



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
5th Floor, Hunt Library
Carnegie Mellon University
4909 Frew Street
Pittsburgh, PA 15213-3890
Contact: Archives
Telephone: 412-268-2434
Email: huntinst@andrew.cmu.edu
Web site: www.huntbotanical.org

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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.

in his letter of this week, that he wouldnt advise me to marry for several years yet, as my activities would be limited if I had a wife. Quite a surprising change in his attitude on the subject, no?

Father, as aforesaid, dont nurse that peaberry o sea caracol coffee too much, for Bob Hempstead is getting richer ever year, and we will have to take a bag or two offn him once in a while to help him avoid the income taxes.

Herb, I'm going to get some more things for Lucille when I get down in-the Indian country of South America. And of course, she can have another huipil whenever she wants it. Nothings too good for my sisters, or my brothers, or my pa. No sir. You just dig into that Guatemalan box and help yourself to a huipil, if you feel thataway. And you give her my love when you write. And hang onto that .45 S and W. We have always been awfully shy on large calibre guns. I'm going to see if I cant get a .45 automatic down in the commissary at Panama, at \$14.85; and if I can I shall buy it of course.

I have not been so unmercifully busy in some months as during the past two weeks. I shall spend a couple of days here now, cleaning things up, and then on Sat I'm going down to Siquirres with the Unifruitco folks to spend three or four days eating off them, and tell them how to prune orange trees and all that sort of thing. Let's see; Im not sure that I wrote you of going to Alajuela with Manuel Montejo, and stopping on their orange ranch there, with Minor C Keith's nephew, Mr Meigs, and his family; there are seven or eight of Keith's relatives there just at present, and they live well. We had some corking good hots cake, as Paul's jap waiter would have it. They are nice folks, all round, and I would like to spend another day there. Incidentally, I filled up on Marsh Seedless and Washington Navel and Harts Late to an extent wh I havent been able to do for a long, long time. I'd like to have about 500 lbs of California fruits sent me every month. As old Kingsley said, The truth must be told; one good Winter Nellis or Gravenstein or Deglet Nur is worth all the mamoncillos and dillies and shore grapes of the tropics; it would not be bad, however, if one good get really good mangos and all that sort of thing, but we have too many indifferent seedlings in this part of the world.

Ever thine

Quito, January 5 1920

Memorandum for FOP

I am dispatching tomorrow, via Washington, a cotton sack containing the following articles, to wit:

One panama-style hat, marked inside the crown "Montecristi". This is the one I have obtained particularly for you, and is an A No. 1 article ^{so rated at} ~~from~~ Lloyds Agency.

One panama-style hat, marked inside the crown "Cuenca". This hat was made at Cuenca, and is just about 1/3 as good as the Montecristi article; you can wear it for working, give it to one of the boys, or dispose of it as you see fit.

One red-brown poncho, with orange stripes in border. This is to be held for me.

One small blue and white striped cotton poncho, this also is to be held for me.

One blue and white macana (scarf) blue ground. Hold for me

One blue and white ditto, white ground. Hold for me.

From the above you will see that all other material in the shipment which brings your panama hat is to be held for me, so dont let anybody get his claws onto it.

Guatemala City,
Sunday January 31 1920

Dear Folks:

I'd orter be at work on my quarterly accounts this afternoon, but after one of Mrs Allison's big dinners I feel too lazy.

Well; just after writing my last to you I found that Graham Ker of Zacualpa, Daisy Bell's cousin, was in town, so I hunted him up, and I have been seeing a good deal of him since then. On Wednesday we rode over to Antigua together, and back again on Thursday, just for a pasear. I shall drop around to see him again tonight, and tomorrow night, after which he will no longer be here. He is a fine chap and it has been a great pleasure to see him, especially since I wont be able myself to run over to Soconusco this trip.

Yesterday Victor and I went down to El Progreso, about 50 miles on the Barrios line, to look up a tree there in which I am interested. Vic, who has never seen a real trail until his trip down to Guatemala with me, rides usually on the platform, and when we round a curve he gets on the lower step, grabs the hand rails, and hangs well out, to show the natives that he is something of an old railroad man himself. We had a hot day of it, walking about 4 miles in the midday sun, and got back here, luckily, on time, -6.45 p m.

Father, I am glad to note that the tree Moomaw and I discovered at the old Miller place turns out to be interesting. I hope you will follow it up.

It looks to me now as tho I wont get a boat for Costa Rica before March 5 to 10.

I am mighty glad to know that you have a new Maxwell, for I am sure Bill and Lucile must have felt somewhat ashamed to be seen in the old one. I only hope you wont wear out this one before I get home again.

Mother dearest, I got a beautiful blanket yesterday, \$4.00. As I understand it, one of those at home is mine, and one yours; I will send home two more, one for each of us, and you can keep my two until I get married and have a place for them. They are going to come in handy some day. In the interim, you will have a beautiful showing in your apartment.

Paul, Herb's typewriter is packed between some blankets and things, in a group of chairs, right as you go into our stuff. Paulonian legend again.---I am glad to note that you are paying up my dues in the foreign societies. I wouldnt mind taking out a subscription to the Revue Horticole of Paris, tho I guess since E André died it is not so interesting as it used to be.

I expect to return to Antigua in two or three days, -just as soon as I get my notes here caught up, -and spend a couple of days in the mountains. I want a complete history of the mountains. I must have a bunch of selected

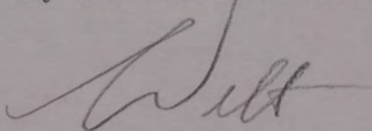
aguacate seeds. I might also pick up a huipil or two. I plan to send up a box along with my next shipment of aguacate seeds to Washn, containing all my blankets and huipiles, and request that it be expressed to you. Paul can remit for the express charges. By the way, Paul, if you have the bill from Reasoner Bros for stuff shipped down here, please let me know how much it amounts to, and pay it.

It has been beastly cold these last few days, and I dont know how I would have pulled thru without my new jerga overcoat. That jerga is certainly great stuff. I wish I could land half a dozen cortes of it in the States. Even at the present price, equivalent to \$8 gold, it is dirt cheap as overcoat material.

My suitcase, for which I paid \$25 just before leaving Washington, is already showing the wear pretty badly. They dont make good suitcases in the States any more. When I get an opportunity to pick up a good all-leather London kit bag, I am going to grab it.

I have received ten liberal collections of congressional free seeds, and am distributing them among my friends here. They will be put to better use than they usually are in the States.

I havent much to say this week. So hasta luego



Yesterday we all spent the day in taking in the sights of Antigua, and buying huipiles. We had a good time. Cornelia and I did some riding together, and in the evening, after dinner, we settled down to a discussion of the proper type of education for girls, as aforementioned, and I suppose I ruined what little reputation I had by expounding the doctrines of P. Popencé. However Truth must rise supreme at any cost.


The Spalckhavers are about the best people I have met in Guatemala, and I have greatly enjoyed their stay. When I go back to the City I shall probably see them again; indeed I am already invited to eat pancake there the first morning after I get there.

And now today I am going down to San Antonia A C with WCT, or sea W Cameron Townsend, to look up more aguacates. Next week I shall probably send Victor over to Guatemala on mail day to put some budwood in the pouch and he will at the same time get my mail at the Consulate and bring it back with him. This week I will not get anything. But two weeks without mail is not so bad. What I do not like is four or five. When you get such a pile of mail as I do after four or five weeks, you cannot digest it all, and it would be better to have it scattered thru a few weeks.

Antigua is as enjoyable as ever, to me. It seems to me that I now know nearly everybody in town, and the aguacate season is just coming on. There is a poor crop this year, however. The end of this week I shall probably go up on the slopes of the Volcan de Agua, above Santa Maria, to collect seeds of a number of grasses and other things, and next week I rather expect to go down to San Antonio for two or three days, stopping in a new native house that Townsend is building down there. Townsend is a good young fellow from Occidental College, and he and I get along finely together. He has a young American wife, of Scandinavian extraction, who makes first rate cake.

Well, I have routed out the rest of the crowd, and suspect that they will soon appear on the scene, to join me in a hot cup of Rojas chocolate, an orange, some of that good Antigua sweet bread, with butter and honey, and maybe a bite or two of something else. Doggone it the Rojas surely does feed well for \$40 a day. If exchange would only go down to 40 again I would never want to leave Guatemala but at 22 life is too dear.

Ever thine



Antigua G., February 10 1920

Dear Folks:

I have just arisen from my downy bed of ease at 6 a m in order to get this letter ready for the party which is going back to Guatemala on this the mail day.

I came over here last Wednesday, and on Thursday began to pick aguacates for seed in La Polvora. By Friday we had 2000 picked, and stored them in the finca warehouse to ripen. Then on Saturday morning we began to make preparations for the ascent of Agua, and from that time up to the present, Tuesday 6 a m, work has been relegated to the background. Mrs Roach of Guatemala City came over on Friday, and on Saturday morning the Spalckhaver family of five, Mrs Wells bringing the number up to six. I guess the Rojas hadnt been so full in a long time. The eldest Spalckhaver girl is a Wellesley graduate (I think after hearing me expound last night she is almost sorry of it) and the youngest aetat twelve, yolept Cornelia, is almost a dead ringer for Polly Roach, and I have quite lost my heart to her. They had with them a Miss Barker, also from Wellesley. Mr Spalckhaver is a financial expert with Schwartz and Co, the biggest firm here.

Well; I did a brave and heroic deed. Alone and single handed I escorted five women, o sea two women and three girls, up the volcan de Agua. I bet there wasnt another fellow in Guatemala who would have tackled the job. But we had a jolly time. We had mules for all of them, and Victor and I went on foot. At 1.30 we left here, and at 4 we left Santa Maria, with three mozos carrying our water and blankets, and Victor the grub. At dark we were pretty well up the mount inside, but still in the forest, and we could not go on; so we make a fire and sat around it until 9.30 when the moon came up. We then started upward again and climbing very slowly were nearly to the crater, -about 300 feet below it, -at eleven oclock, when Gertrude Spalckhaver began to feel the effect of the altitude pretty severely, so we did not dare go any farther, but made camp right on the trail. We piled some dry grass in the trail for the womenfolk to sleep on, and in less than five minutes they were all curled up. I then took my Guatemalan blanket and retired down the trail, 50 feet anddlay down myself, and apparently I slept fairly well, tho I dont know how I did it, with the ground frozen below me, and only one blanket for covering. I know I woke up several times suffering from the cold, and when I stuck my head out from under my blanket and heard and felt the wind whistling around, I knew that we were way up in the air. At 5.15 the girls called me, to go on up to the crater and see the sun rise, which the same was about the coldest job I have ever tackled, but we did it and then after a hot breakfast we started down, and came poking into Antigua at about 2.30. All in all, it was a successful and very enjoyable affair, the only accident being that Mrs Wells lost a gold writswatch.

Antigua G., Feb 15 1920

Dear Folks:

I thought an hour ago that I was not going to be able to write you tonight, for I reached here dead tired at 3 p m from a collecting trip to the upper slopes of the Volcan de Agua; but after putting down one of those justly-renowned Rojas dinners, consisting of lo siguiente, I feel better:

- (1) macaroni soup, with mi respectivo aguacate to put in it;
- (2) a very satisfactory cosido, id est, boiled chayotes, plantains, cabbage, sweet potatos, cauliflower, squash, and beef;
- (3) a highly enjoyable course of roast chicken;
- (4) a thoroughly satisfying round of roast beef, garnished with lettuce and tomatos; a watercress salad; and green peas ad lib.
- (5) the sweets course, never to be despised, consisting this time of a dulce de leche; and last but not least
- (6) my cup of chocolate, con canela, which follows my every meal.

The above shows you why I like the Rojas. It does not show you all the reasons, however; one other is the price, \$40 per diem, and still a further one is the fact that this corner is just alive with pretty girls, the pick of the Antigua elite. I have this day, in fact, made the acquaintance (at last!) of the young Cofino who sings "My Old Kentucky Home" so effectively, and having expressed to her my pleasure at hearing the song, and having affirmed that she sings it divinamente, I suppose she will sing it regularly every evening from now on.

I have a genuine stand-in with this crowd of girls now; I began by playing bear under the Arzu window, right across the street from our front door, and of course the Cofino girls could not sit idly by and see a thing like that go on, so I allowed them to decoy me to their own window, and I accompanied the songs which they played (in ostensible innocence) with my rich base voice. Allright; I soon had everybody interested. But the thing that opened all the doors and brought Antigua beauty trooping out into the street was my performance of the fox trot in double time (as I like to do it) for the benefit of Blanca Arzu. Ues sir, I am enjoying myself these evenings, take it from me. The girls get out in a group on the corner, and then we exchange songs, while ever and anon I take off my manteau universel and trip the light fantastic for them. They all call me Meester Wilson, of course; everyone does in Antigua.

And to show me that the Cofino family really approves, Pedro this afternoon presented me with two combs of honey, and beautiful ones at that. Really, I dont know whether I care to leave Antigua or not.

By the way, and apropos de rien, did I tell you that I met one of E E Knight's offspring on the train some time since, and that he told me Knight's Guatemalan wife died a year or

so ago? So I guess old Knight was legally allright in taking unto himself an American wife.

Coming down to my recent excursion to the Volcan de Agua to collect plants, I feel regarding it just as Alice Patton did regarding the big trees. It was a hard jaunt, but I got a new raspberry that looks very interesting indeed, and about ten other things, so that I feel well repaid.

Victor and I started out from the hotel, with the blankets where they belong during the day,--suspended from Vic's forehead by a strong strap,--and we climbed the ten kilometers to Santa Maria by eleven o'clock. There I picked up, by appointment, one Bernardo Telon, Cakchikel, about 15 years old, and considerably of a hustler. Vic promptly transferred most of his load to Bernardo (Vic is frightfully lazy), and we started up the volcano. It was a nice day and the views were fine. I stopped to let the boys come up with me so that I could get out the camera, and when Bernardo put his pack down I saw the hind feet and tail of some animal sticking out of one of my blankets, the feet moving with a certain degree of regularity. I asked him what he had, and he averred it was a tal tus, and he took it out to prove it to me. It was a gopher about as big as a young cat. Well sir, when we got to a little shelter that the Indians had built alongside one of their vegetable fields, and had built a fire, Bernardo averred that he was going to eat that tal tus, and to show that he meant business, he promptly dropped the animal into the fire. This, naturally enough, was not altogether to the liking of the tal tus, and altho his hair was all burned off, he managed to get to the edge of the flames, and was in a fair way to save himself, when Bernardo poked him back in again. This was too much, and the tal tus had to give up. After he was pretty thoroughly burnt Bernardo pulled him out and consumed a part, saving the rest to take home to his family.

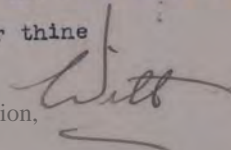
We had a nice camping place, overlooking Guatemala City and Lake Amatitlan (the lighest of the former were very pretty) and I made the boys pile up a lot of straw under the shelter so it would be soft sleeping. After I had turned in, and was rolled up in my blanket, head and all, they crawled in along side of me, and once in a while Victor would rollover and bump into me, but on the whole we did pretty well. It was cold, tho, as I had suspected-- and in spite of my mantea universal and a big Guatemalan blanket I did not sleep at all warm. But toward daybreak I went off into a beautiful dream; I thought that I was at a Christmas feast somewhere, and was turned loose in a room which contained thirty or forty kinds of cake and candy; and I was pretty well filled up by the time the boys called ~~me~~ me to get up and enjoy the big fire they had built. I forgot to say that we spent the evening, from 6 to 8, comparing Kekchi and Cakchikel words, much to the amusement of Bernardo. When we had finished breakfast it began to drizzle a bit (we were in the clouds) and I could hardly pull Victor away from the fire to do any work; but at about 9 we started down, and after stopping an hour or more in Santa Maria to pick up material, came on down here.

This past week has been a busy one. On Tuesday morning the Spalckhavers went back to Guatemala, leaving me feeling a bit lonely for the first 24 hrs, mainly because of the absence of Polly Rosen's double; and Vic and I settled down to getting aguacates. I found three fine new trees in a finca I had not before run into, and I am going to send in budwood of them. We have also obtained some seed; the latter is for stock plants, of course, but we want now to grow seedlings of known parentage so as to compare the value of different varieties when used as stocks. The administrator of the finca, when approached on the subject, told me that I could have all the aguacates I wanted at 6 pesos a hundred, if I would come and pick them. I agreed, and the next day I showed up at 8 to start work, whereupon he said: Pues vea Ud, es que yo entendí mal la cosa ayer" or in other words, "I didn't understand the matter yesterday" and he went on to explain that he thought I wanted cuttings which were 6 pesos a hundred, whereas fruits were 12 pesos. Needless to say he had never sold an aguacate cutting in his life nor did he have the slightest idea that any one in the world would have any use for an aguacate cutting; he had just been thinking things over, and had decided that he was a fool to let me have the fruits at the regular price, instead of sticking me a bit. But without knowing it, he played right into my hands, for I promptly replied "Well, I want both seeds and cuttings; so I will take the fruits at the price you name, and will then come next Monday and get some cuttings" and now tomorrow I am going out to get the cuttings (budwood) at the agreed-upon price of 6 pesos a hundred, and it remains to be seen what new dodge he will have, to stick me. But after all, when I can pick such aguacates as those I got at his place, even at the equivalent of 50 cents per 100, it isn't so dear.

Tomorrow I will cut and pack budwood, and the next morning (Tuesday) Victor will go over to Guatemala to put the shipment in the Legation pouch. I don't altogether trust him to get there on time, but I shall see that he starts early, and I think he will make it. I shall not be altogether sorry to fire Victor, which I will do about March 1. He will go back to Bob at Coban. He is good natured and does anything you tell him to, and that's all there is to it. He never voluntarily does anything, and things which he does by request he takes his blooming time for. There's always some fly in the ointment, and I don't really know whether I prefer the efficient and crooked José or the utterly inefficient and relatively honest Victor.

The Spalckhavers sent me over a pound of fudge on Thursday, which went well on the mountain yesterday. Pretty good folks, those, -about the same type as the Wallaces, wh Herb will say, of course, is the last word in desirability.

Ever thine



Antigua G., Feb 18 1920

Dear Folks:

All! Yai yai! I am forced to admit that my idol of brass has feel of plaster of paris, and to come around to the stand which DF has always occupied, i.e., that Liberty Hyde is a piker and a hack-writer, or as Baker would put, it, ultra-practical. I received yesterday via my special courier from Guatemala City, the remainder of the page proof of my book, and it makes me wince to see the way my editor has hit my photographs. As a matter of fact, that man doesn't have real taste when it comes to illustrations, I fear. He has cut down a lot of my pictures to put two on a plate, and in several, where I had a boy kneeling behind a basket of fruit, or something of that sort, he unfeeling cuts off the boy just at the umbilicus, or thereabout. Well, I suppose his idea is that this is a horticultural, not an anthropological work. But just the same, it would have looked prettier otherwise. And I note also that he has cut out quite a little of my poetry, including a choice verse on the tamarind by Laurence Hope (which probably shocked Ethel Zoe's delicate sensibilities; you know Laurence) and and has written a few brief lines of introduction to my chapters on the various families, which lines strike me as rather badly done and out of harmony with the rest.

But I suppose I am lucky to get the work published at all; and none he has done will detract from the inherent usefulness of the work. But I hope and expect next time to publish my book (the Avocado) independently, and edit it the way I darn please. As an example of the bookmaker's art Tropical Fruits isn't going to be quite up to the West India Gardens standard. But then, most of the boys aren't so critical as FOP and myself, and I guess they won't know the difference. Only, I hate to think what DF will say when he sees those plates; I told you so, and so forth.

Well; now that I have got that out of my system, I can proceed to state that I got a fine bunch of letters from you all and a citograph and a Nation and a Vanity Fair, for all of which many thanks. And I note with pleasure that Paul and I are the proud owners of a leased avocado orchard, and with pain that I owe Paul \$400. I thought I had more money than that, Pablo; same old story. I will ask you to be good enough to hold that \$400 against me until along toward the end of June. I will not only get my next year's Govt funds at that time, but it is probable that I will have a hundred or two here which I have saved out of my per diem, while living with Bob and other friends. And also, I may note, and with a certain degree of satisfaction, that I have been advised that I have been granted the \$240 bonus for the present year, which I think was not really coming to me, altho I expected to have it next year. You see, I got my raise last year, and they only gave

the bonus, except on special recommendation, to those who had not received a raise during the year. Watch out for the money, please Pablo, and do the needful. I dont know whether it is paid before next December 30 or not; probably not. You may also find a small sum paid into the AM S and T by the Riggs Bank one of these days. If I dont raise a little coin somewhere my balance wont hold out until June 30 to cover my small bills.

Do you know, I can hardly realize that there is a house, all complete, standing on that corner of the WIG. I hope you will get me a picture of it one of these days. And if you get a good chance to sell, go to it, but build me another just as goof only better.

Say, being as my letters are going out to you awfully slowly, I think I will stick them in the Legation pouch the rest of the time I am in Guatemala, and ask the Ofs to mail them to you. When you are in Washn, Paul, ask our chief clerk how much I owe him for stamps, and you might even leave a dollar's worth with him on deposit. Maybe they will use Ofs stamps and let it go, but they wont if Dorsett hears anything about it. My letter to you of day before yesterday was carried over to the pouch. The fact is, I believe my letters are or have been held in the P O here for some time, in order that they might be duly read and criticised. Yes, Dad, I wrote you a letter either on Xmas day or one day before or after, and you 9 2 have read it. The mail service here is in frightful shape now.

Well sir, I fear I have dropped \$22 (\$12) of Govt funds; some time ago I was down the line toward Barrios, and a young native offered to collect seeds of several trees for me, and I, expecting of course that he wouldnt get much done, told him to go ahead and I would pay him 20 pesos per libbit for them. Yesterday I get a wire from the Consul asking me if he shall pay 360 pesos for 20 libbits of seed which said young feller has brot to the ofs. I figured that I better stand by my contract so wired him to go ahead. I dont know much much good his seeds are, but I will see when I get back next week.

I'm sending Vic over to Guatenala again tomorrow to put the book proof in the pouch which I suppose is going out, and thus save a week's time on it. I expect to leave Antigua by a week from today at the latest.

Yes, Pablo, I read the MS of Balke's revision of the avocados, and I think he has gone a bit astray, tho in general he is pretty sound. DF sticks up for his own, of course, and our Ofs hasnt yet agreed to making the Trapp a new species. By the way, Dad, I see by some analyses made in Port of Spain that Trapp grown there contain 2.5% of oil and Pollock 6.5%. Fierce! No Paul, I dont remember your friend Bourne. Say, next time you are in Washn please get my ahucatlan die from our strong box, and when you have an opportunity get me 200 sheets of note paper ~~XXXXX~~ stamped, and envelopes for them, something of choice quality. I am going to run out. And if you should decide to leave NY suddenly, dont do so without getting me six more honey and ~~axwell~~ crepe shirts, soft collars,

and 15 x 35. I am going to need em Before the end of this trip, but dont get em until summer if you stay that long.

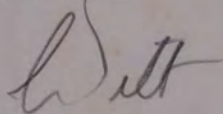
DF wrote me just as he was leaving for Florida. The blanket I sent for Daisy Bell had just reached them. Apparently they didnt have to pay any duty on it, -it went thru with the seeds and plants. It was a nice article, like the one you have at home, mother, which I call mine.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

I stopped here to step down street four blocks to interview my weaver, Pedro Letona, whom I had had occupied these past few days on a special contract. The work was finished, and I have brought back a genuine Guatemalan fudge apron, with L U C I L E woven across the front in red letters on a blue ground. All she has to do now is to bind the edges and put a string in it, and THEN MAKE ME THE FUDGE. I'll send it up in my box which I will ship now in a couple of weeks, and you can give it to her along with the huapil. Nothing is too good for my sister. Dont tell her, of course, that it cost me twenty five dollars (sh! Guatemalan money). She would think she is marrying into an extravagant family and might back out.

Tomorrow I shall walk down to San Antonio to interview the boys on the subject of guisquil culture, while Victor rides over to Guatemala on the mule. Yesterday Pedro Coffino took me all over the valley on his two-cyl Henderson motorbike. Its too soft! Spoils me for muleback. But say, mother, you would really chuckle to take a look at me now. I am actually getting fat on this Rojas grub. I must try to get a picture of myself before I go back to Guatemala City and lose it all in two days.

Ever thine



Later:

I find that the City of Pará has only decided to go as far as Corinto this trip, so I have to catch another boat, and at present I am figuring on getting the Salvador, which I believe is one of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co's boats. It is to sail on or about the 23 to 25th instant. I am rather glad to have these few more days of Grace, as I need them badly; and I will be interested to try the PSNC, as I always like to test new lines; altho I suspect I will get tired of plain boiled spuds and plain boiled cabbage in ~~xxx~~ eight days. So address me at San Jose de C R in the future.

Ever thine

Guatemala City, Feb 24 1920

Dear Folks:

I rode in past the Mererado del Sur just at noon yesterday, and Victor came limping in on foot about 4 p m. Ap six my 24 arrobas of baggage and seeds pulled up at the door;

and I was ready to settle down to business once more. I have been packing seeds this morning, and getting budwood ready for shipment, as this is mail day; and I will stop now to write you a short letter to put in the Pouch within my pkg of budwood. The regular mails are very irregular just at present; Everybody is complaining bitterly. We are involved in politics here just now, and you know what that means in central America. There is a new party in the field, and things are getting hot. You wont mention anything about it to me in your letters, of course, -tho I presume before you write me again I will be on my way to Costa Rica. I suspect I will get out of here by March 20. Will probably know more about it by next week, after I have time to look up the steamers.

I went out and dined with the Spalckhavers last night, after another seesion on What s the mattter with the girls colleges? They are good folks allright, and I enjoy them; but as Paul and I often remark, the most expensive meals are those you eat free at the home of some eligible girl, such as the elder Spalckhaver.

Two nights before I left Antigua I was slumbering peacefully in my Rojas bed, when I was awakened by a youth in the advanced stages of inebriation: he was walking up and down the walk just outside my window, and ever and anon giving vent to his feeling by a heartrending "Ai! yai yai!", which is the Guatemalan method of expressing great grief or emotion of several other sorts. Well sir, it was then 2 a m, by my luminous wristwatch, and I lay there listening to him until about 3.15, when I said to myself "this has got to stop"; so I ups and fills a tumber with water, and I betakes myself to the window, and the next time the young inebriate passes I distributes that water fairly evenly over his shirt front and his countenance. Yes, I reiterate, it was a fairly thorough job. He seemed somewhat surprised but not at all overcome, so in order to show him that I meant business, when he came back on his next trip I distributed another tumbler over the same territory. This seemed at last to attract his attention, and he turned and addressed me thusly: "Ego es, amigo; pero rempuje una bala en vez de agua; Yo quiero morir: Estoy desesperado de esta vida" (That's it, friend; but fire a bullet in place of water, I want to die; I am tired of this life". After listening to this several times over, I tried to encourage him to take his departure by a third glass of water, and it had the effect of driving him away for a time;


but just as I was getting off to sleep again I heard his voice in the distance remarking "Rempuje una bala en vez de agua" and he came back, and stayed until 4 a m, at which time it was too late to go to sleep again. I dont believe there is anything in the water cure.

The evening before leaving Antigua I was on my way at 8.30 to tell Townsend good-bye, when a crowd of seven or eight barefoots ran up to me, and one of them ups and says "Donde estan sus boletos?" (Where are your papers). I replied that if he would have the goodness to step over under the light, nothing would please me more than to show them to you. It just happened that I had my document from the Minister of Fomento in my pocket. I handed it to him, and he read it thru but did not ~~seem~~ satisfied, and announced that nothing would do except he go thru me, so I held up my hands while he searched me from head to foot. Finally he found a religious tract and thought he had some revolutionary literature, but after perusing it a minute he decided he was mistaken, and finally told me "You can go on". Of course I am going around to put in a kick to our minister today, as they had no right whatever, after reading my safe conduct, to go thru me. And whats more, he was dreadfully discourteous about it all, which of course hurt me more than anything else, he ought to have apologised after reading my document, but he didnt.

