



Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation
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About the Institute

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

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

CORNELL, BRIDGERS & TROLLER •
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS
3723 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIFORNIA

3rd July 1957

Dear Wilson:

The announcement of your retirement, when Mahomet finally comes to the mountain, reached us some days ago. We always are glad to hear from you, even if it has to be so formal a thing as a printed announcement. Also we rejoice with you, if that is the proper attitude, in your withdrawal to Antigua where I suppose you will, in traditional form, devote your days to writing books. Whatever it may be we hope that you will do things that you always have wanted to do, that you will enjoy life and that there may be many constructive years ahead of you.

Not too long ago, I recall, you wrote that you were glad that I was not one of those who liked to talk about retiring. I still think that it would be a bit deadly unless one had things to do. And I am sure that you never will be without lots of work. (Please pardon all these typographical errors but, as you would know, I am typing this myself. A sore arm does not add any to my accuracy.)

We never have been so busy, though I have had more men in the office than now. There are six of us to try to keep up on all the commitments, but we are looking for more help. It is two years since I took on the two partners and they are beginning to get into the groove somewhat. Such is life, and it is just as hard to get away as ever.

Ruthie and I did get over to Hawaii again, for nineteen days, last March and enjoyed it as always. We saw Dave and Leona Crawford, from Wash'n, D.C., who were there to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the University of Hawaii. They still are going strong and looking fine.

We had a splendid letter from Art. Schroeder, written in Costa Rica. He surely is a hard-hitting, straight-shooting photog and research boy and seems to be getting a lot of splendid travel and experience out of his job. We shall look forward to seeing him upon his return.

Our daughter, Rosita, and her husband are just back from a year and a half in the Boston area where he did service in the army weather service, as a G. I. - almost a P.F.C. He now has accepted a position with the U.S.D.A. and will be stationed in Indio from where he will work most of the western states - counting the number of worms that are murdered and left in each bottle of catsup, and doing other types of crop inspection. He always has wanted to be in agricultural work and this seems to be the first step for him. They are down there today, scrubbing floors in their newly rented apartment, with temperatures reaching toward 120°. Reminds me of the summer I spent out of Thermal on the W. I. Date Plantations. That was a warm summer.

Ruthie and I have been down to Borrego once, 29-Palms several times,

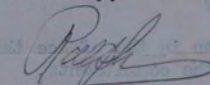
Yosemite Valley and Monterey each once since we got back from the islands. We plan to drive up to Carmel and Monterey tomorrow for a four-day week-end jaunt. Anyone with sense probably would stay off the highways over the Fourth but it is easier to get away on holidays than when the office is going full blast.

Did I tell you we have done a job for the Ford Motor Co., in Dearborn? We also have done preliminary plans for a site layout for the Scoot Paper Co. in Philadelphia. We have the design of eight park sites coming up immediately - also a number of school jobs, besides a fairly heavy work schedule at U.C.L.A. for whom I have done all work during the past twenty years. All of which probably interests you not at all.

Will you be coming up this way soon? We would like to see you here, or anywhere. What ever happened to your dreams about Spain?

Ruthie would join in best of wishes to you and Helen.

Sincerely,



Ralph D. Cornell

CORNELL, BRIDGERS & TROLLER •
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS
3723 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIFORNIA

1st August 1959

Dear Wilson:

It was nice of you to send me a copy of Theo. Payne's letter, to which you added the personal note. Theodore received your letter all right but may not have replied. His "chief operator", Mr. Breck of Boston heritage, and his secretary both are away at this time, - one on vacation and one sick. That leaves just Theo. and a Mexican who drives for him and helps around the remnants of the nursery. So, Mr. Payne has been trying to handle the business alone for the past several weeks - in his 88th year and a bit wobbly on the pegs. He plans to write you but says that the bulbs will not be available until fall so that "there is no great hurry". He never was known for prompt correspondence anyway, but is genuinely interested in your letter and the order.

Weather, here with us lost angels, has been hot this summer. After almost five inches of rain, last year, we now have had one of our hottest summers in some years. So, the plants that don't get water are beginning to die while those that do are growing at double time. This is good growing weather, with irrigation.

Our daughter and family were in from Indio last week-end. They report things over there as about normal except that the grape crop was very poor and scant this year, due to a sudden cold night last fall which injured the plants before they had hardened off. Thus, proper flowers didn't develop and so weter as we farmers describe it. Jerry will be "moving over" to the largest date ~~producers~~ of the valley, this month. That should be processors instead of producers. He has been with a smaller outfit for the past year or so, but thinks he likes the work.

I have seen Art Schroeder a time or two, this summer. He is as usual and always quick on the trigger when it comes to picture taking. * The U.C.L.A. campus is getting bigger by the minute and present plan is that sub-tropical hort. will be crowded out by pressures from other departments, of which medical is a large factor. That makes the boys sad but they probably will readjust under some other environment - perhaps Riverside which really has a far different climate.

We all are running in circles as usual. The office is overloaded, with only nine of us to do the work. Ruthie joins in good wishes to you and Helen.



HOTEL LOS COCOS

APARTADO POSTAL 224 — PLAYA SUR
LA PAZ, BAJA CALIFORNIA
MEXICO

3723 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5
20th January 1960

Dear Wilson:

It was nice to have your friendly note along with the Christmas greetings, and to know that you still ride high in the saddle. As you noted, we made it as far as Guadalajara where we spent a couple of lovely days in a part of Mexico which we really enjoy. From there we flew southwest to the coast at Puerto Vallerto which, as yet, has been unspoiled by tourists. It is accessible only by air or water, so is not overrun by automobiles; sewage runs down the main street and they keep the pigs shoed out of the hotel lobby purely as a symbol of acceptance of the modern laws of hygiene; there was no hot water in the hotel and things, generally, were geared in the best of Mexican fashion. So we enjoyed it and had a grand time, being there for Christmas Eve and checking in on the midnight mass, which smelled heavily of incense and stockyard odors. Among other specialties we took a five-hour saddle trip back through the edge of the palm forest, by which time the seats of our breeches were pretty well vulcanized to the saddle-leather. We also took a boat down coast for fifteen miles to a primitive, Indian village, called Yelapa, which was picturesque and interesting in every way - including a lovely water fall at its back.

From this spot we flew to Mazatlan for a couple of days and then on, across the gulf, to La Paz in which area we spent another nine days. For five days of this time we drove about and around the southern tip of Baja California which ends about 125 miles south of La Paz. The thorn forest of this region is the finest in the world and it is a most remarkable conglomeration of xerophytic plants mingled with some of the softer, flowering things in the greatest of confusion and profusion. There were a number of flowering shrubs, doing business, but this is not the time of year to find most plants in flower. They told us that April and May were the months for color and, maybe, we just ought to go back again to try for some pictures. One never can count on reports, from others, and can know only by personal experience. For, example, we had heard for forty years about how difficult the roads were around the cape. We found them only slow, but plenty of that. Otherwise they involved no hazards other than what might occur with a motor breakdown far from help of any kind.

When we stopped in the middle of a dry river bed to try to photograph a fig tree, our driver told us that he had gotten stuck in that spot a year ago and couldn't get out for a week because "no one came along" and a hard day's work, alone, would never move his car more than twenty or thirty feet. That might even happen on the freeway except that the traffic would come along, - and run over you.

We flew up the peninsula, on the way back, to Tijuana, with three stops en route. I never saw so much of the same kind of country for so long as on that flight - and it all was interesting but definitely on the dessicated side in moisture content. The lower half of the peninsula seemed to be better vegetated, more interesting and to contain the tall mountains. Of course, San Pedro Martir really gets up into the sky.



"LA VIDA QUE USTED ANHELO" — "THE LIFE YOU HAVE LONG FOR"



Since our return to the smog belt we both have gone into "quick decline" with a case of the current flu which seems to hit mildly and leave suddenly. Seemingly we now are back on the way to "normal" living for awhile. It is lamentable, how quickly one can return to the groove, once the telephone begins to ring and the pressures ease down over the stooping shoulders.

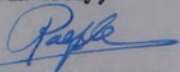
UCLA still is our biggest customer. Currently they plan about a \$55 million expenditure during the next five and a half years of which $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions are for landscape. I am letting my young partners carry the heavy stuff but I still have to drag around quite busily on field trips, inspections, meetings, conferences and the multitude of minutae that plague man's soul. You might move over and let me share your hammock now that I am so recently impregnated with the soft luxuries of Latin-American life, and might know how to take it.

Did you hear about the young father who returned home after a hard day's work, to find his beautiful young wife distraught? Questioned as to the trouble, she said. "Well, the baby cut his first tooth today. Then he took his first step, fell down and broke his first tooth." Was that so bad, said the father. The wife burst into tears and replied - "When he fell down he said his first word."

We shall be glad to see you when you come up thisaway again. Please keep us advised. And in the meantime, drop me an occasional one of those famous letters which I always enjoy.

Ruthis would join in best of wishes to you and Helen.
Que Vaya con Dios!

Sincerely,


Ralph D. Cornell

*This envelope could be worth
saving - if it gets through
clean - no?
RJC*

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LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS
3723 WILSHIRE BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 5, CALIFORNIA

29th August 1960

Dear Wilson:

Something tells me that you owe me a letter but I hope that the delinquency is due to the time you are spending on the Spanish book on hort. Or is that finished - long since? Anyway, Percy Everett reported that he had a very enjoyable visit with you in your casa and that you seemed to be sitting on top of the world with your feet propped up on the moon. I hope that all goes well.

Do you remember some fifty years ago when you and I booked passage for Papeete, and the fast time schedule called for about six weeks on the high seas? The cancellation of that trip was the frustration of a lifetime and I have wanted to visit that spot ever since. Now it can be flown in the matter of a few hours and I toy with the idea of spending several weeks down thataway, - maybe next spring. Why not meet me there and help check up on that unfinished business of fifty years ago?

The books all say so, and talking with several who have been there I am led to believe that Tahiti far outshines Hawaii as the idyllic island - which adds up to a very broad statement. Also, I have it from several sources that Moorea is the most beautiful "island in the world". One couple made a systematic tour of the South Pacific and so reported - in addition to the advertisements and literature, which never exaggerate. Moorea is but ten miles across the channel from Papeete and always is "visible on a clear day" which is their stock in trade. The L.A. smog hasn't gotten down that far as yet. Give us time.

You will not be heartened to know that both Tahiti and Moorea now sport hotels which provide hot water for guests, - which is not native style. This has been the case for only the past year or two and probably is the first step in the softening of traveller morale and the ruination of local color. So, my lad, we had better hurry before the chamber of commerce and service clubs dig up the taro patches - also before we become too danged brittle. Currently they claim a total population of some 30,000 for all of Tahiti, which may be getting thick but still leaves some room for coconut trees. Papeete has about half of this total mass.

A week ago I went over into the edge of our Borrego desert, and on beyond Yuma, looking for elephant trees. They told me the temperature was 123° when and where we found our first trees, but that didn't interfere with the camera although it may have fused the films a bit. This, of course, is the same elephant tree that grows the length of Baja Calif.; Ariz. and Calif. being its northern limit, where its size also is somewhat reduced. We saw lovely, large trees in the La Paz area last ^{winter} and as far as the tip of Cabo San Lucas or whatever they call it. I had visited some of our local trees before but went over, this time, with a chap from Colorado who didn't know where to find them. We are talking about *Bursera microphylla* and, naturally, such things are of the pleasures of life.

Are you familiar with the papaya called "Fairchild", presumably a red one? Does it produce large fruit or is it "stunted" like the Solo? I have just planted a couple in the back yard, hoping to nurse them through the winter and - maybe - fruit them. Hats la vista, amigo!

Sincerely,


Ralph D. Cornell

Antigua, Guatemala, 21 October 1960

Dear Ralph:

Quite right, quite right; I do owe you a letter and have for some months, but when you reach my age you will begin to realize that you can't write as many letters as you use to, especially when you go running off to Venezuela and Peru and Nicaragua the way I have been doing these past 12 months. No rest for the wicked. Helen is very sore at me because I don't demand the usual \$50 per diem plus expenses, which is the standard fee for consultants in this part of the world; but I just can't be bothered. I tackle the jobs for the fun of it, pick up a lot of information, and don't give the opposition party a chance to criticize the government for wasting money on a gringo who calls himself an expert and what has he done? The Navel oranges are no bigger than they used to be.

There has been a little slip-up in the book business. The publishing house in Spain with which I signed a contract and to which I had sent quite a bit of copy, changed hands and the new crowd discovered that agricultural books had not paid so they asked me how much I would take to cancel the contract; so I have cancelled it and will publish the book either in Venezuela or Mexico, or still more likely, get it out first in English and let one of my friends in this part of the world put it into Spanish.

Yes, you and I made the only mistake of our lives when we did not go to Tahiti and see those lithesome maidens dance in skirts of shredded wheat. I am delighted that you think of making the trip now. But if I leave this hemisphere within the next couple of years it will be to go back to my beloved Spain and plant more avocados. Not to mention that Helen and I have a slick little cottage waiting for us over there, rent free for as long as we want it, and we can't eat more than two dollars a day, including that 15 cent per liter wine. Just yesterday I noticed in one of the stores here a wine we used to buy in Spain, Canchales, which cost us over there 25 cents a bottle and here it is \$1.75 and I don't mean paper money.

Yes, I know the Fairchild papaya but it has been my observation that no papaya comes true or stays true when grown from seed. We have planted Solo seed from Hawaii several times and in the second generation you get everything but Hubbard squashes. Anyway, you folks don't have a papaya climate and I don't think you will ever grow, out of doors, papayas with any flavor.

I am working mainly, right now, on temperate zone fruits for the tropical highlands; determining the elevations necessary for suitable varieties of each species. Mainly a matter of the chilling requirement, of course. We have just been eating some fine Kelsey plums grown a couple of miles from Antigua, and the apples here are pretty darn good, especially Red Delicious. But I can't make our folks eat freestone peaches; they've got to be hard clings.

When you come back from Papeete route yourselves via Panama and stop off here for a week.

Ever yours,



Sheraton - Park Hotel Washington, D. C.

Los Angeles - 28th May 1962

Dear Wilt:

I'll say that "the enclosed" in your last letter was a humdinger, with a set of both first-day used and mint stamps of the Venezuela orchid set. Thanks, so much, to you. I will take those over to the next Exec. Com. meeting of the California Arboretum Foundation to "show the boys". Incidentally, the Arboretum has a nice orchid collection and employs a "custodian" who bears the title of Orchid Specialist on the payroll - one Glenn Hiatt of whom you just might have heard. They are coming along.

To say that I was glad to hear from you is putting it mild. There were rumors that you had been sick, were in hospitals here and there and elsewhere but I did not get it pinned down. No answer to my last letter abetted the confusion. But I am glad to know that you have been fooling 'em again in Florida with your lectures and that you still ride high in the saddle. Guatemala here you come! It would be nice to to see you.

At our age things can happen. I had a little set-to the first half of 1960 that kept me out of the office for several months but I have been back now for two years. However, the two partners carry all of the trouble shooting and I keep busy as I may choose, - still am Supervising Landscape Architect at U.C.L.A. and one or two other jobs.

I see Art Schroeder occasionally but they gradually are pushing the horticulturists out of U.C.L.A. The curriculum is too big for the campus britches and the school is being turned gradually into a graduate institution. They now are building high-rise structures up to 11 - 12 stories. They have built two 800 room dormitories, with two more of the same size under construction in addition to high-rise academic bldgs. The dorm's are coeducational and very ritzy by the standards of such old Smiley Hall residents as you and I. We lived too soon for this gold-plated treatment to ruin us. What would we have done, had Smiley Hall been coed? They probably do the same thing at U.C.L.A.

Subtropic Hort. is dying on the vine and will be entirely gone shortly. Floriculture will give way to married-student and faculty housing. Then the beatniks and longhairs will take over and have a holiday. But !!! U.C. surely is expanding. They plan a 1000 acre campus on the Irvine Ranch; another down adjacent to Torrey Pines: one up Santa Rosa was and on ad finitum. Perhaps we should have birth control. But, if so, who would pay off the \$300 billion national debt that grows by leaps and bounds. Our interest on that debt, alone, is greater than the national budget some 20 odd years ago. Que lastima mi amigo! Also, carramba!

Which reminds me that I spent three very happy weeks in Baja California last March. Another old fogey and myself flew down to La Paz from Tijuana. There we picked up a car and driver and did another 1000 miles over what were called roads, encircling the tip of the peninsula and getting as far north as Santa Rosalia, about half way back to Tijuana. Six hours of driving as hard as we could go, one afternoon, got us 43 miles up country - but the country was terrific though a bit dry. It hadn't rained since September. They tell us that the bad roads are in the northern half of the peninsula, but I want to get in there next as it is good country if you just want to look at it and don't want to farm.



CLIFF AND JO GIBSON
INNKEEPERS



Wallingford Inn

ON U. S. ROUTE 7
WALLINGFORD, VERMONT
TELEPHONE 33

There were places, though, with water, even streams. Mulege is a veritable oasis with thousands of date palms and a large stream of warm water that gushes out from beneath a rock and flows constantly. They don't "raise" dates but they do harvest them and retail them at about 12¢ gold, per ~~1/2~~ kilo. They look a bit soiled and confused but taste all right. Incidentally, in La Paz, one could buy an entire orange crate (not lug box) of large, ripe, packed tomatoes for 20¢ our money. They are too far from the market to make it profitable to ship them out.

We found an Aloe in flower that has naturalized everywhere that we visited and was brought in by the Padres and Spaniards when they colonized the area. It is *A. vera*, of medicinal value, which probably explains its introduction from its native Cape Verde Islands off Africa.

It is inconceivable that the Padres could do what they did with such primitive facilities. We visited three stone-built mission churches which still stand in excellent repair though not beautiful architecturally.

