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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.

Dad:

(See other side)

I wish you could have Bob Hempstead with you for a week or two, when he gets ready to travel but not quite ready to return to Guatemala. You would enjoy him, and it help to get him anchored in California.

Pls return the enclose letter to Paul, if he is to keep it,--I received it from him. That is, mother's letter from Pinehurst. I have greatly enjoyed reading it, particularly to recall to me what a model boy Paul was during those years that you were away from home a good deal, and how my interest in strawberries stuck out. Wouldnt it be interesting if my Ambato strawberry amounted to something in the States, and I should at last really have a useful part in the development of strawberry culture? I dont quite dare hope for it; but the Ambato strawberry is a mighty interesting thing. Dont forget to ask Bisset to book you for a few plants, which you are to put on sandy ground, in full sun, and give no fertilizer and exceedingly little water. If you irrigate em, the fruits get scarce and small,--here at least. I cant quite understand the behavior of this plant: it is contrary to all the "laws" of horticulture.

If I am off in the mountains and forget to do it later, you will please extend my ongratulations to Herb on his 22nd birthday, now rapidly apporaching.

I'm wearing my new poncho; warmest thing I ever seed. It is certainly beautiful wool. It cost \$6.66 gold; you could not get so much wool in the states for that price.

I wont get down to Guayaquil again until about the end of February or first of Marc; I'll leave my baggage there and go inland to southern Ecuador, and probably come out about the end of March. So you can catch me with mail at the Consulate General in Guayaquil anytime during March, probably, and after that the Amlegation in Lima for a month.

I hope PP gets something lined up in the way of a private date garden for himself and myself before long, so I can put all my loose capital into it before I get home. Because once I get to Washn, if I have all that money in the bank, I am going to eat a hole into it; whereas if I havent it in the bank, I will limit myself to my salary and be just as happy if not more so. Such is life.

Later: The clerk at the Amlegation just tells me that he has been to the parcels post office, and that he found listed on the book of arrivals, a parcel for "Mr Wilson of the Amlegation, and he aske to seed it: and found it was for me. But on examing the package, he found that there was nothing there but the container and wrapper; that the package had been opened and everything removed. So my dates are gone, - at least of the shipment you sent, and of the one Paul sent long ago, I do not doubt that the postal clerks consumed the last one two months hence. Dont send me any more, dates. These fellows are a pack of darn scoundrels, that's what they are. I suppose if it had been a shipment of bath-sponges or prayer books it would have reached me quite safely.

W

Ambato, Ecuador,
1 January 1921.

Dearest old Dad:

I'll stop writing poetry (or trying to; I wasn't getting anywhere with one verse on which I was working) and do a letter to you before this first day of the New Year is finished. I can't afford to let the year get a head start on me in the matter of writing to you!

The band just walked by, 37 strong, at the head of the local garrison, 45 strong (pretty nearly as much band as garrison but that is proper in Latin-America) and of course I turned out (to my balcony overlooking the street) to see them do it. In in the grand Continental Hotel, which is an exact duplicate of 99 other hotels in which I have stopped from Guatemala, Mexico, southward to this point. It's hellish, and that's just about all. There don't seem to be many places, in spite of warnings to the contrary, and the food is at best - if you don't go too near the kitchen.

Christmas

and believe that ~~the~~ ~~day~~ ~~so~~ it was meet
I today

I have not. I went out in the a.m. with Dr Navarro of Quito, author of the enclosed article, to photograph some woods trees; took my dinner here at the great Continental, came up to my room and slept like a log from 1 to 2; read a bit; went out and got 4 photographs when the sun was just where I wanted it; came back to my room and started to write verses - and here I am sitting for a safe and sound New Year's day.

The day before I left Quito I went out riding in the p.m. with Major Hardy, our military attaché, and got badly jolted about, in addition to hearing much regarding the superiority of army discipline over that of the navy (with which, as an ex-navy man I took spirited issue) and then I had dinner at his house and met his young wife, who is very nice) and his secretary (♀, age about 24 I imagine) who has the biggest and most piercing pair of glorious blue eyes I have seen in a long time (Send a warning to D. F.) and then the following morning I took the 3-weekly Guayaquil train down to Ambato, where I now be.

I have found here in the Agricultural School

Dr Navarro is a Cornell graduate

workers and know this region pretty well. Ambato is something like Atlixco or Guatavero, except that here are fewer agaveates. Lots and lots of fruit trees, mostly pears, apples, apricots and plums, with a mingling of native fruits. It is a rather dry valley, dependent upon irrigation. The agaveates are all small blacks, about like those of Guatavero, I don't know when and how the Mexican race got here, but here it is. I'm pretty well satisfied already that there are no varieties here for us.

Pachano and I walked about 5 miles to Guachi Grande, where there are at least 6 acres of strawberries - the only commercial plantings in Ecuador. I was turned loose in one of the fields and picked and ate huala reventar: after I had been at it about a quarter of an hour an Indian who formed part of a hoeing crew called out "How many mended have you eaten, patron?" and when I answered "Cinco o cinco - no más" they all laughed. I brought back a 2-quart basket with me and with the plums (which are quite good) I have been able to pick up in the market. I haven't gone hungry for fruit. It's quite a treat to have huala reventar with again.

Here in Ambato I saw enough peaches

4.

though I was in the heart of the Andes I have not been able as yet to see Chimborazo or any of the other "Nevados" (snow capped peaks) because of clouds, but I'll see 'em before I leave.

I plan to go up to Quito on Tuesday - 3 days hence - getting my packing materials, saddles, ^(mail!) etc. and come back here again. Pacheco and I are then going down to Baños on a 2 or 3 day trip, and afterwards I plan to bring together quite a lot of stuff here, pack it, and carry it down to Guayaquil to ship it home by parcel post. Ambato will probably be my principal collecting ground in this country. Later on I shall go north of Quito however.

I find myself saying "Bogotá" when I mean "Quito". It was a saddea - and not altogether ungrateful - change. Bogotá is much the better city of the two, however.

I still hope those letters Paul sent me will come! but as long as I can get Learny's American Dialects at the equivalent of \$1.33 a pound I shall be without an occasional reminder of him - although I needed any!

Ever devotedly yours

Carbon to PP, Thermal

Quito, January 4 1921

Dear Folks:

It looked pretty good to roll into Quito again this afternoon. When I was here last time, and especially the day I left, it was pretty cloudy and drizzly; but today the sun has been shining beautifully, and all the way up from Ambato we have enjoyed glorious views of the volcanoes,--Tungurahua, Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and several others, with the upper 4000 or 5000 feet covered with snow. The line passes right around the base of Cotopaxi, somewhat nearer than the Mejicano passes to Orizaba, and you get a magnificent view of its snow-covered slopes. Altogether a very enjoyable ride, in spite of considerable dust. What's dust to a Californian?

And then when I got here to the Metropolitano, I slucked my clothes and had a scalding-hot shower, first one since I left here a week ago, and put on some clean clothes, and now I feel pretty doggone good.

*****Just here I was stopped by a call from my friend (of the journey up from Ambato today) Dr Corrigan, Fellow of the American College of Surgeons, who is some sort of a walking delegate for said organization, forming branches in these Latin-American countries. He took me down to dinner, that is, we went down together; and now it is the next morning. He also took me out for a walk afterward, and then we discussed American politics (he is only out of the States a ~~few weeks~~ few weeks) until 9.30. I was glad to get fresh news, as I do not read the papers here at all regularly, and would not get much if I did. Dr Corrigan, by the way, was for 2 yrs in chg of the hospital at Chuquibambata, and knows the Schmidts. He says Alfred is having a pretty hard time of it because of his German antecedents; that there are several American ex-service men down there now, and that they are kicking about having Schmidt employed by the Company.

I am going out now to do an errand or two, and then go to the Legation for my mail, after wh I will finish this.

January 6. I didnt get a chance to go on with this letter yesterday, so I will complete it this morning and put it in a package which I am sending up in the pouch which leaves today. Tomorrow morning I am off for Ambato again, and probably wont see Quito until about the 25th of the month. It is pleasant here and I would be glad to "stick around" a bit, but

to 15 sucres each, and brought em home, and when I got em spread out on my bed, I decided I didnt like one of em, and wished ⁴ hadnt bought it. The colors were good, but it was not a firm weave and I could see it would not wear more than 10 or 15 years, while the others should be good for 25. Just as I was pondering the subject, in walks Doc Carrigan, and he takes a particular fancy to this poncho, and says he would like to get one like it for his wife. "Doc, you can have this one" says I, "for ⁴ will be here a month and can buy plenty more"; so he took it off my hands at cost, and now I have 3 choices ones left which I will send home as best I can. I think I will risk two of them, the cheaper ones, together with some cotton pieces, by parcel post from Guayaquil, when I go down there to dispatch my seeds and plants in about 10 days. I will send one or two more via the pouch later on. I think it would be a good plan for you to hold at Altariba all the Ecuadorian stuff until I leave this country, and it has all reached you; then you can go over it and see if you want to spare part of it for Robbins R or not. I may be able to land you about 4 ponchos altogether; providing those I send by mail get thru. Of course, the above re holding stuff does not apply to the package I am sending to father in this week's pouch, which contains his panama hat and a few things I want held for me.

The SPI, through the instigation of Mrs Fairchild I think, sent me two boxes of candy, i.e., a two lb box of Velati caramels and 1 lb of Reeves Glace Nuts, as a Christmas present. I am taking the caramels along to Ambato, and will keep the nuts for a later trip.

Last night Doc Carrigan and ⁴ dined at the Allegation. I am getting quite a little service out of my "esmoaking" o sea Tux. This noon I lunch with Dr and Mrs Navarro, a very pleasant Ecuadorian couple,--he is Director de la Escuela de Bellas Artes.

Father, I enclose a brief article I have just written for the bulletin which Mr Rorer publishes at Guayaquil. It is the first thing I have ever attempted in Spanish for publication.

Father, I note that you have asked Bisset for some of the Giant Blackberries. Quite okeh, but I fear this plant wont like our climate very well. However, I want you to try it. Later I will tip you off to get a tree of my new Ambato cherry, if the material I am going to send gets thru alive. It is a nice thing and will pretty surely succeed there. I do not think of this matter very often, but you might just as well have plants of anything I get which might succeed there, and

later we'll see that you get them. I want to have a little collection of my most interesting things at Ahuacatlan. Glad to see the fotos of Paul an Betty.

DF is altogether incensed over Bob Jones' wedding. I think Bob is about 26 now, and he had planned to go out to the Orient to study the bamboos. DF says it will be impassible for him to take a wife. Bob married a Brooksville girl, but I dont think she is a cracker,--probably some northerner who had gone south to grow up with the country.

Paul, I have just recd a long and very affectionate letter from the ex-yeoman (f) 1st cl, R Bowman. She claimed I had refused to write her, but as I wrote her the last letter (a year ago, and apparently it went astray) I had a clean bill.

Well, I've got to get a hustle on, and write DF a letter before I can sew up my cotton bag and take it out to the Amleg for the pouch. I am finding Ecuador a much more congenial place to work than Colombia, and am going to get several good things out of the Amabato region I hope. Russell says Shantz got 1600 numbers of seeds and plants in Africa, together with 3600 negatives and 1000 herbarium specimens. I dont see how he did it, unless he went in for exploring by the shotgun method, and took seeds from every roadside weed which was in fruit at the time he passed. Or else Shantz is much more of a hustler than

Yours always

Will-

NO CARBON

Ambato, Ecuador, 14 January 1921

Dear Folks:

I am just cleaning up preparatory to leaving this afternoon for Guayaquil to dispatch a lot of material I have brought together here. If I put in the Postoffice here I know it will not go out within several weeks; at Guayaquil it will probably get off considerably more promptly, tho the service is probably not too good in either town. One of the maddening things about this work is lo siguiente: you work your fool head off for several days to collect, prepare, and pack a lot of valuable material; you carry it down to the Postoffice and dispatch it, at the same time making numerous inquiries as to when it will go out, and offering to pay extra charges of any and all sorts if they will dispatch it promptly; to all of which the postoffice authorities very courteously assure you that there will be no delay whatsoever, and that it will go out tomorrow, and so forth; and just as soon as you are out of sight they throw it in the corner, where it lies two weeks before they can "find time" to record the shipment on their books, and then it goes down to the coast, and lies three weeks in the Customs before the inspector can "find time" to examine it. Then after examining it, he probably leaves your most valuable packages open, and what Time and the Customs officers havent done, the Air finishes. Yes sir, these things are absolutely maddening at times; and many is the day I have sworn that once I get home from this trip I shall never come to Latin America again; and By Goegr, I dont believe I will!

I have put in a hard but very interesting week here, and if the material I have collected gets home safely I will call it a very profitable one. I have plants of the Ambato ever-bearing, non-irrigated strawberry; plants of two choice varieties of the Andean raspberry; plants of the local pear, valuable as a stock for stone fruits (F N Meyer); cuttings of the Babaco, a close relative of the papaya which will probably stand the winters in California, as it is quite hardy; nine varieties of potatoes; and several other things.

Pachano, who knows more about horticulture than all the self-styled "agronomists" of Colombia lumped together, with those of Venezuela on top, took me down to Baños over the last week-end. We left here Sunday morning, very early (nine o'clock) and rode to Pelileo, where we quite overcame the servidumbre of the Hotel Oriental by ordering a lunch. They laid themselves out on that lunch; we began with soup, had two meat courses, two egg courses, and were, I thought, all sru, too late; when lo! in comes the waiter with a big plate of soup again. At least I thought it was soup, but it turned out to be locro, the National Dish; which is nothing more nor less (in this particular instance), at least; there are numerous variations, a rich milk soup with big chunks of levelis, bean, and some cheese floating around at the lower

levels. It is a fine dish. Paul, you must learn to make it, that is, Betty must learn to make it for you. I will get a more complete account of it, and you can try it out. Well, we got away with it, and rode on down to Baños, where we arrived just at nightfall, and put up in as tough a little posada as I have seen in many a moon; I felt tolerably certain we would encounter Cimex, if nothing worse; but I guess it was too cold for them, and I slept right thru with out a whimper. The posada did not furnish meals, but we ate at a little fonda nearby, and much to my surprise had corking good food, including a loco that would make your mouth water. Baños is a pretty small place, and does not afford very elaborate accommodations, but everything considered, we fared handsomely. It is one of the prettiest spots I have seen in a long time; equal to the best of the Verapaz, which is saying a good deal. I will have to go back there again for a week at least, as it is an interesting region. It lies right at the foot of the volcano Tungurahua, on a river which flows down into the Amazon. We came back to Ambato the following day, as Pachano had to be here to attend to his duties at the Quinta Normal.

I am writing this on Pachano's Underwood, which appears to be a new machine, and is so altogether superior to my Corona that it feels queer to me.

I told you in my last letter that I would leave Bogador on March 1st, and that you could address me at Lima. After having been over more territory, I don't believe I will get out of this country much before April 1st, but it is likely I will not be in Quito after March 1st. I am rather planning a trip down into the southern part of the country, Loja, where the cherimoya is said to grow wild very abundantly; and if I make this trip it will take me at least three weeks and perhaps four. You might drop a couple of letters, to reach here about March 15, with the American Consul General at Guayaquil and of course I will have any mail that comes to the Legation at Quito sent down to me at Guail. Probably I shall leave the latter for Peru about the end of March.

I am taking down to mail in Guail a parcel addressed to FOP which contains the following, to wit: One brown ruana or rather poncho with a white band across each side; one maroon ditto with narrow stripes across each side; one small blue cotton poncho, with white figures in it; one macana or scarf, dark blue with white figures, and one ditto, white with blue figures. I would suggest that you hold all this stuff until the rest of my Ecuadorian material is in, then Paul and Betty can go over it all, pick out what they want, and if there seems to be more than they need, let Robbins have a whack at the rest. None of the stuff in this package is for me. And afterwards, if you give Robbins some of it, please make a note of it to me, with brief description of the articles, as above, so I can charge them to him. I thought at first of sending some things for him direct, but then I decided that you would probably all be better satisfied if you all pick out the things each is to have, and of course, if there isn't more than Paul and Betty need, I will get things for Robbins later.

When I get back to Quito I am going to send another poncho or two thru the pouch, but one of them will, probably be for Mrs Wilson Popenoe, not to be confused with any other firm of a similar name. And Pachano has me converted (it didnt take much converting) to the poncho as an everyday article of wearing apparel, so I am going to pick out the best one in Quito when I return there, and have it made up to suit me, with a nice collar on it.

This hotel in Ambato is only tollabae, just tollable. The food isnt so bad, - when you get it. The service is rotten. The meal hours, for desayuno, ate 7 to 8.30, but when I came down this morning at five minutes to eight, in a considerable hurry to get my coffee, I found everything locked uptight, and had to return at 8.15. Last week there was a big holiday, Los Reyes, and everybody got roaring drunk. The room boy didnt show up at all for more than two days; when I got here from Quito the drunken manager stuck me in a room where somebody had already slept and where the dirty water was still standing in the wash basin. I made an awful roar but they were all too drunk to notice it. The owner fired the manager and the sole and only waiter two days later, and the place now has a new waiter, and no manager, and on the whole is doing somewhat better, but it wont last long. Some day I am going to get tired of this sort of life.

But I must say it is a whole lot more agreeable to work here in Ecuador than it was in Colombia. I look back upon the Cauca valley as altogether one of the prettiest regions I have ever seen, but there was no work for me to do there so I could not stay; and I believe I stayed as long as the work would warrant in Bogotá also. I feel on the whole that we greatly overrated the horticultural wealth of Colombia, when we talked over this trip in Washington. There is more good stuff right here in Ecuador, I think. Father, I want you to have a few plants of my Ambato strawberry, if they get thru alive, so that when I come home I can pick fruits from them, and have my photo taken in the act.

Well, i've got to return to the hotel for dinner, and then go down and fight my way on board the train. It is nearly always crowded. Because of the steep grades they cant carry many cars on these lines, and everybody seems to be in the notion of traveling. Tonight I will sleep in Riobamba, at the Metropolitano, branch of the one in Quito; and tomorrow night I shall, primero Dios i la Virgen, sleep in Guayaquil. I will probably get a good dinner chez the Rorers while I am down there, and have a pleasant visit. I shall have to stay a couple of days, three rather; I then come back to Ambato and stop here three or four days to clean up some notes and photos I want to make, and then go back to Quito to wax fat on the Metropolitano grub, and live like a white man, and go out to call on Miss Sanders just to remind me that such things as American girls still exist.

Siempre su afmo.

Well

Guayaquil, 17 January 1921

Dear Folks:

I have this morning dispatched to you, and herewith enclose receipt, the sack containing two ponchos and three macanas, as described in the letter sent herewith. When I offered to buy the stamps to put on the package, the parcels post clerk said "No, dont bother about it, just give me the money and I will take care of all that matter." This is not at all customary (or rather, not according to the rules) and I imagine the package will go thru with short postage, he holding back part of the money (if he condescends to put on any stamps at all); but I only hope the thing will go through some way or other/ I had the same experience with him when I came to mail four heavy parcels to Dr Fairchild, total postage being 30 sucres; he took the money, and gave me a receipt for it (not in duplicate, so there is nothing on his books to show how much money he got).

Well, I met one of Mr Rorer's men on the train coming down here, and he told me that Mr Rorer and Mr Haskell and their respective families were at Milagro, and would not be in before Monday evening, if at that time; so I did not find as many friends here as I imagined; but the Blanks had me out to tea last evening, he being the Entomologist of the Rorer outfit, and a former colleague of OHP; and Mr Scott, who much to my surprise, was still here, took me out for a short auto ride; and at the hotel Tiveli I ran into a certain Harnsberger, of the Shenandoah valley and for 5 yrs in the U S Geological Survey at Washn, so I have done pretty well on the whole/ I only have one more day here, -tomorrow, -and then I return to the field of my activities at Ambato/ I hope Mr Rorer comes in tonight or tomorrow so I can see him before I go.

Father, yesterday at Mrs Plank's tea I met a certain Mr Howes, who allowed he knew the name Popenoe, as he used to be cashier of the Bella Vista mine at Miramar, C R. Apparently he was there in the early days of the mine. He is now here in the Mercantile Bank of the Americas, or rather a local house which is agent for this bank. Seems to have a fairly good job, and to be one of those fellows who is thoroughly satisfied with life in the Tropics.

I also intended to menti on a certain Mr Mason, who is now one of the Conductors on the Guayaquil and Quite RR. Mr Rorer told me I ought to see him, as he had brought over 40,000 date palms at one time for the Government. Well, I saw him the other day, just for a few moments; I asked him how many palms he had brought over, and he said he had brought ~~400,000~~ 400,000, of which the Dept of Agriculture purchased 40,000, whereupon I immediately put him down as a monumental liar. He said he seemed to recall the name Popenoe, but was not just sure in what connection he had heard it. Do you know anything about him? From the way he talks, I infer that he must actually have gone to Algeria for palms at one time, but I suppose he got about 40 instead of 400,000, as I have never seen any large plantations which I knew to be due to his efforts.

Digitized by www.indiana.edu/ Every time I pass Mocha I arrive with the intention of getting a guinea pig, just so I can boast of it to Sewall Wright, but each time I see those animals

stretched out, so nice and brown, with their mouths wide open and all the teeth showing, and the eyes sort of shrivelled up, it takes away my appetite. Maybe I will do it on the return trip to Ambato. The other day I stood by the brakeman as he ate one, and just as he finished I asked him if it was good "The head is fine!" he replied enthusiastically, as he bit off an ear and the better part of the scalp.

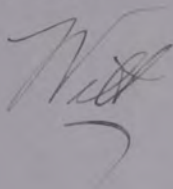
But I tell you, I feel like a man today, in one respect. I have long been thinking that it was up to me to do something for the poor starving Belgians, and today I was walking by the well-known emporium of Sela and Co when I saw a placard which stated bluntly "Belgian Carbines, 25 sucres" and I looked in to see a stack of very neat twenty-two carbines, with bolt action, single shot, walnut stocks, etc. I went inside, and found that they were very excellent articles (apparently) turned out by the Belgian National firearms manufactory, and being so remarkably cheap ~~for~~ (\$8) I said to myself, "This is indeed a stroke of fortune. If I had gone on much longer without a rifle, I would have gone home utterly prepared to compete with Paul and Herb in all these subjects covered in the Small Arms Manual", so I plunked down my 25 sucres, and four additional sucres for ammunition, and now I am going to blow up the volcano Tungurahua/ I feel ashamed of myself when I think that I have gone all these years without a suitable rifle.

Its raining most of the time in Guayaquil these days, the season now being winter, according to local reckoning.

It is hard for me to pass by the panama hats and the fiber hammocks without buying half a dozen more of each, but I am resisting for the nonce, until I can hear whether the hammocks already sent have reached you, and whether or not you want any more. Its going to be your last chance for a good many years to get the genuine mocera fiber Guayaquil hammock, at a cost (to me) of only 8 dollars cada hammock. So if you have any friends that are in need of an article which the manufacturer recommends as very good value for the money, why come ahead before I take the boat for El Peru?

I'm writing this in the Amconsulate, on a broken down ~~raining~~ Underwood of the general character of those which Harold Chandler used to give me when I returned to the FSPI after a year in the field. But I havent anything else on which to write.

Ever thine



Ambato, Ecuador
January 23 1921.

Dearest of all Dads:

I'm just about to turn in, but I guess I'll write a short letter to you before I do, so's to have it ready to mail in Quito day-after-tomorrow, if I happen to find on reaching there, that the mail is going out.

Tomorrow, Monday, is market-day here in Ambato, and I shall be pretty busy. I really stopped off here on my way up from Guayaquil mainly to be here on a market day, to pick up a few things for Dad. By the time I reach Quito I will have been out of it 3 weeks, and I'll be glad to get some mail again. But I've been so busy, and the work here in Ecuador is so interesting, that the time passes rapidly. I've got a lot of work to do here (I've done quite a bit already) and it would not surprise me if I didn't get started for Peru until sometime in April. I'm not going to rush on: as long as I can get good stuff for Dad, I'm going to stay here for after all, I may find

out of it. My principle on this trip, is to stay in each country until I've skinned off the cream, and then move on. I'm glad now I didn't stay longer in Colombia. There is more good stuff here, though we didn't know it in advance.

This afternoon Pachano and 3 of his male relatives walked down to Catiglatá, some 2 miles from here, to eat Capalis (charnia), and incidentally do a bit of shooting. I took my new Belgian carbine (22 cal) to baptize it. We popped at an unconscionable lot of birds without hitting anything, until Pachano finally killed one and Montalvo another. On the way back we stopped at a little "road house" and threw coppers at a board with holes in it - each hole marked with a number - and got quite excited over it. Instead of marking the holes 1 to 10, they have them from 100 to 2000. These latins like to deal in big numbers, when it doesn't cost anything.

I didn't go down to supper tonight as I have been a regular August Peterson today. I've eaten apples, pears, peaches, plums, and cherries until I can not well hold any more.

Quits will look pretty good to me - unless I get there during a spell of bad weather. It's always nice to get back to my mail and baggage and to a place

good clothes, and live in a decent hotel. This on
in Ambato is pretty rotten all right, but I've been
in much, very much, wiser. And probably will
be again.

I've been reading the Nov. Atlantic of late.
Keep that magazine coming. I'd rather do without
all other reading matter than the Atlantic. The
December number tracked away in Quito to take up
next.