I found a letter from Paul here last night, but none from Calif. His enclosed one from MB^d however. If you move into the new house right away the blankets and huipiles which I am sending up next week will come in handy.

Well, I reckon I will continue to send my mail to you thru thenpouch until I leave Guata wh wont be much longer, as it seems to be the only safe way and I am sure there is no objection as long as it goes up in a package of budwood and Govt mail. Too busy to write more today, except to say that I caught niña Amelia Rojas trying to stick on \$20 extra on my bill, by a mistake in multiplication (those mistakes always seem to be in their favor!) and I knocked it off before paying.

Ever thine



Guatemala, Feb 28 1920

Dear Folks:

Ordinarily, this would be the last day of February, but the girls tell me it is leap year. I am going to a dance tonight, chez the Spalckhavers, to celebrate the occasion.

Well; I have been putting in some hard licks these last few days,--together with some enjoyable dinners and suppers chez my various friends,--I never allow business to interfere with the fulfilment of my social obligations. Yesterday I dispatched to Washington 25 cases of seeds, plants, and huipiles; you will find enclosed a note re the box of blankets and huipiles which I am asking Dr Galloway to forward to you by express. There is a second box which I am asking him to forward also, and this contains 50 lbs of coffee grown by R W Hempstead at the finca Mochá; it is the very best grade of coffee produced in Guatemala; hence in the world, and to boot is pure caracol, or round grain, which brings about 2 cents per pound more than the ordinary bean. You better get this roasted by someone that knows how to do it; or keep it and roast it a little at a time, so that it wont go stale on you. Probably you will have more than you want for yourselves, and will give some of it to Moomaw and so forth. As for the express charges from Washn to Calif, they may be rather high, and I suppose I ought to pay them, so you better get Paul to reimburse you for them.

I have written a tremendous stack of letters these last two days, and consider that I have my correspondence caught up once more. I will not try to catch up again until some time in Costa Rica. I have investigated the steamer question, and have booked to sail on the City of Pará, March 18 to 20, from San José. So be advised. Hereafter my address is Amconsul, San José de C.R. Anything which reaches here after I have gone will come on down to C R fairly promptly.

I am sitting here at 7.30 a m, after having downed my matutinal cup of Horlick's, and am chawing on Calif dried apricots, of which I purchased a pound from Simmons at 70 cents gold. They re worth it.

I am going to eat curry chez the Roach family this noon. Yesterday was the first day this week that I havent had at least one meal out; a couple of days I have had two. Day before yesterday I ate pancakes with the Spalckhavers at noon; then Goforth, the Am vice-consul, took us all out riding at 5 p m, and we both stopped at Spalckhavers for supper, following wh I went home with Gofoth for the night. As aforementioned, we are going to dance Chez Spalckhaver tonight, and tomorrow Goforth and I take the girls on a picnic. Tomorrow is Sunday you understand. It might appear that I am interested in the Spalckhaver family, but I cant say that I am. The girl is wont be cook for any man.

Allright; she doesnt have to. I assume she may have found one that doesnt want a cook, however, as there is a big photo of some dogfaced lieutenant prominently displayed on her dresser. I have almost killed myself with that family by attacking women's colleges, I try to avoid the subject, but every once in a while they bring it up, which makes me feel that they must have guilty consciences.

Federico, my former assistant, came around yesterday, and after doffing his hat announced "I come to advise that you have a new servant at your orders". The same being his daughter, born a couple of weeks ago. He says this buisness of being a family man, however, isnt all that it is cracked up to be; it cost him 8 dolars to bring the infant into the world. --

Victor starts back to Coban Monday morning, while I go down to the coast, near Mazatenango. I have an order from the Ofs for some oak seeds there, and luckily they are on the finca of a friend, with whom I shall put up for two or three days. It pays to have friends. After this trip I shall have to go to Quirigua, as I have an important golf engagement, and then I am thru, and wait for the boat (if there is any time left).

Paul, I am sending up to the Ofs, along with my busted barometer to be fixed, a pair of amber glasses wh I thot were mine, but wh appear to be yours. I dont want to carry them around for the next 12mos, so will ask the Ofs to send them on to you.

My collector down at Progreso Fernando Carrera, sends me a letter about every second day, each one marked URGE in the corner, to inform me that h. has just purchased 8 varas of unleached muslin to make sacks for seeds, or something of that sort. The big bunch of stuff he brot in which I mentioned in a letter from Antigua turned out to be pretty good, however, so I am sicking him on. He is a genuine live wire when it comes to raking in the seeds. I would like to have him on my staff regularly, but probably he wouldnt be so good in a region where he did not know the plants and the topography.

Sin otro particular, me es muy grato repitirme

Afmo. atto. y SS .

Guatemala City, March 10 1920
7.30 a m

Dear Folks:

Here I sit in my pyjamas and jerga overcoat, to chronicle the events of the past week before I step forth into what is going to be hectic activity of the day. For I plan to get off to Quiriguá in the morning, and I got in from the west coast last evening at six, and I have quien sabe cuando things to do this day.

As aforesaid, I reached here last evening and it the Glorious Ninth, and I put on my good clothes and stepped down the street with the avowed intention of hunting my friend Goforth to see if I could inveigle him into giving me my mail outside of offial hours, and I entered the American Club in search of him, and he wasnt there, but father Spalckhaver was on the ground, and nothing would do but that I go home with him immediately, which I did, and found Goforth there, along with Doc Vaughan, the Rockefeller man; and we had a good dinner, and at 10 I went home with Goforth and got my mail, and came to my room and sate me down to read it, and it included a birthday letter from MBP and fine letters from FOP and PP and a dandy from DF; so that I went to bed very cheerful of heart, as is my custom.

To proceed: I have been enjoying myself on the coast this past week. I went down from here to Guatalon and then rode up 15 miles to Moca, a finca belonging to a young Englishman named Gordon Smith. He is married to the daughter of Mrs Owen, a good friend of mine here, and she put me on to the trip. Well; the trees we had ordered from Reasoner Bros had come, and we spent two days planning and planting a very small but select orchard, and between times canoeing on the lake (Oh joy, but O touching memories of Washington!) and riding thru the finca and all that sort of thing. Moca is by far the finest finca I have been on, and the Smiths are simply splendid people, some of the very finest in Guatemala. They have a beautiful lake about 10 acres in extent, and a genuine American canoe on it; and I had a beautiful room, and a glorious shower bath, and read Punch and the London Times, and just sort of enjoyed myself in general. I hated to leave, and they urged me to stay, but my time is growing short. So I came down to the coast and rode down to Ayutla, and back to Retalhuleu, where I stopped a couple of days, and then I came on ~~the~~ to the sugar estate "Mauricio" just below Escuintla. Mrs Owen had also arranged for me to stop here, and it was another delight. The owner, M. Boissard, is a Mauritian (Island of Mauritius, you understand) of French stock but speaks English well, altho French is his mother tongue; and his wife is Jamaican, of English parents. They have three fine kiddies, whospeak French, English and Spanish equally well; in fact, the place is trilingual in general, for they have servants from all three countries with them. It was pleasant to hear French spoken again. Well, I talked gardening with

Mrs B, who is an unusually intelligent and delightful lady, and helped her plan a small orchard, and then the Monsieur and I rode over the place, and saw the boiling down sugar in the mill, and had a couple of dips in their swimming pool, and I nearly ate myself sick on their French grub. Yes sir, these tropical estates are great! We all came up on the train together yesterday afternoon, and Mrs B brought along tea and sandwiches which we ate about Amatitlan.

After all, if this exploring life isnt all beer and skittles, it is pretty nearly all interesting and enjoyable, and today, looking forward to another two nightts in Quirigua, I feel that things might be worse for me. I still figure that I must catch the City of Para, which is scheduled about th 20th but I will find out about her this morning, and add a footnote regarding my plans. If I leave the 20th I am going to have to carry a lot of Guatemalan work to Costa Rica, for I havent been able to catch up with my notes, and labeling my fotos, and all that sort of thing.

Well; tonight the Spalckhavers are giving me a birthday dinner, with Goforth and Doc Vaughan the other invited guests. Intell you, things are getting thick out there. She is a nice girl alright, but I guess I will be leaving Guatemala before anything can happen.

But Paul, me lad, much as I love you, I would really feel unwilling to endure Kitty B's inanity 12 months of each year, in order than during May and June you might regale yourself upon strawberry shortcake. No, I paid too much for the whistle (B Franklin). But really, now, I dont think we are in so badly at Cleveland Park as you think. Ma Browne, out of the innate goodness of heart which has always characterised her and will continue to characterise her until the day of her death, knowing that we probably did not altogether approve of W Camlin, and knowing further that we couldnt come tonthe wedding, and still further being cognizant and probably deeply resentful that she could not have a Popenoe son-in-law (Aye! I forgot, there was something between you a twelvemonth ago! - B Harte!) I think she did the right thing in not inviting us. And I expect to receive a letter from her one of these days, and when I go back to Washington, I shall walk right out there just as nacheral as ever and sit down at the table. See if I dont.

Father, the raise wh DF referred to in his letter to you was doubtless the one of last year, to \$2540. Tho as I have writte you, he has advised that I have been certified for the \$240 bonus, but I dont know when it is payable. If I get the bonus for last yr- to wh I was not really entitled, it will be pretty fine; of course, I would get it automatically this yr, unless I got another raise in salary. As I understand it, we all get it annually unless we have had raises during the year under consideration.

Pablo, I dislike to see my finances so deplorably low, but maybe you can pull down that \$240 when you are in Wash, and in any event I think I will be having a hundred or so dollars in the bank, which will tide me over for

incidentals until the end of the physical year. But it is the first time in my life that I have really been behind, and I dont like the feeling. However, I would rather owe it to PP than to some rank outsider.

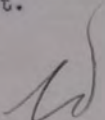
Will sir, I bet youall are enjoying that new house in Altagena, and I only wish I could see the place so as to know just what you have. And I dont feel that we should feel in any great rush to sell; our finances are not in bad shape now, and I would just loaf along and see what turns up, enjoying it in the interim. And after receiving FOP's letter regarding the wisdom and virtue of acquiring Guatemalan blankets and the like (as LHB is wont to put it) I have almost decided to stick one more in my bag when I start for CR and send it up from down there. But wait till you see the box I shipped last week; if that doesnt do your heart good, then my name isnt Federico Wilson P. Ah, as for giving em away, I wont do it any more, tho I am not a bit sorry that I gave that one to Miss Spraker, because I have been here where I could get more in unlimited quantity, and because she is a girl who has few pleasures and deserves more, and because she is likely to remain in FSPI and I like to have her looking out for my interests. But hereafter we dont give any away, not even to Lucile until she and H are married; for I would hate to have her get one of thos blankets and then flick Herb. It would be grounds for a lawsuit, to recover the article.

I have to thank you for one copy Vanity Fair, Feb, which I found last night. Mighty glad to have it. That magazine and the Atlantic are indispensable to me. Father, I fear I wont get to see the Scribners you mention, so if there were any sensational facts in it re Teddys trip from Africa, enlighten me.

Mother, I am enclosing you some snapshots which the Spalckhavers gave me last night, since I appear in two or three, taken on the Volcan de Agua trip.

Oh yes, I knew I had forgotten something; I bot a new huipil in Retalhuleu. Very pretty, \$120. If I dont get out of Quata soon, I'll be bankrupt.

Hoping you are the same,



Guatemala City, Mar 21 1920

Dear Folks:

"And then and then came spring, and rose in hand
My threadbare penitence apieces tore".

But the signs of the times arent very conspicuous in Guatemala City. It may get just a little dustier than it has been during the recently-finished Winter, and there may be a few more thousand pathogenic germs to the cubic millimeter of atmosphere, but otherwise, Spring is going to be just about like everything else. This is a very equable climate-entirely too much so for Ellsworth Huntington and myself.

"ell sir, I went down to Quirigua last week, and pruned all the rose bushes, and planted some new ones, and budded the avocados, and cut back some of the orange trees, and drank lots of cold lemonade and got beaten at golf; and then on Saturday, planning to come home on Sunday, I thought it might be a good plan to ask Dr Macphail how I could cure that troublesome spot on the sole of my right foot,-an affair which has gradually been getting more troublesome for six months, but which had not yet laid me out. When you ask a medical man such a question, there is only one possible reply, and you know what that is. If you dont, Doc Bowman can tell you. But seriously (a pig, grunting) they thought the only thing to do would be to cut it out, as it was in a place which was not accessible for other treatment. So on Sunday morning Doc Ross stretched me out on the operating table, washed his hands with alcohol, painted my foot a rich crome yellow with iodine, and then shot the hypodermic into the region of the tumor. O Lord! How that hurt! And he had to run it in five separate and distinct times, and each one hurt more than the last. But when he got thru, my foot went peacefully to sleep and he cut off a regular Teacup Inn beefsteak (individual, not family, size) without my feeling it. Cocaine s a great thing, after they get it in. And then he sewed me up with four stitches. I was booked to catch a boat here on the 23rd so I felt I ought to come up to the City at once and clean up my work, and they told me I could hobbe around on my heel. But if I had know what was in store for me I would have stuck right in Quirigua alongside that lemonade bush for a week more. For I have been so incapacitated that I havent been able to clean up my work, and will perforce miss the boat on the 23rd, and in addition I have been pretty miserable trying to get around at all. But I'm coming out alright, and I'm glad the pesky thing is out. Only, when I get another pair of tite boots I am going to chuck em in the gutter right off the bat. Speaking of boots reminds me of the Jamaica nigger who came into the Quirigua commissary the other day, and in hinc modum locutus est: "Mon, I wahnt wan pair tick boot, fe to walk upan mud; wan pair brown boots fe sport; and one tie

Speaking about the "amaicans, Doc Winn tells another good one; he was in the office one day when two niggers, came in talking loudly and excitedly. No, mon". "Yes, mon. No, mon". "Yes, mon, hahm bettah than tyad (cod)."

Well, on the way up from Quirigua I stopped off to pick up the seeds which Fernando Carrera has been collecting for me at Barranquilla, the latter being an assemblage of six thatched huts beside a small stream. Fernando had informed his fellow citizens that he was about to receive a very distinguished visitor, and all Barranquillo was down beside the track to see me come in. Fernando proudly bore me off to his house and fixed me up a hammock, into which I crawled and stayed until train time next day, as my foot hurt too much to walk upon it any more than I could help. He also had brought up a cow from some, where and about every half hour he insisted upon giving me, as a particular luxury, a glass of warm milk al pie de la vaca. There is nothing I like much less, except kidney~~s~~, but I took it.

Allright so far; I came on up to Guatemala next day, and tumbled into bed just as soon as I could reach my quarters, and the next morning got a carriage and drove to the Consulado, where I found plenty of mail to cheer me up; and then after reading it I went out to Spalckhaver's for lunch and stayed for feeve ocloakey, and came home and turned into bed again. And the next day they sent down word for me to bring my bag and come out and stay until I was feeling better. That was Thursday and this morning, Sunday I have just returned. I have been having a pretty good time with the girls, take it all around, and I felt too bum to work so I dont find my conscience bothering me too much. I feel as tho I am imposing upon them a bit, but they are so blooming cordial about it all that a feller cant hardly refuse.

Last night Gertrude and Hermione Barker (there's a name to conjure with!) and I sat up, after Doc Vaughan and Mr Goforth had gone home at 11 o'clock, and we had a little exchange of confidences which last until 2.30 a.m., at which hour the two girls retired to the privacy of their boudoir and continued it until about five. Yes sir, I learned about women from them. Pablo, I am getting new data for your book all the time. But say boy, you ll have to forgive me for one thing; I have been guilty of a gross breach of conduct, by your standards and mine. When Graham Ker fixed it up, or tried to, for me to meet Gertrude, he did it on the condition that I wouldnt be fresh and use her first name until I had known her a respectable (from his point of view) length of time. Well, both Gertrude and Herm Barker are quite reserved, so I didnt follow my training and call em by their first names the second day, but let things drag along indefinitely without taking the proper step. And finally, a few days ago, I put up the question to them in an academic way, during a psychological discussion, as to what the effect would be upon them if a man called them by their first names the second time he met them, and they agreed that, granting they liked the man, it would please him otherwise. So of course we got

onto solid ground right away, the Herm still gets embarrassed when she tries to say Wilson, and Gert sometimes forgets when other folks are around and calls me Mr Popenoe. But in general, we have things pretty thoroly straightened out. And, for the benefit of mother, I will state that Gertrude is in love with a young Frenchman here, so she neednt think that I am going to feel myself obliged to marry her. But Pablo I still think the One Great Tragedy is to see fine girls like Gertrude and Hermione passed by when these miserable flappers have a dozen johnnies hanging around them all the time. There are only a handful of men in Guatemala who have brains enough to appreciate these girls, and unfortunately most of them are already married or divorced or something like that, which rather stands in their way.

Well, you see you cant get away from the Great Problem even by coming to Guatemala. Mais quant a moi, il faut finir de tout cela. I ve a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land, tho I dont know just which one.

But what I do want to know is this: is anything coming of Paul's big Matrimonial Drive, or will it go down in history as the Debacle of 1920? Paul, me lad, makey bidnith.

Day before yesterday I got a nice bunch of letters from youall. Glad to have the address of Chase's brother, I mean nephew. He ought to be a good man. And mother dearest, it was good to get your note of Feb 28 from Ahuacatlan; I have not been getting many direct from you lately, mostly via Paul, and they are good either way, I do like to get a direct one occasionally. But mother, I dont see why you think I got Herb tied up with Lucile; you know blame well you wouldnt have pulled him out of that melee with a stump puller. It was a case of Eventually, Why Not Now, and if I had a part in making it Now, why I am willing to take some of the credit appertaining thereto, if any is due, but it would have been Eventually, anyway, cause that girl had settled upon Herb, and you know what it means when a nice girl decides she is going to have you. Oh, dont be reticent by sending me any Vanities Fair with September Morn covers; anything goes, with me. Aint my brother the secretary of the Am Soc Higlene Assn?

Father, do you know if Doc Hardin ever received the copy I sent him from Mexico on the way down here, for the circular on the food value of the avocado? I promised it to him, and sent it, and I dont want him to think I forget it, in case it never reached him. I dont care whether it is used or not.

Well sir, to be perfectly frank with you, I am not at all sorry to see that LBScott, I mean Perfeffer Scott, is leaving, or is to leave, the USDA shortly. He is no man of science, and I dont think he would ever make many real contributions to tropical pomology. I could pretty easily step over and have his job in the Office of Horticulture and Pomology but I wouldnt take it as agift, not even with one of those famous \$240 boni, ^{or would you say bonuses?} Alright, bonuses then, but we scientific men always like to keep our latin pure.

Good, Pablo: I'm glad your getting dictionaries in Persian, Turkish, and Hindustani. We must entrench ourselves for a life of work along our chosen lines, and when I settle down in the States I am going to dig into the musty tomes a bit myself.

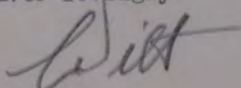
But dont think you can scare me out by listing a dozen or so books that you are going to write. While I have been lying up these past few days I have outlined a much-needed work which I expect to tackle as soon as I get back from this trip, and which will be a handbook of gardening for tropical America, a book for the layman, telling how to propagate, plant and care for ornamental and fruitbearing plants, with descriptions and cultural notes on the best species in the various groups, such as Palms, Ornamental Trees, Fruit Trees, Ornamental Shrubs, etc. I am satisfied there is a need for such a work, since there is not a single thing in print in the western hemisphere on the subject. And then, of course, after that I'll get out my big avocado book, and by that time maybe it will be opportune to revise Tropical and Subtropical Fruits, and make Bailey put in more illustrations. Paul, we've got to go into that question of date varieties thoroughly. I think I can help you a bit, perhaps, when it comes to this matter, for systematic pomology is my particular hobby.

Paul, I like Betty Lee much better than Mae Graham,--so far as names go. Better take Betty. I'm for her.

Read the March Atlantic, and am enjoying it now. Darn it all, I wish I could get that boat to Puntarenas on the 23rd, but I refuse to rupture my duodenum in so doing. The next boat scheduled is the Pac Snail of Apr 7, but I may pick up a tramp before that time. I'd like to get out of here about Apr 1. I wont be ready much before that, as I have quite a bunch of seeds yet to ship. Oh, I've been doing business down here, tho from my letters you would think that my life is just one long round of social affairs. I'll admit that I have been trying again to disprove the known accuracy of that classic statement about being a social butterfly and a man of science synchronously; but if I can only keep F Carrera busy all the time, so I can send in plenty of seeds, Washington will never find it out. Really, my social obligations here are just a bit burdensome at times; I have been here too long, and become too well acquainted. You get more exploring done when you are new to a country and dont know anybody. But on the other hand, you miss lots of things which people who live here can put you onto,--and you dont eat half so well!

I shall have my shoes on by the end of the present week,--in fact I have one of em, right now,--and my foot is no longer giving me any pain. So I'm allright. Hoping you are the same

Ever lovingly



Quirigua', Guatemala
April 8, 1920.

Dear Folks:

I reckon I needn't send any carbons to Paul just at present, since he should be on the road to California by the time this gets to the States.

As you see, I'm still here at Quirigua', - this is my 16th day. And it will be a week more at least before I'll be fit to leave my foot is healing very slowly (or as Dorsett would put it, very very slowly), and I cannot yet walk without crutches. In spite of my chagrin over losing so much time, I'm not going to leave him until I'm quite fit, - that is, until the wound is thoroughly healed.

I go out a bit every day on my crutches, - maybe down to the commissary, maybe to huddle about the garden, - and I spend the rest of my time reading, composing wild verses, or talking with the medicos. I've been studying pharmacology a bit, also chemistry. And just now I'm reading *Innocents Abroad*.

Last week I made the acquaintance of Prince William of Sweden and his party. The prince was here with a touch of malaria. He is the second son of the King of Sweden.

and is, I believe, closely related to the late lamented Kaiser. He looks, in fact, very much like the pictures I have seen of the Kronprinz. He is deaf in ~~at~~ one ear and slightly hard of hearing in the other.

My friends in the City drop me a line every few days, and someone from there is blowing in here quite frequently. Altogether the time passes rapidly and agreeably. "Allegretto", as I now term my collector Fernando Cabrera, writes every day or two, on some inconsequential matter which to him seems more important than the Peace Treaty. I will only be able to escape him by leaving Guatemala.

It has been 103 to 105° here lately, - about as hot as I have ever seen it in the Tropics. It makes me take long siestas and feel lazy, but otherwise does not bother me greatly.

Well, it's about time for the train to come up from Barrer, so I'll turn out to see if, - well, just for the same reason everybody turns out, because it is the only thing that happens during the day except the passing of the downgoing train at 3.40 p.m.

Ever lovingly
Will

San José de C.R.
May 10, 1928

Dearest father:

I'm going to write you a long letter tomorrow on the typewriter, but I'll scribble a few lines more personally to you as I sit here in my room at the Hotel Français this evening. I got a big bunch of mail upon calling at the consulates this morning, and after reading the many good letters from you, I feel just now particularly close to you in spirit, - though goodness knows I am always very close.

In the mail today I found the news of Paul's engagement, over which I am supremely happy. Loving him as I do, I know I shall love her; and knowing her as well as I do, from our close association during the past years, I have not the suspicion of a doubt that she is anything but a perfectly splendid girl, and one whom all of us - Paul, Herb, you and I, - will enjoy and esteem as one of us. My confidence in old Paul is unlimited: when that boy does anything, it is the right thing. Sometimes he hides his light under a bushel, or even seems ^{unimpaired} ~~unimpaired~~ ^{unimpaired}, but when it comes to the

real test, he has always made me feel ashamed of myself by the way he has risen to the occasion, and without thought of himself, has done what he knew to be his duty. In his devotion to the family he will go much farther than I, though he may talk less about it.

I'm downright glad to be out of Guatemala, and in this delightful little city. Those last weeks, - four or five of them - in Guatemala seem almost a night more to me. It was fearfully hot at Quetziché, and I left there looking pretty thin. But the companionship of my good friends there, and in Guatemala City, was all that kept me from being utterly heartbroken when the news of mother's death came. I have tried to take it as she wanted me to, but oh! my heart is heavy at times! If I had been alone at the time the news came it would have been pretty hard to keep my mind in cheerful channels. When I kissed my darling mother good-bye at the Herkimer Arms, it came the nearest to breaking my heart that anything had ever done for I felt almost certain that I would never

see her again. Several things she had said during our little talks had led me to feel this, coupled with the knowledge that I would probably not get to California again for 2 years. In one of your letters you say that she also felt it was good-bye. I knew that she felt it, altho she said nothing to that effect. This man was a braver little woman in the world! Several friends who have written me have said that I have her character, - a precious heritage which I wish I could claim, but I know that I am not really worthy to be called her son. But in future years I shall make it my high purpose to follow her example insofar as it is possible for me to do so.

I think when Paul is married you'd better give him one of the Guatemalan blankets. - I hope the box reached you finally; everything I have sent, nearly, has been frightfully delayed between New Orleans & Washington. I am almost despairing of getting any material to Washington alive. I may be able to ship to N.Y. from now on, and

travel on these conscienceless American railways.

I've made up my mind that when I get home from this trip on going to come to California for six months, or perhaps more, and get acquainted once more with my own state and my own people. I'll visit Paul and Betty for a while, and then stick around Attadere and work with Samuel on our book or much as I feel like. I am beginning to wonder if we won't have to keep Abzacatlan a family headquarters, and sell something else? If it just suits you, to keep it.

Thanks for an Atlantic and a Geograph found here. From now on I expect to have less trouble with the mails. Estrada Cabra, in his attempt to hang onto his power, took all sorts of liberties with the mails, and everything else.

Good-night, dear old dad; I'm thinking of you and loving you a lot; and you can know that I'm well and enjoying my work and going right ahead as I know mother would want me to.

Love devotedly your son
 Will

San Jose de C R
May 20 1920

Dear Dad:

I forgot to mention when I wrote this morning that one of the papers printed three inches about me the other day, under the title "Ha llegado el Professor Wilson Popenoe", and after stating that I was a distinguished man of science (wh appears to be true of every pseudo-scientist that comes to latin America) they stated that my salary was \$2000 per month. I guess they meant Guatemalan money.

I am glad you sent the handbag made of the San Antonio huipil to Betty Lee. I am sure mother would have been glad for her to have it, and I only hope Betty will like it. When she and Paul come to Calif, I want you to give them three or four nice huipiles out of my Guatemalan stock, to help in furnishing their new home. As previously written you, also, they are to have a Guatemalan blanket, but not the one wh was mother's, - unless you prefer to give them that; nor the all blue and white one wh I sent home this last time, the latter being put in reserve for my own Betty Lee, as soon as I find her. I have another Guatemalan blanket with me wh I think I will send up by Parcel Post from Panama, in July, so as to get it of my hands, as I will be buying other blankets in Colombia and Peru doubtless.

Pls congratulate Herb on his election as president of the Rifle Club. I'm glad one member of the family can handle a gun.

Hope you get some photos of the bungalow while Paul is home, and send me one or two. I'd like to see that place.

Found Apr Atlantic here, and one Citrograph. There's nothing I enjoy half so much, nor profit by one fourth as much, as the Atlantic. But it took me a good many yrs to wake up to the fact didnt it? -Looks good to see my book listed in Macmillan's catalog of farm and garden books. In about three yrs more I expect to land "Gardening in the American Tropics" inside that list. With these two I'll have myself staked out as the pioneer in tropical horticulture, insofar as America is concerned --Glad to see program of the May avocado mtg: but it doesnt look like a very strong one, so far as the practical end is concerned, being mostly propaganda. But as we agreed previously it is hard to get up a good program, with new stuff, twice a year. By the way, I would like to send up a communication for the fall mtg, if DF doesnt object. Guess I'll write him about it. When they are they going to publish the next proceedings with my Atlxix paper?

