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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.



520
MADE IN U.S.A.

God rest ye



Merrie

[Dec 1960]

Dear Old Buddy --

You can tell by the enclosed smiles how high my dentist's bills are. But, since this is the holiday season, they also reflect an abiding certainty that this is the best of all possible worlds. Who am I to point out the plastic plugs in the Pleistocene purity?

Hope things are going guessily for you, beloved pioneer. Mark Healey

With Best Wishes
for a Very Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

P.S. Mother fine -- if
frost bitten -- in Omaha.
Bill & Nan come here for
holiday. xx m.

MARK H. DALL
334 HOLLOW TREE RIDGE ROAD
DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

June 4, 1964

Dear Wilson:

I am delighted to have your letter, so legible it's incredible. But of course I am basing my comparison on the transcendental hand of my sainted mother. Morley, I believe was rarely stumped by a hieroglyph, but completely stumped by a note to tea from M.D.

Apparently you have not had the news of Bill's untimely death. He died the night after he turned 51 of a coronary thrombosis. Date: May 6, 1964. It was easy to see that he was overweight but I had no knowledge of a heart condition. His widow did not believe in cremation and as he had left no instructions, naturally I deferred to her wishes which included interment at Arlington. Since JFK bought it, the status of said boneyard has increased to the extent that where before they averaged 18 burials a day, it is now 24! This somewhat detracts from one's ability to concentrate on one's personal below-ground bash as the rifles are popping salutes with such regularity you can't be sure whether it's John Huston rehearsing San Juan Hill or a Black Muslim Homecoming under the deodars. By way of explanation in case you have not been recently laid to rest, every veteran rates 3 volleys from a 6-man musket platoon. As an officer, Bill rated 6 grey horses drawing the caisson with the casket on it plus a military band. Nancy, however requested "simple honors" only, eschewing the above formalities. Taps sounded for Bill without a sour note, so who needs an eternal flame?

No matter what the bastards say, a brother is a brother and a part of your life goes with him.

Mother has borne up well, as you might have guessed. She did not go to either ceremony. (First was memorial service at First Unitarian Church in Phila., where Bill had been a trustee.) Her general health is fair and some days her memory fades, but she is far from senile. Currently she is knitting woolen squares for blankets (?) to go to Dr. Schweitzer. Darkest Africa must have cooled off since my days in Geography I.

Betsy has been uprooted again, her husband having been transferred back to SAC Hq. in Omaha. He now has the rank, as a civilian of a Major General, although he is not in the service at all. They leave June 13. Her daughter Kathleen is a thing of beauty on her horse. As a man from the Plains you would approve.

No, dear old Buddy, I am not happy with my lot. If only you had forced me to go to graduate school and become an expert on the weeds of Latin America, I might now be a contented professor of hoesulture at the Escuela! Instead I am a worry wart of a copy writer (no title). And it's no good being a mouse in the Rat Race.

However, I am blessed with the best of wives and children, whom I wish you could inspect for yourself.

I know you were socko on your lecture tour and I am proud to know yez. Hope your distinguished profile has returned to its pristine grace after the Gainesville going-over. At your age you should lay off drag racing!

Much love from

Mark Healey

Antigua Guatemala, 20 Decbr 1960

Dear Marco:

Now lets be serious for a moment, just a moment. Those kids of yours. They are a tremendously fine looking lot and I am proud of them - and proud of you. And of course still more proud of their mother who must be a pretty fine gal. And as for those 128 teeth, I have just spent two hours trying to figure out what that will cost you. I have taken as a basis the figure of \$2.3356 per annum per tooth. Now you carry on from there. My own situation is relatively simple. I tell my dentist in Tegucigalpa, Lord what a pain I have in that palatine foramina or maybe it is one of the upper maxillary molars; And he says, put a black mark on where it hurts and send the teeth into me.

I am so glad, Marco, that youydu nãt forget me. And I am so glad that you have gotten along so well in this "best of all possible worlds" as you put it (because they aint no other) and I am happy that your mother is well, even if she finds the snows a bit deep in Omaha. But what is she doing in Omaha? Reminds me of the time my Cousin Bishop Burlison of North Dakota was asked, "Bishop, where in Hell have I seen you before?" And he answered "Really, I do not know, What part of Hell do you come from?"

Here we are getting ready for Christmas, as you are. But as you aint, I have had to buy 25 packages of firecrackers to please the little immaculate conceptions in this house. And then a dozen sky-rockets which go up 150 feet and then drop out colored lights. And then on Xmas eve we shall go to the Misa del Gallo, where we stay on our knees (you remember the story of the Pilgrims, who on arriving at Plymouth Rock fell on their knees and then on the aborigines) until midnight when someone gives a good imitation of the cock crowing, and then we go home and eat tamales - and just for your information and to avoid future mistakes, I want you to remember that one is a tamal, and two or more are tamales. Very simple.

We are not going to have much of a family reunion this year. We had expected Hugh to come down for Christmas but that scoundrel is so busy at the University of Florida he cant get away. Marion and Husband are now at a Marine base in No Carolina, whence Capt Dick will be shipped off to the Mediterranean on a six months cruise before long. Nancy and family now at Sta Barbara California, and Sally and family at Lake Tahoe where her husband works with the Highway Dept. Thus runs the world away. And as for myself, I cant go quite alone with Shakespeare when he says "Sans hair, sans teeth, sans everything" because I still have plenty of hair left and best of all, my sense of humor; and I sure you will never lose yours, Marco. I was thinking of you the otherday when I got a letter from Donald Peattie, who reminded me of the old song "Father Noah, Father Noah, can I come into the Ark of the Lord?" Now you carry on from there.

