doubt it will be picked to pieces in Washn. If it is, -then Good Night Nurse. No more bulletins for me. I told DF I was about sick of the bulletin game and he said it would be different this time, that they always had trouble with a general bulletin like ours on Brazil. Nous allons voir. A very few more times will suffice to effect a permanent cure.

Some of my Miami friends are getting peeved because I havent made calls enough this spring. Tough luck, but cant help it. Its one of the penalties of a life devoted to science.

Yurs til deth

Will

Miami, Saturday the 15th April. [1916]

Dear Folks:

Another week just about gone. Let her go.

Got a little note from Mae MacArthur yesterday inviting me to a dawnce tonight, so of course I accepted, but hope Dot and Thyra dont hear about it. Too many female problems.

I rise to remark that I sent the atty two more fine papayas yesterday, and enc rect fro Ex Co. I paid tuppence on them, sir. By the way, Paul, DF thinks papayas cant be shipped successfully. I wish you would let me know how these arrive, and how many days you keep each of them before it is ready for eating. P1s tend to this. I picked them both quite green-just commencing to color. They may not be quite so good in flavor as if picked riper.

Rode down to Cocoanut Grove this morning, to take some photos. Getting warm. May buy an acre of land for Mr Pfeiffer of NY from Doc Gifford, almost across the road from DF's place. Price \$1000.

POP, I am glad you got the seeds of the coral tree from Cave, IT's a good thing, you know.

Paul, I cant state definitely, of course, but I am planning to come back to Washington just about June 1st. You might give Wright to understand that I am likely to be back then, but may not come until the middle of June.

Swingle sent young Savage down here to make a lot of crosses between the Guatemalan avocados and the Trapp and Pollock. Savage doesnt know anything about it, except that he got a wire from Swingle to come and do it. I think



[April 16, 1916]

Miami, Fla., Easter Sunday afternoon.

Dear Folks:

Back from Jax this noon, just in time to dine chez Simmonds off leg o' lamb. Seems pretty quiet here at the lab after all the recent excitement. I stayed with Belling in Jax from 1.30 to 8 pm yesterday, when I saw him on the train for Asheville and gave the porter 4 bits to see that he got off at the right place and to take good care of him. The poor fellow was in bad shape, -a really pitiable case; and while I had to miss Easter service at church to take care of him, I guess I accumulated more merit than if I had gone. I think Rolfs has really acted rather shabbily in the matter; he was determined to send Belling to the state insane asylum, and about had me agreed to it, but Mrs Simmonds kicked over the traces and put up such a howl that I began to think it over, and then renigged myself. As long as Belling has money he might just as well have a chance to get well, and pay for it, as to be herded up in the asylum with 1200 cattle, among them the Crown Prince of Prussia and the man who thinks he is a grain of corn. I have Belling's power of atty and am to look after his affairs. He made me a present of his 25 cal. Colt automatic.

On the whole, I have had a rather trying time of it with this affair, but I feel that I have done the humane thing to stand by. Belling hasnt another friend in the country who would take care of him.

BUT, worse news: DF puts his foot down on the Nassau trip, saying it is going to cost too much (25 or 30dols.)

but I suspect he did not feel free to ask for the author-

ization, or something of that sort. Says they are putting in \$2000 at Bellingham and are going to need every penny they can scrape together before July 1st. I have written him that I plan to come back to Washn by the end of May. We will see if he objects to that; if he doesnt, atty, you can/ turn out Wright at midnight on May 31st.

Hope I can settle down to some real work now; but suppose Scott and Vosbury will be here a week from now, to spend 5 or 6 days. Too many interruptions, I dont like em.

The trip to Jax wasnt a dead loss, as I picked up a gorgeous blue and white striped cravat, the like of wh cant be purchased in Miami. Belling paid my expenses to Jax, per and pro his attorney. I didnt take off any Govt time, but just went ahead and said nothing about it. Only missed one working day.

Ed wants me to take off leave and make the Nassau trip with him on ~~xxx~~ our own hook, but unless Paul renigs on the vacation idea <sup>I</sup> want to save my leave for that affair.

Paul, this one thing is a skinch: SOMEBODY has got to get married right soon, or MBP wont be happy. Now, it is very evident that I cant be the man, and I wouldnt really think it advisable to rush little Pipp into matrimony at his tender age, so I guess you will have to come to spratch, but you might wait until I get back to Washn and can look over the Bushy-Brown crowd to make sure they are allright, and rank at least AAA1 in Bradstreet's. But whatever you do, you mustnt leave it to me to pacify MBP on this matrimony business. Your move!

Whassa matter out there in California? It must be at least a week since I have been informed that Little Pipp really and truly is the only smart boy in the state, and so forth ad nauseam. Pipp, when you get to be a Fresh in college it will come as a terribly sudden jolt to you to find out that after all you dont know Anythink, as Ed says. In the meantime, you better enjoy your superior knowledge to the utmost, as Dies irae, dies illa is fast approaching.

Ma, I would like to be with you in California when the irises bloom, wh is NOW. That ought to merit a poem, but I cant write em impromptu like Paul does. Poetry is really in my line, however; you understand that. Just to make the proposition patent I will quote the lines which I inscribed after Mae's last party, being a ~~re~~ revised form of last yr's verse:

To dance for dancing's sake may be  
A joy to others, not to me  
If I must drag around pell-mell  
Fifine, Celeste, and Gabrielle.

I like to dance, -of course I do,  
But dancing that way, -I am through!  
Let George do that, and give to me  
A single, solitary She.

Hoping you are the same, I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant

Wilt



Miami, Tuesday eve, April 18 [1916]

Dear Folks:

Just come back from Pam Beach, where Edw and I spent the day, looking at the little avocados. JBBeach told us several things, and we told him ditto. Had to get up at 4:15 this a.m. to make the train, which of course went against my grain terribly, especially in view of the fact that I dined last night at Sunnyoaks, to meet Miss Bowen, of the Craig School, a teacher, who is strictly OK; about 24 I guess, raised in Germany and France but born in Leavenworth Kas (she confessed to me *sub rosa*), and exceedingly vivacious. She reminds me of the type we see a good deal of in Washn—very rare in Miami. But I don't know what Thyra can mean by introducing me to such nice young ladies, unless she happens to know on the QT that Miss Bowen is engaged.

Paul, don't bite on that propn of taking photos with DF's big camera; that is, don't bite too hard. He brot that instrument down here, at least his new portable one, and spent a lot of time trying to adjust it in the Gdn, with the result, nil. It is a fine idea, only, *ca ne vaut rien*. Your time is worth more elsewhere, speaking in broad generalities.

And Ma, it is allright to talk about me coming out to Calif and settling down, but remember that I have a job in Washn and haven't a job in Calif, and until you can get me an offer of \$2000 per annum, cash, I refuse to consider the matter farther. Anyhow, I don't want to settle down.

Ma, just learned that your friend isn't coming East this summer after all, at least doesn't expect to. Probably going

to Alaska instead. Sic transit gloria mundi.

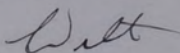
There being no worms in Dade Co gardens, a/c excessive alkalinity of the soil and insufficient moisture, Thyra has decided to go north this summer and enter a hospital to become a trained nurse, and she doesnt relish the prospect one bit. Tough luck.

I'd like to see the irises in bloom at Pasadena, but I fear the walking is poor. Unless I get an enormous raise this 30th June and feel so flush I want to knock off for a month without pay, California wont see my gloomy countenance this current yr.

Another pretty delusion slaughtered on the altar of science We have all heard, of course, how delightfully cool the water inside the coconut always is, no matter how vertical rays of the tropical sun may start the pitch from the seams of the deck, etc. Well, I am conducting a series of experiments to determine the relation of the temperature of said water inside the coconut to the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere, and up to the present I find that the water is 2 to 4 degrees warmer than the shade temperature. In other words, if we have it 75 in the shade the coconut water is about 78.

I can still see a lot of work ahead of me. Scott is going to be here May 1st to 6th. Doubt if I will get thru by June 1st but still I may, as I think I can rattle off the avocado bulletin pretty quickly, and it is the only big job I have left on my hands. Dont know yet whether I am going to Nassau or not, but hope for the best.

Siempre sigue



Miami, Fla., April 21st 1916.

Dear Folks:

The ranks of the legal profession have been augmented by one of the most brilliant young men in the South today. I know he is brilliant ~~but~~ <sup>because</sup> he is the brother of Little Pipp.

Anyhow, J Belling is signing over all his rights to me, and I will have charge of the receipt and disbursement of his funds hereafter. I find a power of attorney is about as all-inclusive and heartless a thing as the law can make it, and if you ever get into the hands of an unscrupulous man with such a Power, -Good Night Nurse!

Rolfs is down here-came day before yesterday, and brot the Doctor out to see Belling again, and after talking the whole thing over very thoroly we decided he would have to go to a private sanitarium up at Asheville NC, as he is probably in for a long period of recuperation and isnt making much progress here. He didnt want to go at all, but I talked to him long and earnestly and finally got him to agree to do so. He has to change trains in Jacksonville, after waiting all day there tomorrow, and asked if I wouldnt go with him that far, wh I agreed to do so as to put him on the right train and take care of him tomorrow. I will probably get back here Sunday morning. It will be quite a burden off my hands, and I feel that I could not do much more for him here. He has improved considerably physically but mentally is in rather bad shape at times.

Nothing new to record down here I guess. Just making hay in the same old way, tho I havent gotten much done this week. The loquat tree arrived yesterday in perfect condition. I opened it up at the garden and potted it and set in the greenhouse to recuperate before



the roots it almost made me homesick. When I asked J Bylum, colored gardener, what that black stuff was he allowed as how he didnt know fo sure, sah! Nothing like that in Dade county. What variety was that, Tanaka? If Unk Palemon knew it came down under frank I suspect he would tear his hair frantically. It really oughtnt to have come that way, as it was a pureply personal matter, but now its done we wont say anything about it, of course.