San José de Costa Rica,
June 4 1920

Dear Folks:

I have written twice this week, last time about five hrs ago; but as I have just now, 8.30 dark face figgersm recd three letters from youall, I will see if I can get a reply in the mail tomorrow morning before 8, so it will catch the boat.

Well, gentlemen; there was considerable news in this mail. First of all, it is a tremendous relief and pleasure to hear that my two Guatemalan boxes finally reached Altadena, safe and sound. I can imagine just what sort of a time FOP had when he got them and opened them. I remember what sort of a time I used to have when I was living in Altadena, and a box of pkg bearing a lot of foreign marks came in. As I wrote you previously, the stuff I sent up in that box cost me between \$90 and \$100 gold, and I figure it was a mighty good investment. I surely am sorry that mother could not have seen these things, and enjoyed them with you; when I packed them I pictured in my mind just what she would say and do when you unpacked them; but it was not to be. I want you, of course, to go ahead and put into service all of the things you have any use for, as the articles are all the kind that will wear, and they had better be in service than be lying in the closet. So cover your tables, and lounges, and do anything else you want. And of course, when Paul and Betty move out, they are to have a nice allotment for their new house; and later on H and Lucile must have some things for theirs. As you know, I have another lot at Washington, but no blankets; a nice collection of huipiles, perhaps a dozen or fifteen. As to the coffee, dont be concerned about hoarding it, for as I wrote you, Bob will have his San Francisco house send us down a sack of his crop every year if we want it. From here on FOP drinks nothing but the best, strictly XXXX.

And I am indeed glad to learn that the Russells were pleased with the date business, and are going in with you; and that Paul and I already have some land under way. I sincerely hope that the Rs get the Trop Date Co, for upon that depends a good deal of our future in regard to offshoots. Paul, I suppose with this purchase, you will want all of my money I can spare on July 1st, so you can advise J Arthur Harris accordingly, if you so desire. I should think I O2 be able to put up \$1000 now, but I dont know exactly how I stand of course. The thing is in your hands, and you can just go ahead and use the money as tho it was your own; just so long as you leave me with a little to pay club dues and that sort of thing.

Thanks for the letter to Mr Webster's bro in law.

Yessir dad, that blue and white, light weight Guatemalan blankets is one of the finest articles that ever came out of the Maya territory. As I wrote, I paid \$25 gold for it, which is by far the highest price I ever paid for a blanket the usual figure being about \$16 nowadays, but you cant find a blanket of that kind once

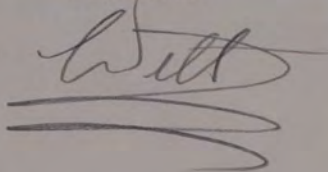
in a year. It is, in fact, the finest blanket I have ever seen offered for sale in all my experience on the Guatemalan blanket market. And I guess if anybody kept in close touch with the blanket market, it was WP. I hope to pick up a few more things of this kind down in Peru, but I don't exactly know how I am going to get them home, as I don't suppose I will be sending up anything but parcel post shipments when I get that far south. If I have to, I'll carry them along with me.

I have spent the evening in my room labelling my photographs and getting things in readiness for my trip down to Juan Viñas tomorrow. I called on Manuel Montejo this afternoon and clinched the trip to Alajuela for Monday, and Oton swears he will call for me at 5 Sunday morning, reading to start on our hunt for the wild aguacate, up on Irazu. By the way, it was clear this morning, and Irazu was smoking beautifully. I think it is the first time I have ever seen a volcano indulge in any real genuine smoking. Santa Maria in Guatemala blows off a little steam around the cracks, but nothing like smoke from the crater.

Paul, how has your Guatemalan overcoat worn? Has it faded at all? And are you and Betty going to be married this fall, whether you go to Calif or not? I presume to say you are.

Well, I'm going to put my mosquito net up, shake off all the fleas I can- and crawl into bed. The fleas here are excessively abundant. When folks talk about the joys of exploring they sometimes forget these little matters.

Ever thine



San José de Costa Rica,
June 16 1929

Dear Folks*

Otón Jimenez and I returned to the metropolis at 7 last night, after three days in the saddle, pretty well molido and badly flea bitten, but having had an interesting trip, thru the south part of the country, as far as San Pablo Tarrazú, a good day's ride from here. I renewed my acquaintance with the pigmented form of *Phaseolus vulgaris* L., and I ate cold, clammy tortillas as in days of yore. We carried along two libbits of milk choc, a tin of Huntley and Palmers' biscuits, and some Turkish delight, so we managed to piece out our meals in good shape and, on the whole, live pretty decently. The last night out, however, we ran into one of the greatest flea nests I have ever struck! Neither of us got more than 3 hrs sleep, and I am badly eaten up, and still itching like the dickens. Otón said it was the worst night he had ever experienced, bar none; and I said it was the worst I had ever experienced, bar one, which was a memorable night at Jocotan, on the road to Copan, where I once amanacered with 74 flea bites on my left forearm and 86 on my right, and the rest of my body bitten in proportion.

I found a nice bunch of mail here on my arrival last night. Blake has found a new salvia among my introductions from the Verapaz of this trip, and is naming it *Salvia popencel*. DF seems to be in his usual good health and sperrits. He sent me a short personal letter this week; I havent had an official letter of any importance from the Ofs since I left Guatemala.

Allright, Pablo; You go ahead with your check list of dtaes and we'll quietly slip it in the next Proceedings of the Am Pom. It will be a great joke on Swingle. Dont accuse me of stealing any of that Quirigua poetry; maybe it doesnt sound like the kind I used to write, but that just goes to show how versatile I am. Dont forget that hood to my impmreable, some time when in Washn. Glad to hear of your visit to Houston. I must get a report from Rito on the younger Sherwood. I sometimes wonder whether St Claire will be able to live happily with Rito indefinitely. That's a long time, you know. Yes, he is a bit older than she, and so on.

Recd this morning copy of L A Times Mag, Citrograph, J of H, and Cultivator, for all of whi thanx. I see they got my name in the minutes, even if I wasnt there. If I had never lived in California, or rather, grown up there, I would be quite an authority by this time, with all the work I have done on the avocado. Just look at Proff Scott, for example; he probably stands higher than I do, tho he has never put in more than two weeks on avocados in his life. All of which goes to show that its mainly bluff, this thing of reputation.

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in his letter of this week, that he wouldnt advise me to marry for several years yet, as my activities would be limited if I had a wife. Quite a surprising change in his attitude on the subject, no?

Father, as aforesaid, dont nurse that peaberry o sea caracol coffee too much, for Bob Hempstead is getting richer ever year, and we will have to take a bag or two offn him once in a while to help him avoid the income taxes.

Herb, I'm going to get some more things for Lucile when I get down in the Indian country of South America. And of course, she can have another huipil whenever she wants it. Nothings too good for my sisters, or my brothers, or my pa. No sir. You just dig into that Guatemalan box and help yourself to a huipil, if you feel thataway. And you give her my love when you write. And hang onto that .45 S and W. We have always been awfully shy on large calibre guns. I'm going to see if I cant get a .45 automatic down in the commissary at Panama, at \$14.85; and if I can I shall buy it of course.

I have not been so unmercifully busy in some months as during the past two weeks. I shall spend a couple of days here now, cleaning things up, and then on Sat I'm going down to Siquirres with the Unifruitco folks to spend three or four days eating off them, and tell them how top prune orange trees and all that sort of thing. Let's see; Im not sure that I wrote you of going to Alajuela with Manuel Montejo, and stopping on their orange ranch there, with Minor C Keith's nephew, Mr Meigs, and his family; there are seven or eight of Keith's relatives there just at present, and they live well. We had some corking good hots cake, as Paul's jap waiter would have it. They are nice folks, all round, and I would like to spend another day there. Incidentally, I filled up on Marsh Seedless and Washington Navel and Harts Late to an extent wh I havent been able to do for a long, long time. I'd like to have about 500 lbs of California fruits sent me every month. As old Kingsley said, The truth must be told; one good Winter Melis or Gravenstein or Deglet Nur is worth all the mamoncillos and dillies and shore grapes of the tropics; it would not be bad, however, if one good get really good mangos and all that sort of thing, but we have too many indifferent seedlings in this part of the world.

Ever thine

Will

San José de Costa Rica,
June 23 1920

Dear Folks:

I have just finished dinner, and now while I suck a lump of maple sugar, the very last of the brick Kitty Browne gave me the evening I left Washington (I suppose she wishes now she had it back) I will bring you up to date.

Know, then, that on Saturday last I went down to Siquirres where I put up with Mr Bennett, Agrl Supt of this division, Unifruiteco. I slept there that night, and the following morning he had to go to Limon so he took me down to Zent, and left me with Mr Dugan, Supt of that farm. I stayed there over night, and lived like a prince, for Dugan apparently comes of a very good family and has trained his servants to set a fine table and keep things in fine shape. Dugan had been with the Lafayette Escadrille in France, so we talked the War nearly all Sunday afternoon, and then we had one Walzell, who used to be agt in Limon and says he remembers FOP, in for supper. The next morning I went around the farm a bit on a motor car, and took some photos; and then in the p m Bennett dropped by and picked me up and we went up to Siquirres again to see his orange and pineapple plantation, and slept there that night; and early Monday or rather Tuesday morning we got on his little gasoline car and came up to Paraiso, to go over to see their orange orchard at Navarro, not far from there. It was a lovely ride up the line on that motor car, early in the morning. One of the finest I have had in a long time. After seeing the orchard and discussing ways and means, Bennett brot me to Cartago and dropped me there, at the Canal Hotel. It was cool and quiet in Cartago, as usual, and the thought immediately entered my mind that I would like to have half a dozen good books and just loaf there for a week, as the food is good at the Canal Hotel. But life is too short and time too fleeting, so this morning I hoofed it up to Tierra Blanca, a little town on the slope of Irazu at about 7000 feet, and collected plants along the road, and came back for lunch at the hotel, and then caught the train for San Jose, and here I am, after picking up a nice bunch of mail from youall and attending to a few errands. UF 6

Of course I went around to see Otón as soon as I got here, and he told me that we would start for the ascent of Irazu either day after tomorrow or the day following, so tomorrow I will put my things in shape, and prepare 500 pejbaye seeds for the mail. I have a few other things to send, in also; I havent missed a week since I came here. While I am not getting as much stuff as in Guatemala, I feel altogether satisfied with what I have found here; indeed, the wild avocado and the pejbaye are quite sufficient, I think, to pay for the stop here, and I have obtained besides these, several avocado varieties and other things too numerous to mention.

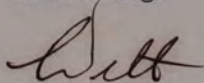
from Guatemala. And Paul, I recd in one of your recent letters a very sweet note from Betty; and father sent me one wh she had written him. I shall write her again one of these days. Her letters are perfectly adorable. PP: is her sister Emily half as interesting as she , Betty, is?

Paul, re my money for the nw yr: I dont see any reason why you cant cash my Treasury warrant. I am pretty sure I deposit-
ed a power to that effect, and I dont think there is any statute of limitations affecting such things. You probably wont get the warrant much before the end of July, but when you do I think the the best plan~~x~~ will be to deposit the money with the National City Bank and ask them to notify their agt in Bogotá that I have a credit. Then I will look up their agt when I get to Bogotá and draw on them. If you can think of any better way to get the money to me, why holler. I think you better deposit only one thousand dollars at present, and then later when I want more I can advise you; the balance of my warrant you can put in the Am S and T in Washington until I need it, taking out the necessary amts of course to repay what I owe you, and to pay the \$900 on the Coachella land. And you will advise me at Bogotá by mail that you have deposited the \$1000 with the Natl City Bank. If case I run short and cant get anything I will cable home for three or four hundred. But I dont think I will need to; I will leave here with about \$400, wh I think ill carry me to Bogotá, and once there I can take a room in the hotel and stand off my board bill a month if necessary. I have about decid ed to leave Santa Marta until later. I expect to be in Colombia several months, of course, and can make that section at some later time. I am planning to leave here July 9th, stopping a week or two in the Canal Zone.

And apropos of the Canal Zone, I am going to lighten my baggage quite a bit before I tackle the Andes. I figure I will have parcel post without customs from the Zone, and I am going to send home a number of things, inc a beautiful pair of saddle bags wh I have just had made here. I am going to use them in place of a handbag when I travel in the States, as they look more distinctive, and I cant afford to buy a leather handbag in the States these days. These saddle bags are just the thing for a trip to the Coachella or anything like that, and I am going to authorize FOP to make full use of them until I return. They are of nice soft leather, and well made.

I have several letters from the Of's to answer tonight, and I am too tired to write very much, so

Hasta luego



San José de Costa Rica,
San Juan Bautista (24 June) 1920

Dear Folks:

Just another line or two before I mail this letter today.

I was sitting in the Consulado this morning, writing to Maj. Hasbrouck, when up walks Don Carlos Caldwell, and without any preliminary remarks whatever, begins to tell me how horribly busy he is. I am almost forced to the conclusion, judging by what I have seen up to the present, that Don Carlos is un gran inutil, as we put it. He says, by the way, that he hopes F O P will write him again soon; he wants to keep in touch with him in the future.

Got my seeds and budwood ready for the mail this morning, and now as soon as it stops raining I will take them to the PO. I also brot home my new saddle bags, the ones I am going to send home from Panama, and they are certainly beauties. It will make a handsome and distinctive handbag to carry on the Pullman.,--~~provided~~ FOP and Herb dont wear it out before I get there. However, the maker assures me that it is good for an indefinite period, so go to it.

Nothing new to chronicle today, I reckon. U_nless it be that the fleas seem somewhat less abundant than they were two weeks since, which is grateful.

Ever thine

W

San José de C R
June 25 1920

Dos palabras:

Pablo, you want to teach Betty how to make huevos rancheros. I never ate a better dish than the same, as served here at the Washington on days when the cook is sober. As judged by the result, you break two eggs in one of these porcelain dishes made for shirred eggs; you put in a liberal quantity of tomato and quite a bit of chopped onion, and a few chopped parsley leaves (if your kidneys are in bad order), and then you drop a good sized lump of butter on top and put em in the over until the eggs are cooked to the right degree. Its really a fine dish.

I make it a plan to tip my present wait a razon de 24 centimos, o sea 8 cents per meal; and as a result, he always gives me three eggs instead of two, when I order my rancheros, as I always do at noon; and if I did not object he would give me four. I get other things in proportion. As a result, I eat so much at noon that I am not very hungry at night, so I pursue the following plan:

About 5.30 p m I step down the street to a little lecheria, and have a dish of clotted cream, a good cheese sandwich made with a big bun, and three sweet cakes. This sets me back the equivalent of 30 cents, and I defy any of your judisch schnorrers to beat it, even with automat service. If you havent eaten natilla, clotted cream, then you have missed something, I'm here to day.

Pablo, I think I have enough Ahuacatlan stationery to last me the rest of the trip; certainly I dont want to lug any more at present. Why dont you send the stock you have out to father, and let it be used at the original Ahuacatlan, for polite correspondence? I really think we ought to adopt that sign, anyway; it is the correct thing for Ahuacatlan, if you folks have all decided that you are going to let the name stick.

Met Don Carlos Caldwell on the street this morning. He merely stopped a minute, pulled out his watch and looked at it nervously, and would have have spent a quarter of an hour telling me about things in general, had I given him the chance, which I didnt. I still think Chas is a gran inutil.

San José de C R,
July 1 1920

Dear Folks:

One week from tomorrow morning I start for Limon to embark for Colón. Well, Costa Rica is a pleasant place for them thats rich and high, butbCosta Rica is an awful place for such poor folk as I, as Kingsley hath it. Altho I reckon things are cheaper here than I am going to find them anywhere else this side of the Horn.

I'm back this afternoon from Puntarenas and El Coyolar, in time to get my weekly harvest of material into the mail; and then day after tomorrow Oton and I are going to climb Poas wh will be my last trip. We come back on Monday, and I will take three days to clean things up here and get away.

Before chronicling events I guess I will run over the mail wh came since I last wrote you. I got a nice bunch of letters in an evnelop from PP the morning I started for the coast, -Tuesday.

PP, you didnt worry me a bit about that shipment of seeds wh was destroyed the time you were in Washn. The history of that shipment is as follows: I bot 500 seeds, to see if it would be possible to shp seeds of the West Indian race by mail, packed dry, as we had done with Guatemalans. After keep- ing em a week here I saw that most of them were gone and thst the system wouldnt work, but I thot I might as well send em on so I did, but I never expected em to get thru alive, and we didnt need em anyway, with the 5000 I landed there alive from Guatemala. The West Indian seed is much harder to ship than the Guatemalan, and this in turn harder than the Mejicano.

PP, re the newstation at Bell, wh I understand is not far from Dr Van Fleet's place 'Lanham, isnt it?) they are going to headquarter the quarantine work there, and have an appropriation for bldgs for this purpose; and they have 40 a of good nursery land, and since Yarrow is strictly NG for nursery purposes, I think they intend gradually to move all the Yarrow equipment over there and give up the Yarrow outfit altogether. We have been unfortunate in some of our stations, - Yarrow and Brooksville are not what they ought to be, insofar as natural conditions go.

I'm sorry to hear about the J of H, for I had expected to publish several things in it very shortly. I may have to put them somewhere else. I hope if the ASHA takes it over they will still receive plant material.

I think Paul should feel pretty proud regarding the listing of Applied Eugenics among the 100 best books. They wont do that with TropicalMfruits.

But Pablo, if I dont eat any more on the Wm K owles Cooper's in the future than I have in the past, I will have to spend a good deal for meals at the Club. I have only dined once in my life at their house and neverpicknicked with Anna, except on the occasional occasion when you were along.

Father, I thought that Chas Caldwell would offer to rent me a room in their house; Emma is not here now, and they have plenty of room there, the Consul told me; but I dropped hints to ~~write~~ no avail. He didnt do a thing for me, except to tell me how horribly busy he was. I am afraid he is a dead issue. Yes, you bet, I'm a gonna hang onto that plan to spend six months in Calif when I come home. It will give Shamel and myself a chance to whip a book into shape, for one thing. And for another, it will give me a chance to enjoy California and Youall, and get acquainted with all my new relatives I have received a fine letter from Mrs Wallace. She is strictly all-right.

And again father: re my plan for going to Colombia next instead of going down the west coast and taking Colombia on the way back there are several reasons for it: first, it will probably be my best field, and yet one of the hardest to work, and I want to tackle it before the trip gets too stale, that is, while I am still reasonably fresh. I expect to get a lot of miscellaneous material out of it. Secondly, if I take it in now, I can just as well cross to Buenos Aires and come back the other coast, and then drop over to Venezuela from Po't of Spain (the Buenos Aires boats stop there); while if I had to come back up the West Coast I couldnt figure on seeing Buenos Aires; and third, it just seems to come natural to take Colombia next, so next it is. I shall headquarter in Bogotá and if the country proves as good hunting ground as I expect, I think I will spend the months of August, September, October and November in it. Ecuador and Peru will come next in order, and if I get information which indicates that Ecuador is not much, I may cut it out. I am going to have a long enough trip at best; and I want to save about three months at the other end for the West Indies, tho DF doesnt know about it yet. BUT I am figuring that if I make good in the meantime he will not turn me down when I run in a request for an authorization for three mos there.

I guess I wont bother about the fall mtg of the Avocado Assn, but will wait and prepare a paper for the spring. It seems to me that with Daisy McN as Secy the Popenoe influence in the Assn ought once more to be pretty strong. I am thinking some day they will make you Prest, after they are sure you arent going to grow any more nursery stock.--Sure, go ahead and use the coffee; we'll get all we want from Bob in the future. I could probably pull down a couple of arabas from Montejo here pretty easily, too. --Glad Aunt Martha liked the cloth. I'll have to get her something else later on. She hasnt much to live for, and I must do what I can for her.

From Paul's last letter, in which he notes that you have heard that the TD folks will sell, I am hoping to hear soon that you have the deal fixed up. It will be a great day for us all when/if Russell takes that over, and Paul gets out there on the ground.

Paul, I understand Safford has recd a Ph D from Geo Washn Univ for his Revision of the genus *Datura*, with notes on the narcotic properties of the species. Pretty easy.

Father, thanx for Missouri Bot Gdn bulletin and Port of Spain Gazette. I have today on the train read the May Atlantic and still have the June in store. Great magazine that.

To go back: Last Saturday afternoon Oton J and I mounted our steeds at 4.30 p m and road to Cartago, arriving about seven thirty and putting down a heavy dinner at the Canal Hotel en seguida. We slept well and in the morning started on horseback again for Irazu. We rode until two p m, at what time we reached La Pastora the last hacienda, owned by a relative of Oton (nearly everything in Costa Rica is; that J. menez family ~~has~~ the guinea-pig proclivity). We had to stop here, as the clouds shut down and it began to-rain, and kept it up all the rest of the afternoon and most of the night. But we had not planned definitely on going any farther that day, anyhow; it was only 45 minits walk to the crater from there, and we thot we would go up early while the air was still clear, since at this time of yr it is cloudy after nine or ten in the morning. So we stopped at La Pastora, and had some of those good black beans and some of that good boiled rice, and some dulces which we had carried with us, and then turned in at 8 o'clock, as it was tollable cold, elevation being 9500 ft.-- We got out early in the morning, and it felt just like a good winter morning in Calif. No frost, but crisp, moistvair which was mighty agreeable to me, for a change. We started off on foot with one of the men from the finca, and at 7 were climbing over the crater rim, whence we looked down upon a remarkable sight,--a volcano in active eruption. There was a perfectly round hole in the middle of a ~~convex~~ large concavity, and out of this hole the yellow smoke (with a smell of sulfur) was pouring forth in great clouds, which rolled up and formed a pillar extending high into the air; and all the time you could hear a low rumbling as of the surf beating on the beach. We didnt scorch any postcards or cook any eggs, but I got busy and took half a dozen fotos as quickly as I could; and at eight the clouds came rolling in from the Atlantic and it was all over. we went down to Pastora, had some beans, rice, and tortillas, and at 11 started down. But we ran onto a patch of wild raspberries and I had to have seed, and then we can to some wild potatos and spent half an hour grubbing wit our hands for tubers. And as a result we lost about an hour. It began to drizzle about this time and then to rain in earnest, and all the rest of the trip, five hours, to Cartago, was thru the rain, and over the vilest road imaginable. At Cartago we stopped an hour while Oton talked to all his friends, and then we mounted and rode again thru the rain to San Jose where we arrived at 9.30 p m, and you bet I went to bed pretty pronto.

On the whole, that Irazu trip is about the softest thing in mount. in climbing I have ever seen. In the dry season it would be an excursion for ladies and children. There is a cart road to Pastora, and you c n go the rest of the way on horseback if you want. The Volcan de Agua, wh so far as been my ideal of a soft snap, is about twice as hard as Irazu. In fact, the latter is just the thing for thr armchair botanists.

Well: the morning after we got back from Irazu I got up home at 10 o'clock and boarded the nine o'clock flyer

for Puntarenas. This line belongs to the Supreme Govt, but I have a pass (negotiated by Oton) just as I have on the Keith lines. The trip down was uneventful, and luckily it did not rain that day, so after we got into Puntarenas at 2 I had an afternoon to take fotos and look around town. I picked up several things I wanted, and had a good look at the place, wh is not half so bad as I had imagined. In fact, it is the best port town on this coast of Central America so far as I have seen. If they only had a decent hotel somewhere along the waterfront I would not mind spending a week there, for the town is luxuriously supplied with tropical trees of all sorts and there are some things of interest. The little park, in particular, is just about the prettiest for its size of any I have seen. It is packed with crotons and hibiscus and royal palms. I went to the market and got a new zapote, and walked up and down both the seashore and the lagoon front. On the latter, I asked a boy where the water they drank in the town came from, and he replied "Miramar", and they said "See that white spot over on the mountainside? That's Miramar". It gave me a queer feeling to be looking at this spot in which we all lived so many years ago.

I stopped at the Hotel Londres, where the food was not quite so bad as when I landed six weeks ago, tho the back yard is quite objectionably dirty, and the place is a big barn. The beach is pretty, and there are some nice concrete benches along it. The pier is, I think, the same they had in father's day. There are some very decent tiendas overon the main street along the lagoon or bay, with most of the trade in the hands of the Chinese.

Yesterday morning I took the upcoming train and got off at El Coyolar, just about 4 miles below Orotina. Here I stopped overnight to talk to Carlos Wercklé, who is very well informed on Costa Rican plants tho erratic, so that you have to use judgment in accepting his information. We had a big time, and this morning Miguel Alfaro and I mounted and rode up to Orotina, and on to Marechal, where we wanted to see a tree purported to be a mangosteen but wh I think is *Garcinia xanthochymus*, and then I rode back to Orotina and took the train and came up here.

This afternoon I went down to the Museo as so on as I got in, to pack my plants and seeds, and whom should I run into but Tonduz, my dear colleague, in a lamentable state of intoxication. He insisted on coming into my workroom and standing by while I worked, all the while blowing in my face a breath strong with C_2H_5OH and the higher alcohols, commonly known as fusel oil, and telling me wild stories. I finally set him to work shucking some particularly slimy seeds and he left me.

By the way, Pablo, dont forget that little Inorganic Chemistry and that Physics you are going to get me, and leave with DF to send me in the pouch at Bogota. I have an Organic Agrl Chemistry wh I am now reading, and from which I am learning much; I brot a text book of Inorganic with me, the one they use for a first course in the high schools, but someone swiped it on the San Juan. Get me something good.

Next week will be my last from Costa Rica. It seems good to put one country behind me, and by just one lap farther along on this trip. Ever thine

San Jose de C R
July 2 1920

Since writing last night I have recd FOP's letters of June 16 and 17. Strange, but his and Paul's never seem to come at the same time. I guess they are different bags and they dont get them opened and distributed here on the same day.

I just went down and dispatched a nice sack of seeds and cuttings to DF, -this weeks cleanup. This morning I went out to Guadelupe and got cuttings of Wercklea insignis and a shrub called San Miguel, both pretty things.

I guess its hardly practicable to consider going up to Paul's wedding. I will be in Bogotá by that time, and it is about as far down the river to Barranquilla as it is from the latter to NY. And anyway, I'd about as soon push right ahead now and do up the whole trip before I turn my face towards the States again. And maybe by that time you will have the T D business all settled, and Paul established out there and you will feel like meeting me in the W I so we could sit on the porch at the Myrtle Bank, or whatever they call that Hotel in Port of Spain, and take it in together. Really, it seems to me that you ought to do this. The West Indies has pretty nearly been the dream of both our lives, and why not enjoy it together? We would be sure to get acquainted with a few good planters, so we could spend some time our on the plantations as I have done in Guatemala and here and in Mejico. We wuld put in two or three weeks in Trinidad, and another week in Dominica, and one in St Lucia or St Vincent, perhaps, and then I want to spend a month in Martinique and Guadelupe to see how the Frenchmen do it, and to brush up my French. Come on, let's call it a bargain! It wont be before next July, a year-from now, so you will have plenty of time to save up your spondulics for it, and to arrange your plans. Probably if you come, say in July August and September, Paul and Betty will be glad to come out of the valley and take care of Ahuacatlan for you. Yessir, I intend to see the BWI on this trip or bust, and I would like you to see them with me.

Father, those cuts illustrate the article enclosed, and you can hang onto em for me. I had to pay for em, but they wont be much further use to me. I will be glad to have the Atlantic Classics, wh should show up next week early.

As previously advised, my next address is Bogotá, care American Legation; it wont pay to try to catch me at Panama. I will have to go-about a month without mail, but I have done it before several times. I am anxious right now to hear all the news of the T D Co deal, but I can wait a few days. Probably a few letters will reach here after I leave, in wh case they will overtake me in Panama.

Stacks of love from

San José de Costa Rica

July 7 1920

Dear Folks:

Just a few lines, so you will get something in this week's mail, and then to my packing, for I'm off to Panama.

