



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
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About the Institute

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

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

Guayaquil. August 1 1921

Dear Folks:

I wrote you what I thought was my farewell letter from Guayaquil, but this p m I have recd three letters from POP, so I guess I will write another shot note to leave here. The Chile, on which I am sailing, brot the mail from Panama. (P.S.N.C.)

It is now seven p m. At 5 I went aboard the Chile and left all my baggage. She is a nice clean ship, but I know what the bill of fare is going to be: oiled beer, boiled potatoes, boiled cabbage, and a second helping of boiled potatoes. I came ashore at six, and have just put on clean clothes, as Otis of the Mercantile Bank, and myself, are giving a little farewell dinner at the Ritz tonight. Covers will be set for about 12: Dr Goding, Mr and Mrs Howes, Mr and Mrs Haskell, the two Marchbank girls, and one or two others. Spect we will dance a little afterward. In fact, that was our motive in asking the Marchbank girls. I suppose the affair will set me back about ten bucks, but I have spent any of my per diem for the last eight days, so I guess I can stand it! I go on board at eight in the morning, and we are supposed to sail before noon?

Father, I was glad to see the fotos wh are going to be used in the "proceedings or Report or whatever they call it. ~~how~~ I never tho't that foto of myself on the Equator, with the mule standing by, was much good; the one I sent you more recently is better, but didn't have the pack mule in it. Also glad to know the Panama hats are creating a good impression. I hope we are now stocked up for several years, all of us. They are certainly cheap down here, with a range at 400. Those 40 sucre, or ten dollar, hats are good enough for anybody, and probably there are mighty few like them in Pasadena,-- if any at all. I have heard of Leslie Combs. I think he was in Guatemala as minister at one time.

Its going to make some of my friends, who have bought Manuals, pretty sore when they lower em to \$3.75, but it will probably help the sale of the book. I am glad it is to be done.

I wrote Grandma Bowman a couple of weeks ago, no,--it was longer ago that that, when I came down from Ibarra, about June 20.

Father, if I see any white-faced monkeys when I start home I shall certainly bring you one, no matter what he costs; but there wont be any in Chile or Peru,--that is not monkey country,--but I may find one at one of the ports of call on the way up the coast. I wont forget you, if I ever see one?

The Colombian Bureau of Information came across in good shape, didnt it? Guess that \$25,000,000 made em feel better toward us.

Father, I reiterate that I want you to draw upon my account to help Herb thru this next school year, if you are at all low financially and will feel pinched otherwise. What's money for? I have just received a warrant for \$3000, wh is my expense and salary money, in large part, for the next six months, I will probably carry this warrant with me for some time, as I still have more than a thousand left on my letter of credit,--my own funds.

I will be glad to see your book plate, and if it looks good to me I will of course adopt it. I had been planning to have one of my own made when I got home, using as the principal design the Maya deity Yum Kaax, goddess of Agriculture. Morley gave me a drawing. But if we have a good family bookplate, I would of course prefer it.

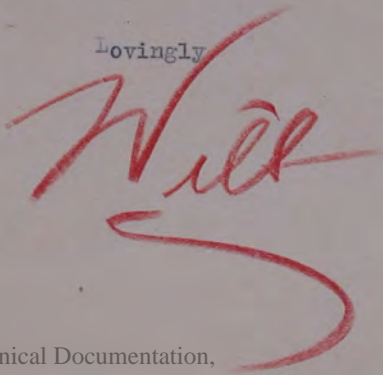
Father, as to the future plantation which we may work up as a family affair, in the Coachella. If coffee prices are favorable for the next few years I have no doubt we could get Bob to come in on the deal, but I would only consent to his doing so if we had an absolutely sure thing. I dont want to bring him into anything that isnt going to pay good dividends, and pay em tolerably quick. He has a paying business there in Guatemala, and can use his money to bring him about 12 percent. He is a mighty good friend of mine, and I dont want to tie him up in anything that isnt an absolutely sure thing. Dont take it up with him, in any event, until I get home and we can all look into the matter together.

I am sorry to hear that youall are not as thick with the Russells as you might be. I had always suspected that some day this state of affairs would eventuate, ~~however~~, I didnt see much of Robbins, but my impression was that he was a mighty good fellow, ~~but the~~ really not of our type at all.

Pablo, I send you a Blanco y Negro and a Lectures pour Tous, via Washn, just to recall old times.

Well, I'm going to shut up shop and step down to the Ritz with the Doctor, and later dance a few fox trots with Little Nell Marchbank, and Mrs Haskell? Otis had to work pretty hard to find a feasible way of inviting Little Well,--she is the best dancer in town, among "our set",--but he finally worked it. Such is life in the tropics.

Lovingly

A large, stylized red ink signature that reads "Will". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long, sweeping tail that curves under the name.

Gran Hotel, Lima, Peru

6 Aug 1921

Dear Folks:

Here I am, in an absolutely new environment, and it feels sort o' strange. I guess I had become pretty thoroughly used to Ecuador: at least I felt myself quite at home there, and the surroundings looked pretty familiar to me at the time I left.

But to go back and consider things in their chronological order. My last evening in Ecuador was passed very agreeable-like. As forecasted in my last from Guayaquil, Otis and I gave a dinner at the Ritz for some of my friends, -those to whom I was more or less obligated, socially. We had the Howes, and Judge Heuille and his son, and the Haskells, and The two Marchbank girls, as previously intimated. Also Dr Goding. Otis and I didnt let any grass grow under our feet: as soon as we sat down at table we got up again and began to dance with the two girls, when the orchestra played a fox-trot. The first three-quarters of the meal we passed in this fashion, not eating very much, but dancing just as much as the music would allow. I tell you, I shook a wicked hoof.

Well, the next morning I bid Doc Goding good bye, and Otis and Haskell put me on board the SS Chile, Pacific Steam Navigation Co. We didnt pull out of G'quil until after lunch. I sat back and watched the Equadorean landscape

disappear ^{from view} with mingled feelings of satisfaction and,---no, dear, gentle, sensitive reader, not regret, delight. Says I to myself, every mile now is taking me nearer home, even tho I am going in the wrong direction. You see, until I cut loose from Ecuador, I didnt know when I would get home, but once I started from there, I realized that I was booked to move right along until the day when I board the Toyo Kisen Kaisha's palatial Passenger Steamer Osaka Maru (or some other) and settle back to read and sleep until the boy wakes me at Port Los Angeles.

Well, we had a quiet trip down. We called at Paita, Supe, and Huacho, but I didnt go ashore at any of them. We only had a few hours in each. The steamer was comfortable, and the grub quite passable. We only had a handful of passengers on board, hence my room-boy, a Chilean, had time to take good care of me, and did so: and I managed to get away with two ice creams regular-like.

I never before had any idea what a difference that Humboldt current makes in the climate of western So America. Instead of being warm, as it was from the Canal down to G'quil, it was positively chilly from G'quil ^{to} Lima, and I wore my light overcoat nearly all the time. It is cloudy at this season, and somewhat windy: the sea was a bit rough, and make me feel a bit squeamish at times, but I got away with all my meals, and held 'em.

This morning I woke up at half past one, and looking out my porthole, saw the lights of Callao along the shore. I went to sleep again, and was awakened at 5 by a bugle, which was being played somewhere off our starboard beam. I

Was more or less half asleep, but I says to myself, these Peruvian buglers can put it all over the Ecuadoreans. When daylight appeared, I looked off to starboard, and saw the Jules Michelet, the light cruiser which brought General Mangin from France to attend the Centenary in Lima. The bugler was French, not Peruvian.

Pretty soon the officers of the port came on board, ⁷¹ and took my passport: and then we moved in closer to the shore, and tied up to a buoy: and then we were boarded by a bunch of pirates, as usual, and were offered services of various kinds, mostly in connection with handling our baggage. I struck a bargain, after considerable dickering, with a coffee-colored cutthroat, and came ashore. In the customs they took my typewriter, and were going to charge me duty on it, but when I explained the nature of my mission, and showed a letter to the Minister of Fomento, they let me through with everything I had, and no duty charged. So in company with the Honorable Wm. H. Murray, late of Tishomingo, Oklahoma (a fellow passenger), I stepped across the plaza and boarded a tram car for Lima.

It was sorta fun, to be in a new country once more. I was impressed at once by the modern appearance of everything I saw about me. Callao runs rings around Guquil just the same as Lima does around Quito, only not quite so much so. We traveled across a level, farming country which reminded me greatly of the valley of Mexico, for half an hour, and then rolled into Lima, down a fine modern street which made me sit up and take notice. The

and started out to find the Gran Hotel. We walked down one of the main shopping streets of Lima, and after covering about eight blocks, and making numerous inquiries, finally pulled up here.

Lima was in gala attire (and still is). The Centenary, which took place on July 28, has not yet been sufficiently celebrated, according to the opinion of Limeñans, and I suppose the city will be en fete for another week at least. Flags everywhere, among them a large number of American ones. I was pleased and surprised to see the latter: it made me feel that I was in a friendly country.

I got established in the hotel, where I am paying 1 pound per day (equal to about \$3.25 U S Cy at present time) and then I hiked down to the Consulate, to see about getting some money exchanged. It was ~~even~~^{eleven} o'clock and I knew the banks would be closed this afternoon (Saturday). I met the Consul, and fixed up my financial matters, and came back here, where I put down a corking big dinner. The food here is very abundant, and good. The first mutton-chop I have had in eight months, or since I came down to G'quil on the Pulaski.

After lunch I went up to the market and took a look at the produce on sale, finding several interesting things. Then in company with Mrs and Mr Hogg, fellow-passengers on the Chile, I went out to the Zoo Park, and saw the animules, and also the Midway which is now in full swing. A bunch of Yankees, mostly of Jewish extraction, have brought down all of the stock entertainments which are found in the Midway of a county fair,

and are conducting them for the edification of the Peruvians and the enrichment of their own selves. It actually made me roar to see all the old bunco-games, e.g., Ring the canes, three rings for a nickel, seven for a dime, the cane you ring the cane you get. But everything is American, and there is a liberal sprinkling of American flags among the Peruvian, and it looked good to me. Of course, I didn't invest my money with any of these pirates, but I enjoyed seeing the Limeñan girls ride the Ferris Wheel and The Whip, and other things: the expressions on their faces were very interesting.

Then we came down to the Exposition, at five o'clock. They have some native products on show, and a lot of foreign ones, such as machinery, foodstuffs, etc. I ran onto some Alpaca cloth made by a native concern, and like to fell over myself with delight. It is beautiful stuff. Of course I will get myself a piece for an overcoat. I only have two overcoats now, and I can never get along in Washington without three. Anyway, I can always give FOP or Herb or Paul one, and thus relieve my conscience. I don't know what I would do on these trips if I didn't have the pleasure of buying native things which take my eye. It is one of the factors which makes this sort of travel ~~possible~~ *worth while*.

On the whole, I have found Lima far ahead of my expectations. It strikes me as pretty nearly as good a City as Méjico, tho it is not so large. It has no park equal to Chapultepec, and no buildings as fine as the best ones in Méjico, but on the whole it compares very favorably

with the latter. It also compares very favorably with Habana. So you see it is really a high-class town, and it surely does make Quito look like a backwoods burg of the XVI century.

I shall doubtless enjoy the few days I am going to allow myself here. I shall go on south to Mollendo either by the Aysen, on the 12th, or the Santa Elisa, on the 16th: most likely by the latter, which is one of the big Grace boats which comes direct from N Y. My plan is to run up to Arequipa and spend two or three days there: then go on up the hill, perhaps turning off to Cuzco for three days and if not, going direct across Titicaca to La Paz. You see I have an interesting part of the trip ahead of me. In fact, I think my travel from now until I ship for Home is going to be pretty much of a pic-nic. I feel that while I am down here I ought to see this country, even though I don't do any more than just pass thru it, because in future years questions regarding it are bound to come up, and I want to know something about it. I don't believe, ~~that~~ ~~even~~ that there is much agricultural exploration to be done in Peru. Its products are limited, and I imagine they are in general pretty well known. And then, of course, O F Cook spent considerable time here, and much of our money, when he came down with that National Geographic expedition headed by Bingham, so I suppose that anything which is worth getting has already been sent in by Cook.

On Monday I shall go to the Embassy to get my mail. I didn't go today, because there was some sort of a fiesta on, which the diplomatic corps was attending. And I knew

that there could not be any fresher mail from you than that which I received in G'quil the day before I sailed: so I am not in any great rush.

Yessir, Lima is allright. Prices are higher than they are in Ecuador, but this is in accordance with the custom of the day: I find that the best countries are invariably those in which prices are highest. It is an unfortunate circumstance, viewed from one standpoint, that I always find my best fields for exploration in the more backward countries. For example, I only spent a short time in Costa Rica (where living was excellent) because there wasnt much to be had there, and I put in a good many months in Colombia and Ecuador, where exploration was rather hard work. Now when I hit Peru, where it is evident things are considerably more modern, I just go thru like a shot. But it is very natural that the little-known, backward regions should be the best fields for agrl exploration, and on the whole I have never regretted that I had to work in them. My stay in Ecuador was very agreeable, and I feel that I have brought together considerable information about a little-known country. In Peru I would be working over a field which has been pretty well tilled in the past.

Well, its eight thirty, and I'ma going to turn in.

Ever lovingly yours

Witt

Lima, August 8 1921

Dear Folks:

This morning and it Monday I betook myself to the Embassy of the United States of America, where I received a quantity of mail, but not much which I had not already seen, due to the copies which you sent to Guayaquil. There were a couple of letters from Paul, dated way back in March and April, and best of all, a copy of Vanity Fair (not Thackeray's). One of FOP's letters contained a review of my book by Dott. E.O.Fenzi, which I have read (sic) with interest. I will cut it out and paste it in my journal, as I have the other reviews which have come to my notice. When I get home I am going to make up a little dodger, using quotations from several of the best reviews in English, Spanish, Italian and perhaps French, and send it out with my correspondence from Washn.

There were also, in FOP's letters, two Gem blades for which accept my thanks, likewise for the two fotos of various members of the family. The one taken in front of HCB's carissa hedge at Vista was particularly fetching: in fact it gave me saudades (you will have to ask Paul what that means, for I shall not enlighten you).

Well: since I last wrote you, two days since, I have completed my education by seeing a first-class bull fight. But as Doc Cook said, after he went to the Or-feeum theay-ter, "I'd never go there again."

I saw six bulls, from the renowned hacienda of the Marquis of Villagodio, in Spain, butchered to make a Peruvian holiday, and I also saw five horses disemboweled with like motive. And I saw one bullfighter have such a narrow squeak that I bet he is still wondering whether or not he is really alive. He got in mid-ring alone, with the bull, and dropped his cape, and the bull turned on him and chased him. He started for the edge of the ring, but wasn't going to make it: just as the bull was about to toss him, he dropped in his tracks, and the bull fell headlong across him. By this time his companions (the fighter's, not the bull's) were out, and distracted the bull's attention, and the endangered fighter picked himself up and hobbled out of the ring. It's a crime the way they murder the horses. If they would leave out this part of the performance I would call it very fair sport, as the bullfighters take a chance, even tho the bull is bound to get it in the neck, eventually. They say that a bullfight was staged for the sailors of our fleet here in Lima a few months ago. The jackies saw that the bull had no show, and saw that it wasn't a sportsmanlike performance, so they began to root for the bull, shouting "Go get him, bull!" and the like.

The fighters were not of the very best caliber, but were pretty good, likewise the music: and altogether it was a very gay and picturesque performance, and I count it quite worth while to have seen it.

This morning I went to the Embassy, and paid my respects to our Ambassador, the Hon. William E Gonzales.

I used to be frightfully timid about a visit like that, but I have come to enjoy them considerably. I also went to see Dunn, our new commercial attaché, who was with me in Mexico, in the same work. He has invited me out to dinner tonight, to meet his new wife.

I have been over Lima pretty thoroughly by this time. Yesterday morning I climbed a nearby hill, and got a good view of the city. It is really quite a place. The shops are all open today, and there are many excellent opportunities to spend money. Vicuña rugs are plentiful (says the Yongy Bongy Bo) but not cheap, and I shall wait to purchase mine in La Paz. That is, if I buy one at all, I will either buy it there, or here in Lima if the boat stops on the return journey. I really think I shall have to buy one, as a souvenir of this trip, and for future use. They are glorious things, no doubt about that. A good one costs pretty well up toward fifty dollars, I reckon.

The folks at the Embassy have given me a cordial welcome here. In fact, I really feel quite among friends, there are so many Americans in Lima, and so many things American in evidence.

I am going to mail this today, and will write you one more before I leave Lima for Mollendo and Arequipa; I shall not stay here many days.

Ever lovingly



WEST INDIA GARDENS

Importers and Growers of
SUBTROPICAL PLANTS *and* TREES

Altadena, Los Angeles County, California
August 9, 1921.

F. O. Popenoe.
President and Manager

U. S. Collector of Customs,
Los Angeles.

Dear sir,-

I have received a letter from my son, Wilson Popenoe (Explorer for the U S Dept of Agr) from Guayaquil, Ecuador, dated July 9, 1921, in which he says:

"I have just dispatched to your address 5 pkgs of merchandise, and enclose 2 copies of invoice showing value. The PO was out of custom declarations, and had to put on some improvised ones, wh probably will not stand the trip. I would advise therefore that you see to it the customs office in Los Angeles gets a copy of this invoice on which to base the duty charges."

I enclose same herewith. The packages may have already arrived at the Los Angeles postoffice; if not, they will soon be there, doubtless.

Yours very truly,

F. O. Popenoe

*Invoice waiting your
return, your
notice has come
(and)*

INVOICE of shipment dispatched from Guayaquil, Ecuador,
July 9 1921, to F.O. Popenoe, Altadena, California, U.S.A.

Pkg. No. 1. One hammock, made of palm fiber. *info of Palm* P. - 368
Value 15 sucres, or Dollars 3.75 *15.00*

Pkg. No. 2. One tanned calfskin
One leather halter and bridle
One leather whip *30.00*
Two palm fiber hats, ladies' *straw hats*
One Panama hat, mens' *straw hats*
Total value 31 sucres, or 7.75

Pkg. No. 3. Three woolen ponchos
Total value 45 sucres, or 11.25

Pkg. No. 4. Three woolen ponchos
Total value 60 sucres, or 15.00

Pkg. No. 5. One piece of woolen cloth, 5 yds long
9 woolen mufflers
Total value 52 sucres, or 13.00

Total value in U.S. Currency 50.75

The above values are figured on the basis of the
current exchange rate at the time the articles were purchased,
which was 4 sucres (Ecuadorean currency) to one dollar.

Wilson Popenoe

United States Customs Service,

COLLECTION DISTRICT No. 27

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

PORT OF _____

Collector's Office, 8/9, 1921.

F. O. Popenoe
Altadena Cal -

Sir:

Please furnish this office with an invoice showing
the foreign value of 5 packages
containing under

received in the mail, addressed to you, sent by
Wilson Popenoe
of Ecuador, S.A.
now undergoing appraisement under Mail Entry
No. Reg Mail

Kindly return this letter with invoice.

Respectfully,

JOHN B. ELLIOTT

Collector of Customs.

H. B.

ADMINISTRATION DES POSTES de LA REPUBLIQUE DE L'EQUATEUR

GUAYAQUIL

RECEPISSE OBLIGATOIRE ET GRATUIT D'UN ENVOI RECOMMANDÉ

A DESTINATION DE L'ETRANGER

imp. la reforma-15

Objet *S. J. Alameda California* N°mNom du Consignataire: *J. O. Trépoce*Adresse de l'envoi *J. Trépoce*Guayaquil, *juillet 9* de 1921

Signature du fonctionnaire postal

Shipment to F.O.P. dispatched Guayaquil 9 July 1931

kg. No.

15

1. One hammock, 15 sucres, to be held for W.P.
2. One tanned calfskin, to be held for W.P.
One halter and bridle, for Paul + Betty
One Mule-driver's Delight, to be held for W.P.
Two openwork Panama hats, ladies, for Emily + Betty
One Panama hat, gents, for F.O.P. if he prefers it to
three already sent; if not, to be held for W.P.
3. One large brown poncho marked for F.O.P. 45
One gray poncho
One brown " with fuzzy border } Emily to have her
choice of these 2; the
rejected one to be held for me.
4. One navy blue poncho, hold for W.P. 80
One cadet blue do, with red stripe, hold for W.P.
One purple ditto, hold for W.P.
5. One piece (6 varas) fawn-colored cloth. Hold for W.P.
One poncho-collar, blue gray, to shine shoes.
9 Woolen mufflers, each of you to have one (if you
want it) and remainder to be held for W.P.

25
27
52

INVOICE of shipment dispatched from Guayaquil, Ecuador,
July 9 1921, to F.O.Popenoe, Altadena, California, U.S.A.

Pkg. No. 1. One hammock, made of palm fiber.

Value 15 sucres, or Dollars 3.75

Pkg. No. 2. One tanned calfskin
One leather halter and bridle
One leather whip
Two palm fiber hats, ladies'
One Panama hat, mens

Total value 31 sucres, or 7.75

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Total value 45 sucres, or 11.25

Pkg. No. 4. Three woolen ponchos

Total value 60 sucres, or 15.00

Pkg. No. 5. One piece of woolen cloth, 5 yds long
9 woolen mufflers

Total value 52 sucres, or 13.00

Total value in U.S. Currency 50.75

The above values are figured on the basis of the
current exchange rate at the time the articles were purchased,
which was 4 sucres (Ecuadorian currency) to one dollar.

Wilson Popenoe

Lima, 15 August 1921

Dear Folks:

I've got to rap off a letter to you all right now if I am going to send it before I leave Lima; I sail tomorrow, and I just came in an hour ago from a tour of the coast region to the southward. And when I say "came in" I mean came. I made ^{135 miles} 220 kilometers in jess exactly 1 hour and 15 minutes. How? In a Curtiss biplane. I guess that's setting a new standard in agricultural exploration, isnt it? To proceed:

I was planning to take a boat for Mollendo last week, but I met a Mr Sutton, chief irrigation engineer for the Peruvian Govt, and he assured me that I ought not to leave this part of the country without seeing some of the coastal valleys. And he offered to take me, the next day, South with him, to a new irrigation project on which he is working. So we went out of Lima in a new Dodge, and rode for ten hours across san dunes and salt, with an occasional small irrigated valley for variety, and at evening reached Imperial, his headquarters. This is a construction camp, and a comfortable one. We slept here, and the following day went out to look over the project, and afterwards went up the canyon a few miles to a little village called Lunshuaná, a very pretty spot, where the Alcalde invited us to stop for lunch. We had a big feed with a sufficient quantity of the product of the vine,

started with Salvador Boza for Ica. We rode six hours in another Dodge, across more sand dunes and salt, and reached the port of Pisco at 4 p m, after lunching very successfully in Chincha. At Pisco the Railroad put up a special train for us, consisting of a donkey engine and one small but very neat passenger car, and we continued our journey to the Boza hacienda, Macacona, not far from ~~Pisco~~ ^{Ica}. The special train cost the Peruvian government, my host, the sum of £ 19.

The Boza family has one of the very finest haciendas in Peru, and it is about the best I have ever seen, from the standpoint of comfortable living. Fine American plumbing, with set-in shower bath, and a front porch or corredor about 150 feet long by 40 feet wide. There are 12 ~~children~~ ^{in the family}, not counting the two old folks, and the dinner table makes you think it is a banquet. We were usually 14 or 15 at a meal. The children are all grown, paradoxical as that may sound, and three or four of the seven boys have been educated in the States, so we talked considerable English. In the evening we danced a bit and sang a bit. The following day we took in the Hacienda and ended up with a visit to the town of Ica, and then home at 9 for a big dinner. The eating hours here in Peru are later than in Ecuador and northward: they have bkfst at 1 or thereabouts, and dinner rarely before 8.

Yesterday morning the Ferrocarril de Pisco a Ica set up another special trail (bang went another \$10) and we went on back to Pisco, where we picked up our Dodge, and continued to the camp at Imperial once more. We reached

camp last night at seven, and had sufficient time to get a shave and put on a clean collar before dinner. Mr Sutton, my chief engineer friend, had invited 26 guests and had cleared away room for dancing. We sat down at 9, after dancing a bit, and got up at 10.30, after which we danced until 1 o'clock. Then I went to bed, and didn't wake until eight this morning.

Mr Sutton had promised to get me back here in time to catch the Santa Elisa, which leaves tomorrow, and he asked me whether I would rather make the trip in an airplane or by auto. After ~~further~~ inquiries, I told him if it was all the same to him, I would come by airplane, so as to see more of the scenery. So he had them send down a fine Curtiss biplane from Callao this morning, with an American pilot, Moore by name. Instead in front of the camp from 10 to 11 watching for him to show up, and finally he came out of the clouds with a terrific whirring. He landed right in front of the camp (you can land almost anywhere you want along this coast, because there are many level spots and practically no vegetation).

After Moore had put in ten gallons of gasoline, and had strapped my camera case onto one of the wings, I put on a helmet and a pair of goggles and buttoned my overcoat around my ears, and let 'em strap me down to the front seat of the affair. And then Moore climbed into the rear seat and cut her loose, and the earth began to fall away from us.

I was watching to see if I got any novel sensations out of it, but nothing particular seemed to eventuate.

I think the most surprising thing to me was, that in spite of the fact I knew we must be running pretty well up toward a hundred miles an hour, I did not have the sensation of traveling fast. The earth was about a thousand feet below us most of the time, and at that distance we did not seem to be passing over it very rapidly. I was pretty close to the propeller, and the wind offn it, together with what we got from our velocity, like to blow ^{fool} my head off. And the roar of the engine pretty nearly deafened me, to boot. Once in a while, when we ran into a cloud or an air pocket we would rise or drop very suddenly, which gave me the sensation you receive when you ~~step~~ ^{stab} into the Express elevator in the Whitehall building, and the Elevator boys starts her up to the 20th floor. But it was downright good sport, all in all. We followed right along the coast, over the water a small part of the time, and now and then cutting through thin clouds. I got a magnificent view of the ruins of Pachacamac, as we passed almost directly over them. In the suburbs of Callao we descended very rapidly, directly towards a big house, and then changed our course just as I thought we were about to penetrate the roof, and went scooting right over it. And then, finally, we came down gracefully and rolled up in front of the hangar.

I suppose it cost the Peruvian government several more pounds to furnish me this novel amusement.

I find that today is a fiesta (I believe I have only struck one day that hasnt been, since I came to Peru) and I cant get my ticket, but I am told that a reservation

palatial office building of Grace and Co. tomorrow morning at nine to see if enerything is okeh. I plan to sail to Mollendo, thence go by rail to Arequipa, where I shall perhaps stop three days, and then proceed on to La Paz. I had thought of going to Cuzco, but I think, now that I have seen Pachacamac and the Inca ruins at Lunahuaná, that I may leave Cuzco out of my itinerary. I'ma going to push right ahead now, without many stops.

I forgot to notate, above, that Mr Moore, my genial and gentlemanly pilot, lost my hat somewhere on the trip up from Imperial today. And it was an excellent \$8 Stetson, practically new. I bought it at Brennar and Wood's, just before I left Pasadena. So I will have to figure that my ride cost me \$8, plus interest since August 1919.

I would like to write you a lot more, ~~practically~~ including numerous observations on Peru and the Peruvians, but I cannot do it today. Perhaps I may be able to write you from the steamer. If not, at my next stop, - Arequipa or La Paz.

Come join us on our great South American sightseeing tour!

Heaps of love from

Will

I met an old Frenchman at Ica, who came from Dijon this year. I told him my antepasados came from Dijon, and that our name was Papineau. He allowed as how there were lots of people of that name in Dijon, and that he knew some of them.

GRACE LINE

SS. "Santa Eliza"
Callao, 16 Aug. 1921.

Dear Folks:

I came on board an hour ago, after a busy morning in Lima, and we will probably weigh anchor this evening. I have an excellent cabin, which I must, unfortunately, share with an Italian. The Sta Eliza, while not overly large, is new, and handsomely finished. Quite the best boat I have seen since I was on the "Pastores". She makes the P.S.N.C. look like 30¢.
This morning, after making a letter

to you, I went to the Embassy and
got 2 from you, also a lot of
magazines they forgot to give me last
week - *Mon. and April Atlantic*, 2
Vanity Fair, 2 *Journal Heredity*, 1
Citrograph and a few other items.

