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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.

John Martin - HP

Viscaya



more in Billings, and I don't know how long you  
got. Robert & Rose here. I go South if it gets later.  
At present Robert is well - he saw the New

show in last week's Maxim & Chauncey McCoin  
they had a very gay little party. He says it

will be a good year for each and says me - say  
"quiescere per - Agri - health" - is Tubercle & Venet.

I don't think a revival that will be out in the  
East you best but there is a book I want to

write. The Institute is going great guns under  
Chauncey - is a kind of spare, his other concern.

They give thank you - All the best to you. Are you  
Chauncey this way? How will look to see you. Apply Mary -

Dear Helen and Milton - A happy  
New Year from our home to your  
home. Our greetings are late  
because of a most ~~terrible~~ Rectis Rheumatism.  
Our summer in the North was unfruitful  
ing, our Alice & her husband with us  
for two months. Harry Regaton  
came and went - very busy in  
Washington on the Loyalty Review  
Board. Then in Nov he came down  
with hardening of the liver - afterwards  
of an old jaundice. He has been two  
months in hospital - they are trying  
the newest treatments, transfusions  
of liquid proteins & albumen, which may  
rehabilitate the liver. He has no  
family so we stay close, hoping hard  
for a miracle of healing. He is  
stronger, but he will be months

January 16, 1945

Dear Mrs. Popenoe:

You certainly are a sweet person to offer us your lovely house in Antigua and your lovely hospitality in Honduras, and I only wish we were writing we are coming right down and be a nuisance to you, but, as usual, everything is changing with us overnight.

I expect I shouldn't have written as optimistically as I did, because with the McCormicks one never knows -- Chauncey is involved with the Art Institute because he takes his work as President very earnestly; and Marion is waiting for a little grandchild to be born -- Roger's child -- and also is anxious to stay in touch with her son Deering in the East, because he may be sent overseas again. He was the one who was sunk on the Hornet. I told her about your lovely letter and she said, "Oh, let's go!" But I know she doesn't really feel she can make plans yet.

And as for me, I've gone and got myself involved with the Army in a mad plan to send me overseas to do some reporting for Collier's. It would be a whirl-wind trip and I feel I really can go on it because I wouldn't have to stay away too long from Herbert. I refused to be a correspondent before because the time element was indefinite and we have always done our adventuring together. But if this thing does go through the Army would get me around rather quickly in a bucket seat in a bomber, and I would see a lot of the places where Army women are working, which is what I am very interested in. It's all uncertain yet but they are having me take my shots -- cholera and tetanus and typhoid and about ten other things -- so that I am immune to everything except banana diseases.

If I got back in time we might still go South, but it's all terribly uncertain. Meanwhile I do thank you for your lovely letter and appreciate your welcome, and I don't know why I am considering a bucket seat in a bomber when I might be in your lovely Antigua or with you in Honduras -- except that my child is a Captain in the WAC and I want to do something about the WAC.

Marion McCormick wanted me to send her love to you. We are going to the theater with them tonight. And Herbert sends his greetings to you both. With ever so many thanks and good wishes,

Cordially,

*Mary Hastings Bradley*



[Feb 1945]

Helen dear, you are one of the sweetest persons ever made, to be so hospitable--offer us your lovely house and try to find a beach for us! I do thank you more than I can say. And I would like nothing better than to fly out to Zamorano and see you and the School and do a really good piece on it.---learn something about the boys and their backgrounds and futures and get some good pictures---but the Bradley plans change from day to day. So many things are happening to his clients that he was never busier---it takes a battle, these days, when an estate is being settled to save anything for the heirs! Fortunately his arthritis is not nearly as bad as last winter---every one says Herbert hasn't looked so well in years---so he feels he may not have to get away at all and, until these estates are settled, he must stay with them. That means all February here, certainly. My guess is that by March he may want to head for a beach and I imagine he'll go for Acapulco instead of Guatamala, because a beach is the only place where he sits still and really rests.

That one of Tela was one of the two most beautiful beaches I ever saw (the other was John McCutcheon's Treasure Island) and I don't wonder the Zemurrays have built there and bring friends and family---they ought to enjoy it. Herbert is really serious about wanting to buy a place on some non-touristy beach, and I think he had better settle down and learn Spanish and begin a survey! Me, I'd be happy as a lark to park my typewriter in one of your lovely courts at Antigua and grow fat on Maria's cooking but if he goes anyway I expect it will be somewhere near the water. I wish Acapulco were nearer Honduras, for then he could park there while I flew over and studied the school---I feel the world should know about that wonderful work.

If you are expecting Stedman from the Curtis Publishing Co., that means an article or perhaps it means you and "Wilson are doing books! I have a story in this month's Cosmopolitan and one coming out soon in the Ladies Home Journal and I am about to plunge into a serial for the Post, which is what the Post wants out of me---another mystery!---but Heaven knows when I will get it done. Chicago is much too social for writing but it will be quieter now people are going away. The McCormicks go in ten days to Honolulu---they wanted us to go, too, but it was too soon, for one thing, and too social for another--no cocktail routine for our holidays. We have talked so much about Africa that the Edward Ryserons are flying there this month for their holidays and we are afraid it won't mean as much to them as to us---you can't see the country just flying. But you can see something.

You certainly can't go to Boston without coming on to Chicago and we shall hope hard for you this spring---we have a guest room on the roof where you could be utterly private if you'd come to us--we'd like nothing better. The Institute is thriving but you know all about that from Helen Parker---I haven't glimpsed her for ages, but I'll be going in soon. Chauncey wants me to give my Sumatran cloths of gold and silver to the textiles dept. but I think my child has a priority---however I expect we can spare some of them. They are really marvelous things--the Field Museum has the only other real collection, for the Metropolitan had only three good pieces and I expect now the Japs took all there was. The old pattern, with the real metal thread, had not been worked for over a hundred years---too arduous for the modern Sumatran who used tinsel thread from Japan and when the tourists came they bought those.

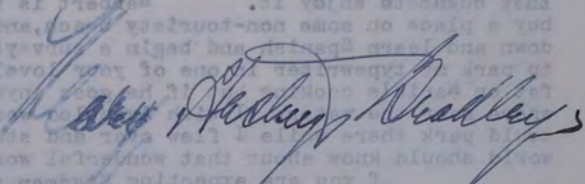
I am sending you a grim little book Road to Survival, which will interest you if you have not seen it---it might be a good thing for some of the boys at the school to read it. I have been asked to go on a wonderful trip this summer, London, Paris, Stockholm, Warsaw, Prague, Rome, Helsinki, to report on conditions--interviews arranged ahead of time etc--but I would have to be away from Chicago in July and August, and maybe longer

and those are the precious months at the Lodge when Alice and her husband can be with us, and I'm a human being first and a world-reporter a poor second--after all the world got along very well for a number of years before I met it! And nobody's report and nobody's speeches are going to influence things very much.

All our thanks to you for going to so much trouble about houses and beaches--and for your sweet invitation--and if there is any chance that I can fly down in March I will wire you wildly to ask if the time is convenient, but I expect I shall be staying put for a change. My hope of seeing you will be here in Chicago and do come both of you. Let us know in advance and I'll rally in the people you want most to see. Sally's going to Berkeley ought to mean a lot of visits, too. If she comes through Chicago I'd be happy to have her stay here and just treat this as a stop over home. So don't hesitate if she can use a place here.

Herbert joins me in greetings to you both-- and says he feels he put you to a lot of trouble, trying to discover him a beach!