I've had a new pair of walking shoes made here, to
replace the army shoes Paul gave me, and which are just
about finished. The new ones - the first pair I've
ever had made to order - are finer, though a trifle
large for me. But I've given up hoping to get
anything done in Latin America just exactly the
way I want it. There's always something wrong; if
it is something of no consequence, you get off easy
and want to be thankful. My shoes cost 18 Soles,
or \$6; they are American elk skin tops, and native Soles.
Very well made, evidently.

The big pair of saddle bags I had made in
Bogeta are a constant source of satisfaction. I
threw away my salt can, and now carry these bags
instead. And when I go about my work, I just sling
them across the saddle.

H.

I'm gradually replacing all the supplies I brought from the States with stuff bought down here - clothes, etc, and when I come home I'll ~~be~~ look like a Latin American more than a Yankee.

Pacheco has loaned me several of the Standard works on Ecuador, and I've been "reading up" a bit. Hope I can get hold of Harry Trenchard's work on the West Indies when I get to Trinidad - though I already know the Islands pretty well - as far as books can make me acquainted with them.

They have a most annoying habit here in Ecuador of putting you off - telling you to come back tomorrow - but in general it's not a bad country to work in. I like it pretty well. It's small and not so hard to get over as Colombia, and the mountain scenery is glorious.

When I get to Quito and go over all the letters from Home probably I'll have a lot to say - I usually do, don't I?

Ever decidedly thine

Will

At Quito on the Equator,
25 January 1921

Dear Folks:

Yesterday, coming up on the train from Ambato, there was a pair of Yankee tourists,--a man past middle age, who had all the earmarks of a far-westerner, and his somewhat younger wife,-- and they couldnt speak a word of Spanish. The conductor took care of them at lunch (I sat at the same table) down at Latacunga, and when I got here to the Metropolitano, proprietor Isaac J. Aboab, they had also arrived. The old man was having a hard time to explain what he wanted in signs that would be understood. I translated a few remarks for him, and then half an hour later I met him on the street. I went to him and says, says I: "Pardon me, but since I am an employee of yours, it occurs to me that perhaps I should offer you my services." He sort of grinned. "Arent you an American?" says I. "Yes",--says he. "Then I am correct in saying that I am an employ ee of yours; I am in the service of the American people, and you're one of 'em", whereupon I handed him my card, and he returned his, which read "Ferd. Groner, grower of high class grafted walnut trees, Hillsboro, Oregon". I spent the evening with the pair, taking them out to call on our Minister (during which time Mrs Groner made me wince by saying "I aint say" and "he hadnt came", and other equally barbarous things) and this morning, when they returned to Guayaquil (they only spent one night in Quito on their Grand Tour of South America) I went down to start em off right, and had the boy who works the trains for the Metropolitano tipped off to take care of em on the trip.

This by way of diversion. When we were out at the Legation last night Mr Hartman gave me an armful of mail, and as usual, I came home and sat up until midnight reading and enjoying it; and then today he told me there was some more, and I went out and got a sheaf of fine letters from FOP, bringing me up to January 6. I tell you, from Jan 6 to Jan 25 is not bad running time, Pasadena to Quito.

All day I have read and reread my mail, torn up various transfers on the Brooklyn Heights line and cards requesting me to boost for the Coachella Valley Highway, and the like, and laid aside the serious things to attend to. The mail went go out for nearly a week yet, but I want to settle down to serious work so I am going to write you a letter today and then forget about it, and go back to preparing long reports for the U S Treasury and all that sort of thing.

Whaddyuh think of my new ribbon? I bummed it offn our military attaché. And say, dont you tell DF, but the attaché is going away for 3 weeks, and he told me I could dictate to his secretary, that girl with the big blue eyes, several long reports I have for Dr Webber. If I get out of Quito a single man, it will be an indication that I possess

superhuman resolution, that's all. I find that the girl is a graduate of Mills College. But you ought to see her eyes!

Well sir, I have so many thinks to say I dunno just where to begin, so I reckon I might as well fire a few random shots. I shall have to lay this work aside in a few minutes, ennyhow, to go out to my tailor to receive my new poncho on which he is now engaged in sewing a collar. My first act this morning (because I felt chilly at times in Ambato) was to go up to the poncho street, make a complete canvas of every shop, and then dicker for a beautiful asombrado, very fine weave, pure merino, which I finally got for the round sum of 20 sucres, and with 4 more for putting on the collar, I am going to have a really beautiful garment. It is a brown one, with stripes of varying shades of brown, each about 1-1/2 ins wide. I shall wear it on my trip north into Imbabura province, next week. I am still tempted to get Betty one of these ponchos, all fixed up with a collar; but I cant make up my mind yet whether to send her one already made up, or one para hacer, in which latter case she could either use it as a rug or a poncho, that is, a rug for the floor. Probably I will do the latter, but you cant exactly tell what I will do. I am especially persuaded of the truth of this statement since I bought that Belgian carbine at Guayaquil. However, I'll swap off that carbine yet, for 200 strawberry plants, or 50 sticks of avocado wood, or something equally useful.

Your letters show that you had received news of me as far as Buenaventura, so your minds were at rest. That is, you didnt picture me struggling across the Andes in the tracks of Harry Franck. But father, I am somewhat surprised to hear you enthuse so over my account "Across the Quindio". You say I must have been in fine shape when I wrote it: the fact is, I was so tired I could hardly pound the typewriter, but I just felt that I ought to get my experiences down before I forgot any of em, as that trip across the Quindio will be interesting to me in future years. If you succeed in landing that story with any magazine of 4th class or higher, I will be surprised. I will likely have another story of somewhat similar character when I come back to Quito from my trip into northern Ecuador, about a month from now.

For I have come to Quito to sit back for ten days, put my stomach in good working order again (that Ambato grub was subject to protest on the part of my digestive apparatus), write up several reports and papers for the Office, and dictate (ostensibly, not sic) to Miss Sanders, she of the large coerulean ojos. I must catch up with my back work before I spend any more time in the field.

It is evident from what you all say about my coming home, that you sensed the fact that I was not greatly enjoying life in Colombia (you couldnt well miss it) and that you want to get me out of this part of the world. Let me say that I feel altogether different about matters since getting to Ecuador, as you will also have sensed, if your senses are

in good working order. I am getting some real results here, I believe, and I think the folks at Washington are gradually, poco a poquito, waking up to the fact that I maybe know some few things about exploration. In another year I ought to have em pretty well convinced, if I am to convince em at all. I am not going to plan very far ahead. Unless my health gives way, I am going down as far as Santiago de Chile, where I shall probably arrive in May or June; and after I get that far I will feel perfectly free to come home whenever I want to. As to just when I will come, I have no idea. I might come in July, and I might not come before well on toward the end of the year. I am not going to get a whack at these countries again. And as long as I do not go hopelessly stale, or get into chronic bad health, I want to make a grand clean up and come home with a lot of good introductions to my credit, a pretty complete knowledge of Latin America, and an ardent desire to stay in the United States the rest of my life. So we'll just let the matter stand; you might hear from me at any time, saying that I was embarking on a Grace Steamer for N Y; and again,--and most probably,--I will plug along and come home early or late in the fall. And now I'm a going out to see if my poncho is ready.

The poncho hangs before me on a coat-hook as I write these lines. It is a pretty good article, and the warmest thing that ever came down the Riobamba cartroad. I had it made with a rather large collar, which you can turn up (it reaches to my ears) and then there is a little tab which buttons across the front; and when it is all buttoned, you can stick your chin down inside it, and keep tollable warm, even on those frigid Andean nights of which all South American travelers love to write. I may have to get Betty one of em yet. I am going to have one in reserve for my own Betty, that's sure.

Father, I found here the letter from Bob Hempstead, together with yours containing the telegram from Resita, etc., so I feel that he is probably no longer in danger. By George, but the letter from the old boy did touch me! He is not a very demonstrative chap, and it took an occasion like this to bring him to the point where he would express himself freely: I feel flattered, in the first place, that he would think of me at such a time, and gratified, in the second place, to know that he really considers me as a dear friend. I have always regarded him with a great deal of affection, as you know; but I am more emotional than he, and I did not know just how seriously he viewed our friendship. Well, if he gets quite well again, and lives for 30 or 40 years more, we will probably see much of each other, and I believe we will be lifelong and intimate friends. Father, I am going to write him a letter and send it to you, for you to forward; as you will doubtless know where he is. I do not suppose he can go home to Guatemala for several months. You enclose a letter from Mrs Hempstead in one of yours. I was very glad to get it, and will write her direct. She is quite a different type from Bob. She has many good qualities, and I have always liked her very much. I hope you will have them for neighbors one of these days.

And father, I am exceedingly glad to have those fotos of mother taken on Mrs Judson's porch. I guess that is the best picture of her which was taken in California. I have a portrait of her, I think the one taken in Pasadena, but left it in my Guatemalan trunk at Washington.

I had a most excellent letter from Dr Fairchild in this mail, which I will send you, probably along with this, after I answer it. I would like to have it kept there with my letters. Some day he will no longer be with us, and I must lay away a few of his best letters. As you will see by this I am booked for \$3000 one of these days. Probably I will not get it until I reach home again, but I really do not care much about getting it earlier. I am going to write him that as long as I am out on this trip, receiving all expenses, I feel that \$2500 is satisfactory, but once I get back to Washn and am paying my own living again, I will be very grateful for a raise to \$3000, if he cannot negotiate it sooner.

Those two petates, vulgo esterás de Chingalé, which⁴ used coming across the Quindío, and of which you acknowledge receipt, need not be kept for me. The three you are holding are quite sufficient for my needs.

Father, you speak of the cloth and packing I have been using. That coarse cotton cloth is a cotton homespun which I got in the Bogotá market at 24 centavos a vara (32 ins). I used it on all my shipments from that country, and I sewed up all of the packages myself. Let me tell you, I put in hours sewing up packages, but it pays. When you get them in that shape, they carry to any part of the world,--until the postal employees steal them.

Which reminds me, that I went today to the Parcels Post bureau to inquire whether the dates Paul sent had arrived, or whether the 5 lbs which FOP mentions sending had arrived. The clerk assured me that nothing had come for me. I guess it is useless to send anything eatable, or usable by the gente, to these countries. I have no doubt a bath sponge would come thru in good shape, and promptly.

But never mind; Mrs Daisy Bell sent me, at my suggestion, 2 2 lb boxes of Brownleys best, and 2 1-lb tins of Welch Bros maple cream. Gee, but I will treasure this stuff, and take it out with me on my trips. It came thru the pouch, else it would never have reached me. Daisy Bell is okeh. I shall send her a nice poncho.

I'm quite delighted over the deal J Arthur Harris has consummated at Miami. I wish I had bought five acres!

Father, I sent you a Christmas card alright. Probably the clerk in the Bogotá PO took out about half of the 100 I mailed, licked off the stamps, and threw the cards away.

Alright, Pablo, take all my stuff to the valley if you want (referring to the books, etc, which I store in Altadena some yrs ago); when I need them, I'll claim them. You need

have no fears on that score. And let me tell you, I believe all you say about the advantages of married over single life; only, you must remember that some of our greatest men did not marry until they were 35. However, I think I will beat em about 5 years, mebbe only 4.

Well, sir, the sun is just going down: the church bells are ringing (tho I dont know why I should mention that; they always are) and I can look out of my window up to the slopes of Pichincha, and out thru my door across the patio to the far side of town, lying on the slopes of a round-topped hill. Quito is not such a bad place. It is out of the world, and it seems to me they have, to a considerably greater extent than the Colombians and most other Latin Americans I have met, the habit of telling you to come back to tomorrow. No matter where you go, nor for what purpose, the man you approach is pretty likely to tell you to come back tomorrow, and with no apparent reason. Sometimes it gets on my nerves. But father, you are not correct in thinking Quito the highest capital; I think La Paz claims that title, tho La Paz is, of course, only the de facto, not the de jure, capital of Bolivia. But it is way above 12,000 feet, I believe, while Quito is only 9350. Of course, Quito is high enough so that all visitors can write that they get quite out of breath when they run up three flights of stairs. I am more and more losing faith in the old ideas regarding the effect of altitude upon man. The effect is noticeable, doubtless, but most folks have overdrawn it. I dont really believe, if no one told me Quito was 9350 ft high, or rather, if I was led to believe it was 4000 feet, that I would notice any rarity of the atmosphere. In a few days, after I clean up some writing, I shall get out for some strolls about the suburbs of the town, and up on the slops of Guagua and Rucu Pichincha, to do some collecting in a small way.

I think mebbe I will have my pitcher taken by a real photographer, with my poncho and sombrero, so I can publish it just like Stewart Edward White and Chas F Lummis and the like (term taken from L H Bailey). I'm going to shut down now, and devote myself to informing the Government how it can cooperate with the Pan American Union to foster agriculture, and hence, better relations, in these countries, by request.

Ever thine

Will

No carbon, -- paper too dear, like bottles in Busrah.

January 29 [1921]

Just went out to Amlegation to get a jurat on my accounts- and found a bundle of papers, inc one Citrograph, one Vnity Fair, Stanford Cardinal and a couple of other papers, and an envelop enclosing one Sunday Times Mag and one Coachella paper, for all of which thanks.

Tell Herb I thin he shows up might strong in the Cardihal. They turn out some good literary work at Stanford; their publications are about 300 percent above those of Pomona, and 1000000percent above those of the University of Florida. I dont think H will ever be sorry he went to Stnaford, apart from what he gets while he is actually there. He will make some good friends for later life, and wherever he goes, people will know he is okeh when he says he is a Stanford man. Maybe it is all bunk, but the average man has a good deal of respect for such and institution, and after all, it is the average man with whom we have to deal pretty largely in this world, including the U S A and the Coachella valley.

W

Send to PP

Jan 30 [1921]

DAD

Wow, but this is going to be a fat envelop to you--- Glad to see Braunton's review of my book; it is the best thing that as come out as yet, so far as I have seen. What I have wanted to see, and havent, is a good review in the Gardchron, or Tropical Life, or some of the other important periodicals which go into the Tropics. Probably they will get around in time, as I wrote Bailey to see that they got copies for review.

Many thanks for getting the circular printed; I would like to have 30 or 40 of em down here, to stick in letters which I sent once in a while, and to give to people who inquire re the book and want to know where they can get it. I can sell probably three copies in Guayaquil, but Mr Rorer is going to look out for them, --getting a local book store to order a supply.

I hope you get Theo Paine's land for us. Personally, I would rather pay 25 more per acre and have our own gard n right next door to the T D Co than to pay 25 less and be across the valley. I thot you had already bot some land, on the other sid of the valley, which we were going to take?

Tell Paul that I am with him in his scheme to establish, around his house, the best collection of rare desert plants in the U S. We can draw on our personal friends in Asia, and when I get home I can get a lot of things thru SPI channels; and in the course of time we will have a little collection of the best stuff there is, a collection which will draw all the savants who come to the U S and who are interested in the arid regions. Yes sir, that idea must be carried out. Particularly must we have all the palms wh will stand that climate, Phoenix first.

I wish we could sell out the first printing of my book within two or three years; in going over it I have found a dozen typographical errors, and a few minor errors of fact, which I could correct before the second printing, I suppose.

If Bob Hempstead comes thru Calif on his way home, just tell him you could use a little more coffee of his next crop. He offered to send you some whenever you wanted it, you know.

One of these days, when I write DF regarding future plans, I am going to mention that nbe neednt count on me for much help immediately after I get home, as I am going to ask for six mos in California, on my own time. I shall have to assure him at the same time, however, that it will only be six months;

that I will sign an agreement to return to him at the end of that time. The only reason DE would not want me to go out there would be that he might lose me: I might find an interesting opening and stay out there. He has always had this in mind. I think he feels that the attraction is pretty strong, with all you folks, and Shamel, and the Univ of Calif needing a tropical man, and all that sort of thing (he used to have an eye on Webber too), and it is going to worry him a bit to have me exposed to all those temptations for mos. But I think, by giving him strong enough assurances in advance, there wont be any trouble.

Tell Pablo he better not dare to get out another edition of date growing until I have been out to Calif and had a chance to overhaul thoroughly the variety descriptions, and get an A & series of photographs of the varieties. I think next time we ought to publish, along with the descriptions, full-sized fotos of reach variety, in so far as concerns those which are fruiting in the Coachella and of wh we can, therefore, get fotos. We can group about three varieties together on a plate, or perhaps half a dozen of the smaller ones, a fruit and a seed of each variety. I doubt very much if I will get home to do this work in the fall of the present yr,--tho I may,--but I also doubt if he will be ready to publish the revised work by that time, either. Personally, I would rather see him wait another year in any event; he will have more material for it, and be safer.

I have purchased a pauta poncho, in alternating stripes 3 inches wide of warm brown and soft orange brown, a very striking thing; it is a good weave, large size, and very warm. I have had a collar put on this, with a little tab to button over your throat when it gets very cold, and I am going to send it up in a couple of weeks. My original thought that it would be for Betty, but it occurred to me the other day that it might also be very fine for Paul to wear on cold mornings when going out on the ranch; so I am going to send it to Paul and Betty, and they can take turns wearing it, or decide which is to wear it. Of course, it is not a garment that merges into the landscape and is not noticeable at 50 Yds distance; and I do not know just how daring Betty is. If she is sufficiently daring, this will make her an excellent auto cape for winter rides; if not, I trust to old Paul's fearlessness to make him wear it, at least around the warm. It looks quite Arabic, to tell the truth, as the colors are practically those of many Algerian burnouses, and Bagdad abbas. It is a choice garment, too good for any one but a Popenoe, and I hope they will like it. I am adopting one myself as the best all-around garment for outing wear.

Wilt

Quito, Jan 31 1921

Dear Dad:

Please get Paul to give you my check to cover the expenses, and mail a copy of my book to Oton Jimenez, Botica Oriental, San José de Costa Rica. If you can register this in any way, please do so.

Send another copy to Paul G Russell, Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction, Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington D C, and put in it the following slip:

FOR PROFESSOR ABELARDO PACHANO, care of DR. F.W.GODING,
AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL, GUAYAQUIL, ECUADOR. Sent by Wilson
Popenoe. (FORWARD VIA DIPLOMATIC POUCH)

I am writing Russell, asking him to forward this book, and one he is to get for me in Washington, to Pachano via the Diplomatic Pouch.

Ever thine

W

Dad:

[Feb. 1920]

I have just written a rather lengthy letter to Branton, ostensibly to thank him for his review of my book, and also to give him an account of some of the new plants I am sending in, thinking that he might like to mention some of them in the Times. Keep your eye on the Sunday issue; he may publish part of the letter, or more likely, use some of the notes to make small items as is his custom.

Your last letters did not say anything more re Bob, so I take it you have had no more news from him. If you know where he is, pls send him the enclosed letter.

I enclose a sample of the Chillo gray cloth which I have bot for a riding suit, to scuff about Ecuador in. The suit complete will cost me \$20. Cloth \$1.35 a vara (32ins). I was going to get some more of this and send you enough for a suit, but when I went around this morning they were all sold out of this color, and the others are not good. They say they will have some later. Inasmuch as I have decided to stay here some time longer, anyway, I will have time to hear from you: Do you want me to get a sitting of this gray, if I can, for you, and one for Paul? I can send it via Washn I think. It only costs \$10 for enough for an entire suit, coat vest and trowsers. And if they dont have the gray, I can probably get something else that will be good,--some other pattern and color. If you would have it made up by a low-priced tailor in L A, say at atcost of about \$25, it would give you a very serviceable suit for going to the Chichilla in winter or anything like that. Perhaps there are no longer low-priced tailors, however' it would not pay you to put \$40 or \$50 into the making of a suit of this kind. Let me know.

There were two fiber mats in the bundle sent up from Cali. I wrote you some time ago not to hold these for me; if you save me two of those sent from Bogotá, or three at the most (which would be one bundle, as I sent 3 in each from there) it will be all I want. You can give Paul and Betty the two from Cali if you have not already done so; and tell em that those mats went over the quindio with me, wrapped around my two army lockers to keep the latter from getting scratched when the mules rubbed a sharp rock, as they always do.-- I think in sending up things from here I will sew a small tag marked "W.P." on anything I want saved for me, and the rest you can dispose of as you see fit,--the ponchos to Paul, yourself, Robbins and so forth, with perhaps one for Miss McNally if they go that far.

Quito, February 5 1921

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow is Sunday; in the morning I go with the Minister to call on a prominent Swede, in the afternoon I must pack up my things, and in the evening I dine at the Legation, along with George K Cherrie and Dr Anthony of the American Museum; so I will write a short letter to leave with my mail at the Legation tomorrow, for I plan to get out of here on Monday morning, for Imbabura province,--the northern part of Ecuador. I distrust greatly the man who has promised me mules, and it would not surprise me if I didn't get away from here until Tuesday; but in any event I must be ready Monday morning. I think these Quito folk are about the worst yet, for failing to show up at appointed times. For instance, this morning I had an engagement with the director of the Observatorio Nacional (I think he wants to sell me one of the maps off the Observatorio wall, property, undoubtedly, of the National and Supreme Government) and the time fixed was eight o'clock,--the time fixed by him, mind you. When I got to his house they told me he wasn't up yet, and it was 8.15 at the moment. So I got mad and refused to wait. He can send that map around, if he wants to sell it to me.

After a week of steady rain and cold, clammy weather it cleared up yesterday and we had a fine day, and today is not bad. I suppose it will begin to rain again by tomorrow. Yesterday I drove out to Pomasqui, 12 miles north of here, with Mrs Hardy, wife of our attaché, and Miss Sanders, sec'y of ditto. We had a picnic lunch out there, and a very pleasant time; the ladies shocked me somewhat by pulling out a pack of Lucky Strikes after lunch, and smoking up. Paul can stand that sort of thing, but FOP and I are a bit old fashioned, y'understand.

But the real news is: I have a new private secretary, one Felix Eleodoro Jara, a man of about 55 years, with 5 daughters and 2 sons to his credit (officially). He is a fluent Quichua speaker, and has worked with several scientific missions here. I didn't want him very badly, and I haven't the least doubt in the world that I am going to be heartily bored by him before I get back from this trip to Imbabura, but I really need some one to go with me on this trip; no better person seems to be in sight; and I guess I can stand almost anything for two weeks. I notice already that he is demanding his dasthuri from the stores where I trade; e.g., he asked the tailor to save him the scraps from my suit. But I am an old enough hand at this game not to get very badly stuck.

I enclose samplly of a suit I am having made. I find

little more, as it will doubtless be higher in Peru and Chile. This suit is of Scotch woollens, and is calculated to be worn in the tropical lowlands,--on the steamer, etc. It is costing me the equivalent of \$35, made by the best tailor in Quito,--the one patronized by all the members of our Legation (but I havent seen the suit yet, so I wont say too much).

I found that they make a native wool cloth here, something on the order of that which I sent home from Bogotá, but much inferior and also much cheaper. Since my good Bogotá overcoat is really too choice to wear on these trains and in the country, I have bot the cloth and am having made a long, unlined combination rain and overcoat, wh will cost me \$20. The cloth is pure wool, locally spun and all, and is exceedingly durable; it may fade pretty badly, but in that case I will have the coat dyed navy blue (it is ~~now~~ a graysih brown). I have also turned the tailor loose on a pair of riding breeches,--what we call here "un breech" (since pantaloons do not come in pairs here, but singly,--you ask for a pantaloon, not a pair) and if he makes a tollable success of them I shall get two pairs made for Paul, as they only cost, material and making together, the equivalent of \$6.65 a pair, and the cloth is mighty good; though, as I say, it is quite likely to fade some. But you cant touch a pair of riding trousers in the States now at \$6.65, and I think these will give mighty good service. When I come back from the north, a couple of weeks from now, he'll have my first pair done, and then I'll decide about getting some for PP!

Also note, PP, that I am dickering with the best talabarteros in ~~the~~ for 50 leather thongs of about the right heft for strong shoe laces and all that sort of thing, and I will likely fit you out. The more I think it over, the more I am convinced that things are cheaper here than I am going to find them elsewhere on this trip, because of the present rate of exchange. The exchange is in our favor in Chile, also, but that country is pretty well civilized and prices are likely to be higher. Here where they grow their own wool and spin it, they dont ask very high prices for it. If the local casimir (wool cloth) was as good as that of Colombia, I would send home a dozen yards, but it isnt quite good enough so that I would want to spend \$40 or \$50 on having it made up into a suit. Here, where you can get a suit or overcoat made for \$10 to \$12, its different. By the way, when I go to my tailor's this evening I'll try to pick up a scrap of the material used for my new overcoat, and stick it in for you to examine. I do wish Paul and Betty and FOP and HP could spend about a month here, stocking up on some of these things,--ponchos, et al. The English woollens they have here are as a rule much inferior to those stocked in Bogotá-- but everything native is cheap and some of it pretty good.

Well, I'm going out to buy some cheese, biscuits, bacon, sardines and tinned fruit for this jaunt to Otavalo, Ibarra and so forth. You probably wont get any more mail from me for a couple of weeks, until I come back. Ever thine

Will



FOP
for his information

February 14, 1921.

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,
c/o American Legation,
Lima, Peru.

Dear Wilson:

We received on Saturday morning last, February 12, several packages of seeds and plants sent by you from Quito, Ecuador, and forwarded according to your letter of January 26. The packages, so far as external appearances and general condition were concerned, arrived in excellent shape. Not a package was defaced in any way and the coverings were entirely intact.