One of your letters contained the
news of Paul's operation from T.D.C.
Well, it is something of a relief to
have those Zahedi palms in other
hands. It seems to me Paul came
out pretty well - that it cost the
Russel family pretty heavily to buy
him out. Someway or other,
you folks seem to get in -

returned in a good many more scraps than
I do, but maybe it's because we're not
the same sort of business. In any case
I think I ought to Robbin's fund just a
little more accurately than Carl did.
I suppose you will have now to go ahead
and buy your land before I get home,
alright. I want to be in on the deal
of course, but don't spend all my money
without letting me put some in after-
wards to consider. How soon, my place,

and arrangements you make will be pretty certain to suit me, so your boat need to had back till I get there - I don't want you to do anything of that sort. It is going to be expensive work developing a new ranch from the ground up, and I don't want to do it in for a larger ^{annual} ~~annual~~ investment. During the next few years, then I am going to be able comfortably to handle.

I changed my mind this morning - decided that I was a fool to think of visiting Arequipa instead of historic Cuzco,



CRACKLINE

so I bought myself a copy of the Spanish translation of Sr. Clemente Markham's "The Incas of Peru," and I am going to pass right thru Arequipa and go up to Cuzco, there to spend a few days looking over again the Rise and Fall of the Inca Empire. I'll come out of there I believe with a fairly clear idea of Inca history & civilization, so that I will

be able to talk intelligently on
the subject in the future. I have
a good letter of introduction to
the Rector of the University, so I'm
probably forced to get accurate
information, not to mention a
few drinks.

The 10 days we have passed
since I landed in Lima have
been the wildest I have known
since my visit to El Paso when
Paul was there. Going all day
every day, and every evening up to
midnight.

I'm still peeved at having

lost my hat yesterday, off in the airplane.
Got an understanding of the 1000 Year Rainfall,
and we they have a Western leaving Sat-
urday Oct 31, on San Pedro de Bestia,
that will be the latest one I can
take and still be there for Xmas.

Joseph
Niet.



WEST INDIA GARDENS

Importers and Growers of
SUBTROPICAL PLANTS *and* TREES

Altadena, Los Angeles County, California

F. O. Popenoe,
President and Manager

August 19, 1921.

Collector of Customs,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear sir,-

On August 9 I sent you an invoice covering 5 pkgs
from Guayaquil, Ecuador, from Wilson Popenoe to me, in
response to your notice that the pkgs were there.

The packages have not yet reached Altadena. Will
you not kindly have them come forward at once.

Yours truly,

F. O. Popenoe

Hatun Cuzco, 22 August 1921

Dear Folks:

At last I find myself in the Rome of South America, the seat of the Inca emperors: and I am here to say that this is just about the most interesting spot which I have seen in all my American travels; but of that, more anon.

Everything in its place that's my motto, so I will go right back to the beginning, and even further. Before taking up my story where I laid it down, I beg to remark:

1st (Dont you think that ^a is pretty slick? I didnt have it on my old Corona, but this Underwood portable, which I bot for the equivalent of \$45 in Guayaquil, has not only ^a, but also ^b, ^c, ^d, ^e, &c) I sent you a pkg just before leaving Gquil, via Quito and Washington. In this was a suit of clothes, fabricated by J. Elias Endara; a piece of crude Chinese silk, and a panama hat in a tin tube. I think I advised you of this shipment. I have so many other clothes that I am not going to have use for the suit, and I therefore request that you make the following disposition of it: FOP to try it on, and if it fits him, and he has any use for it, he can keep it. I dont think he has ever worn any of my clothes, and very likely there's a reason. But Herb, in any event, can do so, and if FOP does not want the suit, or cannot wear it, then I request that ^{it} be given to Herb, with information to the effect that it is brand-new, never

having been worn, and that it cost me all of sueres 63 and centavos 0 only, and that if he can actually wear it out within the course of two years from date of issuance I will give him another, free of charge.

Here in El Perú they make much better woollens than they do in Ecuador, and I am now rather sorry I bot so many of the Chillo brand. But I will probably lay in a corte (suiting) for two of the Peruvian, for future needs. You can get a fine suiting for the equivalent of \$7, with exchange at 3 as it now is.

I think I advised that I was sending from Lima, via Washington, 3 meters, double width, of brown cloth made from alpaca wool. I have no hesitation in saying that, if sister Betty ever gets her eyes on this, it's gone so far as I am concerned: so keep it outn her sight. Maybe if she treats me right, when I get home, I will get a generous streak some day and give it to her, -that is, if she has any use for it. Its pretty stuff, but I do not know that it will be particularly useful, except for an overcoat, and with the two of the latter which I now possess, and material at home for 3 more, I reckon I am overcoated for the next ten years, at least. I dont care to look beyond that period, for I may, by that time, be in a region where they dont wear overcoats. You know.

And now for the bad news. Prepare yourselves. It results (as we say in Spanish) that, upon looking into the schedules a bit more, I find that the Toyo Kisen Kaisha steamers take 40 days to reach San Pedro, while the Grace Line gets to NY in 18 days, both from Valpo.

wh the same is possible but not certain, I would rather hate to come via California, keeping them 50 days on the road (counting the 10 it will take to get them from San Pedro to Washn, by express) when I could get them there in less than half that time by Ny. In this case I will be forced to return via NY, making Washington my first stop in the US. But if I do, I will probably reach Washn by early November, or not later than Thanksgiving, and will be able to come on out to California for Christmas if youall think it is worth while for me to do so.

Now to get down to business:

I left Lima, writing you a note from aboard the Santa Elisa in Callao harbor, and mailing it at Arequipa. I am here to say that the Grace boats are okeh. The Sta, Elisa is the first boat I have seen in several yrs wh did not have even a faint odor of bilge-water about her. The cabins are huge, and the grub first-rate. I went two ice creams regular-like, and had to tip the waiter 3 soles in consequence. The run to Mollendo was only two night and a day. Sea rather rough. It usually is, down in these parts,--or so it seems to me. But I ate the ice cream all-right, not to mention some excellent roast duck, and pie, and other national dishes.

It was nasty work getting ashore in Mollendo. The harbor is one of the worst on the coast. You come ashore from the steamer in a launch, and when you get alongside the small dock they lower ~~down~~ an arm chair which is hitched to a donkey engine, and hist you up. Most folks seem to think this is a great experience, but having gone

system is in vogue, I was not excited by it. The stay in Mollendo of three hours passed without incident, other than a fair dinner at the Gran Hotel, and then I got on what looked to me like an honest-to-goodness train, standard gauge, and came up to Arequipa. The ride was rather uninteresting, mostly sand dunes, so I spent the time reading *Los Incas del Perú*, by Sir Clements Markham, done into Spanish by Manuel Beltroy. I can't read books in English any more, you see: I have to buy the Spanish translations.

I wrote you that I had decided to leave out Arequipa as a stopping-point, and head for El Gran Cuzco. Never was I guilty of so wise a decision. We reached Arequipa late in the evening, after dusk: and I went up to the Hotel Castro, where I was given a very small, airless room and a poor supper. I was up in the morning at 6 and out to take a look at the town. My hour of sightseeing was sufficient to satisfy all my needs. Arequipa is a city of about the same caliber as Quito, and I was unable to unearth a single sight of interest. To one not yet familiar with old-fashioned Latin American towns, Arequipa might furnish sights of interest. Coming out on the train I got a good look at the surrounding country, and was able to see what they grow: so all my wants are satisfied. The mountain scenery was fine as we came "up the hill". Some big snowcovered peaks off to our right which kept the trip from becoming monotonous. Shortly after nightfall we pulled in to Juliaca, and when I stepped off and saw Indians all about me, I says to myself, "Now I'm getting

to an interesting region once more". A young brave took my saddle bags and camera case (which constitute my hand baggage these days) across the plaza to the Gran Hotel Ritti, and they set me up a very decent room, with dinner and early coffee for the sum of soles 3 and centavos 50 only. That figured out about \$1.15 so I didnt fight with the proprietor. In the morning it was a bit cold, about like Calif on a winter morning. So I put on my overcoat and gloves and stepped out into the plaza, where there were a dozen or 15 squaws sitting in a row, offering knitted articles for sale. I refused to consider a very favorable offer of a nice pair of hose (sox, in my language) also a pretty cap for the baby, and gloves without any fingers on 'em. I also looked over the big stock of vicuña rugs on hand in the hotel, but didnt buy, as I am waiting to reach La Paz, where they are said to be not only cheaper but better.

I didnt reach Juliaca on the proper day to connect with the Cuzco Express, but connected with the weekly Mixto (the Express is also weekly). (Note: Just at this point I heard a voice at my window, and looked up to see a dozen Indians gazing in, and doubtless remarking that I made this machine travel right rapidly). The Express makes the trip from Juliaca to Cuzco in one day, the Mixto in two, stopping for the night at Sicuani. I didnt much care, however: I knew the Mixto would give me a good chance to see the country, and that's what I am here for.

I took a seat in the Coche Salon, or chair car, wh composed one-half of a 1st class passenger car, and then

I sat back and took in the scenery. And it was good. I don't know when I have enjoyed a ride so much, or found it so interesting. Put me among the Injuns, and I not only feel at home, but am happy to boot: and along the route from Juliaca to Guzco there isn't much but Injuns and llamas. I had not, up to this time, seen llamas in anything but small detached groups, or perhaps isolated specimens, but I tell you, gentlemen, if you want to see llamas in quantity, just try this trip.

The Injuns in this strip of territory are the first I have seen in the highlands of tropical America who are adequately dressed for a cold climate. Even these are not always so, but as a general thing they have a pretty good pile of ragged ponchos on them, and quite a few wear heavy shoes, usually without socks. I never have recovered from the effect of seeing my Indians on the Tungurahua trip walk six hours barefoot in the snow, with nothing on but a cotton shirt and ditto pair of trousers. The ponchos worn by these Peruvians are quite distinct from anything else I have seen in Latin America, and when new are quite pretty: they have more figures in them than the Ecuadorean poncho, but let me tell you, when it comes to producing a big, warm, soft poncho, the kind you want on a cold night when you have to sleep on the páramo, my friends up at Otavalo, ^{Ecuador} don't take off their hats to nobody. These Peruvian ponchos are relatively small, and they are either of cotton or twisted wool, so that they don't get soft and fluffy like the Ecuadoreans. You folks want to hang off to those Ecuadorean ponchos: while most of the ones I

few among them that are strictly representative of the best: and that big navy blue one I sent up, to be held for myself, can't be beat for quality. When it has been used a few weeks it gets much softer and fluffier than it now is.

Well, as I war a saying, these Injuns are pretty warmly clad, on the whole, and they have the most peculiar hats I have seen on an Injun: they are broad brimmed, and low-crowned, and they have two side curtains which hang down over the respective ears of the wearer: at least the women's hats do, and the men wear under the hat a neat little knitted cap, pointed at the top, and with two flaps to cover the ears. Usually these caps are worked with attractive designs, animals and geometric figures, so that it always seems to me a shame for them to cover them with the hat. But they do it, nevertheless. The only objectionable feature about these people, so far as I could see, is that they seem never, or almost never, to take baths. I presume in this cold climate a bath is a disagreeable thing: ~~but~~ ^{but} in that quality which comes next to Godliness my beloved Kekchis of Guatemala can give these Peruvians lots of pointers. I remember how I used to hear José splashing in the fountain in front of the Austin house at Guatemala City, every morning. That boy almost put me in bankruptcy with his soap account.

But on the whole, these Peruvian Indians strike me as a very superior lot. They are the greatest little agriculturists the world has ever seen: they were the best weavers in pre-Colombian America, and are probably still the best of the aboriginal peoples: and as

builders they probably excelled all other American races, with the possible exception of the Mayas, and I guess they even surpassed the latter, tho I hate like thunder to admit it. But after seeing the remains of their buildings here in Cuzco, I am filled with admiration.

I guess they have been finding it hard sledding for the last few centuries. At one of the stations along the road from Juliaca, I saw a white man upbraiding an Indian for something or other, and running him toward a big bundle, which the Indian, after much remonstrance, picked up and carried off, the white man remarking the while "A estos Indios hay que tratarles con la punta de la pie" (You've got to handle these Indians with the toe of your foot); and I have no doubt that such, in fact, is the current method of handling them.

The Mixto was pretty slow: we stopped about half an hour at every station to handle freight, and every body came down to see us go thru, and to see if he had any friends on board. We reached the little town of Sicuani late in the afternoon of the first day, and went over to the Hotel Lafayette, where I had a good room, and very decent food, again for S. 3/50, which seems to be the standard price along the line. The second day we started at 8 o'clock, and rambled along even more slowly than the previous day. There were lots of little Injun towns, with a case of kerosene or a box of candles to be discharged in each, and they had to unseal a car and seal it again every time, and of course this operation necessitated the expenditure of considerable time, not to mention the

citizenry. At Quiguijana we were just ready to start when somebody ran up to the baggage car and shoved in a fighting cock, with instructions that it was for so-and-so in Cuzco. Half a minute later the rooster jumped out the car door and went whooping down the track. Everybody got off to chase him, but he ducked under a fence and into a back yard, so they decided to let him go until next trip, - i.e., next week. I heard him crowing in the back yard just as we pulled out of the station.

For some little time I have been preparing myself for Cuzco by reading everything I could find on the Inca empire, its rise and fall. As a consequence I was just a bit excited as we neared the spot, and stuck my head pretty far out of the car window trying to get a glimpse of it from a distance. But I didnt get much satisfaction until we were within half a mile of the town. I was brought up from the station to the Gran Pullman Hotel in a Ford, and was somewhat suprised to see what a large place Cuzco is: I was also surprised, and a bit disappointed, not to see on my way up from the station more Incaic ruins, but upon getting out this morning and looking for them, I have seen plenty, and no longer feel disappointment on this score.

Sitting here in my very comfortable room at the Hotel Pullman, after a very excellent dinner, I have been enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of several "explorers" whose works I have been reading lately. I have particularly in mind Professor Bingham of Yale, who spent how many thousands of dollars I dont know, on his big Yale-

of which expedition O F Cook was a member. I remember reading Bingham's story of the trip, some years ago: and from it I thought that a man, by the time he reached Cuzco, was about as far from civilization as he possibly could be. Bingham's principal work was done at Macchu Picchu, three or four days' ride from here, and he described at great length the supplies which they took for this work. Everything was brought from the States,--balanced rations in boxes, ^{each holding} with enough for four men for one week, and all that sort of thing. I had always supposed that Ollantaytambo (where I am going on a little jaunt, day after tomorrow) and Macchu Picchu were in the terrible wilderness of the remote Andes. And now that I know a little more about this country,--well, it is to laugh. George K. Cherrie would take a blanket and a pair of saddle bags and start for Macchu Picchu, and with a mule-driver to come in to Cuzco every two weeks and bring out supplies, he would stay there indefinitely. And by George, I would do the same. And it wouldn't cost one-tenth as much as it did to support a man on that tremendous Bingham expedition.

Yes sir, I notice that a large part of the "exploring" done these days is done in rather close proximity to the railroad, and in country where living conditions are really good. If a man will go into Loja province of Ecuador, and work there for six months, without carrying in his supplies from the States, I will take off my hat to him. This is what Cherrie is now doing. But for these fellows who come down here into what I call a thoroughly civilized

region, and then return to the States and tell about the terrible hardships of exploration,--I havent much use for them. When it comes to hardships, I think Harry Franck can give 'most any of us cards and spades, and beat us hands down. He too, exaggerates a ~~bit~~^{lot}, but I have been over quite a bit of his trail, and knowing that ~~he~~^{he} followed it without carrying any supplies, not even a hammock in which to sleep, I know that Franck has eaten lots of bad grub and slept in lots of vermin-infested houses. Which the same I bet Hiram B never did in his puerca vida. Of course, you can argue that exploration does not consist ~~of~~ bad food and hard sleeping: that, on the contrary, an explorer can do better work when he has decent living conditions. Granted: but I never have thought, and do not yet think, that one is warranted in spending what some of those fellows have spent to insure the presence of tomato catsup, pickles, and white sugar on their daily table. Just give me a tin of Huntley and Palmers' biscuits, and a bottle of Horlicks, ^{in my saddle-bags,} and I'll bet you I can go over Bingham's trail here in Peru and comeout fat.

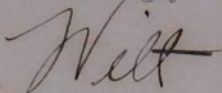
Well, this letter is already so long that I am going to leave my remarks on Cuzco until my next ~~letter~~^{one}. This morning I went up to Sacsahuamán, the fortress on the hilltop overlooking Cuzco, and I also saw several of the interesting ruins here in the city. Tomorrow I shall look about town some more, and the following day I start on a four or five days' excursion down the valley to see the ruins at Pissac and Ollantay-tambo, and also to see what Markham claims is one of the most beautiful

Valcamayo. My next letter will probably, therefore, be mainly about ruins.

When I reached here last night I thought I would stay only four days, and take the weekly train for La Paz on Friday: but after thinking it over, and pondering the many things there are to see here, I decided that I had better stay ~~over~~ until the succeeding Friday, and take in Cuzco properly. This morning I called on the Rector of the University of Cuzco, who is an American and a very good fellow, and he gave me a lot of books to read, and is putting me in touch with the things I ought to see. I expect to soak up the history of the Inca empire during the next ten days, and come out of this region knowing as much about it as I will ever need to know for ordinary purposes.

This town has more of the Spanish colonial appearance than any other I have ever seen, with the possible exception of Antigua Guatemala. And it is, of course, a much better city than Antigua ever thought of being. I don't suppose there are many houses in this town which were not built in Colonial days, and the majority of them are built of stones taken from the old buildings of the Inca city. Its a great place, this Cuzco.

Ever lovingly



STANFORD UNIVERSITY

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA

August 25, 1921.

Mr. F. O. Popenoe,
Altadena, California.

Dear Mr. Popenoe:

My reason for not writing to you sooner is that I had supposed that you and Hervert had reached a satisfactory understanding concerning the matters we talked about recently, and that he was receiving money from you. Your letter corrects this impression, and I am sorry that I did not write sooner.

I have been with Herbert a number of times and he has seemed optimistic about things in general, and is not overworking himself. I offered to take him south with me when I drive down next week, but he expects to go by train. I assume from this that he has money at his disposal.

There is good reason for encouraging any effort on Herbert's part to provide for himself, which he is evidently doing. At least he does not appear worried by the situation, and has been doing satisfactory work. He spent last evening at our home, with some of the other advanced students.

I have nothing further to report at this time, but will be very glad to acquaint you with later observations.

Sincerely,

Edward Williams

Cuzco, 31 August 1881

Dear Folks:

Two days ago I returned from my five days' trip to the valley of the Rio Vilcanota or Vilcamayo,-- a trip eminently worth while, and exceedingly interesting. Hiram Bingham calls this region the "wonderland of Peru", and he is just about right. The valley is a magnified Yosemite, without the waterfalls or the forests. It is one of the finest pieces of scenery I have yet encountered, and added to this, it has immense historic interest. I am sorry I could not have seen it during the month of January or February, when the valley floor would be covered with growing crops, and the scanty vegetation on the walls would be somewhat more green than it is now; but even in the dry season, as at present, it is a magnificent sight.

To proceed:

Julius Caesar Campero, aetas XV, appeared at my door ere I had been in Cuzco two hours, and addressed me thusly: "Good morning, sir, would you like to see the ruins?", and thereupon, having exhausted his English, he lapsed into the idiom of the immortal Cervantes, and all further negotiations were conducted in that tongue. J. Caesar was not dressed in a manner that bespoke opulence, nor even an industrious nature; but I needed a boy to accompany me on the trip to the valley, so I took him. He turned out to be about as satisfactory as I could have expected;

indeed, he is quite a willing worker, though inclined to oversleep of mornings.

It required a good deal of careful negotiation on my part to prevent José Mendivel from getting the better of me on the question of mules. First I had to drive a hard bargain with him, and then I had to insist upon seeing the mules the day previous to our departure (to which José did not agree at all willingly), and then I had to go around and see them saddled, in order to insure our getting an outfit that would stand the trip. I am beginning to think,--and perhaps not without reason,--that the lower-class Cuzqueños are a pretty foxy and conscienceless lot.

On Wednesday morning we rode out of Cuzco and up the slopes to the ~~west~~ northeast, with Pisac our immediate destination. Dr. Giesecke, rector of the University, had mapped out a trip for me, and given me cards to people who would assist me when I reached the valley.

We plugged along pretty slowly. Toward noon, however, the valley came into view, and we were soon descending to cross the river and enter the small town of Pisac. From the slopes which we descended we could see a fine series of agricultural terraces (the "staircase farms of the ancients" of O.F. Cook) immediately above the town, and I became much interested. Ever since I reached Peru it had been my desire to see some of these terraces. It was most remarkable, the way they extended up the steep side of the mountain for a thousand feet or more. One would have thought it impossible to get water to them, but of course the fact is that the possibility of getting water to that

particular area is what stimulated the ancients to build the terraces. So far as I can see, they constructed them ~~all~~ along the slopes of this valley, in every spot where the proximity of a small mountain stream made it possible to bring water onto them for irrigating the crops.

We entered Pisac, and found the place en fête. There were several primitive bands, each composed of ~~Indians~~ ^{3 to 5} Indians, wandering about the streets and discoursing sweet music, and there were some large and very peculiar decorations in the Plaza. I had a card to the "Doctor" Florencio Loayza, and was directed to his house. He was not at home, and his mother, who spoke nothing but Quichua, assured J. Caesar that we had better go to the Gobernador. She was, in fact, most annoyingly anxious to get rid of us, but I assured her that we were going to leave our ~~mules~~ mules in the patio while we climbed the slope back of town to see the Intihuatana. Dr. Florencio, she said, was somewhere in the town, but she seemed to think it impossible for any one to find him,--though the place is only about two blocks in diameter, and I do not doubt she could have located him in five minutes, had she so desired.

We had tied the mules, and were unlimbering the camera preparatory to starting up the hill when Dr. Florencio walked in,--a short, thick-set Indian, educated in Cuzco as a lawyer, and therefore, like all others of his profession in these countries, living a parasitical sort of life, and somewhat overconscious of his superiority. I gave him the card from Dr. Giesecke, and he immediately offered to do what he could for me. I told him that we

would have to hustle, if we were to see Intihuatana, and proceed to Calca before night, so we would dispense with ceremonies and start at once. He promised to have almuerzo ready for us when we returned, and we set off, with a youngster of eight or ten years to guide us.

It was a stiff climb of about 1200 feet (vertical ascent) from the town to the ruins, much of it being across the agricultural terraces, on which a crop of barley had been grown this past season. I was not aware that many of these terraces are still in use, but such is the case throughout the valley.

At the end of our climb we came to the ruins of a considerable palace (though I have always thought such terms as "palace", "empire", and "nation" rather misleading when applied to the indigenous civilizations of America, since they indicate, to us, greater magnificence and importance than was the case with these peoples), and most interesting of all, the Intihuatana, a device whereby the Incas recorded or measured the movements of the sun, and thus keep track of the solstices and thereby regulated their agricultural activities.

We spent an hour up here, taking photographs and looking about, and then descended to Pisac, where Dr. Florencio assured us breakfast was ready; but it was an hour before anything appeared. Finally a girl brought out two boiled eggs, one of which was bad, a cup of coffee, and a piece of bread. I got away with this as promptly as possible, and we took to the valley road.

It was now smooth going, the road following the north bank of the river and being quite level. This upper portion of the valley is not the prettiest part, yet magnificent views opened out before us from time to time, the nearly vertical walls of ragged rock rising to a height of two or three thousand feet, and snow-capped peaks showing up close behind them.

Sir Clements Markham says that the finest section of this valley, which he terms "The Sacred Valley", is that between Pisac and Ollantaytambo, and he is quite correct; but one could go even further, and say that the finest bits lie between Calca and Urubamba, with another very fine bit at Ollantaytambo, ^{this latter} ~~perhaps~~ the most picturesque spot in the valley.

I had planned to reach Urco ^(near Calca) before night, in order to put up with ~~the missionaries~~ ^{was not}; for there is an important agricultural mission at this point, and several British and American missionaries. We did not leave Pisac until half past three, and we had four leagues to cover, so that I knew we would have a hard time to reach Urco by day. While J. Caesar ^{claimed} ~~asserted~~ that he knew the road, I did not put too much faith in his assertion.

We jogged along through Coya and Lamay, -- both pretty agricultural settlements, -- and I was too much absorbed in enjoyment to notice that we were not traveling rapidly, or to care much whether we were or not. Just at nightfall we entered the town of Calca, a particularly picturesque spot, and one of the larger settlements of the valley.

Urco lay three kilometers beyond this. Outside the town we took a side road which J. Caesar believed was the proper one to conduct us to our destination, but he had miscalculated, and we were soon mixed up in cultivated fields and swamp. We tried ~~for~~ ^{to} find our way back to the main road, but it was now too dark to see where we were, ~~although~~ We could ^{distinguish} see a few lights somewhere in the distance, and Caesar thought they were at Urco. It looked as though we might have to spend the night under the retamas (Spartium junceum, the Spanish Broom, which is thoroughly naturalized, and now one of the characteristic plants of the valley). It would have been no great hardship, for I had a blanket with me, and it does not get very cold in the valley. But finally we heard an Indian in the vicinity, and Caesar hailed him in Quichua. He gave us directions which soon put us on the road, and in less than half an hour we rode up to the big house at Urco, and dismounted. By the light of a lamp burning in the sala I could see two men, one of whom had a decided British countenance, so I stepped up to the door and addressed him in my native tongue. He welcomed me cordially, and I was soon sitting up to an excellent dinner which smacked of The States. Following this I slept on a good bed, and did not rise next morning until after seven. We only planned to make Urubamba that day, a distance of four leagues, so I was in no great hurry.

Toward nine we took the road, though with some regret, for the atmosphere of Urco Farm was altogether pleasant,

and Mr. Payne, head of the institution, full of information concerning the agriculture of the valley.

In less than three hours we were passing through Yucay, perhaps the best agricultural settlement in the valley. The peaches and pears, which grew in the door-yards on both sides of the road, were in full bloom, and I was tempted to loiter; but we kept going, and in another half hour were in Urubamba, where we put up in a primitive hotel located in the rear of the Tambo del Sol.

Here there was no end of good intentions, but little else. I had enough food in my saddle-bags to make out very well, however. I asked the landlady to give me for almuerzo some eggs, and hot water with which to make a cup of malted milk. She did so, and with a vengeance: six soft-boiled eggs were brought me, of which one was bad, and one I gave to J. Caesar, leaving four to my credit. With these, some bread which I had brought from Cuzco, and malted milk, I made a good meal, and then set out to see what fruits were grown in the vicinity.

Urubamba is a large settlement, scattered over the valley floor for a distance of nearly three miles, mainly on the north side of the river. The town itself is a miserable place, but the outlying settlement is quite interesting, there being a wealth of fruit trees and many small cultivated plots, unfortunately lying fallow at this season of the year, so that they were not as pretty as they would have been in January or February.

In the book by Sir Clements Markham which I had been reading, there was mention of "luomos, paltos, chirimoyos and pacass" which grew in this part of the valley, but after a diligent search I was only able to find two very small paltos (avocado-trees), of the Mexican race, and no chirimoyos nor pacass whatever: luomos there were in fair abundance. The principal fruit-trees in the Urubamba region are apples, peaches, pears, quinces, a species of Crataegus here called áispero, and strawberries of the Chilean species. Added to these, the capuli tree grows everywhere, and is the dominant note in the vegetation of this section.

After a comfortable night in Urubamba, we took coffee, saddled the mules, and headed for Ollantaytambo, the main objective of the excursion. After leaving Urubamba behind, the valley contained little cultivation until we neared Ollantaytambo, and was less picturesque and attractive than in any other section we had traversed. As we neared Ollantaytambo, however, abandoned terraces began to make their appearance in considerable numbers on both sides, ~~of the valley~~, mainly on the lower slopes close to the river. In this lower section of the valley there are no terraces extending high up the valley wall as at Pisac.