Last year was a bit rough for us. Ruthie spent 8 months in Wash'n., D.C. because of a sick sister who still is in a hospital and will be for the rest of her life. I was back twice, in May and Sept., combining that trip with one to Philadelphia where we were finishing up a job for the Scott Paper Company. We got up into New England for two weeks of autumn color and hot it right on the button. The day we left brought their first snow and freezing cold, which we enjoyed along with everything else.

Now that they have raised the postal rate from here to Guatemala I shall have to write fast to get my money's worth, but won't let it deter me. Drop me a line from Antigua and give me the latest scuttle but about yourself and operations.

Ruthie would join in best of wishes to you.

Sincerely,

Ralph D. Cornell

1919 Taft Ave Hollywood 28 Calif.



CONVENIENTLY LOCATED AMONG BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAINS, LAKES AND VALLEYS



NO. 151
of the DESERT PLANT series
From the Studio of
HENRY E. MOORE
Twenty-nine Palms, Calif.



DESERT GOLD POPPY

© H. E. MOORE 1962

HOLLYWOOD * 1919 Taft Ave. * 6/7/66

Dear Wilson:

It was good of you to call me last Sunday and to schedule the visit within your very full program. Vera and I both greatly enjoyed the privilege of talking over old times with you and Paul and Betty, - and even looking a bit into the future. As the ranks thin, the bonds seem to tighten among those who ~~seem to~~ continue along the trail.

I haven't seen Paul and Betty very much more frequently than I have seen you, so it made a treat for me all around. Vera spoke of how much she liked "y'all" and enjoyed the little get-together.

Today is the day you were to return to your hideaway. I hope that you had a pleasant flight and a proper reception at the airport. I have been out at U.C.L.A. for most of the day on my routine, weekly visit for consultation and general supervision. We will have 8 or 9 active construction jobs under way, there, during the next few months. Vera joins in best of wishes,
Sincerely, *Ralph*

My dear Wilson,

[July 7, 1966]

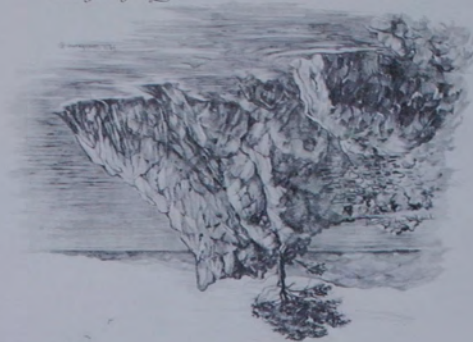
Meeting you and being with you the other afternoon was truly a great pleasure for me.

Frankly, I must confess, that I was really quite thrilled! You see, THE HOUSE IN ANTIGUA completely fascinated me when I first read it many years ago - and so when Ralph told me that you and he were "long time friends", I almost felt that I knew you.

Those three hours virtually flew - I know that Ralph enjoyed the

over please

The Lone Cypress
Little Beach, California



visit tremendously.

I am a history buff in general (Californiana in particular) and the prospect of visiting you in Antigua and hearing your stories of "The House" firsthand absolutely delights me. Please know that I would love every moment of such an experience.

I am so grateful that you called Ralph - he was pleased and so was I. My very best wishes always -
Most cordially,

Thursday morning
July 7, 1966

Tera

Jan. 17, 1967

Dear Wilson,

How nice to get your letter. You are so kind to invite me to your famous house, and I shall, of course, be most delighted to accept.

But please do not plan on any special date for my arrival. I will leave here now (plane schedules did not agree with my tentative plans) on the 13th of February, but I fly then to Belize, not to Guatemala City. My Landrover and all my supplies are there. Then, as soon as I can get clearances from the B.H. government and check out the Landrover (after all, it has been sitting a year), I shall drive across to Peten. When in Peten I shall meet with the Florida Audubon Society which will be there at that time, contact friends and see what I can stir up about the property I want. Then I will fly up to Guatemala City, when I know a little better where I stand. I'll ~~write~~ cable you beforehand, since I cannot at present estimate my schedule.

I do know I will be coming up

about March 8 or 9 at least. I have been invited to attend the meetings in Mexico City of the American Zoo Directors Society, and I must be there on the 12th of March at 9: a.m., so I'll fly up on the 11th. And I imagine I'll want to be in Guatemala City a day or two earlier to make arrangements

whether I can come up before then or not I don't know - I hope to be able to though. In any event, I'll let you know ahead of time - and please please don't let my trips interfere with your schedule at all. I am looking forward to seeing Antigua! Regards, *Lora*





Holiday Inn® OF HARDEVILLE

(North Savannah)

U. S. HWY. 17 AND I-95

HARDEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA 29927

March 12, 1969.

My dearest folks:

Congratulations. How tremendously glad I am for both of you, and wish you the complete happiness you so justly deserve.

How did I know? Aunt called me from Minnesota where she was for her Diddy's funeral. I am sorry for all of them. Ann didn't know yet, but long it will be necessary for her to stay there. She says her mother does not want to come to Guatemala.

See, give my regards to all the folks there a Zamarand. Right now as you see, by this letterhead, I'm on my way north for no. 15 & 16 grandchildren - March 20 & April 7 the first being Bulebo's seventh and the second being Erac & Joe's second baby. About the middle of May send, I might have a slim chance of getting to Guatemala for a few days & if I do, I will surely want to see you both if you will be in Antigua by then. I should like to hear from you if you have a spare moment. Write to 30301 S.W. 172nd Court Homestead Florida 33030
 Your Host...
 from Coast to Coast®



My mail is being forwarded to Marylander Phil of Post Office 10901
 me to return to Homestead. Love always Vera.

RALPH D. CORNELL
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

3733 WILSHIRE
BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 5
CALIFORNIA

5336 Fountain Ave.,
Los Angeles, Calif. 90029

11th January 1970

Dear Wilson:

C
O
P
Y

Your two good letters, beginning with the one of Oct. 5, last, arrived today along with the French melon seeds and the latino cartoon, ~~arrived today~~ to brighten my 81st birthday (now under way) more than words can tell. It saved both the day and my aplomb since I had begun to wonder if something might have happened to you. The long dry spell of more than three months without word or response from my old pal who used, accidentally, to find nice cherimolia fruits in his vasculum after we had been on a field tour of the Taft orchard in Hollywood - or similar - situation, had me sitting literally on the edge of my chair. I was about to phone Paul to see if something might have happened to you. Then came the letter.

Postal service up here is pretty dismal what with the high cost of labor, the quantities of free mail and subsidized mailing that goes on with our government, the present economy drive and the fact that postal employees are becoming largely negro, some of whom read and write a little but many of whom are not trained or temperamentally in matters that require normal cerebrations. Ant I must add, in fairness, that some of them are quite intelligent and very accomodating. But if the street number on a letter diverges from the correct number, even though it might be even next door, service is apt to stop right there. It happens to us regularly. Like the computers which can remember only the things that are "fed" into them and if such are incorrect it is just too bad.

And speaking of the long drought we had no rain for eight months during which the big fires occured. Then, on Thanksgiving weekend, one storm brought us $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches of rain - with 7.4 inches reported for Altadena. Within a week that amount had doubled, and it hasn't rained since. As things have gone for some years that could be our last rain of the season or it might go on into a really good winter/^{with more} min. Although much of the wildflower habitats has disappeared over the years, we of the old vintage still remember the days and hope for an annual recurrence of rain that will bring them back. Even in the good days the real spring show might occur but once in ten years. Now we get more new houses than wildflowers.

I am glad that you were pleased with the Franceschi Park report which, by now, has been approved and accepted by the City. One never knows what will happen after he has made plans for some of these projects but he always hopes they will be consummated in some degree of intent as envisaged by the planner. The park commission and council have told us that the proposals were "inspirational" and that they hope to carry them out but such things call for financing. And when it comes to providing the extra cash there is many a slip twixt the cup and the lip. We also recommended land acquisition which may take a little doing. But Pearl Chase, who has been the "mother of Santa Barbara" for the past half century or more, still is on her feet advocating all of the good and proper things. She does get things done and it always ~~is/has/been/very/helpful~~ helpful to have her on your side. Do you remember her? By all means, keep the report which is as I intended when I sent it to you.. It gives me great joy that you are interested to that extent.

Thanks for the French melon seed. My daughter and her family live at Blythe where her husband, Jerry Smith, is head of the State Agricultural Labor Division of ~~the~~ Riverside and San Bernardino Counties. He has turned "desert rat" and spends his spare time moonlighting in various types of community affairs which include preservation of existing ecologies, local Indians, wild animal habitats and all of the things which make for better environment of man and wildlife. He also is working privately on a marina on the Colorado River, at Blythe which he hopes to develop into a business which he may farm and subsist when the time comes to make a change.

RALPH D. CORNELL
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

3723 WILSHIRE
BOULEVARD
LOS ANGELES 5
CALIFORNIA

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I shall send Jerry your French melon seeds along with some of the Texas Cream watermelon seeds in the hope that he can persuade one of his grower friends, of which he has many, to give them a fling when the planting season rolls around. Right now, during our cold snap of the past week or ten days, Blythe is enjoying night temperatures down into the low twenties, although it warms up to forty or fifty by day. However it is a great melon country where some of the finest watermelons one could imagine grow. Cranshaws and canteloups might be their specialty so, perhaps, the French version will click. Where we now live there is very little room but I shall try to find a place for a hill of your seed on the sunny side of the house where it would be warm in summer but perhaps a bit on the shady side during much of the year.

Vera and I have recalled with considerable nostalgia our visit to you and your land a year ago. We have wondered what might be happening to you and have longed to be back in the land of le printemps eternal. It was a memorable occasion for both of us, of which Vera frequently speaks with great appreciation for your hospitality and generosity in every way. And Alice was the cause of much of the joy in our hearts.

Now getting back to your first letter of October 4th it may be too late to answer some of your questions about good schools etc. When you speak of Charles Fuller Baker, have I written you that in our processes of moving I uncovered a letter which he had written to my mother, in 1914 from the Philippines, in which he spoke of you. Also I found a card which you had written to my mother from somewhere over in the near east, which place I do not recall at the moment. Sommers around the Persian Gulf says I, perhaps when you were over there pursuing the illusive date. And I got out Paul's old book on dates and read it with avid interest, again. It still sounds very total and impressive although there may have been date developments since that time. In any case it bespeaks a lot of research and hard work. As you recall I spent one summer near Thermal on the West India Date Gardens where I planted medjool seeds all over the back forty.

Now to discuss schools! Perhaps with prejudice but always with deep conviction, I have felt that Pomona College was about as fine as any school could be. I always have felt her scholastic and philosophical and moral standards to be exceptionally high, and she ranks high from an international and scholarship basis. Also her financial statement makes her physical status sound as though it were very solid. Her endowment funds, I believe exceed in amount those of USC. Financially she might be fourth rated in Calif. with U.C., Berkeley, Stanford and U.S.C. claiming more physical wealth than Pomona College. But as of the moment all schools appear to be in physical difficulties due to the economic upheaval, the seeming moral debauch of our youth, the student revolts and attendant difficulties. There is newspaper talk that many, if not most, of our colleges are doomed to failure and demise, even though such sources usually are ~~exaggerated and~~ unreliable and send out highly exaggerated opinions which are not based on fact or research.

Whittier and Redlands always have been rated, academically, well below Pomona although they are good schools and are entirely adequate and suitable for some students. All of them cannot be chiefs and there should be a place where the Indians also could get training. Many students cannot make the grade requirements required for admission to Pomona, U.C. and places of high scholarship. However, as Dr. Blaisdell once said, "we do not want all of our students to be leaders. There must also be some followers." So a choice probably should be made on the basis of what the student wants upon his potential and capacity for education.

All of the schools, including Pomona and Whittier, have worried about and experienced campus violence and sabotage, things which appear now to be on the wane. Faculty attitudes have changed, have become far more permissive and and submissive since your and my days. Such things have happened at Pomona but I think that their attitudes still are above the

RALPH D. CORNELL
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

3723 WILSHIRE
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CALIFORNIA

average as also is their physical stability. I cannot feel that they will go under or that our entire educational set-up will collapse as some of the hippies might like to see happen. Quien sabe omigo?

If there might be anything you would like to have me do or check out for you I shall be glad to undertake it. Just let me know of your wishes and I shall "rally to the flag" as in days of yore. It is three months since you wrote of it. Maybe you have made the great decision.

south

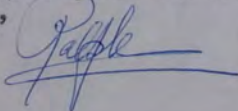
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Y
I hope that your trip to points/was entirely satisfactory and that your family is progressing properly. Also I trust that Knowles is back on all vertebrae full time. Your French hospital story reminds me of the man who reported to a hospital clinic and requested that he be castrated. The doctors argued with him a bit but finally yielded to his insistence saying that if such was what he wanted they surely could do it. When he woke up in the recovery ward he looked over wanly to the next bed and said to its occupant, "well my good man what did you have?" The reply was "an appendectomy". "Oh hell," said the first patient, "that is what I wanted."

This business of budgeting one's savings so that they will last for the balance of a lifetime is a bit difficult and is something that has been keeping me on the que vive for some time. I don't want to go on county charity nor do I want Vera to be left penniless when I go on my trek for the last roundup. The timing factor cannot be anticipated any more than can the inflation trend or the rate at which civilization will be totally exterminated by DDT and mercury. So it is a rough deal. With fixed interest rates running around 4% to 5% and with inflation increasing costs by leaps and bounds it makes a quarter or half a million look like peanuts if one must live from interest on such amounts. This is where the retirement boys with fixed pensions have it on the rugged independents who never worked on a salary which would build up into a guaranteed pittance for life. Many a cookie jar is not large enough or sufficiently filled with the dinero that may be needed to carry one through the last blizzard - of which our great middle west has been having plenty during the past two weeks

If you have anything left over after you and Terry Pehl have raised his needed \$1 1/2 million, you might get in touch with Pomona College. All of the schools are flat broke at the moment and gasping for money. State Universities are cutting their budgets and their departments to the bone. It is ubiquitous and chronic for the nonce. However, I do have faith that Pomona will survive and go ahead. And I have liked the administration attitudes toward recent problems. She rates ne plus ultra in my book.

I have just "shot my wad" and purchased three rose bushes, one of them patented, which I shall plant in our new and cramped yard space at Ambrose Ave. so that sweet Vera may have a pink rosebud now and again, if the roses manage to beat the nematodes and other predators and varmints. * We grew a cherimolia tree that fruited at Taft Ave although each flower had to be hand pollenated. Our coffee tree fruited prolifically and without help. At U.C.L.A. we have a Diospyros ebenaster that has set a number of fruits which have trouble in maturing, although the tree looks vigorous and robust, situated on the south-exposure wall of the heating plant where it gets wind protection and sun. We put out some Ravanella madagascariensis on the campus, last summer, which haven't died as yet but could be planning to. If they survive we should be ready for coconuts.

Vera joins in special love to sweet Alice and yourself. Have a good new year.
Sincerely,





MORETON BAY FIG TREE (*Ficus Macrophylla*)

Planted in Santa Barbara in 1877 this native of Australia had a branch spread of 149 ft. and covered an area of 14,050 sq. ft. by 1953.

Color Photo by Dave Mills

Pub. for Lathrop Imports, 411 State St., Santa Barbara, Calif. 93101

PLACE
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Ralph Cornell
[1970]

Post Card

57875-B

dp
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1000 5TH AVE., NEW YORK

5336 Fountain Ave. * Hollywood, Calif. 90029
31st January 1970

Dear Wilson and Alice:

Whether or not this may reach you before you take off for ports south to tell them how to grow apples where they won't, I shall send it along hoping for the best. It struck me that you might be interested in the coral tree pamphlet with which our mayor had nothing to do although he gladly takes credit for it. The coral tree is Los Angeles' official tree, the bird of paradise its official flower. What more could one desire?

The enclosed photos are sent, also, on impulse because they illustrate some of the fine trees that one may see along the way and from time to time. I love them all and like to get shots of those which may be photogenic. Do you remember the large Ceiba tree that stands a short distance out from Kingston, Jamaica? I photographed that in 35 mm kodachrome in 1952, incredibly long ago as time flies on its way.

Some writer once wrote words to the effect that "Here and there are set aside a few great trees with their arms spread wide - to the winds of God. And the reverent hears the whispering tongues of a thousand years." Of such would be the bristle cone pines, and others. Age of the bristle cones now has been authenticated (by coring) up to 4700 years - some say more. Trees which still stand in gaunt grandeur have been cored and proven to have died a thousand years ago - still erect. The oldest trees are not the largest but I enclose a photo of the so-called Patriarch tree which is said to be the largest known bristle cone pine. It stands at about 11,500 feet elevation. This tree does not begin until about 10,000 feet and grows to elevations of 12,000 feet or more. Where this picture was taken the average rainfall is only about 10 inches and the conditions are definitely xerophytic.

The Montezuma cypress (Ahuehuete) at Tule, near Oaxaca, has always impressed me with considerable awe. At one time it was almost dead, when its water supply had been cut off, but when I last saw it (about ten years ago, it was going great guns as though nothing ever had happened to it.

If the office brochure which I mailed shortly after returning home does not reach you when you think it should, please let me know and I will try it again. The office secretary took the envelope down to the post office and I am not sure how it was sent, probably as third-class mail - but experience gives me cause to wonder about delivery of such things.

Not long ago I sent you a sealed, first-class package with two brochures in it. One of them portrayed the U.C.L.A. sculpture court - one which we designed as part of our regular work and which is included in the office brochure. The other was a booklet arranged by the botany department of U.C.L.A. as a guide to campus planting and things which might be of special interest to visitors. It used a couple of my photographs but Dr. Mathias was in charge of its organization and printing. Perhaps it will interest you to see what grows on our campus.