The first package we opened contained your No. 559, the Chilean strawberry. These plants were in as good shape as might be expected from the long trip they had taken. I think we shall be able to get a few of them to live; just how many we can not say just now. The plants looked well, but in most cases the crowns had rotted. In sending strawberry plants, it is better to cut the leaves off pretty close. Too many leaves were left on these plants. We have noted in a good many instances that when strawberry plants are completely wrapped - that is, when they are covered all over, the crowns are apt to rot. If the plants are put up so that the crowns can get air, they are not so likely to rot. The plants were not over-wet, nor were they unusually dry. Mr. Goucher is taking the best of care of those that looked like they had life and is planting them in the detention house.

No. 539, Rubus glaucus - "Moro de Castilla" or Andean black raspberry. These plants arrived in excellent condition. The particular ones we noted were wrapped in some kind of sod. The sod contained considerable moss and a coarse grass. The grass had sprouted. These plants will come out all right.

No. 545, Rubus glaucus - Red fruited Andean raspberry. These plants arrived in good condition.

No. 544, Prunus salicifolia - Ambato cherry. These scions arrived in fair shape, considering the long distance they had traveled. Some of them were dead, but enough of them were alive, we hope, to get a start. We are going to work these on some nice seedlings which we had here ready for the purpose. The entomologists found a scale on all of these scions and are a little disturbed about it. We persuaded them, however, not to fumigate the scions now, but to wait until we had the grafts callused and then look over them again, when proper action could be decided on.

No. 541, Bunchosia armeniaca? - "Cirulla verde" seed; No. 542a Zea mays (yellow, starchy corn); No. 543a Zea mays - "Morocho blanco" (white flint corn); and No. 546a, Carica sp. - "Chamburo", were all in good condition upon arrival.

No. 539, another package of Rubus glaucus, Andean black raspberry, was also in good shape. These Rubus plants were packed in a different way from the former lot mentioned, but they arrived in good condition.

No. 547, Carica sp. - "Babaco" cuttings. The several methods of packing this material show comparatively little difference so far as getting it through in good condition. Most of the wood was only in fair shape. We think, however, there will be enough to get some live buds. I believe the pieces of wood packed in sphagnum moss arrived in better shape than any of the others. The ends of the sticks were pretty badly rotted; only about three or four inches of the middle of the sticks were firm and sound.

No. 555, "Calvache" potato. These tubers arrived in perfect shape; not a blemish on them.

No. 553, "Yungare" potato. These tubers were in excellent shape.

No. 554, "Leona" potato. The tubers of this potato arrived in fair condition.

W. P. - 3.

No. 557a, seed of Rubus glaucus - "Mora de Castilla". This seed seemed to be all right. We could not find very many of them in the charcoal in which they were packed, but those we did find were in good condition.

No. 558b, Datura sanguinea specimen. The seed pods of this Datura were pretty badly rotted, but they will probably answer the purpose and will be sent on to Mr. W. E. Safford.

No. 540, Pyrus communis - "Pera nacional" (Ambato pear). These plants came in in good condition and I am very glad to get them. I found a few leaves in the dirt about the roots. You put this pear down as P. communis, but the leaves suggest an oriental type; in fact, the leaves look to me like P. usuriensis.

No. 548, "Tabla" potato; No. 549, "Inglesa" potato; No. 550, "Leona pazmina" potato; No. 552, "Huagra Singa" potato; and No. 556, "Manzana" potato, were all in good shape upon arrival.

No. 551, "Dominga" potato, tubers somewhat rotted.

Altogether this was a fine shipment and the plants as a whole arrived in unusually good condition considering the journey they have taken.

I looked up the Prunus salicifolia, seed of which you secured in Guatemala. I find that you sent in five ounces of this seed and that it was given S.P.I. No. 48885. Inquiry at the office reveals the fact that the seed was sent to Chico, but none of it grew. The introduction, therefore, was a failure. It might be very desirable to get a quantity of this P. salicifolia seed from the regions through which you are traveling if the same can be obtained.

Please do not fail to look out for apple seed, especially anything that would appear to have or would suggest to you to have ability to resist woolly aphid. Wight, when he was in South America, secured seed of several apples but all of them were lost.

W. P.- 4.

A good many of the plants and seedlings that you have secured on your journeys are thriving well in our detention house; in fact, the houses are becoming so full that we must find some way at an early date to get some of the things out. I hope to write you more fully about some of these growing plants in my next letter.

Very sincerely,

A. J. Galloway

BTC:J

Plant Pathologist.

No Carbon

Quito, February 23 1921

Dear Folks:

At 12 o'clock noon today I rode into Quito on a little brown mule, tired but as usual happy. I have been out 17 days, and have gone north to within ten miles of the Colombian frontier, and I have crossed the Ecuador twice; but of all this you will get full details in the notes of the trip which I will write and send with this letter.

I went out to the Amlegation and got my mail, assorted it chronologically, and sat down to read it; and I was much interested to see if anything was said in any of the letters regarding the arrival of the hammocks. And precisely in the last letter from FOP, dated January 18 or something like that, he reported that the first two had reached there. The third one I sent several days later, so it did not go on the same boat, but doubtless arrived a week or two later. But Dad, you may have made a mistake in sending one of those hammocks to Paul without opening it; the two werent exactly alike, and I wanted you to pick out the one you liked best. Paul, I leave it to you to see that father gets the pick of the hammocks; this hammock matter was arranged specially for his benefit, and I dont want him to get the small end of it. I believe the third one I sent was somewhat narrower than the others, and a bit cheaper. You can hold it for me. You never can tell what I may do; when I am in Guayaquil again I may send up another. Furthermore, I think I asked you if I should send Sham^{er} or Robbins Russel one, and if you advise in the affirmative, I can do so when I go down to Guayaquil to ship for Peru,--some time later, as will develop further on in this letter.

I am fairly bankrupting myself buying stuff here in Ecuador; but I will never get a whack at it again, and I feel that the opportunity is simply too good to miss. I will go down to Guayaquil again in about 20 days, and I plan to take down and mail six ponchos; when you get these you can distribute them as you want, except any that are marked to be held for me.

And say Pablo, do I know the meaning of ule? Did Safford pretty nearly have to marry the chief's daughter? The word is the Aztec ulli, and means rubber; and it did not refer to a species of Ficus, as you intimate, but to the latex of Castilla elastica and allied species.

was a mistake; I had countermanded the order and placed another with the Buckeye folks, but Reasoner went ahead, and it cost me \$43.80; but Dr Macphail will be mighty glad to have the trees, and I guess \$100 isnt too much to pay, altogether (\$60 to the Buckeye folks) for the month I spent at Quirigua last yr; I figured on spending about that much, as I saved \$120 on my per diem while I was there. My foot has never been as good as it was before I had that corn: the operation wasnt altogether a success, in my mind, but it doesnt bother me any in my work. It has a weak spot still.

Dad, I am surely pleased to see what you have been doing in regard to pushing the sale of my book. I think it ought to get good results. Those folks at Miami, especially, must be urged to feature the thing. I dont believe the Macmillans are doing a thing to sell the work, but you are, and when I get home I will too, and I believe we will clean out the 1st ed before we get thru.---And as for the Quindio article, I am glad you sent it first to the Atlantic; recently I have been acquiring an ambition to get into that magazine, some day, and we might as well begin to try em out right now. I feel that this article will most likely be turned down, as it strikes me, on reading it over here, that it isnt quite the sort of thing they publish. And by the way, DF writes me that he may get brother Bert interested in publishing some of my fotos and letters in the Natl Geographic; it would be rather a calamity if this Quindio paper came out elsewhere and was also published in the Geographic, but I guess he wont do anything right away, and I am writing him about it; I would prefer that he did not publish anything in the Geographic until I have had a chance to go over it and polish it up. One cant turn out a finished product writing the way I do my letters.

Well sir, J Elias Endara, the popular one-priced tailor, today turned over to me some pretty slick clothes. My light suit for the coast is a beauty, and my overcoat of Ecuadorian cloth, which has only cost me \$20, is a perfect beauty, and will give me a lot of service I believe. And the pair of riding britches for Paul looks first class,--cost \$6. I am going to get some more native cloth and get a riding suit made, for I find that I am wearing out clothes at a terrible rate in this country. I can get a suit for \$20, of this native stuff, that is just as good, for my purposes, as one of imported goods which would cost me \$40.

Father, as to a foto of myself on the Equator, I took one this mornig, as I was coming in, at just about that point, myself mounted on the little mule, and the pack mule and arriere alongside. I wont get it developed until I go down to Guayaquil, but will send you a copy then. By the way, the Minister and other friends here tell me I have grown fat up in the north; it is quite likely, for I have been eating like

a porker.

Now as to my plans: its allright for youall to count on my being there in August, if you get any satisfaction out of so doing; but I want you to know that I have run on to a nest of most remarkable aguacates up here in the Chota valley, and I'm going to land budwood in Washington if I have to make that back-breaking trip to the Chota three times. You cant move fast down here; you've got to plan a long way ahead, to make connections with mails, and to get animals, and all that sort of thing; but these avocados are probably the best, and the only good ones, that I am going to strike in South America: AND I'M GOING TO FIGHT IT OUT ON THESE LINES IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER. I have run out of moss, and had sent for some, to meet me in Lima; but now I wont get to Lima as early as I had planned, and I am going to cable for some to be sent here. I had thought to leave for Lima by April first; but I wont do it, by any means. It will be the middle of May, probably, before I leave Guayaquil. So just keep dropping your letters in the box with the Quito address on them. In addition to avocads, there are a lot of good things up there in northern Ecuador, and in José Felix Tamayo I've got a friend who will make the work a joy. His place, La Rinconada, is a magnificent hacienda; I can go there and stay as many weeks as I like, and he wont sick; and I'm going back there in April to bring out another load of stuff like I have done this time. As you can see, I am finding Ecuador enjoyable, and I feel that it is an unusually good field for our work. Part icularly in regard to these avocados am I enthusiastic; it is going to be the devil's own job (they put his name to everything!) to get budwood home to Washn alive, but I really believe that I have run into something extraordinary. and I've got to see it thru. I am pleased because it gives me a chance to get some really interesting avocado varieties on this trip: up to this time I have not sent in anything that we can talk about, and wh will create a sensation; but I think these Ecuadorians, if we get them to Washington alive, will be worth talking about. So jess leave me alone; living is good here, ponchos are cheap and plentiful, said the yongy bongy bo, and I've got some good friends here that make life altogether enjoyable for me. I dont know,--DF may tell me to hurry up, but if he doesnt, I shant leave here before May, I'm pretty sure of that. I want to stop in Peru a month, and then go on down to Chile, and after I have seen the avocados there I'll be ready to come home. I doubt very much if I will undertake any thorough explorations in Chile on this trip; I'll be tired of exploring by the time I get there, but I do want to see what they have in avocados, so as to complete my survey for the monograph.

Now Im going down to dinner, and then to bed, for the dogs and guinea pigs didnt give me a whole lot of sleep last night in Guallabamba.

Ever thine

Quito, Feb 27 1921

Dear Father:

I guess he won't be here.
As I am leaving Quito this week and probably will not again have access to my Corona until the end of April, I have written the enclosed letter to the members of the California Avocado Association, to be submitted at the May meeting. Will you please turn this over to Miss McNally, and let her have it read at the meeting. I am writing DF that I have sent the paper to her, and that if for any reason he does not want to have it presented before the meeting, to write her, recalling it. I have little fear, of course, that he will do this. As to who reads the paper, it is up to you: if you want to do so yourself, I would be glad to have you do it. If you do not, I would prefer to have some man of high standing read it; a man like Shamel, or Dr Hardin, rather than one of the lesser lights; and above all, a man who reads well. I leave it to you knowing that you will see that it is pulled off in A 1 shape.

I have today read your letters of Jan 24 and 28, with one from Herb enclosed, all of wh highly appreciated. Glad to know the 3rd hammock reached you allright.

I regret to say that the grass mats are not made in Ecuador, so I cannot get Robbins any of them. You can see if he wants one or two of the ponchos I am sending in (I am taking 5 down to the coast, and 1 small Guatemalan blanket which no longer is needed here) and if he does, you can decide whether or not you want to spare him any of them. I have had to return his check, because it cannot be cashed here: it goes in this same envelope, with a note of explanation.

Allright; when I go down to Guayaquil I will try to send up two more hammocks, one for Miss McNally and one for Shamel. I will send them both to you, and you can present them. Sure I can stand it; I can get them for \$6.50 each, and the postage is not over \$2 more.

Recd fine letter from Mrs Fairchild, wh I will probably pass on to you; she is a dear. Also got a nice one from the chief, and a good one from Allanson. Two pouches came in last night, and open mails from two steamers.--Yes, I am going ahead to send ponchos by open mail, for I cannot work the pouch for all this stuff. We'll trust to luck; it seems to be much better going that way than coming this. I have recd very few of the pkgs you have sent me on this trip. Book lost in CR, and two pkgs of dates here. But I can stand this, so long as they dont touch the things I send you.

FOP:

With the lighter-weight fabrics I am getting down here, I very much doubt if I will want to use more than one of those Guatemalan cortes which you are holding for overcoats. If either of the boys wants one, let him have it (I think likely I will send you a coat from here, or bring you one, which will save the money you would have to spend on tailoring up there' and along in the fall, if Emily wants to have one made up into a nice warm coat for riding down to school on those cold winter mornings, I dont see why she shouldnt have it. I sometimes think I am piling up so much stuff there that some of it will rot before I have occasion to use it. And I will probably make other trips to furrin parts, so I dont think we need to be too saving of this stuff, and whenever any of our family wants an article, wh y, let em have it !

The latin Americans are always telling me: "You are not like other Americans we have met. They are usually serious, not very talkative, and brusque." And then I always put on a sober face and reply "Ah, but you see I have Latin blood. My family is French!" This makes a great hit with them, but may the Good Lord forgive me for the lie I tell, for, as I understand it (cf HRF) the Popense stock is all Nordic.

Word about the hats I am sending you: We ordered them from MonteCristi, and besides mine, two others, of finer grade, for some other people in Guayaquil. They all came down in a tin tube, and the tube was frightfully crushed in the mails. We could not get the hats out, and had to cut the tube with a can-opener; and altho we did not see the can opener cutting into anything else, when we got the tin open we found we had cut the two best hats. So to divide the loss, I took one of the cut hats, and Haskell (thru whom I ordered) took the other, and I had mine mended and send it along with 3 others which are allright. This mended hat isnt good enough to wear in town, but you folks will be able to use it in the Coachella or somewhere.--These hats are for your use, and for you to dispose of as you see fit.

WP

Quito,

LAST CALL:

March 3 1921

Dear Dad:

I have dispatched my baggage to Ambato, and just have a half hour left before I go out to the Legation with all my mail and the packages I have prepared for sending to Washn. Then supper, sleep a bit, and take the Flyer at 8.20 a.m.

I've been in Quito just a week now, and I've dined twice and breakfasted once at the Legation, and dined once (last night) with the military attaché, so I am leaving town with my barriga llena of good grub. The Hartmans are mighty good folks.

My erstwhile ayudante, Felix Eleodoro Jara (whose character you will know from my notes entitled "Rambling About the Equator", which I send in a separate envelop) was not satisfied with the settlement we made, and yesterday hailed me into court, the Juzgado Primero Civil of the parroquia Gonzales Suarez, to show cause why I hadnt paid him more. He had sworn out a very lengthy complaint which I had to answer. He alleged that he hired himself to "accompany" me to the North (and his actions showed that this was, indeed, his idea of the contract) and to translate quichua for me; and he alleges that he not only accompanied me but in addition suffered himself to be forced to perform many duties which were not in the contract. As my notes state, I fired him in Ibarra, but had to let him hang around there and come home with me, as I was morally obligated to return him to Quito, having taken him away from here; and now, instead of accepting his pay up to the day I fired him in Ibarra, he is trying to collect full pay, plus damages and costs, up to the day we arrived in Quito on the return. I prepared a memorandum for the Judge, and he told me he thought I was altogether safe in the matter. I dont think Jara will go any further, and I am leaving town tomorrow anyway, to be gone 2 months. I have rather enjoyed seeing the inside workings of the Ecuadorian legal system; and the judge is a pretty good young fellow with whom I have become quite friendly.

I am going to Ambato tomorrow, and down to Baños the day following; will stay there a week and come back to Ambato, stay there over market day and then go down to Guayaquil, probably reaching the latter city on the 17th inst. I will write you next from there. I will not have my mail sent down to me from here, but let it wait until I return as it is safer. From Guayaquil I intend to go in to Zaruma, where there is a big American mine and where I can stay comfortably a couple of days, and then go on to Loja if the roads are not in very bad

shape. I probably will not come back to Quito for six weeks or so, but I will send you letters of course, even tho I wont receive yours for that time. I would rather go without my mail for 6 weeks or 2 mos, than to have them try to forward and have part of it get lost.

I've just recd my new riding suit from J Elias Endara and am taking it along on this trip. It is made of that Gray Chillo cloth of which I send a sample herewith. I havent been able to get any more of this particular cloth, as the bolt they brot in was all sold very promptly; but there may be some more of it when I come back. They have other patterns, e.g. the one of which the riding breeches are made,--the breeches I am sending Paul in this mail. Look em over, and if you want a suiting of one of these fabrics, be sure to let me know; also if Paul wants one. You can get enough cloth for a three piece suit for the equivalent of \$10. I shall likely buy a couple of suitings for myself and send them home, so that in future years I can have em to fall back on when I want a durable but not too fine outing suit. The cloth is not as good as the stuff they make in Bogota, but it is less than half the price of the latter, and to my mind it will make cracking good outing stiff. I can probably send it to you via the pouch, so if you and Paul want to lay in one or two suitings apiece, dont forget to advise me. I dont suppose we will ever again see pure woolen cloth going so cheap.

I enclose a memo re things I am leaving here at the Legation to go forward as rapidly as the pouch will accomodate them. They have 3 pouches a month, so the last pkg wont go thru for more than a month, but there's no hurry.

Ever thine

Wick

To be given by
F. O. Popenoe,
William W. Davis, or
Ruth W. Smith.
in case of my passing into the Kingdom of
Elysium
Eliza W. Bowman

Last Will and Testament.

Mar 5th

Topeka, Kansas, April 1, 1921.

I, Elize W. Bowman, do hereby make this as my last will and testament, cancelling all prior wills by me made:

I hereby give and bequeath the property stated, to the persons named below, and I appoint F.O. Popenoe as my sole executor to carry out the provisions of this will, and to act without bond:

My beloved son, in law, Fred Popenoe has cared for me financially, when I was unable to care for myself and I feel he is entitled to and I want him to have, should I pass into the Higher Life before he does, all belongings I may leave; to be distributed at his discretion, himself first among the gran dams and Nieces. I leave it to his discretion entirely because he understands their needs much better than I do. I request that Mrs. Shires assist in the distribution of household and personal belongings.

Eliza W. Bowman

Signed and executed in our presence, and in the presence of each other, on this 5th day of April, 1921.

Lillian W. Shires

Bertha D. Smith

Ambato, Ecuador, March 13 1921

Dear old Dad:

Here I am, ensconced in Pachano's study and inaugurating a day of writing on his brand-new Underwood. In order to get my hand in, I'll write a note to you before tackling anything more formal/

I came back last night from a week at Baños; I shall stay here a couple of days, to be on hand for the big weekly market tomorrow, and then I'm off for Guayaquil, to ship the ponchos I have packed and ready to carry down with me (brought from Quito last week) and to proceed on down into southern Ecuador. Lots of traveling.

I shall write up my notes on the trip to Baños and the ascent of Tungurahua, and stick them in this same mail. I might just as well put them in separate form, and have them ready for future overhauling, as to include them in this letter and have to dig them out later.

By the way, you can give Miss McNally the last hammock I sent up from Guayaquil, the one I said was to be held for me. I will now obtain and forward two more, one for Shamel and one to be held for me.

And if Paul and Betty don't think I have treated em pretty well in the poncho matter, when they get the bunch that I am now sending up, then by Goegr e I wont send em any more!

Lots of fruit here in the Ambato market, but the hotel is as bum as usual. I scratched fleas about half the night, and the grub isnt all it ought to be. And I am getting tired of Latin American dirt, anyway. I think when I get down to Chile, along in the fall, I will shut up shop and take a Grace boat direct for New York. Of course, I am going to find living much better in Chile than it has been in Colombia and Ecuador. I am taking the worst part first, which is as I would have it. This will probably finish my long hard travels in backwrd countries; in the ~~near~~ future I am going to visit southern France, and southern Spain, and perhaps India and Japan once more, and if I come back to So America or Central America I wont stay so long, nor do so much back-country travel.

I may have a rather hard trip of it thru southern Ecuador, but I'm looking forward to a mighty pleasant time when I go north again, to spend several weeks with José Felix Tamayo along the Colombian border.

I have been reading several copies of Science at
Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation have filtered thru to
Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA taken from the Equadorean mails,
and it makes me think of Washington. And when I got into

a genuine snow storm up on Tungurahua, I conjured up visions of wintry days on F Street and pleasant evenings at Paul and I have had tramping through the snow in Washn., - out to the Brownes, or somewhere else, - and all that sort of thing. And I fear that Washington isn't going to be quite so pleasant for me next winter, without Paul there; but I shall try to make the acquaintance of a few nice girls on whom I can call, and I shall doubtless pass many pleasant evenings around the grate fire at the Cosmos Club.

Well, it's a quiet Sunday morning here in Ambato. The women folks have just come home from mass, and the sun is shining brightly, - which it probably won't do after ten o'clock. The queer part is this: how can towns like these of the Andes continue to exist, with the world moving ahead everywhere else? They are still in the XVI century and seem perfectly content to stay so. They fool themselves into believing, as a general thing, that they are very cultured, and very intellectual, and they look upon us as rank materialists who are bent upon the conquest of all America. But I believe they are digging their own graves; if they will not voluntarily come out of the dark, and put in sewers, and prevent folks from making the central plaza the public excusado, and build some roads so people can travel, why somebody will do it for them. Whether it is the USA or not is not of great importance. The only reason these backward states have been allowed to pursue the even tenor of their iniquitous way so long is, I believe, because they have been so far out of the world, and relatively of so little value, that no big power has bothered itself about them; perhaps also because the Monroe Doctrine has protected some of them from European encroachment.

It will be quite a while before I will have news from you again, in all probability, but I am used to it, and it will be a big day when I get back to Quito and lug home a load of letters from the Amlegation, and settle down to a day of reading. I will drop you letters along the road, but some of them will not reach you very promptly.

Ever thine

Wick

Chobo, near Guayaquil, Ecuador
21 March 1921

Dear Father:

I have been out here with Pachano and Mr Rorer over Sunday, and this afternoon will go back to Guayaquil, to mail the things I have ready for you (incidentally) and take the steamer on Wednesday for Santa Rosa, whence I am going in to the Zaruma mines, on my road to Loja.

When I got to G'quil three days ago I found several letters and a citograph from you, and two Journals of Heredity; I have forgotten whether the latter came from you or not, but each contained an article of mine, and I was very glad to see them. I was also very glad to have your letters, as I have been looking forward to a long fast. I note you have sent some to Lima; I am writing the Ambassador to send these back to Guayaquil, and I will pick them up when I come back from Loja about the end of April.

I note from your letters that the sack of ponchos and macanas reached you safely, and that the duty on the ponchos was only 25% of the declared value. This is not at all bad, and I feel safer now in sending the six more ponchos which I have ready for you. I was a bit afraid they might hit you hard on the duty; I have never forgotten how I had to pay \$6 duty on my Manteau Universel, which only cost \$7; but that was in the old days of Democratic free trade. Doubtless we have a more rational tariff nowadays.--I also note that the Panama hat was too small for you. Too bad. I thought they could make it larger when they blocked it, and that it would not fail to fit you; but I reckon Betty will make good use of it, and she ought to have a good one anyway; so I am glad you are (or have) given it to her, and I have already bot you a new one in G'quil, which I secured at a great bargain, thusly: My friend Haskell has just bean up to Montecristi, and he bot up quite a few hats, from the makers; he had more than he wanted, and let me have my pick of em, and I took the biggest one I could find, for you. I do not believe it can fail to be large enough; probably it will be a bit too large, as it is; but you have to block it anyway, and they can put in a thick sweatband if necessary, to make it fit you. I will not be able to forward this for a month or so, but I will probably get it to you in time for you to wear it most of the coming summer. Haskell has promised to get me two or three more hats, direct from Montecristi; if he does, I shall send them to you, one to be held for me, and the other one or two, as the case may be, for family use.

I have sent via Washington a small package containing one blue and white cotton poncho, and two small tanned skins; the poncho is to be held for me, altho it hasnt my tag on it, and the two skins, which are very small calf-skins, ach about 2 x 3 ft, are for Paul. He wanted thongs for shoestrings, and I got these skins cut. My friend Haskell has a long whole, and he can't cut his thongs as required, probably the leather will come handy in

other ways, also. I am not sure that it is going to be strong enough to make good things, but I hope so. I got the two hides at the Ambato market last week, paying 3 sueres or \$1 for the pair. I am sure they will be serviceable; if they are not long enough to cut shoestrings in any one direction, he can cut them circular or curving and make them up to 5 ft long without difficulty.