It was nearly noon when we drew rein in the small plaza of Ollantaytambo. As I looked about me, I felt as though I had been suddenly transported to another world. The extremely rugged nature of this section, together with the abundance of ruins upon the steep slopes, makes

Ollantaytambo, to my mind at least, by far the most picturesque and fascinating spot in the Vilcanota valley. I imagine, from the photographs I have seen, that Machu Picchu,--two days' farther down the valley, and rather difficult of access,-- must be even more striking than Ollantaytambo, but the latter is certainly the most imposing series of ruins I have seen in tropical America.

We left our mules in a small patio, by permission of the Gobernador, and started out to see and photograph the ruins. I had ^{at} ~~rather~~ planned to spend the night here, but when I saw how few accommodations there were, and how little food could be obtained in the village, I decided that we would return to Urubamba. ~~for the night~~. Indeed, I was considerably impressed by the utter misery of present-day Ollantaytambo, and I said to myself, "The ancient inhabitants of this valley have left some very remarkable evidences of industry and civilization, but the present inhabitants are certainly not going to do any such thing."

We climbed the hill to the famous fortress, alongside which there is a series of sixteen terraces on which crops were, and still are, grown. We then descended to the "Baño del Inca", a very pretty bath, and visited a few other places which offered interesting sights. There is a ruined building high up on the mountainside, across the valley from the fortress, which aroused my curiosity, but it would have taken an hour or more to reach it,--there being no trail,-- and we could not spare the time for it.

The Gobernador allowed as how it might have been a school

in ancient times, but I think more likely it was a granery.

The little valley in which the town is situated is filled with trees, many of them capulí and other fruit-bearing species, and all of the good land is cultivated by the Indians. Small ditches bring the water down from the higher portion of the valley, and distribute it to the gardens.

I returned to the patio where we had left our mules, brought forth some bread and chocolate, and while I lunched, read Markham's description of Ollantaytambo, so as to be certain I had not missed anything of importance. Apparently there are several interesting ruins a short distance up the valley, but I could find no one who knew of their location, and who could, therefore, show them to me. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and we decided we had best start for Urubamba if we were to reach there before nightfall.

Just as we were leaving the village, a heavy shower caught us, but it did not last long, and we made the return trip without incident, reaching Urubamba about six o'clock, and having another substantial meal of eggs and bread. I had protested, the previous day, upon being given six eggs at a time, so this evening the landlady only prepared four.

Both J. Caesar and myself felt a bit tired the following morning, so we rose rather late, and it was eight thirty when we finally jogged out of Urubamba. Shortly after nine we reached Yucay, where I intended to spend a few hours looking at the fruit-trees before we proceeded

to Urco, again to spend the night with our missionary friends. I had a letter from Dr. Giesecke to the señora Angela Tejada, viuda de Iberico, of Yucay, so, after stopping to take half a dozen pictures in an about the plaza, we made our way to her small hacienda, in the edge of town.

The señora Angela, a keen and ^{lively} old lady of some eighty years, was sitting on the floor of the sala, selecting seed corn from a pile of ears which two Indians were shelling. I presented my letter, and she gave me a cordial welcome. "Put the mules in the patio. There is plenty of alfalfa for them. You will stay with me for almuerzo, of course?" I admitted that I would, provided it would not be too much trouble for her. It was then nine thirty, and J. Caesar and myself took the camera and started out to see something of Yucayan agriculture before the breakfast hour.

We climbed the slope to the north of the señora Angela's house, and had a magnificent view of the valley, with its small orchards, and cultivated fields. There is a very remarkable series of andenes (terraces) on the northern side of the valley just at this point: instead of being narrow, as they are in most regions, each terrace is here several hundred feet wide, and enclosed several acres of land. On some of them corn is being grown; on others, barley; while not a few are given over to the culture of the Chilean strawberry, to supply the markets of Cuzco.

High up on the slope we came to a small canal, down which was rushing the clearest, coolest, most delicious water I have tasted in many a month,--straight from the snows of the peaks which towered above us.

We descended, went to the hacienda of the Samarés family, where we were shown a lemon tree in full bearing (considered here quite a rarity), and from there we made our way back to the señora Angela's, stopping to photograph a handsome lucmo tree (*Lucuma obovata*) by the way. Arrived at the house, we found the señora busily engaged in beating some eggs, yolks and whites separately, and I immediately assumed that we were to have an omelet for breakfast: but when the beating was finished, the señora mixed the two, added some sugar and a stiff jolt of pisco (rum), poured the mixture into glasses, shook a little powdered nutmeg on top of each, and passed us a rompope. "Al gusto de conocerle!" (To the pleasure of making your acquaintance!) she said as she raised her glass to her lips.

After a tolerable breakfast, we mounted and continued our journey as far as Urco, where we dismounted at four in the afternoon, and soon thereafter enjoyed a good supper. Mr. Payne and I had an interesting talk about agricultural matters, and I promised to get him some literature from the States. He has recently imported some thoroughbred livestock,--cattle and hogs,-- and some grafted fruit trees, and if he remains in the valley ten years longer he will work quite a change in its agriculture.

When I was a kid, and they took up a collection destined for foreign missions in our church on a Sunday morning, I usually dropped in my dime, convinced that it was going to a good cause. It was: that is to say, the cause is a good one, but since I have seen something of protestant missions and missionaries, I feel that one should use a little discrimination in selecting the particular ones he is going to support. Particularly is this true of Latin America. I have met quite a few missionaries in this part of the world who were engaged in purely evangelical work, and who were, to my mind, wasting their time and somebody else's money. A good many of them are not at all suited to the work, and do little good. I am reminded in particular of a man I met in Cobán, Guatemala, who had been there seven years without making a single convert among the Indians (with the exception of José Cabnal, who afterwards backslid and landed with a bump) and whose work among the mestizos,--relatively a small element in Cobán,-- had been productive of very little good. On the other hand, I have known men whose principal work was evangelization,--men like Paul Burgess of Quezaltenango, Guatemala,-- who were really accomplishing something.

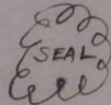
Pure evangelization is therefore, to my mind at least, sometimes successful and sometimes not, accordingly as the missionary is or is not a man of keen intellect and profound understanding of the problems of Latin America. But I have yet to see a missionary school, a missionary

hospital, or an agricultural undertaking calculated to teach the natives better methods of farming, which was not doing a vast amount of good. Judging the matter by returns on the money invested,--returns in cleaner living, and better morals,--I do not believe there is any comparison between educational work, and pure preaching of the Gospel. A man who has been brought up in the bosom of the Holy Catholic Church, as that Church is commonly administered in Latin America, and surrounded by people who are of like faith, is a pretty hard man to educate into the ways of living which Protestant missionaries desire to inculcate. José Cabnal convinced me on this point. But schools for the youngsters, and missionary hospitals, and agricultural enterprises such as that which Mr. Payne is conducting at Urco,--these, it seems to me, are the things that are, in time, going to bring about a reformation in Latin America, if anything does.

The next morning, and it Sunday, J. Caesar and myself started on the last leg of our journey, calculating that we would reach Cuzco at four in the afternoon. Caesar was quite enthusiastic about the quality of the meals supplied at Urco, and was looking forward to the pleasurable consumption of several sandwiches which the missionaries had been good enough to give us for the journey. At ten thirty he began to suggest that we were passing suitable situations for a breakfasting-party, and it was with some difficulty that I held him back until twelve, when we were precisely above the village of Taray. Here we dug into the saddle bags, pulled out the sandwiches, and had a good

almuerzo. We then jogged along over the hills, and shortly after three came within sight of Matún Cuzco. The rocky descent into the valley was tedious, and the great clock on the cathedral marked five minutes to four when we passed the plaza and turned down the street leading to the Gran Pullman Hotel. There was a religious procession of some sort going on, which caused us to go a block out of our way: one of the Saints was being giving an airing, to the accompaniment of numerous skyrockets. It is a strange and significant fact that every day I have been in Cuzco, up to the present (and I have now been here five days) has been a fiesta of some sort. This town is cursed with the habit. It is true of many of the remote towns of Latin America: they have never, until very recent years, had much communication with the outside world, and they have obtained their only excitement from religious festivals and the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Done in the Very Noble and Great City of Cuzco, this thirty-first day of August, A.D. 1921. Witness my hand and seal.

Will


Cuzco, Peru, 31 Aug 1921

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow afternoon at about this same hour I will be dispatching my heavy baggage to La Paz, direct; and the following morning, at the early hour of 6.45, I will take the Juliaca Flyer, which puts me in Puno late in the evening. In the latter place I take the boat for the trip across Lake Titicaca. Unfortunately, I will make this trip by night, but doubtless I will see enough of the lake to satisfy me. The following morning, and it Sunday, I should take the train at Guaqui for La Paz, reaching the latter capital (I forget now, whether it is the Rome, Athens, or Paris of Latin America) shortly after noon. I plan to stay in La Paz about three days, and then work my way southward on the Longitudinal to Santiago de Chile. If I find the service on this line is not regular, I can take a boat from Antofagasta to "Valpo", as they seem to call it in these parts.

Well, I have seen Cuzco, "the Rome of Latin America." It is an interesting place, and I must say, the Gran Hotel Pullman is quite comfortable. It is entirely too good, evidently, for this country, and the proprietor tells me that he expects to abandon the enterprise next year. He charges a sol per day more than the Gran Colón: maybe two soles, but in return he gives you ascá, prontitud, esmero, y todo confort moderno. He doesnt have ascenseur and chauffage centrals, but aside from these I havent

missed anything. I am on the ground floor, so I don't know as I would use the ascenseur anyway; and while I will confess that the nights are a bit cool here, I have a glorious steamer rug of pure alpaca wool, which I bought in Lima for soles 28 and centavos 0 only: and in addition I have two overcoats, so I manage to make out tolerable well, thank you.

I reckon I have seen most of the sights of Cuzco, and in addition I have made the pilgrimage to Ollantaytambo, re which I am sending you a complete report under separate cover. Cuzco, as a modern city, doesn't amount to a great deal; as the one-time (or sometime, as the British put it) capital of the Inca empire, that's something else already. Hiram Bingham says it is the dirtiest town he ever saw, barring Loja, Ecuador. I say that it is the dirtiest town I ever saw, barring Loja, Ecuador. For a city of its size and importance it is rather disgracefully filthy. Loja has the excuse that it does not, never did, and never will amount to anything anyway, so who cares whether it is dirty or not? I pause for a reply.

In general appearance and character, Cuzco is considerably like Quito. It is not quite half the size of the latter, and has none of the good residences which have been built in recent years in the outskirts of the latter. But en cambio, it has a better cathedral, it looks to me as though pretty nearly every building in the place dated back to Colonial days. It has more Spanish Colonial atmosphere than any other city I have seen in Latin America. And I reckon, in general, that people live here in

just about the same way they did in Colonial days.

There is a University, which seems to devote most of its energies to turning out lawyers. I am told there are now 400 of them in the city, which has a total population somewhere between 15,000 and 20,000. Recently, they are trying to encourage the cuzqueño youth to study agriculture, but I daresay they will not take to it very voraciously. The traditions of the Spanish hidalgua are too strong here to allow a man of the gente decente to engage in any useful occupation, I imagine.

The face of this region, like that of Bogotá, Quito, and many other places in Latin America, has been considerably changed in the last half century by the introduction of *Eucalyptus globulus*. It is now the dominant tree in and about the city, though not yet so abundant here as at Quito.

The market is a poor one, at least at this season of the year. I believe they are building a new market-place. They need it. Perhaps when it is completed, and all the various sections of the market, which are now scattered over town to a certain extent, are gathered together under one roof, one will find it more interesting. At present, I do not find much to attract my attention except a few oranges, poor pineapples, a few small avocados, some granadillas, and fruits of a species of haw (*Crataegus*). The market-place is dirty, and I haven't cared to go thru it many times,--tho I am not squeamish on this point, when there is anything to be seen.

I was surprised to find the Quichua language so predominant here. There are many people who do not speak any Spanish, and I imagine there is not a single native-born cuzqueño who is not as fluent in Quichua as he is in Spanish, if not more so. And yet, with the language as important as it is, in all this region, one cannot buy a dictionary, nor even a vocabulary, of it. There is a grammar on sale, but no ~~vocabulary~~ comes with it.

The Indians of this region do not impress me very favorably. Either they have taken an awful slump since the days of Huayna Capac and Atahualpa, or else they never did amount to much, and our ideas of the former character of this race are exaggerated. Mayhap there was a ruling class which was very superior, and a lot of plebes who did the dirty work: and mayhap it is the descendants of these same plebes we see today. But even at best, I don't believe the Quichua race was ever quite so virtuous, capable, and progressive as the historians now paint it. Of course, I will admit to a bias in favor of the Mayas, but view them as ~~favorably~~ ^{fairly} as I can, it appears to me that the great mass of the people, even when the Inca empire was in its apogee (as we say in Spanish) could not have been as fine a race as the Mayas. I am inclined to judge these indigenous American peoples as much by their present-day representatives as by the archaeological remains, and when considered from this standpoint, there is certainly no comparison between some of the Maya tribes of Guatemala and these Quichuas of Peru. The Mayas are far cleaner, more progressive, and in every way more attractive.

The circumstance which has been most effective in lowering my opinion of the Quichuas is the discovery, thru reading the literature, that the best of the ruins seen here in Cuzco, such as the fortress of Sacsaihuamán, the temple of the Sun, and all of the other examples of fine stone-masonry, were not done by the Incas, but are megalithic, that is, they belong to the big-stone age, which is so far back of the Incas that no one even knows approximately where to place it. The people who built these fine structures may have been of the same race as the Incas, but the certainty is, that when the Inca Empire reached its greatest extent (just before the Conquest), these people could not do stone-masonry of the sort seen in Sacsaihuamán ni mucho menos.

The so-called Inca ruins of Cuzco are not, therefore, Inca ruins at all, in the majority of instances. True, the Incas occupied the buildings which were constructed in the megalithic age, and they are still occupied, what there is left of them. But I think one coming to Cuzco is likely to gain a false impression of the ability of the Incas, unless he reads the works which give the facts of the matter.

In very recent years the tourist business, here in Cuzco, has become one of the principal industries: even at that, there seem to be relatively few tourists here,-- I imagine the number will not exceed ~~four~~ ^{two to} five per weekly train. But lots of people are making a living nowadays by exploiting the tourist, and lots more would like to. It is true of many Latin American towns, that prices

rise the moment a "gringo" looms up on the horizon; but nowhere have I found such barefaced shamelessness in the matter as here in Cuzco. And of course, the town is full of "antiques", mainly worthless trash handed down from Colonial days; and the vendors of these "antiques" pester the life out of one. As far as legitimate curios go, there is very little to be had in Cuzco. The town has been under European influence too long to retain many native products worth having. It is still possible to get hold of a few ponchos of the type worn by the Indians: I have bought one, and was about to buy another, when the woman who had it suddenly announced that the price was 15 soles, instead of 10, as she had told me fifteen minutes previously, so I said as many nasty things as I dared, and left. ~~---~~

It is said that the Indians greeted one another, in ancient times, with the following formula: "Ama sua, ama quella, ama llulla", which is, being interpreted, "Thou shalt not lie, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not be lazy"; and the man so greeted is purported to have invariably replied, "The same to you", or words to that effect. No such ideas prevail among the mestizo population of the present day.

If I get time (and I will surely try to do so) I will write you from La Paz. I'm moving rapidly these days, and I want to keep it up,--until I disembark in some port of the U.S.A.

Ever lovingly

Witt

[Sept 1951]

now two words regarding the shipment, of which receipt is enclosed:

In one parcel is 4 varas of very heavy wool cloth, gray, purchased at Cuzco. I figure this will make a bang-up fine ulster for those cold winter nights at Washington D C, and you can hold it for me unless you have some other and more important use to which you desire to put it.

In tother parcel are: one poncho, purchased at Cuzco, with much fancy design. This is the only example of Quichua weaving which I have, so I would like it kept carefully for my collection. Two toboggan caps, or as we call em, chullas, bought at Cuzco, with fancy patterns and loud colors. These you can hold for me, unless somebody wants one of them, in which case you can hold the other for me. And last but not least, one pair of bedroom slippers, speshul for FOP. And if this aint a real jennywine pair of slippers, then I'm a liar. I bot em in La Paz: the dark fur of which they are made is genuine Alpaca, and the lighter fur which forms the border round the tops is jennywine llama. And if they arent the warmest slippers you ever seed, then I'll eat em. So much for the shipment, wh I trust will reach you. Get Paul to give you check to cover the duty, on my acct.

Next you must know that I betook myself at 11 of the clock to the Amembassy, where I found another right smart jag of mail awaiting me, including several letters from FOP, which were conspicuously absent from the mail I recd yesterday. Well, I took my mail and sought out the same spot in the park at which I read my mail yesterday, and I

put in a pleasant hour before coming to the hotel for lunch. I will now run over the mail and note anything to be noted.

PAMELO: I asked you in my letter of yesterday if you had recd notification of \$227 paid by Riggs bank into Am Sec and Tr Co. The notification came direct to me, and I enclose it, for you to correct my balance.

Recd statement from Macmillan, showing that they have sold, up to April 30 of this year, 752 copies of my book, and that they owe me \$322.25. When I go thru N Y I will stop and get about 25 copies of the work, and the balance of my credit in cash. This \$322 just about covers the cost of my drawings and typographical work, and any royalties recd from now on will be clear gain.

Had a letter from DF, mailed in the Canal Zone. He says Mrs Bell sent Graham and himself down on a month's trip, and as Dorsett had to go to Chico in Sept, they brot him along with them. He said he only expected to be away from Washn about a month. He took down quite a lot of mangos, avocados, and other fruits to plant in the Zone.

Father, thanks for long letter from Shamel wh you forwarded. I am glad to see he is still coming strong. I am glad your suit of Chillo cloth turned out to your satisfaction, and that the overcoat promises to do the same. I am wondering if you could not have some slight alterations made in the Chillo suit which I sent you, and use it instead of having another one made. If you cant, then give that suit to Herb or Paul, as you think best, and pick out the best coats in my collection and have

another good suit made: you might as well stock up now, for they will last you a long time. I don't remember just what sort of cloth I have sent up: I imagine that piece of gray, Magdalena make from Bogotá, is about the only really suitable piece for a suit: the Guatemalan goods are too heavy for anything except an o'coat. So if you like the gray, have them make you a suit of it; or if there is another piece you prefer, why take that instead and go to it.

But I hate to think of paying \$9.85 for shoes, which is the marked-down, fire-sale price you mention. I shall buy myself a good pair before leaving Chile: here they are about \$3.50, if you want to blow yourself on the best quality, otherwise \$2.60.

I would like to be on hand at the May meeting of the Avocado Assn next yr: we will see how it works out.

If I come home for Christmas I probably could not return before fall, and be on hand for the Oct meeting. It will be all the same, I guess, one or the other.

DE writes that all but one of my Chota avocados have been saved. The one which has been lost, my num 48, was not one of the best, anyway. So I may not have to return to the Chota as soon as I anticipated: we will probably wait three yrs to see how these 9 varieties show up: then when they commence to fruit, if they are promising, I will probably make a 4 or 5 mos trip to the Chota to get everything there is in sight.

I wish that Chillo cloth was a little bit better looking. It will have the advantage of being out of the ordinary, up there in the States: but it is not as fine

as the Magdalena stuff of Bogotá,--nor does it cost so much, by a whole lot.

I am glad to hear the news about the Manley family. Grace seems to have done pretty well. I note with interest the big write-up which you gave me in the Tar Snooze. It struck me as being much ado about nothing, but then, we must keep ourselves in the foreground. But next time, dont put it "Wilson Popenoe and Guide". Dont you know that I never have a guide? I take a "boy", or an arriero, or a helper, but a guide,--never. And by the way, I have intended to say before, that in one of the pictures you were going to publish in the Proceedings of the Avocado Assn, with my letter,--the picture of a pile of 10,000 avocados in the back yard at Guatemala City; well, those are not avocados, as stated in your caption, but seeds drying in the sun. Never mind. No doubt Martha Winslow will clip that article and foto from the Star and save it with great care.--Also note, per small bills, that Emily has been guest of honor at a smart affair.

And now, Pablo: for your next lesson in horsemanship:

Shure, they use the lasso in most of these countries down this way. I saw it in action in Ecuador and in Colombia: in both they are made of rawhide, with the hair on it, and are rather stiff and unwieldy things if they get wet and then dry out. The hide is evidently cut in a strip about an inch wide and they twisted slightly, so that it makes a somewhat round rope of it. They use these lassos for roping steers in Ecuador and Colombia, when they have a round-up (one of which I saw) to brand and segre-

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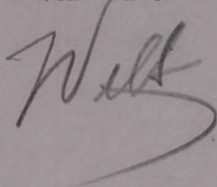
gate the various grades of animals. I havent been in any region as yet where they are celebrated for horsemanship, though the Peruvians are rather strong on good horses and good trappings. I suppose down here in Chile and the Argentine the gauchos can be considered good horsemen, after the type of our cowboys, but I havent seen any of them. The Euadoreans think they are horsemen, but their horsemanship consists mainly in being able to sit in the saddle all day without getting tired. I never saw any exhibitions of real horsemanship in that country.

Now as to the relative merits of mules versus horses. It amounts approximately to this: a really good horse is to my mind preferable to any mule that stands on four feet, but if youre hiring animals down here, and have your choice, you do best as a rule to take a mule, because the sort of horses they hire are very poor, and the mules, while also poor, are quite likely to be stronger. Of course, the hacendados in all these countries, from Mexico south, occasionally have fine mules, and a fine riding mule, such as the one Bob Hempstead has, cannot be beat for long rides over mountain trails. If it is a smooth road, a horse is preferable. And again, if you are in a country where good forage is scarce during a pert or all of the year, then a mule is preferable, because he can stand up to a hard day's travel on fodder which a good horse will not eat. If you have a horse, you pretty nearly have to give him grain, if you are going to ride several consecutive days, and you have to get fairly good grass or ~~rough~~ corn fodder for him. But a mule can do on rough

some countries. The advantages of a horse are mainly sentimental ones: he has more sense, and is more companionable. In addition, he frequently has a better gait than the average mule. Down here, a first-class riding mule usually costs considerably more than a ditto horse, which indicates that they are considered more valuable. In Guatemala I used a horse because he only cost about half as much as a good mule. If I were to start out to do over again my Guatemalan travel, or my Ecuadorean travel, and could have my choice of a thoroughly good horse or ditto mule, I would take the latter, because of his strength and the fact that he is more easily cared for on the road: but I prefer to ride a horse, when I can do so.

Well, I want to go out and do a few errands, so I will quit for the time being. Tomorrow I am going out to Santa Ines to see if I can find Salvador Izquierdo and his nursery. In DF's letter he seems to be planning considerably on my arrival in Wash n during November, so I am rather glad I am going that way, much as I would like to return via Calif.

Ever thine



Antofagasta, 10 Sept 1921

Dear Folks:

My last to you was from Cuzco: just before leaving there, I caught a tremendous gripe, or something of that sort, and I have been having pretty hard sledding from that time until my arrival here at Antofagasta. Today I really feel pretty decent once more, and from now on I reckon I will be allright.

There was a bad outbreak of gripe,--by which term I understand an infection of various microorganisms, not always in the same combination,- and Dr Giesecke, Rector of the University, assured me that 70% of the inhabitants were sick. I had not thought of the matter until I woke up, the day before I was to leave Cuzco, with a bad head, a groggy feeling, and various other symptoms. I kept going and the next morning took the train for Puno. I didn't enjoy the ride very much, but still, I was quite able to stand it. That evening at 7.30 we reached lake Titicaca, and went on board the steamer Inca, which pulled out shortly after eight. In the morning when I woke up we were still a couple of hours from port, so I went up on deck and stood by a steam-pipe, to get a look at the skenery. It was rather pretty. There was a fine row of snow-covered peaks off to starboard. The lake itself did not strike me as having many picturesque features, but it was interesting.

train for La Paz. Then we rambled along across the high plateau until noon, when we reached the edge of the canyon in which lies La Paz, and began the short descent to the latter. It was shortly after noon when we reached the Station whence we proceeded to the Hotel Paris.

I had met, way back at Mollendo, Mr and Mrs May, of Chicago, who were traveling over this same route, and from Cuzco forward I had been traveling with them. And I still am, for they are here in the hotel, waiting with me for the steamer Santa Luisa, which is to arrive tomorrow, and which we will take for Valparaiso.

When I got settled down in the hotel Paris, I found that my temperature was above 102, so I thought I would take it easy for a day or two. I stayed in bed one day, and the other two I only went out a bit now and then, to do a few errands. I had to go out to the Legation twice, but aside from this, I did not see a great deal of La Paz; but I don't think I missed much, for there didn't appear to be a great deal to see, particularly from a horticultural standpoint.

After three days in La Paz, we caught the semi-weekly train for Antofagasta. This is a pretty good line, even if it is narrow gauged. They had sleeping cars, and ~~first~~ dining car throughout. The meals were quite good. I was beginning to feel a little better by this time, and able to eat solid food once more.

The ride down from La Paz was not very exciting. The scenery is pretty much the same sort, and not very different from that of the Mo-harvey desert, or some of the

territory you pass thru on the Golden State Limited.

So we got to Antofagasta, and put up at the Hotel ~~London~~ Londres, where the minimum rate is \$20 per day: but Chilean pesos are now worth only ten cents, so I get off at two dollars daily. The rooms are poor, the food quite decent. Antofagasta is different from any other port I have so far seen in So America: it is more like one of the new towns of the Southwest: frame buildings, good paved streets, and a general atmosphere of activity. The things are in pretty bad shape right now, due to the condition of the nitrate industry. They are not working much nitrate at present, and there are many people out of work. The waterfront is lined with people, camping, and waiting to get a boat South. This town is almost as much foreign as it is Chilean: there are said to be 600 Britishers here, and there are two or three British stores, where you can get Bird's Custard, and Mackintosh's toffee, and many other things which remind me of my days in India. And I reckon the Yugoslav colony must number several thousand: they seem to own almost everything here.

I went to the American Consulate, and found a young So Carolinian named Matthews temporarily in charge. I asked him if he knew anything about a book Mrs Schmidt left for me, and he allowed as how he wasnt here at that time, and didnt know anything of the book: and altho he has looked around he hasnt found it, so I guess I am out a book, that's all.

Now as to the future: as abovementioned, I sail tomorrow for Valparaiso, it being cheaper by water than by land, and the train service said to be unsatisfactory.

I shall put up in Santiago at the Gran Hotel, and look about. One of my first moves will be to see the left-handed saviour, Salvador Izquierdo, and if he comes up to the statements made in his catalog, I shall probably obtain from him a considerable collection of fruit trees to take home with me. It ought to be just about the right time to move them,--it is just the beginning of spring here now. I shall make a trip down to Valdivia by train, to get an idea of what the southern country is like: and then, most probably, I shall ship on October 12, SS Santa Teresa, Grace line, for New York direct, with stops only in Callao and Cristobal. This will put me in NY on October 31.

If I wait to take the Jap line I will not only use up 40 instead of 20 days on the road, but have to wait until October 31. I think the Jap line is due to reach San Pedro on December 9, quite a difference from Oct 31. On the whole, it seems to me that I must go via the Grace Line, particularly if I have quite a lot of trees with me.

When I reach New York, I will go to the Algonquin for mail, and perhaps put up there: tho I hope to be able to go out to Dr Harris' place for at least one night. I shall probably stay in NY about 3 days, as I want to see not only Dr Harris, but also Minor C Keith, Macmillan and Co, Curt G Pfeiffer, and some of the folks at the American Museum. But as I say, you can reach me with mail at the Algonquin, on October 31st. I will put you a night letter the day of my arrival, of course.

Pretty soon after I reach Washn I will need my dress suit, so probably I will ask you for it in my night

by express. That is the only thing I have in Calif which I am going to need immediately upon arrival, so far as I can figure.

