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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.

Embassy APO 285
Whitely - conference 15

Madrid, March 30, 1959.

Dear Mrs. Popenoe:

Many thanks for your two letters of February 15 and March 4. I had delayed answering because I wanted to report that the package had been received - and it was, today. It would have done your heart good to see the shine of excitement in the girls' eyes today when I called them in to see and claim their Guatemalan finery! All have asked me to thank you and to their expressions of appreciation I add my own for the lovely piece of material you so kindly sent me. Its so very pretty. I've already repacked the items you are sending to Miss Garzón and will mail the package tomorrow.

Spain has been gusty, gray and awfully cold for the most part but I've paid two visits to the Retiro Park for the pleasure I derive from looking up into the trees and seeing the light green fuzz showing on the branches which have been so dead for months. Early in February I went with friends to Mérida, on the Portuguese border or nearby, I should say, for a delightful weekend crawling and clambering over the well-preserved Roman Ruins. I took my first color slides and they have turned out perfect - though I must confess that friends took the light readings, etc., for me! We stopped en route at Talavera de la Reina to visit the ceramics museum and I just loved the little parks with multi-colored tile benches. The almond trees were in bloom and lent color, ever so delicately, to the green landscape of Extremadura. We also visited the Guadalupe Monastery which proved interesting indeed.

Over Washington's birthday I went with my office chum, Pat Chatelaine, to Córdoba. We flew Aviaco and everyone said we should make our wills out but we had a smooth flight and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of our stay in the Ciudad de los Califas. We left little undone, having visited the Mosque, the Jewish quarter (this fascinated me) and Julio Romero de Torres Museum, the Casa de los Marqueses de Viana, the Convent where Christopher Columbus was introduced to Queen Isabella, several of the churches, etc.

More recently I spent a weekend in Gredos. I just wanted to walk about in the snow for what may be the last time - Heaven only knows whether I'll get something good or Rangoon! Not that I particularly care what I get! There's bound to be something good and interesting wherever I go.

Have been to see a play "Ejercicio para 5 Dedos" which is a translation from one currently successful in London. It is rather profound, dealing with complexes and all manner of tensions and undercurrents within a family. The acting was very good. Last night I had the treat of the year, tho, when I went to the Zarzuela to see Antonio, no less. I had only heard of the man and expected the show to be good but it was superb! He and his entire troupe are wonderful and the well-dressed, otherwise sophisticated crowd applauded him and said "Viva el Arte!" and "Olé" before and after his performance. I hope to see him once more during his tour here. How you would have liked it!

Have been to a couple of new restaurants: a Pizza place run by an American, very clean and the food is delicious, and "La Parrillada" on Jardines, 25, near Peligros. It is a steak place. The waiters wear Gaucho costumes and the steaks are brought on small braziers to your table. Served on a plank instead of a plate.

Biggest news, though, is that I flew down to Rota, courtesy of Ambassador Lodge, to meet Ashley whose ship remained in Cádiz for two days! Everything was wonderful. I was escorted from the airstrip to a waiting Navy station wagon (was met by a Marine Corps Lieutenant) and taken the 30 miles right out to the dock to Ashley's ship. Unaware that his mother had "inside information" and had travelled there to see him (the boys themselves didn't know their destination until they arrived in Cádiz) he was out on liberty looking for a telephone to call me up in Madrid. We had a wonderful reunion and the Captain graciously gave Ashley a pass to stay at the hotel with me for the two days. He looks fine, is happier than I ever knew him to be and is full of wholesome plans for the future. I still can't get over having seen him in his snappy in his uniform. We did all the sightseeing to be done and mostly sat in the sun at the usual Plaza de Independencia or what-have-you.

I'm back at my old desk again, the Ambassador's permanent secretary having come to take up her duties. Too late I found out that the job was entirely manageable, that I put in no more overtime than I do where I am and that it was only a matter of organizing the work. The Ambassador said one evening that if he had known that my reason mostly for not returning to Spain for a second tour was that my boss had said I couldn't expect a promotion, he would have obtained it for me by having me as his secretary. He seemed, as before, well pleased with my work. I don't feel badly except that my time in this wonderful land is coming to an end but perhaps some day, some way, I'll make it back to Spain.