And now about hammocks; tomorrow I shall purchase and send you two, unless something happens to prevent. I have already written you to give Miss McNally the one I sent in previously, marked to be held for me. I trust you have already done this. One of those I shall now send will be marked ADS, and is to be given to Shamel when he comes home. The other will be unmarked. It occurs to me that JSChase might have good use for one at Palm Springs, and I am under considerable of an obligation to him for the help he has given me in my writings. You know, he only charged \$40 for correcting the MS of my manual, and it was easily worth twice that amount. So if you think he would care for it, I wish you would give the other hammock to him, with my compliments; if you for any reason think he could not use it, then hold it for me. But the more I think it over, the more I am inclined to feel that I dont much care to have one of these hammocks held for me. I will have no real use for it in Washn, and when I come to Calif I will recline either in your's or Paul's. If I change my mind and decide I want one I can send it up in July, when I come down to G'quill on my way to Peru. I can also send you anything further you want from G'quill at that time, so make your wants known. Those hammocks, at a cost of \$10 each, laid down in Calif, including duty, are probably as good a buy as we can get. If you have any other friends you particularly want to remember you have only to let me know. It is a good deal of trouble to dicker for these hammocks, pack them, and mail them, but not too much trouble, at all, when a good friend of the family is being considered. I wouldnt do it as a financial transaction; that is, I wouldnt care to go to the trouble just to get one for some acquaintance who offered to pay for it, but for any genuine friend, like JSC or ADS, why I am only too glad to expend the necessary sweat. I shall most certainly go bankrupt here in E'cuador, buying all this stuff, but que importa? I'll never get a whack at it again, and we ought to enjoy the things I am buying for the next ten years. And as for what I have bought for Paul and Betty, I'll make them pay for it all, with compound interest, by staying three months with them when I come home again. As Ruth Bowman says, I am the only remaining millionaire member of the family, so far as she knows, and I guess I can afford to load up pretty heavily with this So American stuff now that I have the opportunity.

I was walking about the Ambato market, and particularly in Section J, Hides and Leather, when I spied a particularly fine, large, tanned cowhide, or rather the hide of a yearling or heifer or something similar, for it is thin and pliable, and not sole leather. I priced it, and found I could get it for \$5.65 (17 sueres), or in other words, not sold, but give away; for it is a huge hide, and will yield two corking suitcases and a handbag, not to mention a liberal supply of scraps for household repairs and general; altho I saw it might be hard to get home, I thot it worth risking \$5.65 on, and I bot it, and tomorrow I am going to dispatch it to you by parcels post. I dont know how much duty you may have to pay, or

will not be a heavy one, and if it reaches you, we'll have it made up into baggage for the family, and I figure we won't have to worry about suitcases any more for ten yrs. I am tired of spending \$25 on a split cowhide suitcase that lasts me just one trip. I figure we can get this made up at a cost of not more than \$15 or \$20 for a suitcase, and it is strong, durable stuff that ought to last a long time. I can't get it made up down here; the leatherworkers in Ambato do fairly good work but haven't the fittings (locks, etc) to make a decent job of it. So if this hide reaches you, hold onto it, and when I get there we will have it made up as suits us; or if either you or Paul or Herb want a suitcase right now, go ahead and get it made. I think I may have a London kit bag made for myself; I have always wanted one; and all you have to do is to hold enough of the hide in reserve to make me a good large suitcase or bag.

I have written you previously re the ponchos now going home, but I will reiterate; there are four plain ponchos, one with a cular attached (for Paul and Betty, as agreed between them) and one shall and cheap Guatemalan blanket. None of these articles is desired by me, so you can decide among yourselves how you will use them. There are also two Indian belts for Betty (most likely she can find some use for them about the house) and one for myself, bearing my tag. I will probably not send home many more ponchos; in case I run across a few extra choice ones I shall buy them, perhaps a couple for myself; and if Russel wants some, I have written you that you are to let me know, and I will buy them and mail them when I come back to G'quil the first of July. I realize that these ponchos are a bit too small to make good blankets; occasionally you can pick up one a full six ft long, but usually they are about 5. I have one a little over 6 ft long wh I am using in my travels, and if I find any more of this length I shall get them, and probably Russel would like a couple. But they are pretty hard to find. I would suggest that Paul and Betty use most of those I have sent, in particular the coarser ones, as rugs; the finer, softer ones can be used to cover seats and the like.

Well sir, I figger when I get home again I am going to find a good many recuerdos of my journey staring me in the face at Ahuacatlan and Dar es Salaam!

I have enjoyed seeing Pachano again (he is now here in the Experiment Station they are developing) and I have also had a pleasant time at G'quil with the Haskells and others. After I stay about 4 months in one of these countris I begin to feel altogether at home, and to have some pretty good friends. We had a rotten trip down from Ambato, the train being 5 hrs late, so we reached Riobamba at midnight, slept until 4.30 and were then called to catch the train once more; but that is all forgotten now. It is a bit warm here on the coast, and in this particular spot (Chobo, 29 kms from G'quil on the RR toward Quito) the mosquitos are about as abundant as they used to be at Miami in summer, and I have a crop of chiggers which would suffice to put Paul in bed, he being notoriously susceptible to the attacks of Trombidium. I go back to G'quil tonight; tomorrow I shall mail the stuff to you and make arrangements for my trip, and the next day I expect to take the little steamer down to Santa Rosa, a day's ride. S. Rosa is up one of the rivers south of G'quil. From there I ride two days to the Zaruma mines. The Minister in Quito is well received there; probably stay a couple of days, and

then ride two days more to Loja. Not far south of this town the cherimoya is said to be indigenous, and I want to see the wild trees if possible. I shall probably spend a week, at least, in this region, and then I expect to ride northward to Cuenca, about four days from Loja. In Cuenca I shall probably spend four or five days, and then go northward to Huigra on the RR, three days more; and from Huigra I will come down to G'quill to dispatch whatever seeds or plants I have collected, to pick up my baggage, and to have my films developed, and then I shall go back up to Quito. So there.

Pachano is a mighty good fellow. I wish there were a few more like him in Ecuador, to develop agriculture in this country. Yesterday noon he and I were invited to lunch with the Semanarios, over on the Matilde sugar estate. We had a bully lunch. Afterwards we went to the Valdez estate, and had a visit with the Rorers, who are now staying there, and Mr. Adams, who appears to be from Mauritius, and knows my friends the Boissards of Guatemala, also from Mauritius. I always enjoy being on a sugar estate. They are not grinding just now, however.

I have been trying to arrange for some mangosteen fruits from the Hda Payo, not far from here, so that I could send them to Washn for seed. We have a hard time getting mangosteen seed, as that sent from the Orient never reaches us alive. These folks at Payo have nearly a dozen fruiting trees, and they make no use whatever of the fruit, but allow it to rot on the ground. They refuse, however, to let a single fruit go off the place, saying that they do not want any others to be planted in Ecuador. The idea is, of course, that it flatters their pride to be able to say that they have the only mangosteen trees in Ecuador, even tho they do not make any use of the fruit. But what public-spirited folks they are! The idea of not wanting to see a fine fruit like the mangosteen enjoyed by their fellow-countrymen! I came down here from the mountains several days ahead of the sailing day of the boat for Santa Rosa, hoping to arrange for some of these fruits, (which are not yet ripe) but so far I have not accomplished anything. I may yet find a way of getting them.

Well; I can only say that I hope we have as good luck in getting the stuff I am now sending thru to the States, as we had with the last lot forwarded. One of these days we are going to lose something, so we might as well get ready for it.

Ever thine

Will

g'quil, March 23
[1903]

Last call! Din off this evening on the SS "El Medo" for Sta Rosa. Mailed this morning 5 pkgs to you, on wh they charged me 24 sucros postage. I wish you would count up the stamps (they are of 1 sucre each) and let me know how many come thru; I think the clerk here, who took them for me and said he would put them on, is holding back part of them.

I enclose clipping from Ambato paper wh may interest you, and some fotos. - Hot here today. Plenty sweat.

Good Lammocks, I

think. They only cost 15 sucres each, &
shouldn't be as good as the ones I sent
you and Paul, wh. cost 25 each, and
are the best quality ordinarily made here.

W.P.

Portavalo (near Zaruma) Ecuador
28 March 1931.

Dear Folks:

Here I am, in the slickest camp I've seen in a long time. It is, in fact, too good to last; and while I'd like to spend a week here I have no space for so doing, and tomorrow I'm starting on the long trek to Loja. I expect I'll be 4 days on the road, for I'm going via Catacocha, in the Cantón de Paltas. It is from this section that the excellent drops of *Pirsea americana* doubtless gets the name of Paltas. Tradition tells it that Huayna Capac, the Inca who conquered southern Ecuador about 1450, found this fruit in the region I am now going to visit, and he liked it so much he carried it back to Peru with him - and doubtless the name Paltas along with it. I want to visit the region, tho I don't expect to find any aquaculture of interest, so as to know in what sort of a place Huayna Capac found this

2.

To return: I left Q'quil at 8 pm on
Wednesday. Mr. Rose & Mr. Haskell coming
down to see me up. The boat was not
crowded, & they furnished gold medal cots,
on deck. I slept well. Got to Santa
Rosa next p.m. at 3. I put up at the
Agency of the So. Am. Development Co. owners
of the Portavalo gold mine, and the next
morning left in mule back. Reached La
Chonta at 6.30 p.m. Ate a can of Chilean
pears & 2 rolls, & went to sleep. Was called
at 12.15 and in the saddle again at 12.30 a.m.
Road pretty bad, but no worse than the trail
to Chama' (Alta Urupey) in the wet season.
At 10 a.m. I ate a can of Chilean peaches
& two more rolls, and at 1 p.m. I reached
Portavalo. This mine is beautifully outfitted
with cement houses, & all that sort of thing.
There are 25 or 30 Americans, ♀ and ♂,
here.

I got here Saturday afternoon & attended
some dancing until 2

a.m., making 26 hrs since I had last been
in bed. I then slept until 9 a.m. &
got up feeling bully.

The folks here are very hospitable and a
fine crowd. It will be a long time
before I again strike anything so agreeable.

I have had in some part at the commissary,
to augment what I brot from Yagaguel,
& am ready to tackle some more bad
roads and inhospitable villages. Such is
life, as my colleague Frank Meyer,
poor fellow, used to say.

I'm getting about as far out of the world
as I have ever been. This south Ecuadorian
region is mighty remote - if you could
see the road one has to travel to reach it,
you would understand why it is so.

Ever True

Wilt

Loja, Ecuador 3 April 1931

Beloved Dad:

My first leisurely act, upon reaching the Paris of Latin America (is it the Athens, or the Rome?) shall be to inscribe a few lines to you - altho the Lord only knows when they will reach you, for I imagine the mail takes its own time about going out to the coast at this season of the year - I would, too, if I were in its place. Great Scott! what a remote and inaccessible spot this Loja is! It's the only piece of level ground more than 50 yards in diameter for miles and miles about, and I suppose for that reason it was logical that a town should grow up here. I do not think I ever had been more cozy with tea, in a more remote place.

It took me 5 days to get here from Patate (near Zorongo), which place itself is two days from the coast. It should only have taken 1/3 or 1/4 (and it is done in 2 in the dry season) but the bridge across the Pindo was some years ago, and I had to make a long detour to the Cerro bridge.

through a section very little traveled, and where
 the "road" is nothing but a goat-path up the
 mountainside. The first day out of Portovelo I
 was caught by the rain, and the day road be-
 came too slippery to travel, so we stopped
 in a tiny, dirty, and leaky thatched hut 10x15
 ft, where I slung my hammock right across
 the center and slept in the midst of guinea
 pigs, chickens, a bitch with pups, a man, his
 wife & two children, and a sick orphan girl who
 moaned all night. It rained steadily, but
 stopped in the morning. Literally hundreds of
 cockroaches, of all sizes, crawled into my
 baggage to get out of the rain. It took me
 two days to clean them all out.

The second night we slept in the village
 of Cangonuma, and did well; the third day
 at noon we reached Catacocha, cabecera
 of the Canton de Pallas. This proved to be
 a miserable little place with no plants of
 interest. I had to sleep on a low table, and
 I must say I prefer the hammock.

Luffin. The inhabitants, on actually with him let,
 got to talking things over and decided I was a
 spy from Peru (Ecuador is greatly afraid of
 Peru) so they dragged me up to military head-
 quarters and put me there the 3rd degree. Not
 satisfied with this, the Comisario (sort of police
 chief; only there is no police) came to my
 room mid spent the evening quizzing me, and re-
 turned at daybreak, as I was packing to move
 on. He saw my small folding tripod: "¿Qué
 es eso? ¿un theodolite?" he asked (what is that, did
 he know about theodolites?) Later he went through
 all my letters, books, & papers (delaying me 1 1/2 hrs
 or so being). He found a blueprint map of the
 road from Santa Rosa to Portovillal given me
 at the mine: "¿Usted, ¿cómo ha estado haciendo
 un mapa!" he cried in triumph.

Finally he let me go, still unconvinced
 (he could not understand the purpose of my
 scientific instruments) and we traveled a hard
 day to San Pedro, where we arrived just
 at dark; I ate 3 eggs & drank a cup.

We were off again at 6.30 in the morning, crossed the dry Catamayo valley, climbed 6000 feet to the paramo, and in the afternoon descended into the pretty little basin of Loja. At 4.30 we rode into town, and everybody turned out to stare at me; for travellers are rare in Loja, and at this, the rainy season, practically unknown.

My guide from the Portovelo commissary stood me in good stead, and I ate well on the trip. I bought eggs in several places, and some fine sweet bread in San Pedro; beyond these things, there was nothing to be obtained. This region is very thickly populated, most of the land produces nothing but manioc, and the people are all of mixed blood, and an inferior lot. Northern Ecuador is far ahead of Southern. It has better land, more people and more industry.

Loja has a beautiful setting: perhaps the prettiest of all the large Ecuadorian towns I have seen up to the present. It is not a

I have not yet taken much of a look around. I am devoting most of my time today, and at Sunday, to loafing & writing notes. In the p.m. there will be a cock fight right under my balcony, in the patio of this bldg which serves as a general store, posada, patio d. gallos, and what-not. The extent of traffic here is indicated by the fact that there is only one room fitted up for guests and this is not often occupied.

Well, if I can get out of here as well as I got in, I want live any sickening bird shall be cycled. I made the trap, this I shall get very good seeds, as the season is not right. I have seen the *Chimneya* in its native haunts, already, and am going to a place 6 or 7 hrs south of here where the trees are very abundant. About a week from today I shall start for Cuenca, a 6 or 7 days ride. I'll write you again from there, tho' the letter I send you *Guayaquil* on my return there.

G'quil, 25 Apr 1921

Beloved Fells:

Night before last I reached G'quil, after just one month of travel in southern Ecuador. I sent you a letter from Portobelo, and another from Loja; I hope they have reached you, but it would not be surprising if they failed to do so.

I'm starting back up the line this evening - going to stop at Chobo with Pachano 2 days & at Huzra with Major Hardy 2 more, reaching Quito on the 30th. I suppose I will find a big stack of mail there, I expected to find quite a bit here, returned from Lima, but it hasn't arrived yet. All I got was 1 letter of Feb 27 from F.O.P. But I'll have plenty in Quito.

particularly profitable trip - didn't
get much in the way of seeds. But
I feel it worth while to know the
country, and on the whole am glad I
made the journey. I've kept a sort of
journal of it, which I will send from
Quito next week via the Couch.

I brought down 6 cotton perches from
Cuenca and am mailing them today.
You can give Paul and Betty 2,
and put 4 in stock against future
contingencies. I sort of picked out the
light olive green, with orange stripes,
and the one striped in various shades
of brown, with occasional blue stripes,
as suitable for desert use, where
plenty of color is desired; but if
you prefer any of the others,

2.

except the gray with orange stripes,
it's Ok with me. I would like
the gray one saved for me, and at
least one other; 2 is really enough
for me, so if you want to dispose of one
or two besides the 2 indicated for P & B P,
you can do so.

Dad, I'm taking a genuine Monte
Cristi up to Gento to send you, and I'm
confident it will be large enough for
your head. It's a good hat - tho perhaps
not quite equal to the one sent previously.

I'm feeling altogether fit, and
enjoying life. Had a big dinner chez
the Haskells yesterday - Rivers not
in town just now. I'm going now
to spend at least 2 weeks in Gento
to do a bit of writing, and then

I plan to return to No. Ecuador to
stay with Jose Felix Torrey a month,
and send him hardwood of those avocados
in the Chota valley. Of course, I may
find orders from DF wh will hurry me
up, but if I do not, I shall not
leave Ecuador for the South until
about July 15. I cannot leave here
with a clear conscience until
I have thoroughly cleaned up that
avocado country up north, and I
could not do anything more up there
until the rains are over, - in May.
But I prefer to do the job thoroughly
as I go along, even if I never see
the West Indies, than to hustle thru
and leave good avocados behind
me.

My present slogan is "Home by Christmas" and I think likely I will cut out Peru except for 10 days in Lima, spend 2 mos. in Chile to cover the avocado situation, and then jump on a fast boat for home. It occurs to me that I might get a boat up the West coast and land in Cal., to spend a couple of weeks before going on to Washn. It's a bare possibility, I would not want to do it if it were going to cost the Govt much more to go that way, but perhaps I can get a cheap passage and make the trip via Calif at no greater expense than I need to N.Y., in which case I should certainly do it.

When I get to Quito Ill

know more about you, and your Doings,
than I now do. I'll have a long
time reading my mail - probably. I
will set up until 2 a.m. the night
I reach there. - Hope the packages
reach you safely.

Ever lovingly
Will
S

world at large for having so successfully written a book which while of a strictly 'scientific' nature, is readable and instructive from a lay point of view. I am looking forward to a thorough reading of it next month, the whole of which I expect to spend with the family at La Esperanza.

The Colombian Review, the propaganda paper published in New York by the Col. Dept. of Ag. and Com., in its latest issue reproduced several of your photographs, and had the grace to give you credit for them. The legend under one of them was, however, very funny. I do not know whether you remember on our trip from Honda to Facatativá photographing a wayside hut a few hours from Fac. on account of the flowers in the yeard (O.E. spelling). Anyway, I remeber that ~~we paid~~, after unsuccessfully persuading some old dame to pose, we finally got some vagabond urchin to serve as a 'figure', by paying him a few centavos. Well, the legend in the Col. Rev. runs something like this: "Photograph of a typical Col. farmhouse, the boy in the foreground on his way to the rural school"!

I trust you are having a great time, and a successful one.

With sincere good wishes and remembrances from us all,

Your friend,

G. U. Thompson

F.O.P. : This magazine might interest you. I think they distribute it gratis. If you want it you can address the Curator of the Botanic Garden in Columbia in N.Y. They are willing to publish a good many of my photos w.o.p.

Quito, 4 May 1921

Belovedest of Dads:

Imagine (if you can) my disappointment when I reached here last Thu night, 5 days ago, and found no fresh mail from you. I had picked up a letter of Feb 27 in Guayaquil, and here I found one of Feb 7. That was all. I knew of course that everything had gone to Lima, but I had written for them to send it back here, and I presumed that plenty of time had passed for it to have been returned.

So I was disappointed. But today another mail came in, and brot me your letters of Apr 5 and 13, both of wh seem very fresh, and in fact are. I find many things have happened since I last heard from you; Emily has arrived, Paul has gone East, and so forth. Well, you bet it is mighty good to have news of you again. It is the first time in all this trip that I have really felt sort of glum over not knowing what was going on at Altadena. But you see it is quite a long time from Feb 27 to May 4, and I knew that many things could happen in that time, and I was just tollable curious to know the facts.

I have quite fallen in love with the picture of Emily. Tell me more about her, and sand me some more pictures. I am thinking more and more of picking up a direct boat from Chile to California (I believe there are such) and coming home for next Xmas; I dont believe DF would kick, but to avoid any possibility I imagine I will just keep quiet about it, and if I can catch such a boat, I will take it, and telegraph DF from Calif that I have arriv, and that I am going to take 2 weeks leave before coming East. What do you saybte that? It will give me a chance to see not only Emily, but all the rest of you.

So you dont think I ought to spend money on a suiting of Chillo for you! Bless your old heart, you're going to have one anyway. Its lying here on my bed as-I write these words. And I may send up another to be held for me, so I advise that you do not have this one made up as yet, but hold it to see what I send later, and then use the one you like best. This stuff is so confoundedly cheap and good I am tempted to keep right on buying, every time a pretty new piece comes in from the factory. I shall probably come home with clothes for 2 yrs, which will be all to the good, for I wont get this pure wool stuff at home at \$15 the suit, made by a good tailor,--exchange has climbed to \$4 to 1, and I am going to cash \$100 and put most of it into clothes for the future.

Listen: If Emily likes this furrin stuff, as Betty does, I want her to have somethin' I send in from time to time. F'instance, if she wants a Panama hat, give her one of the lot I am sending. And if she wants a poncho next winter, why of course she must have one, and so forth. I shall feel that she is my particular charge from now on; I only hope she likes ponchos and hhipiles et id genus omne.---I'm thinking seriously of having a Chilio overcoat made for you, while exchange is at \$400. If I feel sure I can get it home to you I will do so. Doggone it, but nothing is good enough for you! I just wish I could send you o suits and o overcoats!

Now that Emily is one of the family, my sister as it were, I dont see why she shouldnt write to me, and I reckon to start her off I will write to her first.

Hope you got the 6 cotton ponchos sent from Guayaquil two weeks ago. They are pretty ones, a/c my way of thinking. I dont know but that we ought to give Miss Winslow one of them. Do so if you want to, and if you dont, dont.

I am sending you a dozen photos, together with my journal of the trip to Loja. This under separate cover. I think the picture of José Felix and myself is the best one of me I have had in a long time. I send you several of La Rinconada, so you can picture me in that house and that garden about the time you get this letter. I also send pictures of some of the avocados from Cheta; all but No 1 are evidently full-blooded Mexicans, and you will note that they are pretty good size for this race. No 5 has a big seed, but is of good form and may have more meat if the tree is given some fertilizer as it will be in Calif. I hope to find a few other good ones in the Cheta on my forthcoming trip. I shant stay in Ecuador later than July in any event; I shall send out two shipments of budwood, and then scoot for Peru and Chile, in order to be home by Christmas. If this budwood does not get thry, the thing is hopeless at this season and I will have to try at some other time.

I dont say Ecuador is a better field than Guatemala, but it ranks right next to it. I have been up from G'quail five days, and have had two dinners and one bkfst at the Amiegation, and bkfst there agin tomorrow. They are really making me one of the family, or pretty nearly that. And when I get up with Jose Felix I will have everytning that the country affords.--I enclose you a letter from him.

*****Just here I left off to return to the Amiegation for the rest of my mail, it now having been distributed: got a letter from Paul and a bunch from the Ofs, including copies of one from Spinks ~~and one from~~ Shelden re my Guatemala avocados. Spinks, I note, wants to exhibit them at the Avocado Assn mtg; but from the figures he gives of the size of the varieties, it is evident that all but Kanola are too small to be characteristic. I take it the trees are too young to mature the fruits. I am not concerned about it: they will be big enough when the trees are mature, for the ones which have borne fruit are in every case up to my specifications if no larger.

Bisset advises that the first budwood of the avocados from San Vicente got thru in rather poor shape, but they think they may save 4 or 5 of the 5 varieties. Inasmuch as there was a delay of 10 days here before the budwood started for the ~~Mexico~~ States, I am rather agreeably surprised, and feel that with two shipments more, wh I will make in June, we ought to save all these Chota valley vars. I rather think we are going to get from them a very good Mex, winter-bearing variety something on the Puebla order but perhaps larger and better. The question of fiber is the only one on which I have any fears; some of them showed a little of it, but I think we ought to get at least one excellent variety out of the lot. Paul asks if they are better than the Guatemalans; I will dodge this in true Govt style by saying that they can scarcely be compared with the Guatemalans, as these are practically all Mexicans. As such, I believe they average much better than the great majority of varieties we have obtained from Mexico itself, and I rather anticipate that one or two of these Chota varieties will find a place in California orchards, and likely become more prominent than Puebla.

Tomorrow Mr Hartman has invited me to share his box at the theatre; there is going to be some sort of an official celebration, with what motive I dont exactly know. I like it here in Quito, for I am now quite at home here; but I will be still more at home in Calif, and I am beginning to look forward to reaching there, for my arrival is not so far off. The months fly by,--it is two since I was last in Quito, yet I cannot realize it,--and before I know it I will be galavanting down the coast, and then a short time in Chile, and Zaz y Ras! if there is a direct boat to Calif (I think the Japanese line has one) I'm a gonna take it, to see my old dad, and my brothers, and my two sisters. You bet I am!

Here's a good one for you: down at the experiment station at ~~hobe~~ they had to station a watchman in the field to keep the natives from stealing the roasting ears. So they appointed a watchman, and supplied him with a shotgun, and then he addressed Mr Pachano as follows: "Allright, sir, and now, what is going to be my weekly allowance for ammunition?" I guess he planned to carry on wholesale warfare.

Ever thine

Witt

Pardon the repetition of the request for a book
to be sent ~~to me~~ *on it* enough!

Quito, 5 May 1921

Día de Ascensión

Dear Folks:

I feel a bit guilty. I sent you a letter from G'quil when I was there about 10 days ago, and expected to send you another as soon as I got to Quito: and the second day after arriving here I inquired to find when there would be an outgoing mail, and discovered that one had just gone, and there wouldnt be another until the 17th from G'quil, leaving here on the 12th. You will probably go three weeks without a letter from, which fact I regret.