Sent you quite a bunch-about 600,-pitanga seeds yasterday, comps of J Belling. He cleaned em out very carefully, and it kept him busy all morning. They ought to make you practically 600<sup>m</sup> plants, as they grow very readily as a rule. You can plant them in a flat if you want to, as they pot off readily.

Miami has been invaded by a movie company making films, and the camera operatir is a young Russia who went down to Brazil with us on the Vandyck, and was put in the 2nd class car on the Rio tramway because he smoked a pipe, while only cigars and cigarets were allowed in the primeiro.

Guess I cant go to Sunnyosks any more. Brother Christian has invested in a big box of Pittsburgh stogies and they make me sick. Not when I smoke em, cuase I dont, but when I inhale the fumes.

Begin to think they are going to tabu my Nassau trip, as I havent heard anything about it, but maybe they are only awaiting the signing of the authorization. Let us hope.

Always for the People

*Witt*

Miami, May 5th 1916.

Dear Folks:

I was just telling the breathless world about the botanical relationships of *Persea americana* Mill, per and pro Simmonds and Popenoe, or rather Popenoe and Simmonds, Bul. 41144, Bur. Pl. Ind., 1919, when the mail came in and I got letters from all around, so I will side track to bring my own end of the case up to date.

Business before pleasure, always; Paul, DF just writes suggesting that I take some photos of *Peijoa* flrs and write up the ornithophily of this species for the J of H. If I can get the photos before I leave I will do so, and expect you to publish the article, see?

Next you must know that last night Tracy Sahib and I gave a big blowout for the 2 Jeremiassens, beginning with dinner at the chinese cafe, consisting of bird's nest soup (first I have ever tried, good) chop suey, rice, and litchis, wh is all the luxury Miami affords; then we went to the Chimes of Normandy, put on by local talent, and thoroly enjoyable throughout. Had a bully night of it. Now tonight I am going to a dinner-dance at the Craig school. You see whay I want to leave Miami, -too much excitement. Miss Harris and Miss Bowen are the Craig school by the way, and have about 15 or 20 rich men's kids between 5 and 12, teaching them all the culture they can and just as little useful knowledge as possible.

Paul me lad; the canoe business is settled. I brot the question up at dinner last night, and Thyra, who has very exceptional taste in such things, says it positively must be old rose with

a purple stripe, and the inside painted pale green. That will be a stunner, and no mistake. I am afraid we cant work it, however, ad the inside is too dark to paint light green; in which case, Thyra says it must be burnt orange, not too dark, with a black stripe. Orange would be pretty, but I think old rose expressed my emotions more completely, as I never went in very strong for citriculture.

Ma, I too think the idea of sending Betty the ring is a good one, Cant see any objection to it at all at all. Of course, Lydia would doubtless like a ring too, but I assume you expect Paul to furnish his own, since we know he must have a big wad of money tied up in an old sock somewhere. A feller who earns \$2400 per annum and is a bachelor has no excuse for not saving a lot.

Speaking about money reminds me that I am beginning to wonder if I am going to get a raise this coming June 30th.

Scott and Vosbury were here two days; I spent one with them at Homestead and t'other here at Miami. They are going to Ft Pierce tonight but Vosbury returns in a week to stay here until I leave. I dont fancy Scott any too much,-he has an exaggerated ideao of his own importance, and I do not think he is certain to play quite fair in everything,-something of a bluffer I guess. They are going to suck our brains dry, and no mistake, but if we get out our avocado bulletin first, and put in it everything we know, why we dont care. Scott is going to make a big flourish but he wont be down here more than 2 weeks a year, and I am not afraid of his mastering the tropical frt field in that time, and Vosbury wont set the world on fire right off. Thinking it over, I am absolutely satisfied that I let the avocado and mango pro-



jects go, instead of being transferred with them; I can still keep a finger in the pie, unofficially, and not get behind the trend of progress, and at the same time keep my work with all the other fruits. I didnt make any mistake.

Ice man came in this morning at 6.45 and I tumbled out of bed to pay him, having slept late a/o coming in at 12. He remarked "My goodness, I wish I could lie in bed mornings the way you do!" That might sound well in Miami, but I daresay a Washingtonian would fail to see the point.

Hope the atty is properly enjoying that last box of fruit I sent him.

By George, but I do like this business of being here at the lab alone. Dont feel at all sure that I am going to want to start home May 29th, but I suppose I will have to, for two reasons: first, my personal safety demands that I leave Miami pretty soon, and 2nd, the canoe needs painting. Cant get around a combination like that. But the way I am fixed now I work and read and play just whenever I want to, and it is a darn skinch.

Aint it the truth?

Yours and so forth

*Will*

Miami, May 9th 1916.

Dear Folks:

Having just finished a brief discussion of meteorological conditions with the milk girl, I consider the moment opportune to write you a letter. Not that there is any positive correlation between the meteorological and epistolatory sciences, but just because.

Getting good and warm here now, and I am sticking pretty close to the interior of the Lab, tho I will have to run around more or less. Went down to Coconut Grove with the Simmonds in the Overland yesterday morning, and got in the hands of a real estate man there who showed me some lots on behalf of his client which I looked at on behalf of mine, i.e., Curt G Pfäiffer, and he then brot me home in his Ford. Incidentally, he confessed to me that if "James Deering had employed a competatent man to superintend the development of his place, -myself, for example", he wouldnt have wasted so much money. Thats not pride, but just consciousness of superiority.

The avocado bul is coming right along, about 35 pp of the 1st draft being finished. Think it will make about 60 altogether, and perhaps by the time I get FOP's corrections and addittions, together with those added at Washn, it will make 70 pp, wh would be a good sized bulletin. I enclose circular of the FEC, in wh you will note they quote from the authorities. The second part of their avocado dope I cant place; it sounds suspiciously like my own, slithly altered, and the reference they give isnt familiar to me atvll.

him an equally big shipment of *Catha edulis* last night. Dont get too bad a jag the first time, atty; better toughen yourself to it by degrees. If you can get anything else than a bad taste in your mouth and a profuse flow of saliva from ~~that~~ you are a better man than I am, gunga din.

Going to knock off at 1 pm today and go over to the Beach. Havent had a swim this yr. This may be my last chance, tob, unless I go over with Ned some day. But I can see that I am not going to have any more than enough time to clean up the things I want to finish before I leave here. I cant work at the bulletin steadily; usually take it a couple of hrs in the morning and a couple more in the late afternoon. Four hrs a day of such work is enough.

Father, I read the program of the avocado meeting, and it seemed to me there wasnt as much of interest as last fall, laying your paper and mine out of consideration entirely. I should like to have heard Webber on classification, but that was the only important thing to me. Let me know what he said. I suppose they wont publish a report of this meeting, will they?

Got word from Belling's doctor that he was getting along allright. I enclose the letter for Paul; dont it strike you, brother, that this M D is slinging a few too many big words without knowing what they mean? I think he is something of a 4-flasher. He is sticking Belling \$30 a week, but I guess I cant help it for the time being. Maybe later on Belling can go north to some cheaper place; I will investigate when I get to Washn.

Shamel writes that he would just as soon I would start right in and write up the Brazilian book; says he knows I am a good writer and he will leave it all in my hands. Thank you, Mister



I would just as soon do my share of it, but this business of writing documents for other folks to sign is being carried far enough right now. I told him I would wait until I got to Washn and see how I was fixed for time. I guess he would write the Citrus part, but I would rather do it myself. I dont think there is much chance of finding time for it this year. It would be a good month's work.

I sent Pipp a beautiful cravat this morning, one I got in Jax, and doesnt match my complexion very well. I know it will make a hit with little Ruth.

Going to stop now and get poquito loonchy.

Saudaçãoes

Wilt

Miami, May 11th 1916.

Dear Folks:

Just about to go in town for supper, after wh Art Pancoast is coming out to take me for a ride in his auto, along with one other gent and 3 goils.

Allright, Paul, say no more; I'll be home the day before Memorial Day, barring unforeseen delays here. Think I can get things cleaned up so as to get away from here by two weeks tomorrow, and I hope to be able to stave off the Miami girls until that time, tho two or three are pressing me pretty hard for an answer.

That letter from your Indian friend was a gem. Babu all the way thru. The only trouble is that he is going to do all those fine things. The babus cant use verbs in the present or past tense.

I'm beginning to feel a bit lonesome here ~~at~~ times, but Ned will probably blow in day after tomorrow. He isnt as good company as Allen used tobbe,- we havent a great deal in common, but it will keep me from develop~~ing~~gmeloncholia. I dont mind being alone when I am traveling, but some way or other I dont like living alone here at the Lab. I guess the Miami girls know that, too, and know it is one of their strongest and most deadly weepens.

Sorry you dont <sup>like</sup> ~~like~~ the color scheme for the canoe, brudder and I would suggest that you figure out a bettr one. When you mention that your bkfst of papayas only cost 2 c per caput, you mean nett to consumer, of course; I paid 79c on 3 to get them to you, wh makes approximately 10c per cada persona cada <sup>comide</sup>.

Turned out a good grist on the bulletin yesterday; have her up to about 55 pp now; will make at least 75 before I finish. If I can squeeze in a dozen good plates it will make a good looking pubn. But Oh shucks, what in thunder is the use of writing Govt bulletins anyhow?

Paul, me lad, while I havent any vital animosity toward the ♀ persuasion, neither have I any deep rooted antipathy toward that recreation known as canoeing, I am here to state unqualifiedly and unreservedly that you neednt book me for any canoe trips with sister Anna's girl friends until I see the girl. And furthermore, I am not sure but that Anna may be wishing a lemon on me, to get even for my not writing to her. Vamos a ver.

However, I still find dancing an excellent stimulus to the emotions, and I might be tempted to indulge in a dance ever and anon. I dont believe we want to take girls out canoeing very often, tho, as I think we will get more good from the trips if we go alone. A girl isnt quite in her element on a canoe trip, as far as my experience indicates.