If I should come via Calif, and spent Dec and Jan there, I would reach Washn when DF was in Florida, and it would hold back plans a good bit. They have written me that they need me to take hold of the foreign work at that end, just as soon as I can get there: and by arriving Oct 31, or rather, early in November, I am pretty sure to find DF there: we can talk things over and I can get my work under way at once: and then just as soon as things cool down a bit I can make a trip West. They tell me the Dawes committee is making them cut down expenses pretty hard, and in that case the Ofs may not want to send me West in the immediate future. If you want me to, I can come out on my own time and own expense, of course: but it seems most probable to me that DF will let me go out on official business sometime very shortly after I reach the States.

I think on the whole it is much better for me to go home direct to Washn. DF is expecting it, of course, and if I should suddenly advise him that I was going via Calif, and should then spend ~~ing~~ a couple of months in Calif, as I should certainly want to do, it would probably worry him quite a bit, and rightly so: he knows that there are or have been several elements out there which have been trying to draw me away from Washington and back to work in Calif: he knows you have had a big fight with the BPI on the date question, and is likely to think that you ^{might try to convince me} I should leave the Bureau and

stay in California: and he needs me in Washington, to take hold of work that is dragging very badly. Since I have no intention of leaving him to take up work in Calif, there is no use giving that impression: and I think it is not only the fair thing to him, but the best thing for my own future, that I tend to business first, by going straight to Washington and getting my new work organized before I do anything else.

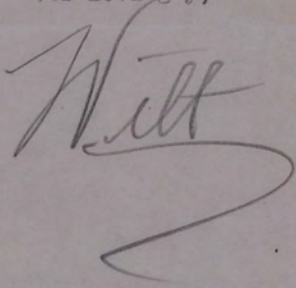
As I understand it, they are going to put me in charge of all the foreign work, of course under DF's direction. I shall take the opportunity to remind them that I am expecting a raise to \$3000 on the first of the year, and I shall, if necessary, even go so far as to state that I am not willing to take up this new work, involving residence in Washington, wh is costly, without a rise to \$3000. I am pretty sure I can get it, for DF has already told me that I ought to have it, and Rock is getting it, which gives me good ground to stand on: for, while Rock may be, and is, a better botanist than I, he has not been so long an explorer, nor so long in the service of the Dept, nor can any one say, I believe, that he is a better explorer. So I think, all around, I sort of have them where they cant get out of granting me a raise to \$3000.

Then when I get the salary matter fixed up, I am going to insist on having a rather free hand with the work, which I know DF will not deny me: and I am going to demand good help, wh I know will be given me in so far as we have good help. I will need, just as soon as possible, to get a young fellow whom I can break in as my assistant, a fellow

of 4 to 6 months duration. If I get the right sort of a fellow, he could also make a trip out occasionally. It is going to be hard to find a man for this job, but I think I will be able to do it eventually. I wish now that we had Allan Groves on hand: he would be fine for it. If I get a good man, I will not want to spend much more than half the time in Washington myself: I would like to put in some time in Calif and Florida, and then of course I will want to make a short trip abroad every now and then.

Well, I will find mail in Santiago about four days from now. I wont have had anything for over a month, but it doesnt seem very long. I will now going out for a walk, before almuerzo.

Ever lovingly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Will". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right and then curves back under the main body of the signature.

Santiago de Chile, 14 Sept 1921

Dear Folks:

My cup of joy is full to overflowing. Not only have I reached Santiago de Chile, which is something in itself, but also I find here news to the effect that Ruth Bowman is married, and also, and scarcely less important, that my salary was raised on July 1st to \$3000 per annum. I guess I shall have to go out and get drunk, to celebrate.

I think it was mighty decent of DF to get me that raise on July 1st, when I had told him I was willing to wait for it until January next. In fact, I feel that DF always has, and still does, play pretty square with me, and I feel more than ever that I cannot plan to return via Calif, but must go direct to Washn, so as to get there before he goes to Florida and take hold of the new work he is going to give me. With this raise, I can afford to pay my own fare to California, if necessary, and come out for Christmas. I will have 15 days leave, of course, and I think we can find some way to string it out to a month: so if you really want me to come home for Christmas, I believe I can do so by paying my own fare. Then, of course, I will try to arrange things so as to come out later in the year to do some work on the book with Shamel and to help Paul with the Date varieties. I would also like to be present at one of the avocado meetings to give

for me to take a month off and come home for Christmas, then stay in Washn until the following August, at wh time try to get the Ofs to send me west for three or four months. I dont know whether or not I can work this, but we'll see.

I have a letter from Helen Cornelia, in which she tells of the sudden death of Albert Rosen.

I'll run over your letters before I start in on my travels. Two or three of them (your letters, not my travels) were copies of ones I got at Lima, and I believe the only long letters I found here were from Paul. Therefore, Know, O my brother,

That I ride down here with a plain curb bit, using a half inch strap in place of a curb-chain. If you have a very gantle animal, and one who responds readily to the bit, the best thing is a plain snaffle: but if the animal is at all tough-mou~~th~~ed, or inclined to get mean at times so that you have to use ~~a bit of~~ force, then you want to use a curb bit. But you dont need a severe one. The pressure on the curb strap or chain is whatvdoes the business.

And say, boy, I am beginning to think that our much despised chaparrejos, now used mainly by movie artists, are really good stuff. Of course, I dont care for long wool on em, but down here they make em of smooth leather, and they are really very handy. You dont have to wear puttees all the time. And even with puttees, constant riding wears out riding britches awfully fast. A pair of these plain chaparrejos (only we dont call em that down here) can be slipped on over your trousers at any time, and you are ready to mount. When you get to your destination, slip em

Having seen the art of equitation as it is practiced in nearly all Latin American countries, and having practiced it myself in several of them, I begin to feel, that I have gotten onto a few stunts that are worth while. I'll tell you more when I see you. A pair of saddle bags like those good Costa Rican ones I sent home are absolutely indispensable. I have another pair at Washn, not quite so big, but probably large enough for your use: when I get there I'll dig em out and send em to you. They are badly worn, but need only to be re-sewed to stand 5 yrs more of service.

Herb wrote me, a couple of months ago, that Lois Gosney was not yet interested in any male: and now I have a letter from Gladys in which she says that Lois is married. Guess I'll have to get a new Intelligence Officer in that section.

Paul, as to letting go of Vista, I am not in a position to voice an opinion, because I dont know anything of the water situation. Aside from that phase, I have always liked the looks of Vista, and have felt that by top-working some 50% of those loquat trees, or perhaps less, that orchard could quickly be turned into a gilt edge proposition. I dont take any stock in the place for avocado growing, but undoubtedly Vista, like nice Mogi, is an ideal spot for Loquats. Tanaka says slopes near the seacoast are the ~~best~~ best places for loquats and he is right. See Manual of Tropical and Subtropical Fruits, p.188.

If you get anything good lined up in the Coachella dont wait upon my arrival to close it up, but go ahead. I have no ices where I stand financially at present, but

I ought to have quite a nice little sum to invest. Of course if I put it in the Coachella I wont have it to build a house with, but on the other hand, if I can invest it where it is sure to bring me in a good income, it will be advisable for me to do so, first, because I dont know yet when/whether I am going to want a house, and secondly because it will be better to be handicapped in the matter of a house, and be able later on to count upon a nice little income from the date garden. I am going to need \$3000 a year, or something of that sort, outside of my government salary, if I am to live in the style to which I have become accustomed during my travels. I am never felt quite so easy financially as on this present trip: as Julian Valdez says, when I wanted to spend fi¹, maybe ten cent, why I just went ahead and spent it. I have blown in a good deal on this trip, and perhaps not all wisely,-- for I dont exactly know what I will do with so many ponchos,-- but I had to spend in some way, and its better to buy this sort of thing than to blow it on theatres and auto rides.

Anyway, I will have one means of economising in Washn next winter: I wont have to take Ruthie to any more meals at the Powhatan.

Paul, you tell that adorable Betty that I dont mention seeing any snakes down here for the reason that they are about the scarcest article with which I have to contend. I reckon I may have seen two or three harmless little fellers during the last two years, but beyond that, nil.

Had a letter from my colleague Burns, poor fellow, of Poona, in wh he expresses great appreciation of the fact

that I referred often and favorably to the work of Burns and Prayag in my Manual, and says he is sending a copy of his new mango book in token of appreciation. Also letter

from editor of Trop Agriculturist of Ceylon acknowledging receipt, from Macmillan, of a copy of the book for Review. I want to hunt up all these reviews when I get home. So Mario Galvino did the right thing by me, did he? It would have been a crime if he hadn't, after the way I scratched his back last year when he got out his "Informe". Mario knows how to play the game.

On looking over the town today I am quite overcome by the cheapness of clothes here, and I wish I could have FOP, HFP and PP here to outfit em from head to foot at the fashionable one-priced tailor, D. Rodduf. Its a regular snap. But I havent time to monkey with the clothing business very much, and I wont try to get you folks any more things here. I shall probably have one more suit for myself, to replace the Quito one which I sent home for you to dispose of as you saw fit. I am glad to hear the overcoat was satisfactory: if it didnt fit just right, you could probably have the collar changed to suit. Those alterations are usually not difficult nor expensive. Leather goods are also very cheap here, and as I now have nothing but my saddle bags, I shall perhaps get a fine big suitcase ~~here~~ before I start home. You can do it for ten or twelve dollars, and get one of large size, real leather, and brass locks.

Pablo, I havent forgotten that you indented for a pr of jingly spurs and a mean-looking bit: I havent seen

anything yet wh was at all suitable, but if I do so, I will fit you out. If you got that halter and bridle I sent you from Guayaquil, presented by Jota Felix Tamayo, you have one of the nicest bridles in Riverside county right now. I reckon we will always look back on the big South American tour of 1920-1921 as productive of more miscellaneous junk than any other trip I ever have made or will make. When it comes to Panama hats, this trip wants beating. One of the good features is, further, that I have established connections in these countries thru whom I can in later years get a Panama hat or a poncho or what need you?

Father, I found here an envelop from you containing a J of H, a Citrograph, Colombian Review, and the Atlantic Year Book, all of wh I am glad to have. I have read a few paragraphs in the latter and find it well up to the Atlantic standard. Re the Colombian Review, I expect to give them as soon as I get home and can prepare it, an article on the "Home of Maria", with illustrations, which I think will make a rather pretty thing. I am re-reading "Maria" to pick out a few phrases for quotation.

PAOLO, IMPORTANT: Please let me know, in a letter to reach me at Washn on arrival, if you have received notice that the Riggs Bank (Dr Webber) has paid to Am Sec and Tr Co, for my acct, a sum of \$217 or something like, amt of the bill I sent in about Aug 1. If not, I will go to Webber's Ofs and claim it.

I am intersted to see that J E Higgins (ultra-practical man, Baker used to say) has gone to Los Baños with Baker. I wonder who has his job in Bah-vy-es?

Pablo, I picked up in Ecuador, and sent to Washn to be put on my bookcase, a manual of tropical agriculture by a frenchman named Sagot: it contains quite a chapter on Date Palms, and if you havent seen it, I will send you th book when I get home.

Father, I am glad to see you have the Aztec Dictionary wh Mrs Nuttall sent me via Allan Burleson. When I get to Washn ou can send it to me. I have decided to buy myself a good-sized, glass-front bookcase with lock on it, to keep my most valuable books in Washn. I am getting together some rare works that I cant afford to lose, and by putting about \$50 into a bookcase which can be locked, I figure I can hold all the important works together.--I note letter from E A Ames of Quiriguá. I sure remember old Ames. I've drunk his beer (lemonade) a score of times, said Files- on Parade. He used to put his feet up on the table in the cool corridor of the Quiriguá hospital and talk with me by the hour. He is a down-east Yankee from Maine, about 35 I imagine, and a good fellow.

Well, now we'll get down to business.

I wrote you last from Antofagasta. It may catch the same boat as the president letter,-- the Santa Luisa, on wh I came down here. The trip was smooth, and we fed well. It was just two days from Antofagasta to Valpo, with a two hrs stop at Coquimbo where I did not get ashore. We were delayed at Antofagasta: after we had left port about a mile somebody found that a Chinese lady, passenger, was missing: she had two babies on board, so we turned around and went back, whistling the while. After just one hour's delay she

oneshore told her the boat wouldnt go for some time yet. Some women are chicken-minded, that all.

The Grace line feeds well. I got away with two ice creams in the evening, and two rounds of hot cake in the morning. I reckon I am going to get fat if I have 21 days of that diet on the way to New York.

Yesterday morning when I got up, at the early hour of 7.45, we were entering Valparaiso harbor, and after being thoroughly examined by the Port doctor, got ashore at 10. Valpo is quite a city, with lots of British firms and shops. I made a bee line to the Amconsulate, and then called upon Captain Durell, our Naval Attaché, whose office is next to the Consulate. We talked until noon, when I had to go down and catch my train for Santiago. So I didnt get to see much of Valpo, but there will be time for that later on.

I was considerably surprised to find the first part of the ride from Valpo to Santiago so pretty. For half an hour we went thru a handsome residential section, where the gardens made me feel quite a home. It would have passed for a section of San Diego or Santa Barbara. As I saw the old familiar plants, and said to myself "That's *Pittosporum tobira*", and "That's ^{*Acacia*} *melanoxyylon*" I felt as tho I was home again. And the hill/sides were covered everywhere with California poppies. The small canyons which ran back into the hills were filled with *Jubaea spectabilis*, native here, wh we know as the Chilean wise palm. In the gardens were plenty of *Phoenix canariensis* and *Washingtonias in galone* (Ed Harmon). All in all,

it was quite a treat to me. In many of the yards were trees of the Mexican avocado, now in bloom: and there were also a great many peach trees, now in full bloom.

Farther out, we saw in the gardens many deciduous fruits, all in bloom, as spring appears to be just opening here now. Later, we ascended into some dry, rocky hills, and then came down into the valley of Santiago, and just at dusk pulled into Mapocho station, and I took a Ford and came up to the Grand Hotel, where I secured a good room on the 3rd floor for 20 pesos, now equal to \$2, per day, including meals and good ones at that.

It was too late to see much, but I strolled out and very cautiously went up the street four or five blocks, taking pains not to turn any corners, so that I could find my way back to the hotel.

This morning I rose betimes, i.e. at 7 o'clock, and after chocolate and rolls, went out to see the town. I walked about for an hour, and got a copy of La Nacion, which I brot to my room to read. Finished this, I took a Ford and went out to the American Embassy, which has very attractive quarters close in to the center of the city. I got there before any of the clerks, but at 10 one of them came in. I said "I am Wilson Popenoe, of Washington" and immediately he replied "We have a mountain of mail for you here". So I went in and got it, and after talking for a few minutes with the two clerks, one of whom, by name Maldonado, used to be at the Legation in Guatemala when I was also there, I took my mail and walked down the street to a pretty little park, in which a lot of kiddies

were playing, and nurse-girls were wheeling perambulators up and down. Here I sat down on a bench, and proceeded to read my letters. It was a delightful morning, just about like California in winter: an overcoat was not too much, when one was not walking about. I spent two hours here, and then walked home to my hotel for lunch. After lunch I continued reading my mail, and began to answer it: and then at 3 I went out to leave some films to be developed, and to get a map of Chile.

So far as I have seen Santiago, I like it immensely. It is way ahead of Lima, and is similar and considerably better, in some respects, than Mexico City. I feel that I am once more in a modern city, after a good many months in towns of the Spanish Colonial period,

Of course, I have not yet seen much of Santiago, so I wont attempt to say much about it. Today I have spent mainly reading my mail, tomorrow I must do a few errands and answer some more letters, and the day following I intend to go out to Santa Inéz to see if I can get in touch with the left-handel Saviour. If his nursery is all his catalog claims it is, I shall be able to pick up quite a large collection of things to take home with me. If it isnt, I shall have to get most of my plants elsewhere, I intend to spend several days in an around Santiago, and then I shall go down to Chillota, on the Valparaiso line, to look at the fruits there, and afterwards down to Valdivia, well toward the suther part of civilized Chile. It is now my plan to sail on the Santa Teresa, Oct 12, for NY, reaching the later on Oct 31. I shall stop there

at the Algonquin, as usual, and you can reach me there with mail. I wrote you to this effect from Antofagasta. I would like to cable you regarding my time of sailing, but it would cost about \$15 and would scarcely be worth that sum, it seems to me. I could get a suit of clothes with that amount,--in fact, I shall probably do so.

Well, it is my bedtime, eight o'clock. I shall mail this in the morning, hoping that it will catch the Santa Luisa. And then I shall write again within a week.

Ever lovingly

Witt

Santiago de Chile
15 Sept 1921

Dear Folks:

Early this morning I packed up some things I wanted to send to youall, and took em down to the G P O. The pkg weighed about 15 libbits, and was done up in a canvas bag, tied at the end so the Customs folks could satisfy their curiosity. This is the system the great Ecuadorean government had always sanctioned. But not so the Supreme Government of the Republic of Chile. The Lydy in the Encomiendas window says to me, says she, "You'll have to take that home and make two parcels of it. Not more than 5 kilos in a parcel!" "But", says I, "cant you send 11 kilos, or 20 lbs, to the U S by parcels post? I always have from other countries." "No: five kilos is the maximum. And you must sew up the parcels completely, not tying them at the end, as this is." "But", I remarked again, "they told me in Ecuador that the U S Custom officers would return them to the country which sent them, if they did not reach the U S in condition so that they could be examined easily." "It doesnt matter. You do as I say", remarked this lydy, who must have been a school teacher at some time or other.

So I came back to my hotel and made two parcels and sewed em up proper-like, and described the contents on the outside in Injer-ink, so I trust our noble Customs

hang onto it until we have other income-bearing property in operation.

I think we ought, also, to work over some of the trees in our Altadena avocado grove and get it into nothing but good varieties, and very few of these. Eventually we should not have more than 3 or 4 varieties in it, all told, because it will be easier to handle as a marketing proposition. I look for this little orchard to pay us good dividends during the next 20 yrs, if we work it right

We'll talk all these things over when I come to Cal, but dont hold back on buying the new land in the Coachella until that time, if you find something good.

Ever thine

W

You can count me in for an investment of \$5000 at least, on the new date orchard. I know I have this much ready money but I dont know just how much more.

Re our job for the fall of 1922, describing all of the date varieties for your book, are we going to be able to get specimens of the rare ones? I dont know whether Bruce Drummon will let you have them at the Govt gardens or not, altho I dont suppe he can help it, as the gardens are public property. I will have to lie pretty low on the job, for if Swingle found i was dabbling in dataes he would get Buck to call me back to Washn at once.

PS

It were well that you let me have the keys to the Strong Box in Washn about as soon as I get home: the keys to my trunks are in it, and my books in the trunks.

I am quite glad, in many respects, that we have cut loose from the Trop Date Co. There were a good many palms of undesirable varieties in that plantation: our interest in it was relatively small, and returns would have been the same: and I never like the name Trop Date Co. anyway. While we will now have to wait for a number of yrs before we can expect any return from our new plantation, it will be all ours, when it does come into bearing, and we can plant nothing but Al varieties. I hope you will get a piece of land that is fairly accessible. We'll have a nice little desert botanic garden, to amuse ourselves the nonce, and I think we will in the end be much better off than we were in the Tropical. I hope Swingle is not correct in thinking that Khadhrawis are going to sell at a very low price in the future, and that the Basrah folks may come into competition by putting up a high-grade pack.

The idea of letting go of Vista to invest the money in the new date plantation strikes me as rather dubious: we need income-bearing property on which to live, and Vista is one of the very few such things we now have. I would be glad to see FOP cut loose from the land at Vista wh is not yet planted, but to sell the orchard, which will soon be bringing him in a living income, strikes me as a dangerous proposition. Even tho, for lack of water, we

Santiago del Chile
18 Sept 1921

Dear Folks:

Since writing you last, two days ago, I have made three or four calls on Salvador Izquierdo, Sunnumagun feller lives like an owl: he asked me to come last night at 9.45, which I did, and we talked to midnight. And this morning I went back at ten and he came out to see me in his bath robe. But he is a magnificent character: a genuine plantsman. I havent met one of his kind in moons, unless I except Pachano, and even he isnt quite as much of a plantsman as Izquierdo.

I take it that don Salvador is one of the richest men here. His house is a regular palace, and he owns several large haciendas hereabout, so I am told. His hobby is fruit-culture, and he has devoted most of his energies these last 30 years to introducing good fruits, and urging his fellow-countrymen to plant them. I dont know whether or not he has made any money out of the nursery business, but I doubt if he has. He probably inherited his fortune, and gets his income from his orchards and other properties more than from his nursery.

We converse in Spanish, because he says he isnt strong on English: and I tell you, we have good times. It reminds me pretty nearly of my visits to Montarioso at Sta Barbara when Dr Franceschi was living there, -only Izquierdo is more of a man of affairs than Franceschi.

We were going this morning to El Salto, his little

tion of fruits, but it was drizzling at the appointed hour so we postponed it until tomorrow.

These Chileans have played a bad joke on me. Passing the flower-market the other day, I saw a wonderful iris, of a color I had never before seen. It was white, with veinings of deep rose. Now, if you know anything about irises, you will know that rose or red is the rarest color in this genus, and in fact a genuinely rose-colored iris has never been produced. I thought I had found something wonderful, and I was about to make inquiries as to where I could get some roots. With this idea in mind, I asked don Salvador about it: and he burst out laughing a carcajadas. "That iris", he said, "is the common white German iris, but after they cut it, they insert the stems in ~~an~~ aniline solution for a few hours, and the flowers suck up the color".

Most of yesterday and today,--when I was not over at don Salvador's,-- I have been working like a dog on my photos, of which I had about 225 to write up. This afternoon I finished them and am sending them home. This is the Chilean 4th of July: after I finished my work at 4 p m I went out for a walk, and ran into a grand military review, which I watched for half an hour. The President was there, and I got a good look at him. They had all the field and mountain howitzers out for exercise, with two johnnies riding on ^{each gun-} ~~the~~ carriage just like Doc Bowman used to do when he mounted a horse in Her Majesty's force at the annual encampment at Maple Hill. The Chilean army is modeled on the German, and they wear feldgrau uniforms and spiked helmets: and they are pretty well turned out.

I hate to think what they would do to the Peruvians if they ever started after em. The naval officers were out, also. Of course, they go in pretty strong for brilliant uniforms both in Army and Navy, and the scene was rather a gay one.

Tomorrow I shall go out to El Salto with don Salvador and also mail this letter, as I figure it will catch the Santa Luisa, which leaves on Wednesday: the next day, and it Tuesday I shall stay here to get some money from the bank, etc, and on Wednesday I plan to run down to Quillota on the Valpo RR, to get herbarium specimens of the avocados they have there. I dont believe there are any varieties here that we want: so far as I can learn they are all small fruited Mex, and when I say small, I mean small. Then I shall come back here about the end of the week, stay over Sunday, and then go down to Valdivia for about a week's jaunt. When I come back from there I will pack up the shipment of plants I am going to assemble here, and get ready to sail on October 12, rain or shine. It wont be long now until I am on my way Home. I thought at first that a month in Chile might not be enough for me, but I think now it will: you see, we are in the opening of spring here, and it is no time to collect seeds. There isnt a great deal I can do here now, except to get what trees I want from Izquierdo's nursery (tho it is going to be hard to get some of them, for the season is too far advanced already) and beat it for Home. That's me.

Lovingly

Will

Stgo de Chile, 18 Sept 1921

Subject: *Persea americana*

Dear Dad:

Glad to have your letter re the Guatemalan avocados Spinks gave you. I am rather surprised to see most of the varieties ripening so late: but if Kanola proves to be a winter fruit, it will be enough. We dont need but one good winter Guatemalan. I think we ought to settle down to not more than 5 varieties for commercial cultivation eventually, anyway: and if Puerte and Kanola are two of these, we will have a good representation. And I wouldnt be suprised to see one of my Chota varieties make a third in the list.

Perhaps some of my Guatemalans will ripen so late in the fall that they can be used for Thanksgiving trade, wh would put them into a profitable market. I was interested in the weights you gave. Penkay was just about the size it was in Guatemala. Cabnal and Mayapan a little larger than in Guatemala: Cantel I dont know much about, for I never saw but two or three fruits and they were immature. I took this variety on "spec", because it had a very small seed. I would like to hear what you think of it, re quality, and also if the seed is unusually small or not. The parent tree was very young and may not have borne normal fruits. Nimlich at 32 ozs is about what it was in Guatemala, on the average, but I think it will go up to 3 lbs and more when the trees are fully grown. Lamat at 12 ozs is rather small: I think this variety ought to go to 16. Benik at 19 is, I think, a little larger thannin Guatemala.

You see that the tendency is for nearly all of these varieties to go larger than in Guatemala, just as I have always predicted. And these are fruits from very young tres. When we get mature trees in California, some of these varieties are going up to large size.

The letter of Aug 1 from Jaffa wh you sent me was intersting, because I have been practicing for five yrs the plan which Jaffa seems to think is a new discovery, i.e., that matter of cutting green avocados and then tying the two halves together and letting them ripen. Frequently in Guatemala I have cut hard fruits, in order to photograph a nd outline the half on paper: and then I simply stuck the two halves together again, without tying, and laid the fruit away until it was soft, when I opened it and sampled it. It never occurred to me that there was anything remarkable about this operation, -as Jaffa seems to think there is.

By the way, I was always stuck on Mayapan in Guatemala because of its excellent quality. I hope it will show up well in that respect with you.

Nada mas por lo pronto.

W

Santiago de Chile
22 September 1921

Dear Folks:

Well, I done bought my ticket, so I reckon I aint turn back now,--nor do I think I am going to want to. This morning I walked up to the counter in W.R.Grace's palatial agency, and I plunked down the sum of \$375.00 U.S.Gold for bed A, in stateroom 16, steamer Santa Teresa, sailing from Valparaiso at 1 p.m. on the 12th of October next. Local papers please copy. Few acts of my life have given me more genuine pleasure and satisfaction.

So, as aforesaid, I sail on the Santa Teresa: as aforesaid in a previous communication, the newspapers here announced that it was going to be the Sta Ana instead of the Sta Teresa, but this was a mistake, and I am glad of it, for the Sta Teresa is renowned as having the best cuisine on the Grace Line. And that's saying something.

I dunno whether or not this letter will go up on an earlier boat, or whether it will go along with me on the Sta Teresa: maybe it will catch a P S N C, in wh case it will reach you before I get to the States.

To continue: the spring rains have set in with a vengeance, here in Santiago, and the last four days have been pretty nasty, for my sort of business. As a result, I havent done any business, except for yesterday, when I went down to Quillota. Two days I have had to stay pretty close

to my hotel. This morning it was bright and I went out to do some errands, and this p m it rained cats and dogs, the now (5 o'clock) it has let up. But fortunately, I have no work on hand with which the rains are seriously interfering. I would rather have them here and now, than to have had them when I was up in northern Ecuador, trying to get out avocado budwood, or when I was trekking it over the mountains of southern Ecuador, between Loja and Cuenca. In truth, Dios es muy grande, as J. Maria Cabnal CH. used to remark on frequent occasions.