Ever affectionately





[14th/19th, 1945]

Wednesday Morning

Dear Helen:

Well, here we are! The flight seemed unbelievably brief, the car was at the air port, the drive was full of fascinating glimpses of moon over sea and heights and depths and ox carts, we came to House in Antigua and Maria had a grand supper waiting, soup and hot crisp tortillas and meat and vegetables and such mounds of butter that I am sure you wrote that Herbert existed upon it! We slept like logs---we got up at seven and as soon as were fairly clad we opened the doors to the court and beauty and the three ducks courteously came to the threshold and asked after you. There were no letters here so I expect Clarks have sent them to Atitlan. Maria said first one telegram---Bradleys not come---second---Bradleys coming---I tried to explain the airplane difficulties and she laughed and shook her head over all travel. She is producing marvelous meals and the place is as lovely as I remembered.---Antigua is even more so for now we have a chance to wander in and out the places and not be whisked along---Chauncey was not a rambler. So much has been done on the San Francisco church since we saw it---the fountain wasn't there then. We roved about all day, then in the late afternoon your nice librarian, Senor Pelén called,---Herbert felt so well he quit his sulfa and today the cold is back in his sinus and he is back on sulfa and taking it easy in the lovely court with a book and I am writing in your husband's hide-out study, so my typewriter won't shatter the peace for him. Harry is already out, seeing more sights. He is fascinated.

This is a wonderful trip and the Escuela the High Point, and I think you know how much we appreciate all your kindness and care. After the airport, I feel the bond of having been through the war together! That school was really a revelation and I do hope I can do it justice. And I hope that Marion got her slacks started---she was so sweet about all the delay. We were glad to meet her---she is a lovely girl I often wish I could turn the clock back to the time when my child was fifteen and have the years with her again.

We thank you for everything again, and for the hospitality of your home here and we hope, more than we can say, that we-g-gnet can't say repeatedly can never all the things that you have done---but sometime be of real service to you and yours. I shall be terribly disappointed if you don't feel the garden bed room and the zebra bath are yours. And it was a joy to us to see you again.

With love

Harry

type letter from by Mrs. Condon



ROYAL HOME HOTEL  
GUATEMALA, C. A.

OTTO, CHEF DE CUISINE. PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

[April 5 1946]

Dear Helen:-

This is a very tardy note of thanks for the delightful days that we enjoyed under Maria's efficient care. My excuse is one that I should not have had if I had followed more carefully your advice as to food - but I did not, with the consequence that I had to cut short my stay at Stitlan, and come back to Guatemala City and the American Hospital. I got out yesterday after a siege of over a week and of course missed the trip to Coban. Mary + Herbert came back yesterday unexpectedly, but to my delight, naturally, having cut their stay short, poor dears, because of (unnecessary) concern over my condition.

We are going to Merida next Monday, and leave the following Friday for N.O. + Chicago, where, as you know we are all looking forward to welcoming you before too long.

The visit at your Antigua house was more than I had anticipated, and I literally



enjoyed every hour in both the house and the town. It was very generous of you to give us the use of it.

My best wishes to you both.

TEL. 12370

ROYAL HOME HOTEL  
GUATEMALA, C. A.

"Hasta Chicago"

H.A.B.

12 C. R. 21

OTTO, CHEF DE CUISINE, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

Friday Ap. 5, 1946

Dear Helen:

This is a very tardy note of thanks for the delightful stay that we enjoyed under the efficient care. My former a one that I should not have had if I had followed more carefully your advice as to food - but I did not, with the consequence that I had to cut short my stay at the hotel and come back to Guatemala City and the American Hospital. I got out yesterday after a stay of over a week and of course missed the trip to Colon. Mary + Herbert came back yesterday very pleased, but to my delight, not really, having cut their stay short, poor Helen, because of (unpleasant) concern over my condition.

We are going to Manila next Monday, and have the following tickets for N.S. + Chicago where, as you know we are all looking forward to welcoming you before the long the rest of your holidays have was more than I had expected.



MAYALAND LODGE  
Chichén Itzá, Yucatán, Méx.

April thirteenth [1945]

Hotel Mexida

Dear Helen:

I can't leave these parts without a little last line to you to tell you all is well-----we've had a delightful time. You know from Harry's letter that he had an upset, but he got good care in the hospital and he really is in wonderful shape now, climbing up and down pyramids----with difficulty we prevented him from scaling the Observatory on the crumbing outside! We felt mean to go up to Coban without ~~hit~~ him and when we did not hear from him we came down two days earlier ---partly affection, partly, he says, because the authorities were turning off the water and had turned off the lights! But we didn't mind that---we burned candles and did dipped out of basins. Poor Miss Rosita was upset, raging at the men in charge. Mrs Hempstead had had a fall and was ill the first days, then Mrs Clay came over and asked us down for seven that evening, and we would have gone----both to meet her and to see the house you had spoken of---but that was the day we got the chance to return on an extra plane they ran, and so we went, with messages of regret---Miss Rosita was a trump in helping us race off---she thought we were unduly concerned over Harry Bigelow but she understood. He just got out of the hospital the day we arrived and we thought he looked a bit shaken, at first, but he soon picked up, as I said. That Royal Home Hotel in Guatamala City on Thirteenth street is a really lovely place ---that Swiss who runs it, has everything under control and the food is fine. We have enjoyed every place, and been keenly interested into this dip into the past, Mayan and Toltec, but to me the high spot was the School, the living, moving present, and I am eager to get back to communications and see what can be done about it. We feel so appreciative of all the lovely things you did for us, and to Herbert---and to me, too----Tela will always the equivalent of Heaven! I'll send you a copy of whatever piece is decided on by the magazines (always supposing that McElroy hasn't glutted the market on news of the school) because I'd want you and Wilson to check on it before anything was printed. I'm making that speech to the convention of Associations of Commerce two days after I

and I'd like to see you if you are interested to hear a bit about this. Well, I'll

Mary  
 Wilson  
 Mrs. Clay  
 Mrs. Hempstead  
 Miss Rosita  
 Harry Bigelow  
 Herbert  
 Tela  
 McElroy  
 Wilson  
 I'd like to see you if you are interested to hear a bit about this. Well, I'll

Sunday the twenty second

LA April 22, 1943

Dr. Douglas  
Mrs. Bennett - Rocks

Dear Helen:

We left your lovely House with great regret----no sentiment in the guest book could express the pleasure we had there. There was a quality to that peace and privacy which spoils us for the tourist life And Maria was wonderful---she gave us the most delicious food, steak and chicken and there was one dish of macaroni and ground meat that I liked better than anything . We motored on to Casa Contenta---we had a bungalow to ourselves which meant Harry had a bedroom, we had beds in the former sitting room, no wardrobe, no hook, the patio a globe fish bowl, faces peering in windows---we stalked over to the dining room like victims going to the sacrificial temple, muttering "Casa Contenta!" The dining room was unbearable after the Casa Poponoe---they had spent forty five thousand on it, and had burnt <sup>wood</sup> beams, brick fire place, lions on the doors, every proportion wrong---after lunch the men dashed down to this hotel and by a miracle found two rooms vacant, on the upper veranda with bath each, and long distanced Clark 's Tours to change us, and were moved by the middle of the afternoon---this veranda is right on the lake and life is very peaceful. And the food is good here---no tummy trouble with our Harry as in Mexico. We have made two lake excursions and are burnt to a crisp----we are so rested I am honestly bursting to get to work---you have just spoiled us with the comfort and privacy of your homes in Honduras and Antigua and I do need privacy in which to work.

People have just come out in front of their rooms so I'll slip my type writer. I'll have to go about a room on Pullman slipper I tossed in or near the waste basket - I thought I had tossed both away - I admit - and just finding me mayhap. I wore <sup>them</sup> on the trip - I thought it a good idea to use up an old pair. - I am eager to know how my film comes out - Helen, I can't tell you how much I enjoyed our time with you - even the Pan American part - and how warmly we appreciate all you did for us - it was our best 6 yrs. in Palm - <sup>unforgettable</sup> -



May 21, 1946

*Pl Valley*

Dear Helen:

Here is a letter from Harold Ober, my agent, and I am terribly sorry not to have given the Post what it wanted about the School. I don't quite see what they do want. I gave them a description of how it was built and why, and how it was run and all the facts you gave me -- evidently Louis Adamic did the same. But I am certainly willing to work at it till I get something the Post does like. I have written them to be more specific as to what they want. Would you want to send me up something about the "personalities" of the faculty and boys? I'll send you down a copy of my article if ever I can get one made. I meant to do that before but I just haven't had time to get it copies. With all the writers flocking down upon you, you certainly ought to have something good in print about that School. It is such a wonderful School and you are such wonderful people there. I expect I ought to have stayed a little longer and gotten more local color but I just didn't want to bother you too much -- you were so sweet and hospitable but there were three of us and Harry Bigelow isn't easy to plan for with his different hours for meals.