I have just come from the Lecheria Modelo, where I have a simpatico time every evening (when I am in the city) taking my natilla and my quiet bachelor's evening meal. I eat so much at noon, with three eggs a la ranchera and all that, so that I can do with very little at night. This evening my buen amigo didnt have any natilla, so I had to take leche agria, or clabber instead: and I did two glasses of it in proper style, with two small cakes beside, and a bottle of José Traube's famous effervescing Kola. Total, 75 centimos, or sea about 25 cents. And a good light meal. The proprietor seated himself beside me and discoursed the while upon the subject of voyages, he having learned, by degrees, that I am a traveling botanist, and finally he asked me which Central American country I liked best. Of course this gave me a chance to score a hit with him, which I did not miss.

Last Saturday Oton and I tried to make the Volcan Poas, but couldnt do it. We rode all day getting to Fraijanes, over some frightful roads; once on a heavy grade my horse slipped into a sanjón o sea a big ditch, and got a leg caught on one side and couldnt get out; but finally we dug around his leg and loosened it and extracted him; but not until he had jolted thunder out of the film pack adapted to my camera, wh I was carrying in my saddle bags. At Fraijanes we put up in a typical country house, where there was a family of some 10 or 12, and two gentlemen visitors. We slept in the same bed, and it a single one; and Oton taught me a trick wh is not a bad one, under the circumstances: one sleeps with his head at one end of the bed, and the other with his head at the other. In the morning, after having rained all night, it was still raining and the road to the crater was frightful, so we decided to turn back: and at 3.45 made Esperanza, the orange grove of Minor C Keith wh Montejo and I visited some time back, near Alajuela. It was the Glorious Fourth, and I calculated the Meiggs would have something on tap, so we rode in, and arrived just in time for ~~XXXXXX~~ tea and ice cream and cake; and in the company of a very attractive young American girly, the first one I had seen in two months. At five we started on, and Oton had to get a fresh horse at Heredia, but we pulled into San José at midnight sharp.

Nothing would do but that Oton and I must have our portrait done by a competent portraitier, so day before yesterday I had and I set before Hernandez, and I enclose FOP the result. Hernandez retouched it pretty liberally, you will note.

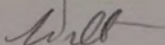
Last night, as I was taking my *natilla* in El Modelo, don Carlos Caldwell walked by so I rushed out and grasped the opportunity to tell him good bye. He expressed a wish that FOP write to him, and his last words were "Well, if you come back here again, you probably wont find me here." Lo que es el optimismo, amigos! Poor old chap, he doesnt-get much out of life I reckon, but he could get more if he knew how.

Oton and I also were photographed on top of Irazú, and I enclose one to FOP and one to Paul. That boy has stood up to a lot of rough traveling with me, I tell you; or perhaps I have with him, for he has engineered most of the trips. But he has taken a lot more punishment than most young Latin Americans would.

Last night he took me to see La Goya and La Gioconda, a singing and dancing brunetter affair. One sings and one dances, and by george they do it well. Spanish stuff, with castañets. Just what I like. In fact, I liked it so much that tonight I am taking Oton and his brother and another guy. We are in the third row from the front.

Well, a feller could live here in C R mighty comfortably and agreeably. And quite a lot of botanical work could be done. But in general it is not as good a field as Guatemala, and I think Colombia also will be better. So here I go.

Always lovingly



Hotel Washington

Cristobal, C. Z.

12 July 1920

Dear old Daddums:

I'm sitting here in my room; 11.30 a.m., dressed in a brand new pair of silk pajamas, East India make, and waiting for my baggage so I can start work.

Well sir, this is the most cosmopolitan place I have seen in a long time. East Indian merchants, just like Calcutta, and Chinese, just like Hongkong; and Jamaica niggers everywhere, with a few Martinique women in their distinctive head dress. I had a great time this morning blowing myself on this pair of pajamas: made me feel just as tho' I was back in Calcutta.

I've been inquiring re the steamers from here to the West Indies, to see what connections you could make. There is only one line calling regularly at Trinidad - the Dutch West India mail, and sometimes they only have one sailing a month. For La Guayra there are

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Hotel Washington

Cristobal, C. Z.

two or three boats a month, on the French + Italian Lines of course. The service may improve by next year. But after riding on the Pastore I'm not so sure you want 25 days on those old Pacific drive steamers with sheer poor staterooms. The Pastore is a floating palace.

I can't find any line from New Orleans to Trinidad. If there is one, that would be your most direct route. I don't suppose you can get much of a ship from there, but there ought to be something by next year. If there is not, then it is either via N.Y. or the Canal, and you can take your choice. We would have to meet either in Venezuela or Trinidad, and I think the latter would probably suit

Hotel Washington

Cristobal, C. Z.

you best; I imagine living isn't very good in Venezuela.

My own plan is about this: work in Venezuela a month or two, then to Trinidad for 2 weeks, then over to Martinique & Dominica, and catch the Guibea line home, up the islands. How does that strike you?

Trinidad is not as near La Guayra as I imagined, & the fogs on the East coast of S. Am. are higher than on the West coast; I am not sure, therefore, that I will sail north from Buenos Aires; I may come back up the West coast to this point and go over to La Guayra from here. It costs about \$500 from Buenos Aires to N.Y. on the first class boats,

A
Hotel Washington

Cristobal, C. Z.

and only \$350 from Valparaiso to
NY via the Canal. From here to
Valparaiso it is \$220.

When you get a chance, look up the
possibility of a boat from N. O.
to Trinidad; if you can't get one, it
would probably be best, in case
I come back up the West coast for
you to come down on the Pacific Mail
and meet me here, shall that would
give you too much time in Seneguela,
probably as I'll have to stay there
quite a while. Will figure it
out later.

Ever truly

W. S. P.

Hotel Tivoli

Ancon, Canal Zone

July 16 1920

Dear old Dad:

Here I am, still living in the lap of luxury. And let me say that Panama is a good deal more of a town than Colon. The latter is pure Jamaica reggae; Panama is a relic of the old Spanish days, in so far as architecture ~~is~~ concerned, and of a free intermixture of Spaniards, negro, and a little of everything else, in so far as people are concerned. The town suggests Habana a good bit. I don't like the Tivoli nearly so well as the Washington, however; The latter is the finest hotel building I have ever seen in the

Hotel Tivoli

Ancon, Canal Zone

Tropics. Every room with glorious tile shower bath, and the ventilation perfect. They charge outside \$4 and \$5 per day for room only; I get it for \$2⁵⁰ or \$3⁰⁰. The reason I take the \$2⁵⁰ rate is because there is none at \$2⁰⁰.

The ride across the Silliman was a real treat. Something doing nearly every minute. The canal is indeed a great piece of work but it strikes me that it takes a huge force of men to handle it. I can't quite see what they do with all the employees they have here now.

I went out to Fort Amador yesterday morning and stayed for lunch with Capt. Dumber. Then

Hotel Tivoli

Ancon, Canal Zone

in the evening he took me to see the grand opera - St Traviata - which was quite enjoyable.

This morning I called on Admiral Johnston, commandant of this Naval District, to pay my respects and see if there were any orders for me from Washington, which there weren't. I also met his aide, a fine young chap.

Then I went to call on our military attache' at the Legation in Panama, Maj. Cruise. Had a pleasant - hours' chat with him.

This afternoon I returned to Ft. Amador and talked with the C. O., Col. Steele, about

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Hotel Tivoli

Ancon, Canal Zone

beautifying their grounds. We are going to send them some trees. Tomorrow I go back to Amador again, and they are going to show me over the coast defenses. Then I dine with Capt. Banker, who is an old friend of Col. Hasbrouck.

So you see I'm having an interesting time of it, tho I'm not doing much right now to advance the cause of avocados growing in California. But I want to get as well acquainted with the Zone as possible, for I'll never have a better chance. I sail on the 22nd for Santa Marta.

5.

Hotel Tivoli

Ancon, Canal Zone

The Govt has put up a lot of fine buildings here in Ancon and Balboa. Just about the finest layout in the tropics, so far as I have seen.

Well. I'm going to bed now to sleep off the grand opera.

Ever
Love

Will

—

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
STEAMSHIP SERVICE

Santa Marta

July 30 1920

Dear Dad:

Just a note to send
along by a friend who is
going thru to N.Y. on the
boat - the Cavillo - in wh
I have come from Colima
We have been 8 days
from Colim to St. Marta,
due to a loss of 3 or 4

days at Pt. Colombia, where
the deck was crowded..

Savanna is no more; the
river sanded up the harbor,
so they moved to Pt. Colombia,
a few miles away.

I went up to Barranquilla
and found it rather a better
place than I had expected,
with lots of business just
now.

Cartagena is very picturesque

and old, but dirty and hot, and no—
much strenuous sport.

At Marta look interesting, the

best stop of the W.F. Co. is putting
me up in a 1st house (Barker quarters)
and I have a very comfortable room.
There are now sales in the market,
and fairly good ones. They are
quicker about 20 miles inland,
where the bananas are grown.

Guess I will be here 10 days or 2
weeks. I go in the launch to
Barranquilla. It's beautiful, but
of course I'm used to living
at sea.

There'll be another boat to the States
in 2 weeks time, & I'll write you
at that time.

Love them, & especially
Witt

Rio Frio (near Santa Marta)
Colombia,
August 4 1920.

Dearest old Dad:

I begin to feel as tho I am pretty far out of the world - tho I've been, and will be, farther. It's raining outside this afternoon, so I sit here in the headquarters of the UFCo doing up my notes, - and loafing. It's hot here, and takes all the ambition out of one.

Am going down to Santa Marta (35 kilometers) again tomorrow, and will write you from there. This note is to inquire re lo siguiente:

Are you satisfied with the name Ahuacatlan for our Altadena hom? I hope so. And if you are, I think we should, before long, get some note paper embossed after the fashion of that which I am using down here, with the Ahuacatlan hieroglyph and "Ahuacatlan, Altadena, California," or something of the sort. What do you think of it? With all the aggregate associations which cluster about that property, and the original Fuente tree which we have (and which I hope we will be able to keep) I

I wonder what Paul will call his date farm? I suppose he will dig out something choice in Arabic.

I'd like mightily to know how the date deal is progressing; but I won't get to my mail (Bogotá) until the end of this month, I reckon. I can see already that travel is going to be slow in the Republic of Colombia. I might just as well become accustomed to doing without mail for a month or two at a time, for I am likely to get a good deal of such treatment from now on. I'm going to forget about mail as much as possible, and push right ahead so as to get to Chile as promptly as I can. I'm afraid I'm not going to find many avocados of value, but the fields have to be gone over, else we cannot know what it contains. The forests here are West Indians, and some large and fine, but nearly all large-seeded.

It is on such afternoons as this, when I am kept in by the rain, that I get to thinking of how terribly much I am going to miss dear little mother when next I get home to Pasadena. While traveling down in these countries it of course is different; it is when I get home that I will miss her most, and I therefore realize how greatly you must miss her all the time.

Bogotá, 21 August 1920.

Dear Folks:

Here we are again, as the man says in the circus. And it looks as tho we had really struck oil this time. I am greatly impressed with the Andean region: it is totally unlike anything I have been north of Panama, having a character of its own. I have not seen much of it yet, of course, but I am glad I came.

Just think of it, Dad, here I am in the heart of the Andes! I feel that I have reached another milestone; Panama was the first one I set, and Bogotá was the second. From what I have seen, my plans shape up something like this: I will headquarter in Bogotá from now until the first of November, working out from here to points in this province of Cundinamarca. Probably I will be in a week and out a week, more or less. And then early in November I am going to burn my bridges behind me, and head for Quito, and go two months without mail. I can go down to Giradot on the train take another train then to Ibagué, and then tackle the mule trail over the Quindío pass. It is about five days to Cartago, on the río Cauca, where I can take a boat up to Cali. I will stop here a week, probably, to work up my collections, and then strike for Popayan, probably a week's trip. Here I will stop a week, and then go on to Pasto, another week's jaunt (mas o menos, I don't know much about it yet). After a time in Pasto I will head for Quito. I am told I can get mules to carry my baggage all along this route, which is well traveled. Harry Franck went over it,

will bring me to Quito about the first of the year, wind and weather permitting.

But to go back; I left Santa Marta rather suddenly, planning to come up with the Flyes, of that place; but at the last moment, when I was already half way to Barranquilla, they telephoned that they could not go until the next boat. That meant lying over a week in Barranquilla, and much as I would have liked their company I did not feel I ought to waste that much time; then too, I was running frightfully low on funds and wanted to make Bogotá if possible before I went bust. So I had just half an hour to spare in Barranquilla, and caught the mail boat. I have described the trip fully in a separate document, which I made up mainly for my own benefit, but am addressing to the Boston school teachers I met on the Carrillo, as they wanted an account of the trip I sent a copy of the account to FOP, and will be obliged if he will put it in the files with my letters. Paul can read it if he wants to, but I suppose he is too busy now for that sort of thing.

I have a fine hotel here, the Europa, at \$3.50 per day, with exchange at 1.14 Colombian for 1.00 U S Cy (they now have a gold standard in Colombia, but people still talk of a paper peso, which is a centavo of gold money.) The feed is bully, and the place fine all around. We have oodles of glorious Andean strawberries which are small but of exquisite flavor, and fine baked potatoes with real butter, the first I have seen in weeks, and lots of other good things. Its a great treat. The climate here is cold, and reminds me of winter in Bagdad, tho I dont think it is so moist, by any means. Bogotá is beautifully situated, and is all

I arrived night before last, and went to the Legation yesterday and found a lot of mail from you all, bringing the good news that the deal date is completed, as I felt sure it would be, for FOP never fails to close a deal. I also learned that Paul and Betty are to be married about this time, and are going West, so I am no longer going to address Paul in N Y, but will address him at Altadena until I learn just what to do. I wont send him any copies of my letters for the present, but will let one answer for FOP and PP. and will send one to Herb. I regret that I have not sent the latter copies previously, but I sort of assumed that he got them from FOP.

I will hold onto my stock in Trop Date until such time as Paul and I need money to develop our own property, and then if I cant raise the money in any other way I will sell my stock. Paul, I am glad to see that Dr Webber paid the \$148, as that means that my further bills will also be paid. You should have received my salary money for the new fiscal year long before this, and have been able to put me on sound financial footing again. There is some bonus money coming to me also. If you dont get this money we must go after that Washn crowd. I sometimes think they dont give much attention to my affairs. The \$3000 warrant came down from the U S treasury in the open mail, and might easily have been lost; but it wasnt, and I deposited it yesterday with the Natl City Bank of N Y and will draw on it here, and then take what is left in travelers checks when I start for Quito. This \$3000 is supposed to last me the year. I will have to lie pretty

class botanist, has traveled a good deal, and I believe will make good; but I reserve judgment until I see, now that I got stung on Norton, whom I backed for a winner. I suppose with Rock going out the Ofs will be poorer than ever, and I will have a hard time to get any more money.

Dad, you must have had quite a trip to the East. By the way, how do you feel now about meeting me in the West Indies about next August or Sept? I want you to keep me informed so I can make my plans accordingly. If Paul and Betty are with you, and you are busy as you would of course be, I fear you will not want to leave California. In that case I will go back to Washn and come West when I get an opportunity.

*****Just here my friend and boon companion (since the voyage up the Magdalena), the Secy of the Chilean Legation, came in to see me. He is a first class fellow, 24 yrs old. He has just purchased a Gillette, and wants to know how to manejar it. He and I go out walking ever and anon, and always stroll about arm in arm.

Paul, how are we going to handle my negocios from now on? I will have to leave someone to take care of my Ins premiums etc, and to forward mail wh goes to Washn. You and FOP can arrange it with the Ofs in Washn so they will send the mail to Calif, I suppose.

And my dear Herb, I beg to advise that you spell it Colombia, and it is not in Central America. Please correct your next envelop to me accordingly.

Father, the Amlegation seems to have moved from the place

right in the edge of the business district. The Chilean Legation has part of the same bldg. I came up on the Magdalena star with our new Secy, Mr Swift, so of course I feel pretty well acquainted at the Legation and wil-l use the mail pouch freely, when sendingg stuff to Washn.

Pablo, I have just given the Chilean Secy a set of your Spanish literature. By the way, I would welcome any good articles you may be able to clip re the Mexican situation, as I am interested in the progress of affairs down there, and we dont get much news here; tho the cables in the Bogota papers (of wh there are eleven dailies, by th e way) are better than I had anticipated.

I am having my Guatemalan o' coat pressed today, as I am going to need it here regularly, morning and evening.

They charge you 50 cents for a hot bath at this hotel, and 25 for a cold one. At las I have a valid excuse for not bathing often. I guess baths are sort of a luxury in Bogota, and you arent expected to nees many, hence the price.

There were about 75 cents of postage due stamps on the mail I got yesterday at the Amlegation, but they dkint put in a claim. I hope I am going to get off this time. I copy of Vanity Fair recd and 1 Citrograph.

Paul, as I understand it, the \$3000 sent me was for expense money; and not salary; or it may simply have been a starter and intended to include both. In any event, it can not cover both for this yr, so if you dont get my salary money, I will get it later on, and return it to you. I'd like to know how this matter stands, but those folks in Washn dont seem inclined to tell me much about it.

Bogotá, August 26 1920

Dear Folks:

(Original to FOP, cc to HFP)

The morning after I reached Bogotá I was sitting here in my room, when the portero brought in a very well dressed young man, who greeted me thusly: "I saw you arrive last night, and I have come around to salute you, and to inquire how you like Bogotá?" I thanked him for his courtesy, told him I was utterly enchanted with Bogotá, and offered him a chair. He went on to inquire what mission had brought me here. By this time, I had begun to suspect he was a reporter, so I launched forth into a carefully worded description of my mission, and ended up by mentioning about twelve Colombian fruits which I found exceedingly interesting and intended to study. By this time half an hour had elapsed, and he had not divulged the secret of his presence. So I stopped to give him a chance to tell me about himself, or to get up and leave; and then he opened up in this fashion: "I am a student of medicine in the University here. I have run out of funds, and must needs telegraph my family in Santander to send me a draft. If you can let me have fifty cents, I will repay it to you the very day the draft reaches me."

Yes sir, I got pretty badly stuck that time; but yesterday, when I was at the Ministry of Agriculture, I was collared by two bona-fide reporters, and I have just seen one of the results in this evening's Diario Nacional. I suppose the other will appear in the morning in the Nuevo Tiempo. I will enclose copies. Just about as inaccurate accounts as Paul used to write for the Tar, aren't they?

Well; my first week in Bogotá is ended, and in about three days now I am going down to Esperanza, on the line to Girardot, to begin some field work. I find myself so utterly lost in this Andean country, as far as plants are concerned, that I have had to load up with several books on the subject, and I will probably spend some time at Esperanza "reading up". Living is cheaper down there, and very good, and it is in an interesting region; so I figure I will stay about a week, probably stopping in ~~Facatativa~~ Facatativa on the return trip. The wild strawberries come from over that way.

This was mail day, incoming, and I got two letters from PP, but none from California. One of PP's was from NY, one from Wn. It looks to me as tho Paul had made a pretty good deal with Mr Russel, and the future certainly is bright. Now if I can only scrape together enough money to keep the development of our personal plantation going, we will be allright. And by the way, Paul

I note that I still owe you about \$700. I want to get this debt off my chest just as promptly as possible, so I guess I had best send you a NY draft. Pls let me know what you prefer to have me do about it. Since the money sent me from Washn was only intended to carry me 6 mos, I will have some moe coming from there by Jan, and can just as well send you \$1000 of what I have here. Pls advise me. And about the put on the Coachella land: I can only spare \$1000 of the funds I now have, but I can spare another thousand when I get the remainder of my funds, wh I presume will be by January at the latest.

Sorry to hear the J of H is so badly off. Looks as tho they were about ready to go out of business. And it strikes me that Peter Bisset is about the only man left in our Washn office: Dorsett, I understand, is giving all his time to overseeing the construction work at Bell, and DF is in Baddeck. I find it pretty hard to get matters attended to up there. I believe they need another good man or two on the job.

I am sorry to hear we have been losing books, but of course I expected it. I can never understand why people who are otherwise honest will carry off your books without any compunctions. I hope you left all my stuff in such shape that it wont get scattered about. The portion left with Charles is particularly liable to suffer disaster, it seems to me. I hope it is locked up. I once left a few things with him: he gave part of them to Zach Brewer and used up the remainder himself. Glad to have news of Morley again.

Well: I have had a fairly busy week in Bogotá, with rather more calling to do than I would have chosen, but still, I have met some interesting people. I called upon the Minister of Agriculture the other morning, and found him a very pleasant Antioquian. He took me over to the Agricultural Society's rooms, where there is excellent coffee every morning at 11, and over the cups I listened to Antioquian jokes and really enjoyed myself. He turned me over to one of his subordinates, who has fixed me up with a document like the one I had in Guatemala, asking the authorities of the country to aid and abet me in carrying out my mission. This will be of immense value to me when traveling thru the country, and I feel that I am fortunate to get it, as I did not feel certain that the Govt would take an interest in my work. But I must say, I have been treated very well indeed by all the people that count.

I also went up to the Instituto de la Salle, a big school run by the Hermanos Cristianos, and called on Hermano Apolinar, the director. He is something of a naturalist, and a very kind, likable fellow,--a Frenchman from Verdun. They have their grounds literally filled with roses, sweet peas, carnations, violets, and other flowers, and it smelled just like Pasadena on a June day. In fact, it came about as near to making me homesick as anything has done on this trip. I could close my eyes and

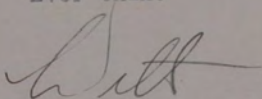
imagine myself on Orange Grove avenue. Papa Gontier luxuriates here, and flowers being almost double the size they are with us. And the carnations are huge. Their sweet peas are the old-fashioned kind, and not the sort that Knowles used to carry Mary Chaffee, from my vines. There were also several acacias, of the kinds we grow, in full bloom.

I have called on the American minister, and our military attaché. And on Mr Rockwood, an American who has been here for 26 yrs, and might be termed the Chas Caldwell of Bogotá, only that he isn't so pessimistic. But he brought out documents dating from 1871, to show various missions he had fulfilled and posts he had held. But I enjoyed at least one story, i e, his account of Harry Franck's visit to Bogotá. It appears Harry rented two rooms which Rockwood had on contract, and R says that at the end of Harry's tenure the place was in bad shape. He says he never saw a fellow who looked the part of a bum any more fully than Franck.

The market here is exceedingly interesting, though as unsanitary as that of Guatemala City. They are building a new one however, and there should soon be an improvement.

I'm going to quit and take a turn before supper. I still continue to fraternize with the Chilean Secretary more than anyone else.

Ever thine



Bogotá, August 27 1920

Dear Folks:

When I came home to lunch I was told that the Legation had telephoned to say that there was some more mail for me, so I went out at 3 p m and found another letter from Paul, one from the Ofs, and one from FOP. I walked up to the Parque de Independencia, two blocks beyond the Legation, and there sat me down beneath a Gold of Ophir rose bush to read them. I presume that spot will become pretty familiar to me during the next two months.

Dad: Glad to know the article on food value of avocado reached Hardin. I dont care whether it is used or not, but I had promised it to him, and I wanted to know that it had been read.-- Allright, I'll join you in entertaining our friends at Ahuacatlan with some select exotic dinners.--The Ranch up on Irazú now belongs to David Jimenez, but I imagine it is the one wh used to belong to Ricardo: David won the lottery a few years ago, and wisely put the money into a ranch instead of aguardiente.--I dont think the pejbaye will do in California, as it is too cold for it there; but it is a great thing for the Tropics;----I dont think the remote parts of Colombia are quite as primitive as those of Guatemala. In fact I feel quite sure that travel here will be simpler than there. As I have remarked before, he who has traveled over all Guatemala, is probably familiar with the worst in roads and accommodations wh tropical America has to offer.--As to coming around the Horn, when I start home from Chile, it will depend upon how much more it costs, and how I am off for money at that time. I find that my new letter of authorization includes all the countries of So Am, (I only had the west coast countries in my previous letter) so now if I want to take a look at Montevideo, and stop over a boat in Rio on the way home, I can do it,--provided the money holds out. They have given me \$6000 for this yr, wh minus \$2520 salary leaves \$3480 for expenses, and I think I can pull thru on this very well, especially in view of the fact that I am not going to hire many more "boys" as I did in Guatemala, nor have to hire many animals after leaving Colombia. I dont expect to do much hinterland travel in Ecuador, Peru and Chile. I wont stay long enough in them.--Yes, you better figger on meeting me in Port of Spain about next September. If I can get out and hustle after plants in the tropical heat, the way I have had to do sometimes, I think you will be able to stand it allright, as long as you keep close to the Queen's Park Hotel and dont drink too many planters punches. By the by, a Jamaican at Santa Marta gave me the recipe for that famous beverage: it is "One of sour, two of sweet, three of strong and four of weak" or--one part lemon, (i e lime), two of sugar, three of rum and--four of water. This is a drink that tastes as tho it contained no alcohol whatever, but has a terrific after effect.

By the way, Pablo, those avocados you got in N Y along in April and May were Santa Marta seedlings. In August you will probably get Cuba or Florida seedlings.

I will surely have to stop and see Homer Brett in Tacna, if I go down the RR from La Paz to Santiago de Chile, as I expect to do. My friend the Chilean Secy says the line is now open all the way thru.---Yes, Pablo, if I come back via Panama, wh^I fear me I will not do, I intend to lay in a stock of BVDs and army shoes and the like; but I dont think you save a whole lot by buying in the Zone commissary, as they have a heavy overhead wh they appear to stick on to the price s. I think army shoes cost about \$7, and they were never more than \$8 at home, in my time.

After considerable haggling I have bot Diasy Bell a dark brown, natural wool color ruana, @ 4.50. It is like a Mex zarape, but not so large, -about 4 x 4 ft in size. I am going to watch my chance to pick up a nice soft one for Lucile and another for Betty Lee. By the way, Paul, if you didnt get an opportunity before you left Washn to get that blanket and the saddle bags and huipil I sent to the Ofs by mail from Panama, we must find some way to get hold of em, or the blanket will be ruined by moths before I get home, and it is a \$25 article in Guatemala, worth \$125 at the Mission 'na. I tell you what I'll do: you get it, and you can have it for your Coachella place. You will need it down there next winter. The huipil wh^I sent up inside the saddle bags is a Mixco special, and one I want to save for my own collection, so pls mark it to this effect and put it with the rest of the stuff at Altadena. Among the first shipment of huipils I sent from Guatemala this trip I dont think there were many I wanted for my collection, but I sent FOP complete notes and he will know wh ones to hold out for me, and he can give the rest to Betty and Lucile if he wants to. I guess there werent very many, anyway. I begin to feel that it is futile for me to attempt to accumulate many things for myself as yet; they lie around in Washn and rot or are lost, and by the time I get ready for them, I wont have much of anything left. I shall, however, make an effort to pick up a few more blankets and first-class pieces for myself, and leave them with FOP at Ahuacatlan until I want them.

I have just packed two kinds of Andean potatos and some peculiar corn for shipment in this week's pouch. I will have to send everything from here in the diplomatic pouch; there is no other prompt, safe way.---The Flyes, from Santa Marta, very fine folks an Americans, came last night for a week's stay, and I called on them this pm. Tomorrow morning I take Mrs Flye to the Market, and afterward Mr F to call on our Minister.--Well, I'd better do some work.

Every thing

Delt

La Esperanza,
Depto de Cundinamarca,
Columbia,
Sept. 3, 1920.

Dearest old Dad:

The sun is just coming up, and is peeping over my shoulder as I write. I am starting back toward Bogota today, in time to put some seeds in the outgoing mail, and I must have a letter to you ready at the same time. I shall stop tonight in Facatativa, and tomorrow, Saturday, evening go on to Bogota.

I have been here at Esperanza 4 days. I was a bit tired after 10 days in Bogota, and the first day and a half here I just sat around and read. I had a so-called "Flora of Colombia" which I wanted to study a bit, also a work on the Chibcha Indians, who inhabited the mesa of Bogota at the time the Spaniards arrived upon the continent. I must stop reading this letter

I have lost what little respect I had for the Chibchas; they appear to have been far below the Mayas in culture, and spent most of the time getting drunk on chicha, - a habit which they did not altogether lose with the advent of European civilization.