So. Calif. has been as dry as a cowboy's thirst, so far, although the northern part of the state has flooded to the extent of becoming a disaster area in some parts. We have just enjoyed a week of heavy overcast and much smog. At the moment the air is bright and sunny with winds gusting down through the mountains from the north and blowing an occasional camper truck off the road. At least it keeps the air clean and cool.

Vera and I long for Guatemala - and the Popocate tribe. It was a highlight in life. Vera joins in best of wishes to you,

Sincerely,
Institute for Botanical Documentation,
Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA

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5336 FOUNTAIN AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90029 (213) 469-2145

14th March 1970

Dear Wilson:

Your very fine letter arrived yesterday and we are glad to know that you navigated the political crises without casualty and are back at the old stand in Antigua.

It might interest you to know that the book which Dr. Annis mailed me, in Laguna Beach, reached me in Los Angeles just seventeen days after mailing - which ought to make some kind of a record. A good man could walk the distance in two days. A good horse could do it in one: a Guatemalan oxcart in about five days: and a first class Volkswagon could make it in an hour if piloted by a veteran driver like yourself. * Our office was so delighted that three of the boys wanted personal copies which, this time, were delivered here three days after mailing. Some things beat description.

You stated in your letter that all of the "printed matter" which I had mailed, did reach you - which is good. Since, however, you made no specific mention of the officia brochure, with which were the four flowering color booklets, I am wondering if they were in the accumulated bundle of wastepaper. If not, we might try again, since I was anxious to have that particular bundle reach you. If you don't advise me to the contrary I shall assume that that package also reached you.

You speak of the large kapok tree in Palin, Guatemala, under which the local market is held. Vera and I drove down there just to see it, our last day in Guatemala. Since it happened to be on Sunday, all of the natives were there ahead of us, swapping treasures and necessities at a great rate. We went down just because of the tree and were delighted to see it - although it was about semi-deciduous at that time of the year. It must be quite a sight when it is in flower or covered with its puff-ball pods of fluff and seed.

The western chapter of the International Shade Tree Conference is to hold its annual meeting at Pasadena, in May, and they have asked me to show them some tree pictures. It is quite a job to sort a selection of color slides from several thousand, but I shall try to put enough of them together to put them to sleep for a short siesta. I drove over to Huntington Gardens, this morning, on the chance of finding something photogenic, but without much success. They have a terrific collection of Aloes, Agaves and others of the succulent group, which are likely to burst forth unexpectedly with startling blooms, at any time. To be on the job one should check at least once a week but that is asking too much of old men on busy schedules. So I get over when I can. Their new curator, Myron Kinnach, seems to be a pretty good hombre. He and an assistant spent three weeks in Mexico in February. To indicate that they encountered back-country driving, they reported that they wore out two sets of shock-absorbers, one set of tires and one battery. That goes through the accessories rather rapidly.

Congratulations on the 78th birthday which I hope was recognized in the proper manner. At "my age" such things do not matter much, since the glamor of youth long since has fled. But to youngsters like Alice and Vera there still is a thrill in a nosegay or other remembrance that arrives on such occasions, so that we have to be on the alert not to let our best friends down.

Speaking of your Brassavola digbyana, which sounds like a proper choice for your state flower, reminds me that we have a cattleya which right now is opening clusters of lovely flowers - with the fringed lip. Could it be a relative? The plant was left at our house at Christmas time, while we were in Guatemala, - with several clusters of flowers

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which had "seen their duty and done it" before we got home. However, there were five stems of unopened buds still on the plant. We have kept it in the house, since, and it now is opening two of the bud clusters - 4 per stem - with promise of others to follow. Some of these orchids are surprisingly rewarding, with little effort, if their simple but strict requirements are met.

With respect to the large Ceiba tree, near Kingston, it was fairly close to town as I remember. We spent a week on the island, with a car, driving north from Kingston over the mountain to Port Antonio. We more or less circled the island, through Ochos Rios, Montego and on a round by what they referred to as the "brown people" who seemed different from the black boys. We drove back into Kingston from what seemed to me to be the west, and this tree was by side of the road as we approached Kingston. In miles I would not know how many.

I, too, have heard that the Oaxaca Ahuehuate tree is a closely-set cluster of individual plants, - which could be the case. That would perhaps affect the apparent trunk girth, but should not change the height nor the overhead spread since plants thus crowded tend to merge into about the same bulk as a single, unobstructed plant. Our Calif. redwoods sucker from the base and form clusters, and I have wondered if this Ahuehuate might be in the same category. Reference to the oxcart in the foreground, and to the adjoining church (in the photo which I sent you) give scale and emphasize the terrific bulk of the tree. As I recall, I took that picture about 1958. At one time the tree was in distress because of disruption of its underground water supply, and I have seen photos of it when it looked almost dead. But restoration of its root moisture requirements seem to have put it back among the vigorous, living plants.

I am unfamiliar with Mundo Hispanico which sounds as though it would be a fascinating and valuable periodical. For years, after world war one, I subscribed to L'illustration which was published in France in most interesting format and with much color. I think that they finally succumbed to the erosions of time and ceased to be but I enjoyed them very much. Once, I even sent thema set of photos of our desert with descriptive text (translated into French, no less) but it all came back so promptly that I got the impression they could not use it. At least I had the fun of doing it and some expense of getting my english transcribed into a reasonable imitation of academic French - not to mention other details.

You refer to postage rates between Guatemala and our USA. The minimum rate of charge for a registered letter (no value) to Guatemala from here is 80¢ plus another 28¢ if a return receipt is desired. To this one must add another 15¢ for each $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of weight. Thus a few well-chosen words can become very expensive if registered. By our standards I would say that you live at the proper end of the line.

Alice's report on the banksia rose pleased Vera. We, here, now are approaching the flowering season for such, - with the first scattered flowers beginning to appear. They should be at their prime in another month or so. We have talked of trying to get back to Tombstone, in April, to get another shot at that famous vine - but old-age and many interests sometimes conflict with what might be desirable. We still hold the thought and may make Tombstone, but things surely do pile up at the old "home corral". The vine, of which I sent you a photo, is in Puente, a bit closer to Hollywood than is Tombstone.

This has been a torturingly dry winter, about 5 inches of rain in L.A. to date. Last year we had enjoyed 25 inches by this time. Now the season is so far along that any appreciable amount of rainfall would be a freak - as is the winter, anyway. It has been quite warm and pleasant and entirely acceptable to tourists.

Vera and I both remember our visit with you, nostalgically, and rejoice that you have such a sweet lady as Alice to share your enthusiasms. Our best wishes to you, both. Sincerely, *Ralph*



Jedediah Smith Redwoods State Park is included with the Mill Creek Watershed and Del Norte Coast park to the south in the Administration proposal for a Redwood National Park. It is famous for its primeval rain forest and its massive ancient Coast Redwoods. The park was established in 1929 by Save-the-Redwoods League and the State of California. The new addition shown in this photograph was made in 1966 with the help of a \$700,000 contribution from the League.

ADDRESS

Photograph by Howard King

Save-the-Redwoods League

114 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94104

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23rd March 1970

Dear Wilt:

The enclosed letter having just arrived from Ed. Menninger, it is my pleasure to send it along to you on the chance that it may interest or please you. I feel that Menninger is one of our natural phenomena who does more with one hand and part of one eye than most of us seem to accomplish with our anatomies intact. His book on Flowering Vines of the World was achieved under the most difficult of circumstances.

To be critical, I feel that his work suffers from the speed at which he goes, not always having the finesse and polish that one might seek: (See Annis book.). Much of the color work is inadequate and poorly suggestive of the real colors which, however, could be the fault of original transparencies or of reproduction - perhaps some of each. Still I feel that this, latest, book is full of good and extensive information and will be valuable to those who are interested in such things. I am very happy to have it added to the list of publications on horticultural matters.

Incidentally, this matter of taking good pictures (either b/w or color) is no sinecure. One may work for years trying to get a good shot of something special which he wants. Even when plants are available one still must catch them in good condition, good fruit or flower ^h and good light. To distinguish and achieve contrast between flowers and foliage may also require considerable scheming^{ing}, particularly in b/w work where everything comes out in shades of grey. So I feel that Menninger has done remarkably well.

With our present postal strike in possible making, delivery of this letter may set a record for delay which will rival the delivery time on Verle's book from Laguna to L.A. In the meantime Vera and I still recall and discuss, with longing, our pleasant days in Antigua and the renewed friendship with you and Alice. You surely are a good judge of good flowers and we hope you both are basking in lovely spring weather. We, here, are beginning to warm up a bit and the flowering things come and go with surprising alacrity. Our love to you both,

Ralph [Cornell]

HORTICULTURAL BOOKS, INC.
for Growers in Warm Regions
P. O. DRAWER 45, STUART, FLORIDA 33494

March 14, 1970

Mr. Ralph D. Cornell
5336 Fountain Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif. 90029

Dear Ralph:

Thank you for your interesting letter. I am delighted that the VINES book was finally born, as it involved many difficulties, including the editor who quit in the middle of her job because she wasn't getting enough money, although she had set her own salary. I have been complimented by a great many persons, so I guess it turned out OK.

I have fairly well recovered successfully from my accident, well enough to walk a mile every afternoon, but I am plagued with very dim vision, and this makes reading difficult, and produces many other problems. However, I am very glad to be alive and am having a wonderful time.

I am giving some thought to writing a book about the Flowering Shrubs of the World in warm climate gardens, so one of these days you will get a letter on the subject.

Wilson Popenoe and I were boys together in Topeka, Kansas, about a hundred years ago, and I hear from him frequently. He is my oldest horticulture friend.

With thanks again, and with kindest regards,

Sincerely,

Edwin A. Menninger, D.Sc.

The 1968 Reasoner Award
FLORIDA NURSERY & GROWERS ASSN.



Given to Edwin A. Menninger, D.Sc.
"for outstanding contributions to
the horticultural industry"

EAM:vt

*You need not
return this.
DTC*

© All rights reserved — Whitney Gallery of Western Art
 The free burial of an Indian beside a pleasant stream, when the buffalo still come to drink — form.

HIS HEART SLEEPS
 Russell

His Heart Sleeps
 No harvest sick has melting place
 No water needs the shaft
 But nature here has hidden
 Her store of soft grey
 Off jump the rocks his snail
 That hangs at every fork
 And water runs too freely
 That good have come to drink
 And down the golden light
 The snow still all his children
 Rocked in the sun through the night

1897
 THE WHITE MOUNTAIN



HOLLYWOOD * 8th May 1970

Dear Wilson and Alice:

Before we close the saga of the banksia rose for the nonce, would you be interested to see the enclosed photos which we took of the "Dibble Tree" in La Puente on Apr. 4, 1970? I send them along in that hope. The vine was about at its height of bloom on that date. This is the plant that at one time, before it was cut back, is said to have extended for 350 feet from the main trunk, a picture of which I sent you earlier.

Also I enclose a photo of the monkey-hand tree flower, taken at UCL.A. - along with a postcard of the large *Ficus macrophylla* tree in Santa Barbara. The latter, now purported to be about 93 yrs. old is somewhat larger than in the days when you and I walked Sta. Barbara with a vasculum in one hand and a kodak in the other.

Our winter and spring have alternated unseasonal hot and cold until most of the plants are totally confused behavior. Right now things are on the cool side.

Incidentally, the banksia rose in Tombstone experienced a late freeze that killed all the flower buds on the top of the plant. Only a few flowers appeared on the sides that hung down in a manner to receive some protection. They lose their flower crop more or less frequently, because of late frosts.

Vera joins in love to you both. We still thrill to the memories of you and Antigua.

Sincerely,

Ralph Cornell

HOLLYWOOD * 26th May 1970

Dear Wilson:

Please know that I never would wish to overload or bother you with unimportant correspondence but one thing leads to another and you soon will be flitting about the hot spots of Europe where my written word will not know how to reach you. But the chief thing to generate this letter is the enthusiasm I still feel for the four days recently spent (alone) in the desert where I coincided very nicely with the native *Nolina parryii wolfii* plants that flourish so well in the higher elevations of our Joshua Tree National Monument in the Twentynine Palms area. I have known them for many years and photographed them repeatedly but always am lured back in the hope that I may get a better picture. They never are the same, twice, and have their best years only occasionally. They develop very thick and heavy trunks that probably reach as much as 6 to 10 feet in height under the best of conditions: and since they grow so slowly it is my guess that the oldest might be as much as 1000 years old, or more. It is purely a guess as I know of no way to establish any age.

The *nolina* seems to be a dioecious plant - or at least has many imperfect flowers - belongs to the lily family, as does the yucca, but is very different in appearance than are the yuccas. Different species of *nolina* range our southwest and dip down into Mexico, but I have not taken the time to check with Standley, which I shall do. There are different types and kinds, some low to the ground and others quite tree-like in form. *N. parryi* is the most spectacular I have seen and the sub species of *N. parryii wolfii* seems to be a special strain limited to certain sections of our desert and growing larger and much more showily than the type. However I have seen *N. parryi* wild in Orange County, Santa Ana Mts., and it seems to grow well under garden conditions at Huntington Gardens, Sta. Barbara Bot. Garden and Rancho Sta. Ana Bot. Gar. in Claremont. Under natural conditions it seems to like heat and to seek out the high, rocky places. The "gent" in one photo is one Henry R. Mockel, a Twentynine Palms artist of considerable talent and ability.

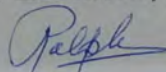
After two days in the "Monument" I checked through the Coachella Valley (if you ever knew of such place) where the temperature was 105° at Palm Springs - warm weather having not yet arrived.. I climbed out of the valley at Palm Desert along what is called the Palms to Pines Highway, where I spent the night under extreme cold and inadequate blankets but where air was fresh and robins sang among the pine trees. Maple trees and alders were just beginning to open their first buds, manzanitas were blooming all over the mountain and spring was asserting itself generally. I came back by the Banning road and arrived home to find Vera somewhat tired out from her Fresno trip of some 500 miles. San Joaquin Valley was as hot as the Colorado Desert where I did my stint, in addition to which Vera pushed it a bit too hard for her own comfort and pleasure, - although she insists that she was glad she went, enjoyed the trip and accomplished her objectives. It is quite an order if one can do all of those ~~things~~ things in two days.

Los Angeles had several hot days with temperature up to 100° on one day, and close to that on several other days. Then they turned off the heat and it has been overcast ever since in a manner that calls for heat in the house mornings and evenings. Our winter and spring seasons have been badly confused - and with very little rain, about 5 or 6 inches to be exact. Coachella Valley is supposed to average three inches.

I am glad that the *mano de leon* photo interested you. We have a fine tree that flowers regularly on the UCLA campus. There is a large tree at Paul Howard's old nursery site: another growing at Dr. Franceschi's old Montaroso site which now is called Franceschi Park. It seems to be quite adequately hardy in our mild coastal belt and, while it is not common, I do not recall any of the trees, which I know, as having been frosted.

With one foot already on the ship deck, I hope this will reach you before you get the other one aboard. I always love to hear from you but don't feel obligated to reply to this unless you are so moved. As long as I don't know any European mail address, you can be assured from a vacation from my letters for the time being. Vera would join in love to you and Alice.

Sincerely,



CORNELL, BRIDGERS & TROLLER · LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS · SITE PLANNERS
5336 FOUNTAIN AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90029 (213) 469-2145
Hollywood * 3rd September 1970

Dear Wilson:

The enclosed literature is not sent to you in any sense of solicitation but merely because I suspect that you know all about it anyway and might be interested to see how the matter is tackled here in the U.S.A. So many of the projects seem to center in and about your part of the world that I incline to feel that you are entirely familiar with its operations.

As I recall, the idea started a quarter of a century ago, or more, and concerned itself with sending pregnant heifers to the underprivileged countries where, it was hoped, the local farmers and their inferior animals might be lifted into a higher quality of animal and food supply. It seems to me that the original idea was that the recipient of each heifer was to give his first heifer to a needy neighbor: that neighbor also being expected to give his first calf to a friend - and so on. Thus, finally, the country would become "flooded" with blooded and first-class animals - like the get-rich-quick chains that sometimes appear in the mails. Whether or not it has worked I would not know, but they have been at it for a long time and have expanded their activities to other animals and other countries. It may be a fine activity and it would interest me to have your opinion from an objective observer who might be able to evaluate.

One interesting fact which I gleaned somewhere in the literature was ~~knockoff~~ that one high-bred sow, producing two litters of pigs a year, could provide as much as two tons of edible pork each year. That would be twenty pigs raised to a size of 200 lbs. each. Maybe your enthusiasms do not include pigs, but this thing happened to catch my eye.

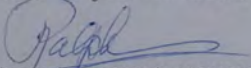
This productivity also may be the reason one sees so many pigs in the tropical areas. Pigs and chickens produce rapidly and also become available, as food, without having to butcher several hundreds of meat at a time - thus reducing the disposal time before putrefaction sets in.

This also triggers another thought, since I have just read a book on the last stand of the California condor. There are estimated to be about thirty living birds left, the last of the species. They have been dwindling steadily, in numbers, and seemed destined for extinction - although there still are those who are trying to keep their species alive. A pair of birds lays never more than one egg, each two years, so that it is disastrous to their reproduction if this cycle is broken into by whatever cause. Seemingly most of the condors are lost to the hunters' guns, even though it is illegal to kill them. Some birds die from poisoned carcasses of animals that have been set out as coyote bait. Some eggs are robbed from the nests.

In any event the ^{Calf} condor is a very shy and timid bird which, if disturbed, will abandon its nest. The wilderness range is shrinking rapidly and it is a constant battle to keep subdividers and other commercial promoters out of our open and wilderness areas. The greed and destructiveness of man seems to be without bounds.

We hope that your summer in Europe was a grand success and that you may be arriving back home about the time this letter reaches Guatemala via boat - or whatever.