Lying before me on my table, as I write these lines, is a pair of spurs I have today purchased for Paul, at the Gran ^{de} Malabareria (estilo) Francesa. I found the rowels, by careful measurement, to be precisely two and a half inches in diameter, and they rat-rat-rattle when you waltz, love. That is the kind you asked for, isnt it? They are rather plain spurs,--no chains or silver scrolls on them, but they are rather prettily worked, and very praktische. I only hope the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals wont confiscate them, for in such case I would be out the sum of pesos 15 and centavos zero only. As to the bit you wanted, PR, I dont find anything here that is at all suitable. The question of a bit is a delicate matter: you dont want much fancy work or extra chains on it, for anything of that sort about the mouth is apt to worry the horse. They have some very severe curb bits here, but we cant use em,--or, we dont want to. I reckon you better stick to a good plain curb bit, and show your style on bridles, saddles, and spurs. Spare the poor hoss the suffer

I have just come from a little walk up to the Cerro de Santa Lucia (no connection with any other person of a similar name, Paul): it is a charming spot, and particularly so at this season of the year, and just after a heavy rain. The oaks, and horse chestnut, and a lot of other trees are just leafing out: the white banksia rose, and the lilacs, and the spiraeas, and a lot of other spring-flowring shrubs are in bloom, and the air smells like Washington in May. It gave me saudades for Cleveland Park, and Rock Creek Park, in fact, all parts of Washington. As I started up the hill a boy stepp'd up with a pad of tickets in his hand, and I had to shell out 10 centavos for the privilege of taking my constitutional: but inasmuch as that only amounts to 1.18666 cents of our money, at today's rate of exchange, I can say that it was worth it. The hill is some 300 ft high, right at the edge of the business center, and beautifully covered with ornamental trees and shrubs, and well laid out with walks and drives. A right pretty place, and very creditable,

Since I last wrote you I have attended the Gran Revista Militar, which transpir'd last Monday. Don Salvador said I ought to see it, and I went. I didn't know the road, but I says to myself, I'll just start out about two p m, and follow Zé Povo: which I did, and Zé took me right to the Parque Cousiño without any difficulty. The whole town was there. After walking about, I saw that I would have to get inside the ellipse in order to witness the review to any advantage, so I had to join the rush for the ticket window and spend a peso on a ticket. And I must say, when it comes to rushing a ticket window the Chileans have all their

Latin American brethren skinned a mile. I used to think they pushed and shoved and crowded in Colombia, and in Ecuador; but good land, it aint nothing to the way they did it at this review. I rather enjoyed it, because I wanted to see just how far they would go: and I tell you, it stopped little short of a free-for-all fight. One fellow started in to push himself in front of me, when I had finally reached the window, and I started in to prevent him, and I thought for a moment that he was going to start a fight. I guess had there been a little more elbow room he would have done so, but the quarters were rather close. To my mind, this lack of respect for the rights of others when going up to a ticket window counterbalances several of the discourteous habits which the latins see in us.

The review was good, but I only stuck it out an hour and then trudged back to my hotel. They had all the infantry and the field artillery and the dragoons and every thing else on exhibit, including the boy scouts from all over Chile. It was to be a grand revista scoutiva, and, since scoutismo is pretty well developed in Chile, it really amounted to something. I was interested to see the scouts march by, and to look at their faces. Some of them were good, substantial looking boys, but there were quite a few whose features resembled too strikingly those of the inmates of that institution at Whittier where Herb got his start.

As beforesaid, these Chileans are quite a different lot from the other South Americans I have known. They are

different in looks and different in manners. They take

no back talk from anyone, and, in fact, it looks to me as the most of them walk around with chips on their shoulders. They are businesslike, and I imagine, hard workers, and equally hard drinkers.

Yesterday I went down to Quillota for the day. This seems to be about the biggest fruit region in Chile, at least for avocados and cherimoyas. It reminded me of Atlixco or Querétaro. I reached the town at 10.30: picked up a heavy camera and outfit all day: and then I went out to see the huertas. It is all on a small scale,--small huertas of mixed trees in back yards and areas up to two or three acres. The avocados were in bloom, the cherimoyas and loquats ripening. There are plenty of peaches, apricots, pears, cherries, strawberries, and a considerable number of oranges and lemons besides.

At noon we came back to the center of town and I had lunch at the Hotel Colon, and then we set out again to see more trees. We walked all afternoon and at 5 ended up at La Cruz, end of a ferrocarril de sangre (horse car line) from Quillota, and, I imagine some 5 miles from the latter. We took the car and were soon at the Colon again, with 18 photos to our credit, and quite a lot of avocado specimens (herbarium); I dismissed my kid, paying him 4 pesos, which was probably more than he had earned in the previous 7 days: but he had worked hard, and never whimpered over my rapid gait or the weight of the outfit. In fact, he had more endurance than kids I have usually had in the tropics.

Then I bought a tin of local strawberries, to try the

product, and went up on top of a little hill overlooking the town and ate them, just as the sun was setting. And it is evident that I left my knife there when I came away, for I don't find it in my trousers' pocket this morning. Charge \$1.88 to profit and loss. Anyway, it was a poor knife,--I never was satisfied with the quality of the steel.

At nine p.m. the Midnight Express rolled in to the Quillota station, and I climbed on board. I was sleepy anyway, and this, coupled with the paralyzing effect of the tobacco fumes with which the car was reeking, soon put me in a comatose state. I came to now and then, but didn't know much more until we pulled into Santiago at 11.30, and I jumped into a Ford and came up to my room, and thence to bed, as S. Pepys hath it.

This morning, G. Ruddoff having recovered from the effects of the fiestas patrias (national holidays) which were going on for about five days, I set him to work on a suit for me, which is going to cost me \$280.00 (that is, 28 dollars of our money). It is a dark red and brown mixture, ^(English cloth) which I thought would be good for Office wear this winter. I never have much faith in a Latin American suit until I see it on me, so I won't say anything more about this one until it is finished. It may look so outrageous that I will have to give it to Herb. Those rah-rah boys can stand the most extreme sort of style, you know. We conservative old men of science have to be more careful.

I have decided, after looking over the stock, that I won't buy a suit case here. A really good one will cost me \$15. and I think I will put the money into having a bag

made by J. Herbold from that calfskin José Felix gave me, and wh I sent home with my last big shpmt from Ecuador.

Fred Paddock, Grandma Bowman's cousin, came around to see me this noon, and stayed to talk an hour: and I invited him to come back at 7 and dine with me, after wh we are going to his Ofs to look at his photographs of stars made thru the spectroscope. Wont that be thrilling? I can see him now, pointing out a big smirch on a bare plate, and saying "This is Arcturus in apogee". Fred's a good fellow: typical New Englander, rather reticent or even bashful, and I imagine, a bit lonesome here. I must try to see what I can of him while I am in Santiago, and jolly him up a bit.

Tomorrow evening I am going to take the train for Valdivia, and see something of southern Chile. This will take me down to 40 degrees: I may possibly go on down to Puerto Montt, which is pretty nearly 42 degrees. They say it is raining frightfully down in that region at this season,--it is a wet one, you know,--and I wont be able to do much more than to take a look at it: but I dont want to come home without doing that. I suppose I shall be gone a week, then come back here, and spend a week getting my plants together and packed: and then I want to go down to Valpo about the 9th, to have two days to see the gardens at Viña del Mar before I ship for New York.

Ever lovingly

Wilt

Santiago de Chile,

1 October 1921

(Only 11 more days
before Christmas)

Dear Folks:

I came in last night on the Omnibus (as they call the Accomodation train) from Valdivia and points south; and this morning, as ~~soon~~ as diplomatic etiquette would permit, I betook myself to the Embassy, where I found a goodly number of letters from youall and others. Also copy Citrograph, 1 ditto Atlantic, ditto American Magazine, ditto Red Headly, ditto South African something or other with big rite-up of book.

Well: I bettok myself, as is my wont, to the little park on the Alameda, one block from the Embassy, and there I sat myself down upon a comfortable bench, beneath the widespreading shade of *Platanus orientalis* Linn., and I read my letters. Then I came home and took my breakfast and said ceremony being completed, I am here to put you al tanto, or up to date, as you would say, regarding the recent experiences, activities, etc of W. Popenoe, one-time resident of Altadena, California.

But before I go into lengthy and, perchance, tiresome detail concerning my activities in this austral realm, I will glance over your letters and make comments thereon:

Item. I like the bookplate very much, and am going to want a supply, but I will leave it until I get home. I am wondering if it would not be a little better with the Ahuacatlan seal left out, at least for my use? It seems to me the seal crowds things a bit, and while it is highly desirable to have it there, for father's use, it will not be so necessary for mine: the fruit-bearing tree and the explorer commencing the ascent of Echo mountain will satisfy my needs, together with the candle; specks, etcetera. It is going to be a dandy plate.

Item. I am glad to have the news of the arrival of my last Equadorean shipments in toto, including the last-hance hammoc k, which we can doubtless present to some kind friend if we do not use it ourselves. I am much pleased to hear that Betty and Emily took to the openwork Panamas. I was not sure they would like them, but that it well worth gambling \$1 each on them. As written, they are genuine Montecristis, bought by myself in the market of that town, --after much vociferation and reduction of prices. I am also pleased that Emily liked the gray poncho, and is going to use it for a cloak. If it doesnt make the men I miss my guess. Also

glad FOP liked the big brown poncho. I don't think you better give that one to Herb, father: I will shake down a couple for him, out of my stock, when I come home. That brown one is yours, as a souvenir of my journey. I have plenty of others which I can use to call up stories of Andean travels. And I quite agree with you that these heavier ponchos should be used as rugs. I bot them with that idea in mind. My big blue one, however, I shall probably keep as a couch or bed cover, as I have about decided I have enough other overcoat materials, so that I will not need to use this. Besides, I have two overcoats on hand at present writing, both as new. Also glad to see that Betty and Paul like the halter and bridle, and this brings me to

Item. When I stepped down from the train at a little station somewhere along the line, yesterday afternoon, I was accosted by an elderly gentleman, who directed my attention to a collection of bridles and bits which he had ~~arranged~~ upon one arm. My eye caught a rather docile-looking bit, and I asked to examine it, and the upshot of it was that Paul and Betty came into possession of one of the best pieces of hand-forged steel which has come out of Aconcagua province in any a year. Most of the bits used here are too severe, as previously advised, but this one is a sort of snaffle, which will not injure the most delicate of horse mouths. It is inlaid with white metal of some sort, and will make a n ideal bit to use with that Felix Tamayo bridle. Cost me tuppence, sir, as Sgt. Bouncer was accustomed to remark. With the spurs I already have, which are of similar material and workmanship, you are outfitted.

Item. Fine news, that about the new autos. I will enjoy them with you, when I get home.

Item. Attention of Mr. Paul Popenoe: I note with pleasure that I still have some summer garb left in Washn. I find I cant get white dux here, --too far south for them: the bird doesnt migrate this far. Have just recd from G. Ruddleff one three-piece suit, of dark red-green-purple-mixture, cost me \$28: the vest will have to be taken back for repairs, but the rest fits pretty well. He has made the coat a trifle tight about the waist, --sort of a wasp effect, kind the college boys wear. But on the whole I think I have a good outfit, and am thoroly suited for the coming winter in Washn.

Item. I was not surprised at the amt of duty charged on the last Ecuadorian shipment, as I sent in a lot of valuable ponchos in that lot, and expected it: however, I see that they now charge on wool 35% ad valorem plus 45 cents per lb, and dont understand it. The former shipments paid nothing but 25% ad valorem, I seem to recall.

Thanks for sending copy of Manual for Dr Goding, to Paul Russell for forwarding.

Father, I am glad you have taken the gray Colombian ~~bird~~ ~~taken~~, it will make you
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 Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA

a beauty, and one which will wear like the nose of *Sus vittatus*. I have previously written re the suit of Chillo cloth sent from Ecuador. If this could be cut over so as to fit you, I wanted you to have it: if not, either Herb or Paul can use it, as you think best. I have plenty more, and you needn't feel that you are depriving me of clothing by taking it.

Item. I am in receipt of highly-appreciated letters from both of my paul-hushuans, which I will not now attempt to answer, as I am too near the hopping-off point. In fact, I do not suppose this letter will reach you before I am in N Y: the Essequibo is due to sail Oct 4, and I presume it will go on that ship, but even at that, it cannot reach N Y more than 5 or 6 days before I do.-- Betty, if you haven't a poncho that is just the thing for a cloak, wait until I get home, and we will see if there is one in the lot which is being held for me. We might arrange a swap, you know.--Father, as to Panama hats, I have sent a couple in to Washn, wh Allanson is holding, and if we have one or two more to spare, I think perhaps I ought to fit out some of my particular friends at the Ofs, for instance, Bisset and Ed Goucher (the latter has taken good care of my avocados). In the last pkg sent from Ecuador via Washn was a hat,--it went with the Chillo suit,--~~which~~ I may decide to use for myself, as it is a choice one: but we will fix this up when I get there. We must all be well hatted, first of all, and then if I can scate up, altogether, three or four of the low-priced ones, I think I may try to pass em around at Washn. But as abovementioned, you'll must have all you want, first.

Item. Cameron Townsend of Guatemala says he is going to try to get me two good blankets in Guatemala, and take them to the States this fall. I need a couple more so as to give Herb and Lucile one, as a wedding present. And we can never get too many, or even enough, of those Guata blankets. I shall hook on to one at every opportunity. Some day I will whok Bob Hempstead to get me a couple. There's nothing better, for the money, to be had anywhere.

Item. The Brooklyn Institute, for the 3rd consecutive time, asks me to lecture in their winter course of popular talks, and I guess this time I can accept.

Item. Good note from Dr Hardin. I am going to try to keep in touch with him, and you can be sure I will do all I can to help out with the work of the Assn. I shall want to publish an account of the Chota avocados in the next Report, with descriptions of the varieties we have introduced, so they can be on record for those who receive the plants for trial.

Item. Letter from DE, dated in the Canal Zone, in wh he tells me to stop a week there, at least, on my way home. Gaint he did. I have done bot my ticket, clear thru to N Y. I may cable him, asking him to cable if I am to infid the last half of the voyage and stop over at the

Zone: but in view of the fact that I am taking home some live trees and plants from here, I guess I will just go ahead and stay on the steamer right to N Y. I don't think I could do much in the Zone: he has just been there, and it seems to me he must have been able to go over the ground quite thoroly and to make all the arrangements necessary for handling of our material. Paul, I don't think you are right about Allanson having gone to Taylor's office, unless it is very recent news. In July he was talking of going, and in fact it was pretty well settled, but he wrote me later that they had called it off. Your news may be, however, more recent, in wh case we may have lost him, and if so I will be considerably disappointed. He is just the man to handle all of our administrative work, and personally a capital fellow. I shall certainly regret it if he goes, but I suspect it is bound to happen sooner or later, as he is almost too good a man to stay in our Of's in a minor position. Of course, he is more of the clerical type than the scientific type, but is likely to land as Assistant to the Chief of the Bureau, or Asst to the Secy, eventually.---I have it from inside sources that Rock has left for a three yrs trip, and that the Of's is somewhat relieved: and that Rock has a horribly exaggerated ego and is a hard man to work with. I very much doubt his staying with us permanently.

To proceed:

I left here a week ago last night, on the Chilean Pullman, which is not up to the N. Am. Standard, but still quite tollable, and the next afternoon landed down in Valdivia, with the temperature pretty near the freezing point. That town is more than 40 degs south of the Quator. But it doesnt really get very cold there, as evidenced by a few orange trees that are growing there.

I went to the Gran Hotel Schuster, where they did me very well for the sum of 14 pesos per day, regular rate being 12 pesos, --surcharge of 2 pesos per diem on gringos. The town of Valdivia is pretty nearly all German, --that is, all of the business, and all of the best houses are. There are lots of Chilean workmen about the place. The Germans have developed a lot of industrial plants ~~and~~, and it is really a busy center. When I walked around town and saw the Turnhalle and the Deutscher Verein and all that sort of thing, and heard German spoken on every side, I could almost imagine I was in New York again. And the papers are riddled with advertisements in German, and notices to the members of the Kegelclub Schweinehunde that there will be a picnic next Sunday in the Quinta Voss, and that the Dampfer Luis Alvarez will leave the Valdivia dock at half fünf, and all that sort of thing.

When I got out the morning after my arrival, and looked about the place, I was altogether charmed. The houses are not architecturally successful, according to my ideas, but they are substantial, and nearly every one has a fine little garden, or at least a dooryard full of plants. And as it was

just the early part of spring when I was there, all of the Dutch bulbs and the spring-flowering shrubs were in their glory. It made me homesick for Rock Creek Park. There were stacks of Camellias, too, and rhododendrons and azaleas and magnolias and all sorts of pretty things. Oh, but I fairly reveled in it! It was a chilly morning, and the air was fresh with heaven's spray, and drove my lassitude away: and I just had a bully time walking about the place and looking over the fences into the gardens.

After a day of this, I boarded the Omnibus and came up to Temuco, where I got down, and went out to the Araucanian Mission, an English establishment: but I didn't find anything of interest, so I slept at the Hotel Temuco and had em wake me at 4 to catch the Omnibus again for the north. And the next morning at 10 I got down once more at Angol, where I had been told there was a large nursery, recently bought by the Methodist Episcopal mission which is operating down here. I climbed into one of the roughest *coches* I have ever seen, and for the sum of pesos 4 was driven about two miles out of town to El Verjel, the farm and nursery. And here I fell into it, right. There were two young Americans here, from Ames, Iowa (Agrl College) and they were very glad to see me, and said at once "how many days can you ~~stay~~ stay?" I figured it out that I could stay three, and did so, and we had a right royal time, as the boys' books put it. They have taken over a big nursery and a considerable fruit orchard, and I was able to give them considerable help on certain of the nursery questions, so that I felt my stay was mutually beneficial. I brot away quite a few trees and plants, wh are lying in the corner of the room as I write these lines, and must be packed up right soon.

Yesterday morning they sent me in to Angol, and I took the Omnibus again, and rode 15 hrs until we reached Stgo at 11 last night. Rather an interesting ride, and not tire some to me as I had not previously seen this part of the country.

So I have seen something of southern Chile, not of the most beautiful section, which lies still farther south than Valdivia, but of the agri-horticultural region. And it is might good country. I will now hunt up Izquierdo again, and make arrangements to go out to Santa Ines and El SSalto with him, to get plants: and then on the 9th inst. I am going down to Valpo, so as to have a day or two in wh to see the gardens at Vina del Mar, and on the 12th, wind and weather permitting, there will sail from Valparaiso at 1 p m, bound for New York, your

Devoted Son, Brother, etc

Witt

Santiago de Chile, 6 Oct 1921

Only five more shopping days
before Christmas.

Dear Folks:

The SS Santa Teresa, which is to take me back to Yanguilandia, has reached Valpo on her downward trip (she continues to Concepción) and the mail wh she brought was distributed yesterday, so I went to the Embajada at ten this morning and picked up a few letters, including one from you'all, bearing postmark Sept 8. Then I stepped down the street to my accustomed post in the little park, and sat myself down beneath my accustomed *Platanus orientalis* to read: and just at this moment up stepped Alexander Sergey, late 1st class Private, 1st Infantry U S A, and requested my ear. Like a good many other chaps, he is out of work, and after showing me his wife and his honorable discharge (for I endeavor earnestly to avoid extending a helping hand to slackers and deserters) he extracted the sum of ten pesos (adollar) from pocket: and this transaction terminated, I went to my reading.

The review from the Cape Times which you enclosed is, to my mind, the most complimentary and all around the best review which I have yet seen. I am glad to have it. When I get to N Y I am going to put up a propn to Macmillans, that I furnish them copy for a good dodger, and they print up a lot, giving me 2000 for me to circulate in my letters from Washn. I hope they will do it.

It is not quite such a relief to hear that Louise Schmidt is married as it was to hear the same news regarding little Ruthie; but then, I'm rather glad it's over, at last.

So Herb has been wearing my spike-tail coat, all unbeknowst to me? Well, its allright as long as he doesnt drop any live cigar ashes on it. If he behaves himself properly I may give my Tuxédo to him when I get home: it is scarcely good enough for me to use when I finally settle down in Washn, but I have been keeping it for my trips, because in traveling I dont need it often, and it is exposed to too great dangers for me to risk a high class tux. This is is my name is Foreman and yours is??? In other words, climb one flight of stairs and save \$15.

Father, I am glad to hear that you have at last seen Ralf Cornell. He has been sort of jockeying for position with us for a couple of years, but I have never seen exactly where he would fit in. He isnt willing to take a small job such as managing the Brooksville

garden, and I haven't seen where we could give him a very much better one. He won't ever make a first-class explorer, in my opinion, but would be a corking good assistant explorer. That is, he isn't enough of a plantsman to send out alone on foreign trips, but he is such a good worker and

so thoroughly reliable and dependable that he would be a good man to send with an explorer, if we needed to send out a two man expedition. The job I am casting about to fill right now is lo siguiente: if I take over the foreign end of the Washa work, as I presume I will in the near future, I will need an assistant. For one thing, I will want to go out on short trips from time to time, and want to have some one I can leave in charge of the work, on whom I can depend. He wouldn't need to feel it was an inferior sort of position; while we couldn't pay him more than \$2000 to \$2400 as a starter, and couldn't give him any more imposing title than Assistant Plant introducer or something like that, I feel that the job would not be beneath his dignity. He might not feel like taking a job where he would have to work, more or less, under me: but he shouldn't look at it in that light, he should consider himself as a colleague. If he wanted to take a job which would keep him in the Of's a good part of the time, I think we could fit him up with this. I have no one else in view whom I consider as good a man. You may not think Ralf would be suitable, and I would want to talk it over with you pretty fully before putting it up to him, as he has worked with you more than he has with me. What I would need would be a fellow who can help out with a lot of the work in Washington when I am there, perhaps make a trip to Florida or even abroad once in a while, sit on the lid when I am not in Washn and see that the correspondence is given proper attention, etc. At the present time they are running this work by machinery in the Of's, letting the clerks do it all, and we see the evil results: it needs someone who has a personal interest in the matter.

Let me know what you think about it. I don't yet know of course, whether DF will agree or not, in case we think Ralf would fill the bill. DF isn't so strong on men of Ralf's type as he is on chaps like Knowles: Ralf is a bit quiet and retiring, and DF likes the aggressive, glad-hander type of fellow. But I think I would get Ralf on the rolls if you and I agree he is fitted for the place, and if he agrees to come in for the sort of work and the sort of pay we can give him. In talking with him previously it has always seemed to me that he expected too much travel and too much money for us to be able to suit him. If you think he would fill the bill, and see him again, you might talk it over with him. When I get home we will have it out if things go that far.

Well, I have been pretty busy here lately: only have two more days in Stgo, and then I expect to spend two in Valpo and vicinity. Yesterday I went out with Salvador Izquierdo, and picked up a bunch of fruit trees to take home. They aren't very careful of their labeling out there,

and I wouldn't be surprised if some of the things are not true to name. They also run a good deal of bluff in regard to varieties, listing about three times the number they actually have to offer, I think.

By the way, if Alexander expects to stay in the States for some years, would he be interested in coming into the SPI? We need good practical horticulturists badly, and could certainly fit him out with a pretty fair job if he is such.

Going back to Santa Ines: we had a big luncheon in the house, Izquierdo showing me the seat which Dr Fairchild occupied when he lunched there some fifteen years or more ago, and I took a dozen fotos. I am getting some nice pictures of Chilean horticulture--going to have about 125 in all, which will meet my needs for lantern slides and publication. We came back on the 5 p m train, and then Salvador took me to the Club de Senoras which his wife organized, and seems to support financially (I imagine she has some money of her own), and we heard another one of those bally Colombian poets recite a composition of his own, mainly concerning the Virgin Mary. I wish somebody would pass a law prohibiting the writing of poetry to all Colombians for a period of 25 years. However, the club house was filled with interesting folks, some of them men, and some of them women (as DF says) and I gave all the pretty girls the once-over and the up-and-own, and returned quite satisfied with the performance. Then I went down to dinner with Mr and Mrs Lay, who have taken a house here, and met the local representative of the United Press, who is coming tomorrow at 2.30 p m to get a story out of me, if he finds anything is to be had.

I have further invested in shoes, this time to the extent of \$3.50 for a dressy pair of black ones, which I figure to wear when I step out of evenings in Washington next winter. I am thinking also of getting a pair of dancing pumps, to replace the excellent pair which I once owned, and which went down in the Great Flood at Willard Courts, along with my Jacksonville bag, gabardine raincoat, and many other objects dear to my heart.

I now hear that the Grace Line takes no mail from here to the States, though it brings it down, the P S N C having the contract for taking all mails out of Chile: so I presume this latter will not reach you until after you hear from me in N Y, but I will mail it here to get the advantage of the exchange on the matter of the postage, and you can read it at your leisure.

I must now go down to the Agricultural College where I am to lunch with the director of the Estación Enologica, or Wine-making Station, and I have no doubt we will sample some choicest vintages. This is a great country for wine. It is so cheap that everybody drinks it, and so good

that even the wealthy folk use it (when of the better vintages) instead of importing French wines. Another factor in this latter matter is the patriotism of the Chileans: they certainly lead all the South Americans in this, and will usually do what they can to support home industries, while the Ecuadoreans and others will never buy anything made in the country if they have money to purchase an imported substitute, the theory being that only the gente del pueblo use the cheap stuff made in the country. That's why they don't sell much of that Chillico wool cloth which the Hopens family, in several of its manifestations, is now wearing.

I'll leave this letter open and add a bit more before I mail it tomorrow, as it will doubtless be my last from Santiago. By the way, I intended to mention that this is the greatest town for Tag Days I have ever seen: I have not been here more than ten days all told, and I have been thru three, which makes an average of pretty nearly 30% as I figure it. And the worst of it is, that the girls who walk up and stick and tissue paper flower or a small cardboard Chilean flag on your lapel are so blooming attractive that, instead of dropping a chaucha (20 centavo piece) into the reformed sand-bucket which they carry, I have never had the heart to put in less than a peso: and one day I got caught without a cent of change in my pocket and it cost me 5 pesos, or fifty cents. I wish they would let the fat-mamas carry on this business, instead of these jovencitas with the killing eyes. Speaking about eyes, the clerk at my photographer's has a pair also, and likes to use em in the way nature intended they should be used. And yesterday she asked me if I was married. Oh, these Latin American girls don't waste any time nor very many opportunities. And I must say that I have extracted much consolation from this matter: even in those countries, such as Colombia and Ecuador, where the Yankee is not very well liked, and where the natives profess to look down on Yankee Materialism and our general lack of culture, I notice that the little dears just fall all over themselves and each other to marry a yankee. It speaks well for our race, it seems to me. The fact is,--and these girls all admit it,--our hombres make more dependable husbands, and take better care of their families, than the Latins, taking the matter on the average. We are, in particular, less given to maintaining two or three establishments on the outside than are our Latin brethren, and the women like us for this.

Well, I must don my G.Ruddoff coat and step into a Ford and hustle down to the Instituto Agronomico. Cab fare isn't dear here: 15 cents for a short run, or in the first zone, and 22 cents in the second, which takes you almost anywhere in town.

October 6---later than the
other instalment

As forecasted in my previous communication, I went down to the Agril. College to lunch with Professor Valdivia, and he wasnt there: he had told me to come either today, tomorrow or Sat, as I liked, and I went today. But his brother came in, and there were two young and tolerably pretty sisters, so we managed to make out allright, the lunch being tolerably good and the unfermented grapejuice which they served quite potable.

Then, at 2 p m, I jumped into a ford (bang goes 22 cents) and came back to the hotel, where I changed my Artiga y Cia. \$3.50 dress shoes for my Fluxa and Co. 4.80 light boots, and I went up to smoke out don Salvador Izquierdo. We got in his Ford Sedan and went out to his experimental garden at El Salto, where I took a dozen fotos, ate a fine big Marsh seedless grapefruit (much to the delight of Salvador, since the Chileans can hardly stomach this fruit, even with lots of sugar, because of the acidity, while I just put em down straight, like oranges) and also a fine big Thompson Navel, and then I brought back with me a young orange tree to take home, and some strawberry plants, not to mention a dozen of Marsh Seedless for future contingencies.

Arriving at my quarters, I re-changed to Artiga and Cos. \$3.50 dress shoes, a very snappy article, and took my pack of films up to Hefler, the photographer, and said Hefler being out, the young lady with the paralyzing eyes seized the opportunity to get in half a dozen good sound licks. Now I am here to tell you, that every time she turn those orbs on me in full force it was just like a stroke of lightning. Knowing, as she now does, that I am not married, she took pains to inform me, bringing out the book to prove it, that she was diligently pursuing the study of English and was already well advanced in it. Further, that she was sorry to know I was leaving for the States on Sunday next, and when was I coming back, etc etc etc. If our girls had the ability of their Latin American sisters in all that pertains to hooking a John, coupled with their own superior intelligence and ability, there wouldnt be an unmarried woman of more than 22 years of age throughout our wide land. Not even in that Sunny Southland. No sir.

Oct 7-- 3rd instalment of
this letter.

I was interrupted last evening by the arrival of G. Fred Padlock, Grandma Bowman's cousin. We chatted a half hour, then went up to the Casa Ralet and had two ice creams, after which we separated, and I shall not see him again here.