I expected to find some "Indians" in this region, but the people who pass as such are a long way from being of pure Indian blood.

x x x x x

My pen ran dry, and I went to the office to refill it, - and look what I got!

As I was saying, the people in the mountains hereabout are only $\frac{3}{4}$ Indian, or about that, and all dress very unattractively in dirty European clothes. They are an unpicturesque and uninteresting lot, compared to the Guatemalan Indians of today.

Day before yesterday I got a young fellow to carry my camera-case, and I struck out for Zipacón, or Cipacón, between this place and Tacatavín (Esperanza may not show on your map: it is on the railway to Girardot, not far above La Mesa)

We left here at 7.15, and went up and up and up, through a beautiful valley: wheat fields, and ranch-houses here and there, until about 10.30, when we came to the foot of a huge face of rock, a thousand feet high, with forest all around it. The road led around to one ~~of~~ side of this, and finally, just as the bells were ringing noon, we walked in to the little plaza of Zipacón, 8350 ft above the sea (we started from 4000 feet). The last part of the way I had picked and eaten a good many wild blackberries and a few strawberries (there were huge patches of them, but not much fruit) and with the rolls and cheese I had brought along, I put myself in good shape for the return trip. It was cold in Zipacón, and sitting in the plaza I began to shiver, so we started down again at 1 o'clock. I stopped a good many times along the road to gather specimens, and we reached Escapanza again at 4.45. I think the walk was between 20 and 25 miles in all, and I got my toes blistered coming down. These Andean

are ^{so} ^{not} ^{at} ^{all} ⁱⁿ ^{many} ^{places} ^{that} ^{they}

have turned him into staircases, practically speaking: they have laid stones to form a step about every 3 or 4 feet, and you might just as well climb the Washington monument 4 or 5 times as go to Zipacón from here. You would get the same effect.

This place, Esperanza, is pretty comfortable, and only \$2⁵⁰ per day. It is a great resort for Bogotanos, when they want a change of climate. It is nothing but a hole in the middle of a coffee plantation but they have a swimming pool, and an attempt at a tennis court: and anyway, the Bogotanos do not require much diversion: the standard amusement here is for the guests to get together in a circle, and one or two have guitars: and then they all take turns singing Colombian songs and reciting Colombian poetry. In both, the words most frequently repeated are: "amor," "pasión" (which always rhymes with corazón), "ojos," "alma," and "campo santo" (graveyard). They have a style

of song here which seems to me peculiar to the country. I must get some samples.

I intended to tell you, by the way of an incident which occurred just before I left Bogotá. After the article appeared in the *Diario*, with my photo, I rec'd the enclosed letter: as you will note, it is a work of art. I replied that I would receive him at 5 pm the next day, and at 5 the porter of the Europe ushered into my room a tall young fellow, very evidently with negro blood. He was dressed in cutaway coat and derby hat - oh all well-dressed young men in Bogotá wear, and he wore a fine pair of gloves and carried a gold-headed stick. Well it took me just about 5 mins. to decide that the object of his call was to get a job as my secretary. But what is the decision do I want of a man who wears a cutaway and carries a gold-headed stick? He didn't say, however, that he wanted a job. He said he that he could help me, because he had lots of friends in the outlying towns, and he would like to give me letters to them. And to show me what a

Caballero he himself was, he bro't out a letter from a former president of Colombia. Well, I thanked him, of course, and accepted all his offers of letters to his friends, etc., and he sent home to write them, but I guess he hasn't finished them yet, as he hasn't come back. He was to return the following day at the same hour.

I am, however, about to take on a boy at Bogotá, for a week's trial. He is Hernando Gomez, and wears alpargatas (rope-soled sandals, - I guess you know them): I will never hire a man in Latin America if he wears shoes. If Hernando can stand the racket - long hikes on foot, and clearing out seeds, - I may keep him a month or two. But some way I don't feel that he is quite up to it. Now I must go down to Desayunas.

Ever thine

Will.

Bogotá, Sunday Sept 5 1920

Dear Folks:

When I got on the train at Esperanza on Friday I met my good friend Ignacio Uribe, and so I decided to come on thru to Bogotá with him, instead of stopping one night in Facatativá. I can run out there any morning on the train, and come back in the p. m. In fact, I think for the next week or so I will headquarter right here in Bogotá, and make short excursions out, for a day at a time; there is perhaps more to do in this region than anywhere else. Next week, however, Hernando Zamora, the new assistant agricultural explorer, and myself will go down to Fusagasugá for a stay of perhaps a week.

I have moved my baggage over to the annex of the Hotel Plaza, where I get food that is better than that of the Europa but not quite so abundant (I eat too much at the Europa, anyway) and a cubby hole of a room for \$2.50 per day. The plaza is a good hotel, and there is a fine large patio in the rear where I can work with my plants. I didnt have facilities for work at the Europa.

I have had to reinforce the bedclothes with all my spare woolen goods,--manteau, Guatemalan blanket, and overcoat,--because it is so cool here at night. I woke up last night, cold, and spent half an hour trying to draw myself together and get warm, and then suddenly it dawned on me that the cold was coming up from below, and not down from above, so I took the manteau offn the top of the bed and put it under me, and immediately went to sleep, quite comfortable. That manteau is a great thing. I dont know how a man can travel without one.

This morning I got up at six, as the Flyes of Santa Marta, who are leaving tomorrow, invited me to go out to Tequendama falls, which several Colombians have assured me are finer than Niagara. We went by Auto, wh cost Mr Flye \$25. The falls are some 18 or 20 miles from here. It was a nice ride, in the crisp morning air, and the scenery just like California,--dry hills all around, with here and there a ranch house on the plain, nestling amid Eucalyptus trees. I tell you, it is enough to make a Californian homesick, to visit this mesa of Bogotá.

The falls are really fine, but not quite so vast as Niagara, as far as I can make out. They closely resemble in size and character the Nevada fall of the Yosemite, but I dont think they are more than half as high, and the water is dirty, so they dont make quite as beautiful a showing as Nevada. But they are beautifully situated, and really a fine sight, for a man that likes waterfalls. I enjoyed the trip immensely. There are only a few waterfalls in the region, and they have a road tax

in Colombia, and as you leave Bogotá you buy a big long ticket just like the kind you get when you are going from New York to San Francisco; and then every three or four miles, when you pass a village, somebody comes running out, and stops the car, and punches the ticket for you. We pedestrians avoid all such complications. I shall continue to be a pedestrian,--for several reasons.

The gentlemen at the dining table, and there are some eight of them, seem mainly to be congressmen, congress now being in session. We get a good deal of legal information during the course of a meal. Last night one of the honorable representatives insisted upon having chicken, and finally he got it; but it was only a pair of wings, and gold at that, I reckon. And this morning when he was presented with a hale for 20 cents, or ten cents a wing, he was quite insulted. Some of the gentlemen make an objectionable noise when eating their soup, and most of them have tall bottles standing in front of their places at table, making something in this fashion: GRAN DROGUERIA DE DR. J. CORTEZ Una cucharadita con agua antes de cada comida.

As I have said, I have taken on an assistant, a young chap who does not wear shoes. I went around to his house yesterday morning, and his mother, who seems like an unusually decent woman, of the lower class and quite poor, but apparently with good intentions, told me how to handle Hernando; and I told her, and Hernando in her presence, that there were certain things Hernando could not do, if he was to continue long in my service: one was to lie to me, and another to think himself above any sort of work, or ~~not being able~~ to travel on foot when I was going by that method. She agreed to everything. I am to pay Hernando \$5 per week, with his subsistence whenever we go out of Bogotá, and last night, at the end of his first day's work, he asked for \$1, and I gave it to him. His mother, by the way, asked me not to pay him off when we were out of the city, as she says he can not keep hold of money very long; and I imagine she wants him to bring most of his salary home to her, and I shall try to see that he does so. I need a boy mainly for cleaning out seeds: this is a job which is tiring, and which takes a lot of time, and one which I do not relish myself. So I shall keep him busy as much of the time as possible on this sort of work.

No copy of this letter, as the first half of it was written in pen at Esperanza. FOP can show it to Paul if he wants to, and also to Herb if he thinks worth while. I will doubtless be able to send Herb a copy of next week's letter. I don't suppose he really needs to hear from me once a week, anyhow.

Called this afternoon with the Flyes on one of the elite Bogotana families,--the old gent formerly minister to Britain, and the three girls speak beautiful English with a strong London accent. Well, thass nuff for this time.

Last word:

This morning I went to the Legation to put my weekly grist of seeds in the pouch, and got a lot of letters from the States, including several from PP, two from FOP, and one from DF and one from Daisy Bell, Nova Scotia.

Now I just have time to add a note to what I already have written, and then I go down and mail this in the G P O.

The important item I have to iterate is this: I also recd today a warrant from the U S Treas, for \$3000, being the remainder of my money for this fiscal year. It amounts to \$6000 in all, of which \$2520 is salary.

I also recd from PP to day a statement of my account with him, showing that I owe him \$499.40 (why didnt he say five hundred and be done with it?). I am going, therefore, to deposit my new warrant with the Nat City Bank here, and get a draft for \$1500 and send in the next mail; this will repay Paul what I owe him, and give him \$1000 of my money to apply on the Coachella land. Later on I can probably send another small draft if desired, but I dont want to cut myself too low on funds right at the beginning of the year. I had too close a call this last time. I seem to recall that there is \$2000 to be paid on the land this fall. That will leave \$1000 to my credit, wh you can hold against incidentals. There will be some insurance premiums in the spring, I guess, -maybe before that. But I can later send another small draft to cover them.

Paul, I am very glad indeed to see that Dr Webber is satisfied. I will continue to send him stuff, and make him pay for it. I am in a position, as PH Dorsett always says, to get him quite a little material. *Am going to stick Webber for the*

Well, I will put Hernando to work shucking out some particularly slimy seeds while I go down to the PO. That job of shucking out slimy seeds is about the only phase of agril exploration I dont like, and I am glad to have someone to wish it on to.

Ever thine

D. S. Watt

Carbon to HP

Bogotá, September 8 1920

Dear Folks:

First and foremost, please change my address from this point to American Legation, Quito, Ecuador; and for the first few weeks you better mark your letters "Please hold until called for". I will advise the Legation that I am coming, and ask them to hold my mail; but you never can tell when a letter will reach them from here. Anything that gets here after I have left will be fwd to Quito and probably get there before I do, anyway. I plan to start in that direction on November 1st. It might be possible for me to pick up a letter or two at Buenaventura (I will run down there from Cali on the train) in care of the American Consular Agent at that point, about Nov 15; but if you send anything there, send carbons to Quito, and dont mail anything to Buenaventura after October 15, for it will probably be a month on the road.

Next you must know that I have just sewed up carefully a package containing two ruanas, AAAA! stock, destined as follows: to Mr Traver at the OFs in Washington, with the request that he fwd them to F O P by mail; with the request that he in turn deliver the blue one to Lucile and the brown one to Betty Lee. I have already advised Lucile that I am sending hers. The one for Betty I got because it struck me as a rather interesting piece of homespun, which she might find some use for around the house; I doubt if she will want to wear it, because it will not be a garment particularly well adapted to the Coachella. It is rather crude native goods, looking very decidedly as though an Indian made it, which he doubtless did.

Far be it from me to criticise the Bogotanos; the cultura exquisita of this Athens of South America is well known to all the world; but I would that the Bogotanos would devote just two or three days of their time, instead of putting it all in on poetry, to cleaning up their market place. I have seen some dirty markets in my time; that of Guatemala City, since the earthquake left it in ruins, with crevices all about in which filth can and does accumulate and putrify, yields the palm to few. But for downright unspeakableness I think this Bogotá market stands first and foremost. The odors are enough to drive you crazy; the flies enough to make you mad; and every time I go in to the place, which is once a day, I wonder what I am going to catch. There isnt room in the passageways for two people to pass comfortably, and when you get the

whole thing jammed with Indians toting huge sacks of produce on their backs and shouting "Con permiso" as they push by you, and housemaids down to do the day's purchasing, with huge baskets on their arms; when you have all this in those narrow passageways, it effectively tries your temper to go through the Bogotá market.

Day before yesterday Hernando and I went out to Nemocon, the terminus of the Ferrocarril del Norte, and did a bit of collecting. We started out from Nemocon with the intention of walking back to Zipaquirá and there taking the train for Bogotá in the afternoon, but Hernando got a bit tired, I think, and found a good place to stop half way to Zipaquirá, so I left him there to pick up the train, and walked on in to the town, seven kilometers further, arriving just in time. I had a profitable day on the whole. It is pretty country, this Sabana or meseta of Bogotá. Alternaté wheat fields and pastures, the grain now ripening; and clumps of Eucalyptus globulus here and there; and song-birds chirping away everywhere. It made, together with a cool, moist atmosphere and a burst of sunshine now and then, a scene which would have passed for a spring day in Kansas.

Tomorrow we will pack and dispatch this week's grist of seeds (and those two runags), and the next day I think to start for Fusagasugá, where I will spend four or five days. And along about the 20th I plan to start for a two weeks' trip down to Honda and back with Mr Thompson, who is one of the clerks in our Legation. He thinks he can get a vacation and would like to make the trip, and I will be glad of his company. I doubt if we will take Hernando along; I don't think he is up to real hard hiking; more likely we will get a peon in Facatativá to carry our baggage for us.

This climate strikes me as an insidious one; the first week I was here I got to feeling badly, and now I am suffering with a nasty cold. But still, a fellow who goes into that Bogotá market daily ought to be thankful to get off with nothing worse than a cold.

My barometer and books did not come in this week's pouch; I suppose the messenger at FSPI hasn't yet found time to take them across to the State Dept.

I am next door to a large church here, and I think they start ringing the bells at 4 15 a m, or thereabouts. Father, you know all about it.

Alright, Dad: I will try to get some good Panama hats down in the southern part of the country, and a hammock for you in Ecuador, if there are any.

Ever thine

PS:

I havent written to Lucile about the ruana after all, so you will please tell her, when you deliver it, that it is for her to wear when she goes motoring with Herb on summer evenings. You can explain to her that it is the garment worn by the Indians of the Andes, and is made by them.

Thanks for the proofs of the cuts to go with my Atlitico paper. They look very good to me. I still think that piece of work was one of the most interesting I have ever done, and that the paper published in the proceedings of the Assn will in the future have a good deal of historic value. It will certainly tickle young LeBlanc to see himself in the frontispiece. I suspect he will write you a letter about it.

Letter from Paul recd today, dated Aug 15; about the most rapid journey which any of your letters have made.

Tell Paul I have recd a copy of Mario Calvino's new book, "Tratado sobre la Multiplicacion de las Plantas", and he quotes rather extensively from Date Growing in the Old World and the New on propagation of dates, and copies one of Pauls photos, all with due credit to PP.

If I can pick up half a dozen good Panamas down in southern Colombia at \$25 for the lot I'm a gonna do it, then we will all be fixed.

Ever

Wilt

over

I have asked W D Carrier, a friend of mine in Florida, to send Dr Macphail of Guatemala 24 grapefruit trees, if he can get them, and to send me the bill at Altad na. If this bill comes pls get Paul to give you my check for the amount and send it to Carrier. In fact, pls do this with all small bills h come to me: Paul can tell you how he has been handling these things, inc my personal correspondence. The latter you should open, to see if it contains anything that requires immediate attention, and if it does not, then fwd it to me.

W

Bogotá, Sept 19 1920

Dear Folks:

This week's mail has brought me a letter from Paul, mailed earlier than the one recd last week; and two from FOP. I also recd the books on Physics and Chemistry, the barometer in good order, and two cravats; for all of wh, many thanks. When I took the barometer out of its case it registered exactly 8650 ft, which I know to be the altitude of Bogotá, so it must have been set correctly in NY to start.

Pablo, as you now are aware, I was able to pull thru to Bogotá allright, with the funds I had; but it was a narrow squeak, and made me feel pretty cheap to have to strike my friends on the steamer to cash travelers' checks for me; in addition to wh I had to "jump" an account at Barranquilla, but I staged the affair carefully so it would look as tho I didnt mean to go off without paying, and asked them to send it to Bogotá. But on the whole I feel as you do that the Office has not taken very good care of me, in re finances, and I am sometimes inclined to get a little peeved about it; but what's the use. They wait until the last minute before starting anything. And then Traver comes down hard on me, because when I cabled at the end of the year re my balance, I said that my expenses for the quarter would be \$730. This was, of course, not including my salary, wh for the same period was \$630. Now, he claims he got the sum was inclusive of salary, and had gone ahead on that basis, and found out the mistake just in time to avert a catastrophe. It is beyond me how he could figure that my expenses, other than salary, for an entire quarter would be \$100.

Hope you finally got the pajamas; they went in with a shipment of herbarium specimens.

Father I am glad to know you have closed out F Gremer, for that finishes up the WIG matter in good shape. By the way, what shall I do about visiting the Schmidts? I expect to pass thru their section in March or April next, and if you think it would be desirable to knock off a couple of weeks and sort of recuperate, y'understand, why I'll do it. Have you heard from them lately? Is their address simply Chuqui-camata, Chile?

Paul, if Traver has no money on hand to pay postage on things I send up, such as the pkg of ruanas I wd last week, you better send him my check for \$2.50 and tell him to use it I will probably be sending occasional letters via the pouch, and they will need to go

from Washn to Calif by mail.

IMPORTANT NOTE, to whom it may concern: It occurs to me that a few dates would taste almighty good to me about the time I reach Quito. I dont see what it isnt worth while for you to pack me up an assta five lb box, containing as many of the following as you can get: Khadrawi, Maktun, Zahidi, Deglet Nur and Rhars, well fumigated and packed in a good tight box, preferably a biscuit tin, and send them by parcel post to the Amlegation, Quito, dispatching them about Nov 15, so they will reach Quito about Jan 1. Of course they may be lost, but the expense of shipping is, I believe, only 12 cents a lb. Dont send me saleable fruits, but something you pick up at the Mecca Date Garden, or damaged goods. Just so the quality is there. Harry Frank sent his clothes from Bogotá to Quito, old stuff he says, and when he got there they asked him \$42.50 duty, but as he wouldnt pay it, they recalculated and finally cut it to \$6.35.

Father, I am exceedingly glad that you have cleaned up a bunch of money on the TD Co stock sales. You ought to be on easy street for six months, now, and by that time you w ll have cleaned up a lot more doubtless.

Do you want me to get a ruana for you to present to Mrs Moomaw, say a \$5 one? I can do it alright; or get you something else for her if a ruana wouldnt be of any use to her. By the way, I bot the finest ruana in town yesterday, for myself, at \$6, and now that exchange is \$120 that only means about \$4.85 U S Cy. It is a fine garment, a heavy, gray one, about the color of that Guatemalan overcoat I left with you. By the way, my friend Goforth, vice consul in Guatemala, writes that my seed collector Fernando Carrera has come in with advice that he has collected 30 lbs of seeds for me. Goforth is going to send them to Washn. I am afraid Carrera is making too much money out of this deal, and am going to cut him down.

Well: what I intended to say when I starte@ out was this: I dont like this Bogotá climate. It is too much like the Baghdad of our recollection. Drizzling part of the time, nearly always cloudy when not drizzling, and too cold in the evenings to be comfortable. The first week I was here we had better weather, but October is nearly always a wet month, and we are getting a taste of it already. In consequence, Thompson of our Legation (who had a Rhodes scholarship, I find, and did his 3 yrs in England) and I are leaving on Thursday for the Magdalena valley. We plan to go by train to Girardot, take the boat from there to Beltran, train again to Honda, and stop in Honda a couple of days; then start overland by the old mule road, on foot back toward Bogotá, taking the train again at Facatativá. It will give us a four or five days walk, and it should be hot enough down there to rid us of this objectionable cold which has been bothering me for a

This past week I made the trip to Fusagasugá, as forecasted exclusively in the Star. I took along Hernando Escora, but like Doc Cook and the Orpheum, I wouldn't do it again. In fact I have today notified Hernando that his services will not be needed until further notice. In the city he is bearable, but in the campo he is un gran inutil.

We left here Monday morning, on the train for Sibacá; and at the latter place I soon tied up with an Indian who was taking down some empty pack animals, and got him to carry my baggage. I intended to walk down, and did. Hernando didn't intend to walk down, and didn't. After an hour, I found that the animals were going too fast to give me an opportunity to do any collecting along the road, so I told the pack driver to go ahead, and I would see him in Fusagasugá. Hernando said it would be better for him to go ahead with the baggage, so as to take care of it; I knew he had his eye on an "empty" pack animal, but I didn't care much, and let him go. Half an hour later I saw them in the distance, Hernando riding of course.

About noon I got to El Peñón, the upper edge of a sudden drop of about 2000 feet into the canyon of a small stream. I knew the giant blackberry was to be found here, so I stopped an hour, and got a man to show me where the bushes could be found. Then I plugged ahead down the steep grade (and some of these Andean grades are most unmercifully steep) and around the shoulder of a mountain, and reached Fusagasugá at 4 in the afternoon. But Hernando was not to be seen, nor my baggage. I thought it likely that he had gone to the wrong hotel, so sent a boy to find out, and the boy returned with the word that my baggage was there, but not Hernando. I went and got my baggage, and installed myself in the front room of the Hotel Uribe Uribe, a little country inn of a primitive sort, but free from bugs, and with very good food, all for \$1.50 per day. About 7 p.m. Hernando showed up, very much under the influence of chicha. He explained that the pack driver had invited him to drink with him. I told him to go to bed and sober up.

The next day we got around ~~xxxxxx~~ town, but did not find much of interest. It is a smaller place than I had thought, quite dead, and with few interesting plants around it. So in the afternoon I decided to start the next morning for El Peñón again, to get material of the giant blackberry, and otherwise investigate that region, which looked very promising. I found an Indian willing to carry my baggage on his back (no more pack animals; they almost ruined my camera, jolting it around) and we started early in the morning, after laying in a supply of foodstuffs and a sort of a shawl that I bought to piece out my manteau universel. Peñón is 9400 feet, and I knew it would be cold sleeping there.

When I went into a tienda to buy some foodstuffs, I saw
 Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, shelf, Thornward brant. I
 Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA

asked the man how much they were, and he said he wouldnt sell them, as they were spoiled. I asked see a can, and he showed me one; and I knew at once that they were alright, and that the reason he thought they were spoiled was because the people of this country dont know anything about ripe olives, being used to green ones. So I said "It is possible that they may still be good. What do you want for a can of them?" To which he replied, "You can have them for 50 cents, because I cant sell them here." So I bot two cans, and later had two of the richest treats I have enjoyed in several months. They were great big fellows, and perfect.

The evening beofre starting for Peñon I gave Hernando and my new Indian cargador 15 cents to go buy a rope to carry the baggage, and they borrowed a rope, and inverted (as we say) the money in chicha. That about cooked Hernando's goose, and I decided that he and I would part company when we got back to Bogotá.

We started out for Peñon, and about 10 hit that terrible ascent, and I took a sort of wicked pleasure in seeing Hernando sweat as he climbed it. He was only carrying the camera, so he wasnt badly treated. I had nearly as much myself. I went on ahead of them, and got in half an hour earlier. When they arrived, Hernando was as mad as a wet hen. This walking business was not part of his religion.

There was nothing at El Peñon except a native house of very indaffherent character, but I got them to give me a room, and spread out my stuff, and I prepared my own meals, the housewife agreeing to fee Hernando and Marcos, the cargador. There was not a spare bed-cover in the house, however, and it looked slim for all of us. I didnt have enough to keep me warm at that altitude, by any means.

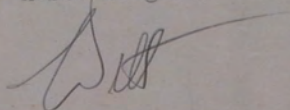
I spent the afternoon studying the wild blackberry, and after some fried potatoes and bread I went to bed, figuratively speaking: there was an old, abandoned couch in the room with a hair seat, badly broken thru. It was not long enough for me, but I pieced it out with a chair on the end, took off my shoes and necktie, and rolled up tightly in my manteau and shawl. Later Hernando and Marcos came in, and settled in a small room right next to me; there were three or four straw mats on the floor, and Hernando took them all, leaving Marcos without a thing. It would have been logical for them to sleep together, in order to kee warm; but no, Hernando's dignity would not permit it.

We passed a bad night, you bet. And when I got up at daybreak every bone in my body ached from the cold. I took a cup of chocolate, to warm me up, and ate a roll, and turned out for the day's work. About nine I discovered that someone

had stolen a knife I had left on the table in my room, and I told Hernando he must find it. He thought I was accusing him of stealing it, so packed up his clothes and started for Bogotá. In the afternoon, when I reached Sibate, he was there waiting for me having suffered a change of heart (the road to Bogotá being long and hard). He never said anything more about leaving, but came on back to the hotel with me, and in order not to hurt his feelings too much, and to get some work here cleaned up, I let him stay on until last night, and then I dropped him.

I got quite a lot of material on the trip, and two dozen good photographs. The Penon region is an exceptionally interesting one, and I plan to go back there next month.

Hasta luego

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'W. H. S.', written over the typed word 'Hasta luego'.

Bogotá, Sept 21 1920

Dear Father:

I have today recd from you two copies of the Rept of the Calif Avocado Assn, three bulltins by Shamel, and 1 copy Vanity Fair for August. For all of which, many thanks.

Latin - Asia for Aug.
I have just finished reading over my Atlixco paper, and I think it has come out in very nice shape except for several rather annoying typographical errors. For instance, "Motolinia" is spelled in three separate and distinct ways, two of wh are incorrect; and there are two or three errors in botanical names. I suppose it is asking too much to have material in this Report come out as clean as it does in the Govt bulletins, but it seems to me there ought to be some way of eliminating errors in such matters as this; I do not mind errors in English words, because everybody knows they are errors, but when they misspell Motolinia, for example, somebody like Zelia Nuttall is likely to think I dont know how it should be spelled.

The illustrations are particularly attractive, I think. On the whole, I feel that this Atlixco work is one of the most important things I have ever been able to do for the avocado industry, and I feel that the people is a rather thoro treatment of the subject. I think 50 yrs hence it will stand as a rather important bit of avocado history. And I never have ceased being glad that I made that trip to Atlixco: it was worth a whole year in the lowlands to get that week in the Mecca of avocado growers. With the treatment of Queretaro wh was published in the previous report of the Assn, I feel that I have covered Mexico in a fairly satisfactory manner; tho there is work yet to be done there, and wh I may myself be able to do some day. But I have covered the important centers of avocado culture, and put down in black and white the facts regarding them, so that we are no longer in the dark as to what actually exists there.

When I get down to Quito or Lima, and in time for the meeting next May, I will prepare and send you a paper to be read at the next meeting. This paper will not be of much importance, but it is the opportune moment to let folks know what we are doing on this trip, so that when I come home they wont think I have fallen down, because I have not introduced more new varieties. What I came out to do this time was to cover the remaining avocado territory in a general survey, so that I can complete my work by monographing the subject; and if I got a few promising varieties out of it, that was all I expected. And it is going to be all I will get.

*of those introduced up
to now*

We have found and introduced the true wild avocado; have studied the varieties of Costa Rica and Santa Marta, and will go on with the study; and we may introduce ten or a dozen new sorts altogether, none of which, unless it be No 40 from Guatemala (wh I am not certain was saved) is as promising as some of those introduced in the first Guatemalan exploration. But this trip is to study the remainder of the field, and get information wh will show us exactly what there is in tropical Am so far as avocados are concerned, so that in the future we will know what to expect from the various countries, and where to go if any particular needs come up. I think, of course, th~~at~~ I will be able to publish a monograph of the subject after thi trip, and if the Govt doexs not want to print it, I feel that the Avocado Assn ought to, and might be willing to; but I imagine that DF will not let such a lot of Govt material go outside, and will want the Dept to print it, which I also prefer, as a document has much more prestige when it comes from that source.

So you can count on me for a small contribution to the May meeting, unless DF objects. Probably I will send a copy of my paperto him at the same time I send the original to you, and tell him if he has any objection to its being read, to advise yo to that effect.

Ever thine

W.D.

