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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.

Dearest Helen. There are a good many moments when I wish I could get on a TAN plane and fly back to your loving care! I can shut my eyes and be back in the patio with Paula bringing me a tortilla and beer and then again I see the road with the rows of gorgeous spathodeas and the blue blue mountains beyond. It all went very deep and I can never stop being grateful to you and Wilson.

Things go well here and I think I am going to be able to keep busy. Just at the moment I am so busy that I find myself running around in circles not knowing what to do next. I rather wish I hadn't decided to go to N.Y.

I am glad Lucita waited on the Bulletin and I hope you are going to approve of the one she is doing now. We are using excerpts from some of the letters I received and I hope they won't sound like rather fulsome praise of David. Also, I guess it was alright - of course really I know it was, - to use part of the President's letter. Then Loo is writing something and she is using Hal Moore's very nice write-up in Baileya. Do you see what? NB writes that ~~Excuse~~ Dr. Bartlett is going ahead with his Asa Grey Bulletin on David. Wilson is contributing to that, isn't he?

I still have a good many letters to answer that have come straggling in and haven't been in the study with Mrs. Payne getting in one place all the books we DON'T want to give the UM, and that we don't

think they will want. The trouble is that I keep running into so many interesting ones that its all too easy just to sit down and browse about in them a little.

I am glad the little Lord Jesus got his bed properly trimmed as long as the family were all so dressed up!

My dress is a great success- its been cool enough of an evening to wear it. I also got another at Lane Bryant's- she's the woman who caters to large ladies and pregnant ones. This one is plum colored- and I got it because you looked so very smart in your plain blue dress the day you saw me off that I decided I wanted a plain dark one too! So, with such a wardrobe perhaps I'll stay North longer!

I've been interrupted several times, so this is pretty scrappy- but I was feeling a bit lonesome for you so I thought I'd write anyway. Lots of love to you both and greetings to Anna and the maids and love to Dick.

Daisy -

August 27-

What happened when Congress met? Not a word in our papers.

Harriet Helen - No - I'm not  
interested in having the guest book  
bound to the tune of \$50.00  
I think if you'll post send it  
back - Perhaps Dick would  
bring it - it wd be best. I won't  
need to handle it much. So  
I'll just keep it as it is - at  
least for now -

Everything goes along pleasantly  
here - Heloise Dean is write me -  
also the Jamaican maid Rose  
who is a great friend of Tossie -  
Although Heloise is at least 10 yrs  
younger than I she is not at all  
well - & in a curious way - It  
makes me feel more capable!

How are you Helen dear?  
Any more nasty bouts like the  
one when I was here? -

When I was in Washington I  
telephoned the Pan. Am. Express &  
found your friend explicit didn't  
have notes I had left - I'm  
interested to know if you had  
any news of it & of him -

↳ Dicks big monkey - ~~has~~  
red mat & black frame seems  
to be attraction attention in the  
some gallery etc - also the  
Balinese fire girl - I didn't  
see a stand - tho it might  
have been there - I didn't  
stay long - Make love to  
you & Wilson - Dicks to  
Daisy

Altadena, California, March 3rd, 1911.

Mr. David Fairchild,

Agricultural Explorer in Charge of Foreign Exploration,  
Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Fairchild:-

Under direction of Professor Baker I prepared an article on the avocado in Southern California, which was recently published in the Pomona College Journal of Economic Botany. In this mail I am sending you a reprint of same. I have some more material in hand on the same subject that I would like to work up into one or more short articles for some of our local horticultural journals, but need some new photographs. You doubtless have numerous photographs of avocado trees and fruits from different localities, such as Cuba, Florida and Porto Rico. If you can send me some of the best of these I will be very glad to have them and will greatly appreciate the favor, and will be glad to stand any expense there may be in connection with obtaining them.

I have just recently returned from Claremont where I have been since the opening of school last fall working under Professor Baker. I enclose certificate of work done under him, which please return at your convenience. I am at present working on some more material for publication in the Pomona College Journal of Economic Botany and am also making collections for the herbarium of Pasadena High School. If any of your botanists there desire to obtain any specimens from this vicinity I should be glad to be put in touch with them and get them the desired specimens if possible. I am collecting cultivated plants only, both economic and ornamentals.

We have located some exceptionally fine avocados in Mexico. The fruits weigh from one to two pounds, vary from oval to bottle-necked, have exceptionally

thick and tough skins, a small seed tight in the cavity, are winter bearers and of first class quality. We have just started a man down there at our own expense to get budwood from these are other desirable winter bearing varieties, and also to secure for us a quantity of seeds for growing stock to bud in future. The interest in avocado growing here is getting stron, and we are trying to prepare to supply some good trees to the people who want to plant them. We shall grow other subtropical fruits also.

With best regards, I am

Faithfully yours,

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,  
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

F-cr

FOREIGN SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION.

Washington, D. C.,

March 15, 1911.

Mr. F. Wilson Popenoe,  
Altadena, California.

Dear Mr. Popenoe:

Your letter of March 3d is at hand.

I am much interested in your littlepaper on the  
avocado and your interest in this fruit. I will see  
if there are any avocado photographs which you could  
use to advantage but I have my doubts, however, whether  
we have any which will help you.

Do I understand from your letter that you have  
left the Pomona College definitely and are starting  
into the nursery business? I have asked Mr. Dorsett  
to be sure to see you while he is out in California  
this time and talk over the possible work at Chico. I  
can say nothing definitely with regard to the matter  
now but Mr. Dorsett will doubtless talk the situation  
over with you.

With kind regards to your father and mother, your  
brother and yourself, I remain,  
Very sincerely yours,

*Oliver F. Archibald*  
Agricultural Explorer in Charge.

P. S.--I return your certificate herewith as requested.



F. W. POPENOE

ALTADENA, CALIFORNIA

SUBTROPICAL PLANTS AND TREES  
THE AVOCADO A SPECIALTY  
(BUDDED STOCK ONLY)

HOME TELEPHONE 401  
(PASADENA EXCHANGE)

Altadena, California, March 28th, 1911.

Mr. David Fairchild,

Agricultural Explorer in Charge, Bureau of Plant Industry,  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Fairchild:-

I thank you very much for your letter of the 15th.

I have left Pomona College for this year, but hope to go back there, or somewhere else, for another year or two yet. I feel that I ought to go on with my studies for a year or two yet, and although I am not doing much in that line this spring, I expect to do so next year, and when Mr. Dorsett was here he spoke about the possibility of my taking up work in the Bureau and I told him I did not believe it better to consider it this year. Professor Baker has outlined considerable work for me to do in connection with the subtropical fruits which are grown here, the results of which will be published in the Journal of Economic Botany. I would like to go on with this work until I complete it, which will probably take another year, at least. I do not expect to go into the nursery business, except to such an extent as it is necessary for me to do so while I am here at home.

With best regards, I beg to remain

Faithfully yours,

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.  
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

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FOREIGN SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION.

Washington, D. C.,

April 7, 1911.

Mr. T. Wilson Popenoe,  
Altadena, California.