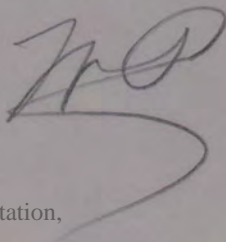
This morning I got all my plants together, then bought a huge wooden trunk, which set Uncle Sam back six dollars, and after a morning of hard work I now have everything packed snugly in this receptacle. It weighs more than our famous Hongkong trunk (ask P.), but I don't have to make many moves with it. I have lined the bottom with Chilean fruit in tins, and I think when I get to Washn I will invite in the horticultural colleagues and have an afternoon of sampling. I think it will make rather a nice little affair,--a Chilean Fruit afternoon.

The last days before you leave a place like this are rather trying ones. I have this p m and tomorrow, which is my last day, well booked up: and in addition have just recd an invite from Mrs Izquierdo to take tea at 6, in the Club de Señoras: and in spite of being rushed, I accepted, as there are likely to be some good-looking girls there.

I have a nice lot of plants to take home,--rather a valuable lot, I consider it. Several kinds of each of the following: peaches, apples, and cherries, and one plum: several kinds of straws, a number of ornamentals, and just yesterday I ran onto a very interesting citrus fruit. It is something of a dwarf, and a tremendous bearer: fruit about 2 inches in diameter, round, bright orange, and of exactly the same flavor and quality as the Washn navel. I think it will make an excellent little fruit for the dooryard and home garden, and most probably the birds and children will take to it readily. At least I hope so.

I will mail this today, and probably mail my next one to you in

NEW YORK.



Valp^o , 11 October 1921

Dear Folks:

When I rolled into the port the other evening on the Ordinario, and saw the Santa Teresa lying at anchor in the offing, you bet she looked good to me. And never has Blue Peter looked so good as he will tomorrow morning, flying at the masthead of the abovementioned vessel. I have everything ready, and tomorrow at 10 I shall embark, for she sails at 1 p m, wind and weather permitting: and I guess they are going to permit allright. I shall see Homer Brett at Iquique, for I have just recd a letter from him, saying he will be on the lookout for me: and I shall have a day in Lima, the City of the Kings: and another day, or part of one, in Cristóbal C.Z.: and these will serve to break the monotony of the 19 day journey, tho I havent much fear of its becoming monotonous, unless the sea is very rough, for I have plenty to read and some writing to do, and besides, I have promiséd myself that I am going to do some loafing. I have just about reached the stage where I can say with the Lotos-Eaters,

Give us long rest, or Death, dark Death,
or dreamful ease.

I will take the last-named if it is all the same to you. I feel myself more tired than I have been for a long time, but I reckon the trip will put me in prime condition again.

The day before leaving San Tiago (as some of the clerks at the office write it) I met up with one Scott, secretary of the Y M C A, and he took me out to his house for dinner and supper, to talk with Prof Gilmore, formerly of Berkeley, who came down here as Exchange professor, but has been sick 40% of his time, and so hasn't been able to do very much. The Prof says he has corresponded considerably with Paul, and is on friendly terms with Knowles. He goes home now, in a month or so,--as soon as he is able to travel. Has had dysentery or something of that sort. I guess I am lucky to get off with nothing worse than a tired feeling. San Tiago is full of smallpox right now, but of course I have been vaccinated.

Read today a letter from Jorge Benites of Mira, which conjures up pictures of northern Ecuador, a region which will always be, to me, one of the most interesting in which I have worked. He says Jose Felix and he are never together but that they speak of me, and that if I will let him know in advance regarding my return to the Chota valley, he will rent a house for us in Ambugui where we can headquarter. I wouldn't be surprised if I would go back to that region for four or five months, some time.

If I had come from the States direct to Chile I should doubtless be unable to tear myself away from here so promptly. In another month the fruits will commence to ripen, and from them until April I ought to be here. But I can't stand it, and I won't try. I really think another six months of this business, right now, would pretty nearly finish me. And anyway, Chile is too civilized a region for an agricultural explorer.

Yesterday I took a walk around Valpa^o; the weather being a bit too foggy and dark for taking fotos, and I find the place larger than I had imagined, and altogether a very nice city. I imagine it is very similar to some of those along the Riviera: it is very hilly, and aside from the business section there are very few and small level areas. Lots of Englishers here, and they had some pretty little houses up on the slopes: many of the Chileans also have very attractive homes. This morning I took the eight o'clock out to El Salto, some six or seven miles from here, and from there walked back to Viña del Mar, taking photos along the way. I guess they are my last pictures on this trip, and they run my numbers just beyond the 3000 mark.--this series of numbers having been begun after our trip to Brazil. I have taken more than a thousand on this trip. If they were snapshots a thousand wouldn't mean much, but when they are five by sevens, and every one a match, all soft cork pine, why a thousand is enough to go a long way,

Had a letter from Harry Johnson today, written in June: he is working with the Park board in L.A., and can't quite decide what job he will change to next. Harry will never stay at one thing more than 6 mos I am sure. He speaks of having heard from Bob Hempstead, and mentions some new proposition that the latter is taking up, but I have just recently sent Bob word that he will know where to address me, and I trust he will now send me news of himself. He

is surprised as a correspondent only by Edwin and Chas Popenoe.

Well, I have my huge trunk wh I bot in Stgo packed full of plants, with a little miscellany on top to fill up, and I have painted on the roof "U S Department of Agriculture, Washington D C. Live Plants. Stow away from boilers." Of course that latter doesnt amount to anything, as the trunk will go into the baggage room, but it gives the thing an exotic flavor when it arrives in Washington, so I put in on. Just like the big boxes I see down here which bear the mark "Hamburg. Ausfuhrhut". My German doesnt quite fathom that last, but I translate it as "Out for Good", i.e., export. How's that?

Dr Goding reports hat he read the Manual safely, and that he takes it to bed with him o'nights. The old Dr is a pretty good friend. It just shows, as I said before, that you can never tell: you remember that I was never invited to dine with him, or anything of that sort, during my first three or four visits to G'quil but on my last one he came across and had me stay with him for a week, and I tell you it was a pretty pleasant week. What with my good meals at his house, and tea at the Rorers now and then, and my calls on numerous other friends in the city, I had a tollable pleasant time of it. I think I like G'quil bet'er than any other tropical American city I have ever spent much time in. I didnt care for it so much while I was staying ~~at~~ at the Tivoli, but when I moved across to the Posada Lacassagne the thing took on a very romatine aspect: I had a big cool, quiet room, with nothing in it but two beds and a table and a hammock, but that hammock was the thing that did the business. It was a joy to lie there in that hammock, when the air was a bit sultry out in the street. Quiet, and restful: and then, as I have told you, they served tollably good ice-creams down at the Casa Fortich, and I had a good many friends about the town, and it was always interesting to dicker for a new Panama hat or a hammock, Yessir, to me Guayaquil will remain as one of the bright spots of this trip, along with the highlands of northern Ecuador. That latter region has a weird charm about it which is very gripping: I can yet hear the Indians whistling those sad, plaintive tunes on their rondadores or pan-pipes, and I can see ~~at~~ José Felix and myself pacing up and down ~~the~~ the corredor at La Rinconada, day after day, myself with a huge red poncho thrown over me, and J. Felix with his brown one.

Yessir, the three regions of this trip which look best to me, as I look back on them from this close range, are the Cauca valley of Colombia, and the two abovemention of Ecuador. I havent stayed long enough in Chile to acquire a genuine affection for it: I like the southern part of the country, and as a city, I find Santiago altogether satisfactory, likewise Valp^a: but there is a little too much civilization here to give the country an appeal of the same sort which northern Ecuador possesses.

to tell how thick the leather is on a suitcase until you have used it a while. But judging by the weight of this article I think it is a good one. And if so, I will have an article wh I will enjoy for some yrs. In any event, I am going to make youall feel ashamed of your hand baggage when I step offn the train in Pasadena with this one in my grip.

I seem unable to check myself in this matter of disbursing funds with a lavish hand. I suppose I never will. But I have quite a stock of clothes on hand now, including two new pairs of shoes, and I think I wont have to buy a great deal in the States except a new Tuxedo suit and some shirts and Sox until the end of next year. I have a good riding suit, which I can wear in Calif when I go down on the Desert, and I have town suits for all occasions. And when it comes to Panama hats, I hope to live up to the Popeance standard.

Wh reminds me, that, altho you have mentioned receiving the alpaca cloth from Lima, you havent mentioned the last pkg from Quito wh included that Chillo suit and a choice Panama I asked you to hold for me. It is likely Mr Hartman held this shipment for a few weeks, but I hope you have received it long before this. Let me know if you havent and I will send out a tracer.

I found Vanity Fair on sale here, and bot the October no., Sept being the last one I had from you: and with this, and 2 unread Atlantics, I have something to look forward to. Of all the literature I have had on this trip,--which hasnt been much,--the Atlantic has been the thing which has given me most real satisfián. I have always saved the copies you sent for trips when I knew I was going to have time to kill, and they have been greatly enjoyed.

I am staying here at the Royal in Valp^a, which I think is where the Schmidts stayed: it is the best hotel in town, and would be too high priced for me were it not for the favorable exchange. As it is, I pay about \$3 per day. The food is excellent, with a head waiter dressed in Tuxedo at noon and spike-tail at night, something I havent been used to in very recent times.

W ll, I will stick this letter in an envelop, and lay it away in my suitcase until I get to New York. Think of that!

WP

SS Santa Teresa,
In the Gulf of Panamá,
23 October 1921

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow when I wake up I will look out of my porthole and see the Stars and Stripes flying over Balboa, and shortly thereafter I will go thru the Canal, following which I will probably have a couple of hours on shore at Cristóbal and Colon, and then we are off for the last lap of this long voyage, to New York direct.

We are about 10 days out of Valpo at present writing, and I have managed to pass them comfortably, though they have dragged a bit at times,--I guess, ~~because~~ because I am a bit impatient to be home.

I went ashore at Antofagasta, where we stopped about four hours, and took another look about the place: and then at Iquique, I saw Homer Brett. I had written him of my coming, and he was expecting me in consequence. We made port at daylight, and I waited until about 7.45 for him to show up, and then I decided to take a boat and go ashore, as we were to sail again at 10.30. On my way to the landing I met him coming out in a bumboat, so we returned together, and he showed me the sights of the town, and then took me to his house, at 9 o'clock, to see his family. I was very favorably *impressed* thereby. His two kids are good wholesome young Americans, showing evidences of having been brought up in the proper way. I was sorry I could not stay with them for lunch. We had a good talk all around, and then I had to come back to the ship.

Brett seems a bit concerned for his date interests, now that Paul has left the Tropical Date Co. I told him I did not believe he need fear that he would not get a square deal from the Russells. He intimated that he would be glad to sell out if he could get enough for his stock to pay him interest on the investment, from the time it was made up to the present. I assured him that I would put the matter up to you all.

I went ashore again at Mollendo, just to stretch my legs a bit, and nearly had my ankle broken when I came to disembark: you have heard of the famous chair, in which they lower you from the dock to the small boats alongside (the sea being too rough to land otherwise). This chair should only carry one passenger, but to save time they have put iron rungs in it, below the seat, and four or five people stand on these and hang on to the ropes above. I was one of the four or five, and when they landed us in the narrow rowboat I had my ankle caught, by a lurch of the boat, between the rungs of the chair and the thwart of the thwarts in the rowboat. All right. But no damage done, luckily.

After we left Mollendo, I was sitting on deck when up comes a lively-looking young fellow and says to me, "Do you know a Mr Chase in Pasadena, California?" "Rather," says I; "If you mean J. Smeaton Chase." "That's the man," says he, "and I'm his nephew". "Then," says I, "I take it that you are Hugh Chase, of Duncan Fox and Co." "Lo mismo", says he, or words to that effect. I had planned to look him up while I was in Lima, and was naturally quite tickled to meet him. We had a good talk while on board the steamer, and when we reached Callao he docked me ashore in the Duncan Fox launch, and later in the day we met in Lima, at his office. He then took me to his club for a short time, following which we went down the street and gathered in two very attractive young ladies, and took dinner at the Gran Restaurant del Parque Zoologico. My partner was a tall, slender young lady of Austrian and Polish parentage, but English-speaking, and as fine a dancer as you can find this side of New Orleans: and we had a bully time. At 12 I went to the hotel to sleep a ~~bit~~ and the following morning knowked about Lima, buying a couple of pairs of picturesque saddle bags, and luncing with our commercial attaché, Mr Dunn, and our military ditto, Col. Case. I then took a train down to Callao and went back on board the steamer.

I was mighty glad to meet Hugh Chase. He is a capital fellow, much like Arthur Stockdale in temperament, but not in philosophy. He spoke of having met Paul when the latter was in England some years ago.

Lima was not quite so immaculate as when I last saw it, due to the fact that it was, at the time of my former visit, slicked up for the Centenary celebrations, and now was in its normal condition. It is, however, an interesting city, with a fine market and lots of local color and life. I think I could stand it to live there for awhile, though it might bankrupt me so to do: I found everything pretty high in price, after being accustomed to Chilean prices. There is no doubt about it, good living is about as cheap in Chile, with exchange where it is at present; as in any country I have ever seen. With normal exchange, of course, it would not be so much of a snap for the traveling Yank.

The voyage so far has been enjoyable. I was particularly fortunate in drawing a roommate: they gave me a young chap from Fredericksburg, Virginia, a chemist who has been working at a sugar mill in the Argentine for 18 mos and is now going back to ol' Virginny. His ideas regarding ventilation are the same as mine, and we get along famously together. I was fearful lest they stick some South American in with me, and I have to keep the porholes bolted down all the way to N Y. I never saw another race so afraid of fresh air as the South Americans. Most of the time I have spent in eating and sleeping. The food is excellent, and so is the sleeping. I have read a few things, including, today, the Atlantic Year Book, but I have as usual found it impossible to do much of the work I had laid out to do. But I think it just as well, for I was pretty badly tired out when I got on board, and I ate and eat I am going to eat. I'm feeling pretty good again. There are not many people on board who interest me, or many whom I interest. I have had a number of chats with a fellow from Wilmington,

Delaware, who has been down in Chile selling railroad cars: and I am acquainted with Miss Orton and Miss Farrar, who came down here to inaugurate the Orton monument up on Lake Titicaca. I did not know it at the time, but it seems they heard from Dr Giesecke of Cuzco that I was somewhere in the sierra, and tried to get hold of me, to ask me to attend the inauguration ceremonies on behalf of the U S D A. I was in La Paz at the time, and would probably have gone back to the lake had I read the letter wh they sent me, but which I never saw. Miss Orton runs the Orton School, for girls I think, I pasadena, and has lived there for 30 yrs. She seemed to know the name of Poponce. Miss Farrar is from Englewood, N J, principal of a girls' school there, and is the better talker of the two. We have no interesting young ladies on board, and it wouldnt be any use if we did, for there are two many other fellows here for me to get a chance at them.

By the way, I will enclose a note to J Smeaton Chase wh I will be obliged if you will send to him.

- I have my plants, packed in the huge trunk I bot in Stgo de Chile, standing on deck on the port side of No 3 hatch, and I think they ought to go thru allright: at least, they are getting pretty good treatment. When I see how hot it is in the hold of the ship, and particularly in the mail room, I marvel how any of the plants I send home by mail can ever stand it. Yet some of them, a good many in fact, have done so.

A week from tomorrow morning we will dock in N Y about 4 o'clock, wind and weather permitting. I will put my stuff thru customs, dispatch it all to Washn by express, and hustle up town to the Algonquin to see if there is mail for me there.

I was thinking this morning that I would have saved money to go to that hotel near the Penna Station where I stayed with Paul 2 yrs ago, but I cant remember the name of it, and since I have my mail coming to the Algonquin will have to go there anyway. It wont matter much, for a night or two.

I am anxious to have a talk with D F, to see what arrangements I can make for getting home at Christmas. I suppose the best I can do will be to get leave and pay my own fare home and back: but I am inclined to come home, even on these hard terms, if you think it worth while. It will, however, be on the condition that you have a photograph on tap, with some good dance records: for I have danced very little in two years, and have almost forgotten how: and it will be up to Emily and Betty to see that I dont leave Calif without being ~~able~~ ^{able} to hold my own in any company.

I'll write another note before reaching N Y and mail it along with ~~this~~.

Ever lovingly,

off Sandy Hook,
31 October 1921

Dear Folks:

We're lying here in the fog,
7³⁰ a.m., waiting for the pilot. I
presume we will dock in Brook-
lyn between 10 and 11 o'clock.

I have about decided to go on
down to Washington with my plants,
instead of staying 2 or 3 days in N.Y.,
I want to be on land when they
are unpacked. Probably I will
have time to do a few errands

in N.Y. this afternoon, and anyway
I will be up here again in Jan.
or Feb. when I have to lec-
ture before the Brooklyn Inst. of
Arts and Sciences.

When we arrived at Ballou
the quarantine officer told me
there was mail for me at the
Chief Health Officer's office, so
I got off, went there, got 2
letters from D.F., and met -
Col. Fisher, chief health
officer. He got an ambulance
and drove me out to Corozal

stop the, to see some of the trees
D.F. brought down. We spent
day & night there, and I was about
to return to Ballou to take the
train for Cristobal when I saw
the Sta. Train on my home tracks.
So we went on to San Miguel
tracks, and when we came in there
they ran out a gang way and I
went on board. The trip through

The Canal was very interesting. We
reached Cristobal at 4, and I went
up town to look up a couple of men
and buy myself a new pair of these
good silk pajamas. Babuji said
I got 'em too cheap. Then I went
to the hotel Washington and sat for
 $\frac{1}{2}$ hr on their delightful veranda,
then took to ship for dinner and we
sailed late in the evening.



First 2 days out of Panama
we had good weather, then 2
days of very rough sea, due
to a cyclone having passed
that region a day or two previously.
I didn't lose any meals, but
felt pretty squeamish. Last
two days have been quite
pleasant. Captain's dinner
night before last was well

done. The grace Lim is ok.
You can recommend it to your
friends.

I'm here to get up town to
get your mail wh. I presume
is waiting at the Algonquin.
I wish old Paul was going
to be on the Dock this morning.
Still, it's good enough to get
back to the USA under
any circumstances.

Never again!!

It's past you - night after this
p.m., after I got my mail and made
my phone.

Heaps of love to all of you, from
your faithful son and brother

Will

~~to~~ Nov 1 - Just wanted to say
I had a great week Monday. Now going
down to our office to work up the
Mist

POSTAL TELEGRAPH - COMMERCIAL CABLES

CLARENCE H. MACKAY, President

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2 GS F 8AM 47 NL

FR Newyork Oct 31-21

F O Popenoe,

FO 401, Pasadena Calif

Home at last and going Washington with my plants tonight delighted to find your letters and telegram here am going to see if arrangements can not be made for me to come to California before the end of the year heaps of love to all of you.

Wilson.

TELEPHONED

BY 7 AT

TO Betty Popenoe

[NOV. 1921]

Washn, Wednesday morning

Dear Folks:

I dispatched the valise to you at Pasadena, per prepaid express, day before yesterday. Receipt enc herewith.

Recd Paul's letter of the 23 Nov last night upon arriving at the Cosmos Club.


P, the Guatemalan gamarron has a noseband, which I believe is not true of the Ecuadorean jakima which Jose Felix sent you. I should have said jaquima, I suppose, to be orthographically correct. I dont think much of your theory regarding the application of gringo, derived from griego. Try again. Yes, we must get Shamel into the Cosmos Club. When he reaches here I will put it up to DF or someone like that. As to the Roses, I didnt know that they were going to take so hard my refusal to marry Marthe, and am surprised to learn that Mrs R told you that I parted from them under strained circumstances. I was not aware of it at the time. Anyway, I feel re the Rose home the way Doc Cook felt re the Orfeum.

Everything okeh in these parts. I have just promised Sylvanus Griswold Morley to address the Maya Society in Brooklyn, Dec 28, on "Regional Motifs in the Huipil of the Guatemalan Highlands". Regular highbrow stuff. I am going to have a busy time on my trip north over the holidays. I ought to make some new contacts. Morley says he will put me up for the Explorers Club in N Y, and I shall remind him of it when we get there.

Tonight O Olson and myself go to see Mecca at Polis, said by Mrs Fairchild to be a great Oriental spectacle. Tomorrow I am invited to a dance in Cleveland Park, at a neighbor of the Cooper's. Next night O Olson and I go to call on a fine pair of girls I have smoked out at the College Womens Club. Following night, and it Saturday, I escort Tom Browne to dancing class. So you see I am not exactly a recluse as yet.

Fine weather were having. Hope youall can say the same.

Ever lovingly,



Washn, 4 Nov 1921

Dear Folks:

Here we are again, as the man says at the Circus. And I tell you, things are rounding up pretty well for me,--even better than I had hoped or expected.

First you must know that I have a room at the Cosmos Club, on the 2nd floor, or No. 25 to be exact, two doors from Morley; it costs me \$1.75 per day, and I think probably I will keep it all winter.

I havent yet had time to saludar all my amigos, but have seen a few. I hope to go out to the Brownes tomorrow. Last night I stayed with the DFs at 1331 Conn. Mrs F is just too good to me for anything, and Nancy Bell is just as dear as ever, though she is now so big that I was almost afraid to kiss her at first,--but this has worn off, of course.

They are saddling me with more and different kinds of work than I had anticipated? Henry Allanson has gone to be Assistant to Dr Taylor, and we are left in pretty bad shape, with no one but Bisset permanently on the job, since of course DF doesnt want to spend much more than half the time here. Bisset cant begin to handle the work and they have already turned over to me a lot of it, together with considerable responsibility? Everyone recognizes, as do I, that I have no experience in executive work or administrative work, and therefore DF is feeling his way slowly, but he has told me, and I know it is his plan, to give over to me a large part of the executive work just as fast as I show ability to handle it. For the present I have taken over all the foreign work, and the general revision of all our publications. I am also to inspect all plant material as it comes in, and indicate what is to be grown, and what to be thrown into the scrap heap; we think thus to avoid the expense of growing a considerable quantity of material which has no value? I have me own private secretary, Miss Johnspn, me own office, next door to that of the chief, and will also direct Miss Nolan, who has taken care of the foreign routine work.

So you see it is quite a different layout from anything I have had on previous returns to Washn. I would have preferred not to take up anything of this sort until after the holidays, because I have work from my trip to clean up, but things here are dragging and I must dig in at once.

It seems that Webber has been here recently, on his way to Calif, and put up a strong talk to get them to release me for his work out there. Of course DF would not agree, and he told me he was depending upon me to stay by him here. I think he is considerably afraid of my California affiliations,--afraid I may some day be drawn out there. But I told him yesterday very frankly that as long as things went well with me here, and I saw my way clear to higher and bigger work, I would stay. In other words, I practically told him that I would stay if I was eventually to be chief here, but the moment I saw that such was not possible upon his retirement, I would probably return to Calif. And he practically said that I was booked for the place, tho he didnt intend to step out altogetger for a long time yet. To wh I replied that I did not want him to do so; that I preferred to work under him rather than to have the place myself, but when he went, I would not agree to work under anyone else, or rather would not promise to do so, for I could not tell who it might be, and of course I would not feel, anyway, that I ought to stop short of a chiefship as my ultimate aim in life.

I hadnt been here more than an hour when DF brought up the matter of the Date Fight, and it is clearly evident that Paul has thrown a bomb into the Bureau which will make things a trifle ticklish for me, though I do not anticipate that it will actually interfere with my progress in any manner whatsoever. It makes my personal relations a bit strained in certain quarters, a matter which I very much regret; but beyond that I have no real fears. DF spoke very frankly about it; he is altogether sore, and thinks that you folks did wrong in going at the matter in the way you did? No doubt he told all this to Paul. He told me that he wanted me to go at once to Dr Taylor and Dr Kellerman and make my peace with them, telling them that I had not known of the fight before it came off, had had no part in it whatever, and would not let it influence me in my future activities in the Bureau. This I did yesterday. Dr Taylor was very cordial and made it very plain that he did not connect me with the matter in any way? He has always been a good friend to me, and still is? Dr Kellermann said less, as would be expected considering his connections, but went on record to the effect that he would not let the matter influence him in any way when it came to dealing with me. Both expressed satisfaction over the way the fight has ended, and said that it had raised the Secy's opinion of Swingle and Drummond rather than lowered it, and that the date growers of the Caachella, with the exception of four or five, had all gone on record to the effect that they supported the Bureau in the date work.

Everything considered it seems to me the fight has been an unfortunate affair, which would better have been left out of the program. The way that it will affect me most prejudicially is the following: DF is pretty sore, and thinks that FOP and Paul are dead against the Bureau. I think he suspects that you may work on me to get me out of here and take me back to Calif, and therefore he will probably be opposed to letting me spend any long period of time in Calif. I took up the matter of a trip west, and he said I could go out next spring and stay for the avocado meeting. I don't know how long I will be able to stay, but I imagine it will not be difficult to make it two to three months, for the trip. I rather fear I ought not to attempt a trip at Christmas, because DF is going to Fla in Jan'y, and it is my chance to learn the ropes here and be ready to handle a considerable part of the work as soon as he leaves. Right now is the psychological moment for me, in so far as getting a foothold in the Office end is concerned.

DF is dead opposed to my holding any further date interests in California. He says if I go in with Paul, and another fight comes up, I will be dragged in, and it will make things exceedingly bad for me here.

In fact, I can see that I am going to be, in the future, in a rather delicate situation: your attack on the Bureau and demand of a congressional investigation has made DF and others feel pretty hard, and whenever matters arise in which yourselves as well as myself are concerned, I will be in hot water. But I reckon the feeling which now exists will gradually die out, and I shall work to establish myself in the good graces of everyone here in the Bureau as I have always done in the past.

Paul, I found those pajamas here, which I sent up a yr ago and told you to get; but since I am short on this article myself, I will keep em. I cannot locate quite a no. of the books wh I sent up from Costa Rica and Colombia, but I havent as yet the keys to the trunks and perhaps some of them will be found there. On the whole my books seem to be about as I left them, with the exception of the ones you took to Calif.

These are busy days. In fact I have been going too hard these last three, but will now be able to slow down a bit. I am going to be very comfortable at the Club, and Washn looks good to me. The styles (feminine) have changed more since my last residence here than they did during my previous trips? I refer principally to the skirts. Clothes have gone down in price greatly, as well.

Washington, Sunday Nov 6 1921

Dear Folks:

I'm mighty comfortable at the Cosmos Club. It strikes me the arrangement is pretty nearly ideal, and I think I shall have to hold my present room all winter, even if I leave here for a week or so during the holidays (I am rather thinking of spending Xmas at Boston and then coming down to NY to the meeting of the Maya Society, which takes place between Xmas and New Years).

Yesterday I read the correspondence course on avocados. I have barely glanced thru it, but it strikes me that my name appears with a sufficient degree of frequency for all practical purposes. Father is never satisfied unless we get 9/10 of the credit, but I am not so exigente. Now that I have my book in print to keep the claim staked out, I am quite willing that anybody and everybody should get as much publicity as he can. Let the galled jade wince, my withers are unwrung and will stay so in spite of what I, Jay Condit, or others may say or do.

Paul, I read bank books and keys yesterday, and much oblige. I will get into the lock box tomorrow.

By the way, TAKE NOTE: You had better address all personal letters to me at the Cosmos Club hereafter. Now that I am a business man it is inevitable that my mail should be opened by my secretary (ahem!), so I am going to steer all personal letters to the Club. Speaking about

secretaries, Henry Allanson did me a mighty good turn when he held Miss Johnson for me; she was Dr Galloway's secy for some time, so you can know she is one of the best in the Bureau. Henry, as Assistant to the Chief of the Bureau, is in a position (as Darsett likes to say with frequency) where he can do me a good many such favors as this.

I am thinking of going out to see the Brownes this p m. At 9 I called at Charles' residence, but couldn't waken anybody. It is Sunday, of course, and too early for them. So I came on down to the Ofs, tho I had promised myself last night that I wouldn't work today; and here I found DF, and we have just had another long talk about the date fight, and I have just written a letter to Swingle. The reason for this is, that I yesterday met Swingle at the Mess, where Safford took me, and though he shook hands with me and said "Hello, Popenoe", he didn't vouchsafe another word, and in fact looked pretty cold. I don't know that I can really blame him, when I remember that you all tried to get him fired.