Went over and mended two chairs for Miss Harris yesterday afternoon, after wh she and Miss Bowen set me up to five oclock, with grape fruit and candy thrown in. They are allright, and like company as they are alone like myself. Furthermore, there isnt any danger of my motives being misconstrued.

Paul, anything you want me to bring up with me when I come?

Auf wiedersehn



Miami, Fla., Sunday May 14 1916.

Dear Folks:

Just got back from Royal Palm Hammock, where Edward and I made an all day pilgrimage in company with Doc and Mrs Gifford and Pansy Andrus, said Pansy being a friend of the G's and a very bright young lady (pls note) who is musically inclined and also speaks French; she gives recitals hereabouts and seems to be something of a hi-brow by Dade county standards, but I suppose Paul could show her up without difficulty. Anyhow, we had a bully good time, and a big day of it. Mrs S didnt go, as she wasnt invited, and said she didnt want to go anyhow and wouldnt have gone if she had been invited. *Acres sunt, et nec eas in via repertas tolerem.*

Incidentally, Doc Gifford expressed extremely high appreciation of the J of H, and said he thot it was doing a great work, in which Pansy acquiesced. She seems to have read it too.

And now Paul, me lad, I thank you too much, but I dont believe I am going to be able to get away from here in time to arrive in Washn before Sunday the 28th. Think I will start so as to get there at 12.33 pm Sunday, but I can just as well come on the train wh arrives at 7.35 a m. This will necessitate my going to church, I suppose, so I rather prefer the later train, see? But frankly, wouldnt it be more convenient for you if I arrive at 12.33? You say the word, and I'll be there.

Turned out about 18 pp on the bulletin yesterday, and think I can complete her tomorrow. Then it will take me at least 3 half days to copy her, and I only work a half day at the typewriter. The rest of the time before my departure will be taken by incidentals and farewell calls. Have quite a few to make.

Guess I havent much of importance to chronicle since I last wrote, except that I dropped in at the Craig School with some roses Friday at 5 and found Miss Bowen making divinity fudge, so I stayed an hr and we had a big feed. If I go over there very often I will get my head swelled like little Pippis, for they intimate pretty freely that I have a remarkable knowledge etcetera. They ought to see my big brother. They are really good company, notwithstanding such remarks, and I enjoy them. I am gradually getting a few friends of my own kind, and if I could hang around Coconut Grove enough I would enjoy it down here. Miss Bowen, by the way, went to Univ of Chicago, and the matron of her Dorm was a Mrs Popenoe from Hannibal Mo. Some more of our poor relations. Faller on the Bus the other day heard Pancoast call me Mr Popenoe, and he later asked me where I came from; said he had an uncle at Dayton O. named Popenoe, but I couldnt place the uncle, as I dont know enough about my Ohio relations.

I wore a white carnation today, one of the very few in Dade county, to show that I had not forgotten it was mother's day; I would like to have gone to church, but the trip was too good to miss.

Been looking for Vosbury to blow in since Friday; he said he would be back here then. I'm in no hurry to see him, however. I only have 12 more days here, and they will all be pretty full. I want to entertain at tea once or twice just before I leave, to have Miss Harris and Miss Bowen et al.

9 pm now, so I will turn in an get an early start in the a m

Lovingly,

Dear Dad:

I wonder if any of the plants I had in my old herbarium are still worth anything? You will remember the tall redwood cabinet I had in my shack, and the specimens mounted on white sheets. If they are still around there, I wish you would look them over, and if they seem to be whole, and havent been eaten up by insects, I would like to have them all sent to me at Washn under frank, and I will put them in our new SPI herbarium. We want to get a start just as fast as we can. All you need to do to pack them is to put them together in budnles of 20 or 25 sheets and put a piece of heavy carboard on each side of the buñdle and tie em up.

W.



Miami, Monday the 15

Later:

Monday morning mail has just come, and finds me finishing up the 1st draft of the bulletin. Will go over it this pm and add any items I can scare up, and commence the copying tomorrow.

Dunno, Paul, ~~maybe~~ I will start from here on Thursday night instead of Friday and get to Wn Sunday; your letter just telling about how you are counting the days until my arrival sorts of stirs me up. But we will see; it depends on affairs here. Maybe I can cut out a few pink teas and get away Thursday.

Just got a letter from Bro Scott, the official avocadologist and mangologist, enclosing leaves of the camphor tree and an ornamental which I think is Laurocerasus, and inquiring what type of avocados they were. Wonder ful are the ways of Nature!

I have a scheme to beat yours, Paul; paddle the canoe down to the Potomac bridge, where my train crosses, and haul her up on the bank at the foot of 14th st; then I will drop off the train as I go by. Pls have the paint already well stirred.

All OK, professor.

1916  
Miami Fla., May 17th Wed.

Dear Folks:

I seat myself in front of the eclectic fan and proceed to inform you that tout va pour le mieux ici, sans anything new, except that Ned Vosbury came back this morning and is now installed in the Lab for the rest of my stay, which consists of 9 days.

Which I wish to remark, and my language is ~~plain~~, plain, that if dear sister Lydia has painted me a hat and is doing two sofa cushions for the diwan, it looks bad for sister Anna's prospects. Bad for her matrimonial prospects, that ~~is~~<sup>is</sup>, and good for her prospects of going to college.

I cant write straight today, -not even as straight as usual, wh isnt saying much. I copied 40 pp of my bulletin yesterday, and my fingers wont go where I want em as a result. Have got to copy some more this pm; want to finish the job tomorrow morning if possible. Rode down to Coconut Grove this morning to see Dr Schober's avocado land, and stopped on the way back to rake in a press full of herbarium specimens. I am trying to make the best of my opportunities, like the girls that are told to gather rose buds while they may.

I have got Mrs Simmonds guessing now, alright; she knows of 6 girls in Miami that I have called on, and cant for the life of her figure out which is the one. It furnish an unending source of amusement to her to discuss the possibilities.

Paul, me lad, I guess we will have to defer to that dear sister in the matter of canoe color scheme, and make it orange and green. That seems to express my emotions about as well as

anything else.

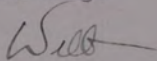
But say, me lad, while I was taking tiffin at Douglas this noon they played all the dances on the phonograph that sister Edith used to have, and it like to made me homesick, and I jest said to myself nine days more! But say again, I dont think I am going to make it before Sunday morning in Washn. Of course I could on a pinch, but what's to be gained by it? I would have to go around to the Ofs on Saturday, and that would bore me terribly.

Oh, by the way, the big news is, -I forgot I had some big news, that Liberty Hyde came back at me with a sockdologer and wants me to sign a contract to deliver him a book on tropischer fruiten-baum by Sept 1917. Says he has all he can handly this yr, and is going to the Orient Jan 1st next to be gone several months, but he wants this book immediately after hisb rettun, and will make it just like Coit's Citrus Fruits in size and makeup. I will talk it over with DF when I hit Wn.

Going to give a pink tea tomorrow at 4.30 for Miss Harris, Miss Bowen and Mrs Simmonds, and serve am Mate, avocado sandwiches( first Mexicans now ripe) and pitanga sherbet. Bet Mrs S will never get over telling folks what rotten stuff it was. She told some of my friends the other day that my pitanga sherbet was no good.

Now for a wee bit work.

Hasta luego





Miami, May 18 1916.

Dear Folks:

I have crossed the Rubicon, seized the bull by the horns, and struck the iron while it is hot. In other words, to make myself plain, I have decided to start for Wn next Thursday night, one week hence, if I can make it, and I guess I can. I usually get there when I start to catch a train, too; but nous allons voir. Further particulars later.

Grinding away on the bulletin this a m; have 74 pp copied, and about 15 more to do. Will complete it by tomorrow anyhow. It is getting to be hard work. The Govt O 2 furnish me with a cheap asst for this sort of thing, aint it?

Law, about that book for Bailey: I will take it up with Paul and DF when I back to Washington get (as the Joimans say) and have written Bailey to this effect. I am not committed with him, so can easily back out. I have to consider whether the standing and publicity wh would come from hvaing it one of the Rural Science Series will more than offset the lack of individuality. ~~wh would come if I put it out independently.~~ BU<sup>n</sup> it is necessary to remember that if I tried to publish independently I would have to find a publisher. I think if I could find some one who<sup>x</sup> would take it with 100 full page plates and as big a book as I wanted I would rather do it that way, but I very much doubt whether it would be a profitable financial venture for the publisher, and suspect that maybe I cant do any better than Bailey. We'll see. I suspect DF may advise to steer clear of Bailey and say he will find a publisher, in wh case we can get the MS ready some time and let him have a whack at it first. But as to writing the thing here in Miami, I could do it allright in the summer, but probably not in the winter, as we have too many callers then. I would have to turn down boarders such as Vosbury and stay by myself, but I could write the thing here allright. Dont know of any better place to do it, in fact, except Calif, and that is pretty far away.

Got a letter from I J Condit about the avocado meeting, and note at the bottom it says in right hand corner (JEC-EH) so I suppose Coit is dictating Condit's letters for him.

Paul, I suppose now that Grace Bell is Mrs Clime she cant work by the SPI no more; at least I hope not, honestly and goodness I do.

Fine balmy nights here now,--real tropics.

Bienpre

Lucia, i.e., Miss Bowen, has read thru 2 copies of the J oh E wh I gave her and is shouting  
for more. Good taste.

Miami, Monday May 22 1916.