Dear Mr. Popenoe:

Perhaps you are right in continuing your work with Professor Baker as outlined in your letter of March 29. There is a great deal about Professor Baker and his enthusiasm and the influence of Pomona College which I like extremely. I believe you will have hard work in duplicating these factors elsewhere. There is nothing quite like a small college to train in.

Let me know whenever you are ready and want to take up Government work. There may be a place for you then.

Very truly yours,

*David Fairchild*  
Agricultural Explorer in Charge.

This missed me in Guatemala  
and just came back. I thought  
it might interest you to see  
it, tho DF would tell a fellow,  
at the end of his Trip, that he had  
made a great success of the thing  
whether he really had or not. I

remember he told us when we  
got back from Brazil that we  
had done a fine piece of work.  
The future must be the judge  
of these expectations.

W

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,  
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

FOREIGN SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 26, 1917.

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,  
c/o American Consul,  
Guatemala City, Guatemala.

Dear Wilson:

In regard to your coming home, I wish I felt sure that you were doing right in staying down there even these last few weeks. I know how rushed one is in closing up a long stay in a place, but I am afraid you will get all used up.

This will probably be the last letter that I can get off to you before you leave, and I want to assure you how proud we all feel of the work you have done down there and how confident we are of the success of the avocados which you have sent in. Every possible precaution is being taken to prevent the loss of any of the varieties which you have sent in. I am almost envious of the fine piece of work you have done down there.

With kindest regards, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

*David Fairchild*  
Agricultural Explorer in Charge.

F-S.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,  
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.

FOREIGN SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION.

Washington, D. C., Mar. 25, 1918.

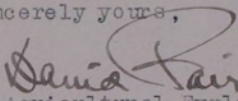
Mr. Wilson Popenoe,  
Altadena, Cal.

Dear Wilson:

I am just back to my office and am wondering what your plans are. I shall be glad to hear from you some time when you have an opportunity to let me know. I understand that Mr. Dorsett arranged for your leave of absence without pay and that you are now on a furlough, so to speak.

With kind regards, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

  
Olivia Fairchild  
Agricultural Explorer in  
Charge.

F-3.

Copy to F. O. P.  
for his information.

Washington, January 26, 1919.

Dear Dr. Fairchild:

Whew! but it was a relief to get back to the United States once more, and put behind me the uncertainty and necessity for constant caution which accompanied me thru-out my travels in Mexico. That was a hard trip, but now that it is over, and I am safely home, none the worse for it, I find that I take a great deal of satisfaction in looking back on it, and I believe that this satisfaction will increase as the years go by. I feel that I have done my bit. And in addition, Whwas able to put in a few good licks horticulturally, and make many observations which will be of use to us in our work, so that I do not feel that the time has been lost to me insofar as horticulture is concerned. While the work had its perils, they were not great except in occasional instances, and the larger part of the time it was just slow, hard sledding, with lots of disagreeable climate, nasty food, and unfriendly, suspicious people to associate with. But it is all over now, and the intense joy which I feel at being alive and being once more in Washington is compensation for most of the discomforts I suffered, and the satisfaction which I feel at having done my bit ~~along other lines~~ more than pays me for the risks I may have run.

I was disappointed not to find you here, of course, but glad to know that you were able to get away to Florida, and I am looking forward with the keenest anticipation to joining

you down there very shortly. If I am to go to Florida right away I do not feel it worth while to settle down to work here until I come back from the trip, hence it would be desirable for me to get started as soon as possible. I believe Mr. Dorsett is waiting for word from you before starting the request for my authorization, and if you are agreeable to my coming at once I hope you will so advise him as soon as possible, that I may be on the road. I want to spend some time in Washington, but I am just a trifle afraid of the winter weather here, after my long sojourn in Tehuantepec, and while it is mild and pleasant here just now, it may turn cold and raw at any time, and I would prefer to spend my time here later on rather than during the next month or two. Paul has been transferred here, and will probably remain here some months, so that we will have the pleasure of being together whenever I am in Washington.

I found your note of the 14th awaiting me here, and thank you heartily for it. I shall take pleasure in calling on Miss Seidmore and Miss Aldis. I met the former at Dr Gates house last year, but as there were several others present I did not get an opportunity to talk to her very much. Probably she does not even remember having met me.

Mr Dorsett has asked to have me reinstated in the Department and I presume I am again on the rolls. He has told me of the request which you put thru before your departure for a promotion for me, and I feel very much pleased indeed. As I have told him, I hope the request will be granted by the Secretary, but whether it is or not I shall be entirely



satisfied, since I know you have done all in your power to get it for me. I have gained the impression here that there was a suspicion current that I was being tempted by offers of higher salary elsewhere; Mr Bisset said, in fact, that Dr Webber had spoken to him of the possibility of my coming out there to work with him. I do not want any misunderstanding on this point. Dr Webber has spoken to me about the matter, but only in a very indefinite way, and it has never been my intention to consider a change as long as I could remain with you and give satisfaction. The only conditions under which I would consider a change would be that the Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction should, first of all, lose you and your policies for it, and be incorporated with some other office in the Department under circumstances which would make me feel that it would be impossible for me to go on with the work of plant introduction as you have been conducting it. Such a possibility, you will admit, is very remote. I want to reiterate what I have already told you many times, but which will stand repeating, that I am with you in this work, heart and soul, and it is my firm conviction that I can be more useful in this sort of work than in any other, hence my determination to stay with it permanently. I desire no better career than that which you have mapped out for me right here in this office, and indeed I am satisfied that nowhere else could I find one as good.

Naturally enough, with all the opportunities which exist in this world for interesting work, I am bound to see things outside the Department which will be attractive, but I do

not intend to let any of them tempt me. I do not believe I could find any other work, in the first place, which would be so permanently satisfactory and enjoyable as my work with you has been and will, I know, continue to be, and secondly, I feel this work of plant introduction is a more useful and important field than any other into which I might penetrate.

Just now Baker and some other Americans in the Philippines are talking of a great tropical university to be established in Porto Rico or Cuba, and I have been written to as one of those who should help in organising such an institution. I am heartily in sympathy with the founding of such a university, and should it be realised, I would particularly like to see what I consider the proper amount of attention devoted to the teaching of tropical pomology and research along the same lines; Baker has also, as you know, asked me to come out to the University of the Philippines for a couple of years, a thing which in some ways I would very much like to do, because in the first place it would give me a chance to go in for a little more laboratory research (in which field I have not had as much training as I would desire) and in the second place it would give me a little better standing in the scientific world to have more collegiate experience. But I realise that time put in out there would have to be taken from other work, and unless you felt, looking at it from a purely selfish standpoint, that it would be advantageous to the future of this Office for me to have this work in the Philippines, I should not care to undertake it.

I am greatly interested to find three new men in the

Office, Norton, Johnson, and Hoover. I am especially glad to see that Prof. Norton has come in to take up foreign exploration, and I am confident that he will do excellent work. I wish we could get one more man upon the permanent staff of foreign explorers. With the large staff we have at home (comparatively speaking) it seems to me we ought to keep three men in the field practically all the time. Certainly there is work enough for them. The great question is, of course, where to get the third man.