I've heard the unhappy rumor that the W's are getting a divorce and only hope there is no basis for this. The same girl I mentioned before seems to be the cause - that secretary. Incidentally, I referred to Joe Silverthorne in that last letter and thought you knew.

My roommate is getting married so am taking a tiny apartment in the same building to live out my time here. She and her husband will remain in the large one I have been in which is sensible. Its no headache to me to make the change and I will probably enjoy the new responsibility.

Honduras continues to have its problems. My brother finished Dental School and has been appointed to do Servicio Social in Trujillo for 8 months (regulation) before he can apply for his exams and reading of his papers. I'm very happy for him.

No more for today. My love to both of you and please write when you settle down from that trip to Caracas! How I envy you all the travel!

Martha
I hope your daughter is better.

Madrid, August 4, 1959.

Dear Mrs. Popenoe:

Had held up answering your nice letter of July 8 because I wanted to let you know about Ashley's visit. He finally got in at 4:00 a.m. of Wednesday the 28th, looking wonderful in his tropical uniform, and apparently pleased to see me again. Although we had hoped for 10 days, he only was given four and I'm thankful for small blessings. He was delighted with the Grundig, played records over and over again, relished the home-cooking (I even baked banana bread for him) and all in all had a good time. The Marines had us over to dinner, I gave a small party so he could see old friends and meet the newcomers and we even fitted in a trip to the Valley of the Fallen which he missed last year and which I consider a "must". We had lunch on the terrace of the Felipe II and a dip in its beautiful pool. It wasn't easy to say goodbye - never is - but am consoled in the knowledge that I shall see him again in the Fall.

Haven't done any sightseeing outside of a weekend trip to Salamanca which I thoroughly enjoyed. They speak the prettiest Spanish I've heard in Spain, were hospitable and very good looking I thought. Salamanca itself is interesting and beautiful. The view as one approaches, with the Tormes so languidly coursing by, was breathtaking and I hope my slides turn out well. Visited the two Cathedrals, the University where I saw the statue of Fray Luis de Leon whose writings I have enjoyed so much in past years. The heat everywhere was intense and since the drive there is rather monotonous, the road for the most being almost a straight line as soon as one leaves Avila, I felt that the sightseeing should stop there. I go to San Sebastian on the 17th for two weeks with the Ambassador and on my return here September 3 should start packing. Regretfully but nevertheless, shall have to. If you can think of anything you want from Spain, let me know. I still don't know where am being sent but should hear in a day or two and fear it will be Latin America so shall surely get to Honduras.

About your kind offer, I would indeed like to get 1 piece of light blue skirt material with white embroidery, 1 piece for skirt in a bright color such as orange or, preferably rust, and a tablecloth and napkin set for 6, either in red with white embroidery or some bright color. If you could air-mail this to me I can still get it in Madrid and please let me know - no, I enclose a blank check for you to fill in to include postage, etc. and I do appreciate this so much. Have wanted that tablecloth for ages.

Had an announcement from the Willaers on their son's wedding and am very happy for them. I hadn't heard about Mrs. Presley and her business here; so many people who knew them have left. If I hear anything I will let you know. The Erwins are well. Mr. Erwin writes me frequently, always asking for news of you and Mr. Popenoe. He wants to come over to Spain on a visit but apparently can't make it until December and I won't be here to show them around. Mrs. Erwin is now well enough to travel and I would love to play hostess.

I know that you will be happy to learn that I've been promoted again! No one was more surprised than I when the Department's bulletin of July 22 brought my name among the 30-odd Foreign Service people the world over who made FSS-8. It is quite a high position and I am very grateful to those who selected me. I think I'm indebted mostly for this last action to Ambassador Willauer, whose last report on me must have weighed heavily before the panel. Ambassador Lodge here gave me a terrific rating, as the Inspector recently read it to me and my own boss didn't do badly by me.