Of course, when it comes to the matters at issue in the date fight I have nothing to say. It wasn't my fight, and, being in the Bureau, I can not take any part whatever in it. But after seeing the way things have been left here in Washington, I wish that you had attempted to settle your differences with Swingle in some other way. It has made things quite uncomfortable for me here, though I think it will only last a short time; I have had to make my peace with everyone concerned, and now that I have (or at least, I hope I have) arranged my personal affairs, I will be able to go ahead

Washn Nov 5 1921

Dear Folks:

Please send on my dress suit. I suppose it had best be addressed to the Cosmos Club. I am going to have use for it one of these days. I shall probably buy myself a new Tuxedo very shortly, and will then send Herb my old one; it will probably meet his requirements for two or three years. Within a few weeks I will ship the old clothes I have for Paul, together with a few other things I want to get shet of.

Day before yesterday and it Sunday I went out to the Brownes at 4 p m. Ma B was so glad to see me that she actually kissed me, thereby showing that the hatchet is buried, in so far as Kitty is concerned. Ma wanted me to stay to dinner, of course, but I was invited to Safford's and could not. But ma says I am to look upon 7 West Underwood as my home from now on, and I shall probably run out there for an evening (inc dinner) once every week or two, where ^A office cares and problems become burdensome.

At Saf's I met a large flock of his relatives, as per costumbre, and also a couple of young ladies, whom Saf informed publically that I had returned from S A to hunt for a wife. It was Sunday, but Saf carefully lowered the curtains, and we danced a bit, and then Saf appeared in Chinese costume and gave an imitation of the Chinese theatre, and later recounted his exploits in Hawaii, where he danced the

Hula. It is rumored that he pretty nearly had to marry the chief's daughter.

Last evening I took one of the girls I met at Saf's (I use the term girl out of courtesy; she must be well past 30) out to the Arcade to dance, this being, evidently, the only place in Washn at present where you can dance before 11 p m. All our old stands have shut down, or only run after theatre dancing. We had dinner at the Abbott, wh set me back a pretty penny. This girl used to be a dancing teacher and I thought it a good opportunity to brush ~~my~~ up my steps a bit. I got ~~mixt~~ onto the new waltz which everyone here dances, and made fair progress on a new wrinkle in the fox trot. The Arcade isnt as bad as I had imagined. The bouncer stands in the middle of the floor and keeps his eagle eye furred in every direction at once. Big sign at the end of the hall says "Notice: Toddling, head-to-head and shimmying forbidden". They didnt use to be so strict at the Powhatan. The crowd was a typical lot of working girls and young men, very respectable looking and full of animal spirits. It did me good to see them, after having been so long among the latins. And it made me feel that I prefer my own people.

I am exceedingly busy, but find time of evenings to step out a bit, as indicated above. I have booked Oliver Olson for a running mate in this dancing business; we will have to smoke out a few good Janes and trip the l.f. toe about once a week during the winter, I reckon. Helens

Spraker has made me promise to buy tickets from her for

the dinner and dance of the N.Y. Society, which comes off

next month.

Everything going well here. I think I am going to like office work, for a while.

It looks very much as though I would have to stay out of the date business. If Paul wants to use part of my capital I reckon we can arrange it, but I don't believe I better have any personal connection with date-growing. There is too much feeling about the matter back here. It also looks as tho it would be very inadvisable for me to do any work on dates when I go home next summer. The Govt folks out there are sure to hear of it, and then Swingle would put me in hot water.

Nice weather we're having, and I still think Washn the most lovely city of the continent. It strikes me that there are a good many more autos on the streets than there were when I was last here, and I continue to marvel at the changes which have occurred in the styles of ladies apparel. However, I guess its all for the best.

Ever thine

W

Washn, Sunday morning Nov 13

[1923]

Dear Folks:

Item. I yesterday mailed to PP, per parcel post, a small package of dates purchased in Stgo de Chile, and probably grown near Ica or Pisco, Peru. I havent opened the pkg to see whether the dates are in eatable condition or not, but eventif they arent, the method of packing will be of interest to you.

Item. Herb is out of luck. I find I cannot get a Tuxedo wh will fit me, without having it made to order, and I dont want to go to that expense. So I have dug up 12.50 for a fancy vest, and shall use my coat and trousers a while yet. To placate Herb I shall send him a 2nd hand ^{sack} suit with the shipment I am going to fwd youall within a week or two. Said suit wont be as new, but will serve Herb for a few months if he is careful of it.

Item. Went to dinner given by Botanical Society last night for two Roosian botanists who are here. Had big feed, and long speeches. I was amazed, as we gathered together in the lecture room, not to see Doc Howard's bald head down in the front row. What, thought I, can have happened to Doc Howard? But just as the show commenced, he walked in and took his accustomed seat.

Its pretty nice to live at the Club when you want to attend an affair like that. I had only to walk up stairs after the ceremony and I was home. I wore my Tux, being one

I return herewith Cousin Lil's letter.

Glad to note you recd the two pkgs from Valpo. That thick gray cloth is to be held for me, and I shall have an ulster made from it when my two present o'coats are aus-
gespielt. I wrote Betty yesterday that she could have the Alpaca cloth, and if Emily wants it, she can have the 7 varas of pongee silk wh I sent with the Endara suit from Ecuador. The panama hat which I sent in a tin tube with that same shipment is to be saved for me; I think I shall wear it next summer, unless, upon examination, I find the one that Jose Felix gave me is just as good. But hold the former for me in any event.

As~~ya~~ already written you, I can probably come home at Govt expense, -in fact, I feel sure of it, - if I wait until March or Apl. DF agrees to my coming out for the avocado mtr, and by starting early I han probably get a couple of months in California. It seems to me this will be better than coming home at Xmas for two or three weeks at heavy personal expense. Dont you think so? I reckon I will go up to Boston for ten days at Xmas time, spending half with Auntie Downes and half with Herb Austin at Wellesley. This will make my holidays pleasant, and the time will soon pass and Marhh will be here. I am in good health now, the steamer trip having given me an excellent rest, and I do~~gt~~ feel the need of a vacation at all. O_n the other hand, I would rather like to be here in Washn during the winter season, to get in on all the intellectual and ter~~psichorean~~ treats which are sure to come along.

I note with satisfaction that the Coachella deal seems

to be going thru. As previously written you, it seems altogether inadvisable for me to have any interest in date holdings in the future, but I can let Paul have such of my funds as he may require, which he can use. I wont get my accts with the govt settled before the end of the yr, and cannot previously tell just how much money I will have. I dont think it will be quite as much as \$7000, however. After I get my accts settled I will invest in Liberty Loan (Victory) or some other good convertible security. I had thought of getting a little United Fruit Stock, but dont know about it yet.

Pablo, the halter I sent you is a jáquima, in Ecuador; I never heard this word in Guatemala, where we call a halter gamarrón. The word bozal is used by mule drivers of my acquaintance, both in Guatemala and Ecuador, to designate a slip-noose placed over the nose of an animal; that is, they bring down the halter rope, and make a noose of it over the animal's nose, tightening this noose as necessary to pain the animal and make him do the thing required. Often the bozal is used to lead a refractory animal.

As previously dibbed, please send all personal letters to me at the Cosmos Club.

Father, can you get me two or three copies of the last Report of the Avocado Assn, the one containing my paper from Ecuador? If not, buy me ~~xxx~~ two of them and send them to me please.

In digging among my property here, or rather, the wreckage of what was once my property, I have come across

a ~~papar~~ parcel containing the things wh were in the large saddle bags I sent up. I therefore assume that PP has the saddle bags, wh is as it should be, and I have the contents thereof, which is ~~as~~ it should be but wasnt.

I do not, however, find here any trace of the films which Paul reports as having disappeared. I will keep a sharp lookout for them. Anna Cooper advises me that Paul reported the loss to the forwarding Co. and that they dont know anything about them either, which is as could be expected.

Pablo, the chaparrejos, or what we term ~~zamarros~~ ~~for~~ ~~is it zamarros?~~ in Colombia, do not have seats. What fur are your trousers, anyhow? The thing you need to protect is your trouser leg from wear, and your shoe tops from mud. Velasquez gives this as ~~zamarro~~, "a shepherds coat of sheepskin".

As to having a crupper on your saddle, for rough mountain country it is the only thing, whether it looks well or not. I am strong for it, though I did not like it at first.

I havent see Sewall Wright et uxor yet, but am aiming to hunt them up very shortly. I have had to take these things one at a time, because of there being only 24 hrs in each working day.

I am not certain as to the identity of marijuana, but I will try to averiguar the matter here. I only know that the little ditty goes

La cucaracha, la cucaracha
 Ya no puede caminar
 Porque no tiene
 Marihuana que fumar

PP, replying to your questions

I will look up cholo when I get an opportunity. Melasquez does not have it.

The names which we Yanks go by in Latin America, to my knowledge, are as follows: Mexico, gringo, yanqui; Guatemala gringo; Costa Rica, almost invariably macho, sometimes gringo; Colombia, most commonly, perhaps, yanqui, occasionally gringo; and from there southward gringo and yanqui. The term gringo, by the way, is not limited to N. Americans in most countries, but is applied to any man of Teutonic or rather Nordic race, -- a man with fair complexion and usually with relatively light eyes and hair. Macho in Costa Rica, though meaning male mule, is not considered to be depreciative. On the other hand, in a good many regions the word gringo is looked upon as being rather contemptuous.

I feel sure that mecate is of Aztec origin, probably from mecatl, which you can find in my Molina Dictionary sent from Mexico by Allan Burleson, and which I want you to send me one of these days.

I will get Wallace's citation the first time I go out to the library.

Shamel writes that he will be in Washington soon. I must pickout some films for lantern slides now, and besides, this typewriter isnt working well and I am getting tired of trying to keep it going.

Ever lovingly,

Washington, Wed Nov 16 I reckon [1921]

Dear Folks:

Went last night to Carnegie Institution to hear Morley talk about the Maya, after having gone to 1331 with Dr Fairchild at 5.30 p m and having had tea and dinner with the Fairchilds. I guess I will have to spend the evening with them about once a week, until they go to Fla in January. I sure think a lot of Mrs F and Nancy Bell.

I dont guess I told you that I hunted up Charles the other day, and was informed by him that he is now driving a wire-wheeled Ford coupe, and still preparing those justice-renowned beefsteaks. Also that Albert Lancaster, Bart., has left for parts unknown, and Chas is still looking for him to collect some \$46 due.

Also have seen Sewall Wright, and received a brief account of the personal life of the guinea pig. Saturday evening of this week Olson, Van Eseltine and myself are invited to dine with the Wrights, at wh time I will make the acquaintance of Mrs Wright and later give you a full report. Sewall says she is an expert on fishes. Maybe she will serve us a planked shad.

Life is getting a little bit quieter here, though not a great deal so. In a short time I must settle down to spending at least one evening a week at the Club.

Yesterday I lunchee with Rep. Fisher of Tennessee at the Capitol. First time I have ever eaten there. This p m

I am going out to the B P I to be present in the Chief's office when he, Kellermann, myself and a few others sample the Chilean canned fruits which I brought up. Allanson has arranged the matter, I imagine. They called me up about it yesterday.

Paul, I met Darrow's wife out at Bell the other day. She struck me as being quite a good type.

I am getting my slides ready for a lecture before the botanical society on the first Tuesday in December. I am to be given the whole session, @- one hour. Safford is now president, so I reckon I will get a good send off.

Sunday evening last I called on the Roses. Only Mrs R was home when I arrived. Later Becky came in. Then Martha and her father. After saying howdy and sitting down for a moment, Martha paid me the compliment of slipping quietly up stairs, there to remain until after I had gone. Well, I dunno as I blame her. Dr Rose seems a bit peeved that I didnt get him more cacti on this trip. I might remind him that when he went to Ecuador, we gave him \$800 in cash and all we got out of it was budwood of two utterly worthless, small black Mex avocados. In fact, I thought the Dr rubbed me a trifle on several subjects, and when he tried to tell me that J F Rock was the greatest explorer we had ever known, I rose in my wrath and smote him. I dont think I will call at the Roses again in the immediate future.

Saw Jim Kempton the other day, and mr Collins. Want to go out to their place some Sunday before long.

Father, I recd night before last a considerable

letter from you, treating in large part of the date fight. I have never had any doubts about the justice of your position; the only question has been regarding the advisability of making ~~the~~ attack in the manner done. I would not want you to forego any advantage on my account, but it looks to me as though the thing could have been done without arousing quite so much hard feeling back here. Swingle and his folks would naturally be sore, but I do not think the others would have been, had the affair been managed a little more diplomatically. Dr Taylor is a pretty fair-minded man, and he as well as all others in the Bureau think that Paul went a trifle too far in some of his statements made at the hearing before the Secy. You and Paul are scrappers; mother and I were always somewhat less so, I believe, and while you might not, perhaps, have been able to win your case without a good-sized scrap, I believe that it could have been done in a little more diplomatic manner. Dr Fairchild is, I think, a trifle more sore than the facts warrant; others in the Bureau are sore enough, and it has made my personal relations here a bit more unpleasent than I would like. From one point of view you are quite right in saying that I should not stand for anything hostile here; that is, I should not stand for it, if I want to leave the Bureau. I can choose one of two courses: I can leave the Bureau immediately, or I can stay here and attempt to live down all hard feeling, and to remain altogether loyal to the Bureau. No one realizes better than I that the Department is not more than 50% efficient, and

no office is at present in much worse shape than our own. I may in time get discouraged at trying to make conditions better, and want to drop out; but that time has not yet come. Dr Galloway knew the defects of the system as well as anyone, and yet he did not want to drop out, and would not have done so, had his health remained good.

From all I have seen here, the only people who are sore at me, personally, are Swingle and I presume his crowd. Kellermann will treat me fairly, and I know Taylor will. But as I wrote you previously, it is a bit embarrassing to have the whole crown sore on my family. Particularly does this affect me as regards DF. He says Paul dropped greatly in his estimation when he came back here and attacked Swingle the way he did, and I know he will not forgive him for it. So it is just simply a matter of doing what I have pointed out above, either dropping out right now, or staying here and making the best of the situation, which is not, after all, as serious as I have perhaps made it appear in my letters. Everyone in the Bureau will, I am sure, treat me fairly; and if everyone is not friendly to the Kopencoe family in all its ramifications, I think they will be slow to take it out on me unless I myself give them reason for so doing. As to having a date ranch of my own, it is allright for you to advise that I be not dictated to on this matter; but when you do so, you are simply advising that I pave the way toward leaving the Bureau; for the moment I begin to disregard DF's wishes here and to go ahead along disapproved lines, that moment

I begin to lay the foundations for a change to California, or somewhere else. Of course, I may make such a change one of these days; I cannot foresee what may come up here and make it uncomfortable for me. Our Office is in pretty poor shape, and there have been frictions here that are disagreeable. I may be drawn into some of them, sooner or later, and I may also find that it is so hard to make the improvements we want that I will become discouraged and prefer to get out. On the other hand, if DF gives me gradually increasing authority, I shall probably stay. I think a year will suffice to decide me in the matter. I cannot blame him for not wanting to turn everything over to me immediately; here, as in every case where your boys are concerned, you overestimate my ability. I have no administrative experience whatever. Henry Allanson was anxious to get as much of the administrative work as possible into my hands, but DF is holding back on it for the present. Perhaps by next year I will be in shape to handle it. It is quite right that he proceed slowly; I might land him in a mess if he did not.

DF knows that Webber wants me badly, and he feels that you and Paul are desirous of getting me out in California. I don't think he wants to lose me, and I also feel quite sure that Dr Taylor approves of my work and wants to keep me in the Bureau. So I think my position here a good one, on the whole. The other day Bisset was going to move me out of this present room, next to DF, and put Dorsett in here when he comes back at the end of this month? I went to DF about it, along with Bisset? DF at first approved

the idea, and then I went up in the air. It is the first time I have ever come out flat-footed on any selfish issue. I told him that I did not want to ~~move~~; that I felt I ought to be near him, because I was to have the foreign work which was closely tied up with his, and was to receive the foreign visitors who come to his Of's when he is away? He finally, or rather, very shortly, came to my point of view and they have put Dorsett in another room. I suppose he will think it was a selfish move, to oust Dorsett from the room wh was formerly his, in my favor; but I could not help feeling that Bisset was doing it to get me farther away from the Chief's office, and in a less conspicuous place. DE assured me I was wrong in this, but other things have led me to believe I was not. Bisset~~y~~ wants to hold the reins, in so far as administrative work is concerned, and the whole Bureau is against his doing so, for he is not popular here.

I have, now, decided to lie rather low for the present, and let things come my way without pulling too hard to get them. If, after a reasonable time, they do not come my way, then I have the priviláge of quitting whenever I jolly well please.

Well, I gotta go to work.

Ever lovingly, W

Washn, Friday Nov 18 I reckon

1921

Dear Folks:

Awful Blow No. 1: I took my Quito overcoat to Footer's Dye Works, and they told me they could make it a seal brown. \$5.50. Yesterday I recd it, and not only is the color so dark that it looks like lamp-black, but the article has shrunk so that I cannot get into it. When I send you the shipment I am going to dispatch one of these days,

I will include it, and you can see if you can fit it onto any of your crowd.

Awful Blow No. 2. Went out to see Little Ruthie last night. She looks a complete wreck. Nervously overworked, I reckon. She is planning to leave here soon after the 1st of the yr and join Sargent Lije in Sto Domingo,--at Monte Cristi, to be exact. She says Lije was born in Tennessee, reared in Texas; she showed me a snapshot of him, but it wasnt clear enough to give me much of an idea of his physiognomy. But the hard part is this: She says she is dying for some one to dance with, and doesnt dare to go out with strange men now that she is married, and the Washington is an excellent place for dinner dances. No thank you.

I enclose Herb's questionnaire herewith, with the answers I can give offhand. I would like to hear from him as to what grade he gives me.

Day before yesterday there assembled in Dr Kellermann's Ofs myself, Dr Taylor, Dr ~~Taylor~~, Kellermann, Mr Gould, Mr

McGoon, Mr Darrow. Mr Swingle; and we had a sampling party, with the canned fruits I brought up from Chile. The Chilean strawberries attracted more comment than anything else. Moore dared touch the ripe olives, for fear of botulinus.

Paul, I have your letter of Nov 11, and contents noted. This date business might very easily pull me out of the Bureau if I allowed it to do so, and as I dont want to drop out just at this moment, I shall drop the date business instead. You cant serve both God and Mammon, and if I am going to stay here, I will have to keep out of this affair and, in general, follow the Bureau's wishes in regard to engaging in commercial date culture and so forth. I could, no doubt, remain in the Bureau and still go ahead with date growing, but it would make DF sore, and I dont care to stay here under those conditions. Either I am going to stay here, and keep on strictly good terms with everybody, or else I am going to leave the Bureau altogether and go with Dr Webber in California. For the present, I am going to see how things shape up here? Another year will pretty well show me whether I want to stick it out or not. The Bureau isnt run exactly according to our ideas, and there are various improvements which could be made in the management of S P I. But even Galloway, whom you all admit is strictly alright, could not reform the Bureau offhand and did not try to do so. He did all he could to improve things in our own office, and accomplished something, and if he had been able to stay on he would have accomplished a lot more.

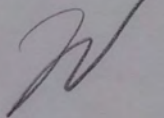
So far as I can see, then, the circumstances are about

by the crowd, or I can get out and go to Calif. I dont care to stay here and fight the crowd. I dont see what's the use.

Yesterday I had a long talk with DF about my future here. I told him I was willing to work under him as long as he was chief, but that if he should leave at any time, and someone else should be made chief, I should resign at once. He said he expected me to be chief eventually, but that he did not intend to let go for some time yet; that he expected to do some traveling, but would retain his connection with this Ofs. I told him that was okeh with me; that I had no ambition to push myself into his place; that I was satisfied to work under him indefinitely, but that I would not work under someone else from the Bureau in case he should go.

Well, I think I have said enough. I gotta go to work, anyhow.

Stacks of love from

A large, stylized handwritten signature in dark ink, possibly reading 'W' or 'W.', is written below the typed text.

Washington, 20 Nov 1921

Dear Folks:

I have to report, for the information of PP, my visit to the home of Sewall Wright, and my introduction to the spouse of the latter.

I went last night, together with Olson and Van Eseltine. The Wrights live in an apartment over the Cornell Cafeteria, one occupied by Helen Bennet until she married our Mr Granddall a few months ago. Mrs Wright, who is a native of Ohio, and has been teaching at Smith College, is passing fair to look upon, a trifle shorter than Sewall, rather light of construction, and has very pretty hair. She is very interesting, rather vivacious, and not unduly intellectual, tho amply so. Sewall says she was a specialist in fishes, but she takes to housewifery like Anus boscus to H₂O, for she turned out a dinner which was of excellent quality, and so abundant that not even we four hombres could dispose of everything. Unfortunately, she seems to be lame, and I noticed, what little I saw of her on her feet, that she walks with a decided limp. Aside from this, I consider that Sewall has done very well indeed, and most certainly a whole lot better than I ever imagined he would do. I regaled Mrs Wright with stories of Sewall's iniquitous life at the Willard courts, principally recounting his habit of living off baked potatos. But he seems to be ~~even~~ more domestic now than formerly, for he helped his frau put away

the dishes etc in good shape. Yep, I think Sewall has done very well.

Guess this is about all I have to chronicle. Recd brief letter from FOP, dated 14 Novr, yesterday I think it was. I will await my dress suit with impatience. I havent had an occasion to use it yet, but then, the season isnt really in full swing yet.

Went out to the Brownes night before last, and had a good dinner of beefsteak and baked potatos, prepared by mother B herself. She certainly treats me right; she can be friendly now without having her motives misconstrued, and she certainly makes me feel at home. She is talking about roping me in to take Tom to a dancing class Friday night; I wouldnt mind going, for I might make the acquaintance of some new girls there.

Havent yet decided whether I will go to church this morning, or for a walk in Rock Creek. If the former, it will be to Epiphany to worship with the neo-papists. When I told Pa Cooper not long ago that I liked the ritual of the Church of England he blew me up proper-like.

DF is in the other room, working, and all is quiet along the Potomac.

Ever lovingly

Washn, 22 Nov 1921

Dear Folks:

All quiet along the Potomac. Had dinner with thw DFs last night, to meet cousin Jeanne Bell, just over from Oxford; sister of Norah Bell, from whom she says she has heard of Paul. She's very English, and not only has her hair bobbed, but smokes cigarets.

Pablo, I didnt, and dont, want the big, 2 handed saddle bags wh you report as in the Coachella; what I wanted was their contents, or what were their contents at the time the bags arrived in Washn. These I have found done up in a paper parcel, with your handwriting on it, so I am satisfied, and the bags are yours. This leaves me, as I understand it, with one large pair of saddlebags in Calif, the ones I had made in Costa Rica, and whhave never been used; and you with two pairs, one small, and the other this large, badly used pair. I think you will find them handy.

PP, as previously written you, I have obtained further details re Lije Parsons. But whaddyuh mean, brother; dont you know that for Ruthie there couldnt be a mesalliance? Any kind is better than none. I think the girl is in pretty bad shape, nervously,--just about worked into the hospital. She plans to leave in Jan or Feb to join Lije at Sto Domingo, and after that doesnt expect to come back to Office life again. I hope for her sake she wont have to. She was never

very attractive, as you will bear witness, but as we knew her three or four yrs ago here in Washn, she was just about 75% more attractive than she is now.

I have the dress suit receipt, but not yet the dress suit. When you send parcels collect it might be well to address them to 329 Homer Bldg; tho I presume the Cosmos Club will handle the matter allright. Yes, I think my arrangement at the Club is pretty good, and dont expect to leave there this winter. I shall go to Calif on Apr 1, I think, immediately after delivering my lecture before the Natl Geographic Society (it comes on March 30 or 31) and probably have to come back here at the end of the fiscal yr, June 30; Ma Browne has offered me their house for the summer, while they are in Wis, and I may also have a chance at 1331. I would prefer the latter, because of the swimming pool, but it looks as tho I would get free summer lodgings out of one or the other.

PP, Ma Browne has roped me in to taking Tom to Dancing Class at somebody's house on 17th st, every other Sat eve for 8 evenings. I would do anything to oblige Ma Browne, of course; and besides, there might be some pretty girls there. As to our records wh Ma has, I note your memo, and will conduct myself accordingly. Right-o; those left with the Rosebuds are lost and gone forever. As I wrote you, I didnt get a very warm reception at the Rose's the evening I called, and I have decided to cut em in the future.

Father, I am pleased to note that the La Paz slippers are doing you so well. I thought they were a fine article, myself. I have a friend there thru whom I can get some more, and I think likely I will indent for a couple more pairs

later on. They have some of vicuna fur wh are particularly fine, but at 15 bolivianos, while yours only cost 6. Four bolivianos to a dollar at present, normally 2.

I hope you get the Coachella deal closed, and also that you can get Mrs Overholt interested in a desert camp, as outlined in the letter to her wh you sent me. As to my taking part, I have already intimated that Paul can use ~~my~~ money for the time being; then if I drop out of here within the next few yrs, which isnt impossible, I can let him turn over to me such interest in the property as we think commensurate with my investment. But for me to own a half share in the property at present would be bad policy, for it is no use for me to attempt to stay in the Dept and buck them at the same time; and DF is very decided in his statement that it is not desirable for me to own an interest in a coachella date farm, with Paul, at present.

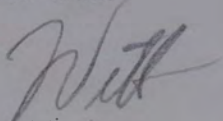
Dont think anybody has pulled the wool over my eyes; je ne suis pas si bete. I know, and have known right along, that DF was taking a pretty biased and decidedly unfair attitude in regard to my connection with this date matter. Dr Taylor has impressed me as altogether different,--he has not said or done a single thing which would lead me to feel that he ties me up with it in any way. But you know DF; he goes on his emotions, and he is sore over this affair, and will not soon forget it. It may be the entering wedge which will eventually separate me from this service, but I dont believe it will go that far. More likely he will gradually forget it.

I feel that I haven't had, in certain respects, an altogether square deal here; but I know that one never gets what he considers a square deal when he works for others. On the whole I am satisfied, and I am not yet ready to quit. I have told DF pretty plainly that I would not consent to someone else taking his place, and that I expected to succeed him; and that if I didn't, I would have to go outside where I could push ahead, for I should not feel satisfied, ultimately, with a position inferior to that of a chief of office in this Bureau.

I am young enough to wait a little while for this, and I think it is only natural that he should not want me to forge ahead too fast. It would upset his organization here, for the old timers would take it hard. Henry Allanson wanted to push me right in over Bisset, and have me acting in charge the next time DF goes away; but I think DF will bring Dorsett in at that time, to act while he is gone, for he knows that there is much feeling against letting Bisset do it.

But all this is politics, which interests me infinitely little; I am going ahead with my plant work, and my foreign contacts; and I always have the knowledge that if I get tired of seeing politics around me I can quit and go to California. And I think DF knows this pretty well, also, and is not forgetful of it; for he wants to keep me here, I am sure.

Ever thine



[Nov. 24]
Thanksgiving day in the morning
1921

Dear Folks:

I beg leave to intimate that youall probably do not fully appreciate the value of the Ecuadorean ponchos which I sent you. Hear me: I last night went to Miss Wimer's gift shop, The Brown Tea Pot, on Connecticut Avenue; she is a sister of Mrs Rorer of Guayaquil, and was down there last summer. She brought back a lot of ponchos and other Ecuadoriana with her, and has them on sale here. Well, sir and ladies, the 12 sucre ponchos, which is the cheapest grade of decent poncho available in Ecuador, and of which I sent you only a few, she sells for \$20 U.S. Cy. And I dont know how much she asks for the better grades, i.e., the 20 to 30 sucraponchos. I spose about \$30 or \$35 dolls. Anyway, youall havent a single pne worth less than \$20 by her prices, and most of em are worth \$30.