We will talk over plans for the trip to Costa Rica and South America when I see you. I believe it would be desirable to stop a month in Guatemala on the way down to get some more chayotes and a big bunch of avocado seeds to grow stocks so that we can handle the budwood which will come in from Costa Rica and elsewhere later in the trip. I believe with this final trip we can clean up the field pretty well, though Mexico will remain to be attended to when the felicistas stop dynamiting the trains. By George, but it was ticklish work riding on some of those lines! But my luck was with me, for I did not once get blown up, nor did any bullets come very near me.

Finally, let me say that my matrimonial prospects were never so poor as they are at present. My intentions have always been of the right kind, i.e., opposed to early matrimony, even though my actions may at times have appeared to belie them. I think you can depend upon me not to do anything rash, but you must not be disturbed by reports that I am running around with so-and-so, as I find after my long trips abroad I require a little feminine society. Si señor.

My warmest regards to Mrs Fairchild.  
Yours as always

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY  
WASHINGTON

FOREIGN SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION

Jan. 30, 1920.

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,  
c/o American Consul,  
Guatemala City, Guatemala.

Dear Wilson:

"Billy" Taylor says you are certified for the \$240 bonus, on account of ability and qualifications personal to you, whatever that means. Anyway, I'm sorry it's not \$2500 or \$2,000,000, for that matter. Why not make it enough for you to retire on? I'd like to, only then you might marry some sweet score card girl and stop exploring. So there you are.

That was a fine letter about the Annona scleroderma and the orihuela. I want them both on my place right away.

Yours,

*David Fairchild*  
Agricultural Explorer in Charge.

F-3.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE  
BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY  
WASHINGTON

FOREIGN SEED AND PLANT INTRODUCTION

1331 Conn. Ave.

Sunday April 18<sup>th</sup>  
1920.

Dear Wilson.

I had just written to Miss C. K. asking about conditions surrounding you when Miss Sprague handed me your letter of April 7<sup>th</sup> yesterday.

I want to write you at once to say how confoundedly mean and contemptible I consider that staffy bores to be. I was in Germany when the d-u bug was named and I ought to have stopped it but didn't know it was so virulent.

The only thing is to stay where you are until your foot gets entirely well. There is no use at all of an Explorer on crutches. He's just a common ordinary employe that's all. Of course as pay runs now he can easily earn it on his crutches but for real work he's

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'worthless.' So my dear Wilson just be patient. Watch that foot of yours as carefully as though it were the only avocado seed in the world and the whole avocado industry depended upon its growing and keep up your spirits. Here there are no more spirits to keep. Every old bachelor is complaining as he holds up the bottle and watches the level of liquid gradually fall in it. His feelings fall at the same time so I presume one might say that his bottle was a barometer of his feelings.—only the mercury never goes up—just down—down down down.

The Nematode infested soil is in Cobbe's hands and he is excited

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over its possibilities. Poor Cobb. he lost his friend and colleague Chambers this winter. Chambers died under an operation I understand. Cobb says he feels confident that if the mononchs are in the soil he can extract them and infect Savannah or Brooksville Soil with them. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could ~~do~~ fight fire with fire in this way? If I were you I'd keep up the soil importations. Look for nematode nodules on tomatoes, figs, any old susceptible plant and when you find a region peculiarly free from the Heterodera - if it is sandy & suited to their inhabitation send in soil for Cobb. Mark it in big letters for him however for it may get stalled in the Quarantine House otherwise.

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WASHINGTON

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This reminds me to ask if you give your various shipments a serial number? I discovered that in long range work such as yours a number on the boxes or bales was of the greatest convenience. I could refer to the shipment "No. 35 - 2 Boxes 3 Packages" with assurance of its being identified whereas otherwise ~~that~~ ~~rather~~ a later shipment which had overtaken an earlier shipment often confused the "unpackers" I carried stencils with big numbers "1" to "0" so that I could mark every box + parcel with them. I presume you have all this but I noticed you referred to your shipment from Veracruz without mentioning its number.

Dr. Galloway reports that the 5000



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avocado seeds arrived in excellent condition so that we can go ahead with the propagation of the Guatemalan avocado varieties. He has reported on the failure of the previous seed shipment.

You will be glad to hear that Mrs Curtis James had in bloom in March a perfectly gorgeous climbing vine of Petraea volubulis. It rivaled the Wisteria but had not quite the life to its gorgeous color that the Wisteria has. You can get all the seed you want of this seed we will smash it into the landscape. Common too with your Phyllocarpus septentrionalis. It too must be a gorgeous thing.  
Your mango hybrids are growing

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beautifully Wilson and by the time  
you get to that wonderful place Miami  
they may be in flower.

Paul has paralyzed us all  
by his engagement to the Danseuse  
if that is the way you spell it.

Do you know her? Is she pretty  
and will she stick to him through the  
thick and thin days of Date growing  
in the Saltan Basin? How about  
the soon card I wonder? I'd  
bet he tried it and fell so deeply  
in love that he just threw the  
card into the nearest garbage can  
and went it blind.

Now dear Wilson look out! Don't  
let someone get you on crutches who  
couldn't catch you when you were  
able to run. Remember you have  
a romantic career full of romance

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WASHINGTON

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and that Miami is simply swarming with the prettiest girls of the best stock in the world. So dont do anything hastily. Wait until you have seen Miami again and you will realize that I am right. The introducer of the Nimble avocados will be able to command the market.

Mrs Fairchild comes in this morning from Miami at 9.30 and I must go to meet her. So good bye. Cheer up. Keep still until you are well. If you dont get well quickly come home and be treated but dont fall in love. as always yours  
Dania Fairchild

Bogotá, 21 Agosto de 1920.

Flor y nata de la profesorada norteamericana:

I promised to write you of my trip up the Magdalena, y aqui estoy, muy a sus ordenes.

But first let me say that I found Santa Marta remarkable principally for the warmth of its climate, and the extortionate charges of the automobile drivers, rather than anything else; although I did find some interesting avocados in the interior, and although I did manage to live very comfortably with Mr. Thomas of the United Fruit Company.

The trip over to Barranquilla is rather interesting and the English company which operates the railroad and launch service gives you the worth of your money. I decided suddenly to catch the express boat for Bogotá, so on Monday morning, a week after you left, I took the train to Ciénaga, and there changed to the launch, which brought me into Barranquilla about eight in the evening. As we came up the water-front, it was quite a sight to see the steamers illuminated, and all the lights of the city, which is, by the way, a larger place than we had imagined. I had only half an hour to catch the express steamer, so I hustled my baggage over to the wharf and climbed on board, to find everything confusion, and a perfect mob of people excitedly saying (and expressing in other ways) adios to friends going up the river. I had an altercation with my baggage man, who demanded

twenty dollars for bringing my five pieces of baggage from the customs house to the wharf: I offered him five, and he dropped to sixteen, and finally twelve. I let him stand around until it was just about time for the boat to start, and then I pulled out every cent of money I had in my pockets, amount<sup>ing</sup> in all to \$6.70, and offered it to him. He took it and left.