I always enjoy Asia immensely; I would be glad to have a copy now and then. W.

Bogotá, Colombia
October 10 1920

Dear Folks, carbon to HP Stanford:

Before entering into a consideration of events in their chronological sequence, I reckon I might as well run over your letters wh I found here on returning from a two weeks' trip to the Magdalena, and also consider any general business which should come before the meeting.

I am glad to learn from FOP that Paul and Betty duly arrived and that the latter is all that advance reports had indicated. I wish it wasnt going to be so beastly long before I will have the pleasure of knowing the dear girl personally; but then, the months roll by pretty rapidly,--last week I celebrated the first anniversary of my last departure from Washington,- and I will be home again before I know it.

Dad, I suppose by this time the two cotton sacks I sent in from Panama, and wh Paul asked Traver to ship you by express, have reached you. The Mixco huipil which is in one of them I would like you to save for me, as it is a piece of which I am particularly fond. The big blue and white Guatemalan blanket, with red figures in border, I think might well go down to the Coachella, to keep your knees from aching on winter nights, and mine when I get there. It is a fine warm blanket, one of the heaviest and tightest weaves produced by the lineal descendants of the noble Mayas. The other things in the bags you will know what to do with; the Costa Rican saddbags, I have already mentioned, are to be saved for me, but you might just as well use them in the interim. I trust you have also recd the two huipiles, blue one for Lucile and brown one for Betty (not huipiles; I mean ruanas) which I sent from here not long ago.

I infer that old Paul takes the attitude that now that he is married, he doesnt need to write any more letters; tho I dont know upon what precedent. His actions indicate some such viewpoint, however.

Father, I think if you could have traveled about 5 yrs in tropical America in your youth, after the fashion of my traveling, you would find it easier to get a satisfactory house-keeper than you now do. If I do not make the most docile and long-suffering husband the Popenoe family has yet produced, it will not be because I have not had an opportunity to learn patience, and to put up with uncomfortable surroundings at times.

The mail brot me an envelop containing two sheets from Herb, one dated July 29 and one Aug 24. I suggest Herb, that you hold your letters back one month longer, so as to get three together and thus complete a quarter. It is the custom, in our Department, to divide the year into four quarters, you know, and consider each as a separate and distinct period. Say Herb, when your Corona begins to get shaky, wh it will probably do within 2 yrs, judging from my experience with 3 of em, look into the Underwood portable. Maybe you can trade in your Corona aspart payment on one; I am not well acquainted with the Underwood, but I looked one over in Panama, and it looked to me like a much better machine than the Corona, and slightly smaller to boot; and Herb Austin, who is an expert, says it is a fine instrument. I intend to junk this Corona, wh has never been the same since it went to the bottom of the Pacific at Puntarenas, and get an Underwood whenever I find one on sale again. I didnt have the cash on hand in Panama, or I would have bot one then.

Just made up my quarterly accounts, and find I am \$100 withan the money I had allotted myself for this past quarter, so I will begin to live a little more lavishly. However, I am sort of saving up so that I can do a lot of railroad and steamer travel in the lower part of So Am. For instance, if I have plenty of money, I may go around thru Strts of Magellan to Buenos Aires, instead of across the Andes. I will have seen enough of the Andes by the time I get that far, anyway, and be glad of a sea voyage.

Father, when I get to Trinidad I will line up the boys on the avocado question, so they will have to get out a new bulletin with revised data. I only hope when I get that far I wont be so anxious to get home that I will want to make my stay brief. I guess I can hold myself back. Of course, DF may hurry me up, but I sort of figure on a month in one of the French islands, and another month among the British, at least.

Father, have you and Paul made some arrangement at Washn so notices of my insurance premiums will be sent to you promptly? It wouldnt do for them to lapse.

Re Dr Hardin's request for a letter from some Dr in this part of the world, re the dietetic value of the avocado, I dont believe there is a very good chance of getting one worth while anywhere in this neck of the woods. None of the docs here are that modern. But I may find a good man in Chile, and if so I will line him up. But you better not depend on anything; I have not yet seen a Dr in Latin America who had made any careful tests of the dietetic value of this fruit.

I am surprised and pleased to hear that Knowles is engaged. He has not written me yet, but I have already sent him a note of congratulation. As Kitty Browne used so aptly to remark, Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for Love.

Father, I havent run onto to any really first-class hammocks as yet. Some folks say they make em in Ecuador. When I find em, if I ever do, I will get a couple, one for Ahuacatlan and one for Coachella; and I also have to get one for Daisy Bell too. I am going to lay for a job lot of Panama hats on my way down to Ecuador; if I can get 1/2 doz at dozen rates, I may buy, and we will all come out in fresh ones next Easter.

Father: I am glad you are satisfied with the name Ahuacatlan for our permanent home at Altadena, somewhere on the old WIG property. If you sell the present house, I hope you can keep enough of the old WIG grounds to hold onto the collection of rare plants, or at least the better part of it, and the original Fuerte trees. If you want to get the stationery soon, go ahead and do it; but remember that I want to pay for it. I have a die of the Ahuacatlan sign, wh Paul can get for you I suppose; but likely you will want to have a new one made so as to put below it, "Ahuacatlan, Altadena California," or something of that sort. One point is de rigueur; when you have the paper stamped, the hieroglyph must be in dark green ink, to be according to Hoyle. Moctezuma always wrote it that way. I suppose he use d the juice of Sophocarpus tetragonolobus Safford, or something like that. Let s hang onto that name and that sign; it is a picturesque thing; to my mind, and very fitting. When I get back from this trip I will stop using the sign on my own stationery, and take to Cosmos Club; tho some time I may get up a new design, with the Maya goddess of agriculture, wh I intend to use for my bookplate. I am going into that Maya business (now that I am a charter member of the Maya Society) and attempt to establish myself as a sort of authority on one phase of the Maya civilization, -agriculture and botany. It might take me back to Guatemala some day, and that is a thing always to be desired, you know.

Well: now that I have these things offn my mind, I feel like I had written pretty nearly enough; but I will go ahead and tell you something of the past two weeks. I think I advised that one Quintus Underwood Thompson, of Mobile, clerk in the Amlegation, and myself were about to start for the Magdalena valley. Thompson is a good-hearted southerner something on the order of my erstwhile friend John C Sims; takes like pretty easily, and is even slower about getting dressed in the morning that Herb used to be when he habitated at the Willard cohts. But wital, Thompson is a good chap.

We went down to Girardot on the train, both of us wearing ruanas, as the morning was cold. I continued to wear mine throughout a large part of the trip, and became so attached to it that I have decided to stick to the ruana as a part of my regular raiment.

We stayed in Girardot a couple of days, going out to see a Frenchman who has a little orchard of mandarin trees and a few litchis and jackfruits, not yet bearing; and then we took a steamer down the river, a very delightful trip of about seven hours, to Beltran, and from there by train to Honda. At Honda we mixed with the gentry in the public square and made known our wants, viz., a burro. We looked over a large number, all of which were "muy nuevecitos" according to the owners, but many of which, in spite of the assertion, had teeth which showed them to be well on toward the sear and yellow leaf, as Doc Harris would have it. Finally we picked up a likely young animal, whose teeth actually proved him to be young, and bot him for \$35. We then got a pack saddle, and loaded him up, and sailed out of Honda on a warm afternoon. (I might mention that all afternoons are warm in Honda, except those which are hot).

We only got a few miles from town by nightfall, and then we hove to at a little tavern, and slung our hammocks by moonlight, after making out a tollable supper on what we had brought along. I slept well, but Q. Underwood, being unused to hammock nights (W. Beebe), didnt make out very well. The next day we arose betimes, had bacon and eggs (Feinster Frühstückspeck, bot in Bogotá) and crackers and tea, and took the trail, and in about an hour came up to the most diabolical subida I have ever seen. We ascended and ascended by zigzags and stone steps until well on in the afternoon, and then crossed a divide and promptly undid all the hard labor of that day by dropping 3000 feet to the town of Guaduas.

Since the next day was market day, and Guaduas a tollable interesting spot, we decided to lay over a day. So we stopped at the Hotel del Valle, a small hostelry of no pretensions, \$1.50 per day to foreigners, \$1.00 to natives (regular rate at Colombian inns). I spent a day rambling about town and getting a f w specimens, while Q Underwood sat in the shade most of the time, and perused John C Willis.

The following day we set out again, and traveled until about 3 in the afternoon, when we came to water (it was scarce and bad in these parts) and decided to camp for the night, in a shelter used by the mule-drivers. We passed it pretty well, as the Latijs say, and the following morning set off again (all this time we were on foot, you understand, driving the donkey, o sea burro). About ten we came to Villeta, a sizeable place, and found a market day in full blast; so Thompson stayed out in the edge of town while I went in to replenish our stock of comestibles. I went into a tienda to get some bread, and had the lady inquire with interest "Are you a tramp?" while a gentleman close beside me remarked in a hoarse whisper, "He's carrying a travelling bag!", the reason for this remark being that no caballero in Colombia ever carries anything. They could see that I was a foreigner, and bore certain marks of a good early training; but how I

could have fallen so low as to travel on foot, and carry a ca va's knapsack, was entirely beyond the Colombian comprehension. However, I got back at them by inquiring the price of several very expensive luxuries, which showed that I was not traveling on foot from necessity.

All along the road we were a trifle annoyed by the unconcealed curiosity and at times contempt, of natives. First of all, the idea of our driving a donkey was entirely beyond them; and secondly, the fact of our being on foot put us beyond the vale, for in Colombia a caballero is a caballero literally; if he doesn't go on horseback, he is not a gentleman. And we had another annoyance ever more trying. At first we did not know how to pack the burro very well, and had to take two or three lessons from accomplished arrieros, so as to sling the hitches properly. But after the third day, we became tolerably proficient in the matter, and our familiarity with the pack, that is, the sacks which had to be tied on to the burro's back, made us somewhat more capable of arranging the pack properly than the average arriero (mule driver). But every morning, when we started to load the pack on the burro, some native was sure to come up in a very officious way (or so it seems to us) and with a wave of his hand indicate that it was all wrong, and for us to get out of the road and let a man pack as could pack. We stood for this several times, only to have to unload the whole thing about a quarter of a mile out of town and pack it again, in order to get it balanced and tied properly; and finally Thompson's patience gave out, and when a fellow would come up and start to demonstrate (usually with several bystanders looking on) that the Colombians were superior to all foreigners in the art of mule packing if in nothing else, Thompson would tell him in no uncertain terms that we were competent to pack that animal; indeed we considered ourselves fully equal to the occasion. And the native would be quite offended as a general thing. But it saved us lots of time in undoing badly-packed loads and repacking them.

After leaving Villeta behind us, we commenced a long climb up the escarpment of the mesa of Bogotá. The first day we only got half way up, and made camp under a shelter at La Libertad. The following morning we awoke to find it raining, but at nine it stopped, and we pressed on, reaching Alban at one o'clock, in time to get a good meal at a small hotel where we put up for the night. The landlady at first refused to take us in, evidently thinking that we were some sort of patent medicine fakers or something of that kind.

Dogs barked in the patio all night, and at 12 someone came to the door and pounded for admittance a quarter of an hour or so. In the morning we got off early, and had a better road from here on. At eleven o'clock we crossed the divide onto the plateau or Mesa of Bogotá, and just at one we walked up the main street of Facatativá, and examined all of the

hotels to see which was the least objectionable. We finally settled on the Gonzalez, at \$1.60 a day. It was not bad, though I have eaten better food in Colombia.

We stayed in Facatativá two days, making a long excursion each day into the nearby mountains in search of plants, and taking photographs. The third day we arose early in the morning and loaded Gabriel, the burro (Thompson is going to keep him for his kids to ride) onto the passenger train, and came on back to Bogotá, thoroughly sunburned, a bit tired, but hardened to walking as I never had been in my life.

This is Sunday: tomorrow is mail day, and then I will make a short excursion or two (one day each) into the neighboring country. I shall headquarter in Bogotá from now until November 1st, which date I have set as that of my departure for Quito,--via the Cauca valley and goodness knows what other regions. I have just met a certain Hopkins, who used to be with the U S Geological Survey and is down here with one of the oil companies, and will probably make a few short excursions with him; and a young chap, Colombian, named Toro, here in the hotel, talks of going to Zipaquirá with me soon. I will have a busy time here until the end of this month, but I do not want to stay longer as I doubt if I can make Quito by the end of the year as it is.

Ever thine

Bogotá, Colombia,
October 18 1920.

Dear Folks:

I take back what I said about Paul's being a poor correspondent since his conjugation; I received in this last weeks mail two letters from him, one of them delayed en route. Father, I recd a copy of the Atlantic from you, for wh thanks. I ne ret to say that the Atlantic Classics wh you sent to Costa Rica have never reached me, and probably never will.

Traver advises that six copies of Manual of Tropical and Subtropical Fruits have rached the Of's, and that he has put them on my bookcase. I dont know why it never occurred to him that I might like to see a copy. I am asking him to send one to Quito, so you neednt forward one, unless you have already done so.

Paul, Anna Cooper writes that she hasnt heard from me for 3 mos, and wants to know if I am still alive. Good bye, Herr Standl.

I dont intend to write a very long letter this week, as I have too much else to do. I have just dispatched my official mail and am anxious to finish this so I can do my daily trip to market and get some photos while there, as it is a bright day, and they are not very common during this mo in Bogotá.

Last Friday I went down to El Peñon, beyond Sibaté, and brought back a fine lot of plants of the giant blackberry. Yesterday and it Sunday I went out to Cajicá, on a dia de campo with some friends of the Magdalena river steamer, and was unmercifully bored; in the evening I dined at the Continental with some other friends, and afterward went to the movies and was unmercifully bored again.

I am now going to devote myself for a week or ten days to cleaning up my work here, and then I am going to strike out for the Cauca valley. It looks more and more as tho I would not go overland from Cali to Quito, but would take a boat from Buenaventura to Guayaquil: this mainly because it ill be very hard to get my baggage down to Quito overland and I am determined not to be separated from it,--I might ship it by boat and go overland myself. They would treat it very roughly on the long overland trip from Cali to Quito. If I go down to Guayaquil by steamer and come up to Quito, I may ride later to the Colombian border and across to Pasto, wh is the only region in southern Clombia which is of much interest to me.

Rubus

Giant Blackberry

Sept 16 1920. El Peñon, near Sibaté, Cundinamarca, Colombia

P-2167. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~. Marcos holding several fruit-bearing branches of the giant blackberry, showing fruits which are not yet quite mature.

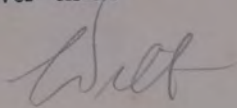
Pablo, I have never been able to get any facts as to the approximate percentage of our date importations wh were untrue to name. Have you formed any idea on the subject as yet? Are the palms which are untrue limited to certain varieties wh were rather rare and valuable in Mesopot, or did they run in a lot of junk under the name of Khadrawi and Zahidi? I can really see no reason why they should have substituted on us in regard to these standard varieties but regarding the rare ones, substitution would seem more natural.

I have decided that my Guatemalan overcoat, wh was cut according to the style plate published in 1896 which adorned the wall of the tailoring emporium of Enrique Barrios, is not sufficiently good for me to wear in the Athens of South America, nor in the half dozen Parises which are to follow. These blks down here go in for much more style than the Guatemalans. Therefore I am having a swell Raglan overcoat of fine English cloth mad by the best tailor in Bogotá. If it turns out well in re cut, I will have a nice article wh will last me for some yrs. It is going to cost me \$54 U S Cy, or \$65 Colombian. And I am going to send the Guatemalan home via the pouch, and you folks can use it as needed. It is plenty good enough to scuff about in, and I presume that all of you do a great deal of scuffing.

I must say I have rarely or never had such excellent food in furrin parts as I get here at the Plaza Anexo, now rechristened the Victoria Hotel, and all for \$2.50 per diem, which is only about \$2.10 in U S Cy. Let the detractors of Colombia try this for a while. I wish I could do it in Washington. The Colombians eat big meals, much heavier than I have seen elsewhere in AmericanLatina unless it be in Brazil, and here in Bogotá the food is really excellent; in the outlying country you get the same quantity but the quality is not always braggable.

I enclose two fotos taken on my walking trip up from Honda with Thompson.

Ever thine



1-5182

1-5182

1-5182

1-5182

Bogotá, October 22 1920.

Dear Folks:

The Correos de Colombia arent working any too well of late, at least not in this direction. This weeks I recd letters from Paul in NY and Washn between the middle and end of Aug, and another from Calif about the middle of Sept; and letters from FOP between Aug 15 and Sept 17. See what it is. But one of the letters from FOP, that of Aug 15, brot the news that the shpmt of my Costa Rican saddle bags and blanket had arrived, which I was glad to know. I am sort of stuck on those bags, and intend to carry them about with me instead of a suit case, so I will be put in the same class as Chas F Lummis. By the way, father, I have forgotten which two huipiles were in that shipment, but there was one which I indicated as belonging to my collection. Perhaps you didnt get the advice; the one I wanted was a mixqueño, that is, with zigzag pattern, and in several bright colors, red, blue, and so forth. It is a very fine piece and rather a rare one. I dont recall what the other was. I trust you will lay away the mixqueño for me, unless Betty already has it cut down to fit a sofa pillow or something of that sort, in wh case she can keep it.

Pablo, I cant imagine what became of the crepe pajamas I sent in to Washn, but maybe + will find them there when I return. Anyway, I am only o t \$2.50 at most.

I think you are going to like the esteras de Chingalé, or fiber mats I am sending you today (see enc memo). They are pretty, and will wear well,--if you ever get em.

I will mention again the two ruanas I sent via the Ofs some time ago: a blue one for Lucile and a brown one for Brown Betty. I suppose these will reach you okeh, and probably have done so ere this. They are nothing extra, but un pequeño recuerdo de Colombia. Herb should see that Lucile wears hers when she goes autoing on cool evenings.

Sometimes, when I picture to myself youall flying about southern Californianin your autos, and Herb spooning with his girl in Sierra Madre, as I know he is want to do, it seems to me that I am getting the small end of the deal; for this life isnt all beer and skittles,--tho there is, I admit, quite a little beer to it, more than I like at times. Of course I wouldnt come home for anything, but I get plenty of hard work, and am a long way from home, and--oh well, there s no use in grumbling. I wouldnt do anything else for worlds; of course, and the trip will be over some day, and then I'll settle down at the Cosmos Club and live on my reputation (if I have any) for a few months. I can tell you one thing, and I do not say it humbly: I do not believe DF will find it so awfully

easy to encounter another explorer who will do this sort of work. He had one in Meyer, for without doubt Meyer was a man who did a lot of hard frontier travel, no matter how much or how little he got out of it. I hope J F Rock has the same ability but I dont know much about him as yet

I just note that the period on this Corona has gone bad on me. Maybe I can fix it and maybe I cant: if not I will have to make a liberal use of colons and semicolons thusly:

I have spent the morning at the Ministerio de Agricultura with one of the jefes there and as a result I have agreed to present the Colombian government with 400 5x7 prints being 4 copies each of 100 negatives I have made here in Cundinamarca: I am also to write several articles for the Colombian Review which is their propaganda sheet in New York- All of this will take some time and probably delay my departure several days: I had thought to get away from here on the 31st for the Cauca valley- But I am making an effort to show the Colombians that we are really sincere in our desire to make our work here mutually beneficial and that we yankees are not the robbers and cutthroats which the daily papers make us out- I tell you they hit us pretty hard in the press here and do it frequently- about every other day on an average; and it has hurt me a bit- for many of the attacks are eminently unjust and unfair-

Mi señora Mercedes just brought me a plate of higos de Mejico or prickly pears sliced and pared and covered with good rich cream: awful waste of cream that: but I perhaps couldnt eat the cream straight anyway: she feels exceptionally well disposed toward me just now because I brought a friend to the hotel this morning and he will stay ten days at \$3-

But I must confess my opinion of the prickly pear como fruta has suffered no radical change: It is not- never will be- and never was fitten for a white man to eat if we except J N Rose who always maintained that they ~~were~~ are muy ricos-

And say Pablo- if I can get a room at the Cosmos Club at \$30 or \$35 per mo- shall never live anywhere else as long as I am in Washn and a single man-

Oh yes; I was going to mention that I dined last night at the Amlegrtion and had a most delightful time of it- and the finest white wine I ever tasted- The minister- Hoffman Philip- was in Constantinople during the way- or the first part of it- and dislikes the Turke ever more than Paul and I do- He is a very fine man and I didnt come home until midnight: we didnt sit down to dinner until nearly nine I reckon

Well: I'll see if I can mend this Corona now!

Ever thine

Bogotá, October 22 1920

Dear old Dad:

I've got something nice for youall,--if you ever get it.

As you will see by the attached certificate, I have just dispatched to you two packages, containing esteras de Chingalé.

These two pkgs are large rolls, sewed up in cloth, each one about three feet long and ten inches thick. In each you will, or should, find three fiber mats, about 3 x 6 feet in size. These mats are made on the lower Magdalena, and are said to wear a very long time. I think you will agree with me that they are pretty. I got the six for the equivalent of eight dollars, so when you come to pay duty on them, bear this in mind.

I will be obliged if you will pick out two nice ones and lay them aside for me. The remaining four you can dispose as you see fit. They would be very nice in the Coachella, and perhaps you have a place for one at Ahuacatlan,--such as before the bath tub, or on the front porch in summer. If you want to give one to the Moomaws, or anyone else,--why just remember that they are yours to use as you desire.

I am sending them by parcel post. I dont trust this route, but as these are large pkgs wh it would be hard to lose, and not sufficiently valuable to make itnworth while to steal them, I trust you will get them,--eventually.

REPUBLICA DE COLOMBIA

ADMINISTRACION GENERAL DE CORREOS

SERVICIO POSTAL INTERNACIONAL

Departamento de Encomiendas Postales del Exterior

PORTE, \$ 1⁶⁸/₁₀₀

OCT 22 1920

No 853/4.

Bogotá.

de 192

Conste que el Sr. Wilson Popescu

ha consignado en esta oficina dos paquetes (2)

como encomienda postal que declara contener esteras de

chungale ?

por valor de \$ 8⁰⁰ rotulado a F. O. Popescu.

Peso bruto 6000/6650 gms. Atadema. Catif.

Peso neto

El Jefe,

Jaime de la Cruz



Bogotá, October 25 1920

Dear Folks:

The genial and gentlemanly operario of the LLave de Oro has put this Corona in shape once more, so I can now add a note to the letter already written and put this in the mail, which closes in a few hours.

Father, the first Gem Junior blad had been recd, and many thanks.--I am surprised to learn that they are going to ask \$5 for my book: I presume it is because there will be a relatively limited sale for it, and they have to make a prtty good amount on each copy, in order to clear themselves. I guess there are quite a few folks who would buy it at \$2.50 and who wouldnt at \$5, but those who really want it will buy it anyway. I can imagine Mrs Edward Simmonds blowing up if anybody asked her to pay \$5 for a book of mine,--or that of anyone else except Edward.

Re reaching me on the road to Quito, I will say that all the information I can get here makes it look doubtful if I will go overland from Cali to that point. There seems to be nothing really worth while between Cali and Pasto, wh is about two weeks trip. I may go down to Quito by Boat, that is, to Guayaquil, and then work north to Pasto later on (in So Colombia), or I still may go overland, if I get better information in the Cauca valley re the trip. But we wont try to catch any letters at Popayan or Pasto,--it wouldnt be possible to do it at this late day. I gave you an address at Buenaventura already, and will look for a letter there.

I went around to the Ministerio de Agricultura the other day, and told them what I had done in Cundinamarca, and that my results were muy a sus ordenes, and they accepted; so that I have ordered 400 5x7 prints for them, 4 copies each of 100 negatives, and am to write them three articles for the Colombian Review, a propaganda journal they publish in NY. This is of course considerable of a gift on my part, the prints costing the U S Govt \$35; but I suppose they figure it is a part of that twenty five million. I am doing it to show them that we are really sincere in our desire to reciprocate any favors, and make our work in these countries mutually beneficial. It is the only policy.

My new overcoat is finished, and looks pretty well. I think it is quite good enough to wear in Washn,--unless the styles change frightfully before I gethome. It is certainly a warm one, and I believe it will wear.

Well, I will try to send you a good long letter in my next week's batch. I expect to be in Bogotá all this week, and to leave here for Cali sometime during the next one.

Bogotá, November 3 1920

Dear Folks: (carbon to PP, none to HP)

Introducing Mr W. Popenoe, formerly of Bogotá.

Three days hence I shall take the flyer to Girardot, stop there over night and transfer to the express which starts for Ibagué but never gets there, and finally reach Ibagué by auto from the end of the railroad. I stop in that town perhaps three days, and then go across the central cordillera of the Andes into the Cauca valley. The American Minister is giving me notes to several people over there, and if I find it interesting and the company agreeable, I may stop several weeks in the vicinity of Cali. The Am Consular Agt has written me from Buenaventura that there are plenty of ships from there to Guayaquil, and that I had better go by that route, as the roads overland are very bad at this season. I am inclined to think I will follow his advice, tho I reserve a decision until I get down into the valley and see what I think about the trip.

I shall be able to write you when I get over to Cali, and I imagine the letters will reach you from there in about the same time they do from here; they certainly ought not to take much longer at any rate. I am leaving word to have mail wh comes here during the next two weeks fwd to Cali, or rather, Buenaventura, so I will pick up something down there, as some of your letters are pretty sure to drift in here after I have left. You may miss two or three weeks while I am on

I have had a pretty busy time these last few days, trying to clean up everything for a getaway. Sunday I went out to the Thompsons in Chapinero, and after a bkfst of hot cakes we went up into the mountains, coming down at 3 p m after a good lunch. Last night McConnell of the Amlegation entertained the Thompsons, also of the Amlegation, and myself, at a very swagger dinner, including broiled squab, mutton chops, white wine and champagne. Quite the most elaborate thing I have seen in some time. Tomorrow evening I dine at the Legation, and as there are going to be several others present I imagine it will be a pretty fine affair.

Up to the latter part of last week I was feeling a bit sore or peeved, due to a combination of fatigue and reading newspaper attacks on the Yankees. I had gotten somewhat disgusted with Bogotá. I do not desire to remain here any longer, but at the same time I must say that I feel much better than I did a few days ago, in every way. I have been among my own countrymen a good deal the last few days, and also with several very decent Colombians. On Monday, which was All Saints day, two of the boys here at the hotel took me out for a motor ride. Yesterday noon, I lunched at the Presb. Mission school for girls, invited by Miss Hoogestraat, or some such name, who was a classmate of Paul's at Oxy. Paul she sends you muchos recuerdos; was much interested in hearing all about you, and we talked Oxy and Oxy people a good deal. Her first name is Christine. I guess you will recall her. She certainly recalls you.

This afternoon I went out to the Instituto de la Salle, and looked over the herbarium with Hermano Ariste. I find that all the faculty of this school, about 40 men, are French, of the Hermanos Cristianos, a sect evidently founded by La Salle. They are bully good fellows, especially Ariste. He and I got so friendly that before I left he was calling me "mon cher". We talked about 40% Spanish, 40% English, and 20% French during the afternoon. It didnt matter how we mixed em up: we got along exceedingly well. I like those boys immensely. Ariste begged me to get him a collecting portfolio and said he would do anything in the world for me if I would.

Father, I am leaving a package here which is ultimately for you; that is, I am laving a number of pkgs here to go up in the pouch as fast as there is room for them, and one of said pkgs will be sent on to you later, after it has reached Washington. I will make up a memo regarding its contents when I pack it tomorrow. It will contain the Guatemalan overcoat which is no longer of any use to me, and 3 meters of beautiful cloth wh I have bot here, and want you to lay aside for me until I get home, when I will have it made up by a good tailor either into an outing suit or a light overcoat. I dont find these tailors down here altogether satisfactory; you never get a thing quite the way you want it. This cloth is made here, and is a bargain; I got it for about \$5.50 a meter, and I think it is worth \$12 at least, in the States; in fact you couldnt get anything quite so durable.