I personally was disgusted by "The Ugly American". True there are officers in the Service who are aptly portrayed in the story. True there are bungling politicians. But this is not pertinent to the Foreign Service or the Department alone. True that there is a breed of officers so fearful of missing the promotion list that they defeat their purposes and are of less use to their country precisely because they sacrifice initiative and courage, toe the line put down in books written years ago. And no number of books gives the answer to every last little question that arises in the course of a day's work. It is also true that there is much bungling in the carrying out of our foreign aid and that the Russians are craftier than we are - because we are honest and don't beat around the bush. The Russians are much more thorough and I agree with parts of the book such as that depicting the manner in which the Russians are prepared for the job in a foreign country. All in all, however, our officers are a dedicated, conscientious, intelligent and for the most part highly educated group. Class consciousness, generally instilled by the wife who is trying to climb, is one of our banes and is opposed to our nature as a democracy. I have found, however, that those who are really important people never pull their rank. I disagree heartily with the book insofar as the plush life secretaries live. Certainly we get to visit wonderful, interesting countries. And in Taipeh an Embassy car did call for the secretaries at their homes. Also in Taipeh those secretaries lived hours of anguish during the '57 riots when the Embassy was broken into by a Communist mob. The girl I used to room with was one of those girls. She spent something like 5 hours in an air-raid shelter, avoided having a broken skull when an Embassy Marine covered her head with his, took the club blow and later took the stitches. I remember Betty Waesche who came to Honduras exuding her Maryland farmer's daughter rosy health, resigned and left after paratyphoid had caused her the loss of her hair and a blood clot that left after-effects for years later. I've really gone on, haven't I?

No more for now. Love to both of you and will let you know what my near future holds, as soon as they bother to tell me!

Martha

Madrid, Spain, September 9, 1959.

Dear dear Mrs. Popenoe:

carlin ovanente
Your most welcome letter of August 31 was awaiting me when I returned Sunday night from summer duty at San Sebastian, where I stayed for 21 days. It was as beautiful as I remembered it and the Lodges couldn't have been nicer to me. In fact, rather than allow me to take the train up there as is customary, Mrs. Lodge and Beatrice had me drive up with them in their new Mercedes convertible thus giving me the opportunity to see more of this wonderful land and particularly, the Cathedral at Burgos.

While in San Sebastian a cable came thru with my new assignment and one of its good aspects is that I'm pretty sure to see the Popenoes there; Lima, Peru! Everyone is showering congratulations upon me for they say it is the choicest post in Latin America. No matter. I shall give it all that I have and as of now plan to love every minute of my tour there. I plan to depart Madrid about October 4 - my replacement arrives on September 16 and I have to show her the ropes - so next week I start packing! The thought alone serves to make me ever more regretful that I didn't take a second tour here!

Seriously, saying goodby to Spain isn't going to be easy. I already feel pretty much as badly as I did when leaving Honduras so I guess length of residency has nothing to do with it. I have made many good friends in the last year, both Spanish and American. This tour has taught me that in the Foreign Service we sooner or later come across old friends. Its the Spanish friends that I'm already missing and the city wakes up looking more beautiful every morning. There is little consolation either in the knowledge that one of the clerks in the Consulate here is on her second tour - the first was in 1936.....

My face is red; I did not enclose a check for all that material and it is much too much for you to give to me. Please tell me what I can bring you from here. Remember, I'll have all the weight available and that nice diplomatic immunity. I hope it gets here before I leave; otherwise, Pat will mail it to me to the States and many, many thanks.

Incidentally, Pat wants very much for you and Dr. Popenoe to call on her for anything you may wish when you come back to Spain. She could take your mail and do things for you. Her tour is up in September of 1960. She is a wonderful girl.

Its wonderful that Hugh was able to visit with you. I know how much fun it is and well worth the exhausted state they leave us in.

Ashley is in Norfolk, Virginia, where he is doing guard duty and says living conditions are quite nice. Also it is rather close to Washington, D. C.

I have no firm plans yet, all depending on how much time I can get to spend with Ashley and how soon they want me at the new post. As soon as I get all this straightened out I shall write you so you will know how it shapes up and we can meet. I would love to visit your home in Antigua but if Honduras in November works better, that it shall be.