I found that I had as a *compañero de viaje* a young German, yclept Otto Ziegler, veteran of one and a half years on the Galician front, and three years a prisoner of war in Russia. In order to show that there was no hard feeling, he insisted on talking to me in English, and to reciprocate the sentiment I gravely wished him good-night in German, every day of the voyage. We had a little cabin scarcely big enough for one: in it were two canvas cots and a wash basin and pitcher of water, nothing else. We rigged up our own mosquito nets and furnished our own bedding. It was a bit warm at night, especially after the second day, for on that occasion Otto came to me after I had taken my breakfast and in *hinc modum locutus est*: "I have a pray". "What is it". "The electric fan gives me a cold (this in Spanish), and I want to ask that you do not run it at night". I granted the request, realizing, of course, that a fellow who had slept in trench mud for a year and a half could not be expected to stand the *craft* of an electric fan without suffering.

Dont think me vindictive; no, I would not have you do so for anything: but many times on that boat I wished that I could have all of you at the dining table, just to let you see what hard living is like, so that you would go back to the high-grade oleomargarine of the United Fruit Co. with thankful hearts, and

son that you would forgive me for regularly eating three ice creams on board the Carrillo. I was on the river steamer (that is, the first lap of the journey, from Barranquilla to La Dorada) a week, and rarely have I seen food so consistently bad. Indeed, the Colombians themselves considered it unpardonable; so much so, that on the second day a delgation of us went to the captain and one fellow who wore a particularly morose expression, drew himself up and addressed the officer thusly: "Mi capitan, venimos con un asunto penoso. Es que-----" and then followed a history of our wrongs. Before he had finished we were all chipping in, one man saying that he wanted fruit; another that there was no salt in the rice; another that the meat was sole leather; and ~~sh~~ on, my own theme, sustained throughout, being that I had no objection to the quantity nor the variety of the food, but that I couldnt stand the way it was cooked. The captain called up the steward, and both got angry together, and told us it was the first time the passengers had ever uttered such a complaint (of course this was a terrific falsehood) and that they saw no room for improvement. The results seemedito indicate that they were correct. We had boiled and roast beef three times a day, steers being carried on the lower deck and butchered as often as necessary, and we had rice and fried plantains three times a day, or twice at least; and we had beans ad libitum, and coffee that was a libel, and chocolate that was unpardonable, and tea that was unforgivable.

Nevertheless, I learned a few things about the culinary art. One was that you can make a really delicious dish by cooking rice in coconut milk; and another, that the Colombian<sup>d</sup> acclustom their chocolate (as you would put it in Spanish) with broken bits

of cheese in it. Try it. I also learned a new scandal regarding the United Fruit which will bring joy and consolation to your hearts. I was talking with an Antioqueño regarding the unbearable food we were having (this was our principal topic during the voyage) and he remarked: "That's all very well, but caramba! on the United Fruit steamer they gave me dog meat. Yes sir. Not once but two times, and it was so marked on the menu,--"meat of dog". It had a horrible smell, something like beef that has spoiled, but it tasted pretty good,--yes, it tasted pretty good!"

The first few days were monotonous<sup>o</sup>; the river bank is low and the land behind it flat, and so you see nothing but a fringe of scrub along the water's edge. After the third day it began to get more interesting, but as far as La Dorada there was not really much to see. The few towns which we passed all looked about alike, and we did not have time to go ashore and look around, and would not have seen anything if we had. After we got pretty well up the river we began to see lots of huge alligators, and the postmaster devoted himself to shooting them with a high-power rifle. He killed about twenty altogether. Afterward we learned that he was a general in the Colombian army, so there was a reason for his being a good marksman.

We had a fairly interesting lot of people on board: the new secretary of the American Legation in Bogotá, the secretary of the Chilean Legation, a couple of British commercial men, half a dozen Germans just out from Europe; numerous Colombians on their way home from the States, and the ubiquitous agent of the Singer Sewing Machine. There was absolutely nothing to do on board; people sat about in little groups and knocked the

food, and the gringos, or made odious comparisons between European and North American culture. One disgruntled chap started in on me: "The Englishman and the American are two distinct types. The Englishman is cultured, refined, while the American is,--You're and ~~American~~ <sup>Englishman</sup> aren't you?" "No," I replied, "I'm an American", whereupon he went right down thru the deck. I got it on every hand. One particular point which they made was that the Panama Canal had proved a gigantic failure (The wish is father to the thought). One fellow explained to me that they could not make it work any other way, so that had to put in locks. "Yes", I replied, "but dont you know that there is a tide of twelve feet on the Pacific side, and only a foot or two on the Atlantic?" "Ah, is that so?" he answered: "I understand the matter now; if they had not put in locks, the waters of the Atlantic would have run through into the Pacific, and the former would dry up!"

Yes, I got it from all sides; even the Britishers insisted on rubbing it in. And no arguments on my part would convince them. Witness this instance: the Chilean secretary opened with the remark that he was assured by a competent authority that in the United States, if you went so far as to kiss a girl, she could force you, in the courts, to marry her. This, I thought, was a matter whereupon I should be competent to speak. But I was outnumbered, and the consensus of opinion was that while the act of kissing the girl, per se and ipso facto, did not make you liable to matrimony, that the girl could, and frequently did, hire witnesses to swear in court that the kiss had been the formal token of a compromiso, and therefore it amounted to the same thing in the end.



While on this subject, I will mention another incident. One evening there were half a dozen chaps gathered, as was the custom, around the cantina, when the son of the second richest man in Colombia rose to a point of order and remarked gravely: "Gentlemen, I am a fool. I am going to marry." Several of his friends seconded his statement, and in fact he began to feel irritated because he found such universal agreement on the matter. "But," he added, "I must do it." "Not that I want to; I do not. But I promised the girl three years ago that I would marry her, and as a gentleman I must keep my word."

After seven days of rather monotonous life I was awakened at five in the morning by my room boy, with the remark that we were in La Dorada, and I must get up promptly to catch the train. I hustled myself unconscionably, and then had the pleasure of waiting until one o'clock in the afternoon, when the train finally started for Beltran.

This section of the Magdalena is shallow, and there are rapids which the steamers cannot pass, so you make a trip of about five hours on the train to a point where you take a small steamer for Girardot, the terminus of the railway from Bogotá. We made the ride, a rather hot one, with the cars packed, and promptly went on board the Eugenia, a decent little steamer, 100¢ better in every way than the one on which we had come from Barranquilla, but much smaller. The Captain and the crew (all the waiters and room boys were kids of 10 to 15 years) were very obliging, and I look back on this portion of the trip with pleasure. We were on board about 36 hours. There were only ten cabins, so of course the ladies and the diplomatic corps had to have

them, and Skinner (a young Britisher selling Manchester soft goods) and myself betook ourselves to the hurricane deck. We tied up to the shore at eight in the evening, because, as the room boy told me, we were approaching "el peligro mas peligroso" (the most dangerous danger) and could not run in the dark. Skinner and I got two canvas cots and stretched them out and went to sleep in fancied security. At dawn one of the boys came up shouting to Skinner that he was on fire, and sure enough, a spark from the smokestack had landed on his cot (and, most unfortunately, on a canvas sheet I had loaned him) and he was smoking away at a great rate. He jumped out of bed, and when it was all over we had a hole you could stick your head thru, which extended from my canvas sheet right on through to the bottom, but fortunately missed Skinner. I then got up, and found that a spark had fallen on my coat, which was lying beside my cot, and had burned a hole in the sleeve. Such are the vicissitudes of travel.