Honduras seems like a heavenly dream to us now, for Chicago is a worse rush than ever. Bruce Gould, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent Sir James Waterlow, Amalgamated Press, on to me and two things Sir James wanted were to meet Marshall Field and Colonel McCormick. And Colonel McCormick is certainly a difficult white rabbit to pull out of a hat. I got Sir James next to Marshall Field at a luncheon and then I got Ellen Carpenter to give a dinner and have the Colonel and his new wife, and I brought the Englishman, and Ellen asked about sixteen others to soften the impact, so it all went off rather well, though the Colonel had had an especially bitter blast in the Tribune that morning against Britain. Sir James is a conservative so he didn't bother the Colonel too much, though McCormick informed him that we had the only free, the only honest government in the world!

Tonight I am a distracted hostess for a dinner at the Casino to welcome Chauncey and Marion McCormick back from England. He is to speak on Spring in England and tell about the British Art collection loan.

My child was promoted to be a major before she left the Army and the first thing she did as a civilian was to spend all her war savings on a vast picture by John Sloan. We haven't seen it yet, but we are to store it for her. Dan Rich tells me he doesn't share her enthusiasm for Sloan, but she says he will when he sees this. She hopes the Institute will want to borrow it. Chauncey, as president, is the most wonderful illustration of the right person in the right place that I know. He and Marion wanted to know everything about the visit and both of them send greetings to you and your husband.

You were so sweet to ask us back and if no good article is done about this School, next year perhaps you will let me come back and get more material. Meanwhile, we hope some lucky chance will bring you and Wilson here.

With love,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Mary", followed by a horizontal line.

HAROLD OBER

*London Address*  
FORTY FLEET STREET



*Cable Address*  
LITOBEB, NEW YORK

OFFICES: 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

May 15, 1946

Mrs. Herbert E. Bradley  
5344 Hyde Park Boulevard  
Chicago 15, Illinois

Dear Mary:

The Post is interested in the idea of the FARM SCHOOL IN HONDURAS, but they returned it to me with the following note:

"I return, herewith, Mary Hastings Bradley's piece, FARM SCHOOL IN HONDURAS and, under separate cover, I'm returning her photographs to you. As I told you yesterday, Louis Adamic tried a piece on the same subject a few weeks ago, which failed because he wrote largely about the physical aspects of the school and little about the personalities of either faculty or student body. It seems to us that Mrs. Bradley's article falls down for the same reasons. To us, the real story of the school would be done in terms of the students. I'm sorry that the project did not work out more successfully for us."

Do you feel like taking another try at this story? Of course, it might result in their turning it down again.

Sincerely,

HO:ALD





# HOTEL "PAPAGAYO"

ISAURO FLORES A.  
GERENTE

ACAPULCO, GRO.

Tuesday, March thirtieth [1908]

Signed  
me

Dear Helen'

Well, here we are, down in Acapulco, and it seems eons since I have written. This was a hectic winter. We thought it would be wonderful because Herbert was all over the operation of last winter, and was going to enjoy himself, and then he came down with spinal arthiritis, in the back of his shoulders, which gave him ghastly headaches and jaw aches and back aches, and he tried everything in Chicago radiathermy, diet, etc etc, and finally, as soon as he could get away from the office, we hurried to Brownsville, where he had friends, the Kings, on a ranch---for years he had read the temperature of Brownsville every morning in the Tribune and said it was the hottest place in America. But Browns-ville did us wrong.

It had the coldest wave in thirty years. We had meant to motor into northern Mexico, to San Miguel, but that was cold, too, so we abandoned the car we had arranged for, and got on the Pan American and here it is Hot and just what he needs---he's been away about three weeks and he's going to stay a week more. We have lovely rooms in one of the hotel bungalows and eat at the hotel. Great changes since we were here four years ago---roof garden and night club life but that doesn't affect us, in our quiet cottage. This is next best to Tela. Never was there such a joy as Tela. If we could only buy a little place on that beach and not be an imposition on the dear Poponoes and the Tela Railways we honestly would come there for three months a year. H. has got to spend that much time in the tropics. In weather like this he feels like new. So if you know of any little cottage--or shack--on the Honduran sand, do let us know.

I've tried to write here but I haven't done much but finish a story for Cosmopolitan. I have one out on the Journal in March--rather a sad tale called the Widow--what to do with Mamma when she's left alone---and I had a mystery running in the

Post this winter. I am not a bit happy not to have done a good story about the School.





there. He wanted us to fly back for it, bless him. And Florence Crane was giving a grand party on the following Sunday-- Florence is the last of the Old Guard. From the number of butlers about her chairs you'd never know anything had happened to the world. Marion McCormick has been in Miami, but we'll be back by the thirteenth. Belle Borland has taken charge of the Textiles and doing some reorganizing there--but you probably know all the Institute news. We hope everything is very well with you and Wilson and the children and we do hope you'll be coming our way. Herbert joins me in greetings--he is now about back on the sands.

With love to you

W. BRADLEY

W. Bradley

The Post liked what I had but said it wasn't enough, that it was too much on the outside. They wanted the personalities and problems of the boys--where Felix came from and what he plans and where Peter was discovered and what he plans and so on. Some day, if you would like the article enough to put up with me for a week, I could come and work at that. We were a little handicapped before having Harry Bicklow with us--a threesome is a lot to land on you, and he was eager to be seeing his Syrian ruins and Guatemala, and so my interest don't work out. But I am really serious about wanting to do a piece on that school. It is such an important work.

Harry Bicklow now is on the Joyalty Board committing between Chicago and Washington--he's a good one for that Board, and it is interesting work. The world is in a sad state, but down here my memories of Europe in forty five seem utterly unreal. We lived through the Santa Romano week here--all Mexico arrived. Our hotel manager here was six years at the Blackstone. This winter I am going to study Spanish and get ready for our Pan American future. Our child and her husband, Huntington Sheldon, are buying a place in the country outside New York--he has shaken off the shackles of Wall Street and Washington at least temporarily--and are going in for country life in a big way. He has bought a giant hatchery--hatches thirty thousand eggs at a time--and thinks eggs are a wiser investment than oil. He used to be president of the Petroleum Corporation. He ought to know. My child wished to Rutgers and took courses on everything applying to Hatcheries and won the Willard Thompson award. It is a new interest for an artist and a writer, but it is a sensible one--she says one good thing about it is that it is seasonal, and that Huntington will have months off for Washington or anything else--she also says I talked so much about the Eugenic and Louis Bromfield wrote so much about country living, that she became converted.

Well, this is a long saga all about ourselves--I am hoping that you and Wilson may be coming through Chicago soon and will let us know. The Art Institute is going strong with Chamee--we missed the opening of the exhibit of French tapestries--Chamee was giving a grand dinner at the Institute as at the head of the state, for the French ambassador, as he did for the



Ans. Jan 25-49

Lost Lodge, Florence, Wisconsin. October 15 [1948]

Dear Helen;

It was so good to hear from you ---I can't think what happened to the letters I sent you before the one from Acapulco because I did write and sent some books. My secretary was in the throes of romance, three romances, no less, but married the right one, thank goodness---but quaint things happened to my mail. Now she is Cal. with the right husband and I must get another, this fall. So if the letters didn't reach you I'll go over old history. Herbert had an operation for double hernia--I was worried because two surgeons wouldn't operate but Dallas Phemister did and it is a great success and Herbert is good as new. His only trouble now is he can't take the cold--arthritits hits him I must say it doesn't get him down---at this minute, in a freezing wind he is dashing about the place with a ladder in his hand, inspecting roofs he doesn't trust for another winter----but he has found that heats cures him so that's our quest, come late winter.