No more for now as am going to write others telling of my new post so everybody can keep track of me! Mrs. Willauer's sister-in-law came to town with her husband (Gregg is the name) while I was in S. Sebastian and they are due in Madrid before end of this week. I'm going to try to show them around plus get a little something for Mrs. Willauer. I can't tell you how much I look forward to seeing everybody on my way down to Lima.

Muchísimo cariño to both of you,

W. A. R. H.

MRS Martha Sussmann
4071 Adams Drive,
Silver Spring, Md., 20902
December 10, 1964

Dear Dr. Popenoe:

It was so very kind of you to write that you are still trying to help my brother. I relayed the information to him but there isn't time yet for a reply. Dr. Guilbert always thought well of Oscar when he was in school. Perhaps something will work out and I certainly appreciate your help.

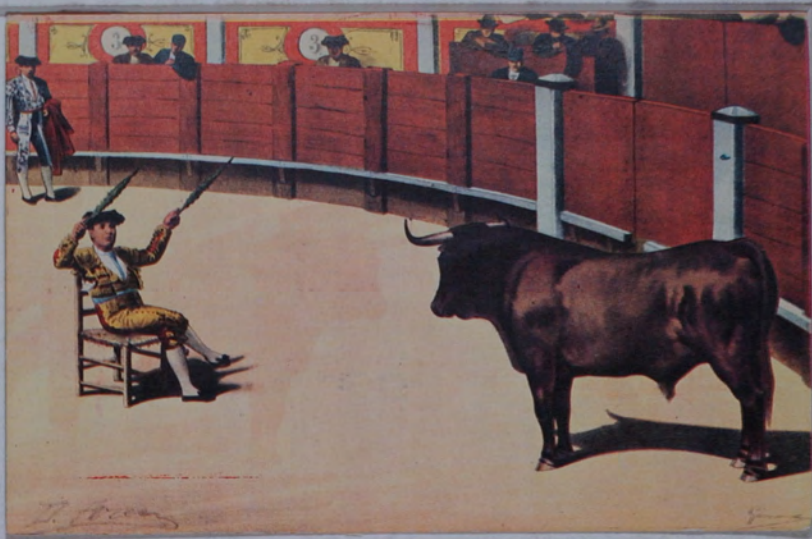
Am so glad that you are in the States for a while and do hope that before long you can get to Washington as it would be ever so nice to see you again. I often look at the slides taken in your beautiful home at Antigua and remember the lovely time you showed us. Leslie, my niece who accompanied me there, is now a young lady who is a joy because she has turned out to be a good reader and, therefore, an interesting little conversationalist.

Can't report much on myself. Its more a humdrum existence than anything else. Life in Washington is hectic but that doesn't mean one gets anywhere! I have recently transferred to a new job in the State Department - Fisheries and Wildlife - working for Mr. William Herrington. He wanted someone to run his office and I was elected. And I mean "run" in the sense of seeing that the mechanics go smoothly so that the officers can turn to the matter of using their brains on being relieved of details. I have been told that this job will include a trip or two and have stated my preference for going south which is where I can be most useful on account of the language. Heretofore they have had to get interpreters and it may be they can just take me along. I certainly wouldn't mind a break of that sort and will keep in touch if there is any opportunity of seeing you.

No more for now, Dr. Popenoe. I hope you have a real nice Christmas and that 1965 proves to be a good year in every sense.

Siempre,

Martha



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RESTAURANTE

Gayango

1967
Dic 6



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Please do try to get
over here! Its still
terrific! Progress, as
you will have noted,
has brought surrog and
a rush, but the charm
is the same.

Dr Wilson Popenoe
La Antigua,
Guatemala
C.A.
Air mail

Deposito legal M. 13 008
Ediciones Turismos, Madrid
ABILIO

1.º BANDERILLENDO EN SILLA

Marcha

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Louise - Many thanks for letting me see this. I am happy that Madtha can probably look forward to 25 years of comfortable living in here (and our) beloved Madrid. Wilson
(I better say 50!)

of comfortable living in here (and our)
beloved Madrid. Wilson

Madrid, July 12, 1970

Dear Mrs. Jackson:

This week, when I returned from a trip to Andorra and the Spanish Pyrenees, your letter of June 12 awaited me. It was good to hear from you, but am afraid I have missed the Popenoes and it would be wonderful to see them again. Perhaps they are in the south which I know Dr. Popenoe likes so well, and will return via Madrid.