Well, I have sent in quite a lot of stuff from here,

that it is getting thru in pretty good shape. I feel quite satisfied with my stay in Bogotá, and am quite ready to take to the Open Road once more. For one thing, it is cheaper. I have spent quite a little money here in Bogotá, together with buying clothes, ruanas, and a bit of entertaining that I have done: but I reckon I can economize for the next few months or until I get to Quito at least,--probably until I get to Lima.

Father, in the pkg I send you will be a copy of the novel "Maria" by Jorge Isaacs, the most famous and probably the best literary production of Colombia. It is very pretty tale of life in the Cauca valley, but does not in my mind qualify as great literature. I wanted it as a souvenir of Colombia. I also send some other books wh I value very highly and which I want to have you keep safely for me against the day of my return.

Well, I have taken my money out of the Natl City Bank in the form of a letter of credit and a few travelers checks for emergencies, and I'm all ready to go. Every time I put a milestone like San José and Bogotá behind me, it brings me that much nearer home.

I mailed 100 Christmas Cards yesterday, a trifle early, but I couldnt carry them on ~~the~~ to the Cauca to mail them. I would like to be advised what time yours get to you, if they get there at all.

Yessir, I feel pretty confounded good at the prospect of being on the road again. Lo que es el Wanderlust!

Walt

Invoice of shipment prepared at Bogotá, November 4 1920, to go forward via Diplomatic Pouch when there is an opportunity.

1 Guatemalan overcoat, style 1896-97, blue. I don't know how badly FOP needs an overcoat; if he needs one badly enough he may be willing to wear this, at least on nights. In that case he can keep it. If he doesn't want it, try it on Paul, for use in the valley.

1 Brown Ruana, which I have worn in the Colombian Andes. To be kept against my return, or until further orders.

1 bottle-green suit, slightly worn. This is the one MEP and I picked out at Brenwood's last fall, just a year ago now. It is getting a bit faded, and is not quite neat enough for me to wear when I call on Ambassadors, though it will still do for ministers and *chargés d'affaires*. However, I have had a new one made, and send this for Herb to try. If it fits, he can have it. If it doesn't fit, let Paul try it. And if he can't wear it, hold it for me. In any event, it should probably be dyed navy blue to put it in good shape, at least after it has been worn a month or two more. When dyed, it should be a very neat suit, and I think there are six months wear in it yet.

3 meters of gray wool cloth, for suit or overcoat! Please put this in a moth-proof place and hold it against my return.

1 copy "Maria", by Jorge Isaacs. Put in your bookcase, for me. There is a set of interesting postcards stuck between the leaves of this work; please hold for me.

1 copy Gramatica de la Lengua Maya. A very rare work, and one I prize highly. Please hold for me.

1 copy "Los Chibchas", by Restrepo: two volumes, one of them text, the other Atlas. Please hold for me.

1 copy "Gramatica Quekchi". Please hold for me.

N.B. Later: I found the above would not all go in one convenient package, ~~for~~ so I made two. They will probably go fwd to Washington together, and I hope reach you at the same time.

Invoice of shipment prepared at Bogotá, November 4 1929, to go forward via Diplomatic Pouch when there is an opportunity.

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3 meters of gray wool cloth, for suit or overcoat! Please put this in a moth-proof place and hold it against my return.

1 copy "Meris", by Jorge Isaacs. Put in your bookcase, for me. There is a set of interesting postcards stuck between the leaves of this work; please hold for me.

1 copy Gramática de la Lengua Maya. A very rare work, and one I prize highly. Please hold for me.

1 copy "Los Chibchas", by Restrepo: two volumes, one of them text, the other Atlas. Please hold for me.

1 copy "Gramática Quechua". Please hold for me.

N.B. Later: I found the above would not all go in one convenient package, so I made two. They will probably go fwd to Washington together, and I hope reach you at the same time.

Bogotá, Thurs Nov 4 1920

Dear Folks:

We hear Harding's elected. Great consternation in the Colombian congress, for Harding represents the party that Roosevelt belonged to (the latter is precisely as popular as Wilhelm der Zweite was in the States along about 1918) and they don't think the \$25000000000 treaty will be ratified. But as far as I am concerned, I am decidedly satisfied, for I may get a raise out of the Republican administration.

Mail came in today, and I got two letters, one from Paul of Sept 28 and from FOP of 29. Another letter may drift in tomorrow, and then I cut loose from Bogotá and will hope to find a letter from you at Buenaventura, then on to Quito.

Father, I am glad to see that my book is making a favorable impression, tho the testimonials you sent so far are from people who are prejudiced in favor of the work anyway, so their opinions aren't so very valuable. When you see Shamel again, tell him that I am counting, and want him to count, on getting up that work together when I reach the States again, and we will turn out a book that will make my Manual look like a primer.

Father, thanx for the continued Gem blades. I will have good use for em on the trip to Quito. I have just bot three feet of Bologna sausage to eat on the road across the Quindío and have a pound of bacon too. Poor devil must live, you know; and when he can't get dates, he must eat something else. You all ~~can~~ can have all the dates you want are in a different category from mysef, of course.

Allright, Dad, I won't count on you for the West Indies. I would like mightily to see you there, but I suspect when the time comes round the T_opical Dtae Co won't be able to spare you. The Office is talking about sending down Allanson to spend the last part of the trip with me, to give him experience for future work in the administrative end of the Ofs. I will be glad to see him of course, if he comes; but it is rather surprising that they can shake down money for a trip of this sort; when they are hollering so loud about beig hard up. I greatly doubt if he will come.

Dad, I think we will accumulate several more blankets at Ahuacatlan before I get thru this trip. I intend, also, to get another good Guatemalan or two thru some of my friends down there. This blanket business, when you can bring em in duty free, is pretty hard to beat. I want to keep about two Guatemalans and 2 Mex for mysef, eventually; father, you say there are 3 Guat and 2 Mex at the house now; there should be 4 Guat and 3 Mex according to my count. One of the Guats is a plain black and white stripe, cheap thing, that Herb used to use; one mother's big one, with colored stripes all thru it; one my extra fine blue and white one, and one my

black and white with a colored border. And the Mex should be:

My pale blue and white Texuoco; mother's maroon and white and black Texuoco; and the red and black Oaxaca, with flowers one on each side. If all these blankets are not on hand, then something is rotten in Ahuacatlan. Whwn I get down in southern Peru or in Bolivia, if I find a first-class vicuña or llama wool blanket I am going to get it, no matter what it costs me.

Dont give away too many copies of the Manual of Trop Fruits; people will appreciate it more if they plunk down \$5 for it.

Paul: I sent Doc Webber a bill for \$224.50, which will help my bank account appreciably, if he pays, and I reckon he will.

I went to bed last night as soon as supper, and tonight I am dining out again, at the Amlegation. I am going to sleep at the Thompsons in Chapinero tomorrow night and go from their house to the train. Probably I will write you a letter from Ibagué, as I plan to spend a few days there, to recuperate from the frightful life I have led in Bogotá recently, to get up stent for the trip across the Quingio, and to see what they grow in the region.

Ever thine

Will

Bagota, Nov 5.
[1920]

Dearest Dad:

My trunks are packed, and the boys are now tying them up, so I'm about ready to go. I add these lines to say that your long letter of Sept. 27th came a few hours ago.

I feel mighty happy to be taking the road again. You know how it is.

Again re the Guatemalan blankets, the dark navy blue + white stripe, no other colors, is the one I think most of. The blue and white (light blue) one I sent in from Costa Rica with the saddle bag is

the one I thought might be
used in the Coahuila, but
if you think I better keep it,
why sketch. I want of course
to have a nice collection
for my own use later on.

Well, I'm off.

Devotedly yours

Walt

Ibagué, Depto. del Tolima,
Colombia,
Nov 8 1920

Dear old Dad:

Here I be, in quite new surroundings, smack up against the foot of the mighty Cordillera Central of the Andes, and thinking about tackling 'em as soon as the weather eases up a bit. I want to spend a couple of days here anyway, to take a look about the place, which is a very pretty spot reminding me some way of Orizaba in Mexico. It is almost exactly the elevation of Orizaba, 4200 feet, and like the latter has many fruit trees of all sorts and a very moist climate. The hotel Europa is decidedly decent, and I am enjoying it.

I came away from Bogotá a bit tired after the rush of the last few days; not much sleep, and on the go every day. You know how it is when you are cleaning up odds and ends to get away. I read and loafed on the train coming down to Girardot, went to bed as soon as supper or at 6.30 pm; it was hot, but not too much so to sleep comfortably; and I set my alarm for 5.30 in the morning. Arose, walked half a mile across the river, and got on board the Ferrocarril del Tolima which expects to reach Ibagué in another year; we were let off

at the end of the line about two miles from town, and came on up in a Ford. Just got here in time to avoid getting caught in a rain, and it has been raining most of the time ever since. I just bet the road across the Quindío is a fright!

I had a letter from a missionary in Bogotá, Mr Allan, to one of the faithful, and looked him up yesterday afternoon. He was not there, but his family brought in a friend that they said was strictly de confianza, and who would steer me across the Quindío. That was what I wanted. Looks like a very decent fellow,--Luis Carbajal. Along with him we hunted up animals, and arranged to get three from here to Cartago, two for pack and one for me to ride (Luis goes on foot), for total of 35 pesos. I am to pay Luis 15 pesos for the trip, and bringing the animals back to Ibagué. I reckon we will take five or six days for the trip to Cartago, as the roads are frightfully bad,--we cant go by the most direct one, in fact, but will have to take a roundabout way.

Well, I'm glad to be out of Bogotá, and on the road again,--glad mainly to have Bogotá, as one more milestone, behind me. Every one helps. Today, since it is drizzling all the time, I am sitting back and reading the two Atlantics wh you sent and wh I never got a moment to read in Bogotá. If I could only have one magazine, I would take that; and next, for variety's sake, Vanity Fair. Great combination, eh what?

I cut down my baggage considerably in Bogota, having now two army lockers and two canvas mail-pouch-like bags. I gave my third army locker, wh was a bit the worse for wear, to bro. Ariste, one of the Hermanos Cristianos, ~~and~~ a very decent frenchman and a botanist.

Doggone it, there are some perfectly beautiful mats in the market here, of the kind I sent you from Bogota, but much larger and with more color; the trouble is, they are too large. They would not pack for shipment by mail. I would give give a lot to be able to send home three of em, but I dont reckon I can do it. Those mats seem to have excellent wearing qualities and I am quite stuck on them.

Lemme see: did I tellyou that I had a new pair of saddle bags made at Bogota, by the maestro Dimas Porras, and that they are beauties? About like the Costa Rican pair I sent home some time ago, but of better leather and a little better made. Really a very superior article. My old ones, wh I bot 2 handed in Costa Rica, were getting pretty shabby. The maestro stamped my name, WILSON POPENOE, on each side of the new ones. Quite swaggar. If I dont get em stolen, and can bring em home, well-seasoned with Andean mud, I will have a nice souvenir and will create a sensation as I walk up F street with them from the Union Station, Washnintgon.

Well, my next letter will be from the Cauca, and will go out via Buenaventura, while I suppose this will go down the Magdalena.

Ever thine

Wilt

Cali, Valle del Cauca, Colombia,
December 2 1920.

Dearest old Dad:

I had my mind all set to write you a long letter tomorrow, as I understand there is to be a mail boat northward in a week or so, when a young American from Panama (Bible Society Agent) told me he was leaving for Buenaventura in the morning and would take up anything I wanted (he goes on a boat which does not carry mail; the P. S. N. C. has the contract for all mails) so I am sending a package of seeds and plants to Dr Fairchild, and will put this letter in it, and ask them to mail it in Washington. Somehow or other I seem to be able to get a letter to you fairly often! My last from Ibague was written nearly three weeks ago, which makes the longest interval between letters which has occurred for some time, but this one should reach you more promptly than that did.

I have written an account of my trip across the Quindío but it is too bulky to send in this envelop and I will hold it to mail in a few days with a more lengthy letter which I will write regarding my experiences of the past few weeks. This must be a pretty brief resumé. And by the way, before I go any farther, the American Consular Agent from Buenaventura was in Cali yesterday, I am told, and had some mail for me, but I was in Palmira and no one here knew just what my plans were so he took the mail on back to Buenaventura, and I will get it when I go down there next Monday, four days hence.

I had a very decent trip across the Quindío,--it was not exciting, nor as hard as some I have made in Guatemala. I was a bit too tired to enjoy it to the fullest, but on the whole I liked it. When I got to Cartago I struck a rotten hotel, and the food there pretty nearly laid me up; so that when I at last caught a river steamer for Cali I was feeling tough. But the steamer was very comfortable, and the scenery along the river just about the finest I have ever enjoyed, so that on the whole my three days on the river, during which I sat back and read and looked at the scenery, were a delight. And then when I got to Cali I found a very good tho expensive hotel, and began to feel better right along. My stomach was getting back into shape again, when I went over to Palmira to visit Mr Chas Eder, to whom our minister in Bogotá had given me a letter. Mr Eder has a large sugar plantation and mill. I just took the bull by the horns, telegraphed him I was coming, and went; and found that he had sent an auto to meet me, and a son and daughter, to meet me; and then we went to the hacienda, and as I shook hands with him he said "You'll say a week or two, wont you? and I

allowed as how I would stay a few days if he didnt mind. Well, sir, it was one of those tropical plantations you dream about, and the same kind of hospitality, and I just came back from there today after a five days' visit, and I tell you I feel like a new man. I am good for anything now. Mrs Eder, who is an Italian from Rome, sets a magnificent table, and I had a pleasant room and everything homelike,--which I hadnt been enjoying the same sort of conditions for some weeks past. Mr Eder is an American citizen, his father of German origin and his mother English; but he is a very loyal American and we did lots of talking about the States. He has a daughter Doris aged 18 and Mary aged about 6, and a Victrola with about all the Jazz music ever written, and I played the Livery Stable Blues by the hour, and danced with both the girls, and just thoroughly enjoyed myself. Oh, but it was a treat!

I thought it was the right time for me to read Maria, the greatest novel which South America has produced, as ~~the~~ author formerly owned Mr Eder's hacienda (La Manuelita) and lived in one of the houses there. So I read the story, and then just as I was finishing it, Doris and I took a morning and rode up to El Paraiso, the hacienda where the plot is laid. It is one of the most idyllic spots I have ever seen, and the house and garden were undoubtedly beautiful in the days of the author, Jorge Isaacs, but are now badly gone to seed. But I picked azucenas (lilies) of the kind which Maria planted, and reepeople the place with the characters of the story as best I could; and it was on the whole a great day. I found the story very enjoyable. It is the most touchingly sad thing I have ever read, and an excellent picture of life in this beautiful valley. I sent you a copy of it; that is I sent one home with some of my other stuff, for you to hold for me.

Well, good night, dear old Dad. I'll have letters from you in a few days more. Know that I am well and happy, and enjoying my work as always, and thinking a whole lot of you, and of the time when I shall be with all of you again in California.

Ever devotedly yours

Will

No carbon.

Cali, Valle del Cauca, Colombia,
3 December 1920.

Dear old Dad:

I am today finishing up odds and ends: tomorrow I will pack, and the next day I am going to take the train down to Buenaventura, there to wait for a steamer which will put me in Guayaquil. Thus it is that my Colombian days are pretty nearly over, and I cannot say that I am sorry. I should like to spend a few months here in the Cauca, if I had a pleasant place to live; but in general, I think I prefer to travel in other tropical American countries rather than Colombia.

Yesterday I sent off a letter to you by courier to Panama: that is, I found a fellow who was going up to Cristóbal, and I sent by him a bag of seeds to the Office, and in it a letter which I trust they will forward you. I think it will reach you some time before this, for only a few of the boats which call at Buenaventura can take mail,--the P S N C having the mail contract.

Before I forget it, when I came down from Bogotá I wrapped up my two trunks in two of those palm-fiber mats of the kind I sent you from Bogotá. On reaching Cali the mats were still in pretty good shape, tho a trifle dirty, so I rolled 'em up and mailed 'em to you, and if you ever get 'em you will have two more mats at your disposal. You had better have them washed up a bit. It might not be a bad scheme to give

Archie Shamel one of these mats (I have sent you ⁸ in all) or something else that I send up; he has some sort of a recuerdo coming to him. Later I will get some more things, of course, so you neednt be in a hurry to give him anything until you have something you are sure he would like, ~~and~~ that you want to spare.

It is considerably easier, to my mind, to work in Central America,--especially in Costa Rica,--than here! Colombia is still a pretty remote country, particularly when you get into the interior. Mails here take ages to get about, and even when one travels as rapidly as possible the time simply slides right by him; for instance, I have been now a month on the road from Bogot', and I cant see just where all the days have gone. *You* lose some waiting, and some more traveling.

I enclose you some notes ~~on~~ my trip across the Quindío. It was an interesting journey, and not as hard as the ride from Guatemala City to Cobán, because the road is better. I struck some bad weather on the last part of it, and got here to the Cauca when it was raining pretty heavily; the first two days at Cartago I had to stay indoors, for it rained almost constantly. The hotel there was so abominably rotten that I got a bit upset, gastronomically, but have long since recovered. But I tell you, that last day in Cartago tried my patience as much as anything has tried it on this trip.

See:

The agent of the steamers on the Cauca told me there would be one that day, and for me to come around every hour or so

miles from Cartago). I went every hour from 7 a m to 6 p m, and it hadn't arrived yet! But it came in about 7, and I was told not to go down to the port that evening (as I wanted to do) but to wait until morning. The agent said he would send the Ford truck to take my baggage down. In the morning I was up at 5 to pack, and down to the agency at 6; the agent showed up at 6.30, and told me the truck would be around right away, and the boat would leave at 8.30. Well, I went to see the truck man and tried to get some action out of him, but couldn't do much. Finally we got started to the river, and when we got down to the port, the steamer was going out of sight around the first bend. Well sir, you can imagine my feelings at the thought of having to go back to that rotten hotel again; and I was more than ordinarily mad because I had worked on the agent so confoundedly hard to get me down there in time. The boat actually left at 7.30, tho he said she couldn't possibly leave before 8.

I left my trunks down there, and went back to Cartago again, and laid around the hotel all day; and early the next morning I walked down to the river, as they told me a boat might be in that day. I climbed up on top of a pile of coffee bags, and read a book I had brought along, and at noon ate a piece of bread and a bit of sausage I had brought along; and ~~along~~ about 3.15 I heard the steamer whistling up the river. You bet it sounded good to me! Pretty soon she came alongside, and I saw that she was a much neater, tho smaller, boat than the one I had come up the Magdalena on. I got on board, and found that the ship was made in Glasgow, and had

I gave the cabin boy 20 cents, a rare thing for me to do, and told him what I wanted: and he soon fixed me up in a nice little cabin, with a spring under the bunk, and a clean white sheet to lie on. And they had a beautiful shower bath in the stern, and everthing hunkeydory. Well sir, I said to myself, Here's where I do nothing but loaf for at least two days; and I got out a book or two, and sat back in a comfortable chair, and ate a pretty good dinner, and went to bed at 6.30 that evening. And I slept like a log.

The next day we were lucky to have bright weather, and the following day as well; and a more delightful river trip I have never had, nor probably ever will have. The banks of the Cauca are beautiful! They are only about six feet high (it is now high water) so you can see over them from the deck of the steamer, and the valley is level on both sides. It is mainly pasture lands, but there is a cacao or coffee plantation along the bank here and there, and a small hacienda ever and anon. I didnt care if that trip lasted a week! But on the morning of the third day we reached the port of Cali, about 4 miles from the town, and I had the pleasure of waiting until 3 p m for the tram to start for Cali (typical Latin American economy of time) and at night I was in the renowned capital of the Cauca.

The people of the valley look upon Cali as a great metropolis, and had led me to expect something of it; but as a matter of fact it is a very commonplace little town, about like 20,000 other towns in Latin America. I had picked up an acquaintance on board ship with an Italian, and we came up

town together to look for a hotel. We had been recommended to the pension Ortiz, which was said to embody all modern conveniences, but when we got there it didn't look very good to me,--too much like what I had been used to since leaving Ibagué. But I left my baggage there and took a look around, and finally stumbled onto the Hotel Majestic, which had just been opened two days previously,--a brand new place. It looked mighty good, but the price sort of stunned me. I went away, and thought it over, and finally decided I was going, for once, to live like a white man if it took the last cent I had. So I brought my baggage around, and was given a nice clean room with running water in it, and a spring bed. And I took off all my old dirty clothes, and got out the best I had, and cleaned up properly. And I went down to dinner, and My Goodness! A clean tablecloth, and shiny silverware (everything brand new) and good food! That night I slept in my silk pajamas.

After hanging around Cali four or five days and combing the market pretty thoroughly, and getting in touch with a couple of American missionaries here (one of whom is from Lawrence, Kas, and knows Clarence Hall) I decided that I was going over to see Mr Eder, who owns a sugar hacienda near Palmira, on the other side of the valley. So over I went, after advising him that I was coming (our minister in Bogotá gave me a letter to him) and they met me at the train and took me home in a fine big automobile. I have spent five days out there, as I wrote you yesterday. And they have been delightful ones, and calculated to put me in fighting trim
once more.

The Cauca is very beautiful. In ten or twenty years more, when they get things opened up a bit,--better hotels for one matter,-it will be a delightful place to visit. There are very few foreigners here at present, so I do not have many people to fall back on (I have failed to get as cordial a welcome from the Colombians as I did from the Costa Ricans) and I have to go it alone a good deal of the time. I would have enjoyed staying a month at La Manuelita (Mr Eder's hacienda), had there been work to keep me in that vicinity. But I really do not feel that this region offers material to pay for further work, and I am going down to Ecuador, where I imagine I will find it a bit more convenient to work than I have in Colombia, because the country is smaller. Probably I will spend between two and three months in Ecuador, and then pass into Peru; my present plan is to stay only a couple of weeks in Lima, to go over the avocados, and then go to Mollendo, up to Arequipa, and on up to Cuzco, where I would like to stay a couple of weeks; and then work south-across lake Titicaca, and by rail down to La Paz, and by rail on down to Chuqui where I will stop with the Schmidts for a week or so, as a sort of vacation.

Perhaps I will write you from Buenaventura, after getting the mail from you which I understand awaits me there. If I have to wait several days for a boat, as I anticipate, I will do so.

Ever lovingly yours

Will.

Buenaventura, Colombia
7 December 1920.

Dear old Dad:

I got here last night, and came up to the Cable Office, where I'm sitting on the porch overlooking the harbor, and watching for a steamer which is due today, and which I hope will take me to Guayaquil.

Early this morning our Consul's agent brought me a packet of letters from you, most of which had come direct here, but two or two from Bogotá; the dates were between Oct 5 and 18. It is just a month since I left Bogotá and had the last word from you.

What a surprise that about Bob Hempstead! I'm sure you must have liked him, and still more sure that he now realizes I have the finest deal in existence. You must lend him for a neighbor! I think he is favorably inclined toward Calif, and I greatly hope he will settle there. I have just written him a note telling him I have heard of his visit to Altaville, and expressing the wish that he will decide to make Pasadena his home.

John D. Cooper
I have just received your review of my book, and

your account of its reception at the Assoc's meeting,
 were also good news of course. I thought it a
 good time to write Doug a note, which I have
 just done. - he has always been a good friend
 to me.

I shall doubtless find a copy of the book awaiting
 me at Quito, where I will likely arrive about
 the 20th of this month. I shall probably get out of
 the day after tomorrow; reach Guayaquil by the 15th
 at the latest (the ship will probably call at Tumaco)
 and after a couple of days there go up to Quito. I
 feel good to be moving to a new country.

I'm glad Betty and Lucie liked their names.
 You bet I'm on the lookout for hammocks but -
 they seem to be very scarce good ones are, that is. It
 is no use getting one unless it is better than you can
 get in the States. I may find what I want
 in Guayaquil, and if I do, you and Paul shall
 each have one. I expect to pick up some
 blankets in Peru, and I have a plan to get 2
 more from Guatemala than Cameron Townsend
 of Antigua; so I think by the time I finish
 this trip we will be staked up all around.
 It will probably be my last chance of

course, so I'm not going to miss anything good.

You I think you are right about keeping this stuff in the family: between our four households (Paul's, Herb's, yours + mine) we can utilize a lot of it. I think it was right to give Paul and Betty the 2 goat^s blankets: Paul has done an awful lot for me in these last years. When I get two more of them we will have all we need at home, and P+B can really use two in the valley, I feel sure.

I'm glad Ithaca is still in the way. My warm regards to her when next you talk with her. I shall inquire for her repairs in Lima in Feb. or March.

Well: Buenaventura isn't much of a place: people in Colombia always speak badly of it. But it is 500% better than most of the Central American ports - In Jon's de Guatemala for example - I met the mgr of the All America Cables at our Legation in Bogotá, & hence am staying in their building here which is very decent. I won't suffer here no matter how long I have to wait for a ship: but I feel some of getting me in 2 or 3 days. There is a great ~~deal of shipping~~ on our coast just now.

4.

The Quillota is expected today, going north: that's why I am sending this letter, as she is a P&O mail steamer. The Acayuta of the same line is in port right now, going South - but only as far as Iquitos.

It's raining here every day & consequently cool, - or relatively so. I'm drinking with our Consul on Sat. tonight, and in general enjoying myself. My next will be from Guayaquil I imagine.

Ever devotedly yours
Will

No Carbon

Guayaquil, Dec 15 1920

Dear Old Dad:

At Last! Not a Christmas in the West Indies, but the hammock for you,--that hammock which I have pursued from Guatemala southward. As previously informed, Guayaquil seems to be the place for hammocks, and I have this morning bought, carefully packed, and dispatched to you by parcel post (witness enclosed receipt) two extra choice ones,--the best I could find. These hammocks are something like the one we used to have, wh I believe you brot from Costa Rica; they are made of rather heavy fiber, and are said to be quite durable. They ought not to be allowed to get wet, however. I send you two, and you can pick out the one you like best for Ahuacatlan, and let Paul use the other, if you want to; but these are your hammocks, and you are to dispose of them as you see fit.

In making out the customs declaration, I put down the value as 20 sucres. This is exactly what they cost me, each one, and sucres are today at 3 to 1; ergo, the cost in gold of these hammocks is about \$6.65 each. I advise you so you wont let em stick you too hard on duties at that end. I regret that I could not send these to you via the pouch, but they are altogether too large; Mr Rorer, however, tells me that he has found Parcel Post from here to the States quite trustworthy.

Incidentally, I have sent Daisy Bell one of these hammocks, for her Florida place.

I am now engaged in an investigation of the jipijapa hat industry. Mr Goding, our consul here, has "put me on" to a dealer whom he says is absolutely reliable and reasonable in price; and I find that I will not ~~gain~~ by going inland to buy hats, as they are made here on the coast, and I will not be in the hat-making towns. So I am likely to get my hats right here. After looking em over, I dont believe we want the very high priced ones: they are so thin that I believe they would very soon break in that dry California climate; we will have to get hats with sufficient body to stand up under the strain. I think I shall probably buy a few of about the quality I brot home from Guatemala,--I presume Paul has one of them, the one I wore in Washington during my last sojourn there.

When I get these hats offn m y hands, now that I have sent the hammocks, I will be free to attend to Govt business once more.

Well: to go back to my trip: I was sitting around in Buenaventura, when the Pulaski came in, an American tramp of 4000 tons, built during the war, or begun during the war, and on her second voyage. The Captain and officers were all ex-navy men, and the Capt kindly agreed to bring me down, tho he wasnt allowed to carry passengers. He signed me on the ship's articles as assistant purser, and gave me for a cabin the little rest-room on the starboard side of the wheel, opening onto the bridge. It was fine and cool~~d~~ up there and I didnt miss anything that transpired. The grub

to the poke chops and beefsteaks. I spent my time reading, ~~and~~ standing on the bridge to assist the navigating officer. I really had quite an experience. We were at sea about three days, and got into Guayaquil harbor at dusk, so I stayed on board until yesterday morning, then came ashore, and to the hotel Tivoli, which is quite good. Guayaquil is altogether quite a port; much better than anything I have seen north of here. It is bigger than Panama City, and bigger than Vera-Cruz, tho somewhat comparable to the latter in general character. Not a bad place.