Vera joins in love to you and Alice.
Sincerely,





FS-390

THE HIGH DESERT IN WINTER

Nothing is more colorful and picturesque than deep white snow covering the high desert country. Here we see a mantle of snow covering the Twentysix Palms Oaks, the self-guiding nature trail is plainly visible in the snow.

Color Photo by Bruce W. Black

[NOV 1970]

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Western Resort Publishers, 1320 N. Broadway, Santa Ana, Calif.

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GFS-7

A SPRINGTIME CONTRAST ON THE DESERT

A gay blossom of yellow atop a giant barrel cactus which sometimes grows six feet tall over a 20-30 year period. They contain a slimy juice often reputed to have saved lives on the hot, arid western deserts but hardly fit to drink otherwise.

Photo by Josef Muench

[NOV 1970]

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Los Angeles * 3rd November 1970

Dear Wilson:

Your splendid letter of October 27, with enclosure of pamphlet on the Value of Systematic Pomology in Tropical Fruit Culture, arrived a few days ago and I thank you for both. The article is well put and clearly expressed and I hope that your Latin friends got the message. What you say applies to many things in life. When they happen they may seem unimportant and we are sure that we will remember the details. But in years to follow the knowledge may disappear unless it has been properly and systematically recorded. The field work of today provides the knowledge of tomorrow, - if not lost in the meantime.

About ten days ago Vera and I fulfilled a commitment that took us to the University of California Conference Center at Lake Arrowhead where, some six months earlier, we had agreed to provide a program on plant materials - both talk and slides. It was crisp, autumn weather at an altitude of about 6000 feet, with color appearing on dogwood foliage and the other few things of the area which show autumn change. Sugar pines, coulter pined and ponderosa pines, along with the big Oconed spruce were much in evidence. And we were above the smog which, however, does get in there sometimes - to the disgrace of industry.

After two nights in the clean air we "slithered" down the back side of the mountain through Lucern Valley, Yucca Valley and into Twentynine Palms where we spent a night, did some brief business and made a hurried trip up into Joshua Tree National Monument where, at 5000 or 6000 ft., the Nolina parryi wolfii flourishes. It flowers about May and the female spikes set seed which hangs on into November - the seed spikes often being much more striking than are the flowers. So, we took a couple of ~~photos~~ ^{photos} as I just happened to have my camera in the car. Perhaps I sent you a shot, once before, but I shall try to get one in this letter just for sure. I have chased these nolinus countless times and it always is an experience: always a hope that I will get a better picture than ever before. These last films, taken ten days ago, still are undeveloped but I have lots of others.

From Twentynine Palms we drove on over (150) more miles to Blythe where my daughter lives. That is on the Colorado River, low and flat and hot where their record temperature for last summer was, I think, 132°. Average days get little higher than 112 to 115 in warm weather - but it all makes for good melons, cotton, alfalfa, various cerials. Commercial dates never made it there, for whatever reason, although there are scattered palms that set fruit, unattended.

We drove home, 250 miles, through the Coachella Valley where date harvest has been under way and still continuing. The early trees planted at the beginning of the century ^{are} and now tall palms if they have been allowed to remain. Many orchards have been abandoned or removed for other uses and I have no way of knowing whether some of them might have been undesirable seedlings, some in poor locations as to soil or temperature - or otherwise unprofitable. They still produce fine dates, though, of many kinds.

We stopped at Hadley's Fruit Orchards outlet where they had good quality Khadrawis, Deglets, Barhis, other good named varieties and many that were not identified as to kind. We even saw bread dates which have more or less disappeared within the last thirty or forty years. We got some excellent quality, medium-sized Medjuls (whatever was you wish to spell it) at about 75¢ per pound, in cellophane packs. In the carriage-trade shops and fancy packs they run much higher. Tarzibals also were on sale, in the poor-man's cellophane packs at a dollar or more the pound but they really are sweeter than we prefer, and a bit cloying. I recalled planting hundreds of pounds of seeds of the medjul type - maybe tarzibal - during the summer that I worked down there for the W. I. Date Gardens. It was a grand, hot summer. The little jaunt took us just 600 miles - all very enjoyable and a pleasant break.

We now are in the throws of moving our residence from Taft Ave. to Ambrose Ave. New address will be 4880 Ambrose Ave., Los Angeles 90027 - but suggest that you continue to send mail to the present address for Botanical Documentation in love to you and Alice.

BLUE BLACK

YELLOW

RED



California State and County Arboretum, Arcadia, California. Lucky Baldwin's one-time "Pleasure Pavillion" where he entertained friends and held parties in the grand manner of his day and age. Called the "Queen Anne Cottage", it had modern conveniences, including a lead-lined bathtub and an old fashioned "John" that resembled, somewhat, an abandoned mine shaft - no doubt a prize achievement.

Los Angeles * 24th November 1970

Dear Wilson and Alice:

A week or two ago I mailed you a copy of one of the Barclay Bank reports on business throughout the countries within the British Commonwealth. I would be surprised if you were not familiar with the report but I find it so interesting that I send this copy along on the chance that it may be new to you. It covers some of your country wherever the English have penetrated and states comparative figures on production and economics.

Yesterday I mailed you a copy of our preliminary report on Franceschi Park, in Santa Barbara - all prompted by the fact of the trips which you and I made into that area about the end of the first decade of this century, when we travelled on foot and with kodak and vmsculum in hand. Those memories all associate so definitely with you that I am hoping the brochure may be of some interest. Don't feel any obligation to hang onto it. I might note that all of the work was done by office members. viz. I took the plant photos, one of our men made the snapshots taken in the present Francheschi Park. Bill Bridgers, a partner, printed the actual photographs. The photo montage was put together in the office. Drawings, assemblage and designing of the brochure is office work. True, it is full of a lot of "filler" about weather etc, but these ~~things~~ ~~which~~ were things that Sta. Barbara required in their program: but perhaps it may give you an idea of how these things are done today - a far cry from the days when we used to spit on our finger and hold it up to see from which direction the wind was coming. This is the technocratic age when they fill life with a lot of flap-doodle that seems to me like wasted effort that frequently has little to do with the ~~end~~ end results one seeks. We used to lay down a few rules and directives and make a plan to meet requirements but now we have to consult the signs of the zodiac, get rainfall and similar statistics for the past half century - and then go from there with utter abandon.

Did you ever hear of a good, yellow-fruited watermelon of excellent texture and flavor that was known to the trade as "Texas Cream"? Such has appeared in just one local market, of which I know, for several years, usually late in the season. Flesh is crisp and tender, deliciously sweet and rich yellow in color, with black seeds. Whether or not you know it, would you care for an ounce or two of seed to be tried out by your favorite grower? If so, let me know and tell me what to do (if anything extra is necessary) to send them to you through the mails to Guatemala. The aesthetic joy of eating them is added to whatever gustatory pleasure a good sandia can add to the occasion.

Ira J. Condit still is bobbing around and has sent me several letters within the past year or so. The last one came a month ago and I send it along because he used your name a time or two. You need not return it. As I understand his letter he says that he sold to you and Paul his set of Standley's Trees and Shrubus of Mexico, which may be correct. As I remember it you wrote me that Condit had a set for sale, which I bought direct from him. Perhaps he had two sets but I am glad to have one of them which is an addition to my library but which I would have been able to use much more had I found it two or three decades earlier.

Having just mashed a finger in an automobile door, before starting this letter, I am making even more mistakes than usual which I hope you may be able to overlook. I never was a perfect typist and the temporary loss of one finger seems not to improve facility.

At last we are in the new house, huddled amidst the mess of cartons and boxes that litter the floors. It has been a lot of work to disturb the accumulations of things in a house we occupied for forty years but probably will make the next move a bit simpler unless we live too long.

We have been having more Santa Ana winds, more fires to consume several (15 I believe) thousand acres of chapparal with a few houses thrown in. No rain for some 8 months so that we seem to be grinding away quite normally.

Very truly yours,
Sincerely,
Alice

Mr. Ralph D. Cornell.
Landscape Architect
5336 Fountain Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

Oct. 15
[1970]

Fruit. P.
you may ship it
through
airmail
reaffirm.
R.D.C.

Dear Mr. Cornell:

It was and is a pleasure to hear from you once more and to have comments from you on mutual interests. I have been to Mexico several times and introduced seeds of several species of *Ficus* - but have never been to Guatemala. Long years ago I had a call from Messrs. Paul and Wilson Popenoe, who purchased my copy of Standley's "Trees and Shrubs of Mexico", which I had bought from the late Harry Smith. You may find some interesting material on *Ficus* - in my book "Fruit - the Exotic Species", published early in 1969 by University of California Press, Berkeley.

Now as to *Ficus moxburghii*, which you say is tender to cold - and yet there are two specimens in Los Angeles without any frost damage. There are three more or less forms or clones of the species. (1) The bushy form of which there are beautiful plants at U.C. Bot. lectory garden; at LASC, a regular tree that spreading, with clusters of figs at the base, and with mahogany red flange on new growth. (2) Also at LASC, a tree-like form with figs on large framework branches; not so ornamental as No. 1. (3) A form labeled by Dr. M. Stewart as seed from India but not yet seen when a traveler in that country is not yet seen in fruit by yours truly. One friend at Corona del Mar has the bushy form growing in the yard next to house; it is kept in bounds by heavy pruning each year. (Over)

I am writing or scribbling this at River-
side where we are visiting friends for a few
days. Saturday I hope to attend the Aug. Meeting
of Calif. Avocado Society at Fallbrook. Nelson
& Jensen and I were given the honorary member-
ship status the same year - 1957 (I believe
at Ventura). J. Ellet Coit and I helped to
organize the Society in 1915 (or was it 1917)
and we maybe the surviving few who attended
that first meeting. I hope to see Coit while
down this way - at Vista. He has completed
his long years of research on the Carb and
published a circular on his work.

I understand that the book "Traces of
Santa Barbara" by M. Van Rensselaer is
being revised by Mrs. Muller and Mill Beittel
but the work out is slow and publication,
under ?? Van & Eleanor are living in
Santa Cruz; he is crippled more or less by
arthritis; she has a studio at Capitola special-
izing on dry plant materials.

We like it at Samanhand even though
many of the residents are of the lame, halt,
and more or less blind persuasion.

We see the Botanic Garden from time to
time; joined a bus load of 32 from there on
Oct. 2, 3, 4, for a trip to Sequoia under the
tutelage of Mrs. Muller.

Cordially yours,

Joe J. Condit

The Samanhand.
2663 Tallont Rd.,
Santa Barbara.

P. S. Mrs. C. and I were in Hawaii last
May and fully expected to see Wm. & Maria Seward
on Kauai - but found them away on a trip to
the mainland.

April 1970

Dear Wilson:

Your very fine letter of March 13 has been awaiting reply for about three weeks during which time I have been as busy as a cat on a tin roof, and about as frustrated. Now, having just mailed out income tax and other tax checks in sums that leave me stunned and gasping I shall pause for the refreshment of a few words with you. Incidentally, I deeded the house over to Vera, which makes it subject to both state and federal gift taxes in what seemed like very generous amounts but the property now will not be part of my estate when I die and thus will escape death taxes. Which is better (or worse) I do not know but it will at least relieve Vera of some detail and expense in the future.

Whether or not the deglet noor palm of which I sent you a picture is one of "our" original offshoots, brought in by the Popenoe boys, I do not know but I often have wondered about many of these "fancy" oddball types that are available on local markets. I planted I planted thousands of date seeds, that summer in Thermal, and incline to suspect that a number of varieties that seem a bit off-color in regard to ancestry may not be the result of some of that early work done by the West India Date Plantations. Some seem to be very close to Hejools, and so on, without being precisely on the button. * This reminds me that there is an outfit in Texas advertising that they have a monopoly on the crop, having contracted for it all. They also advertise that customers may call them - collect - from anywhere in the U.S. and that they will ship as directed. So they sell dates to Calif. trade that undoubtedly were grown in California. The prices must be atrocious for them to operate in so grandiose a way but we have friends who fall for such things, even sent us a small package from this Texas firm. It was delivered from a Californian outlet which rather suggested where they probably were grown.

And since you express interest in the palm photograph, I am emboldened to send you a few more palm pictures some of which are not dates. As you know we have only one strictly native palm in Calif. although there are close to a hundred listed which have been grown here. Quite some years ago I accidentally "ran on to" a *Washingtonia filifera* in Oakland that had two separate trunks and heads, which started about six feet above the ground. Perhaps it was an injury which started the adventitious offshoot, who knows, but I was interested to watch it and probably photographed it three different times over a period of perhaps twenty years. Now it is gone, a victim of housing expansion, but I still have the pictures of which I enclose samples. *Erythea armata* is our most spectacular flowering palm when at its best but there is a marked variation in flowering habit. The one, photo enclosed, was taken in Huntington Gardens and probably produces the finest inflorescence I have seen.

It may interest you that we have just moved a *Diospyros ebenaster*, on the UCLA campus, which was about 20 feet tall, approximately as wide and on which were half a dozen green fruits as large as golf balls. It was on the south side of a two-story brick building which protected it from north winds and also absorbed considerable heat which would be stored by day and released by night. We thought it worth a try at saving preservation when plans for building enlargement made its removal necessary. It dropped a very few leaves, no leaves wilted on the tree and all symptoms are favorable for survival. The fruits still hang on and we hope they will mature, particularly as spring is said to be with us now. Present location is not quite as sheltered as its earlier spot. Quien sabe? And while we are on such topic, three or four traveller's palms (*Ravennala*) seem to have weathered the winter at UCLA, a bit dogeared but with tender young growth showing at the tops. Undoubtedly we will lose them ultimately but it is worth trying - and lots of fun. Some time we grew a *Spathodea campanulata* for about ten years, on the campus, and it flowered every fall just before temperatures dropped to the point where remaining buds could not make it.

At home, I have set out a small mango tree in a sheltered spot against a south wall and also have just planted five seeds of the French melon which you sent. If they look promising I shall thin the hill to one or two and hope that we have enough heat and growing room to produce a fruit or two. Most of the seeds, which I sent to Blythe, have been planted for about a month but I have no report on them. All of which reminds me of a true story. About six or eight years ago I stopped off one fall in Dallas, Texas, to take a quick look at their state fair, being interested in their agricultural efforts. What I saw didn't amount to much but there was one exhibit of enormous watermelons, dark green and long, cylindrical on shape. As I stood looking at them an old Texas farmer came along. Wanting to be friendly and make him feel good I remarked that those were remarkable fruits which must be California cucumbers, judging from their shape and size. The Texan relieved

himself of a little tobacco juice, looked at me disgustedly and said, "Son, them aint cucumbers. Them's Texas peas."

Weather for the past season continues to break all records in 'most every way. There has been scarcely any rain, at all, since December which produces the longest and most severe drought for a comparable season and duration, within the local weather records. We had a good rain in November: another in December: and nothing since. Wildflowers germinated and wilted. Unseasonable heat spells have alternated with severe cold snaps until all the plants are totally confused. Right now we are having another "Santa Ana" trend with daytime temperatures as high as ninety five degrees. Soon it will be too late to even hope for rain although I recall one year when we received five inches in May but which was so late that it didn't do the country much good.

The Calofornia Native Plants in Color booklet is coming along and we have been reading galley proof of text and making color corrections on the first-run color proofs. It should be with us within another month. I am interested in your suggestion about Ernest Braunton but can think of no one who "even remembers" him, let alone knowing enough to write of his life and work. He was one of the early boys of this century whom I contacted rather often during my early years but he dropped out of sight when he stopped writing articles ~~to the~~ for the Sunday Times. He was a horticulturist but also liked to think that he was a landscape designer, vaguely as the profession was thought of in those days.

Our local earthquakes continue with daily aftershocks. One, last week, was strong enough to damage another 400 hundred houses, as well as six or eight people - no deaths. It occurred in a slightly different locality within the San Fernando Valley. So it would appear that things are shaking down as the San Gabriel mountain range is being lifted higher into the sky - about four feet in the first quake on February ~~11th~~ ninth. But the human ants crawl back into their homes as soon as permitted.

UCIA, as do all schools at this time, is feeling the pinch of poverty and cutting budgets and overheads wildly, to the consternation of the educators at large. But is a fact of life that one can't spend more money, endlessly, than it takes in. So the jobs fall. The department of Architects and Engineers with which I have worked since its inception has been cut from a staff of 76 to about 18 or 20: may go even lower. The sifting is a difficult procedure for all, at either end of the rope. They have decided, however, to keep me on for another year if I am able to "percolate" for that long although I incline to wonder why. They took me on in 1937 for one year, have renewed the agreement annually ever since. I have enjoyed it immensely and have appreciated the opportunities which it has presented, the campus having been a wonderful workshop for my profession and me. I shall be out there again in the morning, Wednesdays being my regular day, with other time interspersed as needed.

Vera and I are planning runs to Claremont and to Sta. Barbara within the next ten days. Each place has a Calif. native plant Botanic Garden, both exceptionally fine, and we hope to give them a quick look.

Vera always speaks of you and Alice with fondness and would join me in love to you both.
Sincerely,

Ralfe

Thanks for the stamps in
your last letter & here
are some more for you.

R

How Much Do We Spend?

Of all the earth's cataclysms, earthquakes are the most unpredictable. They strike with little or no warning, their severity is never known until it is too late, they can hit anywhere and at anytime. On top of which, there is absolutely no way to prevent them. One thing you can be sure of—if you live anywhere in Southern California—it is impossible to get more than five miles away from a fault in the earth's crust, except by moving out, going elsewhere, and taking your chances with tornadoes, hurricanes, twisters, and other natural disasters in other parts of the country.

So what do you do? You learn to live with them, says Jack L. Alford, head of the engineering department, and a specialist in the structural effect of strong-motion earthquake. There is at least one reportable earthquake daily in California, Dr. Alford points out. Obviously, only the major shocks cause a ripple of concern.