We've had a wonderful summer--the weather was perfect, Alice our one and only, and her husband, Huntington Sheldon, came on, we had maids galore, for a change---couldn't have been a nicer time. I do think you and your husband would like this place--a lovely lonely lake, real forest, one main building for living and eating and little log cabins of bedrooms all by themselves--some by the lake, some on the bluff---you take your choice. We've been building it up through the years--it started as a remote fishing camp.

Now our perfect weather has changed and we ll move back next Monday. Of course Herbert goes in often, and I go about once a month.

You are too good to think of asking for a cottage for us at Trela but don't you do it--that would be an imposition. If we could pay something for one for a month that would be fine. I do have that school very much on my mind. It appealed to me so much ---the trouble

with an article was it was just factual---it wasn't personal enough.  
The Sat Eve Post says what about the boys? Their stories--backgrounds---  
countries---it needs local color. Otherwise it smacks too much of boosting

the Benevolent banana King. I'd have to hear some stories from  
you. I'd like to try it again--my only strike out!--and Herbert says  
we could stay at Tegucigalpa and not land on you except for a few days  
for me to get really into the spirit--if you think that would work out

we could try that. I know he wants a time at Tela but hates to be an  
imposition. Acapulco was fine for him--he just basked and browned  
but I liked Honsuras better than any place.

---that's all for the future--I'll be seeing the Post  
people in November---they want a new serial, but I've been doing some  
things for Cosmopolitan that kept me busy. I'm glad you liked the Widow  
but two hundred and eighty two widows wrote me their life problems,  
almost every one requesting an answer or suggestion and, without the dear  
secretary, I was swamped.

ou certainly sound brisk--Sally in Guatamala City and  
Marion in Berkley---I wish you'd come to Chicago some time soon--how we  
would love to see you. Marion McCormick is back from Seal Harbor--she  
is already planning for Honolulu this spring and they want us to do  
that, with them, but we can't take the incessant parties. Chauncey dotes  
on them but I think Marion would be happier to get away from it all. She  
wanted us to come on to Seal Harbor before we came here but we'll do  
that another year.

The Institute is going great guns under Chauncey. The  
German pictures were marvelously hung--crowds came. And the French  
tapestries were unforgettable. Mrs Chauncey Borland is helping organize  
the textiles and Florence Crane has just given some lovely silver ---  
Chauncey is a live wire.

We were sorry to hear that Mr Zemurray died. Does that  
change the plans for the museum? I so hope not. Is it to be a museum of

and your husband do such vital things!

with all outside was it was just factual--it wasn't personal enough  
are everything with election---and worries  
The Sat Eve Post says that about the political stories--backgrounds  
over Russia. And, having seen Europe in its devastation, I am haunted  
---it needs local color. Otherwise it smacks too much of hoisting  
by it.

I'd have to hear some stories from  
Our best to you both---and my warm thanks for your sweet  
eyes and heart---and my only strike---and Herbert says  
offers of hospitality. I'll let you know how things work out---if we  
could come it would be Feb and March, I think---that's about the time  
for me to get really into the spirit---if you think that would work out  
Herbert freezes up!

I know he wants a time at Tala but hates to be an  
All the best  
Asquith was in for him--he just asked and browed  
but I liked Honore's place.

*Roughly Mary*

I'll be seeing the Post  
people in November---they want a new serial but I've been doing some  
things for Compton that kept me busy. I'm glad you liked the Widow

but two hundred and eighty two widows wrote me their life problems  
almost every one requesting an answer or suggestion and without the best  
secretary. I was swamped.

*I don't wonder, you built a great house -  
with Robert's in landing on you.*

---on certainly sound brisk---Sally in Guatemala City and  
---I wish you'd come to Chicago some time soon---how we  
would love to see you. Marion McGonick is back from Seal Harbor---she  
is already planning for Honolulu this spring and they want us to do  
that with them, but we can't take the incessant parties. Channocy does  
on them but I think Marion would be happier to get away from it all. She  
wanted us to come on to Seal Harbor before we came here but we'll do  
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German pictures were marvelously hung---crowds came. And the French  
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the textiles and Florence Crane has just given some lovely silver  
Channocy is a live wire.

We were sorry to hear that Mr Semurray died. Does that



Mrs. Herbert E. Bradley  
5344 Hyde Park Boulevard  
Chicago 15, Illinois  
December 28th, 1951.

Dear Helen and Wilson:

A Happy New Year to you *Two* dear people! and we wish we could be seeing you that day or any day, but here we are in snowbound Chicago trying to catch up with life after all our absences, ~~five~~ five months in Africa and four in Wisconsin. I doubt if we get away this winter unless arthritis strikes Herbert again and he and I and the typewriter have to seek a hot beach. We hear there is a good one north of Acapulco and we may try that. Acapulco had grown too touristy to bear the last time we were there.

Africa was wonderful to see again. We had a very good time motoring about the Cape with Chauncey and Marion McCormick. We all sent you cards, but I don't know whether any of them got through. I have been finding out how few did get out. The native clerks have an unlovely way of prying stamps off and selling them again. Then the McCs went home, and we flew up to British territory and then on into the Congo. We had a horrible motor smash and Herbert got a back fracture. There were some very grim weeks. It healed although in the wrong position and he will always be more stooped, but he had tremendous courage and went on with the trip. He really has been better ~~until this~~ <sup>than</sup> this cold weather struck us than he has for years.

I have been just back from Washington, reporting on conditions of ~~things~~ things in Africa -- not that reports will change anything. They are going too fast there with the wrong kind of education. We think the most sensible piece of work and the finest expression of good will is the Escuela Agricola.

*anywhere, on any echelon,*

Mrs. Herbert F. Bradley  
5344 Hyde Park Boulevard  
Chicago 15, Illinois

Page Two

I have always felt sorry not to have done the right piece on that. The Post did not want descriptions but something intimate about the boys -- the human touch. Helen, you ought to do that - write the stories and their problems and make that School really vivid *to the world.*

I have just had a mystery book out -- legal mystery -- and another is coming out in February. They were Post serials which I had not been enthusiastic to have as books, but the moment I left for Africa, my agent briskly sold them to the publishers. I am still struggling with another story - also a legal mystery - but that is my last <sup>mystery</sup> I have a story coming out soon either in the Cosmopolitan or Good Housekeeping, and if I don't get away this winter I hope to really get some serious writing done.

I am sending you a magazine of last spring which had a piece I wrote about our native city.

The Art Institute is having a great fund raising campaign -- Chauncey has his hands full - \$160,000,000 is the goal. All donations to the Institute have been earmarked for paintings or named rooms and nobody gives anything for maintenance. The boilers are about ready to blow up. Chauncey has raised a lot of it already. He has been a splendid president and the Museum exhibits have been thronged.

We hope all is well with you both and with your Young. A Happy New Year to you and love and remembrance from us both.

*Ever with affection Mary-*

Mrs. Herbert E. Bradley

5344 Hyde Park Boulevard

Chicago 15, Illinois

January 3, 1953

Dear Helen: I  
A Happy Happy New Year to you and Wilson.

Your letters have been sweet and the welcome you offer has been heartwarming and a great temptation to the McCormicks and the Bradleys. Chauncey is very eager to get Marion off on a boat, but they simply can't get away now, as she may have written you they have gotten Viscaya off their shoulders at last and into the hands of the county, I believe, not the state, and they have to go South again the last of January to some meetings and to see to business arrangements, etc. etc. She won't be back until into February.

Then Herbert has had clients die and various estates to see to, and we haven't been able to plan from one day to another.

I had lunch with Marion New Years, and she said how lovely it would be if we could get on a fruit boat in the middle of February and "slip down to Honduras for a few days" - but it is uncertain whether they can get away them.