I have just come from the theatre where I sat with the American minister in his boxes, just one box removed from the President of Ecuador, and listened to 5 military gentlemen describe the first five phases of the military career of N. Bonaparte. There were still seven or eight more speakers to come, and I had been sitting there 2-1/2 hrs, so I decided it was time to make a get away. The Minister only stuck it out an hour, but then, he had the excuse that he doesnt understand Spanish. This is the anniversary of Napoleon's death, I believe, and they are making a big affair of it. The only part I really enjoyed was the Marseillaise. I stood at attention, stiff as a broomstick, while they went thru with that. The two French aviators, who are now here, were in the next box, in uniform, and also stood at attention, of course. Most everybody else just stood.

It is raining every afternoon these days, but the mornings are fine. This one I arose early, being helped to do so by the church bells, wh started at 3 instead of 4.30, their usual hour. This is quite a religious holiday, of course,--the Ascencion. The bells were rung with extraordinary vigor. But as I was saying I arose early, and at 7.45 presented myself at the Amiegation, where I had a bully breakfast of hot cakes and honey, and sausage. (Query: Can Emily make good hot cakes?) After that bkf st I came home to work on my accounts, and it was a beautiful, fresh, California morning, like our March mornings after a rain, and I just felt good all over, and still feel tollable good, though those five speeches about Napoleon's strategy took a little bit of it out of me. After all, this is a pretty good world, as Ella Wheeler Wilcox says.

Let me see: I dont reckon I have told you yet, that when Pachano and I climbed aboard the Quito Flyer down in Chobo we saw the private car Chimborazo on the rear end, and I went back to investigate, and found a Uruguayan, Mrs Hartman, wife of the

Minister, in it, and of course she invited us back to ride in her car, and I made the best trip from Guail to Quito which I have yet made and probably will make.--It was really enjoyable, riding in that private car. I piled all my baggage in, and then bought a big basket of apples to bring to the hotel (I bot them in Ambato) and bot two more, and a basket of strawberries, for Mrs Hartman; and when we got to Quito she said I better come on out to the negation, and I did, and had a good dinner; and then she said I better come back the next tnight to have some of the apples and strawberries, and I did, and had another good dinner, including baked apples and strawberries, stewed (Query: Can Emily stew strawberries effectively?). And then I came home to my hotel, and next day bot myself a pound of Lowney's American Beauties, and long since I have forgotten all about the hard trip I have just made, that from Loja to Cuenca and Huigra.

Speaking about that trip, I rise to remark that I am sending in this same mail a species of journal which I kept, and which you can put with my other Ecuadorean notes. This journal is not written up in good shape, of course, but contains the salient facts, and maybe some day the facts will be useful to me. I am also sending in this mail a book of very pretty Quito views. The views are, in fact, prettier than Quito, but still they are actual photographs, so cannot be much overdone. And with this book I send a whole raft of Spanish and Ecuadorean and Portuguese music, including three bang-up good Fados, and I would respectfully request that this be put with our collection of Exotic Music, wh I believe is under Paul's curatorship.

I've got a new poncho, and a beauty: color, crushed strawberries and cream, with a broad band of garnet-color across each side. Its a beaut. Dont know yet how I'll get it home, but I'll get it there. I am waiting to hear of the safe arrival of the last two shipments before I send anything more. I dont want to dispatch another shipment until I feel sure the road is open. You never can tell when some sunnvagun feller down in G'quail is going to decide that it is his turn, and just simply walk off with my stuff.

I believe the Toyo Kisen Kaisha has direct boats from Valparaiso to California, doesnt it? Maybe I will come home on that line. The more I think it over, the more I am convinced

that I am coming home for Christmas, before I return to Washington. And it wont be so long, now either. Better get Betty thoroughly trained in the gentle art of llapingachu manufacture, and Emily polished off on the technique of loco preparation. The only trouble is going to be this: I wont be able to hold as much of that good California grub-as I will want to eat.

Came down on the car this morning, from the Amlegation, with a 6 yr old son of Mr Ellis, of Quito Electric light Co. Mrs Ellis is a Venezuelan, and this boy has never been outside of E uador and does not speak any English, but here is the

way his sentiments run (I should mention, first, that he was on the train with us coming up from Guayaquil the other day): Question: "Carol, are you from Quito?" Answer: "No, los Estados Unidos". "Carol, which do you like best, Quito or Guayaquil?" "Los Estados Unidos". That boy is going to make a good American!

Well, I sure wish Paul and Herb and F O P and Betty and Emily were here to get some of these fine bargains in all-wool, hand-made Ecuadorean fabrics, and also to resort to the high-grade tailoring Emporium of J. Elias Endara and get a first class suit made for the equivalent of \$9. By the way, father, when you get your Chillo suiting, look up the picture of the Chillo factory in the book of views I am sending you.

I am going out to dine tonight with the Lewises, Mr L being auditor of the Guayaquil and Quito RR CO. Yes sir, I repeat, an explorer leads a dogs life of it.

Hoping you are the same,

Ever lovingly yours

Will

May 7 1921

Another instalment!

This giddy Quitonian social whirl is going to get the best of me yet. I've about decided it is useless for me to attempt to be a botanist; my social duties will not permit of any such thing, e.g.,

I found a note in my key box this noon from A M Lewis, Auditor of the Guayaquil and Quito RR Co, inviting me out for supper tonight, to play cards afterward. And just now, two hrs later, His Excellency the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America dropped in to my room and invited me to eat hotcakes at the Legation tomorrow morning at 8, and to dine at the Legation tomorrow evening at 7; tomorrow is Sunday.

So you can see why I would not care to hurry away from Quito, were it not for the fact that there are a lot of people in California that I want to see before this year is finished.

WP

Speaking of comfort,

Did I tell you that when I returned to Quito this time, instead of taking a room on the 3rd floor at sucras 7 and centavos 0 only, I took ~~N. 2.~~, on the 2nd floor, at sucras 8 (about equivalent to \$2.40 U S C_y) per day; and I have something de lujo; a nice big room with a cabinet in which there are coat hangers and all that sort of thing; and a pretty little balcony overlooking the calle; and ~~best of all~~, a reading lamp on the table beside my bed. Gee, what a joy a reading lamp can be, after you haven't seen one for 18 mos! I never knew I could get so much pleasure out of so small a thing. And this noon I had a big bowl of strawberries with rich cream, and yesterday bananas and cream; and I have a tin of Maple Cream wh Daisy Bell sent me, and which I tap for a spoonful ever and anon, after a meal; and all my books scattered about just the way I like 'em,, and a boy to clean my shoes when I so desire, and a great big soft armchair in which I can sit when I want to read (tho I prefer to put on my overcoat and sit up in bed, to have the use of my little reading lamp beside the bed); and now, since yesterday, Emily's picture on my dresser, making me realize that such adorable creatures as our American girls still do exist, somewhere in the world (even if not in Quito); this, gentlemen, this, I repeat is

AGRICULTURAL EXPLORATION DE LUXE.

Quito, May 8 1921

Personal to Beloved Dad:

I had returned from the Legation, and was copying an able contribution by Popenoe and Jimenez, entitled, A Neglected Food-Plant of Tropical America, when Mr Hartman walked in with a huge envelop from the American Embassy, Lima, Peru: and at last my delayed mail was here! I have just finished giving it the once-over, a sort of hurried reading of it all, and now tonight and tomorrow night and the night after I will sit up in bed with my reading lamp a-going, and digest it at leisure.

I am putting in this personal note to you, in order not to say anything "pointed" about Emily in my letters to the family.

Though you say she is quiet, and the opposite of Betty, I note from the letter to Betty (Emily's) which you enclose, that she seems to have lively emotions. As I wrote you in a previous letter, wh I enclose, I have taken a great liking to her picture.

The fact is, Dad, I am emotionally starved, horribly starved. You know how I have always been,--always, or nearly always, in love with somebody. It is my nature. I am of that highly emotionally, nervous type which the Latin Americans know so well but which is not common in our country. Since a year ago I have been unable to love my darling mother, and write to her to that effect, though I love her memory more than I can possibly express to you, and I think of her very, very often, and long for her. On the trail from Cuenca to Huigra, when I was asleep in my hammock in that dirty little hut at Santa Rosa, I dreamt of her, and then I awoke, and the realization came to me that it was only a dream, and that I would not be with her again in person, as I had imagined myself to be; and I tell you, the tears rolled down my cheeks.

I've got to love somebody, even though that somebody does not know it; I've got to have somebody to think about, to keep me from losing my morale down in these frightful countries; and I dont see as it will do Emily any harm if I let her serve that purpose, as long as she doesnt know she is serving it. From all you write of her, it seems entirely possible to me, that when I come home and see her I may very likely fall in love with her. But of all this, quien sabe? In any event, dont let anybody else run off with her until I have a chance to see her. Neither Paul nor Herb has said anything about her; it is difficult for me to understand this, but then, their minds are doubtless full of other things. But send me some more pictures of her, and tell me more about her; you see, I am sort of idealizing her, and if my Fate does not develop to be Emily herself, it will at least be

someone else!!

in regard to Herb, you are exceedingly correct in thinking him a hard boy to manage. No one knows that better than yours truly. Paul, I think, can handle him better than any of the rest of us. But it is my opinion that we should, now, leave him to handle himself, pretty much. He is of age, and if we can only intervene enough to prevent him from ruining his health by intemperance in work and eating and sleeping, I think we should be satisfied. He has brains, and will get ahead rapidly enough, unless he ruins his health, which I do not believe he will do.

As to the date fight, I await with anxiety news of the outcome. I do not see how it can affect my interests in the BPI in any way, except to make Swingle a bitter enemy, and I dont come much in contact with him, you know. Buck Taylor has always been my friend, and I think he will remain so, tho he will doubtless be offended at Paul's taking a leading part in this date fight. I am pretty sure DF will disapprove of Paul's action, but I dont think he will say anything about it to me: but I will tell you one thing, Dad, if I ever see any evidence of this affair being held against me, or see that Taylor or DF have allowed it to affect their attitude toward me, I shall at once offer my resignation; for I have been too loyal to the Bureau and to my superiors to stand for any such thing as this. I have played mighty square by DF, and I think he always plays square by me. I feel that he has done so up to the present, and I believe he will continue to do so. But I would not feel particularly sorry to leave the Bureau and come back to California. There is plenty of work for me there. I should most likely attempt, first of all, to get the University of California to let me install a department of tropical horticulture at Berkeley, and take up teaching work for a while, in order to train a group of young fellows for investigational work along the lines I myself have been following. And if I could not do this, there are plenty of other openings.

I do not think you are right in holding against DF his lack of interest in my book. You dont know DF as well as I do. If the book had been his idea, instead of Bailey's, he would have been wildly enthusiastic about it; but it was not his idea, and it has just happened that he has never caught an interest in it; you know, he is very emotional and somewhat eccentric, and his enthusiasms sometimes seem to be a matter of chance more than anything else. As long as he did not oppose the work, and allowed me to give my time to it, I had no kick coming. And as for the Office never having given me quite the consideration you thought I ought to have, you must remember that the members of the Office are human, and I am young, and older men are not going to step out of their way for a younger man until they have to. DF has always given me every consideration, I think, and it does not matter what a few of the clerks say or do. They are not the ones that count.

I owe The Bureau and DF a good deal, you know; if it had not been for the opportunities of travel they have given me, I could never have written the Manual, nor established myself as the authority on tropical fruits, which position I believe I can say, without boasting, I now hold. I hope, of course, that I have given the Bureau the equivalent in work of any money it has spent on me.

And I will tell you one thing more: when I go home, and settle down in the Office, I am going to have more authority than I have had in the past, and you will probably be satisfied. And if I can see clearly that my eventual position in that Office is Chief, I will stay by it; but if at any time it becomes evident that I am not to be chief, and that somebody else is slated for it, then I am going to get out; for I do not feel I ought to remain, for life, in a lower position than Chief of an office. As you know, DF has never gone on record regarding this matter, and I think he has been quite correct in his stand; for he doesn't want any obligations that he can't fulfil. Bisset has, I believe, told you that I was scheduled for the place, but I don't know that Bisset is infallible in such matters. A change of intention might come, in any event. Possibly when I get home this time, and talk over future plans with DF, and my change from exclusively field work to work mainly in Washington, I will be able to get something of an idea from DF as to just what he plans. Allanson writes me that he has just received a letter from DF, "in which he goes at length into the future of SPI, with you and me as the pilots". I have always hoped that they would give Allanson the work which Dorsett has been carrying these many years, i.e., the management of the routine work of the Office and all the stations, in other words, the administrative work, and leave me free to handle the scientific and foreign end. This is, I believe, what DF plans to do; but of course some day DF will have to drop out and somebody else will have to be Chief. I probably could not expect that position until I am well past 35, in any event. In the meantime, I rather imagine DF will maintain the nominal chiefship, and let Allanson do the administrative work, and me take care of the foreign end, with Bisset doing the work he has always done. But when DF drops out, -- we will see. I think I will have to talk this matter over with him frankly when I get home, and tell him if he feels that there is a reasonable possibility that I will some day have his place, I intend to stay, but that if I have to occupy a minor position for life, I don't feel that I can remain indefinitely. What do you think of this?

Tell me, has Billy a really good intelligence, one of the sort that will, in later years, read the Atlantic with appreciation? She is, of course, too young to take an interest in such things as yet, but you ought to be able to judge, more or less accurately, the caliber of her mind.

Ever devotedly your

Witt

Carbon copy sent to Paul at Thermal.

Quito, 9 Mayo de 1921.

Dear Folks:

First you must know that I have just purchased, in the sum of sueres one and centavos forty only, a new clothes brush to replace that beautiful article I purchase from the girl with the big blue eyes in Alger la Blanche. The latter (the brush, not the girl) was stolen at the Hotel Plaza in Bogota, and I bot a new one at Wm. Dryer's popular one price (high) clothing establishment, paying \$2 therfor, and it is completely ausgespielt already.

Recd letter and check for \$50 U S Cy from Helen Stevens, friend of Mrs Fairchild, asking for blankets and woven goods in general. Of course i will do anything for the Fairchilds and their friends, but I dont welcome these orders from the public at large, for I have my hands full trying to supply the needs of the Popenoe family. I reckon if the last shpmt from Guayaquil got thru, Paul and Betty have about all the Ecuadorean ponchos, and macanas, they have any use for, and will be urging me to pass on rapidly to Peru, where i can commence on a new line.

I will run over the large stack of mail wh came up from the Embassy (you have all committed the grave blunder of addressing it as Legation) in Lima yesterday (at my expense, soles 4 please).

I beg to tender my apologies to certain members of the family for having overlooked various birthdays which transpired in the months of March and April. To Herb, I am going to present a 2 handed suit one of these days, nearly new never been used; and to FOP I am sending a cut of Chillo cloth and a Panama hat, and he consider one of them a birthday present, and the other a Christmas present, last Christmas.

Paul, when does Betty's Dia de Dias come off; I've got to keep track of all these church holidays, or they will be putting me among the excomulgados.

I am rather anxious to learn of Bob's whereabouts, -- Bob Hempstead. I dont believe he could have gone back to Guatemala so soon. Hope to get news of him thru you.

I surely appreciate your good efforts to push the sale of the Manual, and am surprised to learn that Vroman has sold 200. I would like very much to clean out the first printing this year, in the hope that they can correct a few typographic errors I have found, be fore running off the second.

I am interested in the Knight vs. Bisset imbroglio. No doubt it is just a flash in the pan. I will be glad to hear about the May meeting of the Assn, and who read my paper, and how it was received.

Glad to get so much news from Herb. There was a fine

Father, if at any time H needs money, and you are temporarily shy on ready cash, I want you to have Paul draw on my Washn account for whatever is required. I begin to believe Ruth Bowman is right in saying that I am the only millionaire in the family, just now; I have finished balancing my accounts for this fiscal year and find I have considerably more left over than I had imagined, and I am now sitting up at night trying to devise new things to buy. I would get a half dozen more suits made, only the Chillo agency hasnt that many patterns of good cloth, and I dont want but one of a kind.

Seriously, I will probably never again see the day when I will feel as flush, and will spend money with as few qualms, as has been the case on this trip. I have spent more than I should, no doubt about that; but of course I always soothe my conscience and stop any criticism from your end by telling myself (and youall) that part of it is to outfit Paul and Betty, who are setting up housekeeping. Of course, all these suits and overcoats I am buying wont fit Betty very well, but we wont talk about that. Just plain extravagance, I reckon. Some day I will have to economise; I only hope I will be able to do it, for I am not learning now. I never feel any qualms about any money I spend on you folks, for the things I send you keep you from buying others there, and the family pocketbook is not out anything. But when I blow in a lot of money on myself, as I have been doing here in Ecuador, I sometimes feel a bit guilty.

And now to cheer myself up a bit, I will consider my income instead of my outgo. Paul, that check you got from Traver for my salary is the war bonus; I dont get the full \$240 pr yr, because the law provides that bonus and salary cannot total more than \$2700 pr yr, or somethinglike that. And I beg to advise that I sent Dr Webber, about 2 mos ago, a bill for \$288.00 (\$288) and hope he comes across. That will be a nice little windfall. I suppose you are making inroads on my bank account ever and anon, to pay life ins, Cosmos Club, etc, but withal I should have a decent little account now.

Father, I now see that the Monte Cristi hat sent you was too narrow in the brim, not too small in the crown. I think you will find one of the lot I am now sending wide enuf, altho there is one narrow one; pick out the one you want, and dispose of the others as you want. I suppose you gave the first one sent to Paul or Betty: believe you said you weregoing to. Quite right.

As to bringing you home 3 white faced monkeys, they seem to be tollable scarce in those countries where I have traveled, but if I can pick up one on the way home, or 2 or 3, I will do it. If I come on an Union Oil boat from Chile to San Ped ro, as I hope, I could bring em along nicely.

Father, for the life of me I cant figure out the name of that fellow in Quiriguá who wrote me about coming to Calif. Maybe it will occur to me later. I think I wrote that Pachano recd the copy of the Manual you sent to Paul Russell at Washn.

Pablo, I note with pleasure that my filipino bolo has been located. Those long envelops you are using on me are not safe; several have come thru open on both sides, and I do not see how the contents kept from dropping out. Get a tougher paper for Foreign Department.

My mail wh I send you via the pouch, letters at least, does not go thru the SPI office now; I put on "cuadorean stamps, so's not to rob this govt, and they go into the pouch for Washn, and at the Dept of State they are taken out and dropped in the U S Mail. Parcels I send via SPI as a rule.

Herb, I am inclined to agree with you; I dont think I wish to pass thru this world, ticketed as the husband of the foremost anatomist of Stanford University. But I'll bet she is a bright girl.

Pablo, thanks for Tillie's epistle. I had one myself, in the same mail. I do not yet know the Ismene or scared lily of the Incas; probably the Incas do not, either. I believe Dr Corrigan is now at home in Cleveland, but I may write him one of these days. He was always talking about Franklin Martin when he was here. After reading Roseberger's "Truth About Dates" I am surprised that Betty has not filed suit for a divorce. By the way, how do you think Ma Browne will treat me, now both her nubile daughters are not sold but give away? I rather imagine she will be as friendly as ever. Ma is not a bad sort, you know. But I hope Helen didnt get a dog-faced lieutenant, J-5. I have looked over the negotiations with J Arturito Harris, re Miami lot, and am well satisfied there-with. From what I read, J A missed his calling when he took up biometrics. He would have made money in business. Alright, just as soon as you can spot some good land for dates, go ahead; we ought to be getting under weigh, as we say in the Nyvy. I plan to spend the fall of 1922 in California, you know, and at that time we will work up a new edition of Date Growing, with illustrations and good descriptions of all the varieties which are worth describing. No, I never ate seeds of *Chenopodium nuttallae*, and never intend to: millet is good enough for me and the Senegambians. Its no great shakes, I imagine; Safford, of course, talks a lot about it, as Moctezuma II fed upon it regularly, or something of that sort, but I never gaught any gente decente about Mejico City indulging. *Pistacia chinensis* is about as near the pistache as P. *sylvestris* is the true date. Its no good as a fruit, but I think you might grow it, and when I come out I'll try top-wrking them to pistache. No, I dont think *Dahlia maxoni* will do anything at Thermal. Better try it at Vista, chez HCB. Those seeds, doubtless, were collected by Victor Chiquin at Antigua G., under my orders. I sent up about a peck. Its a pretty plant, but wants a milder climate than yours. When you write Rito again, ask him if I am going to be com-padre, according to agreement. Glad to see I am a fellow of the AAAS, instead of a common or garden member. As to Belou marmelos, I think it might succeed with you. I dont suppose there is any stock available in this country, unless you have a botanical documentation. You might try Bisset on it. We had

some there when I was last in that vicinity, I believe. We get seeds more or less regularly from some of our overseas correspondents. Speaking of passifloraceae, you want to try Tacsonia mollissima, of wh I have sent a lot of seeds to the Ofs. It is a pretty climber, making a good trellis plant, and the fruit makes the best helado I have tasted next to the soursop. When I see the letter from the Bank of Bay Biscayne it makes me think of my days in Miami: I used to run an account there. ---You bet when I get home again I am going to see that you get a lot of interesting plants for trial in the valley. We will eventually work up a corking good little botanic garden down there. By the way, I think Dr Harris has paid something in taxes on my lot these last couple of yrs. When you write him again, will you ask him to let you know how much it is, and if there are any other items against me? He cant afford to pay more than his share, not with a biometric salary and four healthy kids to feed. Your clipping regarding the canary wh whistles Yankee Doodle reminds me: The military band at Cuenca played that air regularly at guard mount, or something on that order. Poor old fellers; they didnt know.

I am glad youall had such-a good visit with Dr Kellogg. He was in Washn when I was last there, and DF turned him over to me for a couple of hours, to guide him about,--he wanted to look up some men. One of the men he called upon was Admiral "iblack, my old chief.

I hope Herb gets to make the Hawaiian trip, and if it works out so that he can go back there after he graduates, I would be strong for it. Plenty of work to do over there, and should be a good climate. And he wont need to go to church every Sunday if he is that far from Pa Wallace.

Speaking about getting up at 4.30, father, I find that on this last trip I formed the habit of waking at that hour, and like the five-yr-old tobacco chewer, I cannot now break it. So for ten days now, I've been hearing the church bells right from the moment Miguel Gonzales starts to ring em--- I hope Louise Schmidt will marry that guy she's engaged to: I would like to see what sort of a wife she would make, just out of curiosity. But heaven help the guy!

Well, I have finished up the pile of letters, and will now turn to business. There are two boats from the north in Guayaquil, and I presume we will get some mail on the train which comes up tomorrow night, and I will have more news from you.

Ever lovingly,

Will

Quito, 12 Mayo de 1921

Last call:

The mail goes out tomorrow, and I am now closing up my pouch (which the same is made of unbleached muslin, hand sewed) preparatory to taking it to the Amlegation in the morning.

Well, sir, the age of miracles is not past, to wit, viz: Valencia, the clerk at the Legation, called me this morning to say that he had seen a pkg for me in the postoffice. So I went to the parcel post division at 1.10 p m, found em closed, returned at 1.25, 1.50 and 2.10, finding the room open the last time, and the office boy on hand. About 2.20 the chief came in. I told ~~em~~ I had information to the effect that there was a pkg on hand for me. Without looking into the matter at all, they assured me that I was mistaken, there was nothing for me. But I insisted that Mr Valencia had seen the package. They then gave me the big register of arrivals to look thru. I began at May 10 and started backward, and in the meantime the custodian of the bodega went in to look for the package. I had reached April 26 when he came out and said that there was nothing; it must have been a mistake. I continued to look in the register, and told him to go thru his stock again. I had reached March 11 when he came out with a package. "It was in the wrong pigeon-hole," he remarked. We looked at the date of receipt wh was stamped on the pkg, and found it to be Jan 19.

Well, we weighed it, and we noted the customs declaration, and we opened it. A lot of dry dates came to light. "What are those?" asked the supreme chief of the parcels post division. "Those are dates" I replied. "But they are all dried up, they arent good for anything" he continued. "I felt like saying to him: Of course they are all dried up; if they had looked to you to be edible, I would never have seen them" but instead I remarked: "Yes, they are all dried up, but they will be good for seed". "Do you think they will grow here?" he continued. "They might grow in the Chota valley" I told him, "They need a very hot and dry climate". So he sat down to make out the necessary documents. At this moment, the custodian of the bodega spoke up: "Somebody else imported a lot of those things, several months ago. We saw them here." At last I had the explanation of the disappearance of my Deglet Noors and other choke varieties. Evidently they reached quito, but they never got into my hands.

pretty soon the first paper was complete, and I had to go out and buy a 20 cents revenue stamp to put on it. Then I signed the big register of arrivals, and signed the label which came with the box, the chief taking the label away with his records, as a souvenir I presume. Then the chief passed a big paper over to the first assistant, who laid down a big net, after taking several long puffs to hold him until he could get back to his desk, and began writing on another big

sheet of paper. Before long he finished, and brought it to me to sign. Then he tore off a coupon (10x18 ins in size) from one end, and handed it to me: "Take this over to the chief collector and pay the amount indicated" he remarked. I took it across the room and paid \$1.46, as follows: Duty, nothing, since he had listed the shipment as seeds; Costs of examination and documentation, 10 cents; piso (I cant quite figure out this item) 40 cents, wharfage 05; mobilization 02; transit of isthmus of Panama, 50; transportation from Guayaquil to Quito, 25; tonnage 03; additional taxes according to regent legislative decrees, 03. And then I got my box and came home.