Dear Folks:

Custer's last stand, -pretty nearly. Going to be one long sweet social orgy until I get away, too. But to go back to the beginning:

Saturday night after dinner we met Geo B Cellon et Ux on the street, and Cellon invited us to join them in the movies, so we saw Marguerite Clark in Gretna Green. Then yesterday, Sunday, morning Ned and I went out to my ranch and put up a no trespassing sign, took a couple of photos, and saw that everything is growing beautifully, then stopped and looked at Rolfs' mangos, then Deering's avocados, then went to Cellon's and had one last confab and looked over the place. Got back here at noon and dined chez Simmonds, Miss Bowen and Miss Harris being there. We knocked around the garden with them all pm, and made them sample everything edible or eatable. They went home, -the Craig school contingent, -at 6 and at 7/30 Ned and I were there, by appointment, to help Lucia make some Divinity Fudge, and we got home at 10.30. And I am here to say that Lucia is allright, even if she does smoke digarets. That girl has more nerve than any other girl I ever saw; went to Europe without any money and worked her way thru the University, and has done all sorts of things like that. Incidentally, she told me that she is 24, and I told her ditto.

Now tonight we are entertaining the Jeremiassens at tea, with maté and pitanga sherbet, and tomorrow pm I am going over to the beach with a crowd of 6 for a swim and a dance. Of

course with all such things going on there is no time left for

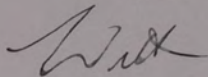
anything so inconsequential as work.

But since there is nothing doing ~~except~~ social affairs this last week, I thot I might as well cut it short and go back to my atty so he wont die from starvation on blancmange, so I am leaving at 5.30 Thursday and will be in Washn Sat am at 7.33~~3~~, barring delays or accidents. I have one great source of regret in leaving Miami; Lucia has got the use of Commodore Monroe's canoe and yesterday suggested that we go for some canoeing trips down to Cocoplum Beach. That is just about 5% better than going up the Potomac with thw atty, and I hat to be forced to pass it up.

Have just come back from Coconut Grove where I have been closing up Pfeiffer's deal for land. He has got a fine little property there; wish I had it myself, but it is just about as good this way, as I suspect if I am down here I can develop it for him and do anything I want with it. He has just written and says he saw Paul in Wn not long ago, and that he looked very well. Doesnt agree with the atty's starvation stories. I will be glad to cook for Paul instead of Ned, however, in spite of the fact that the latter washes all the dishes and the former dosnt.

Without anything further, and with kindest regards, I am

Su seguro servidor





1916

Miami, Florida, May 24th Wednesday

Dear Folks:

Custer's last stand, -posolutely and absotively. And Custer aint exactly sorry,, neither.

To make sure that my attorney doesnt come to the wrong train, I will reiterate my statement of day before yesterday, that I will arrive in Washington at 7.33 a m Saturday morning, and I will be burdened with two hand bags and a great BIG bundle of herbarium specimens, wh I have wrapped up in my manteau universel. The thing which that Manteau isnt good for hasnt yet been discovered.

Just got a note from Atty, wh I suppose will be his last, saying he is booking dates for me in advance. Better go easy, Atty; after my social orgy of this week I can stand a pretty simple diet for a bit, tho of course I dont want to become a recluse.

To show you what a wild life I am leading, however:

Yesterday morning Ned and I went over to the Collins avocado grove, and after seeing it took a dip in the surface and lunched with the Pancoasts, then came home and I worked hard until evening, packing up specimens, and after dinner we stopped at the Craig and Lucia (no longer to be called Miss Bowen) made us some fudge, and we came home at 11 or a little before and turned in. This a m I turned out at 5.45 to begin packing; Ned was still asleep; I heard a gentle repping on the porch, and went out, and there was Lucia, with the request that we come for a walk. Of course I went, and we hoofed it down to the Devil's Punch Bowl (They always put his name to everything) and back, about 4 miles r t; it was glorious in

the cool morning air. On the way back we had to turn down several invitations to ride in passing autos. Incidentally, Lucia says she isn't going to marry until she finds a man who has both money and brains, and that she has known lots who had one or the other, but never the two together; however, she doesn't know but that she might marry a poor man who had fine prospects just for the sport of helping him make his pile, and she thinks the Journal of Heredity is way off in its attitude towards women's colleges, cause all those Wellesley girls really want to get married worse than anything else, but the men are too afraid of them and too selfish to give em the chance, and she hopes Paul will get caught by some silly little frivolous thing just to serve him right. So there! She certainly is a stack of fun, - and very pretty too.

Tonight we dine chez Jeramiassens for the last time, and I leave tomorrow at 5.30 pm. Have most of my stuff packed already.

Well, you know, I begin to feel pretty well at home in Dade Co., and after all the Tropics is the place for me. California has its advantages, but this is the place to grow tropical plants. I think I shall come back here some time. I am telling my friends that I will be back for a visit next summer, but quien sabe. Went out for a last look at my little lot last night and things are growing just beautifully. After all, it is a pretty good old hang out.

Yours till the next stop

Wilt

Now Ma,  
don't get scared,  
cause there isn't nothing  
doin', and I don't see any harm in talking frankly  
this way, - at least not with some girls.

Miami, May 25th 1916.

Dear Dad:

Yours of 19th just to hand. In re Belling, I thought of stopping off at Asheville on the way up, but didnt see how I could arrange it very well on Govt transportation, and am loaded down with handbaggage besides; I decided therefore to wait until I get back to Wn, and then if I can find a good place for Belling near Wn I will run down to Asheville some Saturday and bring him back Sunday, at his expense, and it wont take any time off my work. He is paying a pretty high price where he now is.

Got a letter from DF this am, -personal note from In the Woods. Said Paul was there. They had been ~~xxxx~~ talking Guatemala and DF said he didnt see anything to block the trip.

Must finish packing now and get my luggage hauled to town.

Siempre

W



The National Press Club  
Washington

Sunday May 28th 1926

Dear Folks:

Here we are again, as the man says in the circus!  
And say, hear me when I statethat it is a great old town, and  
I aint sorry I came, -at least not yet. The future looks good  
too.

But to resume our story in chronological order:

I left Miami on Thursday afternoon, after paying a final  
call on Lucia and getting filled up with molasses candy, and a  
final call at Sunnoyaks and getting a lb box of chocolates to  
eat on the train, and got here yesterday morning 2 hrs late after  
a quiet ~~trip~~ during which I slept most of the time. I hiked  
right down to the Office to leave my herbarium material, and  
said hello to the boys all around, afterward spending an hour  
or so in a "conference" with DF. He seemed to be in good spi rits  
and asked a lot of questions about his place down at Coconut  
Grove, and I assured him enthusiastically, of course, that it  
was simply the slickest proposition in Dade county, and all that.  
We talked over future plans to a limited extent, and he seems  
bent upon the Guatemala trip provided we dont go to war with  
Carranza. If we do, he thinks we might undertake similar work in  
Colombia or some other part of S A. I told him it was almost  
imperative that I go abroad somewhere|this su mmer, -it didnt  
matter where, but I was getting so full of the Wandrlust I  
just simply had to make a break for somewhere. We talked about  
Vosbury going to Guatamala and he thinks perhaps we will count  
him out for the main part of the trip, as he doesnt want to put

in more than 3 or 4 months down~~here~~ there; he can come down for whatever time he wants to "learn the business" wh is his only object in going anyway. I would go down in August and start things going, and Simmonds might come down in November and stay 3 mos to help me bud my stock. I doubt if Simmonds will go, but in any event, I would just as soon have it arranged this way. I dont think Vosbury wants to go in for the trip for all there is in it, but primarily to learn all he can about avocados. We dont mind teaching the greenhorns, but while I am down in Guat I want a man who can help me some, incidentally.

Paul and I have been ~~talking~~ a a blue streak, naturellement. I put it to him straight, that either he or I had simply ~~to~~ got to get married pretty pronto, or Ma wouldnt be happy, and we finally agreed thatit had otter be him, so we are going to shut up shop here next Saturday night and go up to New England to hunt him a wife in his ancestral home. The only prospect here in Washn seems to be Sister Anna, and I guess her Pa wont stand for any momkey business. But seriously, we plan~~y~~ to take our vacations beginning next Sat and put in two weeks on a northern tour. Neither of us need the physical exercise of a mountain trip very badly, and we think it would be better to make a lot of good contacts, so we are going first to Bahston, where we will take in Cambridge, Arnold Arboretum, Antie Downes, and ~~Perhaps~~ Amherst; then we will come down to Cos Cob for a day, and on to NY where we will stay 4 or 5 days and see the sights. It will be a stack of fun for me, and I think worth while.

Paul thinks I wont be in the BPI more than 1 or 2 yrs more, and we have been talking over the book propn pretty extensively.

We think I ought to have the material in pretty tangible form so if I should drop out suddenly I could take it with me, and I have about decided to put in most of the time during the 2 or 3 months I am here getting the material in good shape. I will salt it down until next yr, and can then polish it up and turn it over to Bailey or some other publisher. I havent spoken to DF yet about the Bailey matter, but will do so in a day or two. Having transferred mangos and avocados to Scott, it occurs to me that if I try to publish a book on this subject a yr or two hence Scott may raise a big howl, but if I can say that I wrote it last yr, he couldnt say much. I will have quite a little time here this summer, and nothing particular to do, so I think I will fix things up as best I can.

We went out canoeing last night, and are about to start for the afternoon, having just come from Delta class and having consumed a plate of waffles and a glass of buttermilk. The river is fine now. It is warm here, but not quite so warm as Miami. I am wearing my linen suits but will have to purchase a thin woollen suit for about \$10 to wear up to Bashton, ~~and~~ as you cant wear linen north of the Mason and Dixon line.

I will establish myself in my ofs tomorrow, and settle down for bizness. Apparently our work is awfully dull this season, due to the war abroad and quarantine at home. They have us tied hand and foot.

Soy de Ud, afmo atto y SSS

Wilt

Washington



Washington (I pretty nearly wrote  
Miami) May 30th 1916.

Dear Folks:

Legal holiday, but I came down to the Ofs at 7.40, to make up some of the time that I take off afternoons when we go canoeing. Incidentally I wanted to unpack my Miami books and papers and get my Ofs straightened up for action. Everything is now in shape and I can commence business tomorrow morning.