But it was soon forgotten in the delight which I felt at seeing, for the first time, a portion of the great Andean range; the Cordillera of Tolima, snow-capped and imposing, lay off to our right, and the country all around was beautiful and interesting. All that day we passed through pretty, broken country, at times through rapids which the ship could barely negotiate.

And now the baggage men began to molestar. One fellow in particular seemed to think he had a claim upon us, and he brought up his credentials. He wanted to transfer our baggage to the train and see it through to Bogotá, and to prove that he was a competent man for such an undertaking, he brought a testimonial from the President of Colombia to the effect that he was a most

excellent baker. Finally he landed the Secretary of the American Legation, who had 19 pieces of heavy baggage, mostly cases of champagne and brandy.

We got to Girardot after dark, and went ashore to have our baggage examined, returning to the ship to sleep. In the morning we took the train for Bogotá at eight o'clock, and after a couple of hours on the dry plains we began to ascend, and when I caught the first whiff of highland air I felt that new life had entered my body. There is nothing in the world quite so delicious as the air of the tropical highlands,--after you have been in the lowlands for a month or so.

Several of us, including the Chilean Secretary, had decided to stop at Esperanza, a station at an elevation of 4000 feet, where there is a good hotel popular with Bogotanos as a week-end resort. So we got off, and went to the hotel. An hour later I made the following entry in my Journal:

"After being ten days on the way from Santa Marta, through country that ~~was~~<sup>is</sup> little different from the lowlands of Mexico and Central America (though nevertheless interesting), I have reached this point, only a few hours by rail from Bogotá, and in a region which seems to me, at last, to have new characteristics, a new atmosphere. I am, in short, decidedly interested, after a considerable time in more or less uninteresting country of about the same kind as I have been seeing for the past several years.

"The elevation here is 4000 feet. I had been told it was 7000. Passengers from the lowlands often stop here a day before proceeding to the cold mesa of Bogotá. Some of my fellow-passengers

from the Magdalena steamer (Sydney Smith, Ignacio Uribe, and the Chilean Secretary) were stopping, so I dropped off with them. The Chilean has orders to put on woolen underwear, not to bathe in cold water, and to cover his throat well when he goes on to Bogotá. One would think he was undertaking a polar expedition.

"This is coffee country, and rather warm coffee country at that. Probably a little warmer than Orizaba in Mexico. But it is interesting,--the hills are brightened with many manchas of flame scarlet (an *Erythrina* in bloom) and there are many fruits on sale. At La Mesa, 45 minutes below here, we were served a mixture of orange and passiflora juice at lunch, and there were fine pineapples, mandarins, mangos, grapes, tree tomatos, caimitos, and several other fruits on sale.

"After a long and somewhat tiring journey I feel that I am getting somewhere."

And the next morning I added:

"Ah! but the air is fresh and cool here, and the sound of running water delightful!"

After a pleasant day, with excellent food, we took the train for Bogotá. Up and up we climbed, gradually getting into country that was more and more beautiful and interesting. At 7000 feet there were great haciendas lying in a broad valley, and many handsome trees. At 8000 feet the air began to feel cold, and the country took on what I think could be called an Andean aspect. There is something about the appearance of this country which is quite unlike that of Mexico at the same elevation. At 9000 feet we passed through a gap in the mountains on to the mesa of Bogotá, and after a few minutes run were in Facatativá, where

we had to change to another train, because of the fact that the track from here to Bogotá is of different gauge. After half an hour we were on our way again, travelling rapidly across a level plain planted mainly with wheat and barley, and with a goodly number of eucalyptus trees scattered here and there. Just after dark, and somewhat chilly because we had no overcoats handy, we entered Bogotá.

And then the next morning, what an agreeable surprise I had! Bogotá has far surpassed my hopes. It is a large, a most interesting city, beautifully situated. I think it could be called a smaller edition of Mexico City, except for the presence of two huge hills, Montserrat and Guadeloupe, crowned with ecclesiastical structures of some sort, which rise immediately behind it. The hotels are good, there is an abundance of fruits and vegetables; the streets are well paved, and there are electric cars; you see men dressed in cutaway coats and silk hats strolling aimlessly about the streets at all hours of the day (and night, presumably); and when the Bishop comes out, as he did this morning when I was down on the plaza, they ring a bell to warn you, and you take off your hat and get down on your knees, facing him. I daresay this is the most Catholic city in America. It is overrun with priests and infested with beggars, though the latter are not, perhaps, so abundant as in Mexico City. It is beastly cold at night, and of course there is no heat anywhere, so you put on your coat and shiver all evening. But when all is said and done, it is fascinating, and I like it. I am at last in the heart of the Andes!

Ever cordially yours,

P.S. Dr. Dugand <sup>Chis</sup> of the Instituto de Ciencias Naturales says you did not get out to see him for which I am sorry. He is the best man I have met to send up to Washington and Boston to make the acquaintance of the scientific men there. I think he could ~~was~~ even make a good speech about Colombia in the Cosmos Club. I do hope that you plan to get him up there will go Villavicencio Llanos Oriental through. He could go next year he says. Do drop <sup>Care Rockefeller Foundation</sup> him a line sometime Wilson.  
Apartado 3950 Aerie  
Bogota Colombia.

August 21st 1941

Dear Wilson;

Marston flew away on a Monday morning the 11th of August to New York and Nancy flew to Panama on Wednesday and we came back here with the Dughers over the washed out passes on Friday and have been here ever since.

A cable from Nancy which took four days to reach us says she is all right and over her operation but so far we have no news from Marston and suppose the New York men are having a hard time to decide what is the matter with his hands and when he may expect to be back here. We are prepared for the worst which would be a pull up of stakes and return to America del Norte. As yet we are not contemplating any such move.

However, until this situation clears up we shall not be able to decide about our possible trip to Guatemala.

Your letters are safe in my wallet telling us what to do to get accommodations on the fruit boats back to Cuba and I have it firmly fixed in my mind that we must give the agent in Panama three weeks notice if we expect to get anything. Graham and Elva expect to leave shortly for Boston and the hotels in Panama are said to be full so that we do not know yet what to write about our plans as you can well imagine. It may be that we shall have to take Hobson's choice and catch a plane from Barranquilla to Miami. In the meantime the terrible war rages and God knows what will happen next.

I think you said you had never seen the Llanos Oriental didn't you? Well Wilson they are really fascinating in their immensity and the vast forest covered parts of it are quite unlike anything I have ever seen before.

There are many interesting palms scattered over the Savannahs and I have secured seeds of seven of these and hope that some of them may grow in Florida as this is not a high altitude place; only 1800 feet or so.