Much love to all of you,

MARK H. DALL
434 HOLLOW TREE RIDGE ROAD
DARIEN, CONNECTICUT 06820

Monday
Nov. 21, 1966

Dear Wilson:

Hail to you jet-propelled fossil. You may be dogged by disastrous down-drafts and bills of divorce, but the indomitable spirit shines through. And it ain't all Johnny Walker! (In a display of snobbery-in-reverse, St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H. has hired a negro master. His name is John Walker, so of course the boys have nicknamed him "Black Label".)

I do not mean to treat lightly the fateful events in your daughters' lives. I don't know Sally, but I have fond memories of Nancy, bi-lingual enchantress just learning to swim in the soupy waters off the Tela beach. Hope 1967 will brighten the horizons all around.

Mother took her 84th birthday sitting down, but at least not lying down. She is still in the nursing home and does not feel that she is getting her \$600 ~~per month~~ worth per month. She can walk with a walker, but not far, and does not try. I may have told you that she writes to no one, claiming that her writing hand "won't work". However, she is still keenly interested in what's going on. Your news, for example, was the big thing in my visit yesterday. As I left, she checked to make sure she had your letter. For the record, her address is The Homestead, 160 Glenbrook Rd., Stamford, Conn. 06902.

If strawberry ice cream is only 27¢ a half gallon, we should all move to Gainesville. Are you sure you aren't confusing it with the pre-WWII price of a bottle of Ulua? By the way, be sure and drink Falstaff beer when you return stateside. All I do is write TV commercials about it. Bu-r-r-r-p! Delicious!

We would love to visit you in Antigua but \$84 is just what it takes to get about 4 admission forms to the colleges Hester is trying for: Skidmore, Goucher, Bradford Jr., Briarcliff. Non-refundable, they succinctly state. Lucky Betsy! Her daughter Kathleen is a national-honor-society-type, studying pre-med stuff in her first year at Univ. of Nebraska.

My son is at a boarding school (Darrow in New Lebanon, N.Y. Whaddya mean you never heard of it?) which was burned down last year by a group of malcontents who added a fourth "R" to the usual curriculum--Rson. Whit is new this year and like it. They haven't made him cut his hair since September. Ugh!

Hooray for you and Zamarano. Will toast you in absentia, ~~with best wishes for the next 25!~~
Farewell, beloved Fragment, ever dear to my enlarged heart!

Marco

MARK H. DALL
334 HOLLOW TREE RIDGE ROAD
DARIEN, CONNECTICUT 06820

July 11, 1967

Dear Wilson:

I returned from Cambridge last night after interring Mother's ashes in Mt. Auburn cemetery. I am pleased to report that this establishment was awarded a gold medal by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for 134 years of intelligent cultivation of trees and plants from all over the world. She was buried in the Mark Healey plot where her father, grandfather and great grandfather repose. I trust they will have much to talk about together.

Mother died July 2 being too weak to survive a massive gastric hemorrhage ^h July 22nd. However, she did survive all her Brookline friends. Only one attended and one relative by marriage--Willis Munro's second wife. Betsy did not come on, but sent her daughter, Kathleen Petersen, to represent the Great Plains group. Have you been close enough to Mother in these last years to hazard a guess as to why she cut Betsy out of her will completely, leaving half her "estate" (quotes intentional--it consists largely of Indian artifacts from Dr. Merriam!) to Kathleen and half to me?

I wish you had been with me under the "immemorial x elms". (Longfellow is buried there, too.) We could have had a tall cold rum after the service and added our own epitaph. Perhaps a few lines starting, "Hail, man less recent..."
Love, ~~Mark H. Dall~~ Mark Healey

MARK H. DALL
334 HOLLOW TREE RIDGE ROAD
DARIEN, CONNECTICUT 06820

Feb. 14, 1974

Dear Wilson:

Salud to you and the Missus on your 5th anniversary. I understand that the faithful cook baked a cake in honor of your 82nd, using that old family recipe that begins, "Take the juice of a quart of rum, etc." Further felicitations on revolving for this record number of years. It is a pleasant planet, isn't it, in spite of smog, oil slicks and open marriage.

Thank you for confirming the source of the Mexican bell. I treasure it. By the way, one of the ponchos you gave us as kids is still around--~~xxxxxxxx~~. Along the way, the head opening was sewed up. Otherwise it is intact. You had to teach those cats how to grow bananas, but they can weave rings around us.

We were in Mexico City early in January, just for a weekend. Wish we could have hopped to Antigua, but my last vacation days ran out. We had been on the beach at Mazatlan for a family reunion of sorts. 3 out of 4 kids made it. Good sun and water and peace. It has not yet been overrun. Only the sign of the Holiday Inn is up. I am a confirmed bird-watcher and thoroughly enjoyed the magnificent frigate birds soaring in that cloudless blue. Salt water flats on the other side of the road from the sea provided a lot of new shore birds for my list. Remember the beautiful jungle birds that french man shot on weekends at Lancetilla? I think he was selling them to Paris hat makers, wasn't he?

We saw our first--and last-- bull fight in Mexico City, visited those unpronounceable pyramids and floating gardens, enjoyed the buildings at the university. That museum of anthropology ~~is~~ some kind of new standard of excellence in the hemisphere, don't you think? And ~~is~~ the standard of exorbitance--that's set by the hotel we stayed at (María Isabela Hilton). 8 pesos for a bowl of ice delivered to your room.

Sure wish you had been our guide in the federal district! Hope all those pills are doing their job. I still have that picture of you on the white horse. Nice target for the banditkos. All rotten shots, praise be.

Mexican

I also have ~~an~~ 3 reales piece, about 1864 that you gave me. I bet that's worth money.

I have a great idea for the energy crisis. Bring back the Hupmobile. As I recall, you kept it running on cajolery and "Carambas!"

Much love from

marco