I don't know what they are writing you, but I have the feeling everything is so unsure that we ought not to hold your lovely invitation open any more. The door ought to be either open or shut! You had better forget about us, and then if we find we could come--the two or four of us---we will write and trust to you to be perfectly frank in writing back as to



whether that is a convenient time or not.

Christmas has been very mild here with no snow until yesterday. Everyone has been extremely gay--even Colonel McCormick had Open House Christmas night (the influence of the new wife) and it was extremely gala. Not very many of those fine old houses are left--or still running with the same elegance.

The Art Institute is still struggling with the last lap of the drive for Funds---the new boilers are assured. Chauncey is pretty tired of all the work he has had to do. The trouble in Chicago is that the same people are in everything, solicited for everything--Institute, Sy Phony, hospitals, Causes. I feel we should reach out into the mansions of our rich gangsters! And our politicians!

Well, now it is January the 16---too many interruptions. We had a party for one thing, on Wednesday evening to christen the new elevator to our apartment. We had jokingly called it "the Marion" because it was really Marion who persuaded Herbert to put it in so Marion insisted on a formal christening--I was a little overwhelmed by all the trouble they took! First Marjorie Hopkins--Mrs Kenneth Goodman formerly, you know--concocted a plaque labeled The "Marion" with a marvelous ellia Robia border of fruit and flowers, and had that affixed to the plain gray door of our elevator---which looks actually like a gray sardine box! Then Lila Erminger, another guest, contributed facetious signs and Chauncey came over in a start uniform he had borrowed from the Wrigley building and Marion in a cap and gown read a very funny little paper she had written about things named for her---and actually broke a bottle of pop--she said champagne--swathed in a thick towel--and the Wilmptons, the new Chancellor of the University and his wife were there, handing her props etc--they really made a Production of it!

they are the two dearest people---perhaps another year you'd let us all come to Honduras--Chauncey was so interested in your idea of a museum. I know they would love Honduras but this year they have too much on their hands--and on their minds, too. I may

Mrs. Herbert E. Bradley

5344 Hyde Park Boulevard

Chicago 15, Illinois

say, confidentially, that there are some family difficulties in their flock that have to be ironed out, too, as well as the Viscaya difficulties.

With all the interruptions in my life I haven't got much writing done--one story for Cosmopolitan, one for Good House Housekeeping and a long one for the "Ladies Home" Journal---and now I must do a serial for the Post, then I shall feel free

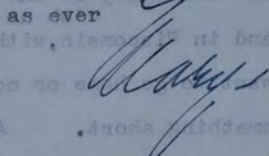
to pitch into the two serious things I have had on my mind. The difficulty is that each of them needs with no facility for research reserpbh, and in Wisconsin, with guests and with cooks who want to go home or no cooks, all I manage to write is something short. And when I first get back to Chicago there is no time. Now I have hope-- perennial optimist, that's me!

Alice and her husband, Huntington Sheldon, are happy in Washington---they feel Central Intelligence (his division of it (he's one of the tops there) has some of the best in Washington. Alice

has been offered a place in it, too, and I expect she will take it---she is a worker. And she did a really wonderful job during the war. I hope to get down to see them before long.

This letter is a thing of shreds and patches-- so many interruptions. And it doesn't half tell you how warmly we appreciate your most generous invitation and how greatly we regret that we couldn't have managed it. I think Chauncey hasn't quite accepted the fact yet that they can't come. It would be such a joy to see you and Wilson again. So many thanks to you--and love from both to both--

Forgive us our delays and uncertainties!





Mrs. Herbert E. Bradley

5344 Hyde Park Boulevard

Chicago 15, Illinois

February 10, 1953

Dear Helen:

Just returned from a rush visit to my Alice and found your letter -- I am terribly sorry not to be coming, and you were a dear to keep the door open. If Acapulco proves too crowded for my husband, perhaps we will come and knock on it. Give my love to Louis Bromfield, and I mean love, even if he went to Jamaica instead of Chicago.

Marion and Chauncey are back from Florida and utterly relieved to have parted with the Palace. Lunched with her yesterday and going to the theater with them Monday night and Tuesday I will see them at a good bye dinner Marjorie Hopkins is giving us, and I will show your paragraph about getting down there before you do any retiring. Chauncey and Marion would have loved to go if it had been any other year but this, but they have a lot of family things to do that are tying them down, and some family upsets to smooth out. This is Chicago Confidential.

Now Tuesday morning -- last night at dinner Chauncey was saying how very much he wanted to come to Honduras and how we must do it next year if you wanted us. He has to dash back now to Florida to sign more of Viscaya details and that has been a terrific white elephant. Marion is hoping to get to Europe very soon and take Roger with her (the one who is having the upset), but it may not happen. Nothing is sure now with their plans.

We saw a very amusing play last night -- "Dial M for Murder" -- and tonight Marjorie's dinner is going to be quite large and gala. We are perfect idiots to be doing these things when we should be getting ourselves off orderly, but we packed frenziedly on Sunday.

I am just back from a visit to Washington to my Alice and her husband, Huntington Sheldon. I think I told you he was one of the tops in Central Intelligence. A heavy responsibility, but it is just the kind of work that appeals to him. They have a really enchanting apartment. I never had a more interesting time. For one evening, she had to dinner the man who knows more, or as much as any other, about Outside America -- that is Europe, the East and dear Russia, and for another evening a man whose eyes are turned only Inside America. They were both vivid and interesting.

Mrs. Chauncey Borland and Mrs. Howell Erminger are heading for Spain next month. Belle was there twenty years ago. I can imagine that you had a wonderful time there. I can only imagine Spain for I have never seen it. One of the most poignant books about it is Elliott Paul's "Death and Life of a Spanish Town" but you must know all the books.

Heading for Mexico tomorrow. I am bitterly regretting my lack of Spanish. I started to struggle with it, but everything turns into Swahili, the African language I really do speak, and Swahili isn't going to be any help at all!

Everyone says how well Herbert looks, and he is well, better than in years, but he is tired and the arthritis is hitting that back he hurt in Africa so he is going to be a beachcomber for about a month. If you come that way (I think of you and Wilson as flitting all over Central America) our address is the Hotel Papagayo, Acapulco, Gro. Mexico.

Again our warmest thanks and appreciation for your sweet invitation. I hope Louis does a grand piece about it.

With warmest regards to you and Wilson from both of us,

Love to you  
Mary

March tenth. Acapulco, Mexico

[1953]

5344 AP Bld  
No Bait letter

Dear Helen;

In the old plastic letter case I haven't used since I was here last year I discovered unseal~~ed~~ cards--this one to you--and I send it along now just to show that my heart was true tho' ~~the~~ head was weak. We have been here ~~scarcely~~ a month--Herbert revives the moment he reaches this beach--life is mighty pleasant--good friends--lots of leisure--a book in the making inching along. Marion McCormick is in Coconut Grove--Chauncey has been commut<sup>ing</sup> to Washington on all his many activities--returns to Chicago the 15--Marion the first--she thinks we ought to get a small house on a key near them but I think tropic heat is Herbert's dish after a strenuous winter in La Salle street. Had a lovely time in Washington before I came with Alice and Huntington Sheldon--he is in CIA I think I wrote you. Carries his responsibility calmly but his hair has turned white, I notice. . . . But becoming--(My white hairs aren't --they turn yellow in the sun, so my head looks like a red and yellow mango)

The state of the world does not bear writing about, but this Mexican sojourn is a good antidote to worry. . . . All our Chicago friends have been dashing far afield, Belle Borland to Peru --daughter from Washington with her and husband, too, but for part time---Ellen Carpenter to Africa, Egypt, Israel, Turkey, Greece, Rome, Paris---she will see a lot of airfields; Marjorie Hopkins and daughter to Europe and Turkey. We shall be reunited soon. The news in this appears much like the report on the year old post card. We hope all is well with you--that you and Wilson are having more delighting trips---we have a happy feeling about Honuran-American and Central American-Unidos <sup>U</sup>statods relations--that nothing can go very very wrong while within



the periphery of Wilson Popenoe's influence! With yours for good measure. . . . In all sincerity I feel that he, himself, and now the School, have done more for good will than all the grants and political measures. . . . The Puerto Rican thing is a sad thing---McCarthy will make use of it, somehow---he is out to undermine Eisenhower and those in power---his secretary already calls him the Next President. Having met, in Wisconsin, ~~many~~ many who knew him from boyhood, who call him utterly self seeking and without scruple, ~~hicc~~ I am not happy about his rise. He is a master of Soviet practise however much he condemns it. The next hundred years are not going to be tranquil ones for this world, but the joy of life is its personal happiness---so all our good wishes for continued joy to both you and Wilson and all your clan. Let us know when you come our way.