This gloomy state of affairs notwithstanding, your chances of coming through a major quake are good—unless you happen to be at, or very near, the epicenter of the disturbance. In which case, your "earthquake-proof" dwelling, building, or whatever structure, is apt to buckle, shudder and crack, or simply topple. There is no escaping calamity at dead center. The farther you are from the epicenter, the better your chances. The devastation caused by the recent Sylmar quake (Feb.9) was confined to a relatively small area, whereas shock waves were felt and caused near-panic, if little physical damage, over a 300-mile area.

Prof. Alford, who is neither a seismologist nor a geophysicist, is principally interested in the engineering aspects of structures to keep damage to a minimum, and to prevent loss of human life, which is a guiding principle of the building code laws. The Sylmar quake of last month was a bad one—one of the worst to be recorded in size of ground acceleration—yet structures some little distance from the epicenter survived the shock, and only older buildings in the downtown Los Angeles area suffered damage. The skyscrapers, all of com-

paratively recent vintage, came out unscathed, except for broken windows.

In talking informally to members of the Harvey Mudd student body recently, Prof. Alford alluded to both the Long Beach and Alaskan earthquakes, which took a heavy toll of human life and caused extensive property damage, but he chose the El Centro (1940) and the Tehachapi (1952) quakes to make comparisons with this year's Sylmar shock. El Centro registered 6.7 on the Richter scale, with a ground acceleration of .33 "g", while Tehachapi registered 7.5 on the Richter, ground acceleration .17 "g". Both were bad enough, but not in the same league with the 1971 Sylmar quake, with a fairly modest Richter reading of 6.6, but a whopping ground acceleration of .50 "g", which is a preliminary estimate. One-half of the acceleration of gravity, which Sylmar turned out to be, is a staggering jolt, when you take into account that 100 percent acceleration of gravity means a lateral force equal to the weight of the building, at which time the bottom falls out. There is nothing left.

Despite the shocking statistics of any calamity, and especially the latest and the one nearest home, Prof. Alford takes heart in the steps initiated to make structures as safe as it is humanly possible to make them. Among other things, all buildings must now have their foundations firmly anchored to the ground from which they rise. All buildings must be securely bolted to their foundations. All walls must be laterally braced, all windows anchored to the structure of which they are a part. Facades, of no matter what material, must now be firmly attached to their primary structures. And, finally, roof trusses must be anchored into the tops of walls. These safety precautions go far toward cutting down human suffering. Even more will be done in coming up with earthquake resistant materials and construction methods in future, Alford predicts. It is simply a matter of balancing the degree of earthquake resistance desired against the costs that all the people are willing to pay.

Continued on reverse side

How To Fund a Professorship

Endowed chairs, or professorships, are among the most useful gifts any college—particularly a young college—can receive. Income from such endowment pays the annual salary, benefits, and other expenses of a distinguished faculty member. It is true that professors, being less than indestructible, do not hang on forever: endowed chairs, however, remain with the college in perpetuity.

In 1971, the cost of creating a professorship is at least \$500,000, which in turn will produce about \$25,000 in usable annual income. Since not too many persons are in a position to let go of \$500,000 at a given moment, most endowments of this sort are given by bequest at death. However, the donor who wishes to enjoy the satisfaction of creating a chair during his lifetime can do so through the expedient of an "endowment equivalency" plan.

It works this way. The donor provides annual gifts to Harvey Mudd for current operations in an amount equal to the income (\$25,000

let us say) from the endowment he eventually intends to create. This serves two functions: it permits the college to make financial adjustments on the basis of a future endowment while providing the donor with as much income as he requires to meet his obligations. In any case, the longer the full endowment is accumulated, the more the donor must increase his annual giving: about 5% per year, in order to maintain the income at present purchasing power.

But the plan can be modified to meet the needs and wishes of the donor. He can contribute more in any given year—or less—by contributing annual additions to the endowment fund for current operations. The donor's annual gifts for current expenditures will cover the difference between the actual endowment fund and the intended total. In any case, donors want to protect endowment equivalency in their wills, with an irrevocable provision.

May We Send You More Information?

Futures Committee Ernest J. Loebbecke, *The TI Corporation (of California) Chairman*; Maurice J. Creamer, *J. Arthur and Company*; Miles Flint, *Crocker-Citizens National Bank*; Harold A. Hardin, *Security-Pacific National Bank*; McCarroll, *McKenna & Fitting*; George E. Morrow, *Union Bank*; William A. Seligmann, *Union Bank San Diego*; R. C. W. *First Western Bank & Trust Company*

RALPH D. CORNELL

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT
5336 FOUNTAIN
A V E N U E
LOS ANGELES
CALIFORNIA 90029
PHONE: 469-2145

9th August 1971

Dear Wilson:

This letter is prompted by a call from Lovell Swisher whose name may be familiar to you, since he perhaps is the best known local horticulturist and has been around for fifty years. He is well into his eighties and doesn't do much active gardening, but he was very much interested to try a few seeds of your melon de Cavaillon, having been particularly interested in some of the Mediterranean melons for quite a number of years. He planted six seeds which he felt were about all he could handle and planted them in his backyard on a south, sunny slope in Hollywood.

He said that the foliage has sustained some smog damage but not enough to cause concern so long as it doesn't become much worse. He says that the melons now are the size of grapefruit and he wants to know how big they get and how they should look when they are mature enough for picking. I promised to get the facts direct from the "horses mouth" and promised to write you for information. He says he never before has seen a melon that looks quite like them, ~~before~~. Are ~~they~~ they the thin-fleshed type or the luscious, juicy kind? He and I both are very much interested.

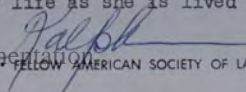
Where we live there is not much space, poor soil, sun only partially during the day and nothing at all to encourage melon growing. However, I also planted a hill of which I told you. Seed came up in seven days but it was cold and damp and overcast for a long time and all plants but one damped off very promptly. That plant now is about four months old and has just set its first fruit, about a week ago, which is almost an inch long as of 7:30 this morning. Smog has caused some foliage damage but the plant doesn't get sun during the entire day. However I shall hang on as long as the plant ~~does~~ and there might just be a miracle. Currently we have just had the nicest hot spell that is rounding out its second week and promises more weather of mid-ninety degrees at mid-day and the lower seventies at night. If that lasts long enough we may get a melon, as we give it our all and the old college try.

Most of the seeds went to Blythe where the "best melon grower" in the valley took them and promised to give them a fair try. My last report from there, a month or more ago, was that they were doing fine and coming along; also that they would keep me advised and send me some melons, but there has been no word since. I have lived long enough so that I don't count my melons before they are delivered, particularly as they slipped up on me once before. But if we didn't live in hope we probably would despair of life, I hope that you have had good luck with your melon "acreage" and that the Texas Cream watermelons may have added a mild touch to your local color.

Interestingly, as we were cleaning out old files last week, I came across an old drawing which went back to the ancient days when Paul was about to become a date grower in the Coachella valley. Perhaps he was wavering at the time, for the study showed preliminary ideas for a hotel site on the highway, with a subdivision road-plan study for the rest of the acreage to the south.. I assume this to be the site which, you told me, you funded and financed during the early days of struggle in our arid wastes. Those days now are half a century back along the old road which we followed through the years. So far as I recall, the subdivision plan never got far enough along to create any dust.

In the meantime, I count me melon each morning and evening, tickle new flowers with a camel hair brush, scan the weather clouds and recite my prayers to Allah. We hope that you have had a good summer and continue to enjoy life as she is lived in proper places. Vera joins in love to you and Alice.

Sincerely,



MASTER IN LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE FELLOW AMERICAN SOCIETY OF LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS

LOS ANGELES * 27th August 1971

Dear Wilson:

Yours of August 21 arrived about the time Lovell Swisher and I were harvesting his melon acreage which consists of six plants in the backyard of his Hollywood home. Lovell has been (and is) quite aboy and extraordinary in his horticultural activities but the malady to which you refer as senile decay is breathing hard down his collar. This plunge into French melon culture will be his last gasp as a grower even though he has had two Mexicans to help him. He is getting so frail that he can't even control the Mexicans but his spirit never flags.

When I asked him last winter if he would like to grow a few to continue his record of interest in foreign melons, he said well send me just six seeds. I got magnanimous and sent him seven. But he lost one and so came out with six plants after all. They now cover a space 35 ft. by 20 ft. and still are flowering wildly while fruits continue to mature on the vines. But one vine seems to be an odd-ball. Leaves are different, growth is slower, fruit is elongated and with a rougher skin and seems to be slower as non have matured as yet. He is going to watch this one to see if you slipped something over on him or if he might have a hybrid. If there is anything worth talking about I will keep you advised as to what happens. Lovell says he has had "a hell of a lot of fun" but he doesn't eat the melons. He just grows them for friends.

The commercial handicap to fruits thus far seems to be a tendency to burst before they ripen and to bruise at the slightest opportunity, producing soft spots at the bruises. Maybe they have had too much water, followed by the hot spell of several weeks that brought them along too fast. But their flavor is terrific and the flesh of excellent texture. I have had fun, too, and shall try to scatter a few seeds around next year. My Blythe attempt on which I placed great store seems to have flopped, at least as far as being able to get a report is concerned. The man to whom I sent the seed has had a heart attack besides being loaded with other responsibilities and probably has been unable to follow through. I still shall try to get a report but as far as a crop is concerned it should have been over in Blythe several weeks ago. They have been blessed with heavy winds, rain and 115 degree weather for the past month all of which might mess up the melon patch.

If you think that you may be suffering from senile decay you should see some of the cattle with whom I associate. Lovell Swisher is about 84 or 85 and getting pretty wobbly on his feet. John Anson Foard, ex county supervisor and now emeritus, is 86 and still going strong, serving on committees and running around to meetings. Dr. Carl Loman of orthopedic fame is over ninety, still practicing and giving talks. I drag my feet quite noticeably but at least was reappointed, July 1, as supervising landscape architect for the UCLA campus for another three year term - if I last that long. C'est la vie monsieur.

I am not sure what publications you refer to which show my color photography but wonder if the Theodore Payne booklet finally reached you. That was the fifth of a series of five for which I provided color photographs practically exclusively. And then, if you may have been forced into subscribing for Horticulture magazine, after they presented you with that \$450.00 bangle, you may have seen an occasional color reproduction there. Over the past twenty five years or so I have sold them quite a number of color transparencies for cover spreads or inside use the last of which I believe appeared in the June (or July) issue of this year to illustrate an issue on waterlilies. Perhaps my favorite cover-spread came out in (I think) 1969, showing some Mahonia lomarifolia with purple berries and red-bronze autumn foliage.

It looks like your fruit introductions into Guatemala were promising and I am sure is a lot of fun, as Lovell says about the melon growing business. * Am glad you can use the U.S. stamps and shall continue to use interesting ones. We appreciate your good auspices in the buyer with more paper for his money. Anyway we enjoyed those on your letter.

Joseph & Vera

LOS ANGELES * 7th October 1971

Dear Wilson:

Yours of the 4th inst. is just at hand and I regret to hear that you have bugs in your stomach and hope that they are there for a short visit only. We all have our ups and downs but seem to have survived everything thus far.

As to the Pomona College news letter, I do not quite agree with you that your participation was vicarious. You were a very important part of the pattern that emerged from Charles Fuller Baker's approach to life and youth, and the college. Many of the ¹⁹¹⁴ ~~1941~~ classmates, who still are with us, think importantly of you and recall your days with the "Tributes to Christian Civilization" just coming up at that time. Your spot on the totem pole is important and I hope that you may feel enough steam and energy to enable you to participate. As to the deadline, I am sure that can be stretched a bit since they never seem able to meet such arbitrary points in life and behavior.

I would not urge you to do something that might be difficult but, if you favor the idea at all, I shall be glad to write Margaret Painter and tell her that your "dope sheet" will be coming along and ask that she hold a spot for it. That will be up to you and I shall not press it farther, much as I would like to have you included, an attitude that other classmates share.

Was up to Sta. Barbara and beyond, last week. Right now they are having disastrous mountain fires back of Montecity and Summerland, pushed along by Santa Ana Winds and high temperatures. Two weeks ago we had a hot spell, temp.s above 100. Last week was cold with the highs in the low ~~50's~~ seventies and down into the fifties. This week is hot again, above 100 in L.A. for several days. Yesterday it was hotter in Long Beach than in Blythe on the Colorado River in the desert, all this in a climate that is monotonous and never changing, toujours le printemps and so on.

I enclose a bit of drool about one of our ancient live oaks.

Vera joins in love to you and Alice.

Sincerely,

HARRY GOULDING'S
MONUMENT VALLEY
TRADING POST and LODGE

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LOS ANGELES * 10th October 1971

Dear Wilson:

Having mailed you a letter but yesterday I apologize for writing again, so soon, particularly as I do not want to bore a good friend. However the Cavaillon melon project, which you launched by your generous seed parcel, has phased out and I would like to report before procrastination sets in to bury it all in oblivion.

I think I wrote that Lovell Swisher, who has had experience with melons, also has phased out his active gardening work with the completion of this project. When I suggested that he try the Cavaillons, last spring, he stipulated that he would take six seeds (only) as his last melon project and that he couldn't handle any more than that. In my big-hearted and generous way I sent him seven seeds just for good measure. Whether accidentally or intentionally he immediately lost one seed so that only six were planted.

Five of these seemed to be all alike but one odd-ball plant came up later than the others, grew more slowly, had entirely different foliage, set and matured fruit later than the other five. The melons turned out to look exactly like the cantaloupe that we grow in the Coachella Valley, were of excellent and first class flavor and quality and turned out to be quality melons which handled and kept better than the Cavaillons. I saved seed and will be glad to send you some if you say the word.

I haven't quite been able to form judgement on the French fruit, with only the five vines from which to draw conclusions. There aroma was pleasant and very strong. When ripening, I could smell them for half a block before I got to Lovell's house. Flesh was firm, pleasant, dark color and of excellent, sweet flavor. The problem seemed to be to mature them on the vines without their cracking, fermenting, starting to rot and turn sour before the flesh was soft enough to eat pleasantly. Its flavor would be sweet but the flesh was so hard one had difficulty removing it from the melon, with a spoon. By the time the fruit was in a good physical state for consumption it would have rotted or soured sufficiently to spoil the flavor of the entire melon. Fruits were particularly prone to bruise and then rot at the bruises, though I sometimes wondered how such spots formed. When they cracked or bruised it provided "open house" for bugs and insects which seemed to love them.

Right or wrong my conclusion of the moment would be that the Cavaillon is an excellent melon if it might be ripened and matured without deterioration. I have wondered if our climate might be too dry and arid: whether Lovell gave them too much water after fruit began to mature: whether out hot sunshine might have burned them and started the damage. With only one test plot, one doesn't have too much to go on. Maybe the Rhone Valley is cooler, more humid, or what. I would be interested to know.

So far as I can learn the Blythe planting didn't get on the records. I have tried to get a report but only have received silence so that I conclude either that they did not pan out, that they failed to get in the ground or that the grower failed to report. I may still be able to learn something about them but begin to despair of that possibility. If we can get over there, as we hope, within a month or so I may be able to learn something, although one would have expected these melons to have been harvested last May. They have small summer plantings that are picked in Oct., and these just might have gotten in late, if any.

I wonder if your Texas Cream watermelons (not the Texas Peas type) made it into the ground and, if so, how they panned out. I got one seed up in my yard which grew madly all summer and finally bore a few melons, flowering madly all the time (and still flowers), by never having a single fruit. I got out every morning for weeks and tickled the



THE NAVAJO LIVES & LOVES HIS RELIGION. HE IS A VERY SUPERSTITIOUS PERSON. I NEVER PHOTOGRAPH HIM WITHOUT HIS CONSENT. YOU CANT SNAP A PICTURE WHEN HE ISNT LOOKING. HIS EYES & EARS ARE SHARP & QUICK. A PROPER GIFT APPEASES OR BREAKS THE JINX & ALLOWS THE INDIAN TO PERMIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

DONT GO SWIMMING or WADING NO MATTER HOW TEMPTING. ALL WATER HOLES ARE USED for CULINARY PURPOSES by the INDIANS. WATER HOLES ARE FAR APART on the DESERT.

DRIVE SLOWLY APPROACHING A RISE. THERE MAY BE a FLOCK of SHEEP or a LITTLE HERDER JUST OVER the BRIM. SMALL CHILDREN OFTEN TEND the SHEEP and DONT REALIZE the DANGER in SPEEDING AUTOMOBILES.

WE SOLICIT the ACTIVITIES of MOTION PICTURE COMPANIES in MONUMENT VALLEY. IT CREATES JOBS and VOCATIONAL TRAINING for the NAVAJOS. WE RESERVE the RIGHT to CANCEL DEPOSITED RESERVATIONS FOR THIS PURPOSE ONLY.

FOR DESERT TRAVEL on UNIMPROVED ROADS, I RECOMMEND: CANTEEN of WATER, CAN of FOOD, CRACKERS, SHOVELS, TIRE CHAINS, LOW PRESSURE TIRE GAUGE, HAND or SPARK-PLUG TIRE PUMP, IN BAD SAND LET AIR DOWN to 15 LBS. FRONT and REAR.

ROADS from TUBA CITY, ARIZ. via MONUMENT VALLEY to BLANDING, UTAH, are IMPROVED ROADS.

WRITE to YOUR REPRESENTATIVES and ASK THEM to GO ALL OUT for a GOOD SUBSTANTIAL PROGRAM for the NAVAJOS. WATER and NATURAL RESOURCE DEVELOPMENT, SCHOOLS, HOSPITALS, VOCATIONAL TRAINING, ROADS and IRRIGATION PROJECTS along the SAN JUAN RIVER.