Yesterday I hunted up James Birch Rorer, a pathologist now employed by the Cacao growers here, ^{who} worked some years in Trinidad, and a great friend of Mr Fairchild. Found him at home at 5 pm last evening, and stayed with him for dinner; also found a Mr Scott, British oil engineer whom I met on the Magdalena river, and who is going to take me out for an auto ride this afternoon. There is a train up to Quito day after tomorrow (three a week) and I had planned to take it, but Mr Rorer wants me to make a trip out into the country tomorrow with Mrs Rorer and himself, to see a man who says he has some mangosteen trees and 16 kinds of mangos, so I will not start for Quito until Monday morning. The Rorers are fine people, and it is a great pleasure to meet them, after those Confounded Colombians. I fear you wont find in me a very warm friend of Colombia in future days; I'll be warm, but not a warm friend.

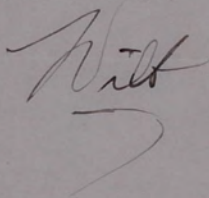
I think I am going to like Ecuador very much. Probably

after I have seen the highlands. I can understand already, however, why the botanists all come to Ecuador instead of going to Colombia; this country is more civilized, and you can get around around better. Travel in Colombia isnt any cinch, as a general thing.

I begin to wish I hadnt bought ruanas in Colombia; Mrs Rorer says they are much prettier and cheaper here. Just my luck. I will probably have to get one or two here anyway, to complete my collection.

Well; I'm going to take my dinner, and then go out to see if there has been a drop in the hat market since morning. My next will probably be from Quito.

Ever lovingly

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Will", with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

No carbon

Guayaquil, December 20 1920

Dear Dad:

I have stayed just one week longer in Guayaquil than I originally planned. Mr Rorer wanted me to go out into the country on a three days' trip, to see some interesting fruit trees; so I did so, and we had a very pleasant as well as profitable time. Mrs Rorer went along, and we stayed in their temporary quarters at Chobo, where they are getting a new experiment station under way.

After coming back to Guayaquil, I planned to go up to Quito yesterday morning, but it happens that Mr Scott, consulting engineer for the Tropical Oil Co., is going up tomorrow, and as it is a long two days' trip, and he wanted me to wait for him, I decided to do so, since I had plenty to do here in Guayaquil to utilize the time. Yesterday noon, for example, I entertained the Captain and Purser of the SS Pulaski, on which I came here from Buenaventura, at lunch here in the Tivoli. We all ate so much that it almost laid us out. Then last night the Haskellis (Mr H was formerly in the U S D A, and now with Mr Rorer) had me out for dinner; and the previous evening I dined with the Rorers, Mrs R, by request, setting up a generous strawberry shortcake, with whipped cream that would stand alone. It was fine. The Chilean fragaria is not quite so good, however, as the garden hybrids cultivated at Glendale and Gardena.

I have bought a grammar of Quichua, dialect spoken in Ecuador (as distinguished from the "classical" Quichua of Guaco) and I am starting in to ~~learn~~ ^{write} something of the language of the Incas. I do not expect, however, to get very far in a language in which the shortest way to write 786,253 is the following: canchis pazzac puseac chungu sueta huaranga ishaal pazzac pishca chungu quimsa.

Yesterday morning I was tempted by another hammock which I saw displayed in front of a shop, so I dropped sueres 15, and dispatched the hammock to you by parcels post. This makes 3 I have sent, and is all I will send unless you ask for more. There should now be one for yourself, Paul, and myself in the family; tho I am not strong on having you keep one for me, since these hammocks rot if not kept in use, and I dont know as mine would be any good by the time I got around to occupying it. Probably you had best keep all three in use, and then if there is anything left of them by the time I have a place for one, I can take it.

and by the way, I have got your Panama hat, genuine
for a while yet, as you would
of the year anyway. It is a very
nice article; not exceedingly fine weave, but fine enough, and

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Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA

a good firm substantial article that ought to last you at least five seasons. The dealer here tells me that the way to clean Panamas is lo siguiente: take a brush and scrub the hat lightly with cold water, to moisten it; then rub into it, with the brush, flowers of sulfur; then set the hat in the sun for two or three hours, to let it bleach, after which you remove the superfluous sulfur, and have a hat which looks like new.

They have some rather large openwork Panamas here, woven with various designs in them, for ladies. If Betty would care for one, I can pick up one as I go thru Guayaquil on my way out, and send it up from Lima. The only reason I was doubtful about it is because I do not feel sure an openwork hat would be good in the bright sunshine of the Coachella. I could get a large plain Panama, perhaps; I saw one yesterday with very broad brim, which would be good to keep the sun off. Maybe I will buy it if I see it again. My plan is to send yours from Quito later on, when I have a ruana or two to send with it. I dont want to send more than one pkg to you thru the pouch from Quito if I can help it; we dont want to overwork this method.

I tell you, we are accumulating some nice South American (and Central American) products up there, and I hope they will all be useful. It will probably be my last chance to pick up these things, and while I am spending more money on them than I would like, or had anticipated, it seems to me that the opportunity is too good to miss. Anyway, most of the things are ones which will keep us from buying others to furnish our respective houses, and they are cheaper here than in the States, by far,--especially the blankets. I find they make pretty nice blankets here, but they are small. I shall doubtless get one or two, just to complete my collection, but they wont be as serviceable as the Guatemalans. I am going to get another pair of the latter, when I come home (thru friends in Guatemala) as they will last a lifetime and be mighty useful. They are the best blankets to sleep under which I have ever seen. I expect if Bob Hempstead settles in California we can get him to bring us up a new blanket every once in a while. He is the sort of a fellow one can ask for that kind of a thing. If I find a really choice vicuña or llama wool blanket down in Peru, I am going to have it; or I may get one of those vicuña fur rugs, like the Websters have; if I can pick it up at a reasonable price. They say the good ones cost \$75 to \$100, U S.

Well, I am going to clean up a few odd jobs and do my packing, to dispatch my heavy baggage this p.m. Mr Scott and I are planning to eat Christmas dinner together in Quito (his wife and boy are in England, and he feels a bit lonely over the outlook for Christmas) and no doubt we will have a very pleasant day of it. I shall probably get my mail on the 24th, and have it as a Christmas present,--and it will be a good one.

By the way, I think I am getting down to countries where the price is right, and where I can use parcels post at least once in a while. I dont want to sell me some hats at 3 times the right price, but no hubo negocio. Now to work.

Ever lovingly yours

Quito, Ecuador,
Christmas Day 1920.

Beloved Dad and all the rest:

Christmas Day on the Equator! As one means of celebrating, I have just stepped out and purchased myself a 1-lb tin of Lowney's American Beauty Chocolates, which cost me sueres 4 and centavos 0 only; and strange to relate, the same species of chocolates, packed in a cheap pasteboard carton so that there are usually worms in 'em, instead of this airtight friction top tin, costs sueres 6. The way of the Latin American passeth understanding.

As another means of celebrating, I have read the huge stack of mail from Home which I found here upon my arrival night before last, and the which has brought much joy and gladness to my heart, because of the agreeable news therein contained.

And as third way of celebrating, I am putting on my esmoking (Tuxedo) this evening and stepping out to the Amlegation, where I will dine inthe midst of a dozen of my worthy compatriots, and we will doubtless drink the health of the President of the United States. I only hope I keep sober.

Thus endeth the enumeration of the principal ways in which I am celebrating this Christmas on the Equator; but I am celebrating it in other ways also: thinking a great deal about all of you, and what you are doing today; and thinking how well the world in general is treating me; and pawing over the Manual of Tropical and Subtropical Fruits which I found here, and which somehow seems to crystallize the work of the last ten years of my life. But by the long beard of the prophet, I could and do cuss Bailey for treating my illustrations so rotten! The plates are not worthy of a Popenoe production, and he has made some of my costly line drawings so small I can hardly see them. Never mind: he says the Macmillans think they are facing a loss on the production of the work anyway, so I can hardly blame them for wanting to hold down on the illustrations. After all, the purpose of the work is to advance the science of tropical pomology, and I think it does this without the pictures. I have noted several typographical errors, and two errors of fact, which I would not have made had I written the book after seeing Costa Rica and Colombia: but they are very minor errors. And Paul old boy! You did me proud on that index. It was a big job, and I bet you groaned over it; but you and your Betty shall have some nice South

(Later: It was gratifying!)

Before running over your letters to comment on numerous matters of common interest, I will give you a brief account of my ride up from Guayaquil. To wit, viz:

I had agreed to come up with Mr Scott (here called Escott, of course) so we boarded the vapor Colón at the Guayaquil dock just at daybreak the other morning, and crossed the river to the railroad station, and settled ourselves in two seats in the first class car. At Naranjito I regaled myself with two big slabs of Smooth Cayenne pineapple (I rarely put down a big batch of pineapple without wishing old Paul could share it with me; it is one of the prime blessings of the tropics, this *Ananas sativus*). At Huigra we had a bad dinner at the eating house, and rode most of the afternoon through dry and uninteresting country. I got my first glimpse of the llama, there being a few groups of them pasturing along the track; and if Mr Scott had not discouraged me I should have bought and eaten a roast guinea pig at Cajabamba; but I will do it on the way down, when I am alone. They look like rats, but otherwise are probably allright.

We got into Riobamba about nightfall, went up to the hotel Metropolitano and slept there, turned out at 4.30 and took the train again at 6, for Quito. At 9 o'clock we reached Ambato, and the first thing I saw there was a big basket of the most beautiful strawberries I have seen since I left Gardena Junction. I hailed the squaw who was selling them, and when I found she only asked 60 centavos (20 cents) for the basket and all (the fruit, about 5 pints) I didnt even argue, but just bought em immejitly; and if you could have stood outside my respective window for the next ten minutes you would have seen more strawberry hulls falling than three hullers could ordinarily produce. There were some plums on sale also, but before I was well down into that basket of strawberries I was hors de combat, and I will leave the plums until I go down there to work this next week.

The ride up from Riobamba was rather interesting. The country appeals to me as being more highly agricultural than Colombia; I am now, of course, in Quichua territory, and the Quichuas, under the sovereignty of the Incas, ~~are~~ about the Greatest agricultural people that ever happened, in their own small way. I saw lots of Indians, which made me happy, for there are no genuine Injuns in Colombia, at least in the inhabited regions: they have all been put in pantaloons, and when you put an Indian in pantaloons you altogether destroy his decorative value. These Ecuadorian Indians embellish the landscape greatly, but standing around in their brilliant ponchos. And speaking about ponchos, I have come to the right place at last. The poncho is nothing but a larger ruana (Paul, you lie: I always did and always shall spell it ruana) but they are heavier, more like a Mexican zarape, and my! but some of the most beautiful. You bet your sweet life I and one for the future Mrs

W Popenoe, and probably one for myself and one for FOP. If I could only ship 'em home I would send a dozen, for they are much cheaper than Colombian ruanas, for their size; they cost 10 to 25 sucres each, according to quality, and sucres are now 3 for 1 dollar. But I will have to depend upon the pouch to get them home, and I do not want to work this method too hard; so if we can't bring together 3 or 4 of 'em in California we will have to be satisfied. I expect when Betty gets hers she will want to throw away her Bogotana ruana; unless she decides the poncho is too big and heavy to wear and prefers to use it as a sofa cover or something of that sort.

To return: we got into Quito at 3 p m, and came up to the Gran Hotel Metropolitano, which is about the neatest thing for the price I have seen anywhere. I am paying 8 sucres per diem, and living in exceeding comfort. They even stick the morning paper under your door every day at 7; and serve you toothpicks done up in tissue paper envelopes, and have a kid in the lobby dressed in blue pants and a scarlet coat, with scarlet cap at an angle of 60 degrees with the vertical meridian, to take your coat and hat, and wish you Merry Christmas (at ten cents per head). Modern, I tell you. I had only been here long enough to shave and put on a clean collar, when I set out to find the Allegation. I found it, and the minister wasn't in, nor any one of the clerical force. I almost threw a fit. The "boy" said "come back tomorrow". I almost threw him down the steps. I returned an hour later and found the minister, who had just sent a telegram to Bogotá to ask them if they knew of my whereabouts. Well sir, he turned over a huge pile of mail, and invited me to Christmas dinner, and was exceedingly cordial and informal, and I came away feeling good. That night I sat up into the wee sma' hours reading my letters and feasting my eyes on Tropical and Subtropical Frts.

Finding that Paul said he had sent me some dates, I hustled to the G.P.O. in the morning to inquire for them. When I presented myself at the proper window, after trying six or eight, I fancied I could detect a suspicion of a grin upon the face of the gunakji. No, there was nothing there for me. Maybe they will come yet, but I am not over sanguine. They do say, however, that parcel post is very slow to this point.

I like Quito. It is smaller than Bogotá, not so well laid out, the buildings are shabbier in general, and the place looks even more like a far-away town in a mountain fastness than does Bogotá. But there is not that multitude of self-sufficient, effugively polite, silk-hatted, frock coated lot of loafers one sees in Bogotá, strolling about the street corners telling each other how infinitely superior they are to the Yankees. The people seem much more friendly, and the Indians make it very interesting to me. The country looks interesting, and I imagine I am going to find more to add here than in Colombia, and enjoy myself more while I am here. I shall probably make in January from the exception of a trip I shall probably make in January from

here up to the Colombian border and perhaps over as far as Pasto. After I get into Peru I will probably have little use for my saddle, for I do not intend to stop very long in that country, nor, likely, in Chile. But as for getting home in time for the date crop of 1921, I do not feel sure of doing it, yet it is not impossible that I may. I surely want an opportunity to work up that subject with Paul, for I believe we can turn out an able contribution: as to the next mtg of the APS, Paul, I believe it is in 1921; they are biennial and come, I think, in the odd years. But the Proceedings are usually slow in coming out, and we could put in anything up to the time they go to press.

As to Herb, I wrote him a letter from Guayaquil asking him to tell me something about his studies, but I find here full particulars, so he need not trouble about it.

Unless I get awfully tired of this trip (wh I do not believe I am going to do, now that Colombia is out of the way) I would hate like thunder to pass by the West Indies on the way home. I havent yet forgotten how I passed by France when I came home from Algeria eight yrs ago, and how I have never had a chance to get back since. And father, just between you and me, I would really prefer to be in the WI alone, than with Allanson. I like him mighty well, and would be mighty glad to have him with me here, or in Colombia; but in the WI, I dont intend to work very hard, but just to familiarize myself with the country, and enjoy it; and I can probably do it better alone. Mr Rorer here will give me letters to some of his good friends in Trinidad, and they will probably pass me on to others, and I imagine I can stay on the plantations just about as long as I want. With the scanty funds the OFs now complains of, I dont believe they will try to send Allanson down, anyway. Really, you know, I get along pretty well in this traveling business, and am not half so lonesome as you all imagine. When I get the least bit lonesome, it is reflected in my letters; I was a trifle disgusted in Colombia, but on the whole never seriously so, and it is the first touch of it I have had in some years, and due then more to fatigue than anything else. I am having a pretty interesting time of it, and getting quite a little material, and data for future publications, and all in all, I am not at all in a hurry to come home. I intend to finish this avocado survey before I do so, unless something unforeseen comes up to prevent. You see, when I get home this time I intend to sit back and live on my reputation for quite a while, so I have got to stay out long enough to acquire a reputation.

Paul: you are booked for a bunch of leather thongs, which I will pick up one of these days; and you are booked for two pairs of good riding breeches, wh I will bring home with me, probably waiting to get them made in Chile, since the tailors are not much good up here; and you are always as I can pick up, -- ponchos for floor, couch, or pillow covers. I only wish I had some safe way to get more stuff home to

you; lack of shipping facilities is my limiting factor. I could make your house look like the nayaajo indian room at the El Tovar hotel. We'll probably get together quite a little collection, as it is. Those fiber mats from Colombia which FOP advises were received will do you well, I think: they have fine wearing qualities. And father, as I wrote you from Cali I sent you two more of them, from Cali: they may never reach you, but if they do, don't save em for me. The three that you say you are holding for me is a-plenty.

Father, I quite approve of renting Ahuacatlan every winter, provided you don't try to live alone in the Ofc. It will bring you in some awful easy money.

Father, the 50 dollar check from Robbins Russel duly recd. I will get things for him as I can, limited only by my shipping facilities. I wouldn't be surprised if \$10 put into one of those Guayaquil hammocks, wh I could ship parcels post, would be a good investment. When I am down there on my way to Peru I may do it. Of course, I understand he wants ponchos and blankets mainly, but they are pretty hard to get home and I will have to send them one at a time.

Paul, Herb grossly maligns me in saying that I have that Montgomeryward magnifier. I guess the knife went where my fine Filipino Bolo went. I don't exactly know where that was, but it wasnt to Altadena.

And say Paul, if you and Betty don't like that Guayaquil hammock I sent you, then I'll eat it.--Tell the Adorable Sister that my picture in the ruana was taken at the end of an 80 mile walk in the Andes, and that at the particular time I was about as tired as I have been on this trip; but all that is long since forgotten.---Glad to hear that our offshoots are not as badly mixed as some folks thot. Evidently ^{Drummond} told me a lot about it, for he spoke to me about it when he was in Calif a year ago in Oct. Getting the labels mixed isnt so bad, as long as the varieties are ^{read} Saadi Aswad. By the way, now that you are in the field, read over our date chapter in Trop and Subtrop Fruits and tell me if you think it is okeh. I doubt if I will be able to get you a good hip-knife; they dont make steel in these parts, you know. When I come back I will give you my small Collins, which would probably be a very useful thing for you. That is, I'll give it to you if it isnt stolen in the interim.---I'll put down Dr Carlos Enrique Paz Soldan, and try to see him in Lima.---If you get a bill from Buckeye Nurseries for grapefruit trees sent to Dr Macphail, pay it, per and pro me.--Tell Betty I got her note written from the Mission Inn, and thank her muchly for it.

American Minister recommends that I send all my mail from here thru his pouch, so probably I will do it; you put on Ecuadorian stamps (so as not to rob the Ecuadorian govt of mail em at the State Dept in

Father, you say that Robbins would like to have blankets like our Guatemalans: but you forget that these can only be obtained in Guatemala: I may get hold of another pair of them some day, but down here they dont make them so large, altho they are very pretty. I will probably get him one or two here. I may send them from Guayaquil by parcel post, as they tell me it is pretty safe. He would have to pay the duty on them, but it shouldnt be very much. Done, but I wish I could just step out here and buy one dozen of the blankets that are on sale, and one dozen ponchos, and know of some way to land them on you safely! Its an opportunity.

Father, DF was quite taken with my photographs of the giant blackberry, and has apparently been stirring up all his friends, inasmuch as I sent seeds and plants which he can distribute. He is publishing my report on it in the J of H. By the way, he certainly hasnt complimented me very much on my book, but then, I never expected he would, for I never really thought that he was enthusiastic about having me write it. He is not keen on having me write the one with Shamel either. I cant exactly figure out what his objections are. He wrote me of Trop and Subtrop Arts that he "thought it would sell well" and then went on to say that Bailey had treated me rotten on the matter of illustrations. That was all. Miss Spraker notes that the Citrograph published a picture of me in connection with a review of the work: I suppose it is the cut they had made when I went to Mexico for Webber. By the way, if you want the book reviewed again for any publication, I think Shamel could do better than Dug Coolidge, if he would undertake it. He understands the commercial side better.

Say, Dad, dont you think that system of packing shipments in cotton bags, or sewing them up in cotton cloth, is about the only way? Its the way poor old Meyer used to do, and I dont believe you can beat it.--You tell Herb that by the time he is married I expect to have accumulated three or four more big Guatemalan blankets, so he can have a pair just like Paul has. I dont believe better blankets are made in the world; they are so generously large, and so thick and warm. The Hayas are a Great race. Ask Sylvanus Morley.---Thanks for the good letter from Shamel wh you enclosed in one of yours. I certainly must get him something. Maybe I will send him a Guayaquil hammock when I go down again. I am somewhat struck with those hammocks. I will probably hear from you before I go down there again, as to whether or not yours have arrived promptly; if they go thru well I may get Shamel one and Robbins one, and if you know anybody else you want to spend \$10 on, or think I ought to spend \$10 on, let me know. I feel as tho I was spending money like a drunken sailor these days, but Ecuador and Peru are probably the only two countries in which I can get these nice things, and once I am out of them, it will be a long, long time before we have another opportunity. and I dont think I am getting are good practical men. So let her go. What's money for? as you ask.

I do not think I will leave Ecuador much before March 1. It all depends, of course, on what I find here. So continue to address me here until I advise you.

Picture of Betty in ruana, breeches, and boots, recd. Before I looked at it closely I thought it was Paul. You tell her to wear the ruana any way she likes. As she noted in my foto, I wear the slit down the chest, or when it is cold, put it up close to my neck and let the slit go down the back. The important part of ruana-wearing, however, is to know how to throw it back over your shoulders when it gets warm: first fold the lower edge (in front) upward about three inches from the right side to the left side, then throw the right side back over the shoulder, and the left ditto, and if the sides still hang down, give them a second throw or fold over the shoulder. The Colombians do this so the thing hangs down very gracefully over the back: when I get there I will show you.

Allright, Dad, I will send you some fotos before I leave Ecuador. I am having them all developed in G'quil now, and wont get them until I go down there again. --

I havent made a carbon of this, as I am short on paper, and tomorrow is Sunday and I cant buy any.

Thassall for this time. I believe there is a pouch going out about the end of the month, and this will go in it.

Ever lovingly yours

Will

Quito, the day after Christmas,
1920.

Belovedest of all beloved Dads:

Yesterday afternoon I wrote a rather long letter, intended for all of you, and which I will send by the Diplomatic pouch as it is safer; but I am going to write this one just for you, and send it in the ordinary mail thinking it may go out sooner than the pouch. The pouch service here is not very regular, but is of course safe.

Well, dad, the worst is over: Colombia is behind me, and I don't think I have any more hard territory ahead, either. I shall never be sorry for having tackled Colombia, and I would do it again if there were anything to be gained by it. As I look back on it now, I realize that I really wasn't so very blue or discouraged at any time while I was there. I was rather tired, as I wrote you previously, and before getting your letter to this effect, I had already resolved that I would not again push myself as hard on this trip as I did during my last month in Colombia. It's all right to spurt up for a short time, and when the circumstances demand it, but to work under pressure for several weeks is too wearing, and there is no doubt that the principal cause of "blueness" in myself, as well as with you, is nothing but fatigue.

Distance lends enchantment to the view, because it lends activity to the imagination: and it also makes little troubles which really do not worry me very much, look big to you at that distance. I am such an old hand at this game now, that I am not in any danger of getting really homesick. And you know that by nature I am of a cheerful disposition, and I think I have just a bit of mother's grit, and I never get to the point where I really feel discouraged and want to quit. No sir, no son of my mother will ever quit! She didn't bring us up to do it.

You, at that distance, have thought that I was a good deal more discouraged in Colombia than I really was at any time. It was rather hard sledding,--perhaps the hardest I have had since my Mexican experience,--but still, men don't expect to have it smooth all the time, and shouldn't kick when it is rough for a while. You are right when you say that it is evident that I want to cuss out the Colombians. I have stuck it out, and in fact it wasn't serious at any time, but I did get most unconsciously tired of their belly-aching. Yes sir, had I been a cussing man, you would have heard me say "Damn these Colombians!" on numerous occasions!

Yesterday and today I have just been loafing around my room, reading my mail over, fondling that book (which I will confess looks pretty good to me, except for that awful beautifol photograph, for which I shall not allude to) and thinking what a lucky chap I am, after all. Haven't I you, and Paul and Betty, and Herb, and the

Fairchilds, and a hundred other good friends? When I got here and saw the array of letters which was awaiting me, it made me realize more than ever that I have more friends than any man deserves to have.

Yes, I think you and I would naturally feel the loss of darling mother more than Paul and Herb, because, of course, they each have someone left on whom to lavish their affection. From the letters of Betty which you sent, I can see that she is a very demonstrative and affectionate girl, and one that will be a great comfort to Paul (and to you, too?; and Herb's Lucile is also demonstrative, to Herb at least, and undoubtedly makes him very happy. But somehow I feel that after all, we really still have mother with us; her spirit is in the heart of each one of us, and it is more than ever my aim to live up to her ideals, and to utilize to the fullest those rare gifts with which she has, I believe, endowed all of us.

From now on I am pretty sure to be among interesting people most of the time, and further than that, I will be traveling fairly rapidly, so that things wont have time to pall on me,--"no scene twice seen", as the Balloon Route says. I am going right ahead with the work and not think as yet about coming home; when I finish the job I started out to do, I will come. After all, there is no great rush about it, as long as my health is good down here, and I am laying aside pretty nearly \$2000 a year. That money will come mighty handy, you know, in helping me to get a little property there in the Coachella which will in later years assure me a living income, if for any reason I am incapacitated and cant go on with my present work.

I have just written Allanson, telling him if he is coming down here, to come soon, and spend four or five months with me in Chile, and between Chile and the WI: if he comes, he can stay with me that long and then go home if I want to hand around the WI for two or three months. The more I think about it, the more I believe it would be a tremendous error for me to cut out the WI on this trip, if I am feeling fit when I get that far along. I ll have plenty of time in later years to hold my nose to the Washington grindstone, and as for getting home, it wont matter very much whether it is three or four months one way or tother.

By the way, what do you know about Betty's sister Emily? Have you seen a picture of her? If she is much like Betty, I would be interested to see her on the way home, if the family is still in NY. I always keep one eye on the ball, you know.

When I get back from this trip I am going to have writing enough to do to keep me busy for several years; first there is the avocado monograph, then the book with Shmuel, and then the book I have planned on Ornamental Gardening in the Tropics. And in addition to these three major works, I will have a dozen papers and articles of various sorts to prepare.

I guess I wont send any more textiles from down here to Lucile for the time being; I have sent her several things,

all of wh I believe will be useful to her; but she is not of course a connoisseur on this Indian stuff, and probably will not appreciate it the way the rest of us do. When she and Herb are tied up, I can cut loose a few things for them to use in their home. What I want to do from now until I get to Chile, is to send up just as much usable stuff as I can, to be equitably divided between P and EP, yourself, and myself; and of course my stuff you can, in many cases, utilize at Ahuacatlan until I have need for it, wh may not be for 3 or 4 yrs yet.

I am asking in my other letter, wh goes via the pouch, if I shall send a fiber hammock up for Archie Smeal and one for Robbins. If you will let me know at once, I will probably get the word in plenty of time to dispatch them as I pass thru Guayaquil on my way to Peru, if you want them sent. I dont know whether one would be suitable for Smeal or not; and of course you may already have given him something.

Well, I'm going to dress in my dinner jacket now to go out and dine at the Legation again. Those folks are hospitable. They are good, plain, sensible Americans, no high-life stuff about them. The drinks last night at the Christmas dinner were ginger ale and grape juice. If it had been at the Bogota legation we would have had a cocktail before dinner; two kinds of wine, and champagne, with the dinner, a liqueur afterward, and then whisky and soda on tap all evening for the old soaks. Pretty hard life, that!

I am getting more and more to believe that the alcohol and tobacco habits are something more than mere habits: that they are constitutional in some way or other. Although I have smoked on numerous occasions, I never have the least desire to keep it up, and altho have to get away with a cocktail or something of the sort every once in a while during my travels in these countries, I never have the slightest desire to keep that up either. I hope Herb wont settle down into a habitual smoker. I dont believe he will, now that he has Lucile to influence him. Is he smoking now, do you know? I believe it will be better for all three of us if we dont smoke habitually; but particularly Herb and myself, who are more nervous by temperament than Paul, should not indulge in it too extensively.

Know that I think of you an awful lot, dearest dad, and I am looking forward to some big times when I get back to that Southland of P D Barnhart once more, and can alternate between Paul and Betty's Coachella home and our little botanic garden at Ahuacatlan. By the way, what sort of a crop is Capasso getting off our grove this winter?

Always devotedly your own

Will