The dense tropical jungles fascinate me and I have been able to get lost in one of them for two hours but with Jorge Boshell as a guide I was not in the least concerned.

This little town lies at the foot of the Andes and the cool air pours down the slopes about four every afternoon and makes the evenings delightfully cool and pleasant. The mornings so far have been very beautiful with little rain and what little there is comes in downpours. Taken all in all I consider this a superior climate to Miami at this season of the year and predict that as the years pass there will be more and more "Iandians" coming over to enjoy the cooler weather and get a glimpse of these fascinating valleys and the vast Andean mountain chain.

I have gotten track of a very large Fajibay fruit and have the promise of one of the enormous Charimoya fruits of which we were talking when we parted in Bogota.

How often Marian and I refer to those delightful days with you both there in Bogota. They were filled with a charm and simple beauty which we shall never forget. The afternoon in the park with you alone stands out in my memory and the morning in the market with Helen when she and Marian would get off the hunt for fruits and vegetables after baskets.

This afternoon I have been reading Maria and that picture of Palmira and the house she died in which you once sent me in Washington forms part of the beautiful simple love story----and what a beautiful thing it is.

I must close now and play with little Marian. When our plans are perfected you will hear from us of course. As always from us both affectionately,

[Feb/March 1921]

West Indian seedlings also from the garden collection where much crossing has been going on) and if we were to judge from the behaviour of the few individuals here in the Gardens of S.P.I. some of the seedlings would go into the discard. However I consider the question will be a long one to decide. Some one of the collection which perhaps Cellon and Simmonds both will discard may come back and become the ruling variety in this whole region. Dont worry about your avocados dear Wilson. They are all alive here and if the fail it will not be for want of a try out. I am sorry that Krome has not made the same progress with them that Cellon has. It is due to one of those misunderstandings which will somehow creep into any human arrangements. In his grove the Taft and the Linda are fruiting well. The Taft is doing splendidly and fruiting abundantly. It is a success in other words.

But I cannot at this time give you a complete picture of the way your introductions are coming on for I have just arrived so to speak and the question is too big to be handled hurriedly.

Now as to the remarks which you have made regarding the Foreign Correspondence. I know you are right dear Wilson. Van cannot handle it for the reason that he has had no foreign experience and little horticultural experience. It is for just this reason that I am anxious for the necessary time to elapse before you yourself can get back and throw your enthusiasm and experience into the foreign work. You have been training for the foreign end of the work. You have the temperament. You like to project your personality into other peoples brains. You have a winning coaxing way about you. You do not scold people on a typewriter. You are able to read foreign languages. In short as I have seen all along you are prepared to take right hold of the Foreign Correspondence and through it make the business of importing new plants simply hum. And believe me dear Wilson that the more I see of our work the more I am convinced that our part ~~of it~~ is to hurry in here as fast as we can every species and variety of plant which has a definite use and try it in a hundred places and get it established. Why Pathologist as Waite is, he said to me before he left. "Fairchild, you almost persuade me to be a plant introducer." And this of all regions in ~~the~~ North America is the most favored.

Simpson is well. He has not sold yet and thinks he can hold on to his place his book is selling so well. Mosier has lost out at the Aquarium. His coefficient of irritability or something is too high I am afraid. Krome is working himself to death I fear. Simmonds is as usual. Miami is still on the grow and will be the Los Angeles of the subtropics in a decade I feel sure. The depression in finances will begin to pinch here soon I feel but Florida has been spared more than almost any state I know of so far.

A cool wind is spring ing up and the time has come to take some Dasheen chips, your papaya, and Westers tripple hybrid Annona and go to lunch with Mr. Lathrop.

*With kindest regards from Tom & Alice*

*Wm. Fairchild*

330 CONNECTICUT AVENUE

F. H. Fairchild

You might start an supporting mission  
 for the kids -  
 I'll see  
 I don't like to  
 see you as sick  
 & suffering way off  
 here in Guatemala  
 tho I know that  
 you are a person  
 who makes friends  
 wherever he goes -  
 But new ones aren't

April 19  
 1920



so good as old ones  
when one isn't feeling  
well and its so  
especially hard for  
you now when you  
are so keenly feeling  
the loss of your mother  
I wish there were  
one that I had met  
here this summer  
for every one who knew

from C. J. having had  
to wait <sup>two</sup> weeks  
1331 CONNECTICUT AVENUE.  
after Dr. Fawcett left as  
I didn't get my accommodations  
early enough - I'm  
delighted to find how  
lovely every thing looks here -  
you know generally I  
find it all a little  
duller -

My father & mother &  
"Casey" Baldwin are  
here - Jack of Cuthousecum

on the prospects of  
the new H. D. 5 - &  
Carry 50 passengers  
any where - across the  
atlantic if need be -  
They are also building  
a sailing boat with  
auxiliary engine -  
45 ft. long for  
Dr. Nutting of "Motor  
Boat" - & Dr. Nutting

Casey + two other men  
are to sail here to  
England to see the  
Antarctica race -

Hear nothing new about  
the "Typhon" - but

they expect to have a  
wonderful cruise -

Dr. Gutteridge talks of  
coming back by way  
of the Azores & the  
West Indies -

Dr. Galloway is getting up  
a surprise party for  
Mr. Dorset on his birthday  
Wednesday - we're going  
out to supper I think  
it is - wish you were  
going & be along -

Every one admires my  
Guatemalan things &  
several people want to  
know if you could get  
things for them. Would  
it bother you awfully to do it?

She speaks of her  
with such real  
affection. It's a great  
thing to win the love  
of ones friends - for a  
woman I think it is  
quite the greatest thing  
in the world -

If you were here now -  
we'd take you out to  
see the Woods - & fix  
up a cot for you under

a Cherry Blossom tree  
show the petals could  
fall all over you -  
and that perhaps  
sounds a little too  
much like the paper in  
the word -! Did I tell you  
of me asking Mr. Haskins  
out - & of his shaking  
petals into the punch  
bowl?

I'm just come up

Please keep with my letters - M.A.

COCONUT GROVE  
FLORIDA

January 17, 1901

My dear Wilson

My beautiful hammock has  
come! - I am immensely interested in  
it and think quite a discussion  
as to who will sleep in it first -  
Barbara had the first one of my  
modern sleeping bag - I now de-  
sire the tropical hammock -  
What is it made of? - It was all  
so lightly wrapped that it was a  
great surprise to find it up - find  
that it hadn't cracked in the  
folds - I will remember that it cracks.  
Thank you very very much.

It has happened to cold the car



few days. So the Lammock visit is up  
yet. But we are counting on having  
some nice new thrills in it!

I have had a little St Christopher  
& sent you since last November.  
But will really try to get it off now.  
I am sure it really is destined to  
reach you as I've lost & found it so  
many times. Do you remember  
the legend of your patron saint?  
David didn't know it & told me  
to be sure to tell it to you when I  
sent the medal.