ARTHUR GARDNER

the flowers madly with a camel-hair brush. Flowers attracted flies but I didn't see a bee all summer and I inclined to feel that the flowers were not encouraged properly. In the heart of modern urbanity there seems to be no place for the life of a bee. Insecticides may have eliminated them but, additionally, there are few places where one might expect them to exist and persist in the madly boiling cauldron of city activity. Besides which, ladies now dress in ways to make them available to insects and yet they discourage the bugs and the bees from visiting with them.

at U.C.L.A.
I lay my melon problems primarily to lack of total, all-day sunlight and, secondarily, to failure in the insect cycle on which so many plants depend. Which reminds me that just this week we discovered a bee colony that had taken up quarters in a cavity in the trunk of an olive tree where they buzzed happily in and out of the hole in the trunk. There are only 33,000 students on the campus, besides faculty and operations people of several thousand, which indicates that bees will integrate with humans if so permitted. The chances are that someone will notice and complain about these bees, perhaps get stung in a spot not suitable for such use and thus reported to the Univ. as a nuisance and a hazard making the Univ. subject to damage suits should a bee turn his stinger in the wrong direction. It is a queer world of odd people and all institutions are groggy with the fear of damage suits from irate (and often crooked) people who hope to pick up a bit of loose change by such suits. And, unfortunately, the courts seem to uphold such claims.

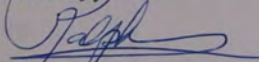
Weather is a bit cooler today, down into the nineties, which means that the Santa Ana winds are subsiding and permitting the smog to snuggle back into the corners of the ~~metropolis~~ metropolis. The Santa Anas drive out the smog but bring in the heat.

If you want seed of either the Cavailon, the bastard cantaloupe and excellent type, or the Texas cream/watermelon, just drop me the word and I shall send them along. I do hope that your watermelons came out well. They now are in at least one of our local markets although they are not available generally. They bring a higher price than the red melons but seem to be worth it if cost is no item - 2¢ to 4¢ a pound at retail level.

I hope that you begin to feel better under the new and bland diet. I guess our way of eating is largely a matter of habit and we learn to want the things to which we are accustomed. I recall that Paul was a vegetarian in the days of his prime (or should I say pre-prime) and assume that he still follows the old routine.

We wish that we might look in on you and Alice and we hope that all goes well. Vera would join in love to you both.

Sincerely,


Ralph D. Cornell

28th January 1972

CORNELL, BRIDGERS & TROLLER · LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS · SITE PLANNERS
5336 FOUNTAIN AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90029 (213) 469-2145

Dear Wilson:

Your last two letters which arrived in surprisingly quick succession pleased me no end, particularly as they indicate that you are up and at 'em in spite of a few punctures in your rear tires. With no idea of what some local "saw bones" had removed from your interior and thrown away, or what he may have sewed up inside, by mistake, I had wondered if you might be languishing in some hospital and in the slough of despond. But apparently you are too much for the microbes and afflictions that beset us old men from time to time. So bon voyage and bonne sante' for the days ahead. I hope by now that you are able to take your meals sitting down and your "soft drinks" standing up.

If you feel that you have had enough of Park Seeds I shall cease and desist, although I had expected to ask you if you wanted me to get any more for you. It is a pleasure and (you asked about costz) no expense is involved and I am delighted to do so small a thing for you. Just charge it up to auld lang syne however you may choose to spell it.

I did not get anything for moving the three rubber trees, of which I spoke, since I operate professionally and do nat do any contracting or construction work. We design and supervise and wade around in the dirt but most of our work goes to bid and is performed by licensed contractors. I did think, however, that the cost figure would interest you, as it did. I never have gotten used to this inflation upsurge, but the principles to this deal seemed to feel that prices were satisfactory if not actually reasonable.

I remember visiting your father's loquat acreage (10 acres I believe) near Vista about the time he leased it to the Greek fruit vender who had a shop, or shops, in L.A. As I recall it the Greek payed \$5000.00 a year and maintained the trees at his own expense which seemed like big money at the time. Your dad and I drove down together just to see the trees. Loquats are rarely seen on our local markets except in the very posh joints that cater to the carriage trade and I suspect that the fruits on which I quoted you the price were from somewhere south of the border, perhaps South America. Avocado growers seem quite generally to be operating on a shoe string but the retail prices in the market seldom get down to what seems like a reasonable price. The price gap between grower and consumer seems to be about as wide as the age gap between youth and maturity.

No, I haven't seen the old Gillespie place for many years but I believe the house still stands. Many of those old Montecito places have been sold, subdivided and cut into smaller building sites. Rural and spacious California fast is being wiped from the landscape for miles around our large population centers. Where we are headed nobody seems to know but I definitely am glad that I saw a lot of the country before it went to the hippies and "improvements".

This encyclopedia of which we speak has just announced its first volume but I haven't looked over the brochure as yet. The modern racket an all of these publications, of which there seem to be countless numbers, is to solicit request for the first volume - always without cost or obligation for the purchase of any that may follow and with promises that the would-be buyers will not be mollsted or bothered. Then, if you like the sample which you may keep forever without obligation, you are permitted to purchase the ensuing volumes as they appear for a stated amount per issue. Thus with fifteen or twenty volumes to follow the first, free copy, the publishers hope to recoup their loss and make mucho dinere on those who signed up. With such a come-on offer as that the publishers complain that they get only 30 to 40 responses to every 1000 solicitations that they send out. These are some of the things that overpopulation makes possible - mass production and a large market potential.

o v e r

A chap just came into the office who is working on a rubbish disposal plan that, if it works out will permit him to collect all organic wastes and rubbish from the city: to compost them into fills which will be mixed with soil in sufficient amounts to make it suitable for farming: after the fills are completed to, himself, build a park on the sites at his expense, and then present the park to the city without cost. The city will, of course, provide the site. The promoter will do this all, including his profits, on the dumping fees for disposal of the rubbish. Maybe you can't follow all of this, but it is just one of the ideas for disposing of the millions of tons of rubbish that now are collected, at taxpayers costs, and disposed of in whatever manner, - another product of mass populations and concentrations. All of which probably does not interest you one bit.

Would you by the rarest of chances happen to know of one Mrs. Josephine Jardine, now a widow, who has lived in Pasadena for about 35 years and is a stitchery celebrity? She teaches needle point, ecclesiastic embroidery and such things to ladies who would learn. She was born and raised in England where she attended some famous stitchery school, lived in Italy for about ten years, has been about and who visited Guatemala some two or so years ago. She fell in love with Antigua during the rainy season, October as I remember, and thinks she would like to retire there and spend the rest of her days in that city.

I wrote of her "plight" to Verl Annis who wrote a very full and careful letter about retiring in such a place, a lone woman at that. He was quite discouraging and we passed his letter along to Josephine. But her longing persists and her thinking always goes back to Antigua. She is British to the core, probably is in her sixties - perhaps her late sixties. She knows how to get around but we have wondered what would happen to her if she did pick on Antigua. If you care to express any ideas pro or con on such a decision, without it being an imposition on your time or to your "injections" schedule, we would be pleased to pass it along for what it might be worth. Vera is very fond of the gal and we hope that she will make a decision that turns out satisfactorily for her. Quien sabe?

Before I wear you down to the nubs - hasta la vista. Vera joins in love to you and Alice.
Sincerely,

Ralph D. Cornell

Rafael

There were fancy stamps on the next to last letter. Muchas gracias.
R



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Cover photo: Courtesy of Mr. Ralph D. Cornell

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LOS ANGELES * 21st February 1972

Dear Wilson:

Did you ever hear of an old-fashioned-rose nursery that was established some years ago by a chap named Tillotson? I didn't know him but he must have been some chap in his way, building something of a reputation. He isn't with us anymore but the nursery lives on under the name of Tillotson's Roses. Located remotely among the trees, on Brown's Valley Road north of Santa Cruz, the headquarters now are operated by a Dorothy Stemmler who I believe was a close friend of Tillotson and, also, is somewhat unusual and talented in a sensitive way.

What started all of this is that Vera ordered half a dozen or so rose plants from Tillotson's, last winter. Those which she kept included Duchesse de Brabant, La France, La Rein Victoria and Belle of Portugal, all of which take my memories back to the days in Altadena when you and I were struggling to grow up. These names are some that became familiar to me at that time, largely through you and your interests.

So, if you ever need old fashioned rose plants, Tillotson's might be able to provide them. With modern shipping technique they simply wrap them in cellophane (airtight) and send them through the mails to whatever destination.

It has been a good winter here for roses, cold enough to defoliate them and to give them the proper winter chalking. Our half dozen plants now are sending forth new growth and showing new buds. We now can obtain fertilizer that eliminates aphid and sucking insects and surely gives the plants plenty of vigor, "up and at 'em".

About the first of February Vera got one of those peremptory orders from a physician ordering her to hurry to a hospital and get a check up, sometimes referred to as "the works". They performed some quick surgery and then put her under cobalt treatment which entered its third week today. This cobalt treatment will go on for from five to seven weeks, we are told, after which we hope it all will be over except for recover^y with return of appetite, vim and vigor.

Actually we are quite sanguine about it and think that the trouble was discovered in time to bring it under control. Be that as it may the ordeal is a bit rigorous. Vera now is at home and goes down to the hospital five days a week for the cobalt ceremony.

This has been the winter that our roof fell in, in a number of ways, but we expect to bounce back into^{it}. One of the things^{that} was happened was on the day when Vera was operated on, mildly. I was standing in the corner dining room just ready to leave for the hospital, when there was a crash and a bang just outside. A car, parked up hill from us, had slipped its brakes, rolled down the street backwards (with two babies in the back seat) and crashed into a small tree just off the corner of the house. Had it not been for the tree we would have had a wrecked automobile in the dining room for dinner. As it was, the tree was knocked over and into the house. Damage was slight but just, today, we had the roof and cornice repaired and, we hope, waterproofed even though it never does rain in "these here parts" anymore.

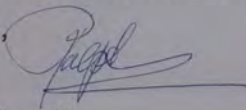
At the moment we are going through a cycle of low coastal fogs, night and early morning, which roll in to blanket portions of the terrain for varying distances inland. They are customary at this time of year and do help to keep temperatures down as well as triggering occasional traffic tie-ups of one kind and another.

By our new presidential decree, or whatever, we are having our Washington's birthday lay-off today, instead of tomorrow, so that the week-end may be stretched into three consecutive holidays. This new system of moving the holiday to the closest weekend probably is a good idea but one has to get used to anything that creates a change.

We enjoyed and appreciated your comment anent retirement in Antigua, for lone, aging and talented ladies such as Josephine Jardine. Because of circumstances of the past two weeks we have not gotten the informatinn to Josephine as yet, but Vera is planning to do so at an early opportunity. I am sure that your comment will please the lady regardless of what her decisions may be. * Also I deducted from your comment that Veri Annis was doing his usual spring walk in Antigua. That sounds terrific to me and I wish that I could do something of the sort. Quien sabe? We seem not always able to do the things of our choice and longing.

Vera would join in love and good wishes to you and Alice. Please tell Alice that we enjoyed and appreciate her letter very much. She is quite a gal, methinks.

Sincerely,



Ralph D. Cornell

Friday morning, April 14, 1972

Darling Alice and Wilson,

It is with great grief in my heart that I must tell you that I lost Ralph on Thursday, April 6. I still can hardly accept the fact that he is gone. He was so vital and active - I was so sure I would have him another ten years. Our six and a half years together was so brief and seems especially so now!

Wilson, it is so difficult to put into words just how much Ralph thought of you - and how much he looked forward to hearing from you. I have been wanting to write for a long time to try to tell you this. Indeed, on his birthday last year, Jan. 11, 1971, when he came in from the office that afternoon, I asked him if he had had a "happy day". ~~Oh, yes, I had~~ He answered joyfully, "Oh, yes, I received the best gift ever - a letter from Wilson!" Yours of April 9 arrived yesterday - how pleased he ~~would~~ have been.

Actually, I intended to write and tell you that he was hospitalized with a heart attack - which he suffered early in the morning of March 1. But the days disappeared so quickly. I spent every moment that I could with him - and then was still going into the Good Samaritan Hospital for my daily treatments. (He was in the Hollywood Presbyterian.) And I had no idea in the world that he would not pull out of this.

He did very well at first - I feel that he pushed too hard to get out - but he had a nasty set back on March 17 and was terribly weak from then on. But again he improved - but he lost his appetite and simply did not eat. The doctor allowed him to come home on Monday, April 3 - and oh, I was so happy. He was allowed to get up to the bathroom and to come to the table but he had such a time eating anything - much less anything really nourishing. But his mind was clear and brilliant as always. On Thursday morning we were both awake about six and I took him some orange juice and his medication. Everything was an effort but he raised on his elbow and we chatted and he mentioned breakfast. I was so encouraged and told him that he just must eat so that he'd regain his strength. I left him then because I was eager for him to get as much rest as possible. I had some coffee and it was fully fifteen minutes or so before I went back to check on him - and he was gone. I wanted to reach out and bring him back. I simply could not believe he was gone.

Please keep me in your thoughts and prayers. I need much courage and strength to learn to live with the loneliness and emptiness of a world sans Ralph Cornell. I loved him greatly and devotedly and am grateful for the happy memories of a richly rewarding relationship.

On March 18 the UCLA Chancellor called to tell me that the Board of Regents voted unanimously to confer an Honorary Doctorate on him in June and he was pleased - tho' he pretended not to be. At least, he knew of it and I used that as an incentive for him to get well.

Ralph was not an envious person but I do think that he would much have preferred the life you have led in horticulture, to his own life of landscape architecture. He often told me that if he had the choice over again he would go into horticulture. This was his first love.

And I do feel so strongly that our Guatemalan trip was one of the highlights of his entire life - and this primarily because we could be with you. He talked of it constantly - and we even discussed 'retiring' in Antigua. I loved every moment of that trip and so did he. I rejoice that we had it. He admired you so much and your wonderful and gracious hospitality warmed our hearts.

Ralph has been working far too hard and he refused to see a doctor. He feared being told to "slow down". I could do nothing with him - he resented my entreaties to have a check-up. And he was a great worrier - tho' he would never have admitted to that. My situation was a shock to him but I feel so sure - and so do the doctors - that it was caught in time. I felt surprisingly good during the cobalt treatments and so basically I must be in good health. But after Ruthie, of course, Ralph worried about it all.

I have two hospital sessions ahead of me - the first one this coming week of April 17. But I have excellent doctors and, while the treatment will be uncomfortable, I am not really concerned. There will be no surgery, as I understand it. I must be alright because I have so many projects to attend to. I want to go on using his photographs whenever and wherever possible.

I have
I/rambled on much longer than I intended - but, even so, wonder if I have made clear to you how greatly Ralph admired you and what great pleasure we derived from your kindness to us when we in Antigua. That trip will ever remain a cherished and happy memory for me.

After going on at such a rate about us - I have neglected to ask how you, both are feeling. I do so hope that Wilson is now "as good as new".

Betty sent me a beautiful note and you probably will hear from them.

[Ralph Cornell] [Died April 6, 1972]

How well I remember those first days
with Ralph, ^{when we stood} ~~standing~~ ~~toget~~ side by
side at the petting bench in the West
India gardens at Altadena, con-
vinced that those avocado ~~tree~~ ~~seed~~
seeds we were planting were des-
tined to form the basis of a new
California industry which would
drive the orange right off the map.
Then we went over to Pomona College
and sat at the feet of Charles Fuller
Baker who fanned the flames of
our youthful enthusiasm as few
professors have ever done. He
~~was~~ ^{unique} ~~all out for~~ Science, Entomology
~~and Horticulture~~. I think it fair
to say that Ralph and I were
~~both Plantmen~~ at heart. Ralph
ended up in the ~~broader~~ field of
Landscape architecture, ~~in~~ which
is ~~the use of plants in the~~
~~broadest sense and most esthetic~~
~~manner~~.

I stayed in the ~~narrow~~ field of
pomology.

I heard the call of the tropics, and
landed in tropical America. Ralph
had the good sense to remain in
California, where his love and under-
standing of plants and how to raise
them, ~~was~~ resulted in his becoming
~~one of the leading landscape archi-~~
~~tects of the State, a leader in~~
his field. I feel that he owed his
~~success, in part, to~~

To my mind, the crowning achievement
of ~~the~~ his last years was the publi-
cation of his magnificent collections
of color photographs. I do not believe
anyone in California ever equaled
him in this field.

We grew old together, and after many
years of ~~being~~ working far apart, he
brought his devoted wife Vera to
Guatemala and we again became
close together as we had been when
we were planting avocados at the
West India gardens, or walking

taking photographs of attractive
landscape plantings in Pasadena or
Santa Barbara, where there was so
much interest in handsome exotic
~~trees and shrubs~~. I like to think
of what a long and full life he led; of
~~the contrast~~ what a delightful, consid-
erate friend he was to every body, of
what a fine worth while contribution
he made to the beauty of California,
and I like to feel that above all
he was a true plantsman, for they
are the poets and artists of the garden-

June 15, 1972

My Darlings,

You'll think me the most ungrateful wretch in all the world - and you are the last whom I would want to be holding such an impression of me. (That's about the most awkward sentence one could possibly engineer!) *Ralph would never do that!*

When your heartwarming letters of May 2 arrived, I was so touched and pleased by your comforting words that I must confess I wept. As you both well know, the sympathy and understanding of one's friends is all-important at such a time. Ralph would be the first to disapprove of "maudlin grief" and so I am doing my best to adjust - as he would ~~want~~ want me to do - but when I am here alone, I find myself calling out to him. I am sure that you both will understand all of this, too!

I am happy and relieved, Wilson, that you are feeling so well and that "that operation" apparently 'did the trick'. Are you able to 'slow down' a bit? I do hope so. Take very good care of yourself - for many reasons!