I did well at the hospital, was released three days later and some days afterwards took off for Andalucía with my friends. We couldn't have been there at a better time. In early May the roses were blooming all over the place, some so large that they didn't seem real. The weather was just right and after a night in Granada and having been awakened by all the birds singing in the trees outside the hotel, we made another tour of the Albaicín and Generalife, and went on to Córdoba via orange groves which simultaneously had blossoms and fruit. We followed the Sunny coast and there were moments when it seemed to me the geraniums that spilled out from under the pines were going straight down into the sea. One of my friends had never been that way and she was a joy to have along.

We were fortunate in Córdoba to arrive there the night before the Fiesta de la Cruz. The city was all lit up and decorated; young people were out in groups clapping and dancing. I love Córdoba anyway, it always seems new and different.

Andorra was a disappointment; its too commercial, so we rushed back to Spain and I've been to many wonderful places. At one point we visited a Parador beyond which there is no road, only mountain and I understand France is on the other side. The view from the Parador was a mountain of boulders from which the snow hung in enormous patches and underneath it the water cascaded down into clear rivers where people fished for trout. Its another Spanish paradise for your next trip. We stopped one evening at Seo de Urgel where the wrought iron torch-holders still protrude from street corner walls from the days the city was lit that way.

In between trips I've been busier than ever. For one thing a young American professor of history who was in town needed to have six chapters of a book typed and for a while I was immersed in his subject - the life of Walter Lippmann. This involved philosophers going back to England and the U. S. in the 1800s and dwelled particularly on Socialism. Some chapters had up to 71 footnotes and this was meticulous work. The professor was so pleased that aside from paying me handsomely, upon leaving the city he sent me a lovely Spanish throw-rug. He said he will return to write the life of José Antonio and hopes I can do the typing for him. Then

there was an international congress on the Status of Women in Today's World and I was given the translation of contributions from several of the Spanish-speaking countries. This work is sent to me to my home and I do it at leisure. Aside from paying me so well that I haven't had to touch the annuity check, I get interested in the subject and whizz along. Subjects for the congress covered religion, family life, the working married woman, careers, history, arts. At one point I translated portions of the Costa Rican constitution insofar as equality for women. It was interesting and fun for I enjoy following the thinking of others. I got satisfaction out of reading all about the conference - opening session presided over by Mrs. Franco - and recognizing some of my work.

Evenings have been taken up with more and more flamenco on the lines of Antonio Gades whom you saw. We went to see Pilar López and her ballet company three times. Last Saturday we saw the stars of the Bolshio ballet who were fabulous, the oldest member of this troupe being 17 years of age. In time some of them will certainly be world famous. The summer festivals are on all over the country. Next Saturday we go to see the Romanian Ballet. In between we have seen some terrific experimental movies, all of them award winners, including a Brazilian one and Buñuel's "Tristana." Oh, yes. The pools are open and I go once a week and am quite brown. I'm blessed with wonderful people who let me into their lives and take me to all the good things this varied and interesting country offers. No amount of reading would have opened so many doors to me.

Two sets of houseguests are due now from the States and almost upon each others heels. I will, for a while, be helping them to discover Spain. Two of them have been here before and aside from Madrid, saw Andalucía. This time they go north and it will be a thrill. When my friends leave I go to Galicia, a favorite of mine and later in the Fall, to Portugal. By December I should pay Ashley and family a visit.

With all of these goings on I just don't know where the time goes. All of a sudden another week has disappeared and I often wonder how I managed to get things done when I worked. Though I always gave the job my best effort, this is a much more varied life and definitely more satisfying. I seriously doubt I could ever take on permanent work again and do hope I never have to work in an office! Organized hours just don't appeal any more!

Did you receive the boxes I mailed to Sally's address? I still have the receipt. Please remember me to Mr. Jackson, Sally and her husband. My very best to all of you.

Martha