Well - I was upon a time there  
was a man so strong <sup>that</sup> he was  
almost a giant - He glowed in  
his strength of his & found that

COCONUT GROVE

FLORIDA

he would only serve the greatest  
 King of all So he journeyed until  
 he reached the court of the King  
 Whom everyone said was the greatest.  
 He offered his services to the King  
 who and for a long time time  
 he served the King faithfully +  
 happily - But one day some one  
 mentioned the Devil - and at  
 that name the King began to  
 shiver and shake and he afraid -  
 So the giant said "Is this Devil  
 then stronger than you that  
 you fear him?" and the King

Confessed that it was so. and  
the giant said "I will serve only  
the greatest" so he left the service  
of the King and soon went to  
serve the Devil instead.

For some time he felt that now  
at last he was with the strongest  
King. but one evening as he & the  
Devil were walking along a country  
road they came to a little shrine  
that held a Crucifix. At the sight  
the Devil turned pale & shrank  
away & said "Let us go another  
~~way~~ road" and then the giant  
knew that there was some one  
of whom the Devil was afraid  
so he left him & such the

COCONUT GROVE  
FLORIDA

king of whom the devil was afraid  
 He found that this strongest  
 king of all was <sup>called</sup> Christ and men  
 told him that if he would learn  
 how to serve Christ he must go  
 to an old hermit who lived in the  
 mountains and learn how. So he  
 went to the hermit & the hermit  
 told him that he must fast & pray  
 & mortify his flesh if he would  
 serve the Lord. But the youth said  
 "All I have that is worthy to offer  
 the Lord <sup>is my great strength</sup> & if I fast & mortify my  
 body my strength will leave me".  
 So the hermit told him that there  
 was a dangerous ford in a certain

& says + that if he would carry  
them across it he could serve  
the Lord in that way - So the giant  
trud himself a little time on the  
edge of the ford + all travellers who  
came needing help he would carry  
across on his strong shoulders.

One dark, cold night just as he  
was going to bed he heard a child  
crying outside and opening the door  
saw a little boy - scarcely more than  
a baby - who begged to be carried  
across the ford. The giant said it  
was late + cold for a child to be out  
+ he'd bring it come in + spend the  
night + in the morning he would  
carry him across - but no - that  
would not do. and at last when

COCONUT GROVE  
FLORIDA

of the Christ Whom you serve" the  
giant came <sup>refuse no longer</sup>  
overwinging the boy on his shoulders &  
taking up his long staff & he entered  
the ford - As he went on, at each  
step the Child grew heavier until  
when they were in the middle of  
the ford <sup>the giant</sup> he stumbled & a great fear  
came upon him & he felt that  
he would drown - Then remembering  
the great King he served he  
cried aloud "Oh Lord Christ help me"  
and straightway his strength  
came back and he went on &  
reached the other bank - "Who  
are you" he said as he put  
his hand to his forehead

that the Child was indeed Christ  
and that he held the world in  
his hands - And the Child said  
Arim "Because you have  
carried me on your shoulders this  
night hereforward you shall be  
called 'Christopher' the Christ  
bearer" - And Christopher lived  
long by that name carrying  
travellers across the ford & so it  
was that after his death he was  
made the patron saint of all  
travellers. May he go with you  
on many a successful exploration  
trip!

I did not realize when I began that  
this beautiful old legend would take  
me long to write and doubtless after

all these years in Eastern countries  
you know it all COCONUT GROVE  
FLORIDA before. However  
I will let it stand. I've always had  
a warm spot in my heart for  
St. Christopher - and was pleased  
when I found the little medal to  
send you -

The boat quit & I am here  
along. Graham having had a  
happy Christmas vacation. You & your  
back to the Sitka Bay School on  
Lake George - N.Y. Don't leave - I hope  
tomorrow but will stop at Saranac  
& Newburgh.

You dear old friend Mr. Simpson  
with as well as one would wish.



of vandals & light seas are telling  
on him very much - & yet he is  
almost broken hearted at the idea  
of leaving the place - Another tragedy  
like that is Kirk Munro - who sold his  
place for a handsome sum & is  
pining for a sight of the water.

Mr. Simonds has a wonderful  
Chama hybrid with one of your  
ancestors for its only known parent -  
it's one of the finest I've ever eaten.

Mr. Lattrop is here - & in many ways  
all is as it was when you were here last.  
I should judge that your Bruce Hill  
place is getting very valuable. Streets  
are being put through & the town is  
built up pretty solidly to the Dering  
place & is now going around it.

Dear Dr Fairchild,

Dorothy and I discussed Engler und Prantl, and we agree you ought to have it. She scolded me for trying to hold you up, however, when I told her you had offered to pay \$125. She says we oughtnt to let you pay more than \$100 for it, and we only accept that much because we need the cash. You and Mrs F have done so everlastingly much for us that we feel a bit mercenary about this deal.

If you agree, then, we'll let the deal go thru on this basis: \$100, and our best wishes for a mighty enjoyable trip to the East.

WP

If I die it is understood that I will the Engler + Prantl back to you dear Wilson. Keep this paper and present it to my executors. The American Security + Trust Co has my will.

David Fairchild.

May 15<sup>th</sup> 1924

witness:

Helena C. Spraker.

TREASURER  
A. A. GODARD  
INGRAHAM BUILDING  
MIAMI, FLORIDA

FAIRCHILD TROPICAL GARDEN  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA  
ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

PRESIDENT  
ELEANOR F. MONTGOMERY  
SECRETARY  
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

November 24, 1937

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,  
Research Department,  
One Federal Street,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Popenoe:

HELP! HELP!

I am getting deeper and deeper in my interest in the Annonas and if a terrible freeze doesn't come along and kill all my trees before they are large enough to take care of themselves, I intend to have a real collection of these fruiting and fragrant flowering plants.

But to begin with I seem to be balked in my hunt for the two most interesting species, second only I imagine, to your Annona diversifolia which I have now successfully grafted on A. senegalensis. I refer to the A. scleroderma and A. testudinea. The former Cook got for us from Kajabon, Guatemala. The seeds were presented to him by W. F. Curley, March 24, 1915. You sent me seeds from Tucuru, Alta vera Paz on January 12, 1920. Do you see any reason why these species won't grow if we give <sup>it</sup> the proper soil conditions and attention here?

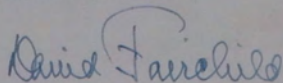
Your A. testudinea which you call "a tortoise shell custard apple" came from El Rancho in Eastern Guatemala from the market there. Apparently you did not see the tree. This was on May 24, 1917. Safford considered these two entirely distinct species and we simply must have seed of them. Is there nobody in Guatemala who lives or could visit Kajabon or Tucuru.

Koban on the map seems to be less than 100 miles from Antigua. I suppose you will tell me there are no roads and you would have to walk all the way to get there. Where is José? Couldn't he get seed for us, armed with the descriptions which I am enclosing. Assuming that you may

possibly be able to help me get this species, I am enclosing special permit tags with which you could send them to the quarantine in Washington with a fair chance of their living. The seeds of *A. squamosa* keep very well, even after drying out.

Hoping to interest you in this piece of unfinished business, I remain as always,

Very affectionately yours,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "David Fairchild". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "D".