Dad, the Herberium material you sent in reached me yesterday morning, and I was surprised and delighted at the condition of it; altho I note most of the specimens were taken in October 1910 (that seems like a long time ago!) they are in good shape, and will add greatly to our herbarium. As a matter of fact, I guess my material now constitutes by far the larger part of the S P I herbarium. It will be kept in permanent quarters here, and can always be referred to, so that it will have real value. The cash value of those specimens you sent was not less than \$20, so it would have been a shame to have them spoil in California.

Everything lovely here; Paul and I expect to take lunch with the Cooper's this noon. I am surprised that Ma C will allow it; she has surely shut down hard on Anna, and not without reason, say I, for I rather incline to the opinion that said Anna thinks a powerful lot of Paul, and the latter is not entirely free from sentiment in the matter himself. Maybe

I can analyse the situation better when I see them together

me,--my work is known. Didn't I start little Pipp on his mad career, which has ended in his wearing the loudest cravat that ever crossed the Rockies?

Chief item of interest is that I bot a summer suit, light tan, unlined, last night, to wear to Bahston; cost me \$12, and Paul says it looks very spiffy. Wont wear long, but I will get back to the Tropics by the end of Summer without doubt, and will only need it a little while here, as I intend to wear linen a good deal. I got loaded down with suits last winter, and am still wishing I had the money back. I have 2 fine winter suits laid away for future use.

I see Ma is now greatly concerned and exercised over the Lucia proposition. Well, Ma, it is allright now, since I am no longer in Miami. She wasnt so bad, you know.

SCStuntz, alias Sociable Stephen, says there is nothing doing in this Ofs any more; that ever since last July DF has laid back in the harness and refused to do anything. He thinks Mrs F nags David too much about his low salary, and is trying to get him to quit the BFI, and the Coconut Grove place is on his mind too much anyway. Stephen has got an ingrowing grouch, thats all. We have too many such men in the Dept. I'm glad I dont stay here long enough to acquire the habit.

I will have to look to my laurels, or I wont be the banner cook of the family anymore. Paul does pretty well; he got too much sugar in the muffins this morning, but he claims it was due to my error in copying Ma Browne's recipe. I am going to get back in the harness soon, but I have been cook for such a long time that I relish a few days vacation.

We are looking ~~for~~ to a big time up north, and have doped out an itinerary that will give us as many free meals and sleeps as possible within the specified 15 days. It will be quite a treat to me.

Ma, you think it strange that I am not more anxious to come home to California this summer, but you fail to take into consideration two facts; 1st, that I couldn't come if I wanted to, and 2nd, that with the first premise granted, there is no use worrying about it, and I have joined the Dont Worry Club. Therefore I ignore the subject altogether, and talk about something pleasant instead. Government graft is played out. When I get home again it will probably be to take a job at \$6 per week with Coolidge.

Havent talked the Bailey Book question with DF yet, but am going to at the 1st good opportunity.

Met Miss Sennar on the street last night; she is bright, and intelligent, and all that, but not at all the sort of a girl one would fall in love with, so DF's great concern at Paul's danger while he was in Fla was either a sham or else hallucination.

Paul says DF quizzed him about my Miami affairs de coeur yesterday, and wanted to know how I stood down there. Paul told him, so he claims, that I got away clear. Too many problems.

We had a gorgeous time at the Lwhatan Sunday night; good supper and lots of music, as enclosed. We dined a la carte at about 60 c cada uno. It is a fine place, and I am going to do it often while I am in town, -if Paul will go.

SSS (purely vegetable)



Canton, Friday June 9<sup>th</sup> 1916

Dear Folks:

I am sitting in front of the fire, and have been all morning. I intended to go in to the Arboretum today, but it was drizzling when I got up, and has been ever since, so I stayed here and perused the Life of Dr. Franklin. Paul started off for Bethel in the drizzle as he felt he couldn't afford to waste a day. As for me, I am living a sort of laissez faire life up here, and don't care whether school keeps or not.

I have, in fact, but one concern, to-wit, that my meals be on time and not wanting in quantity. I am eating like a horse, and sleeping the rest of the time. As a result I am getting unconscionably fat. I'm going to have my photo taken just as soon as I get back to Wash, before the hollows reappear in my cheeks. The cold weather here is great for the appetite.

Yesterday morning Auntie Dennes took us for a 25 mi-  
re drive thru Blue Hill reservation and over to Quincy and  
Milton. I imagine this is about the best possible  
time to see this country - everything is in bloom.

P.T.O.

This is certainly one of the prettiest regions I have ever seen, and I hate to see it overrun with Irish and Dagoes as it is at present. The old stock has all gone West, apparently. In spite of the proximity to Boston, Canton seems to be frightfully provincial, and everybody stares at us on the street - probably in part because of our summer garb. Yesterday, we passed 3 young Irishmen and one yelled out "Rape the Lips", whatever that means. They are altogether too fresh.

x x x x

Just paused here to go out and drink 2 glasses of buttermilk out of the churn. This is the life!

Tomorrow we lunch with Cousin Ruthie in Bahston & go down to NY at night. Haven't heard from Cousin Hugh yet, so don't know whether we go to Cos Cob or no. Spend Monday night with my co-proprietor Doc (Frank) in Cold Spring Harbor. This is a good deal better vacation than 2 weeks camping would have been.

We have taken a number of walks about Canton in spite of the cold weather. Girls all run to the factory windows and stare as we go by.

Auntie Downer wants some of my vises, especially those with blue copper or red in them, and the very deep purple. Can't you mark some of the best plants while they are in bloom and send her some roots late in the summer?

If I don't go to Guatemala I would like mighty well to put in a yr at Harvard. Ralf wants a roommate. I'd like to hang around the herbarium and the Librarians and the Labs for a while, and since you are not going to let me go to Meade again I don't see what else I can do if Guat. falls thru. But I feel very hopeful for the Guat. trip now. From all I can gather Carranga isn't getting any fiercer.

The Boston region is certainly his brow. Even the cops talk like Harvard graduates, and slang seems to be strictly tabu. I have to be extremely careful. The Curator of the Gray Herbarium said to me "Perhaps you would be diverted to see our sitting room?" I assured him that nothing would divert me more. He is an awful hi brow and corrected me on the pronunciation of Schomburgk, but I caught him up on Minas Gerais. Every man to his trade.

FOP: Sure, we can send copies of the avocado bul. to all the members of the Calif. Avocado Assn., but don't send on the list until the publication has been approved by Taylor - if it is, it can be left when I go away & the bulletins mailed when issued.

Re Hoegmeyer & the Post Recd job, be called



spend a month with Simmonds (not Ulla) and learn how  
to do the job, but I don't know whether there is any money  
in P.R. to pay for the work done there. I can't see any  
way just now to work it, but I'll look into it.

After all, you know my Florida escapades ~~or~~ weren't  
so bad as I imagine you picture 'em, so don't think  
I escaped by the skin of my teeth. The parents never  
had to run me off, like the Coopers are doing  
Pauls

Say de Vd. S.S.S.  
(purely vegetable)

Will

COSMOS CLUB  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Sunday July 30

[1916?]

Beloved Dad,

On returning from the Old Dominion this evening I find a letter from you, dated Sta Barbara July 22, and one from Altadena the 24<sup>th</sup>. I'm glad you made the trip to Sta Barbara; it must have been jolly.

Yesterday I went down to Stafford, near Fredericksburg, to week-end with Henry Moncur, my cabin-mate on the trip from Valf<sup>o</sup> to New York last fall.

I got a cross section of  
one of the F.F.V.s and  
greatly enjoyed it. Had  
lots of Corn bread, and heard  
the word 'youall' used  
with great frequency. The  
Mercuries are poor, but  
of good class, and know what  
'southern hospitality' is,  
sure enough. I enjoyed the  
trip, and got a good sleep.  
I really think I must  
get away from the office  
and out of town - a  
charged mental atmosphere  
more often in the future.  
I am carrying a good

deal of responsibility these days, and find it  
rather tiring. In short, I've also decided  
to buy myself a good roadster - 3 passenger  
Shen. I can stay at the H. Roadster  
next winter, after the Browns' have not  
out of their house. I don't think I  
want a touring car, as I will ride  
alone back and forth to work, and a  
roadster is warmer in winter, and



You can put on side curtains and shut  
it up pretty effectively. I'm thinking very  
seriously of a Buick Four.

No word from DT since he went  
North on the 17<sup>th</sup>. I guess he isn't  
worried very badly about the office. I  
find Dr Galloway a life saver. He  
is in the office every morning, and  
I nearly always have 2 or 3 questions

to ask him I find there  
are lots of things I don't  
know about the adminis-  
tration of an office such  
as ours. And I'm coming  
to admire Dr. G. more and  
more. He is a very  
fine character, and I am  
sorry he is not able to  
go into the work more  
deeply. He is afraid to  
take much, lest he have  
another breakdown.

Dorsett stays out at  
Belle all the time, and

expects to go to Bellingham  
by the end of August.  
I think he is through with  
office work for all time to  
come.

I don't find much time  
to write letters these days.  
This week I already possess  
as a busy one. I am  
director of the College of  
Agr at Santiago de Chile,  
whom I met down there,  
is coming to town, and I  
have to take him in  
town, as well as to handle  
the regular work.

How are your plans for the summer. I  
would trust progressing.

Thank you very  
much

Wm. H. Silliman

Dr. H. Silliman of Harvard for invitation  
to me once or twice, & I will keep  
in touch with him.



Washington, January 3rd 1917.

Dear Folks:

Herb and I have just arrived at the Ofc.--8.15, and found a fine letter from MBP of the day after Christmas, giving a full account of Paul's visit. Bully. We thought of you a lot on Christmas day, and knew you were having a fine time, just like we were here. It is great that old Paul is so near home these days. If he stays out in that part of the world he will probably get up to Pasadena every few months.