I find it contains a box of Asharasi, one of Zahidi, and dry dates in bulk; all this material is in good condition. The Zahidis look a bit dry, but not too much so. I will report further on the Zahidis and Asharasis after I have eaten them.

Father, I am sending, via the Ofs, the cut of Chillo cloth and the hats mentioned in previous letters, and in the same pkg, as faller, 2 bufandas or mufflers, made by the Indians of Imbabura. I just fell onto this muffler business yesterday, and I am going to get several of them. I want Betty and Emily each to have one, and also you, Paul and Herb if you have use for them. So just hold these two until I send some more, and then you can put them all together and pick out the ones you like.

I ve just negotiated a draft for \$200 at 4 to 1, and I am going to use a good deal of the money to stock up on clothes, etc, before I leave here. Gee, but this is an opportunity I will probably start for Peru with a stock of suits which will make Alf McElveen, even in his palmiest days, look like a piker. I think I may get one more suit of Scotch woolens, inasmuch as it wont cost me but \$25 altogether, and its fine cloth. My only regret is that I cant outfit all of you. My shipping facilities are limited, but I ll do the best I can.

We will probably get a States mail tomorrow night, and another within 5 days. And there will be another pouch going up within 10 days. It has been an unusually long interval between pouchs this time, and I do not doubt you have been two or three weeks without mail from me, at the time this reaches you. Such is life.

With stacks of love to all, pani huahuas included

Soy vuestro siempre SS

Witt

Carbon to P.P., Thermal

Quito on the Equator,
15 May 1921

Dear Folks:

Now it is my turn to kick about the mail. We havent had anything from the States for just exactly two weeks, and there have been a couple of boats within that time. They dont seem to have brought us anything; or else the Guayaquil post-office force is taking a long vacation, con motivo de the arrival of a Chilean frigate-of-war. Lots of ^{speeches} in the papers,--"our glorious and traditional friend" etc etc.

Before I forget it, I will rise to remark that I have sampled all the dates contained in the shipment mentioned in my last letter. I was invited to the Legation for dinner the other night, the Lewises also being there, and I thought it a good occasional to open the Asharasis, which I did, eating pretty liberally of them myself; and I must say they were first-class. That is an AI date, that Asharasi. The Zahidis I am keeping for my own consumption; they are good, but not up to the Asharasis by any means. The assorted dry dates (tho I guess, as a matter of fact, they are all of one variety) go down well in default of anything better. But this variety, whatever it is, is better entitled to be called the Jamestown weed of the date family than is the Knadhrawi, in my humble opinion. I await with anxiety, by the way, the result of the date fight. If PP doesnt succeed in winning out, life in the Coachella isnt going to be very agreeable for him in the future. And if he does win out, I am wondering what the Govt will do with the date work. There is no one else in the Bureau, unless it be Kearney, that knows anything about dates. All in all, it looks to me as tho you were going up against a hard job, trying to get all the date men removed; and if I were to hazard a guess as to the outcome, I would say that you will probably compromise on the basis of the present incumbents agreeing to keep quiet about Persian varieties. Vamos a ver y veremos.

I have just been out taking a bunch of views; it is Sunday morning, there is an airplane flight scheduled, and Zé Povo, not to mention Zé Macaco, with the mujeres and huahuas of both, are out in full regalia. The usual number of urchins got in front of the camera and had to be driven back at great expense of v-cables.

Day before yesterday Francisco H. Uribe, Encargado de Negocios de la Legacion de Colombia, took me out to his hacienda near Machachi, some 30 km from here (on the train). I stayed with him over night and came back on the Guayaquil Express yesterday p m. We had a pleasant time; the first day I watch 'em break four young cayuses and brand a bunch

of steers; and the second day we rode over to the Hda Los Potreros, where I met a young Ecuadorean who was educated at a school in Hagerstown, Md, and is about as much American as a foreigner could be. His house is decorated with pictures taken from the covers of the Sat Eve Post, and he was wearing a big green mackinaw wh I presume he purchased from Montgomery Ward and Co. To be polite, we had to accept a copita of frightfully strong cognac, but I was able to get it down with coughing or spluttering very much.

Upon reaching here last night, I changed my clothes in a great hurry and went out to the Lewis residence, where I sat myself down before a table literally groaning with the choicest viands which Ecuador can offer. We had roast turkey, and mashed pommes de terre, and celery, and a good salad, and last and best of all, two dishes of most excellent pineapple bisque ice cream. After this, we adjourned to the parlor and played pinochle until 10.30 when I came home. I am always very wary about being inveigled into a card game away from the States; they usually play for money, and as I am no card player that would be plain suicide for me. As a general thing I tell people I cannot play cards, which is, more or less, the truth. But when the Lewises told me they never played for money, I allowed 'em to teach me the game of pinochle, and now we have some very enjoyable evenings together.

But my social obligations are becoming so onerous that I have no time left for agricultural work, here in Quito; hence I am, this week, leaving for the north, to get back to Nature and Nature's problems. I think I shall start for Ibarra on Wednesday or Thursday. This letter will go in the pouch which leaves Quito a week from today, the 22nd; and since I plan to send or bring down a shipment of avocado budwood for the pouch which follows this one, about June 2, I will probably get a letter to you in that one as well. So you should not miss a mail from now until I leave Ecuador, if all goes well. I hope to find a reliable Indian in Ibarra who will bring down the first shipment of budwood for me, and then I will bring the second one myself, when I come back to Quito; but if I do not find such an Indian, I will have to come down myself with the first shipment, and go back for the second. This means four hard days of riding, but I will do it if no sure means of sending down the shipment shows up.

I stopped here to go out and get a haircut. It cost me 10 cents (gold), which is a regular hold-up, as I can get one for 5 anywhere else in the country (now that exchange is 4 to 1). I figure that I save 45 cents every time I get a haircut at 5 cents, and I shall have one at least every week from now on, since this will mean a saving of 4×45 or 180 cents per month. And the price here not only includes a haircut, but they cut all the bristles out of the ends of both

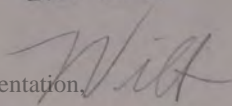
I have entered into preliminary negotiations for a new poncho, very large. Asking price now 26 sucres, offered 20. I am going to pick up a few choice ones to send home just before I leave this country, and you will hold them for me, to be used as rugs in my Chevy Chase residence. I figure that a few dollars invested now will save me quite a number when I come to furnish my house; rugs are expensive things in the U S, and these ponchos will make beauties.

And when it comes to wearing the poncho, I have now become so thoroughly habituated to the garment that it will be hard for me to do without it when I get home. In fact, I am thinking of keeping my Colombian ruana down at the Office in Washn, to slip on when it gets a bit chilly; and in California I shall certainly wear my big brown poncho, with collar (the one I sent home via Washn: I haven't yet heard whether or not it has reached you) on those chilly winter mornings. And if I don't convert Paul and Betty and Emily to the poncho-habit I shall be disappointed; FOP will probably think it isn't dignified for a gentleman of his age and social position to wear a poncho, and Herb, of course, would get hazed if he tried to wear one at Stanford: for the rest of us, however, it seems to me the poncho should be a useful garment. It is just about the handiest and most comfortable thing that ever happened, in my humble opinion.

But just wait till you all see that bunch of mufflers which now reposes in my duffel-bag. I think I have 7 or 8 already; will probably run the number up to ten. I am buying for Miss Stevens of Washn, Mrs Haskell of Guayaquil, and an occasional thing for Daisy Bell, as well as myself; but there will be enough for everybody.

Well, before many days pass I will once more be hearing the arrieros shout "A un LADO! A un LADO!" (Get to one side!") as they approach on the trail, together with various remarks addressed to the animals which I will not here repeat. I will say this much, however: I have heard those mule drivers say things that cast very serious reflections upon the ancestry of the animals. I will hate to give up the comforts of Quito life, but my pain at leaving these luxuries will be alleviated by the thought that I will be with José Felix a good deal of the time, and that when I get back from this trip I will be ready to clean things up and get away for El Peru. It is quite likely that this will be the last long piece of overland traveling which I will do on this voyage: I do not expect to tackle this sort of work either in Peru or Chile. What I want to do now, is to finish up the avocado survey and catch that Tanker for San Pedro. Si, señor.

Ever thine



Carbon to PP, Thermal

Quito, May 16 1921

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow will be my last day in Quito. There will be a train in from Guayaquil in the evening, and I will not start the following morning until I have called at the legation for my mail. But it will be too late then to add anything to this, so you can consider the present letter my last until I write from Somewhere in Imbabura, about ten days hence.

I have had a busy day, until about 4 p m, when I sorta slacked off, went around to the tailoring emporium of J Elias Endara to try on a coat (I have something under construction in that shop practically all the time) and then came home at 5 to loaf about my room.

This morning I had to take my saddle out to be repaired, and my heavy boots ditto, and I had to buy a saddle blanket and a halter, and see Ortiz to make sure my baggage had been dispatched safely to Ibarra (you never take anything for granted, after you have traveled a while in Latin America) and then I had to complete the arrangements for getting a horse for the trip, which I did successfully (tho perhaps I should not say this until I have the horse safely in hand); and then I bot a small tin of bycon, and a small camembert-style cheese, and a tin of American Beauty Chocolates, for my fiambre or rations on the three-day march to Ibarra; and tomorrow I shall add to this list of rations a tin of Sultana biscuits and several hunks of bread, and then, after I sling my canteen over my shoulder, I am ready for the trail.

No! I take it back. In addition to the above, I blew myself today to a glorious new poncho, the finest one I have seen on sale in Quito. It is six feet square, and very thick and firmly woven, of very fine wool, and of a handsome blue-gray color, very decent, muy aseñorado (fit for a gentleman) and so forth, according to the vendor, who also assured me that I was a terrible haggler, the worst she had ever seen (doubtless referring to gringos only). Arcentales of Guayaquil wants the poncho I have been wearing, so I can just turn it over to him now and put on my new one. I am getting to be a regular dealer in ponchos,--dispatched shipment of 4 to Haskell in Guayaquil this afternoon.

One of the ladies from whom I buy ponchos is very much concerned over the welfare of my soul. Several days ago she asked me something about church matters, and I confessed to her that I was not a catholic. What are you, then? She asked. I told her I was a protestant. "That is too bad", she said, "for, unless you repent, you will go to Hell when you die."

I intimated that I didnt have any intention of repenting. But, you know, there is always time for that, and even if you do not repent until the last minute, you will be saved." Then she went on to ask: "Are you one of those who takes out the effigy of Our Savior on every Friday and whips it, or do only the Masons do that?" I replied that I couldnt vouch for the actions of the Masons, but that my own record was clear on this score. "But dont you want to repent, and go to heaven?" she continued. "My dear madam", I began, "In my country there are about a hundred and ten million souls. Of these, twenty millions are catholics, and the rest protestants. Assuming that you are correct, only the twenty millions are going to heaven, and the rest are bound straight for the infernal regions. Now, it would be lonesome for me in heaven if none of my friends and only a small part of my countrymen were there, so I think I shall continue on the road to Hell."

Today I dropped into her tienda once more. She asked me, "Do you know that you cannot ever be saved unless you are baptized?" "But I have been baptized", I told her. "By whom?" "By a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel". This sort of stumped her. "Do you have priests in your church, and bishops, and a pope?" "We have ministers, and we have bishops, but we do not recognize the Pope." "Ah, but that is a sin!" "Perhaps so: I respect the Pope, of course, as a very fine man, but I do not believe God appoints him to rule over people on this earth." "What a pity that a nice young man like yourself should-be doomed to damnation!" "Yes, madam, it is a pity, but as I told you before, if none of my protestant friends and countrymen are going to be in heaven, why I dont want to go there, that's all!"

Father, J. Elias Endara is just finishing an overcoat which I am going to send you when I come back from Ibarra. It is of the same cloth that I sent you,-that is, the same color,- and is cut in a very conservative style. I think it will about fit your needs. I am sorry it is of the material that I sent you, but perhaps it is just as well: you can wear this overcoat a while, and see if it is going to fade, and if it does not, we can use the piece I sent you later on,--either you can have it made up, or I can take it and give you another. This Chillo cloth is hardly good enough to warrant spending \$25 or \$30 in making up a suit, but when you can get it made for \$10, I consider it well worth while. So you just hold the piece I sent you for a year or two, try out the overcoat I am sending, or going to send you, and then we'll see. This coat is skeleton lined, patch pockets, Raglan style, with a collar which you can turn up and button, and a flap or lit tle piece to button across the neck. If it doesnt fade too much I think it will make you a nice light overcoat for semi-dress wear; being of dark color it will be better for you than one of the light grays, so far as wearing it for semi-best is concerned.

J Elias Endara has in stock a piece of hand-made cloth from Otavalo, of exactly the same quality as my Guatemalan jerga, but of a pretty light tan color. It would make a swell coat for one of the girls. I have thought of buying it, but haven't done so yet, and won't until I have been north and looked into the matter up there; I may find something better still at Otavalo.

I am hoping to hear, in this next mail, that the big shipment sent you from Guayaquil the middle of March has reached you. If this gets thru alive I will feel safe in sending almost anything.

But then, it won't be long now until I am out of Ecuador, and safe from the temptation of these beautiful ponchos and all-wool fabrics which are almost given away. I have just been talking with the commercial attaché of the Chilean Legation, and he tells me they make excellent woolen fabrics in Chile, and that they are very cheap. I have heard this from other sources, also; so unless the Chillo factory sends in something particularly choice, I am not going to buy any more Chillo woolens, but will wait and pick up two or three pieces in Chile and bring em home with me.

I was invited out to the Legation for lunch this noon, but decided I would have to refuse as I was too busy. I did not want to leave all my errands until tomorrow. I will dine again tomorrow night with the Lewises, just before leaving.

Dad, I have given J Elias Endara and his colleagues much pleasure by telling them how proud you would be of that overcoat, and how you would open it to show all your friends the label on the inside pocket saying "J Elias Endara, Quito" and the little tag inside the left inside pocket saying that it was made for Sr. Dr. Wilson Popenoe, and the date. All these things mean a lot to the boys down here. I think, in fact, when I get home I shall take a picture of you wearing Endara's overcoat and send it to him. He would probably exhibit it in his front window.

Well, I'm going to have a hot shower and then loaf half an hour until supper time. I haven't done a whole lot of loafing in recent months, and it tastes sorta good.

Ever thine

Witt

Ibarrá, Ecuador

22 May 1921

Beloved Dad:

Here I am in the front room of the Tamayo residence, overlooking the main plaza of Ibarrá, where the band is now playing, it being Sunday morning and ten o'clock.

I reached Ibarrá two days ago. My trip from Quito was an easy one, as I took three days for it when it really ought to be made in two (and will be, when I return to Quito). I got my horse safely, and started out at 9.30, after stopping at the Legation to say good-bye. About an hour out of Quito, an Indian, whom I overtook, hailed me with "Lend me the tail a little while." This might not mean much to you, but to me it signified that he wanted to catch hold of my horse's tail, and be pulled along. I let him do so, and he trotted along for a mile or so. I would like to know just how much real

imagination. He still has to carry his weight and do all the up and down motions.

I stopped at Carapungo at noon, lunched heartily, and proceeded to Quayllabamba, where I reached at 2.30. Here I invited 1 sacca in alfalfa. I gave half to my horse at once, used the other half for a bed, and then fed it to the horse early in the morning. I call that genuine economy.

— The band is playing "No quiers mas de tus besos" — It gives me Saudades —

I ate a can of tomato soup at night, and some bread and cheese, and in the early morning more bread & cheese without the tomato soup, and then plugged along to Cayamba. I reached here about 2 p.m., put up at the posada, gave my horse a good feed of alfalfa and took a nap, after which I had some soup, bacon and eggs (bacon brought from Quito) and boiled potatoes and turned in to sleep. The next morning I started for Ibarra, and reached here at 1.30. I found Jose Felix waiting for me, and he wanted me to stay with them.

which I was glad to do, as otherwise I would have had to go to the Hotel Pan American, where the beds are exceedingly hard and the fleas exceedingly abundant.

Yesterday, being market day - I picked up quite a number of avocados for examination, but found nothing very promising. Tomorrow I am going over to Luman to see if I can get a coke of good hand made woolen cloth, and the following day I start for a 5-days tour of the Chota valley in search of agavecatas. José Felis will not be able to go with me, as he has an attack of malaria. This is a bad time of year for it, and I take quinine almost every day as a prophylactic.

José Felis has just made me a handsome present - a fine Panama hat, about the best that can be produced here in Ibarra. It is about equal to that cut one I sent F. O. P. I am going to keep it for my own personal use.

Ibarra, May 28 1921

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow my chasqui will leave with the mail for Quito, so I will write you this, Saturday, afternoon: I have just come in, two hours ago, from the Chota valley, where I have been wandering about for five days, hunting avocados, and not without good results. I had begun to think, since my last visit to the Chota in February, that perhaps I had allowed my enthusiasm to run away with me, in regard to those avocados; but now that I have seen them again, I don't take back a word of what I said regarding their good qualities? They are good avocados, and don't you forget it.

As I said, I got in here two hours ago, and found the Tamayo family assembled to welcome one of the boys, who is just back from Quito after taking his degree in medicine. We have just put down a tolerably heavy lunch, consisting of artichokes, locro, beefsteak and mandioca, empanadas, and coffee. I tell you, it is a great comfort to be installed here in good quarters; work is not too easy in northern Ecuador ^{here} under the best conditions available.

Now as to my trip to the Chota, just concluded: Jose' Felix was going with me, but was kept at home by malaria, so I mounted my pony, slung my big alforjas across the saddle, threw over my shoulder my canvas sack filled with small bundles of moss, and off I went. I didn't know much about the roads over into the Chota, having traveled on only one of them. but I figured I could find my way, and did. From Ibarra I went up over the divide and down into the hot, dry valley, where the sun caught me squarely and burned my face to a frazzle within a few minutes. At twelve o'clock I dismounted and ate a handful of Huntley and Palmers' Petite Beurre biscuits, took a pull at my canteen, and moved on; at half past one I reached Ambuqui, and in a few minutes more the hacienda Irumina, where I intended to stop. José Felix had given me an introduction to the owner. I was well received here, and met up with one Luis Blanco, alias Louis LeBlanc, Swiss, who is living here and cultivating grapes. He is quite a gardener, and we got along famously together, particularly when Luis was about three quarters full of alcohol. He tried me out in French, and found I could understand him, and reply after a fashion, so we conducted most of our conversations in that idiom. He took me to all the near by avocado trees, and the next morning down to Carpuela, on the Chota river, where there are a lot of avocados. Here we found, in one of the huts, a very fine fruit, but could not ascertain from whose huerta it came. We inquired, and then went out to the huertas to hunt the tree, but came back at noon, pretty thoroughly warm, and without having met with success. We had to return to Irumina, but I planted a few reales where I thought they would do the most good, and said I would come back the next day. I did so, and after an hour's search located the tree I was after. I got budwood and some fruits for specimens, and then started for San Nicolas, with Victor Narvaez, the manager of Carpuela. On the road Victor told me a considerable string of lies, including one to the effect that he had a young son named Wilson; but when we got to his house I found the boy's name to be German Ciceron which, I consider to be even worse. Victor offered to put me up for the night in his house, which is situate in the

pueblo of Mira, and as I couldnt seem to scare up any better place to sleep, I accepted. We put away a tolerably good and very abundant supper, and then sat about the one and only room of the place until 7.30, at which time I remarked that I thought retirement was in order. The best bed in the room had a small cradle swinging under it, and a baby about 8 months old was in the cradle, as evidenced from time to time by inarticulate cries of the baby order. Victor said he would give me this bed, and he hoped the baby wouldnt disturb my sleep. There were two other beds in the room, which were to suffice for Victor, his wife, three children of approximately 3, 6, and 9 years of age, two dogs and a cat. I saw it was time for action, and when action is indicated, i'm your man. "My dear Victor", I remarked, "I am going to crowd you here, and I would not for anything in the world molest you thusly. You know, I told you when I accepted your exceedingly generous invitation, that it was on the condition you did not allow me to molest you in any manner. Can you not fix me up some sort of a bed on the verandah? You know it is the custom in my country for people to sleep in the open air." Vic took this for a polite lie, and laughed. "We couldnt think of letting you sleep exposed to the siren"(night air) he allowed. I began to think hard. I knew that they would shut the door to that one and only room and there was not a window in the place, and with all those people in it the air would be gone before 9.30 p.m. But Vic came to the rescue; "there is a nice clean little room, well papered, on the other side of the patio; we'll fix up a bed for you there". I of course grasped at this exit, and we went across the patio to a small hole which appeared to be a species of stable, with remnants of wall paper on the wall, and there Vic and his wife fixed up a bed on two benches, gave me one clean sheet and one very dirty one, and were off. I turned in, with my clothes on; but soon the fleas began to swarm over me, and I got up, searched about in the dark until I found my saddle bags, and then dug out a tin of flea powder. Most of the contents of the tin I emptied into my clothes, and turned in once more. But the fleas kept at me, being particularly annoying about my neck and ears. The clock struck ten and eleven in rapid succession, it seemed to me. I took off my clothes, finally, and dumped in more flea powder. I didnt hear the clock strike again until 5, and soon after that I arose, put on my clothes, and went out to the public fountain where I took a shave, much to the edification of the inhabitants. We had coffee, and then I sat around waiting for Vic to get ready until 9 o'clock, when we were to start for San Vicente, but Vic at the last moment got cold feet, and I went ahead alone. At eleven I reached San Vicente, where I was to cut budwood of five avocados. Here I got a good dinner, spent the afternoon in the huerta, and slept well at night. This morning I arose at half past five, had my coffee, and soon after six was one the road, reaching Ibarra at eleven.

I will now sew up my bundled of budwood and get everything in readiness for my boy to start tomorrow morning early for Quito. He will walk there in two days, the same time as I make the trip on horseback. And I am going to have him bring back my mail, so I should soon have news of you all. It is about three weeks now since I have heard anything from you.

The boys here have been getting away with the dried dates in good shape. Anything sweet does well in this country; you know the Latin American taste for heavy dulces. I think the date palm might grow and fruit fairly well in the hotter parts of the Chota valley, and I want to send Jose Felix some seeds when I get home. I should like to see you in Pittsburgh, Pa. I am asking him to save me some seeds of early ripening varieties of this next crop.

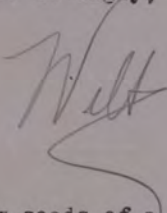
Just before I went to the Chota I rode over to Iluman, near Stavallo, to a very good weaver, and ordered seven varas of handwoven overcoat cloth, of a very fine quality which they make here, much better than the Guatemalan goods. If I get this, I will have an overcoat made when I get home, and make you all look sick. These Quichuas do about the best weaving I have ever seen, so far as American aborigines are concerned.

The fleet of seven yankee submarines is in Guayaquil, and I understand the officials are going up to Quito. Doggone it, I would like to be there to help receive em. There will be a big time at the Legation, I imagine.

In two or three days now, Jose Felix and myself will go up to La Rinconada. I will likely spend a week there, and then come back via San Vicente to get more avocado budwood, and work my way back to Quito. The sphagnum moss they sent me from Washington in response to my cablegraphic request is practically worthless; I am using it on this shipment of budwood, but have grave fears of the outcome. I can get a species of Sphagnum up at La Rinconada, and will have to use it on the next shipment, but it does not seem to be very good, and I do not put much trust in it. So all in all, I am going up against pretty hard conditions with these shipments of avocado budwood. But I hope out of the lot, we will be able to save a few buds of each variety; we do not ask for anything more, of course.

I will probably go back to Quito to catch the outgoing pouch which follows the one in which this letter goes, or, about two weeks from the time this letter goes. I am pushing ahead just as hard as I can to finish up this work and move on down the line. I have a few days' work in Ambato yet, and a few in ~~xxxxx~~ Guayaquil, and I will have to stay in Quito a week to clean up my notes and accounts and all that sort of thing, so I will not get away for Peru before the latter part of July, which is the date I set in the itinerary I sent you. But I shall make it short and sweet in Peru, and stay in Chile only long enough to catch a boat home!

Ever lovingly,



I enclose flower and a few seeds of a very pretty little plant from the Chota valley. This grows on dry hillsides; it does not reach more than a few inches in height, tho the flower stems sometimes rise to 8 or 10 inches. It might make a pretty border plant in Calif. Plant it in a seed box or flat and later transplant.

[June 1928]

Re MAIL for W P

I shall probably go down to Guayaquil shortly after July 1st and not come back to Quito again. Anything that reaches Quito after that time will be sent down to me, of course; but if you can figure it out to drop me a few letters in G'quil, care the Consulate General, which will reach me between July 1 and 20, do so; After July 20 I cannot count on being in Ecuador, as I shall likely sail for Peru between that date and Aug 1; but anything that reaches G'quil will be forwarded to me promptly and will only be delayed a week in reaching me in Peru or Chile. I do not think you better send me anything more at Lima, for I shall only stop there a couple of weeks. After Guayaquil, my next address will be the Embassy (dont put it Legation) at Santiago de Chile. I will arrange it so that any letters wh reach G'quil after I have left will come on to Lima, in order that I will not be entirely without mail in Lima; and in this way you might perhaps send mail to G'quil which is sure to get there by Aug 1. I may not sail from there before that date, and if I do, the mail will overtake me in Lima.