I wish you would send on my Aztec dictionary, which Allen Burleson sent up, and the few books I sent you from Ecuador or somewhere,--my Maya Grammar, the book on the Chibchas, and the copy of Maria. I need em in my business. Please asscept my sincere thanks for the dress suit, which has come to hand. I find it a bit small for me, unfortunately, but I reckon I can wear it. The quality of the material is far above anything I have ever seen in shops hereabout.

I have just packed a valise to send you tomorrow or

next day, as soon as I make sure there is nothing else to go in it. Mostly old clothes and a few things I want you to hold for me.

Going to eat Turkey and drink hard cider today with E L Crandall of this office, and wife who was Helen Bennett of the Cornell Cafeteria. I accepted the invitation on the latter basis. He invited me about two days after I reached Washn; since then I have had bids from Ma Browne, who took it pretty hard when I told her I couldn't come, and from Mrs Safford.

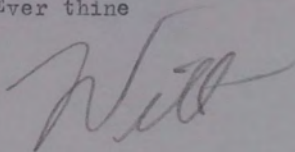
What have you all done about the bookplate? Have you had yours made? Probably I can just as well leave mine until I come home.

I am looking for Shamel to show up here early in Dec.

I have an invitation to talk at the Scarboro School, Scarborough on Hudson, and if I can work it in with my trip to Boston around the holidays, will accept. Otherwise nix.

Well, I'm going to do a bit of work before I go out to paralyse my innards. I suppose I will be hors de combat all day tomorrow, but I won't be the only one.

Ever thine



Item: I have found a copy of the Novbr St Nicholas, and read with interest and amazement the exploits of the Popenoe Bros. Tis distance lends enchantment to the view, and robes our adventures in an atmosphere of wild romance.

Item. I have secured a stock of the Manual from Macmillan, and find that I get them at \$2.60 each, wh isnt so bad. I have given copies to Dr W A Taylor, Allanson, W E Safford, and Blake; and sent complimentary copies to Charles Fuller Baker, W J Krome of Florida, and, by request, one to Robertson Proschowsky, in return for wh he says he will see that favorable revieww go into the French periodicals. I still have some 15 copies on hand. If you want any for your own use in Calif, let me know. What have you had to pay for them? I asked Macmillan if they would tell me when they might have to get out a new printing, and enclose their highly unsatisfactory reply. I dont know that I shall try to publish anything more thru Macmillans.

Sunday, Nov 27

[1921]

Dear Folks:

I have to acknowledge receipt of the shipment of books, which I am glad to have. Also receipt of three copies Report 1920-21 California Avocado Assn, for which please convey my thanks to the Secretary. I am now going to have a set of the first 5 Annual Reports bound for my bookshelf.

Had a good letter from Herb, which went to Santiago de Chile and returned to me yesterday. Recd quite a bunch of mail from Santiago, in fact, including three or four letters from FOP. I am glad Herb liked the Chillo suit; if it doesnt wear him at least two years, I'll eat it. Also had nice letter from Lucile, thanking me for a blanket(?) which she avers I sent her. I didnt know I sent it, but I am glad I did. Father, what was it that you gave her on my behalf, a poncho?

I find one Guatemalan blanket in the outfit here, a plain black and white one, wh Herb once used at the Willard Cts. When H and Lucile get married guess I will give them this one and one of the colored ones, that is black and white with colored border, wh I have in Calif. Have you heard anything yet from Cameron Townsend about the pair he is supposed to be bringing me from Gautemala? I dont reckon it is quite time for him to show up yet, however.

I will tomorrow dispatch to you r address one valise,

contents as per enclosed documentation.

enclose also a key to it.

There is not a great deal of valuable property in this shomnt, but a number of things too good to throw away. Herb, when you get low on suits again, send me word; I can nearly always shake down a genuine Chillo, G. Ruddoff, or J. Elias Endara.

Herb, tell Lucile I recd her letter and thank her duly therefor.

Went to a formal dance last night at the College Womens' Club, invited by Ann Jenkins, Cornell 1912, of Mrs Pattersons office. Ann already had a partner hisself, but hooked me up with a good looking young lady, about 1897 model, with whom I worshipped the goddess Terpsichore in correct fashion. It was one of these dances where they give you programs with 16 blanks to fill, and when you dont know a soul in the room, it keeps you humping to find your partner's partner for the next dance. Good social training, I suppose. I have never seen quite such uniformly consistent poor dancing on the part of so large a number of girls; out of a dozen wh I drew in the course of the evening not more than two danced even tolerably. I finally got my partner so she toddled fairly well, and things went better.

This noon I am going out to Brownes for dinner and to spend the p m. Washington life still continues to be one unbroken round of social activities. Allah is great.

We had a big talk here day before yesterday, Dr Fairchild, bisset and myself, and it cleared the atmosphere considerably for me. The chief assured me again that he wanted to break me in to the executive work just as fast as he could. I told him that was what I wanted, and that I was in no particular hurry

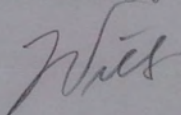
I told him, however, that I did not feel that he ought to leave me under Bisset's complete control when he went to Fla this winter, for the latter has the reputation here of being an extremely hard man to deal with, and while my own relations with him were excellent, I rather feared we might have a hard time of it in such a case. Of course, I told him all this before Bisset came into the room. When the latter transpired, he told Bisset that I was to act in charge of all foreign work, i.e., explorations and correspondence, in the absence of the chief, and he, Bisset, was to act in charge of domestic matters. This does not give me much of the executive work, of course, but I don't want very much yet. DF asked me if I wanted to act in charge of the Office when he went away; and said if I did, he would let me do so, but that he thought I would be safer to go slowly, and break in a bit first. And I think he is right. If I went over Bisset's head right now, he probably wouldn't attempt to make things easy for me, and I of course know practically nothing of the administrative end of the work. So as it now is, I will be independent in my own field; I have charge of all foreign correspondence and explorations, and supervisory charge of all office publications, as well as the receipt of plant material and the junking of things which are not sufficiently valuable to warrant inclusion in the Inventory. This is just about all I want to handle for the present, and I think I will now let matters stand for a year. I will learn the ropes as fast as possible, and whenever I feel confident that I can swing the whole thing, and can convince DF that I am ready for it, he

is committed to the policy of letting me assume the place of acting chief. I really do not think I ought to have this for a year or two yet; in fact, it means a whole lot of red tape and will take me off original work, and I still have a number of papers I want to prepare before I tie myself down too closely.

So I now feel as tho things are ~~in~~ about the shape I desire. I had to go up in the air a bit, and make a loud noise, before I got them that way.

Well, it is a lovely fall morning and I think I will go out to Rock Creek Park for a turn before I tackle one of Ma Browne's substantial and appetizing dinners.

Ever lovingly

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Willis".

in fact, I dont feel sure that the latter was a Bennett. I met Bertha Bennett at the Crandalls, and she is rather a lively lass. Helen is making Crandall a good wife, particularly in the culinary department.

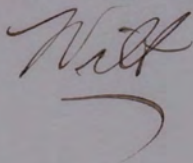
I recd last night copy of a long letter from FOP to Mrs Overholt, which shows that your negotiations are making favorable progress. Go to it. I also recd, in same envelop, a touching reminder of the days at 1812 Calvert St, ~~whix~~ with which I have done the needful. Also note on the immorality of modern girls, with which I will prime myself to worry the little dears here in Washn.

All of which brings me by logical steps to my last night's orgies. Mrs B inveigled me into taking Tom to a "dancing class", soi disant, at 1305 17th St, which is just off Scott Circle. So I went out to the B's from the Ofs last night, had the customary big roast-beef dinner, and started back with Tom. Reached the place at 8.30 $\frac{1}{2}$ found it to be a private school for girls, -Miss Eastman's school, - and about 15 young females between 16 and 19 yrs of age, assembled. There werent many boys~~s~~ st first, but at 9.45 a bunch from St Albans school came in. I was the only man above 22 in the crowd, but that worried me not a bit. It developed that the "class" business was a hoax; it was really an informal little dance, to give the girls practice at our expense. Most of them did not dance well, but four or five were quite passable, and by judicious manipulation of the program I managed to get along pretty well. Long about 10 a new girl came in, and I was introduced to her; yecept Sally Smith, but she could afford to be. Good Lord, but that

girl was fair to look upon! I says to myself, I gotta have a dance with Sal, if I have to lick the whole St Albans gang to get it. So I waited my chance, and when the Professor struck up a waltz I stepped up to Sal and invited her to accompany me to the throne of Terpsichorean grace, saying, May I have this waltz with you. Well, sir, hear me when I say that Sal not only fell right into my arms, but she put her cheek up against mine, and I walked off across the floor with a mouthful of the prettiest brown hair you ever saw! O Tempora, O Mores! The only trouble was, that Sal, in spite of her brief sojourn upon this terrestrial sphere, was a bit sophisticated, and not burdened with brains; so in three minutes I began to get aburrido (bored). Well, all I have to say is, a girl who is as pretty as she, and can dress as becomingly, and who dances in that manner, wont need to have any brains to be assured of a comfortable future.

Day after tomorrow evening I lecture before the Botaniker Gesellschaft at the Cosmos Club. Pray for me, wont you? Now I must go to church to expiate my sins of last evening.

Ever thine



Washn, Wed December 7 D 920

Dear Folks:

Last night I made my bow to the Botanical Society and occupied the floor for 45 minutes, after which L C C Krieger entertained us with a fascinating, gripping, and soul-stirring account of the History of Mycological Illustration from the Earliest Times down to the Present Day. Both Dr and Mrs Fairchild did me the honor to come to the affair and sat in one of the front seats, right alongside of me (before I lecturéd) After the ball was over we went over to Thompson's and had choc malts, while Daisy Bell gave me her reaction to the affair. I was on the whole fairly well satisfied with the thing, and so were they; but there is lots of room for improvement, and Mrs F is particularly interested in seeing me take the right lines for the Geographic lecture in March. We had a big crowd out last night; Safford is now president of the Society and made some complimentary remarks at the end of my talk. Swingle and Coville were not present, neither was Buck Taylor nor Kellermann, but the rest of the crowd turned out in good shape. I am rather sorry Taylor was not there, for I would have liked to have him see my picture; still, he saw the original photos and was duly impressed thereby, so I reckon I dont lose anything by his absence.

FOP's letters of Dec 1 and 3 duly recd. I dont know just what to suggest re Herb's traveling after he finishes

school. We cant do anything for him here, and I dont know, at present, just where he could pull down a free trip. In fact, I rather doubt the advisability of attempting any travel for him, --unless something unforeseen and very attractive turns up, --until a bit later on. I dont think we ought to put much money into it, in view of the fact that it will not really advance him greatly in his profesh, and of the fact that he went to Hawaii last yr at considerable expense. Also in view of the fact that he and Luz are just busting themselves to get married. As I say, however, if something unforeseen and good turns up, alright; and I will be on the lookout for such a proposition back here.

Glad indeed to hear that you have at last closed the Coachella deal. It looks to me, from all you have said of it, that it ~~xxx~~ is a pretty good layout, and I hope you will get Mrs Overholt to come in on the Desert Camp.

Shamel left yesterday noon after having a long talk with DF, in wh I will bet 50 cents to a knickel the latter urged him to prevent my friends in California dragging me out there to live. I feel pretty confident that DF wants to hold me very badly, and I also think he is a bit disturbed because he knows Webber wants me; and he knows that ~~xx~~ FOP and Paul are not altogether friendly toward the BPI and suspects, of course, that they will urge me to come out. So I think all in all, he would do a good deal to hold me here; and as I say, he even went so far, a few days ago, as to offer me the acting chiefship when he next goes to Fla, but I had what I believe was the good sense to turn it down.

the others, and instead of trying to help me they would rather take pleasure in seeing me run into snags, perhaps. So I would rather wait another year or more before I tackle so big a job. I need some experience first. And the way we have things arranged at present, and with the strength of my position here (because they need me and know it, and because I am strongly tempted to go to Calif and they know it) I am not afraid that anybody will try to override me. I will do just about whatever I jolly well please, so long as I feel I am in the right. It seems to be pretty well understood here in the Ofs that I am being trained to step into the active management of this Office just as soon as possible; the only question now is, how soon will they think it possible? Some of the old timers who worship Our Policies and that sort of thing are going to feel that it will take me 6 or 8 yrs to learn the ropes, but I dont believe DF harbors that delusion.

Father, dont buy any more copies of the Manual direct, but let me send you all you want from here. Advise me how many you require. Getting them at \$2.60 I feel that I can be fairly liberal with them.

I am glad you are giving me an opportunity to help in the matter of Herb's education, and enclose small remittance herewith. You have only to let me know when you need more. The bank is overflowing with my money, but the Hotel Washington and the other dancing hells of Washington are doing their best to help out.

This p m Oliver Olson and I are going to see Ethel Barrymore in Declassee, afterwh we will take Beatrice and Genevieve out for tea. Tomorrow night I shal inaugurate my dress suit by going to the N Y State Society dance. Saturday evening we go out again, and Sunday I lunch with the Secretary of the Legation of Costa Rica, and tell him what a beautiful, simpatico, and inexhaustibly wealthy country Costa Rica really is. Those boys never tire of it, and they can take it right off the bat.

I went to hear Hrdlicka last afternoon, at the Anthropological, on How the Earth was Peopled. He certainly covered a lot of space in a short time, and, to my mind, in a somewhat categorical series of statements.

Well, I must go forth and make friends.

Ever thine

Witt-

Enc check for \$100⁰⁰ You asked for \$60⁰⁰ + us the balance as you see fit.

Washington, Sunday December 11

09713

Dear Folks:

The weeks roll by pretty rapidly here in Washn. Sundays seem to come around pretty frequently. Next Sunday I shall start for Boston, to be gone two weeks. I guess you neednt bother to send me any mail up in that part of the country; I can wait until I get back. My plan is to spend one week in the vicinity of Boston, mainly with Auntie Downes and the Austins, and the second week, between Xmas and N Yrs, in New York. I find I am going to miss a lot of interesting functions here in Washington, but it cant be helped. Mrs Fairchild told me last night of two swell dances and one swell dinner to which I would get invitations if I stayed. I went out into the DF's for tea last night. I manage to get out there about once a week for the tea ceremony, and sometimes a second time for dinner. I suppose they will go to Fla about the middle of January. Daddy San came down from Baddeck last week, and will, I imagine, stay here until they all go down to Florida.

Thursday evening last, I went to the N Y State dance at Rauschers, with Little Anne Cooper. We didnt start for home until after 1.30, and by the time I deposited her at her door and got back to the car line, there seemed to be no service; so I hoofed it into town, and reached my humble abode at 3 o'clock. I'll never do

it again, as Doc Cook said about going to the Orpheum.

Friday night I slept from 8 to 8, and last night O. Olson and myself took the Provillion girls to a play, followed by an after-theater supper at the College Womens Club. Tomorrow night I am going to a Buffet Supper, with dancing, at Mrs. Charles Bell's.

I find I am beginning to get my ravenous appetite for society a bit satisfied, and I think from now on I will be able to do with a bit less night life. This first month has been one awful orgy, but I had to do it, I had two years of cussedness stored up and had to take it out on Washington society before I could settle down to lead a sober, righteous and godly life. But soon the New Year will be here, which, reviving old desires, the thoughtful soul to solitude retires; and I will have a try at it myself.

I have three lectures booked for January already. This morning I completed a paper on the Native Home of the Cherimoya, for the J of H. I must get offn my chest quite a few papers during the coming yr, before they get me tied down so tightly I cant do any more writing. My Office work is fairly heavy already

No, my dear Paul, she that was Margot Connor does not shine at the dances of the College Womens Club. She and her Ned live over in Virginny not far from the Fairfax Coat House, where Ned is said to be in the service of Internal Revenue, --chasing bootleggers maybe. But I am getting along tollable well with ^{out} Marg's presence,

thank you.

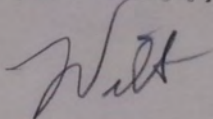
I think the Bedouin Camp would be a good name for your desert hostelry

Pablo, the Am Pomological is meeting right now out in Ohio, I believe. I havent been advised of any change in the committee on subtropicals, and assume that I am still chairman of the committee. I think, under these circumstances, that it would not be good policy for me to publish a check list of dates in which you do not conform to ~~S~~ingle's orthography of the varietal names. In fact, it would land me in hot water almost certainly. You ~~b~~etter publish it somewhere out there. Or, you can submit it to the Secy of the American Pomological, or to ^{LH}Dr Bailey, President, on your own account, and see if they want ~~it~~ to publish it. The only thing that concerns me, is that I shall not have a part in the matter.

Pablo, there are many more good places to eat, here in Washn, than there were in your day and mine. The only trouble is, all of them are high priced.

Guess thats all for today.

Ever lovingly,



Washington, Dec 18 1921

Dear Folks:

I'm off tonight for Boston. I have had an extremely busy week, trying to get all my work cleaned up so as to go away leaving things in good shape.

Well, well, Pablo: interesting news, that re little blondie and her pals. But if she didnt sing Good Bye Maw, Good Bye Paw, o sea Long Boy, why it wasnt worth the price of hadmission. And as to Grace Bennett, I hapologise, but reiterate that Bertha isnt fat. I dont reckon Grace is around here any more; at least I havent saw her. I dont know where she has went.ⁿ And as to Antigonon leptopus, it is one of the finest flowering climbers wh ever came out of Guatemala, just as you say. I'll look in the 2nd class box at the Cosmos Club for your mail, from time to time; I looked over the stock a few weeks ago, and found nothing for either of us.

Father, I have yrs of Dec 12, reed last thing last night. Yes, I dont think it was a bad plan to have DF talkw with Shamel, tho Shamel is a good enough politician so that he wouldnt say much. DF feels that they want me in Calif; Shamel told me himself that he thought maybe I ought to go back there one of these days, and I told him him I was going to give it a year's trial back here, first. And at the end of the year, if I thought it wasnt possible to do what I want here, I might consider something in Calif. I think it is of distinct advantage to me to have this California open-

ing hanging over the heads of the folks back here; not that I want to force them by this means into doing anything for me, but it isn't healthy, from my point of view, for them to think that they have me roped so that I will stand for just anything that they may want to put over on me. I am willing to stay by this work and put my life into it, if I get a thoroughly square deal; and on the other hand, I am ready to go to California if I do not get a square deal. I have told this same thing, in its essentials, to DF and Dorsett. I had a long talk with the latter just a few days ago, and told him thusly: Mr D, you know that I have come into this work to stay, and I have never thought of leaving it. But now I find myself at the turning of the ways, so to speak. There is a fine opening for me in Calif, the likes of which may not occur again in a long time. And here in Washn, I am leaving exploration work and taking up administrative duties in the Ofs. Now, if my future here is assured, I will stay by the Ofs, but if it is not assured, I think this is the psychological time for me to go to Calif and get into a piece of work there which has a big future before it. In other words, I don't intend to stop, in Washn, short of being head of this Ofs later on, and I think that I ought, soon, to rank next to DF. I am willing to stay under him indefinitely, but not willing to stay indefinitely under others in the office. If it is your understanding that I am to have this sort of a position here, I would like to know it. Well, he assured me that it was his understanding, and that I would have it just as soon as I got enough experience in the executive work to handle it. Of course, he is very conservative, and may not

want me to push ahead as fast as I myself would like; but on the other hand, there is practically no one else here to do the thing, and I believe I can work myself into it just as rapidly as I feel confidence in my ability to handle it. I am satisfied with my present status for the coming yr, if things remain shaped up as they are at present. One of our difficulties is that DF has an innate objection to clear-cut lines of authority, and this Ofs has never know just who had charge of what. DF told me only a short time ago that he did not believe in prerogatives, or the delegation of authority. I dont believe, seriously speaking, that he is at all good as an administrator or organiser, and it may be rather hard for this reason to get things lined up in just the way we want. But on the other hand, the rest of us, mainly Dorsett, myself, and Henry Allanson over in the Chief's ofs, want to see this work more clearly mapped out, and definite lines established. I think we are going to put it over.

Father, as to the date business. I have noticed on several occasions since I came home that DF is considerably more irritable than he was five yrs ago, and inclined at times to lose his temper and say things wh I think he would, later, gladly retract. I imagine when he got to discussing the date matter with me he rather blew up, and said more than he would otherwise have done. No one else has spoken about it to me with half so much feeling, and Daisy Bell has never even mentioned it. I dont think DF even likes to speak of Paul any more, but Mrs F does not take the matter so seriously. I believe we can let the whole thing drop, so far as I am concerned. I dont like to have DF feeling toward the family

the way he presumably does at present, but I reckon he will get over it in time.

I sometimes find that when I argue with DF regarding a matter, he will take a position opposed to mine, and then when it is all over, and most likely he has beaten me at the argument (for he is more skillful than I, and never lets himself be driven into a corner) he will quietly come around and do the thing that I wanted. I feel that my position is a strong one, and I am not afraid to stand up for what I want when I feel that I am on firm ground. I have done it several times this past month, and shall continue to do it.

I think I have a staunch friend in Dorsett. He likes me, and wants me to be the future head of this work, and will, I think, back me to be Acting Chief within two years. With DF away so much of the time (and probably increasingly so) this position would be a very interesting one, and all that I desire for some time to come. Dorsett is fair and square, and will tell me to my face the same things he says to others behind my back. He hasnt the breadth of view which would be desirable, but that isnt his fault.

Well, I must do some more work, and then go to Church. I'll try to drop you a line from up Boston way. Hope you all have a very Merry Christmas.

With heaps of love

Will

I asked Betty to send on that corte of fawn-colored wool cloth I got in Ecuador. I want to back my vicuna rug with it. I guess you know what it is, and I will be obliged if you will send it by mail to Cosmos Club as soon as the Xmas rush is over

Canton Mass^{ts}
24 Dec^r 1921.

Beloved Folks:

Here I am, taking life easy and looking out upon the snow-covered New England landscape; and trying to imagine to myself what you are doing at Altadena, this day before Christmas, and what you will be doing to-morrow. I shall pass the day quietly here with Auntie Downes, probably going to service at mother's old church in the morning.

Christmas is two days this year not one; and on Monday I am going over to Wellesley to dine with the Herb Austins. I came from there yesterday morning, after a three days' stay.

First you must know that I called on Victor M. Cutter, the new Pres. of the United Fruit Co., the other day, and had a good talk with him. He knows of all the work I have done in their tropical divisions, for he goes down here often. He said to me as I went
completely won the manager

of our tropical divisions" wh of course made me feel pretty good; and as I was about to leave, he said that if I would let him know at any time I wanted to go to any place touched by their steamers, he would see that I got free transportation: that I could repay them by making reports on certain phases of their work when down in the tropics.

So I reckon I will be able to visit Guatemala again one of these days. What I would like to do is to get ready a bunch of mangrove trees and take them down to Costa Rica and plant them on the U.F. property. Maybe I'll do it some day.

Well: to proceed: I got up here on Monday and went out to Herb Austin's. He lives not far from the Wellesley station. We all went into Boston one night to dance and the theatre, and night before last to a dance given by Mr Babson for his staff. The Babson outfit is making so much money that they don't seem able to spend all of it. I'll maintain a hospital with

two nurses, dentist and so on, for a staff of only 200 people.

I've been having a good time with the Austers - they have introduced me (with malice aforethought, no doubt) to a very attractive young lady, and I'm going to dine with all of them tomorrow.

Auntie Downes place has not changed since Paul and I were last here. She herself is getting pretty feeble, however. She seems very glad to have me here, for Annie left her last year, of course, and she is very lonely I imagine.

Dad, your letter of Dec 16 was here when I arrived yesterday. I can't get the avocados (Lindas) sent up here, as I shall probably have to go to N.Y. on Wednesday morning. I fear they may spoil before I get them, but we shall see.

Auntie Downes has two or three very interesting pictures of mother. One of them I don't recall having seen, but I presume you have. She says she wants me

to take any I care for, as she won't leave
use for them much longer.

I find it quite refreshing to get out of
the office for a few days. I think I
must do it fairly often, - if I don't, I'm
going to kill my poor self.

I hope you all have a jolly Christmas; but
save a little of the celebration until I get
home in April.

Ever devotedly yours
Wilt.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN
NEW YORK

Dec. 28 1921.

Dear folks:

Just came down from Boston,
much against my will, after
having a big row with Ruth
Parsons nee Bowman, over the
phone, because I failed to go
over to see her at Winchester.
She met me in Boston, for lunch,
one day, and I had to take
her to a matinee afterwards:
not result - I swear I would never

again put myself in a position where I might have to spend money on her. Regular sponge, that's what she is.

Well, I had a quiet time, and lots of cocoa shells, out to Auntie Downes'. Why she drinks an infusion of cocoa shells I don't exactly comprehend: it's an awful waste of good cream. She is getting old, and feels it. Her heart is fluttery, and I imagine she might go any day, tho' the chances are

that she will last a year or two yet. That you is no model, and not acts -
gotten reconciled to the botanical act.

Auntie I gave me a lot of her father
of our family - all ones of grandpa
Bosman, Dan and myself as ladies,
and a couple of mother. She said she
wouldn't have me for them much
longer. She says them home when
I come, and see if you have them

all in your collection.

I went to the old church in Canton,
and Abner Marse showed me the
Bowman pew. It was Christmas
morning, and a light snow falling -
the ground already covered with 3 or 4
inches. I was glad to see the snow -
it made it a real New-England
Christmas. We had a fine dinner
chez Auntie Downes - she does

HOTEL ALGONQUIN
NEW YORK

but have a satisfactory cook
now - and sat about all p. m.
while I told travel yarns.

Monday I went over to the
Austons at Weedsby, and we
had another Christmas dinner
with 11 people present. Big
turkey and all the trimmings.
I went back to Canton again
at night, as Auntie Downes

seemed anxious to have me there.
Yesterday evening I took the
Austins and Sophie Hopkins
(you don't know her, but I do)
to the Rathskeller where they
have a genuine 7. new Great-
smalen marimba, and we danced
and danced with great eclat.
I went home with the Austins
and came in town this
morning in time for the 10 am
N.Y. train.

I feel fairly well ac-

quainted with Boston now, and like
it. I've had a good time up here
I am now I go to Brooklyn to
attend the all-day meeting of the
Magna Society. I have 15 recipients
along, and am going to talk on
"Regrowth of Regrowth in Regrowth"
at Greatman's Meetings. I've
just been in to our meeting,
and so at the Harvard Club

(a swell place) only a few doors from
here.

Expensive business. this traveling about
when back Dan isnt paying the bills.

Heaps of love from
Wilt

Later. Just phoned Bloomingdale to get
Karl, and they tell me hes moved to
Boston.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN
59 to 65 West Forty-fourth Street
New York

FRANK CASE

30 Dec 1921.

Dear Folks:

We had the big all-day sessions of the Maya and Anthropological Societies in Brooklyn yesterday, about 50 present, of wh only 20 were members of the Maya Society. Membership is limited to active workers in the Maya field.

My triples provoked more discussion than anything else at the meeting.

We had a Dinner last night, followed by a business meeting at the Explorers Club. I have just been elected a member

2.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN

59 to 65 West Forty-fourth Street

New York

FRANK CASE

of the latter, and it was my first visit to the Club rooms. They are moving, next month, to a new house wh the club has bought. The membership is not large, and very select; I feel quite tickled to get in. I have met Stefansson, the president (he is an arctic explorer) and had a couple of long talks with him.

Today I went with Spindler out to the Museum of Natural History, and called on several of "the boys". I have had numerous inquiries re Paul.

I met Ned Hamilton here

HOTEL ALGONQUIN

59 to 65 West Forty-fourth Street

New York

FRANK CASE

at the hotel this morning, and he invited me to dine with him tonight. Mrs Gulick was with him: he says he is staying here now.

x x x x x x

Have just had dinner with Ned: he is in with a group of young fellows who are putting vitamin-containing foods on the market. Kitty is across in N. J., not far away.

I am going to Cold Spring Harbor tomorrow. Mrs Harris says Dr has gone to Toronto, but may be back tomorrow night. If he does not come, I will likely return and go down to Wash. tomorrow on the midnight train; if he does come I hope to stay there over Sunday.

Much love from
Witt.