Lemme see; where did I leave off. In the afternoon of Jan 1 H and I went out to In The Woods, and had a fine visit with the Peircchilds, during which the latter bound me by seven different kinds of oaths not to get married before I was 33 or 35, and practically undertook to furnish me a girl at the proper time. All of which is very nice, and I guess I will have to do it, but if I had my own way I dont think I would delay matters much after the end of the war, I agree with Paul in thinking it is not advisable to make any serious moves as long as we are at war. I took Mrs F quite a few hupiles and a small blanket, wh seemed to please her very much, and Herb took quite a shine to Barbara, while I fell in love with Nancy Bell. When we arrived Nancy said "Where's our Mr. Poppence?" Cep Ward Brown was there and asked after PAUL.

Yesterday, 2nd, I knocked off work at 1 pm to go down to the Library of Congress and promptly made tracks for the residence of Hon B S Browne, 8 dist Wis, and Kitty and I went down to the New National to see Otis Skinner in Mister Antonio, matinee. It was slick, and they played Maria Mari. Kitty did the right thing by me when we got back, and I stayed for supper. Ma Browne came downstairs for the first time in a week, and after a good square meal the family showed their appreciation of the eternal fitness of things by going into the back room and leaving the front fireplace to Kitty and me. As Herb says, that's a very definite omen. I came away at 9.45, and will only see Kitty once more, same being next Sunday when she starts back to Madison. The fellow that gets Kitty isnt going to be dragged to the altar; she assumes an air of utter indifference, yet I judge from the fact that I worked a photo out of her last night, and other incidents not without meaning to the trained psychologist, that I might be able to pursue matters out there without ~~causing~~ causing any hard feeling on anybody's part. But I guess all in all its best to stand back for the time being. I may be mistaken, but I dont think Kitty is going to be snapped up very quick; she doesnt try hard enough to land a man. However, she is one of the finest girls we know, and that sort of a girl wont be allowed to waste her sweetness on the desert air for many years.

Draft for \$200 enclosed

Allright, mother, I'll send on a huipil for Auntie Belle when I send your blanket. I have been waiting for my second box to arrive from N O so as to send you some Chejel chocolate, but the box is still in the N O customs, and I guess I will send the blanket and a few huipiles without much more delay.

Got a letter from mendi, Paul, in wh he says that he and Miller have a scheme for getting work in the Q M D purchasing vegetables and other supplies for the cantonments, and perhaps later going over to France to help rehabilitate the devastated agricultural areas. He wants to talk it over with me as soon as he gets back and see if we cant all get together and do something. I am with him. I really feel pretty mean here sometimes, to feel that I am not doing anything. DF wants me to stay out of the army until I am called up, and of course now I couldnt enlist if I wanted to,--and I wouldnt anyway, with DF advising the contrary,--but my great desire is to be given some war work to do. Some times, particularly after talking with Ma Browne, I feel content to let matters stand and await my turn, which probably wont come for a long time, and then other times I feel very strongly that I ought to make an effort to get in somewhere where I could use my training to greater effect than at present in raising more foodstuffs or in feeding the army. Paul, cant you give me any suggestions as to work I might possibly find open to me?

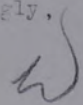
Mother, inre letter writing, H and I both find it unsatisfactory to set certain days for writing and then send off a letter whether we have anything to say or not, so I guess we will go on as at present, writing when we feel we have something to say, but taking care than not more than 2 or 3 days elapse without a letter going out.

In re date stock, I will get a draft for \$200 and enclose it in this letter, if possible.

Still cold back here. We are enjoying life, and Herb is working hard on his J of H. We had a big bkfst this morning consisting of 1 can Iona pears, and a half loaf of fresh h m bread wh ma Browne gave me last night, together with a glass of strawberry jam by that dear Kitty, and 1 lb of Wisconsin butter wh Pa sold me at 55 cents, cost to him. I am going to feel lonesome after Kitty goes away, but I guess it is the best thing. I shant work very hard to hunt up any other girls right away, tho Mery recommends that I hunt up Marguerite neale, who is a great friend of Paul's.

Life is pretty pleasant these days, after so long a time in Guatemala. I am certainly enjoying the change.

Lovingly,





UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY  
WASHINGTON

FOREIGN SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION

Washn, Friday March 23 [1917]

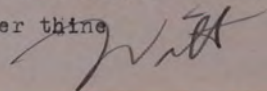
Belovedest of Dads,

I started off this week by going to lecture at the Pan American Union, swell society affair, where Saville talked on the ruins of Yucatan, and where I met the Jap ambassador, Swediesh minister, and had a long talk with my friend the Guatemalan minister. Then the next night I had to lecture for the 7th Day Adventists; they tried to pull off a big stunt and failed. They hired the Masonic Temple down town, where the Geographic lectures are given--where I talked once last year,--and didnt get out enough of a crowd to pay expenses. I felt a bit sick, lecturing to a big hall with only a handfull of people in it, but never mind. Then Wednesday afternoon I went up to Trenton N J and was the guest of the Garden Club, composd of wealthy ladies mainly. They had me out for dinner at a big home, with negro butler in full dress, and then I showed em a hundred slides and talked, by request, for an hour and a quarter. I stayed over night in the best hotel in town at their expense, and came back here yesterday.

Spring is coming on apace, and the mums are in bloom. It looks as though we wouldnt have any more really cold weather now. I begin to feel more cheerful already.

I have noted, and herewith return, the interesting correspondence anent your resignation as Pres of the Avocado Assn. I will be glad to know whom they elect as successor. I have no doubt you were quite right in taking the action you did. You have had a chance to show what you can do, anyhow, and I am sure that all the really worth while people in the Assn appreciate what has been accomplished, and will want to put you in again. But I wouldnt go if I was you. There is a lot of hard work connected with it, and you dont want to load yourself down so heavily again. I'm mighty glad you've had the office, and proud of the record you have made. We want to have the Popenoe name inseparably connected with the history of avocado growing in this country, and your service as Pres of the Assn has helped to do it.

I am going out to Bell tomorrow night to stay with McClure and on to Baltimore Sunday to see the Donald Foxes. Took Kay Morse out for a little auto ride last night, early, to celebrate the advent of spring. Ever thine



Thanks for the great Avocado from Japan etc.  
They ought to take care and/or thank, as I am very keen  
of H. W. Rouse



Case de Uda, Sunday evening June 15 [1913]

Dear Folks:

I am just about to turn in to get ready for big job tomorrow morning. I have taken an easy day as I was tired and wanted to recuperate. I thought of going to Chevy Chase to walk a bit but finally I decided to stay at home and get out Willard Cts salvage in shape, so I did so; I worked on it this morning, then knocked off to go to church with the Roses, then came back and dined with them, and then worked the afternoon. Result, everything is put away in proper shape and I can tell you where anything is, if it is still in the collection. ~~ix~~ I have had to junk quite a bit of stuff.

Paul, they have burned the leg of one of our chairs half way thru. It looks like it had been in a fire, and is hors de combat, practically speaking. The silverware is there, in part at least. I found a pair of fine dancing shoes, which look like mine, but they have shoe trees in them and I never had any such. What sort of dancing shoes did you have? You can see these when you come down, y que sea pronto. I took my cold chisel and cut the rivets on our big trunk to which we had lost the key, and found within it a fine collection of exotic sheet music, which is may a su disposition. I have put all of your papers and separates together where you can get at them fairly easily. We can count practically all our woollen goods a total loss; the moths have left very little of them, but the cotton stuff was held up most of it. The pictures I have packed away

in one trunk. The mattresses are all in good shape, but we seem to have no bed linen or anything of that sort. We have a few kitchen utensils left. I dont find hide nor hair of the narghileh. The prepared charcoal is there, however.

Say, Paul, the only two books wh I miss from the bookcase are Womens' Eyes and Songs from the Garden of Kama. What made you give both of these to Marguerite. Wouldnt she have pukjed thru if you had limited her to one? W<sup>o</sup> needed Womens' Eyes in our biz.

I am in dutch with Ruthie, because I have failed to take her out to Chevy Chase, or come down to see her recently. That girl is a sponge, and will allow you to spend just as much money on her as you like. I am sru, all sru.

Gee, but I was tired last night. I went to bed shortly after nine, wh is moughty early for me nowadays.

I am burni<sup>ng</sup> incense in my room now.

Preacher this morning talked on the statement of Paul (I believe), "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." The apostle hadnt anything on me. I am in the same boat.

Went out last night with Pa and Tom to see the Browne's new house. It is a mighty comfortable and well built structure, but has mighty little style to it. The folks that bui<sup>lt</sup> it are very bourgeois and are now going to build next to this house. To my mind they wont make very desirable neighbors.

Paul, Rebecca send you her regards and Martha her love. When I came back from N Y I told them both you sent regards,

Antigua Guatemala  
December 10 1917.

Dear Folks:

I guess I will write you one more letter from Guatemala, tho I told you last week there would be no more. This, however, will arrive with a New Orleans postmark on it.

I have been here three days; The Struss were with me until this morning, and all day today Joe and I have been cutting budwood. Incidentally I found a new variety which looks fine, so I have given it the number 36 and am taking home budwood of it. Out of the 36 varieties originally selected I have discarded some, as you know, and I now find I have about 25. I don't know whether all are going to be saved, but not more than two or three are in doubt. I picked about a dozen somewhat immature fruits today and am going to try to carry them to Washington to show the boys what Guatemalan avocados look like. Probably they will be spoiled by the time I arrive, or you can eat them. They are green anyway.



I have greatly enjoyed my stay here with Dr.  
and Mrs. Bruce. The Doc and I laid back and  
talked medicine a good deal, and I sprung so  
many scientific terms on him that I almost con-  
vinced him I knew something about the business.  
He was sufficiently impressed, in fact, to make  
me an offer which is decidedly tempting to me:  
As I think you know, he is in charge of the  
campaign against hookworm and other tropical  
diseases in Guatemala under the Rockefeller  
Foundation. He is just beginning the work, and  
is now spending about \$40,000 gold per year.  
He has not touched the Verapaz yet, and says  
if I will get a 2 year's furlough from the Dept  
he will get me appointed Associate Director  
at \$2000 a year to start off, ~~plus~~ all expenses,  
and put me at Cobán in charge of all  
the work in the Verapaz. It almost tempts  
me, for I would have an opportunity to study  
a lot and the Verapaz is a rich region bot-  
tanically and archeologically. I think I would

bring Hub down for a year to study the psychology of the Mayas. I can see some interesting problems along his line of these.