Everin affectionate remembrance,

Mary Stewart Peckley

Leaving Sunday, alas!

Mrs. Herbert F. Bradley  
5344 Hyde Park Boulevard  
Chicago 15, Illinois

December 22, 53

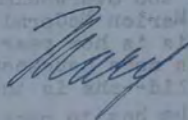
Helen dear, I can't let this go without a little word of news. Your news, the marriage of Marion to Lieutenant Hatch sounds very happy----I hope the war, or the Korean action or whatever the agony is, has not separated them for a time. . . . We had an enchanting summer--- stayed north for four month (Herbert going in frequently to Chicago office) and our Alice and her husband, Huntington Sheldon, came on for a month early in the season, then she flew back for two weeks later. I think I wrote that they were in Washington, he in Central Intelligence, and carrying a heavy responsibility but he is a good man for it. She is working in Intelligence, too, since she has to keep her mind busy, also because her husband couldn't say anything to her SS world affairs, unless she was "cleared and classified." We got back the first of November and Chicago was going great guns.

Everybody in the world seemed converging upon it, every Cause was having a Benefit--there were more things going on than ever before--all such nice things, but too overwhelming after the peace of the north woods! Marion McCormick looks very frail and is frail---this is her year to have the Florida house but that means more housekeeping for her. I don't mean she is an invalid--she is the gayest of the gay when she is out--but she has to rest in bed each afternoon and she should have a complete res

rest. But she doesn't like to rest, not really. Chauncey ought to take her off somewhere quiet, but he is deep in things--now that the Art Institute has raised the Emergency Fund he has gone on Hoover's Medical Task Committee and he also is on the National Welfare Committee, and on Stratton's Toll Road Commission. We were over for his birthday party and decided to do something different---Jim Brown, pres of the Community Trust is very musical, so we and I cooked up quite a song--started with Toreador, ending with Boola Yale, using old tunes but writing words about Chauncey---everybody had to come early and rehearse (the dinner was given at a friend's not at Marion's home) and it really was very merry. . . . A birthday to end all birthdays. Sunday was Herbert's and he said he didn't want it celebrated but we went to a cocktail party at the Consul General of the Netherlands and then to the McCormicks and as all the servants were out Chauncey took supper---we never had more fun. . . . Well, nuff of birthdays! Today is concert---Marion and I share the box and ask half the guests--and tonight is the opening of the Sadley Wells Ballet and after that we draw a long breath and I get out New Year cards and go to a niece's on Christmas---Washington later. . . . And when the papers call up to ask what I am writing I scream! But I did finish one story this summer and have two books started and this New Year is going to see me a Reformed Character--not so much gadding. No good works---just me and the typewriter! I expect it will Mexico and the house at Acapulco again this year---when the weather gets too cold. You lucky ones to be living in such heavenly places! Why didn't Herbert practice law in the vicinity of a palm tree and a beach? His back has stayed healed--he is active as two chamois--but arthritis always hits when it gets cold. Me, I'm just hardy--looking very Early Aztec from the Wisconsin sun!

With love and greetings from us both

Yours ever





Lost Lodge, Florence, Wisconsin

5344 HP Red  
(1954)

My dear Helen Poponoe;

We were simply delighted to hear of your wonderful plans for the summer and I meant to write you long since, and tell you how the good news gladdened us, and how much we enjoyed your card saying the trip was "beyond words," but I have been a shocker about letters-----too many guests (we loved them) too many stories being written, too many games of canasta! This has been the happiest summer in years--Herbert so well--everything going well, except the state of nation and that we can't seem to do anything about!

Our child, Alice, and her husband, Huntington Sheldon are in Washington--he is in Central Intelligence but his position is so hush-hush I can't say what it is. He finds the work enormously interesting--that is why he took it, after refusing to go to Washington for so long. He came on for two weeks this summer and <sup>or rather September</sup> Alice stayed on, finishing some writing she was doing.

The weather has been enchanting--the color, this fall, fantastically beautiful---I couldn't tear myself away. Herbert has been back and forth to the city but now he is firmly closing the place. The cook has long since gone to the city,--fall cleaning--and my local maid back to her winter job, so Mary has been turning the pages of the cook book earnestly whenever Herbert came back. But I can get in local women.

I've done a story for Cosmopolitan and one for good Housekeeping and have another mystery book just out that has been made a Unicorn Club book but I vow that's my last mystery. The serious stuff I was working on requires research, so, God bless, I couldn't work up here!

Marion McCormick is back and sent me your letter to her and asked if we'd go with them to Honduras---but you don't want the

four of us. That's worse than when we came with dear Harry Bigelow. What I really want to do sometime is to find out something about the lives of the different boys you have had--make a human interest story. That's what the Post wants. That and gay color pictures. (I know a little more about taking them now.) But the human part is the angle--- if one uses that, then one can get a lot of other things in, too.

Marion and Chauncey would be fascinated by Honduras and deeply interested in your project of a museum----the catch about Honduras travel for Chauncey is that he simply hates flying, even for half an hour----he says it affects him nervously. And the time Marion insisted on their flying back from England they had awful weather and bad luck and that settled it with him. You might talk or write him out of it, for a short flight.

We'd be eager to hear what you and Wilson thought of things abroad. We hear such conflicts. I can imagine what a joy the trip has been to you two dear people. How I would love to see you again. Is there some trip along the coast that we four, Marion and Ch and ours selves could take, that would bring us to ignorant spots and not be too hard for Marion? She has to watch out for altitude with her heart. But, actually, on last years' African trip, she was as energetic and well as could be. They are the two gayest traveling companions you can imagine. And we weren't always so comfortably--- you should have seen our "luxury hut" in Kruger Park.

Would you tell me frankly if you'd want us--if we could come--two by two or all together? You know you could be frank with me. We could get rooms at Tegucigalpa and change off! I could get some stories then sit at the hotel and write on them. But perhaps I could have time to do a better job if we came alone, later. . . . Anyway it's all in the air. We'll be back Monday. Today is so balmy I have been lying in the sunshine outdoors. Real Indian summer.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentations and our congratu-

From the Mrs Pittsburgh - Mrs Jackson Bradley -





**HOTEL RITZ**  
MEXICO, D.F.

JOSE BROCKMANN  
GERENTE

5344 Hyde Park Blvd  
Chicago #15  
Ill.  
(1954)

Dear Helen: Not that we are at the Ritz---I just discovered this lightweight paper. We have been back for half a week and I want to correct some of the details about Chauncey's illness which I wrote before--when I talked with Marion those first days she was crying, at times, and broke off the sentences so I had the idea that he went to the hospital at four in the morning, two hours after the first attack. It was four in the afternoon. He was better after the first attack at two am--had breakfast in bed--stayed quiet--though it a stomach upset because the pain seemed localized there. He sent Marion for the tickets for their return---when she came back at four in the afternoon she saw the ambulance taking him to hospital. He was in violent pain.

Brookes, here in Chicago, got a plane, got the family doctor and flew on--he was very competent, took care of everything. They had four doctors, one a specialist in this very thing, heart. They operated--found the aorta torn--internal bleeding had been going on and Chauncey was then receiving constant infusions. The doctors said that damage to the heart itself had been done three months before. I don't know just what damage--Marion doesn't know--wear and tear, she thinks. Chauncey was under opiates but he knew the boys--he kept saying "You must take care of your mother." It must have been a profound shock to him--he never dreamed of being ill.