As for Alice - I know the magic word is "busy". I was appalled that instead of a 'rest', Alice took over as hostess for Mrs. Armour. But then Alice would and could take over beautifully. How fortunate for Mr. Armours's sake!

Ralph would be so pleased with the flourishing of the coleus. At least, it sounds as though that's just what they're doing. Aren't they beautiful? The colors and combinations are almost unbelievable. Do you remember that you took us to Arturo Falla's beautiful place? How greatly we enjoyed it - and its view of the volcano. I have all confidence that Alice will find a place in the garden for a "special bed" of the lovely plants! *Please remember me to Señor Falla!*

My second hospitalization is behind me - actually, this is one reason I have been so long in writing to you. There is no reason to believe that I am anything but alright. I see the doctor tomorrow for the first examination. Of course, I will have to report regularly from now on but I would be doing that anyway. I am much more tired after this second session but I really feel that this is more or less "delayed reaction" to all the tragedy of the past few months.

Of necessity I am keeping very busy - there is an endless amount to be done. I am beginning to feel better physically, thank goodness. My energies were non-existent there for awhile. At times it seems as though I'll never get through all the correspondence - everything must be done "immediately". But I keep plugging away - I guess that'll get it done eventually.

And all of this busyness keeps me from thinking!

In your letter of May 22 (the day I went into the hospital) you mentioned driving through five miles of "coffee bloom". How heavenly! And you seem to be having your usual 'run of tourists'. What blissful and happy memories the names "Antigua" and "Guatemala" hold for me.

In both your letters you are kind enough to mention that I might come down. Now please, a warning, do not allow what follows to frighten you!! Because, you see, I would dearly love to come.

Actually, I should get away for awhile - and I would really like a respite - but due to all the 'business' I cannot even think of getting away for another couple of months. I am terribly eager to get this probate thing over with as quickly as possible. And, of course, despite having an attorney, most of the work is up to me. The attorney is demanding soooooo much information - and it all takes so much time getting it together. And I don't want to be the one to hold things up.

The thought of visiting so many of the places Ralph and I went together is anathema to me-but ever since your first letters arrived, I have thought how nice it would be if I could get down to Guatemala for even a little/ while.

Then, a few weeks ago, out of the clear blue sky, a friend of mine said that she would like very much to visit Antigua and pursue the "possibility of old houses". (Wilson, she is the Englishwoman about whom Ralph wrote to you.) Then in the next breath she said she "did not like to travel alone" - "was there the possibility that I might be able to go with her!" I am extremely fond of her and right at present is the only person I can think of with whom I would care to travel - and so I am giving the matter serious thought. she

She teaches and can only travel during September! I suppose this is not the preferred month? She has been in Guatemala once before and said that there was a great deal of rain during September. *Is there always?*

We have not discussed details - though she would like to be gone three weeks and wants to go to Tikal, Copan, Atitlan. However, she does want to spend enough time in Antigua to look into the "house situation". We would stay at the Antigua Hotel - and I fervently pray that you will be in town so that I may see you.

you Actually, the trip would mean nothing to me if I did not see ^a Sooooo - my big question at the moment is - do you have any idea, at present, as to whether or not you will be in Antigua during September? Will you be there even part of the month? ?

I will have to give it all some thought, for I would have to make arrangements to leave the house and have watering done - if not some garden deadening.

Please know, despite this long silence, I think of you daily and always send good and grateful thoughts your way - With much affection, Vera [CORNEL]

Sunday afternoon - July 16, 1972

My Dears,

Your gracious letter has surely warmed the cockles of my heart! You will never know how grateful I am for your kind and enthusiastic response.

Now - we realize that we impose simply by asking questions-and for your advice. But, please, please know we wish to keep the imposition to an absolute minimum!

Firstly, I would dearly love to stay in 'the house' a day or two. And we both appreciate the invitation to do so. Josephine (Mrs. John E. Jardine, by the way) feels that she should not accept - but I know she would love the experience, too.

?
What may we bring from here that would help you out - or that you might like to have? Please do tell me something that I could get here - that you are unable to get there??????
Also, I shall call Betty and ask her for some suggestions. !!

Josephine teaches needlework, in the event that I had not already mentioned, and this is why she can only get away in September. Due to her involvement and the endless 'paperwork' with which I have been, and continue to be, involved, we have not made very definite plans - but the following is the general idea that we have in mind.

We are hoping to be able to fly directly from here to Guatemala City. And we are thinking in terms of leaving here on September 4 which is a Monday.

We could get a driver at the airport to take us over to Antigua. Josephine is all in favor of 'hopping' the local bus but I feel we should take a car for the jaunt from G. City to Antigua because of the luggage. She travels very light - but I want to bring an extra suitcase for any 'shopping' I might want to do. Remember lacing me into that basket the last time! Rosita and her family enjoy the handwoven materials - so much of the merchandise is bulky. Anyway, I do want to have something in which to pack whatever I might want to buy.

I intend to enclose a sheet of questions and will leave space for your answers and/or any suggestions you care to make.

Anyway, we thought we would stay in Antigua about ten days. Josephine is eager to do it thoroughly. Surely we can get a driver - or you can advise us about the bus. I automatically expected to stay at the Antigua Hotel because it is in town and so convenient. But Josephine spotted another one in the auto club tour guide and I shall ask you about it.

Also, I want to go to Coban (I wrote "Copan" in that previous letter) and that is surely just a day's jaunt out of Antigua? We could always contact ~~Scotty~~ Clark Tours about these day trips. We would like to go up to Chichi, preferably for a Thursday market day, and feel that we can get a driver for that.

by mistake

The whole thing is that we would like to make Antigua our headquarters and take day trips out of there. Josephine is very serious about the possibility of finding a house there. She does so favor retiring there. I loaned her Verle Annis' book. She went to Scilly last summer but decided against that because she says she's getting "far too old" for all those hills. She lived in Italy for seven years at one time studying ecclesiastical (I made a real mess out of that word!) embroidery.

Then we thought we would leave Antigua and go up to Lake Atitlan for a couple of days. Hopefully, the weather will smile on us! The Regis Hotel, as you talk of it, sounds perfect. We shall do our best to get in there.

Josephine said that I must make quite clear to you that we do not possess unlimited finances - and I assured her that you understood that aspect.

Frankly, I should not consider such a trip until the financial end is straightened out here - but I desperately need a complete change and this will give it to me. Did I mention that a long time 'friend' of Ralph's has gone into bankruptcy - and Ralph had loaned him a tremendous amount of money! This comes out of what I was to get - but I am trying not to worry about that right now! Life never seems to run along very smoothly. My only big grief is missing Ralph - and you both understand this loneliness so well.

// But we are so eager to have a 'bang-up' trip and we are going //
to squeeze in everything we possibly can!

Then we thought we could return to Guatemala City and take a plane to Tikal. Maybe we could get a 'mini-tour' of some sort. The Josephine surprised me just yesterday - she would like to go on over to British Honduras and stay one night in Belize. Or, that is, visit Belize. Then we would go on to Merida and see what we can there.

I imagine that we will have to fly into Mexico City from there. Josephine is thinking of going to visit friends - in Cleveland or someplace - I've just forgotten - and I will come on home from the Mexico City airport. We do not intend to go into the City if we can avoid it. I hope we can make advantageous connections there so that we do not have to stay over. ~~There~~

This will give you a general idea of what we have in mind.

You are probably exhausted by this time!

Ralph would probably 'quirk his eyebrow' at me for accepting your invitation to stay at the house. I am so eager to do so - that ~~and~~ I am ignoring the implications of that 'eyebrow'. When would it be convenient for you have us for the "day or two"? (We will not stay with you any longer than that, we promise) Should we think in terms of the first couple of days we will be in Antigua - and then we would go on to the hotel - or would another time be better?

~~xxxxxx~~ oops - Friday,
July 21, 1972

My Dears,

Josephine and I decided to have a bit of discussion with one of the travel agents at the Auto Club and she definitely advised us against 'hopping' around from British Honduras to Merida.

So, now we intend to concentrate on Guatemala!

I am glad and relieved, for all that catching of planes and tight schedules did not add up to a relaxing jaunt. And I am all for doing things in a more leisurely way. I have been 'pushing' for so long!

This is one of the main reasons for my great interest in which hotel in Antigua would be better for us. I have visions of sitting in the garden (does Hotel Posada de Don Rodrigo boast a garden?) and just doing nothing - every once in awhile!

Of course, the Hotel Antigua's garden is so lovely but I am all in favor of a smaller, more 'intime' hotel, if the "Posada" meets with your approval.

Alice, I had that handsome piece of fabric - see swatch enclosed - made up and have had so much pleasure from it. I only regret that I did not have it done so that Ralph could have seen it. He would have been so pleased.

Just want you to know that our time will be spent in Guatemala - instead of rushing about to 'other countries'!

With love,
Vera [Carmel]

Wednesday, July 26, 1972

My Dears,

I fervently hope that long, involved letter of mine got lost on the way. I hate to think of you wading through it - for we have had to make some changes. That is, the Auto Club Travel Agency suggested that we make plane reservations.

So, we now have reservations for Monday, September 4. We also have decided to give the Posada de Don Rodrigo a try and have made reservations there for the first night or so. It is given a "good" rating by the Auto Club and it is so much less expensive than Hotel Antigua.

We will go directly to the hotel from the Guatemala City airport.

We think we will make all arrangements for any jaunts - Atitlan, Tikal, Coban, etc. - after we get there and catch our breaths. This will save ~~reaching~~ making precise decisions now.

I have had no rest since March 1 and the pressures are great, as you can imagine. So much to be done - and most of it presents difficulties. So, if we can wait until we arrive to decide just what we want to do when - it will be better for both of us.

Josephine is British and very cosmopolitan (Alice, she speaks excellent French - also Italian and Spanish) - I feel like a country-cousin along side of her. I think you'll like her - I know she will like both of you.

I talked to Betty and she said you would be in Honduras for a couple of weeks and so then

we thought it might be wise if we took the advice of the auto club and made definite reservations for the plane and for the first nights.

I so want to spend a night in "The House" and only wish it wasn't such an imposition. I've even thought of bringing our own linen!

I am looking forward to seeing you - you have become so like 'family'. And I am looking forward to the complete change. Josephine and I won't even complain about the rain - hopefully we won't get flooded out!

She's very game - and is all for taking native buses, if necessary. I draw the line a bit - but am also eager for a 'different' experience!

Just to alert you to the latest!

It was so good to talk to Betty - I even had a "hello" with Paul. Betty sounded so fine and assures me that she is feeling much better.

In going through Ralph's things, I found some of the ~~booklets~~ written by you *articles* for the Pomona College Bulletins back in 1911, 1912 and so on. With what great happiness Ralph recalled those days - and, oh, Wilson, how glad I am that you two renewed your friendship for it gave Ralph so much pleasure these last few years.

The hurt of missing him continues to be overwhelming - but I am resigned to the fact that it will be with me from now on. I keep telling myself that the grief is the greater

over/please ->

because we knew so much happiness.

With special love to you both,
I hope you had a very good trip and made
many happy memories. Vera

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and only wish it wasn't such an imposition.
I've even thought of bringing our own linen!

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overwhelming - but I am resigned to the fact
that it will be with me from now on. I keep
telling myself that the grief is the greater
overplease ->

Sunday - August 6, 1972

My Dears,

Betty called yesterday to tell me that she had talked with your Nancy and that Nancy was all in favor of La Posada de Don Rodrigo. We are so happy with her recommendation - feel that we will surely achieve some relaxation and serenity there. We are both in need of same!

as opposed to Hotel Antigua

Actually, I would not be bothering you just now but I was talking with Betty Marshall in regard to the JOURNAL and she asked if I would write to you. We are both so eager to have a few words about Ralph from you!

I explained that you had been - perhaps still are-in Honduras but she insisted that I write and assure you that we are still counting on a bit of a tribute from you. We are working very hard on this journal - and it definitely will not be complete without some comment from you.

As long as I am 'bothering' you - I do want to discuss the following. I asked your Betty P. for suggestions as to what Josephine and I might take to you. Now I am eager for specific 'details' from you!

We will be bringing See's candy - but we need to know whether you prefer milk or dark chocolate? Also, we understand that Wilson has a special fondness for chocolate coated caramels (milk or dark?) but, Alice, please do tell us what particular kinds you prefer?

I shall bring chocolate chips - and

also "Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate". I assume that you like those old-fashioned scored cakes of it. At least, that's what I usually get.

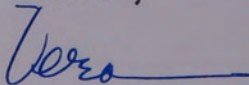
Betty also suggested "dried fruit". Do you have special preferences? Apricots, prunes, figs????Also, would you like candied fruits - such as pineapple, cherries, citron, etcetera?

If so, please let me know about this as soon as convenient and we shall be on the lookout for it.

Please, please, do state your 'prefers' (Ralph's expression) because we want you to be pleased with what we bring!

Thank you for everything -

With love,



I just reread this - and, Wilson, Betty Marshall will be having to report to the printer and this is why she is hoping to have your contribution as soon as convenient. I shall be so grateful for all the trouble it involves!

Tuesday afternoon - October 11, 1972

My Dears,

By this time you will think me the most ungrateful wretch who ever lived!!!!!! I should have dashed off a quick note to you as soon as I got home - but I thought that I'd "wait and talk to Betty and Paul", see about Plaisir de France so I could mention it to you and so on. The result was that by that time I was rushing around as madly as I had just before I left!

It seems to be a constant round of doctors, attorneys and meetings regarding this darned bankruptcy. The latter, of course, is simply so much wasted time and yet it is like having the bull by the tail, I don't dare let go.

I did finally catch up with Betty and Paul and they report that they are just fine - and they were glad to hear 'first hand' about you.

((Alice, My Dear, I loved your note that Josephine 'hand-delivered' to me. I shall treasure it as I treasure you and your friendship. Thank you so much for writing it.

((And to you both my most grateful thanks for a never-to-be-forgotten visit. I reveled in every moment that I was with you and I shall cherish my memories of your "mille" kindnesses and your wonderful generosity and your heart warming hospitality. I just will never get over how you took both of us in!

I do apologize for getting so emotional - but I just could not seem to help it. You were so like family to me.

Of course, I came home to everything that I had walked out and left-plus the three week accumulation while I was gone.....but I am trying to take things in stride. I simply must not allow myself to be pushed ~~into~~ a corner by 'pressures' again.

Being with you did me worlds of good - and the complete change was just what I was needing so desperately. Of course, staying in the "house" was like a dream come true. I do thank you for being so good to me. Of course,

most of my friends read L. Adamic's book many, many years ago and so I get to tell my story of staying in the house over and over again. It is all a bit like a fairy-tale!

A friend had an extra ticket to the Music Center matinee last Saturday and she invited me to use it. I carried the handsome red "square" (Santa Maria de Jesus) that Wilson gave me - and it surely provoked alot of comment and admiration. The show was "The Sound of Music" and it was held in the Pavilion which is a perfectly beautiful auditorium (the crystal chandeliers are enough leave one speechless) but it is very drafty and so the "shawl" was put to good use. (drafty)

As for my shopping, since much of it is for Christmas I haven't delivered it all as yet - but my friend, Teddy, was simply delighted with the gold fabric from "Chichi". Colored

If Sallie is still there, please tell her I send a "fond hello" - and if she has gone back to Costa Rica, please do remember me to her. Betty asked me how long Sallie would be staying and I told her it was a bit indefinite. But I told Betty that she was starting to paint - and Betty was so pleased to hear that.

When you write -

I hope you will have received a card telling you that I have subscribed to two years of Plaisir de France - IN FRENCH - for you. I sent it in both your names - hopefully, there will be a article or two occasionally that will be of interest to Wilson. Alice, I do hope it is as good as it used to be and that you will enjoy it. I had quite a time finding some one here locally who would take the subscription - but Teddy, who is a retired librarian, finally recommended a company and the girl who took the order was just darling. She assured me that she would send you a card and that the subscription would start in "about two months". Alice, if you don't receive it in two months, perhaps you had better let me know, nad I'll investigate the situation. In any event, you might let me know when it does start - with which issue - so that I'll know the order went through properly. And I definitely stipulated that it must be the French language edition.

My Darlings, to say "thank you" is so very inadequate for all your goodness to me. I shall be grateful to you for ever and ever - and I hold you in my heart

With love,

Vera

December 14, 1972



My Dearest Dears,

I held off sending a card thinking that the JOURNAL would appear and I would send it all under one cover. Well the "October" issue finally appeared but I am now waiting for the 4x5 photos of Ralph that I shall 'tip in' over the one that the committee insisted on having for the magazine. Their choice is simply awful - it doesn't look at all like Ralph Cornell.

Anyway, I shall send the card ^{now} and will wait and put the JOURNAL in the mail after the Holiday rush.

I do hope the Honduran jaunt was pleasant - and not too tiring. Though I have an idea that there is always so much to do over there that you both need to return to Antigua for your rest.

We are having bitterly cold weather though the days continue to be clear and sunny and bright. This makes for good shopping conditions and I guess the stores have been packed.

I shall spend Christmas day with my long time, dear friend whose husband is invalided with Parkinson's Disease. It will be a quiet day but it will be nice for both of us to be together.

I am wondering if you will have Sally with you for the Holidays?

I love this photograph of Ralph's of Yosemite's famous Jeffrey Pine and he was always partial to this Coahuila Indian 'saying' - and so I decided to use both for this year's card.

The Christmas Season is a difficult time of year for so many of us. Please know I send you both my best wishes for health and happiness and I continue to hold you in my heart

With love,

You are both so VERY SPECIAL!

Tera

Sunday morning - January 14, 1973

My Dearest Dears!