I trust you recd my letter mailed at Portovelo, and another sent from Loja, on this last long trip thru the southern part of Ecuador.

Wilt

Quito, Ecuador,

May 30, 1921.

Wilson Popenoe, Esquire,
Ibarra, Ecuador.

Dear Mr. Popenoe:

The Indian arrived about two minutes ago bearing your letter of May 28, as well as the package of plants which apparently are in good condition. I note the request that I send your correspondence, and accordingly am sending you 37 letters, which we have enclosed in a large envelope. I am also sending you the two packages of moss which you left here. Regarding the dates for the departure of boats for the north, I am unable to give you any further information beyond June 3. I will await your telegram from Angel which you say you will send.

Am glad you are having a pleasant trip. My wife joins in best regards.

Sincerely,

Chas Hartman

(over)

Last call:

La Rinconada, June 7 '21

Last night I rec'd a telegram from Mr Haetman, horribly garbled, but I finally figured it out to read that there would be a mail for the States on the 12th and another on the 23rd. I cannot get the things I want in the Chota and get back to Quito for the 12th, so I am going to land here about the 20th. A mail goes down to Quito tomorrow for El Angel: Jose Felix and I are riding over there this afternoon, & I am going to put this letter in the ordinary mail in the hope that it will go out of Quito on the 12th.

We've been out this morning photographing plants, as it was bright and sunny for the first time in several days. I'm getting a white blackberry here that's a fine thing; also some other plants. Jose Felix has just presented me with a beautiful basket & bundle of beaded leather, (tubular or round) for Paul & Betty. I'll take it down to Quito when I go. I shall stay here a week yet. Beautiful view of Pajambe mountain last evening at sunset.

Now I must go out and get my almuerzo; we've just come in after being in the saddle all morning, and will go out again for the whole afternoon. Lots of riding here when the weather will permit it.

I love you all just leafs.

Walt

8.19.100 ft

Hacienda "La Rinconada"
prov. del Caramo, Ecuador
11 June 1921.

Dear Folks:

While Josi Felix is struggling with the translation into Spanish of an article I have just written on the future of the Chota valley (inagotable fuente de riqueza), which article we intend to publish in one of the Quito dailies, I will seat myself here in the corredor to enjoy the sunshine and recount a few of our doings here at La Rinconada.

The rains have stopped, and "summer" appears to be setting in. As a consequence, it is becoming colder, paradoxical as this may seem to you. "Summer" here is the dry season, and is colder than the wet. The temperatures range between 40° and 50° these days, with a brisk wind blowing. Josi Felix and I went up to the paramo two days ago to get wild potatoes. It was cloudy, and windy, and cold, downright cold. I wish I had brought a pair of gloves with me, to use when hding. But in a few days now I'll be down in the belinding heat of the Chota once more, and then it will be a genuine pleasure to look back on these cold runs over the paramos.

shook his leg, but still no response. Then I looked at his face, and it was pallid and cold of ghastly, and suddenly I said to myself, "Caramba, can he be dead?" But I knelt down and found that he was breathing, so I took heart, and gave his arm several violent jerks, and finally woke him up.

Then I went back to the Franco house and wrote out this card: "Wilson Sopense saluda cariñosamente a su amigo Alfonso Grijalva, manifestándole que estará en El Angel hasta las 3 de la tarde"; and sent it by Jorge; and in half an hour Alfonso (engaged to marry one of the sisters of José Felip) came galloping into town, and we embraced each other as affectionately as though we had been long-lost brothers. Alfonso wanted to entertain me, so he took me over to the Gran Salón de Billar, where we met his brother-in-law and a *tipico* yclept José Mequell Ortiz, and the four of us played a game of billiards. Then I bought some writing paper, some sweet-
Alfonso, 1906, a cup of coffee at the Franco
 house, embraced Alfonso affectionately, and

rode back to the Hacienda just in time for dinner at 5.30. Big time!

I have just now come from a stroll in the garden, where I picked a Leontodon of sweet peas, and stood gazing for some time at the bed of California poppies, which latter act caused me to have sandwiches of my tierruca. Yesterday I showed the majordomo how to prune rose-bushes, and he has now pruned all those in the garden so efficiently that I do not suppose there will be another flower on any of them in less than 18 months.

Our life here is devoid of excitement, but not of interest. We rise between 6.³⁰ and 7, take our coffee, and then either go for a ~~ride~~ ride, - to hunt plants on the Sierrita or in the pastures; or else we leave the ride until after breakfast and hang around the house until after 11 o'clock, at which time we eat. After breakfast if we do not ride we sit about the house and garden, studying Quintana a bit, or reading some Ecuadorian work; at 5 we eat again, and then sit about ^{and sleep until} 7.³⁰ or 8, at which time Santa Manuel (Father Manuel) has said

house servant, brings in a pot of hot water and we have a sandria - a tablespoonful of claret in a cup of hot, sweetened water. This done, we go to bed, and I tell you the sheets are cold as you crawl in between them!

There are no women folks here - just Don Felipe, his brother Tobias, and the Mayorama Gabriel Torres. It is a quiet, pleasant life, with plenty of milk and potatoes.

Never before (I have) had as many potatoes in appetizing form, as I have wanted: here we have them ⁱⁿ at least 3 forms every meal - not to mention boiled potatoes in place of bread. I'm not becoming tired of them as yet, and am more than ever convinced that the potato is a good article of food.

Now I'm going to read the Comercio of Quito, July 6 to 8, which came last night.

W.P.

Ibarra, June 17th 1921

Dear Folks:

Thus far upon our way to Quito. We came up this morning from the Chota valley, Jorge Benites and myself; the former on foot and the latter on the buckskin and mouse colored cayuse which I brot from Quito and will take back there tomorrow. Jorge is going along to take my baggage; he drives a little gray mare on which the same is loaded. We didnt have much this morning, but are adding quite a lot ~~more~~ here in Ibarra.

We left La Rinconada, Jose' Felix, Jorge, and myself, and came down to San Vicente, which we reached at 2 p m. Here I spent the afternoon cutting budwood, and we slept there, after a cracking good dinner. They gave Jose' Felix and myself a very decent room, but as we had to shut the window and door in order to keep out mosquitos, and thus avoid the danger of malaria, we almost smothered. or at least I did. But I brot along budwood of six avocados, and early yesterday morning we moved on up the valley to Carpuela, where I cut budwood of two more varieties; then I escorted José Felix to the ford, and on the bank of the Chota we said good-bye, he returning to La Rinconada. I went on to the Hacienda Irumina, where I cut budwood of two more varieties, and slept last night. I guess this brings me up to date.

I may remark en passant, that the custom which obtains in the country here, that of not washing your face nor hands, nor combing your hair upon rising in the morning, sometimes works to my discomfort. When I was at Irumina the last time (I stopped two nights there) I conformed to the custom, in order to avoid injuring the feelings of my host; but this morning I thought I had beat him up, and that I would slip out to the irrigating ditch and have a wash before he appeared. While I was brushing my teeth he showed up, and was much distressed; "Why didnt you tell me frankly that you were accustomed to wash in the morning, so I could have a bowl of water put in your room?" he asked. I could see that he was somewhat grieved at the incident.

Which I may also remark, that the people of the interior of Ecuador are about the most touchy I have ever had to deal with; I attribute it more than anything else to the isolation of this region. You have to weigh in advance every action, to see if it is likely to offend somebody. When you are a guest at one of these haciendas they simply lay themselves out for you; there is no such thing as "drooping in" or "pot luck" in Ecuador; if you go to a man's house for a meal or a night, the man offers you the very best the house affords, and if you do not accept everything in the spirit in which it is given, your host is quite likely to feel offended.

Tomorrow is market day here, ~~and~~ we will stay here for the morning in order to see what shows up. After breakfast (12 oclock) we will move on to Otavalo, and after sleeping there will proceed to the market for Botanical Documents of La Rinconada Calixto Cordoba Carreaga. I ordered, and it looks pretty good.

It is thick, and of good wool, and a rather bright tan color, which will doubtless lighten a bit with age, as these dyes they use here are not of the best; and when you want an article to be, eventually, Alice blue, you start out by having your Indian dye it a deep Navy blue.

Well, all I can say is this: If I succeed in getting these ten varieties of avocados safely to Washington, and the folks there succeed in saving them, I will feel that I have accomplished something. If they are not saved, it isnt at all unlikely that I will make another trip to this region some day, to get them again, and perhaps others. I have not been able to go over the Chota region with a fine-toothed comb, because this is not the best season for avicados and there are no fruits on many of the trees; and in addition, I havent visited all the haciendas. Possibly in the fall of 1924 or 1925 I will come back here and spend 3 or 4 months in the valley in order to clean things up in good shape; but I will first wait to see how the varieties I am now obtaining behave in the States. If they look promising (as I believe they are going to do) it is quite likely that it will pay to put in 4 months' work hunting for other varieties here; and I would be quite willing to come down here again for that length of time, now that I know the road. But I rise to remark, and my language is plain, that I dont go in for any more of these two year jaunts from Guatemala to the Horn. One at a time please, one at a time!

I have just given Jorge the sum of 4 reales to put his mare in the pasture, and I will now shuck off my dirty clothes and clean up a bit; by George, but a feller has to get into bad habits when he travels in these regions! You cant change very often, and sometimes I go nearly a week without a shave; yesterday morning I took a good bath in the Chota river, and I wouldnt dare tell Paul how long it had been since I had enjoyed the previous one.

Hasta Quito!

Guayaquil, Saturday June 25 1921

Dear Folks:

I rode into ^{Quito} Guayaquil last Monday morning at 8, and a few hours later I learned from Major Hardy that he was coming down to Guayaquil this week to accompany Mr Yoder on a ten days' cruise up the Coast as far as Esmeraldas; and the major thought I could probably get in on the deal if I wanted to. So instead of staying in Quito ten days, as I had planned, I worked myself almost to death during 24 hrs, to get my plants packed and shipped via the Legation, and on Wednesday I caught the train and came down to Guayaquil. Yesterday I saw Mr Yoder and got his consent to accompany them on the trip, and tomorrow morning we expect to sail. Major Hardy comes down tonight.

The proposition is this (and you will see that it is a pretty soft one): Mr Yoder, who is the manager of the Ecuador Breweries Co., has this boat, which is a little steamer about 30 or 40 ft long, and is taking up a load of freights and going to stop at Salinas, Manta, Bahia, and Esmeraldas, to see his agents in those ports (to sell beer up there). The boat is comfortable, and only Mr Yoder, Major Hardy and myself will go as passengers. They have practically no cabin accommodations, but I have got myself a nice thick kapok mattress and pillow, and am taking a poncho and mosquito net, and will sleep on the little promenade deck aft, where I suspect the

one night in the cabin. It will give me a chance to see something of the coast, it will be a very pleasant little excursion I imagine, and of course, it is to Dr Webber's interest to have me make it.

I found quite a number of letters from you in Quito, and will run over them now:

Father, the six cotton ponchos which I brought out of So Ecuador on mule back were made in Gualaceo, near Cuenca. They cost me 6 to 8 sucres each, o sea \$2 to \$2.65 each, since exchange was 3 to 1 at that time. I am quite in accord with you plan to give Paul and Betty 2, keep two for yourself, and hold two for me. Go to it,--probably you already have gone. I consider those high-class stuff, and I wish I had bot a dozen instead of six, but the fact is, there were no more than suited me. The stock in Cuenca was small.

I have a fine letter from H F Macmillan of Ceylon, in wh he says he has ~~reviewed~~ reviewed my book for the Gardchron. He congratulates me heartily on the work, from wh I take it that his review will be favorable. We ought to see it. If we do not see it before, I will look it up in Washn when I get home, as I want to get out a circular later, quoting the best reviews. The one in the Calcutta Statesman was pretty good, I thought. Macmillan intimates that he would like me to ask the publishers to send him a complimentary copy of the work, for his review; I guess I will have to send him one myself. I will write him in a couple of weeks, and send you a copy of the letter asking you to send him a book.

Glad to know Shamel liked the hammock.

I think it is pretty fine about Herb's going to Hawaii. I pictured him pacing the deck of the Maui, trying to act as though he had spent most of his life on shipboard when he knows darn well he aint never before been out of sight of land. I only hope he wont speak of going "upstairs", and the "right" and "left" side of the ship.

Pablo, I regret to say I do not boil and filter all my water when in the back country. I carry a canteen, and fill it from mountain streams whnlook perfectly safe. If this stock runs out, as it often does when I am in the towns, I either drink bottled beverages or go out and get another canteen-full of good water. Occasionally I drink dubious water in the towns, but not often. The only reasons I have escaped typhoid are probably the following: (1), I have been inoculated on divers and sundry occasions, (2) I do not very often drink dubious water, and (3) the Lord loves his own, as Doc Scofield of Miami said when I asked him how he made his avocado grove grow so rapidly.

I was interested in the inland trip of Paul and Betty. I reckon you got a bit of what I have as a regular diet, except that your food was probably better, on the whole, and you had better company, being 2 instead of 1. By the way, the Preston mess kit is the ideal field equipment: if Gunga Din had only possessed one of these outfits he would have been better off than he was.

Father, I will be very glad to have the Nahuatl dictionary

which Mrs Nuttall has secured for me. I have a letter from

her in re it, and I am sending her \$10 to pay for it. I hope it reaches you safely. And by the way, I learn that my friend Cameron Townsend of Antigua Guat. is probably going up to the States in Sept, and I have written asking that in case he goes he take up a blanket or two for me. So if you receive a blanket by parcel post, or even two of them, and dont know whence they come, please do not return them to the postoffice but HANG ONTO EM. I suppose H will be getting married one of these days and will want a blanket, and I have got to build up my stock if I am going to stand all these heavy drains.

Yes, Dad, you are precisely right: the fact that a man like Allan Burluson or E A Schmidt et familia want to stay in Latin America is a bad sign. The only folks that want to live down here are those who do not like the active life or moral restrictions of the States, one or the other. Some of my friends down here have admitted it to me frankly,--Clarence Harvey, for example,- and others dont quite dare admit it.

I was rather sorry they left out my letter at the avocado meeting. When I saw it was last thing on the program I rather suspected ~~me~~ such thing would happen to it. Another time, try to see that R Agnes does not put me on last, will you?

Well, I sent my McClelland saddle back to José Felix, and I do not intend to mount again on this trip. It makes me feel as tho the end was in sight.

Dad, in re the Guatemalan collection: the fact that many of the varieties have not been large and fine this year does not worry me a bit. Kanola being a small fruit and one which will probably bear as a young tree, has shown up at its face

I mean true value; the rest are not yet showing up as they will later. Give em time, that's all I ask. I bet you will find some other good ones among em. I am delighted that Kanola is looking so promising.

DF writes that Dr Galloway is pretty nearly down and out, and I fear the avocado work in Washn is not being taken care of as it should be. For that reason I would just as soon not send in much more valuable stuff on this trip. I dont believe they will save the 10 vars from the Chota wh I have just sent, and in that case I am coming back here for about 4 or 5 mos, a year or two from now, to make a more thorough job here, when I know the Washington end is well organized. I am not going to break my back as I have been doing the past 5 months if there is not a good strong chance that everything wh reaches Washn alive will get good attention.

Father, the S F Shaws of Guatemala are good friends of mine; he is the man who has laid out the railroads in that country, being an engineer, and he always lived at Mrs Owen's house in Guatemala City. Mrs Shaw had a terrible breakdown just before I left Guatemala, and was temporarily insane I believe, so I presume they come to Calif partly for her health.

I am greatly obliged to Betty for her sweet letter of May 3rd. When I get back from Esmeraldas I am going to forward the remaining things I have picked up here,--ponchos, etc. I have not a great deal of general interest, however. In Otavalo I bot a beautiful navy blue poncho, large, and I intend some day to have it cut into a Naval reefer or a mackinaw. We old naval

MEMORANDUM RE SHIPMENTS: On leaving Quito I left at the Legation, to go forward within a few weeks, a pkg for FOP which contains the following articles to be disposed of as indicated:

3 Indian belts, one for Emily and one for Betty, if they want em, and the remaining one to be held for me.

1 Overcoat of Chillo cloth, for FOP. This has not turned out quite as well as I had anticipated, so I do not feel that I am sending FOP much of a present. You cant use it for driving about the country, if you want; and if you do not care to use it you can probably dispose of it to Herb to his advantage.

In the pocket of this overcoat is a little jadeite curio from a prehistoric grave at El Angel.

1 Panama hat given me by Jose Felix, and marked W F Personal. Please hold for me.

A few leather thongs for Paul.

I am still wondering if Paul got the two prs of ridings breeks I sent by parcel post to Thermal, and if FOP got the two ponchos I sent via Washn to be held for me. One is a light and dark brown stripe, with collar attached (not the one I sent Paul, awning-striped) and the other a light brown with white band across border, and fringe on it. I have written Allanson asking him to send these on if they are still in Washn, as the moths will be eating them up.

Well, thassall until I come back from the Esmeraldas trip, unless I get a chanst to mail a letter in one of the ports.

With stacks of love

Walt

Guayaquil, 9 July 1921

Dear Folks:

I observe a couple of steamers in the harbor, and understand that they are going north; so I will just drop a letter into the mail this morning in the hope that it will go out promptly.

We returned two days ago from our big cruise along the Ecuadorean coast, and I am now engaged frantically in packing up my things to ship home, and in preparing my quarterly accounts, preliminary to going out to Chobo next Wednesday morning, to spend ten days or so with Pachano, writing an epoch-making treatise on the Wild and Cultivated Fruits of Ecuador, which the same will fill a place as has long been empty.

I found several good letters from you all here upon my arrival, but will not answer them in detail now. The Gardchron also showed up, carrying Macmillan's review of my book. He did about as good a job as I could expect, but I think the Calcutta Statesman gave me an even better review. I notice that the lack of the citrus fruits, banana, etc, is looked upon with an unfavorable eye by my reviewers, and I think, therefore, that the book Shamel and I are going to publish will probably meet with more hearty approval from the general reader (whatever that is); but I still think I did the right thing in limiting the present work to the less-known fruits, and treating each one thoroughly. History will vindicate me, as Simon Bolivar

remarked when they stood him up against the wall.

I notice in looking over a copy of Tropical Life, that among the books for tropical planters wh they offer, the Manual is listed first, at 32' shillings. Ouch!

My bed is piled high with ponchos etcetera which I am going to pack this afternoon; I will write about them later. I'm going out soon to buy myself a good hammock to send along with this lot. When I come back here again exchange may be down to 200 instead of 400 as at present, in wh case it will cost me twice as much to get these things, and I will have to hold down on my purchases. Just now I am spending money like a drunken sailor.

I also have a few photos to send you, in the next letter I will try to pick up, at Grau's studio, a postcard wh he has already finished and send it in this. It shows su humilde servidor on his last overland march through Ecuador (Explorations of 1920-21), o sea my trip from Ibarra to Quito, and planted ~~precisely~~ on the longitudinal center of the world. The deep gorge of the Guallabamba is in the immediate background, and across it, two hills; between these hills passes the Line. Posterity will doubtless cherish this photograph, as will also Jorge Benites, to whom I have promised a copy (the boy that brought me down on this trip)

Well, to get down to business: We sailed out of this harbor in the Donna, and ate dinner as we did it, settled comfortably upon the after deck, -- the Major, Mr Yoder of the brewery, and myself. I suppose it will shock the delicate and anti-alcoholic sensibilities of FOP to think that I went on a boat owned and operated by a brewery, but like Stephen

Decatur, my motto is, My country right or wrong, and when I am out for aguacates I travel in almost any company, just so long as it is going in the right direction. Major Hardy and myself slept on the after deck; I took along a comfortable mattress wh cost me sucres 15, and it was mighty pleasant up there. I used my big brown poncho the one I am sending FOP and the same which I used on my long march through southern Ecuador, to keep the wind away, and was hunky-dory or something of that sort, i.e., exceedingly comfortable.

The day after leaving G'quila we made Salinas, on Santa Elena bay, and took on fuel oil. The Maj and myself went in swimming off the ships side, and in coming on board we had to climb over a lot of petroleum barrels wh weer floating at the ship's side, and that crude oil left us looking like coffee colored Ecuadoreans. We had to swab ourselves down with kerosene to get rid of it.

A day later we made Manta road, and went ashore to Manta, and then got on a little handcar (without the hand; it had to be pushed) and rode up to Montecristi, 13 kilometers distant. I wanted to see this town because it is the most famous hat town in the world, and I wanted to buy myself a hat there, all of which I did. In fact, I bought four hats, one of wh I am now going to wear, one I am sending home, to be used by FOP or held for me if he already has one wh suits him, and two ladies' hats which are to be worn by my pani-huahuas if they like the looks of 'em, and if them dont, they can be held for me.

We had a sort of tragic entry into Manta: Mr Yoder's agent in that town, the man that sold the beer, had been getting away

with some of the firm's money, thinking that he could pay it back before they had to settle up; and when he saw Yoder (who, by the way, is a Pennsylvania dutonman) coming, and realized that he would have to face the music, he waited until we were within two blocks of his house and then shot himself. Yoder had to stay in Manta to close up affairs and bury the poor chap, so the Major and I proceeded with the ship northward to Bahia and Esmeraldas. Bahia was the first port and here we had a first-class time; we rowed in the small boat on the bay, and swam in the surf, and fed high on board ship, for we had brought along some good provisions with us, and in addition picked up a lot of fine shrimps in Bahia. We next went on to Esmeraldas, and reached this port on July 3. The next day being the Glorious Fourth, we thought we ought to celebrate in some adequate and fitting manner, so we invited the governor of the province and the American Consular agent aboard for dinner. We dressed the ship with all our signal flags, and hung Old Glory over the after deck, and at twelve the governor and Consul came aboard, and we sat down to one of the lengthiest luncheons I have ever witnessed. We had impressed upon our cook the importance of the occasion and the status of our guests, and that fellow simply busted himself. In fact, he went so far as to serve two courses of macaroni, one after the other. We began with a salad, and next had soup. Then we lined up against stuffed onions, followed by a species of saurkraut. That makes four courses. Next we had little patties of macaroni, prepared on board, and following this a course of Heinz spaghetti, thru which the governor and the Consul waded without flinching. That

made six courses. Next we had excellent beefsteaks with french

fried. Governor and consul still coming strong. Following this course came our dessert, wh consisted of plum pudding (Heinz) and California preserved apricots. The Consul had explained earlier in the day that he was a very light eater, and I feared for his ability to get away with the plum pudding at this stage of the game; but he rallied, and not only got away with a liberal helping, but took a second one. Following this we had coffee, and then the governor realized that he was getting seasick. A strong breeze had sprung up, and we began to pitch a bit. He had to wait nearly two hours for his boat to come out, and during this interval I know that he was suffering the tortures of the condemned (as John Billings would put it). He spoke nary a word, and sat curled up in a steamer chair trying to hold down what he had et.

We finally put our guests ashore, and weighed anchor; and just as soon as we got out to sea we found it heavy running, for we were going against a strong wind. I began to feel a bit skittish myself, and during the night was not very comfortable. But the next day we made Manta once more, and then were allright.

I forgot to mention that on the outgoing voyage we fished by trolling from the stern of the boat, and caught six bonitos, four of which weighed 25 to 30 lbs each, and were very game. It was good sport.

We picked up Mr Yoder at Manta, and came on down to Salinas again, to take on fuel oil; and here Major Hardy and myself left the ship to come overland to Guayaquil, 85 miles, by auto. The Oil King invitee us to make the trip with him, and

we were glad to accept, in order to see the country; but at times during the trip we wished we hadn't come, so recklessly did the fellow drive. We ran over a tree branch, going fast, and it flew up and smashed one of the running boards, and we also had a blow-out.

Yesterday morning I put the Major on the boat for Duran, whence he took the train to Quito, and then I went out to see Mr Rorer, and was promptly invited to go on a little excursion up the river Daule, above Guayaquil, with the Govt agricultural officials. Of course I couldn't refuse, and we had a pleasant day of it; Pachano was along, and Prof Rowlee, who is down here from Cornell, and several Italian agriculturists, and the Minister of Agriculture.

And now I've got to settle down, or I will never get out of this country alive. I have a stack of notes to work into shape, and all sorts of other things to do. So

Hasta luego

Witt

FOP: Please send him a copy of the Manual and collect from PP.

Wp

Guayaquil, Ecuador, 9 July 1921.

H.F. Macmillan, Esq.,
Superintendent, Royal Botanic Gardens,
Perideniya, Ceylon.

My dear Mr. Macmillan:

Your letter reached me in Quito a couple of weeks ago, and since then I have received a copy of the Gardeners Chronicle containing your review of my book. I very much appreciate the favorable comment contained in the latter, and thank you heartily for it.

In regard to the omission of the major tropical fruits from this work, I wish to make the following explanation. In preparing the book, I was limited to 500 pages. I had to choose between including all of the tropical fruits, and then limiting the treatment of each to the most important facts, leaving out much interesting detail; or eliminating the major fruits such as the coconut, pineapple, and the citrus fruits (regarding all of which there is an abundance of information available in other works) and covering in a thorough manner all of those less-known fruits such as the sapodilla, the papaya, and the litchi, concerning which there is exceedingly little information available in publications which are seen by the average horticulturist.