When we got back Marion was thinking of flying to Boston to be with Barbara Danielson, for Dick D. had just broken his good hip. But she had a ghastly cold which turned into ~~laryngitis--not bronchial pneumonia~~ and she feared--and will be in bed a week more at least this week was promised them. She because "the staff" has had no vacation and this week was promised them. She isn't supposed to use her voice but she gets so lonely she telephones and she has just been talking to me. Roger and Annette live in the same building so she has them at hand and small Charlotte brought up her four turtles to visit her---I am so glad of anything that makes Marion laugh a moment.

It was on Wednesday in the late afternoon that Chauncey died. It was two o'clock in the morning, Tuesday, that the first pain came. I am sorry to have been so confused----

Chicago is sunshine and Indian summer--a happy change from the rain we had those last weeks in Wisconsin. We are ready to give it back to the Indians! Here the cleaners are in, the place is a madhouse, the telephone rings with invitations to gay doings--- a great change from the telephoneless north woods! Our best greetings to you and Wilson---as ever

*Mary*

R E P R E S E N T A N T E S E X T R A N J E R O S

HENRY UTELL Executive Office: Estate House, NEW YORK - 19	HENRY UTELL MIDWEST OFFICE: 55 East Washington Street, CHICAGO - 2	HALL WILSON 412 West Sixth Street, LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA
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*Blossom-Time*

*Wang Wan-Ng*

[Jan 1, 1954]

I don't know why  
the Chinese matter seems  
I ordered arrived as -  
classroom Tris; Part  
appropriate of Horshorn;  
u

A happy, happy time off  
Four - 6

Helene and Wilson  
for

Udary and Herbert





March 15-53-

Dear Poponoes—we are not on this beach—this is the mad house of the tourists crowned by modest residence of Mr Jenkins, inconspicuous as the Acropolis! Our hotel is on the edge of the big beach, other side of town. We've had a lovely month, H.E.B just resting-fly back on Wed.

Chauncey & Marion commuting between Florida and city, concluding the parting with Viscaya. Please come to Chicago, both of you! Best

*from Mary and Fred*

*Mar 14-53  
I hope  
This year  
old card I  
found in old  
Post box?  
bring it  
back  
again.*

Mrs Wilson Poponoe

Apartado 93

TEGUCIGALPA

Hondurs

Central America





HOTEL RITZ

MEXICO D.F.

March 1934

1022 BROOKLYN

parting of Viscaya, was the trouble between their son Roger and his wife Annette. Annette is determined on a divorce. Roger believes it can still be averted which I don't think is so. He says he really loves her and he certainly adores the two little children because he sees them everyday. Annette is in the same apartment which is in the same building as Marion and Chauncey, but Roger is diving with his parents. The trouble seems to be incompatibility. Roger was quick tempered. Annette is beautiful and not too quick on the uptake, and I think she irritated him and then she got resentful of his outbursts. Marion has been anguished but is now resigned to the separation because she thinks Annette never really loved Roger. The papers are keeping. It is as much as possible, and I didn't want to say anything before to explain her resolution. She had spells of thinking she must get away from it all and that she would have loved to come to Honduras, and then get spells of thinking she must stand by. We didn't feel this was the best way for her to go away. Next year she is to leave the Florida place so we are not making any plans. We are staying a month with us.

By the middle of June we are going to Wisconsin - Florence, Wisconsin - because Alice and our son-in-law, Huntington Sheldon, in Washington want to come on early. I really hate to leave the job of garden so soon but we rather be with them than anything else, and they are staying a month with us.

All our best to you and Wilson and do let us know how you get this way. I expect after your enchanting time in Europe that it will be hard to get you to these Estados Unidos.

Thank you again for asking us this winter, and all our good wishes, good days with Brooks and Hope. Chauncey didn't go. He had to be here the end of the Emergency drive for funds for the Art Institute - 8,000 acceptance - 8,000 acceptance - 8,000 acceptance - Goodman Theater that there was never any crowding. Chauncey stood at the top of the stairs and made a very brief, but very moving, little speech.

*Best love from both to the -*  
*Ellen*

I didn't do the work I should on the Drive, but I was too involved with the Benefit for the Illinois Children's Home and Aid which is Marion's special charity. Also Chauncey's. What I ever did with my life before I ever became so involved with the McCormicks, I will never know! Now she is back there is a great rush of welcoming parties and dinners. Marion is just one of the sweet spirits God ever made. The more you see her the more you love her.

I can tell you now since it has been in the papers that one of the things that kept me back from a trip this year, besides the business of this

R E P R E S E N T A N T E S E X T R A N E J R O S

HENRY UTELL  
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NEW YORK 11

HENRY UTELL  
EXECUTIVE OFFICE:  
112 WEST 21ST ST.  
NEW YORK 11



LOST LODGE  
FLORENCE, WISCONSIN

[1954]

October sixth

Dear Helen;

Chauncey's death was a terrible shock--it does not seem real. Only the week before he had been in Chicago on the Hoover commission work and I was there for a couple of days and we had such a good talk--he was hoping to have us all get away for a short trip this winter--then next year, when he wasn't so busy, would be the long trip, if Marion was strong enough. It was always her health we were worried about.

There was no warning--Marion said he was well at dinner and all evening then at two was taken with a pain in his stomach--she put on hot applications---by four it was so bad he was taken to the hospital. He had to be under heavy opiates but he did know the boys when they got there. One day he was there, the next gone. It has stunned every one.

What happened was that there was a sudden tear in the aorta of his heart--the pain in his stomach must have come from internal bleeding, as far as I can gather.

There were services at Seal Harbor--then here, ~~at~~ at Wheaton, in the lovely little Presbyterian church that was so dear to him. The chancel has those marvelous Spanish columns Marion gave and Chauncey gave the pulpit as a memorial to his mother and father---it was a very intimate place for him and Dr Robert Stewart the clergyman was a close friend. Stewart said it was the hardest thing he ever did, to say those words, ---they were perfect words and I will send you a copy when I get one. The service was utterly beautiful and utterly heart breaking.

Afterward we went with the family to Colonel and Maryland McCormicks for luncheon---the family had gathered, even Fowler and Fifi Stillman McCormick, and while it was a strain, in one way, I think it helped kept Marion up. She feels such responsibility.

We stayed over and I was with Marion the morning Chauncey was being cremated---that was what he had wanted. Marion had been out to Graceland with the sons the day before and selected the place for the urn. It doesn't seem credible to any of us that he is gone.

I hated to come away but Alice and her husband, Huntington Sheldon, had just arrived here, and three of their friends were coming, and I had things to see to. We were not in a mood for gaiety so it was a good thing that Huntington had the friends to fish with---they were all ardent fishermen and a wife was an artist, so they were all busy. Now the guests are gone, the Sheldons go Sunday and we shall close the place and go the next Sunday.

I quote Marion of your letter and while she has so many I think she would appreciate hearing from you---she so enjoyed that time in Guatemala with you and Wilson---they were

talking of it just before we came up here.

It has always been Marion we were troubled about--- this June she developed a gall bladder trouble and as she refuses an operation she has to be on a diet. I think the gall bladder was responsible for some of the symptoms thought to be jaert. She is very frail---she loves to go so she has to plan her days so she can lie down and rest for hours every afternoon. She is facing this with great courage but it is overwhelming.

For Chicago it is an irrevocable loss. He did too much-- these last years he has been under great strain with so many meetings in Washington and then Springfield.

The new president of the Institute is Everett Graff--- in Inland Steel, I think--anyway one of the big steel companies. Herbert would know. He is a member of a small dinner club of Herbert's and H. says he is a fine man.