You are in my thoughts so often each and every day - but you have been especially near since Thursday last, January 11, which would have been Ralph's 83rd birthday. I shall never forget how on 1/11/71 he came home to tell me that his "best birthday present was a letter from Wilson Popenoe" which arrived on that day.

I talked to Betty and Paul the other day and they tell me that they are looking forward to being with you in March. How wonderful for you all! And Betty assured me that the recent earthquake in Managua 'by-passed' you. But, of course, we knew from the papers that you apparently escaped any of the shaking. Thank goodness!

Here at last is the 'errant' October issue. The photographer didn't get the 4x5's of Ralph to me as soon as I had hoped. The committee chose the photo with the ginger blooms because of the Journal being a horticultural item but that pic of Ralph simply does not look like him. He and I were never especially fond of this professional 'posed' photo but it does resemble him as he appeared in much earlier photos - except for the 'aging processes'. And it looks like him as I have known him during the past fifteen years or so.


The Journal could do with alot of polishing - how I wish I could have the chance to rewrite that biographical sketch - but, of course, one could rewrite forever! The Mockel sketch of him on pg. 141 is perfect. I have seen him clutching the camera and dark-cloth in just that way many a time. Regardless of wind he'd set up that old Korona View and wait for the precise moment when his subject would be still for just the second that he'd need to snap it. On pg. 150 I like Mrs. Marshall's opening paragraph - Ralph would say "pretty fancy and highflown!"

I was heartbroken at first by the choice of Fred Lang (pg. 136) to write anything at all about Ralph. Ralph actually did not care for Mr. Lang. But they did not consult me and asked him to write something thinking that he actually knew Ralph. The resultant piece is not bad - tho' his original article had to be considerably rewritten. I wish they had chosen some photos that I considered better - but this is a very minor criticism. This was a matter of personal taste and they

quite naturally chose their 'prefers'.

I was disappointed that the 'firm' was not represented in a better way. Howard Troller is such a pompous individual - and his original piece was so bad that Betty Marshall really labored over the rewriting of it - so that it would be an addition. I don't know whether or not Howard realized how she changed it. Jere Hazlitt, the third member of the firm, worked with Ralph at UCLA and really should have written a piece about him but he just never did get around to doing anything. I thought how Ralph would have put everything else aside to do something for Jere - if it had been the other way around. Actually, the firm is being terribly shabby about Ralph - but I keep in there punching so that there is a sign on the "Ralph D. Cornell Grove" of trees at UCLA and that sort of thing. The boys have actually dragged their feet and avoided any and all thoughtfulnesses. And when I think of all that Ralph did for them!

This Journal really is a great tribute to Ralph and one that would delight him - and, after all, that is what counts.

By the way, all this talk of "rewriting"!!!!!! None of the other tributes were changed in any way - with the sole exception of Dr. Ayres. They deleted the final paragraph of what he sent in because it was simply a 'pitch' to buy copies of the "Colorful" booklets. The committee felt it was too commercial! 

enclosed
The clipping about the "House in Antigua" was from an Architectural Digest membership brochure. Of course, it is difficult to recognize the Pasadena house as being modeled after yours because the setting is so completely different - and from the pictures apparently the interior is done in mostly 'modern'.

I loved your Christmas card with its heartwarming note. Indeed, Christmas was so difficult this year. Of course, I keep busy - there is still so much that must be attended to in addition to everyday living. Josephine had me to luncheon - just the two of us - for my birthday. We talked happily of you and Antigua and, because we were alone, discussed the 'finca' and plans for the house. J. hasn't told any one that she has definitely invested in property - as yet.

Oh, I've kept you long enough for this time. Once I start - I don't have sense enough to stop! Always with loving thoughts of you in my heart -

Vera

P.S. Alice! If you haven't received PLAISIER DE FRANCE yet, do let me know!

Sunday morning - March 4, 1973

My Dears,

With Betty and Paul there, you will have no time to bother with correspondence - but I am eager to get this card to Wilson and to tell you all what good thoughts I will be sending your way for a wonderful reunion and a HAPPY TIME.

I had dinner at Josephine's last evening and she was looking so regal and beautiful - and her dinner was delicious. She still has not told anyone that she has definitely bought property in Antigua. Though everyone takes for granted that she is serious in her intent to move there.

I know how busy you both keep - I can see that Alice 'on the run' (never a walk) and I can see Wilson taking those long, purposeful strides. I do hope all is going as smoothly as possible for you,

Poor Betty and Paul - I'm afraid I really 'waighed them down' - and surely hope the choice will be useful. Alice, I bought those nuts shortly after I came home from with you but they have been in the refrigerator since and so I think they will be alright for cooking. I keep nuts in the refrigerator indefinitely and have never had any trouble with them.

What a delicious brunch and what a delightful time I was having with Betty and Paul just a week ago now at the Huntington!

I send thoughts for happiness to you
all - With love -

Jero



Monday evening
April 3, 1973

My Dears, My Dears,

With all you have to do,
a letter from each of you! What a wonderful
windfall for me - my most grateful thanks!

Betty called for a few
minutes last Sunday to report that they
arrived home "safe and sound" and that Paul
is feeling fine! It was so good to have really
'first hand' news of you.

Betty said that she
thought you would be off to Costa Rica - but
I am dashing off this note, just in case you
are still in Antigua.

One of the boys from Ralph's
office called today to tell me that he had
told a "Mr. Williamson" about Wilson and that
he had suggested that this Mr. Williamson
call on Wilson while he is in Guatemala.
Apparently Mr. W. leaves for your country
this coming Saturday, April 7.

I haven't the vaguest notion
who this Mr. W. is - and/or what his 'business'
is. So, PLEASE DO NOT FEEL THAT YOU MUST PUT
YOURSELVES OUT FOR HIM ON MY ACCOUNT!

The person who called from the office asked for your address and I told him "Antigua, Guatemala". I warned him that you were very busy - that there were many demands on your time - and that I had heard that you were going to be out of the country for the next few weeks.

Because of their shabby treatment of Ralph, I am very jaundiced about the office people. In fact, I have asked them to delete Ralph's name from the firm. So far, they have given me no satisfaction as to this. But I shall keep after them.

I feel it is only fair to alert you to "Mr. Williamson" - whoever he may be?????? You can always 'flee to the sitio'!

Please remember me to Pancha and ~~the~~ 'Doña Concha'. I'll be seeing Josephine tomorrow for a little while and will tell her that the "goodies" are being utilized!

With lots and lots of love -

Kra

So glad the Crosby items
is worthwhile!

More love —

Sunday afternoon - June 10, 1973

My Dears,

Of course, ever since I waved "goodbye" to you last year, I've been wondering when I could get back again! But, please know, I shan't move in on you this time!

Josephine will be coming in September. September is a bad time for me this year but Josephine wants to take a "jungle" trip and says she can't afford it unless I join her and share the expense. She's great fun to travel with and so I've decided to try to juggle things around and come down in September for a little while.

My prime reason for coming down is to see you dear, dear friends. And I am eager to follow Wilson around again with my little-red-notebook! *Be Forewarned !!*

I am not nearly so adventuresome as Josephine - but I am interested to see more Mayan ruins, if possible. I'd love to see Iximche where your friend, M. Guillemin, was working.

J. suggested that we rent a car and drive from Guatemala City to Coban and then on to Flores and Tikal. I am not in favor of that! I countered with a suggestion that I write to Mrs. Hayter for information and cost of "guided jungle tours". And so I intend to do that! I don't like to 'rough it' as much as Josephine seems to - but I can put up with a certain amount of discomfort for a couple or three days. Well, we'll see what Mrs. H. can suggest.

My thoughts are with you daily - I do! hope 'life' is running along as smoothly and happily as possible for you. Special Love, *There*

Love to Sally, too!

Monday morning - July 2, 1973

My Dearest Dears,

Your letter of June 17 relieved my mind considerably. Though I still have great 'twinges' when I think of taking advantage of your hospitality again.

When I talked with Josephine, she wondered about the possibility of getting someone to do the beds and dishes and housework in Marion's house? She says she doesn't want to waste a precious minute on that sort of thing and thought perhaps either "Doña Concha" or Pancha might have a relative who might be willing to 'do' for us.

I hesitate to think of using your dear little Volkswagen, despite your generous offer of it. I am not much good with strange cars - and I don't know about Jo.

I am thrilled with the prospect of Iximché - as well as Huehuetenango and Zaculeu. Also, we are both very hopeful that we can make it up to Coban - that appeals greatly.

Mrs. Hayter sent me a very handsome brochure but the tours listed all sound pretty much 'run of the mill'. I just wrote her, thanking her, and told her that we would probably wait until we arrived and found out about the possible weather before making any decision about one of their 'jungle' tours.

She lists a "Rio Dulce"

trip (3 days) but it says something about a "3 mile walk to the Ruins of Quiriga". Frankly, I don't relish a six mile round-trip walk. There has been so much to do the past year that I just have not had the proper conditioning and exercise for a 6 mile walk through jungle - as much as I might like it!

Anyway, I think the thing for us to do is get ~~to Quiriga~~ and then decide how much and what we can manage!

? Josephine is talking about having a cholera shot. Do you think this is necessary???? I will have to have a smallpox this time and I shall have a typhoid booster and a tetanus booster. I see so many doctors on a regular basis that surely one of them can give me the shots!

By the way, they give me good reports but insist that I see them on a very regular schedule. I see the radiation man tomorrow. He's my favorite of all. He's the best doctor in the lot!

The pressures and demands continue but I am not 'pushing' as hard as I was a year ago. Much has been accomplished - but there's always something else wanting attention. But I shall welcome the prospect of seeing you again - ~~the~~ will give me something to look forward to!!!!!!!

We definitely do not want to be any more of a burden to you than possible. Both of you are far too busy and have far too many demands on your time and energies already. I love you both and do not want you ever to consider me a 'darned nuisance'!

Love and Kisses - Vera

Always "Hello" to Sally !!

Sunday afternoon - January 27, 1974

My Dears, My Dears!

Firstly, I do so hope Wilson has recovered completely from that stint in the hospital - and is again in fine fettle! And, Alice-Dear, I know you're well - you don't have time to be otherwise!!!

I attended the annual dinner of the Southern California Horticultural Institute last week. Ralph loved that group-and it is difficult for me to attend the monthly meetings but the dinner was held nearby and was convenient for me. I am so glad that I did, for they paid special honor to Harry Johnson. He was there and gave a darling speech. Mrs. Johnson is not at all well, I am sorry to report.

Harry Johnson gave a 'thumbnail' sketch of his own life and talked warmly of "working with Wilson Popenoe at Fairchild and then going down to Guatemala. When he mentioned "Wilson", there was a most complimentary murmur of recognition on the part of the audience. I was so delighted and know that Wilson would have been pleased too.

Harry went on to tell about living in a "little town no one here ever heard of - Coban...". He even mentioned Tac Tic. I was so tickled and went up afterwards and spoke to him - and told him that you were fine and we had seen you in September - also had visited both Coban and Tac Tic. He was interested to hear that Mrs. Hempstead was fine and that we had seen her! He said to tell you "hello" when I wrote.

I finally sent a copy of the Journal to the Ryersons at Christmas time (I am still so far behind, I wonder if I'll ever catch up) and I had a lovely letter from him. He tells me they'll be with you early in February. I know it will be a wonderful visit for you all. I shall send the best of thoughts your way. I am so looking forward to meeting the Ryersons some one of these days.

I am almost afraid to mention the gladiola bulbs. How both Josephine and I ~~both~~ hope and pray that ~~these~~ ^{them} people will be able to get them through so that you will have and in good condition. Josephine did the actual choosing of them - so I know they'll be lovely colors. She has horticultural sense - and I don't!

The Leica transparencies that I took of the house are finally sorted and prints are being made of all the good ones. Actually, I am encouraged that they turned out so well. Some of them were totally blank - I don't know how I managed that - but there are a surprising number that are really good. I'll send you a set as soon as I get them. I'll get some information about the possibility of postcards being made from them. This photographer friend of Ralph's who does all the developing and printing for me said some of them are good enough for such a purpose. Josephine thinks they're good - but she's a little prejudiced. I'm eager to get them so that you can see them.

The enclosed 5x7 is self-explanatory. A friend and I drove by the "Grove" and she had one lone negative left in her camera and just on impulse we took this very hastily! There is a little road between Mellon University, Pittsburgh, PA and the Grove extends along both sides of

it and around a curve. The trees are primarily Euc. maculata and are large and very handsome. Parking is prohibited and considering how quickly we took the picture, I think it came out pretty well. Beautiful thoughts to you - with Special Love, Veta

P.S. - re that last paragraph - Ralph was only 45 - in spirit! And I know Wilson is at least a couple of years younger than Ralph.

Thursday, February 28, 1974

My Dears, My Dears,

I do so hope this finds you both in 'fine fettle'. I know for sure that you are both busy! I have a feeling that because of fine weather, you are probably having a good many guests - and I can just see Alice tearing around arranging dozens and dozens of bouquets. as well as 40 Million other Things

Well, here at long last are the prints of the Leica transparencies that I took of the "Casa" when we there. I have sorted out the duplicates and some were a bit light-struck but I think, on the whole, they came out pretty well. Especially when you remember that I must surely be the world's most inept photographer! But my heart was in it! That must surely count for something.

Of course, not having a flash, these are all outdoor shots. Wilson, I have numbered each print on the back so that if you would like more made all you have to do is send the number. Also, I have identified them with Ralph's stamp so that you can tell them apart from any other similar ones you may have.

Wilson, I have located a printer in Pasadena who does postcards. They are quite good and yet he is somewhat more reasonable than alot of printers who do this sort of thing. If you are still interested in postcards, why don't you select two or three that may appeal to you, send me the numbers and I'll take the transparencies over and get a precise cost on them. It won't be any trouble since I get over to Jo's every so often and this shop is not too far from where she lives. It won't hurt to get a price. It doesn't commit us to a thing - and I do think it will be interesting to find out about it.

Wilson, I'd love to try to do a little article about the house. Someone here locally might be interested because of the pictures. I understand it is always easier to market something if you have hex 'illustrations' to go with it. Please, don't be too concerned with this idea - I would not attempt it until I really discuss it with you. It is just something that occurred to me and I think it might well please Ralph and so thought I'd mention it to you.

Also, I am enclosing an envelope containing two prints of the one that "Tina" is in. Will you please be so good as to hand them to her. And please tell her that I send very good wishes to her. Ralph would have made more of the "Casa" and her colorful costume than I did - but remember, I'm a rank amateur!

I hope your weather has warmed up and that the sun is smiling on you. Also, do hope the gas situation has eased up for you. Our gas problem is a big one and seems to be getting worse! I'm on a waiting list for a 4 cyl. ^{car} which I am told gets good gas mileage. I hope it's the truth. My darling-old-reliable-chevy turned 130,000 miles the other day. I shall hate to give her up - she's been so loyal and faithful and true.

Enough chatter for this time. I wish Jo and I could be with you on March 9 to watch Wilson blow out the 43 candles on his birthday cake. Believe me, he doesn't look to be 43 years old!!!! Send here, with loads of love to you all - Sally, too!

Tera Cornells

December 15, 1973

My Dearest Dears!

At the rate I'm getting this in the mail, if it does arrive before Christmas you'll be too busy to read it!

You know, of course, that you are in my thoughts so often - and I hold you in my heart constantly.

Christmas is so difficult and I only decided on cards at the very last moment. I hope you will like my choice for this year. Ralph loved the creamy beauty of these stunning plants. However, he preferred the Spanish, "Candelas de Dios" or even "Candelabras de Dios". With their myriad velvety blossoms, they do resemble ~~h~~ hundred of candles in their own 'holder'.

Whether or not this gets through in time, I shall be thinking of you. Christmas is never easy - due to the memories, even tho' they are happy ones. But, Darling Alice and Wilson, isn't it a blessing to have and to hold such wonderful memories!

Need I tell you, I managed to allow myself to get involved with another project and am just today getting out the 'distance cards'. Hopefully the local ones will get in the mail within the next day or so!

Some of the Leica slides that I took of the "House" are really quite good. I shall have prints made for you and will send them shortly after the first of the year. I honestly think that there are several that would do for postcards - though, of course, I did not get any interior shots. The photographer (a long time friend of Ralph's) who developed them for me was very pleased with several of the shots.

Josephine has not seen the Leica ones as yet. I have not been able to find the gadget for them and so I have looked at them through a magnifying glass. Hopefully I'll be able to locate the 'viewer' within the next few days for Jo has invited another friend and I to luncheon for my birthday. I want her to be able to see the slides then.

The "HARD-COVER-BOOK" finally made its appearance a week or so ago. It is unbelievably bad! It isn't even 'second-rate' - it's only ~~third~~ or fourth rate. I knew it would be disappointing - but hoped it would not be as inferior as it is! And they are wanting \$8.95 a copy plus tax! Ye gods!!!! After a year and a half of 'blood, sweat and tears' (literally) they are going to "consider" giving me a few free copies. I asked for them but they have to have a meeting to decide if I should be allowed all of a half a dozen! I'll bring one to you, if they give me any at all - but you are better off with the five booklets!!!! I know Ralph sent you those - or, at least, I am reasonably sure you have those????

I'm wondering what this energy crisis is going to do to you - and to all the poor taxi drivers there who depend on driving the tourists around!!!! Of course, they should have done something about this thirty years ago anyway. But each president 'passed the buck' until now it is dropped in poor Mr. Nixon's lap!!!! I'm still 'gung-ho' for Nixon and pray that he surmounts all of this unjust persecution. Ye gods, no one indulged in graft any more than the Kennedys and other democratic regimes!

I'm now picking up my 'soapbox' and will terminate this dissertation.

Please know, I always hold you in my thoughts!
and in my heart - and send you best wishes

With very special love,

Jera

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With very special love,

*I missed that up!
Sorry!*