I chose to make this work complete in so far as concerned the less-known fruits, and not attempt to cover those whose culture is already well understood, and concerning which there is much information already in print. I may add that Dr. A. D. Shamel of California, and myself, are planning to publish a work on tropical and subtropical fruits, including the citrus and all of the other fruits whose culture is already of commercial importance, and leaving out some of the

species of little importance which I have included in my Manual. It will be several years, probably, before we can undertake the publication of this work, as I have some exploring ahead of me which will occupy most of my time for the next year or so.

I take great pleasure in sending you a complimentary copy of the Manual of Tropical and Subtropical Fruits, which will be dispatched from California by my father. I cannot expect that it will be one-half as useful to you as your admirable Handbook of Tropical Gardening has been to me, but I trust that you will find it interesting to get our American viewpoint on some of the fruits with which you are familiar in the East, and that it will give you information regarding others which are not yet known in your part of the world.

In closing, I may say that I do not give up the hope of visiting the Orient again, and seeing your gardens in Ceylon. These last years have passed rapidly and I have not been able to get away from tropical America except on my occasional visits to the States; but one of these days I intend to visit the East again, and I hope finally to have the pleasure of meeting you personally and discussing many plants and fruits in which we are both interested.

Cordially yours,

Guayaquil, 9 July 1921

Dear Folks:

I have just dispatched to address of FOP a shipment of five pkgs of mdse, and enclose herewith memorandum re same, and two copies of invoice showing value. The PO was out of customs deblatation labels, and had to put on some improvised ones wh probably will not stand the trip, and I would advise, therefore, that you see to it that the PO in Los Angeles gets a copy of this invoice on which to base the duty charges, other wise they will assess the values as they see fit, and my hit us much harder than necessary. Inasmuch as practically of this stuff is for me, I will ask you, FOP, to have Paul give you my check for the amount of the duty.

The pkgs are numbered from one to five. No. 1 contains a good hammock wh is to be held for me. No. 2 contains the calfskin that Jose Felix gave me, and of wh I intend to have a traveling bag made when I get home. It also contains a halter and bridle wh Jose Felix sends to Paul and Betty, and a mule-skinner's delight (long whip) which brought me over the trail from Ibarra in good shape, and wh cost me all of 30 cents. It also contains two openwork Panama hats, bot in Montecristi, one for Betty and tother for Enily, if they like 'em; and if they dont, you can keep em for me to dispose of, or give 'em to somebody who likes this sort of headgear. Also one gents Panama hat, bot in Montecristi for 9 sueres, wh FOP can have if it suits him better than those already sent, and wh he can hol for me if it doesnt.

No. 3 contains a large brown poncho, wh I have worn during most of my Ecuadorean travels,--over many a muddy trail, and in wh I have slept many a night. I think it will make you a nice Laprobe for the auto, or something else. In this pkg there are two other ponchos, one thick gray one, and a brown one; Emily is to have her choice of these, the rejected one being held for me.

No.4 contains three fine ponchos, all to be held for me. The navy blue one is the most expensive poncho I have bot, costing 34 sucres. It is a particularly fine weave, and is a large poncho. I am think ing of having it made into a naval reefer some day, or I may keep it intact to serve as a bed blanket.

No.5 contains a corte of fawn-colored woolen cloth from Otavalo, wh you will please hold for me, and 9 woolen mufflers. FOP can have one of these, also Paul and Herb and Betty and Emily, if they each want one, following wh you can give Lucile one if you think she would really use it; and then hold the rest for me.

Here endeth the enumeration of the spoils of this Ecuadorean trip. I wont buy anything more now until I get to Peru, and as I will have very little time there I probably will not buy much. I want a nice vicuña rug, however, for my own use when I settle down in Calif,--or wherever I settle down, if I ever do.

Ever lovingly

Guayaquil, 12 July 1921

Dear Folks:

Doc Goding, Amconsul General, solemnly affirmed and asseverated that States mail would arrive today, but nothing has shown up as yet. Mebbe tomorrow. I notice that there is a new boat or two in the harbor this afternoon. Of course it will take the authorities of the Guayaquil Post Office at least 24 hours to get the bags open and pick out the free samples. Wh reminds me that yesterday afternoon, when I was pretty tired, I went around to the G P O to mail a couple of packages of photos, one to José Felix and one to Major Hardy, and before I finally got those things dispatched I had come so near to losing my temper that you couldnt tell the difference. First they sent me up stairs, after I had stood in front of a downstairs window while 7 or 8 boobs rushed up and stuck their mail in ahead of me; and then upstairs I waited a while longer, and then they wanted to send the things by parcel post instead of registered mail, and I almost had to fight to make em let me send em registered. Then when they had em weighed up, and had calculated the postage several times, forward and back, they sent me across the hall to buy stamps; and the gentleman at that window told me they didnt sell postage stamps, only revenue stamps, and directed me down stairs again; so I went down stairs and presented myself at the stamp window, and asked for 15 tens, and after he had given me ten fifteens and two or three other combinations I finally got my hands on fifteen tens, and then I passed him a five sucre Bank of Pichincha billete in payment thereof, and he informed me that they didnt accept Pichincha bills, nothing but Guayaquil banks (Bank of Pichincha is up in Quito) and I had to dig down in my pocket to find change, wh I finally succeeded in doing. Then I went upstairs again, and found a lady laboriously writing out two receipts for my packages, and after I crowded in among six sweaty, ill smelling peons and waited five minutes I got my receipts and went out to get some fresh air and give vent to my feelings.

And this was a job you could do in three minutes in any postoffice in the U S A.

Last night, as I was sitting in Lacassagne's refreshment emporium, just below my room, gentleman walks up and likes to know if I wouldnt care to accompany him to the banquet being given at the Club de la Union, in honor of Dr Miño, director general of agriculture, and Dr Paviolo, grandisimo bluffer and at present director general to Dr Miño; and I allows as how nothing would please me more. It was informal, so I just comes up stairs and slips into my dark suit, made by V Ramon Hernandez, Bogotá, and goes up to the Club, where several gentlemen are already assembled, so's not to miss any of the cocktails. Well sir, we had a regular time, and the champagne flowed like water down the Santa Anita stormdrain. At half past eleven I tore myself loose and came home.

This morning George K Cherrie of the American Museum, whom I first met when we went to Brazil (he was one of Roosevelt's party) came in to see me, he having returned to Ecuador (he was here last March) to shoot some more birds. We had a good talk, you bet.

I find it rather pleasant to be here in Guayaquil, where the boats are always coming in and out, and where there is quite a little life. It is altogether different from Quito. Tomorrow Pachano is coming in town again, and I will return with him to Chobo, to spend a week writing up our notes on Equadorean fruits. And then about the 25th instant I expect to take a steamer for Callao, and really be on my way home; for I shant stop long in one place after I leave here, and inasmuch as I will be seeing new sights and scenes all the time, I wont get bored but will really enjoy it; and then 'bout September, when I get down to Chile, I will begin to get track of the boat schedules and to lay for a direct steamer to Calif. Si señor.

Guayaquil, 13 July 1921

Dear Folks:

Not morn two hours after I wrote the enclosed note, registering my disapproval of the Equadorean postal service, Doc Goding had his boy call up to advise that there was mail for me, so I hastened out to the Consulado and brot back your letters stamped June 18, 21, and 24. Then I sat down and had a good time for about 1/2 hr.

I was glad to hear of the arrival of the Panama hats and the Chobo cloth. I dont exactly feel right about having POP wear that torn Panama for best, but if he likes it that way, why c'est son affaire, cela. It was a good hat, all-right, but you can pay as much as 80 sueres for a Panama at Montecristi, and this one only cost 35, so you see it isnt the best they produce. But there's no getting around it, those Montecristi hats are simply the best that are grown. When I look at my 17 suere article, wh I am now wearing, I am filled with satisfaction. I have seen a good deal of the hat business in Ecuador, both coast and highlands, and I begin to feel that I know a good hat when I see one.

,Father, in re the Chillo cloth, I wrote you some time ago that I thot you had better hold it until you see how the overcoat turns out; if the color is permanent and you like it, you can make up this piece later on; if not, we will use it to back a vicuña rug, or a motor rug, or something like that.

I guess we can always have good hats now, as long as we live; for when these are worn out, I can get some new ones thru my friends here in Ecuador.

I think I now have sufficient Gem blades to meet my needs for the rest of this trip, so dont send me any more. Thank you all the same.

So Calvino is going to publish my photo along with his review of the book? Allright.--Glad to note Coit's review.--Rorer says that Tropical Life of London published a good one, and he showed me on in the bulletin of the Imperial Institute; it was pretty good. They only had two criticisms to make, first, that I did not include all the tropical fruits, and second, that I did not have a ruler showing in the photographs, so they could tell how big the fruits were. I might remark that if they will refer to the text they will find the dimensions of all the fruits, and that I do not intend to spoil the artistic value of my photos by sticking a yardstick in one side, like H F Macmillan does. That yardstick business is all bosh.

Pablito, me lad, your riding breeches are charged to your account, to be cobrado personalmente when I return to California. I'd rather eat it out.

Dad, I have always been proud of you, but never so proud as now, when I hear that up to the time R Agnes McFally took you to see the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, you had never sat clear thru a movie show. That's a good record. I wish I could present as good a record, but I slumped pretty badly when I was in Miami and little Thyra, she that was Jeremiassen, used to take me to the picture every Saturday night. ~~But I got Bogart's Duke Montalvo~~ I have been able to avoid going here in Ecuador, except for one occasion when I had to sit thru half a show with Major Hardy. The movies are for folks who dont get any real

thrills out of everyday life.

As I wrote you previously, I trust you will have me do the right thing by Knowles at his wedding, per and pro my attorney.

Is that Mrs Cundy, Coolidge's daughter that you mention, she that was Marcia Coolidge? If so, why she was finishing PHS just as I went in, but I know her allright.

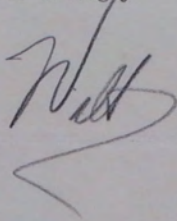
Yes, Dad, you are right; Ecuador is different from the Central American countries, mainly in a vertical direction. When I used to climb the Chuacús range from the Motagua valley (ascent of 4000 ft) and then drop down the same day to Salamá (descent of 3000) on my way to the Verapaz, I thought I was doing some tall climbing; but law-zeel weall up in Guatemala dont know anything about climbing. These denizens of the Andes would, I believe, thinking nothing of having their house on the top of a hill, and their stable at the bottom, some 6 000 or 8 000 feet below. It sometimes makes me dizzy, almost, to see the climbing that we have to do in this country, in order to travel about. The more I look at that picture of myself on the edge of the Guailabamba canyon, by the way,—the one taken on the Equator and sent you a few days ago,—the more I think it is a good one. The day you cross that region, coming from Otavalo to Quito, you start from 8000 ft, climb to 12,000 or 13,000, then drop to 5,000, and then climb again to 8000. That isnt a hard day's work, by Equadorean standards, but when you have done this for about six months, as I now have, you either get pretty tough or pretty tired, or both. I think I am a little of each.

Last evening, as I was returning from dinner at the Ritz, I ran into George K Cherrie on the street, and we two sat down in the plaza, right in front of the church of San Francisco, for a good talk. We spent most of the evening there. Among other things, he told me that I was eligible for active membership in the Explorers' Club of New York, a very select organization wh all the famous guys like Harry Frank belong to, and that when I get home he would be glad to nominate me. I shall certainly seize the first opportunity, after I get home, to remind him of it; to belong to this club, as an active member, you have to present a record of scientific exploration, and published original work as the result of that exploration. Well, after we got thru with a general discussion of the world and its contents, I got him started to talking about his trip down the River of Doubt with Col Roosevelt, and it was a very interesting tale. He cleared up my mind on several points which had previously been in doubt,—among other things, I asked him if it was true that the Brazilian trip hastened the death of the Colonel, and he said that there was nothing whatever to indicate that the time of his death was in any way influenced by the hardships he underwent in Brazil. Cherrie says, however, that the Colonel was pretty nearly all in, at one time when they were still way in the heart of the Amazonian region, and that they all were facing death by starvation. The Colonel had malaria very badly, and in addition, a very bad sore on one knee. One night, Cherrie says, the Colonel called him to his tent, and said "Cherrie, it is evident that some of us are not going to get out of this country alive. I am nothing but a burden, and I want you and Kermit to push ahead and save yourselves if you can, and leave me here." Cherrie told him that it was not yet time to give up, and of course they finally got thru. He says at another time Rondon, their Brazilian colleague, went ahead for a reconnoissance and returned saying that there were rapids ahead thru which their canoes could never pass, and that they would have to abandon all their materials and try to make their way out thru the forest, each man for himself. Cherrie says they finally persuaded Rondon to give up this idea, and if they hadnt, no one would ever have gotten thru. Roosevelt went up to Cherrie's Vermont home after the Brazilian trip and spent a week. When the news of Roosevelt's death reached Cherrie, he was in LaGuaira, in Homer Brett's house. Carnegie Mellon University Pittsburgh. He says he knows Brett's very well, and thinks a lot of them. Cherrie was engaged during the war in the same sort of work that I was. He has invited me up to

visit him in Vermont, some time, and promises to show me how they make maple sugar, and to serve me all the hot cakes I can eat, with all the maple syrup ditto, every morning. He is a fine man, and in about five years more will qualify as the Grand Old Man of scientific exploration, for he is now about 60 and has been at it some 35 years. He is going to stay in Ecuador until the end of this year, getting birds. I am sorry he was not here during my stay, for I might have been able to see quite a good deal of him.

Pachano is expected in town today, and I will return to Chobo with him, to tackle our joint paper on Ecuadorean fruits, and my inventory notes. I shall probably stay out there about 8 days.

Ever lovingly

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. H. Sargent". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, sweeping flourish at the bottom.

Chobo, near Guayaquil
20 July 1921

Dear Folks:

One week ago I came out here with Pachano, and since that time I have, until this afternoon, been occupied in writing up my notes on Ecuadorean fruits, with a view to publishing them later on. I have now worked up a descriptive list of more than 105 species, with data regarding their distribution, common names, uses and so on; and I shall try to get it published somewhere in the North, and later, Pachano is going to translate it into Spanish and we will publish it again down here, as a joint affair.

On Sunday we all went over to the Hacienda Payo, to see the mangosteen trees. By "all" I mean Pachano, myself, friend Haskell who is now working at the Valdez sugar plantation, near here, and friend Otis, assistant manager of the Mercantile Bank in Guayaquil, who has been staying out here with us on a little vacation. We had a long day in the saddle, with an interesting hour at Payo; the mangosteen season was about finished, but we got a few fruits which were fully ripe and in fine condition. They struck me as being just as good as any which Paul and I ate in the Straits Settlements. No doubt about it, the mangosteen is a great fruit. They also had a few rambutans over there, the first I have eaten since we were in the Straits, and it made me think of the days when Paul and I rode about the streets of Singapore and Penang in a double seated, secondclass rickshaw

and expect to finish up in time to return to Guayaquil on the coming Saturday the 23, carrying with me a bunch of pineapple plants wh I a, to send to the U^rifruitoo people in Costa Rica. Then on next Wed or Thu. the 27 or 28, I expect to take passage on the SS Chile, Pacific Steam Navigation Co, with Callao as my destination. They tell me it is about six days down to that port, with calls at some of the Peruvian ports en route but since the ships lies way out to sea in most of those ports, and does not stop lo g, I doubt if I shall go ashore. Especially as there is said to be some yellow fever in Paita and perhaps others. Several years ago the Peruvians used to take great pleasure in calling Guquil the pest hole of the Pacific, and now that Guquil is cleaned up, and hasnt had a case of yellowjack since 1919, the Guayaquileños are not missing any opportunities to speak of the fever which is present in Peruvian ports. And when a vessel arrives in Guquil from a Peruvian infected port, believe me the put her through the mill! I guess they disinfect her in three or four different ways, and make her wait several days before discharging, or something like that. If Ecuador was a little bigger she would de~~k~~are war on Peru, because of the boundary dispute; but as it is she doesnt dare to, and has to take it out in talk.

Tomorrow noon we are all going over to Matilde, a sugar plantation one mile from here, where we will breakfast at high noon with the Semanario family. Leopoldo Semanario was raised in Los Angeles, tho an Ecuadorren by birth and citizenship, and thinks it is great stuff to enthuse with me about the Gpldent State, and have someone who will back up his strong statements,

Guayaquil, 25 July 1921

Dear Folks:

I brot in a letter addressed to you, from Chobo, but there was not boat going out today, so I will add a few lines more before mailing it. I got in here last night, and went to my former posada; found it all full, but Charley Otis, Asst Mgr, Mercantile Bank of the Americas, took me in, and I slept well in a big fiber hammock, after accompanying him to the Gran Teatro Olmedo, where we saw Manuel Sanchez, the Chilean lightweight champion, fight four rounds with B T Chinique; and several other like diversions, all having more or less to do with the manly art of self-defense. Nobody got hurt, I^m sorry to say.

Dr Goding, Amconsul General, invited me to come around and live with him until I sail for Peru, and I am now installed in the softest berth I have seen for some time. The Dr has the fame of possessing the best cook in Guayaquil, and I begin to believe he is entitled to it. Apple pie tonight. By the way, I was thinking last night, as I lay in my hammock, that I would like a big layer cake with caramel frosting on it 3/4 inch thick. Can Emily turn out one of those animals? If she cant, she better practice up before I get home.

I worked like the dickens all morning packing up pineapple plants and herbarium specimens. Still have some inventory notes to write. Found quite a lot of mail here last night.--Alright, Pablo, I'll see if I can pick up a good bit and pair of jingly spurs for you in Chile. They dont have anything in this line that is really worth while here in Ecuador. Maybe I wont find just the right thing for you, but I'll have a try. As to the plan you present, for us to buy Mr Russels 160 acres on the other side of the valley, trading our TD stock for it, I am inclined to favor the idea at first glance, but will leave you folks to decide.

Daisy Bell sent me two libbits more of Brownleys best mixed, and a long and very fine letter (as are all of hers), in wh she says she is going to send DF and Graham off for an ocean trip this summer, perhaps to the Virgin Is, as DF cant relax as long as he is in the States and there is anything to do. She and Nancy will go up to Baddeck.

I am going to enclose a few fotos wh were taken on our recent tripupp the coast, and wh Major Hardy sent me. It was 12 oclock when I finished reading my mail last night, and one when I got over thinkg about it and went to sleep; and it is now half past eight, so I am going to quit and go to bed. Willwwrite one more before leaving here: the Chile has been postponed to sail on Aug 1st, so I have a week here yet. Stacks of love from

Will

G'quil, July 27 1921

Dear Folks:

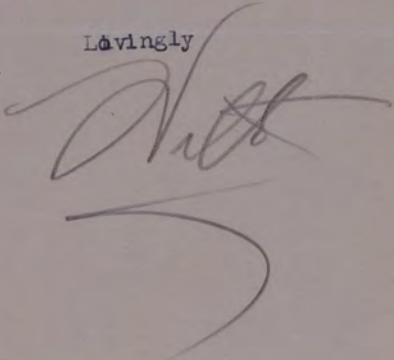
I notice the Mantaro is in the harbor, and I think she is going north; so I will just drop a few lines into an envelop and taken them down to the PO along with a lot of mail I have to dispatch. I have been working right smart these last few days, and now have my correspondence pretty well caught up. I had a good many business letters to answer.

I am now working up my inventory notes and putting data with my fotos, and when these two jobs are complete, I will be ready to sail from Ecuadorean shores with the feeling that I have left nothing undone. I didnt get my work so well cleaned up when I left Bogotá, and I have wishd several times that I had spent anther week there, in order to put my notes in better shape; but I was fed up with Bogotá and the bogotanos, and I wanted to get out; so I got.

Last night Dr Goding invited me to accompany the American colony to a surprise party on Mr and Mrs Patterson, members of said colony, who were celebrating their first wedding anniversary. We were about 20 altogether, including three or four girls who danced tollable well, and I stepped the light fantastic for the first time since the night I danced at Portovelo, about the end of March.

Well, I gotta go down town now. I'll write a longer letter than this, and mail it before I leave next Mon, Aug 1~

Lovingly



Guayaquil, July 30 1921

Dear Folks:

A couple of letters from Paul came in yesterday, wh I suppose may be the last ones from home which I will receive here, as I shall probably leave on Monday, per SS Chile, and it is now Saturday.

I also received a cable from DF saying that the second lot of avocado budwood from the Chota had arrived, in "encouraging" condition. I dont know exactly what he means by that, but I take it to imply that they expect to save quite abit of it.

Paul's letter of July 9 brings the news that H has returned to esas tierras de Dios. I suppose he, like Doc Webber after he returned from his brief Hawaiian trip, will now insist on pronouncing it Ha-vy-ee.

I got hold of a copy of the West Coast Leader, from Lima, last night, and observe that the Toyo Kisen Kaisha has a steamer about once a month from Valparaiso, Antofagasta, and Lima to Panama, Salina Cruz and Port Los Angeles. That ought to be about the fastest service on the coast, because of the few stops, and it is likely I will take it if I dont get a tanker. I would rather like to try the Jap line once: I have never been on any of their boats.

Father, in your letter of June 28 you mention that Shamel says we might be able to do our book by my spending a month with him, and then working up the rest in Washn, poco á poco. Perhaps I can arrange to stay a month on the way home to take up this work: I rather think I can, if I come via Calif, for I will just

to please get an extension on my letter. After this sockdologer of a trip, I dont think he would have the ~~heart~~^{heart} to turn me down. I'd like mightily to get that book under way just as soon as possible. So you tell Shamel that I think we can work it: but that I dont expect to put in the month at Riverside, because (1) the Govt wont pay my bills at the Mission Inn, and I dont intend to live anywhere else if I am in that twon, and (2) because it is too far from Pasadena. You better make him agree to spend two weeks with us at Altadena, and then I will reciprocate by spending one or two at Riverside.

Yesterday afternoon I stepped out to a little Thè Dansant chez Mrs James Birch Rorer. Nytive girls only present, barring one Swiss girl, already married. We had some good dancing, and I greatly amused the nytives by getting off a lot of Spanish slang, especially Ecuadorean slang, which most gringos never learn. They think it is great stuff to hear a gringo sling a few of their pet expressions.

Guess maybe I will go swimming this afternoon. My work is pretty well finished up. I am expecting to have a pleasant time going down to Callao on the Chile. They say the food is very bad, but of course I am notes crictical on this score¹ as people who have just left the States, my gastronomic acumen having been considerably dulled by an overindulgence in black beans andboiled rice. The boat is English, and I have decided I will dress for dinner every night in my Tux: It will show 'em that I am the real thing, and besides, I have only worn that suit once or twice this year, and I would like to get in the habit again, because I expect to live in ^{it} (with an occasional change to full dress) when I get home. Perry Belden, one of our former Ministers to Colombia,

endeared himself to the bogotanos by living a very bohemian life, and the thing they particularly loved was his habit of going down to Girardot in his dress suit. It was done thusly: Perry would sit up all night with his friends, celebrating their departure, and then he would escort them down to the train and accompany them to Girardot, on the Magdalena. They say that Perry always paid for all the drinks, ~~to~~, so it is only natural that he should be popular in Bogotá,

I have four copies of the Atlantic to read on the boat, ~~but~~ because I havent had any time for reading these last few months, except when I was up at La Rinconada, and I didnt have the Atlantic with me at that time. Lemme see: did I tell you that Jorge Benites, the boy that brought me down from Ibarra to Quito this last time, has written me a letter, saying that he hopes I am well, that he is tollable, thank you, and that he wants to inform me that ~~I~~ I have left agreeable impressions upon his memory which will fade only when his body is lowered into the tomb, and that he cannot forget me until that day when his soul flies away to its celestial ^s mansion. Them's his very words. Talks like a Colombian, that boy.

I am having a bully time here with Dr Goding. High life, I tell you. At first I was rather disappointed at having this delay in Guayaquil, my original idea having been to get out of here by the 20th, but I am rather glad now that I have stayed over. In the first place, I have cleaned up all my work in nice shape, and in the second, I have ben having a tollable good time here. The ice cream they s rve at the Casa Fortich isnt bad, and Doc Godin's cook makes palatable punkin pie.

Lovingly yours

Wilt

Guayaquil, 31 July 1921

Dear Folks:

I will write a final line to send you on the Quilpua, which has just come into the harbor, and then I will wait for the Chile, which also is due this afternoon: and if she arrives, I will go on board tomorrow morning.

Yesterday afternoon Otis, Dr Goding and I did the correct and proper thing, i.e., took an auto and rode up and down the Avenida Nueve de Octubre from 6 to 7 p.m. We then had dinner here at the Consulate. Guayaquil is really a very attractive place along toward sundown: not quite comparable to Habana, but ahead of most of the Latin American ports. The main streets are now paved, this having been done only a year or so ago, and the place is quite attractive. There are lots of good shops here, too, and good cafés where you can get first-class refrescos and pretty fair ~~refrescos~~ ice creams.

The Telégrafo came out this morning with a big picture of yours truly, and one of my articles. I enclose you a copy.

Well, my next will be from Lima, the City of the Kings, and the Paris of South America (No. 16 in geographical order)

Ever thine