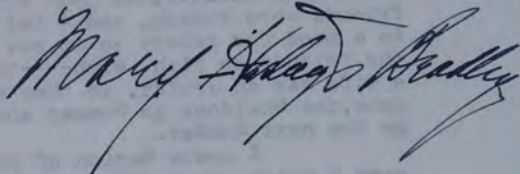
But it is the end of our old way of life---we were always so close that now we feel bereft. Belle Borland writes she trembles for Marion's future without Chauncey. . . .

I am sorry we never had the trip to Honduras together. We spoke of that this June, just before we came here-- Herbert and I went down to Dloomington with Chauncey and Roger and his wife to see Chauncey get a degree and hear his Commencement Address. He made a fine speech and we had such a good week end together. Marion could not come, but we'd call her up, and tell her we were drinking her health---sitting on each other's beds at the hotel. . . . Chauncey had engaged a sitting room but as it did not connect with his room, our room was the sitting room.

I hope you are all well, dear Helen. Herbert is active as ever but that back, hurt in Africa, will always bother him tho he never talks of it. Chicago isn't the climate for him but since he loves his work and his friends, we shall be there till the raw cold of February comes. The neighborhood is changing, the synagogues rising about us, but still the garden is lovely and the old African room gives us a space and comfort no other apartment could. So we cope with the old duplex.

Our love to you both----

Affectionately



[Jan. 1, 1955]

Happy New Year  
to Patrons and friends  
related to the  
with Alice & the  
back for the  
Warrior the  
friends - close to  
All good things  
Mary  
Acropolis again  
Sat 8 this  
March!



can't know what she will do - her son Roger who  
lives in same building is being divorced by his study  
wife - all is upset.

November 1st, 1955

8344 N.P. Blvd. 62

Dear Helen:

I have just been gazing upon Wilson's photograph with Nixon  
and reading about your food editor, and it is High Time I told you  
how often we think of you and how much I enjoyed your card from  
Granada.

We were looking at pictures of Spain just a few nights ago at  
Marion McCormick's. The trip did her good, and she is carrying on  
bravely, but her life is really empty without Chauncey. All our  
lives are the emptier for his going. He was a wonderful friend. And  
Herbert was hard hit losing ~~him~~ after Harry Bigelow died. He was  
really like a brother.

Just now Marion and all of us are in the throes of a benefit for  
the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society -- that was one of  
Chauncey's great interests. At the moment, coping with the floods  
of delinquents and abandoned, what I want is Birth Control and have  
is retroactive for fifty years!

I am enclosing a little piece which will tell you what I have been  
up to and give you an idea of our summer life. I will send you the  
little book which is the story of a problem you don't have to cope with  
in Honduras. Or do you? The serial has been started in the Tribune  
and the first week I got two hundred and sixty eight letters -- no  
less -- luckily very pleasant ones, except two which were anonymous.  
They said that no one with a drop of "dirty white blood" should be  
sympathized with. So prejudice isn't all on one side.

Indeed, we can all be grateful that things went off so well in  
Guatemala. You know the first thing I thought of when Guatemala  
blew up was you and your house. The floods in Honduras must have  
been really bad. I read about those but the papers didn't say much  
of the strike and they never give the reasons for it or how it is  
coming out.

You were sweet to ask us down again and I can think of no place  
where I would rather go, and it is a temptation to see that graduation  
and try to do a real piece about it, getting in the human interest.  
But I don't think you need any more guests, and we are planning to  
head for Tobago where we have heard the Blue Haven Hotel is a peace-  
ful spot right on the beach. We fly from New York to Trinidad; then  
from Trinidad to Tobago. If you can tell us anything we ought to  
know about Tobago, do let us know. I expect we will take off early  
in February because Herbert does hate the cold here. He keeps active  
as ever, at his office every day, and if only he hadn't hurt that back,  
he would be entirely well.

It was a joy to see Wilson looking so well in the pictures.

All the best to you both, you Dear People, and do let us know  
when you come this way.

Worrying that Mr. Wilson is down for a while now - the car  
will probably go Florida & clear things up there. She

Now -  
Herbert just in - joins in love to you both  
William just called - she was very touched by your

5344 APB  
Chgo N  
January 19th, 1956

Dear Helen:

We so enjoyed your Christmas greetings -- we didn't send a one this year because we were so rushed -- in Chicago I always feel like the little, yellow dog in John McCutcheon's cartoon racing frantically at the end of the procession.

We got back late from Wisconsin and all our friends are entertaining and having dinners and benefits. We unpacked with one hand and put our evening clothes on with the other! And now we are packing again, taking off on February third for Robinson Crusoe's island -- to the Bluehaven Hotel, Scarborough, Tobago, British West Indies -- where Herbert can bask on the beach and I (I hope) can get some writing done.

I will tuck in a little piece from last October's Tribune to show what I have been up to. The letters from that book were overwhelming -- nearly four hundred the first week -- most of them astonishingly sympathetic. The movies are nibbling at it, but only nibbling.

I have seen Marion McCormick this week because there has been a rash of parties for General and Mrs. Campbell who are visiting Marjorie Hopkins. (He used to be executive vice president of the Harvester but was on Fowler's side and so departed with him; now with Remington Rand in Baltimore.) Marion looks lovely as ever and keeps incessantly busy -- people are her occupation. Roger, the son that lives in the same building with her, and his lovely wife, Annette, are finally parted, and I think the divorce will be this month which makes Marion sad as there are two young children. Roger, they say, has a disastrous temper. I have never seen any sign of it -- I have always had a very happy relation with him -- but facts are facts and no one can blame Annette. We dined at Marion's last night, and it still seems as if Chauncey must be coming in the door. The memories of him are so vivid.

Belle Borland and her Textile Committee have just put on a beautiful exhibit at the Art Institute. Margaret Blake has done a fine job with the Woman's Board. Graff, who succeeded Chauncey as president, is a good businesslike worker, but the annual meetings couldn't be longer or drearier without Chauncey's enlightening spark.

I hope all is well with you and Wilson and the Young and the wonderful school. We never forget the happy days with you in Honduras, and we are always hoping you will come this way with time to spare.

With love to you from both of us,

*Mary*

Where are you flying to now? Last summer, I remember, it was Greece and Istanbul and Holland--what a dream trip! Me, I just keep house in the north woods and race around Chicago and rush off to a hot beach!



June 23th, 1961

Dear Helen and Wilson:

I have been slow in getting these out because I was slow in coming back from Mexico. So many formalities and then there was a telegraph strike, but I was not sorry to stay there awhile.

He was very frail when we went down, <sup>but he gasped</sup> and I am grateful for all the good times he had, laughing and talking again with his friends and going out to little dinners. If he had to go, it was as he would have wanted, in peace and dignity in that house where we had so many good times. <sup>What happened was that a great AT the hotel came to see him & he had that same two medals that Susan & I had. He got them again but the</sup> Alice and I were sitting beside him waiting for him to wake after the night nurses had left, but he gave a sigh and his heart stopped. He was talking to us only the night before and I had hope until the very last. It still doesn't seem real.

Had a heart mas strain he had

I do hope that all is well with you both. We never forgot the happy times we had with you.

It seems strange to think that Chauncey went so soon -- he had lived too strenuous a life and damaged his heart. Then Marion had high blood pressure and a stroke and paralysis -- no one can see her now. But it has been a lasting sorrow to think of our dear Marion lying there helpless. She has nurses and maids about her and her family come in, but that is lonely. <sup>She indeed is allowed to see her now.</sup>

one of a kind

My child and her husband, Huntington Sheldon, who is in CIA are living in McLean, Virginia just outside of Washington on a lovely wooded ridge. She is working for her Ph D in psychology. They are both quite mad about gardens and he is concentrating on orchids. I think he has 235 little and big pots of them.

I do hope you come this way sometime and let me know. I hope the school is doing splendidly. I was always sorry not to have time to do a piece on it. It is such a good thing for Central America and American relations. The state of the world doesn't bear thinking of, but it is the only world we have and I would rather keep with it than scurry to the moon.

I am sorry to have so much sad news to write, and I do hope your news is all good.

With loving remembrance,

Ever affectionately  
Mary