Of course I don't have any real idea that I will do this, but I think I will tell DF about it anyway. I've been with him  $\frac{1}{2}$  year now and have only had one raise in salary, and I like him to know whenever I get an offer on the outside. The Rockefeller Foundation has a sack of money and treats their men much more liberally than the govt. I know the Director Rose, as he went down with us on the Sandyski. I have promised Truse to call on him at the first opportunity and tell him a lot of things about conditions down here which Truse can't put in his letters, because the latter are probably opened and read in the Guatemala post office.

But getting back to Antigua; I have just been out in the back yard playing base ball with the boys. The game is getting quite

popular here, and is played in English: they call  
out "one Strike" and "foul ball" and "batter up"  
and then do the rest in Spanish. St.  
segundo quien.

Coming back from "La Dolores" I met my son  
friend the Mexican ice cream vendor, when he  
saw me he changed his theme from "Helados  
de leche" to "Ice Cream", and I stopped for  
a few samples. He sells 'em in little paper  
rolls holding about 2 tablespoonsful at a  
peso. One time I had a big feed with Inez  
Dealin, when the Austins were over here last  
time, and she ate 4 and I 7, I believe. Well,  
the old man hadn't forgotten this, and while I  
was eating today he remarked to a boat black  
who was standing by "This fellow and 'su hermano  
ita" ate 30 of these ice creams one day. That  
struck the boy as great. Pretty soon another  
fellow came up, and the boat black told him "This  
fellow ate 40 of these ice creams one day,  
all alone". I took him to task, and he said  
"Yes but the number is umentando"



I stopped here for supper, and on coming back to my room Josi met me with a sheet of stamped paper in his hand, and wanted me to write him a recomendación: I promised to do it tomorrow in Guatemala on the typewriter. I can't make it very strong along certain lines, but I can truthfully say that the boy is a hard and efficient worker. His defects are not very serious ones, and he does not steal (except to "knock down" a peso or two now and then) and never gets drunk. It seems probable that he will go to Dr. Struss as soon as I leave.

I am sitting at table now with 2 artists, one German and one Guatemalan. We have talked art, of course, and by carefully manoeuvring I have been able to hold my own. Like Paul does when talking to botanists, I maintained control of the conversation and thus was able to direct it along the proper lines.

Last night about 12.30 I was awakened by music just outside my window. For quite a little while I didn't realize what it was, and then I got fully enough awake to hear it was

a marimba, - and a bang-up good one, - playing popular dance music. I guess they were serenading the gents just across the street. They played about 5 or 6 pieces, all of them fine. I guess it is my last taste of the marimba in Guatemala, and it was a good one.

Jose just announced that he desired to take "un on suelta" (a turn) about the town probably to saludar his friends, and I told him to call me at 4.30 a.m. My last ride over the Guatemala. Antigua road, for a while at least.

Doc Strauss examined me last night to see what sort of condition I am in, and he says he doesn't think my measurements & weight will let me into the army, unless they change the requirements. He also strongly urges that I follow ~~not~~ an outdoor life and never attempt steady office work. He thinks that my point of least resistance is my lungs. He says that the climate of tropical highlands

is just the thing for me, and he would urge that I come South again as soon as I can. I see in this last - subtle blow toward encouraging me to take up the Rockefeller work in Colón.

I took the meyerdomo at La Polvora (where I eat breakfast) I two bottles of beer today, as a parting gift. He was overwhelmed. He said as I left "altho I don't know your family, please give them my salutations when you get back to your country".

At 8.15, or I'm going to bed. I suppose Joe won't sleep at all tonight. He rarely does when we are to start before 7 a.m. He will be up at 3 to feed Starlight and Little Mike. I am sending the latter back to Chejel as soon as I leave.

Adios Guatemala y sus agnates!

Lovingly  
Wilt





it over on the way home, and decided to send her out a nice pot of flowers tomorrow, as a starter. Ma insisted that we come out for dinner Christmas day, at noon, our engagement with Dr Gates being for the evening, so of course we agreed, and now we will have to ~~go~~ on short rations at once to get ready for two big feeds on Tuesday. Ma also gave me a lot of new recipes, and seemed in general mighty glad to see me. Speaking frankly, I think Ma likes me pretty well; she has to, since she ~~likes~~ all Popences.

I took Ma out a nice Guatemalan huipil, and tomorrow I am going to buy her a couple of Marimba records, she having asked which ones were best, etc.

Yassir, things are coming our way, and even if I don't get but a month or so in Washington, I am going to have a good enough time to carry me thru ~~for~~ another year.

Of course, Kitty may already be tied up. I dunno. Helen has announced her engagement to a young engineer who has joined the aviation corps. If I find Ma has been doing me dirt by showing off Kitty when she is already spoke for there is going to be trouble.

Mother, I went out to Mt Pleasant Congl Church this morning to hear Rev W A Morgan, brother in law of my Guata friends the Austins, preach; it was a fine service and a good sermon. I liked him muchly, for he is full of fire, and believes in the war, and doesn't think Christianity is a thing to be talked about and not be put into effect. I am going to call on him tomorrow to turn over some trinkets

It was a Christmas service this morning, and as we sang the old hymns which I used to sing years ago in Topeka it made me think of my little mother, and made me happy because I expect to see her so soon. I was sorry Herb did not go, afterwards; he didnt take to it and I didnt urge him, as I sort of have an idea you cant force Herb to do a thing and expect to get very good results, but I shall probably go out there <sup>regularly</sup> while I am in Washn and I hope I can get Herb sufficiently interested so he will go of his own sweet will and volition. He is at the age now where he thinks that he has a bigger and better philosophy than the preachers, but I am still finding that a good church service, with a sermon by someone I like to hear, is very satisfying to me and I get a lot of good out of it, even tho there is much in the orthodox doctrine which I cannot accept verbatim. I do hate to sit thru a long and dry sermon, like the ones Bro Allison used to give in Wattamala, but a man like Dr Fox or Dr Stocking, who used to be our pastor here, satisfies me nearly every time. I suppose one should go to church as a duty, prhaps, but it has never seemed to do me much good that way, while it does when I can hear someone I enjoy listening to.

Ma Browne says Paul is perfectly stunning as a sojer. I bet he would make her a nice son in law.

Lots of love

Wilt

My first letter from Mrs B addressed to BPI,  
Dad checked one yesterday p.m.



Washington, Dec 26th 1917

Dear Folks:

As predicted exclusively in our night letter of Christmas eve, we had an immense time yesterday. My own celebration began, in fact, by dining with Charles Dearing of the Dept at the Powhatan Christmas eve. It was sure like old times, and the Powhatan is just as good as ever. I had six Lynnhavens on the half shell, and a salmon steak with fried sweets, and a dish of chocolate ice cream, which only set Charley back \$2. After dinner we sat out in those big diwans in the lobby, which Paul will recall sans doute, and listened to the music until they began to play for the dancing at 9.30 in the new café, and then I simply had to leave. I couldnt stand it to hear those waltzes and sit on the side lines. But as I was leaving I made a silent resolve, which will appear further on.

Yesterday morning we came down to the Ofs, our respective offices, as we say, and spent about three hours. I was going to get some work done, but PHD came in and I had to listen to a long discourse upon the way the Red Cross is diverting its funds into nefarious channels, and selling the sweaters knit for the poor Sammies to the Uncle Ikes on the N Y Bowery. However, I went home at noon, slicked up a bit, and taking a nice huipil for Kitty K in one hand and two merinab records for mother Browne in the other, we called forth to further pursue our amorous conquests, as we say.

We had a great feed. Roast goose, and all that sort of thing. Ma took pains to announce, within my hearing, that Kitty was solely responsible for the dinner, and I, of course, judged Kitty's culinary ability accordingly. And lemme tell you, that ability is just 100% perfect. After dinner some callers came in, and we all chewed the rag a while, and then Herb put the whole family thru the Binet test, mother Browne ranking highest and Kitty next.

Before leaving, I booked Kitty for the Powhatan, leaving it to her to choose Thu or Fri night, and she chose Thu, wh Herb and I allowed was a good omen. Apparently Kitty hasnt a great deal on hand, or else she is keeping the other chars in the background very successfully. And Mother B said for us to come out again and bring some Guatanalan photos, to show to Kitty before she left, and to just phone we were coming, thats all.

Yassir, things are coming our way. Herb and I analysed the whole problem last night, classifying the evidence with care, and we find that everything sugurs well.

Paul, how long has it been since you last saw Kitty? she has improved in looks considerably since I saw her. She is going to be a dead ringer for her mother in both looks and

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disposition, and she is certainly up to the minute as a housewife. If you, as a eugenicist, see any obstacles, you had better wire me at once, before I take her out to any more dances at the Rocheton. Best call.

At seven p.m. we went over to the Gates to punish another member of the tribe Aves. We found, besides the Gates, ex-Pres Eaton of Beloit and his family, and Eliza R. Scidmore of Japan, the latter a great supporter of DF. There were a couple of girls in the Eaton party who matched off pretty well with Herb and me, so we had a very pleasant evening. I told Herb this morning that he had been dining with gente, and that he can now say, as he sticks out his paw, "this is the hand that shook the hand which shook the hand of U S Grant." Herb had a glorious time, and feels tickled to death with himself this morning. And let me say that he made a very good impression on the folks last night, as far as I could judge. He gets away with his bluff pretty well in company. He is a little more aggressive than I, - more nearly approaching Paul in this respect. And he chooses his language pretty carefully, so as to emit a sapient remark now and then, couched in the most elaborate English at his command. I noticed last night that he even essayed to get by with a discourse on music, and apparently put it over.

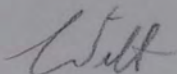
We recd a package last night, containing a flashlight and an extension lamp. We are holding them pending your advices as to who gets which. Thanking you in anticipation, etc.

As luck would have it, DF invited us out to In The Woods yesterday afternoon, but we felt we couldn't cut short our stay at the Browne's or get back in time for the Gates, so we had to postpone it. I regretted this exceedingly, as I want very much to get out to DF's and have a good personal talk with him. It is hard to get a whack at him here in the Ofs, and when I do it must be business first, and we never get beyond the business.

Well, I've got to go out and see Safford today and jog his memory on the dinner question. I have a number of little things for him, and I am holding them back so as to have something to take out every time, and thus appear not to have an ulterior motives in visiting him. Saf has contributed quite a little material to the new pavement enterprise on the road to Hades, I guess.

Paul, I have found the letter from Kew re Guaves, but not the Italian journals as yet.

More later, from happily yours



Washington Dec 28th 1917

Dear Folks:

I am now engaged in attempting to figure out what I did with Govt funds while in Wattamala; in other words, I am making up my accounts. I thought I had em all done yesterday, and turned em over to Harold, but he said they had to be divided into two quarters, in stead of all together, so this morning I will tackle em again.

Guess I will have to buy a wrist watch, like Paul's. I am finding it a nuisance to do without a timepiece, and after trying those we have on hand I find none of em will run. You know what is the matter with them, of course. Need cleaning \$1.50 and new balance staff \$1.50, etc.

Had a pretty fine time last night, just about the best in 18 months. Took Kitty B to the Powhatan to dance. It didnt begin until 9.45, but the crowd was not big until after the theater, and I surely enjoyed myself. Herb and I, in discussing the subject this morning, have agreed that dancing is only worth while under one condition; that you have as a partner someone for whom you entertain sentiments of a slightly tender nature. I dont care for public dances at all, and this thing of taking a nice girl to the Powhatan, where you dont know another soul, is just my idea of dancing.

Mother Browne is under the weather, with the ls grippe. Hence I am making slow progress now, since Kitty herself is rather indifferent, and it is only due to mother's valiant efforts on my behalf that I progress. I guess there isnt much doubt that Mrs B would look favorably upon an alliance between the houses of Popenoe and Browne, but Kitty never was strong on chasing the boys. She is one mighty nice girl, I tell you.

Herb has decided he must try raw oysters. He wanted to stop on the way home last night and do it, just as tho he were going to take an ice cream soda; I told him I couldnt go a plate of raw between meals, so he wended his way home alone, searching in vain for a place where they dispensed Lynnhavens at less than four bits a throw. He is still determined to pursue his quest, so I have promised at noon to show him how to manipulate the esculent bivalve. Quite a boy, that Herb.

I think Herb told you that we dine chez the Gates on Sunday. I have been trying to get in touch with Major Hestronck, but fear he has left town. They tell me the morning paper reports another big quake at Guatemala. Let her quake. I wish it would wipe out the whole blooming gente. Then we could go down and repeople it decently.

Dad, DF says Kellerman is not greatly in favor of publishing the synopsis of Bul. in the Calif report. Vamose a ver.



Washington, Sunday evening  
Dec 30th 1917

Dear Folks:

Herb and I have just put in a pretty full day. This morning we went down to the OEs to write to you, and then at noon we dined chez the Gates. We had to tear ourselves away from there at 3.30 to go out and saludar the Browhes and inquire after mother's health, and after half an hour's visit we came back to town and I went out to the Saffords for tea, by invitation. There was quite a good sized crowd there, and I enjoyed it much more than I used to. Teas used to be the bane of my existence, but now I seem to enjoy them. I guess I am beginning to grow up.

More and more I am impressed by the change in my status here; I now bear the same relation to Herb ~~xxx~~ that Paul used to bear to me, and I find the responsibility not at all disagreeable. I keep after Herb a good deal, trying to whip him into line, and sometimes it sort of worries him. Probably I should go pretty easy, and I am trying to do so. He makes a fine appearance when out in company,--has plenty of ~~sa~~voir faire, and talks intelligently and very carefully. I really think he is going to come pretty close to Paul as a conversationalist. He is a fine boy allright, and when I get a few of his personal habits correctec he will make a good husband for some nice girl.

Edith Spofford, Safford's niece and our old dancing

teacher, asked me if it was all off between Paul and Gretchn

wanted to know if Paul had anybody else in view. I told her she knew as much about Paul's affairs as I did. Safford came up while I was talking to all the ladies and announced "This is the fellow I have picked out for,-----" poking one thumb over his shoulder in an indefinite direction and making a few grimaces. Mrs S said "Well, she can respond to your love making in eight languages" to which I replied "I can only make love in ~~sixty~~<sup>four</sup>, so she wont have occasion to use all of them".

You see the only thing for me to do, if I am to follow out DF's advice on the matrimonial question, is to stay here about two months at a time, and then run away until things cool down. Some of em would sure get me if I lived here right along.

Herb and I still think Kitty Browne is about the pick of the lot; you never saw a girl with a sweeter disposition I booked her for Wed afternoon, to see Otis Skinner in Mister Antonio. I am sure having a good time these days. As soon as the holidays are over it will quiet down a lot, of course.

Sewall has worked all day and has now pinned up his product on the wall, -- a chart showing the "Percentage of White in Dorsal Fur of Inbred Guinea Pigs. Thats science.

Hope you got our Christmas night ~~xxxxx~~ letter, via Western Union.

Wester is here now. He didnt impress me quite as favorably as I had anticipated. Seems to me he lacks enthusiasem

Lovingly

Wester

Washington, Sunday Dec 30th 1917

Dear Folks:

It turned cold yesterday, and about an inch of snow fell. It is cold this morning, but has cleared. The mercury has been hanging 5 to 10 above Cicero, and the snow crackles under your feet. It is the coldest weather I have ever seen in Washington, and I am rather enjoying it, tho it makes your ears and face sting to stay out in it too long. I walked down to the Ufs this morning, but Herb refused to do so, and came down on the car. He doesnt like to walk very well, and is always seeking an excuse to get on the tranvia.

Last night we gave our first dinner since my return. We invited Chas Dearing out, and prepared a repast consisting of porterhouse steak, escalloped potatoes, walforf salad, mamey en almibar, and Chejel cocoa. It came off 1st rate, but I was not quite satisfied with my cooking. It will probably take me a little while to brush up my technique. I think I will try to have somebody in once a week for the next few weeks.

Going to have this typewriter overhauled this week. I have had to keep right on kicking in order to get anything done. They have never yet given me a first class machine.

Had a talk with DF yesterday, in wh he stated that he did not feel sure that he would send me out again right away. That I might have to go out soon, but it seemed probable that I would stay here until summer, in wh case I will go out to Calif for the avocado meeting and take my time about coming back. I will also stop off to see Paul.

Df also got onto other questions yesterday. I told him I wanted to go to NY to talk to Dr Rose of the Rockefeller Foundation, and that I had been offered a position under them in Guatemala. I told DF I wasnt thinking seriously of taking it, and it would only be a furlough matter of a year or two in any event. Well, Sir, DF said I would be making a mistake to do it, because he didnt know when he and Dorsett might pull out of the RSPI, and he had me sort of slated to carry on the work here. While he didnt say it in so many words, he practically told me that he wanted me to take his place here some day. He said I was the only man in the work who had acquired much foreign experience and a broad outlook on our problems, etc, and that he was sort of depending upon me to stay with him. I assured him that I had never thought of leaving the Ufs permanently, and that the Guatemala job was only a temporary affair, which had attracted me because of the possibilities for botanical and anthropological investigation in the Verapaz. That I felt I would like to dig into that region a little more deeply than I had yet done. He replied that what I wanted was to get a good broad experience, and not spend too much time



on one job. A couple of years ago he told me the thing to do was to "burrow in" and make a deep study of some particular subject, but now it is otra cosa. He said it was very probable that I would have to go to South China a little later, as Meyer didn't seem to have any intention of getting down there. I don't believe Meyer is quite as tractable as your obedient servant. He really wants to China to work the southern part, and now after two yrs over there he is talking of coming home and has scarcely been away from Peking, I guess.

So of course I told DF that he could count on me, that I wasn't blind to the opportunities here, and that I liked the outlook, and that I would carry out his desires. He gave me a good strong shot, in parting, that I was to keep away from the girls. If you see you are in danger, said he, turn around and run. He assured me that if I waited a while I could have anything I wanted; but that if I settled down now I would greatly interfere with my career. I guess he is right. And I guess I will take his advice.

I have purchased a wrist watch, not just like Paul's, but a 15 jewel Elgin, for \$20. It certainly looks pretty at night, with its luminous dial, and will prevent me from taking any more baths at 3.30 a.m., a habit which I am having a hard time to break, due, probably, to my Guatemalan training with J Cabral.

Scott came in to see me a couple of days ago. He seemed to be feeling good. I asked him a few questions re California, but didn't get much beyond the fact that Webber tried to buck his work at first, but finally had to give in, and was now on the band wagon. Scott seems to have fallen in to a pretty good job, all right, and has a lot more salary and authority just now than I have, but when I come to think things over seriously I feel that I am building for the future, and building more for standing than money. I think if I stay by DF I will some day get something pretty nice.

Paul, I can't find my several volumes of the Revue Horticole d'Algerie. Do you know anything about em? I don't think I will go off again and leave my books lying around here. I shall pack everything up before I make another long trip.

I will probably know in a week or so whether I will have to go abroad again this spring or not, and if I do not, I shall start on the book at once. I want to clean up two or three articles on Guatemala first. Going to tackle one this week for J of H on the avocado as a food.

They certainly seem to have had quite an earthquake in Guatemala. We sort of that it was coming, after having so many little shake ups during the past two months. I am wondering how La Coline fared. It was a two story structure and not built to withstand heavy quakes. I bet she got smashed.

Lovingly,