David Fairchild.

All shipments under this permit number must be made to Coconut Grove Palmetum, Coconut Grove, Florida, which is tied in with the Fairchild Garden.

D. F.

40305 *Annona scleroderma* , Safford.

"Poxte" from Cajabon, Guatemala. Presented by W.F. Curley at request of O. F. Cook. March 24, 1915.

"Called 'Boxte" or "boshte". Is curious rather than beautiful. Shell divided into angular depressed areoles, by raised ridges. When mature edges are dark brown and areoles between them green. Textures of pulp perfect, flavor aromatic and delicious with no unpleasant after taste. Much richer than the sour sop with a suggestion of the flavor of the Zapote blanco or Matasano (*Casimerva edulis*) but not in least alike cherimoya seeds separate from the surrounding pulp more readily than in most *Annona* fruits." Cook. Leaves coriaceous, oblong, and with the secondary nerves not prominent." Safford.

49371. *Annona scleroderma*. from Tucure, Alta Vera Paz, Jan. 12, 1920 Sent in by Wilson Popenoe. "Posh" (Kekchi) Spanish spell "Pox". called sometimes in English hard shelled custard apple. Skin  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick and coarsely granular forms a brittle shell. which effectively protects the flesh or makes it possible for the ripe fruit to be handled roughly without injury to the flesh. Flesh snow white divided into loosely cohering segments each containing a seed the size of a bean. It is remarkably pleasant flavor suggesting that of the sugar apple with dash of lemon. It has more acidity than the Cherimoya and it never cloy to the palate.

29316. *Annona cherimola*. (scleroderma for description.)

44774 *Annona testudinea*, Safford. Tortoise shell custard apple From El Rancho in Eastern Guatemala from market there. Tree not seen by Popenoe. Seeds sent May 24, 1917, by Wilson Popenoe. Tree said to be 12 to 15 meters high with long 25 to 35 cm oblong elliptic leaves. Fruit globose 4" in with a hard shell divided on surface into polygoval areoles by slightly raised ridges. Dull green and primrose resembling custard apple. Seeds larger and more pointed at apex than cherimoya. Flesh white, soft, watery, free from the grittiness so objectionable in *A. reticulata*, sweet and of a pleasant flavor. The pulp does not adhere to the seeds in the ripe fruit. This species seems worthy of trial in Southern Florida." Wilson Popenoe.

ROBERT H. MONTGOMERY  
DIRECTOR

THE COCONUT GROVE PALMETUM  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA  
TELEPHONE - MIAMI - EVERGREEN 28  
CABLE ADDRESS - "GROVEARBOR, MIAMI"

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BIOLOGICAL ESTABLISHMENT,  
SOLEDAD, CUBA

January 5, 1938

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,  
Research Department,  
One Federal Street,  
Boston, Mass.

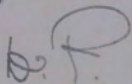
Dear Mr. Popenoe:

Have you any idea how I can secure  
some seed of the species of Sapranthus which you  
found in the mountains around Pochutla. You got  
the seed in 1918; it is under SPI 46786?

I have an idea this will hybridize with  
the northern paw paw and I want to get in touch with  
somebody who could send pollen or seeds of it.  
If you know anyone in that part of the world let  
me know.

With old time regards I remain,

As always,



David Fairchild.

TREASURER  
A. A. GODDARD  
COCONUT GROVE  
FLORIDA

FAIRCHILD TROPICAL GARDEN  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA  
ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

PRESIDENT  
ELEANOR F. MONTGOMERY  
SECRETARY  
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

January 21, 1938

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,  
Research Department,  
One Federal Street,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Popenoe:

I am afraid you will get sick of my  
letters insisting on your doing this or that. Please  
don't.

If you cannot help me I will forgive you  
but I do want not only a considerable quantity of  
seed of the **Pacaya** palm but some photographs showing <sup>the</sup>  
use of this as a vegetable. Who should I write to  
for this? We would like to make an exhibition of  
the Pacaya palm which by the way is fruiting in my  
back yard.

With old time affectionate regards, I am,

*affectionate*  
Sincerely,

*D.F.*

David Fairchild.

TREASURER  
A. A. GODARD  
COCONUT GROVE  
FLORIDA

FAIRCHILD TROPICAL GARDEN  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA  
ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

PRESIDENT  
ELEANOR F. MONTGOMERY  
SECRETARY  
MARJORY STONEMAN DOUGLAS

December 23, 1937

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,  
Research Department,  
One Federal Street,  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Mr. Popenoe:

When you get back to Guatemala don't you suppose you could get us a considerable number of seeds of the Tepigilote palm. The plants growing near my kitchen here have done so well that I believe that a planting ought to be made from which later the flower spikes could be taken for household use. I have an idea that there are many people who might take a fancy to this Tepigilote and that we might even get people to grow patches of it in their yards, which would not only serve to beautify their grounds but tickle their palates as well.

Do think the matter over and let me know what you can do about it.

With affectionate regards, I remain, as  
always

Sincerely,

*David Fairchild.*  
David Fairchild.



DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

April 8. 38

Dear Wilson

I am publishing my  
experiences with the Pacaya  
Palm & need a good  
photo from Guatemala  
That one in the Inventory  
(Plots 219) is not good enough

Couldnt you take a few  
showing how it is grown  
in dooryards and Sater?

How old does the thing  
grow anyway? Is it a  
thing of decades? Yours in  
the photo plate 219 looks  
20 yrs old or so. My palm  
are not over 4 ft and  
they are 6 yrs or so old.

They have lots of spathes  
now & are eaten them?

Are the male inflorescences  
better than the female ones?

You don't mention this  
point in your write up from  
ago. Do give us a little bit  
as always. It

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dec. 17. '38

Dear Wilson.

To have you approve  
is a mighty lot I assure you.  
Sent you a copy, hope you  
will have it soon. There is a

lot about you in the book but  
I don't know why the fellow  
who selected the photographs  
didn't take to any of those  
sent in for him to select from.

Perhaps he didn't like your  
look somehow. I thought there  
was one peach of a picture

But as you know, or perhaps  
you don't. The Alfred Kays put

up the money guaranteeing the  
job + half did as much work  
on it as Daia - more of the  
budgetary in fact. so I gave  
them a free hand of course

I am deluged with letters from  
fans + have to autograph books  
galore so I trust the 5000  
edition will be sold. I get  
37½¢ out of each copy so you  
see I shall simply wallow  
in wealth. Three years or more of  
work \$1870 total pay is for a  
man nearly twenty an awful  
lot.

Now for a Bomb Shell! Prepare!  
Raymond Floyd <sup>Secretary</sup> Florida  
State Hort Soc <sup>Davenport Fla</sup> ~~and~~ and his board  
want you for the speaker at

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4513 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

the Easter meeting of the Society  
which is to be in Hollywood  
near here. The exact date is not  
yet settled. He will write  
you at once for I've just told  
him you are landing soon &  
going to Silver Springs.

Do make it if you can  
Wilson. for "God Mother" &  
would love dearly to have you  
& you ought to get in touch  
with what we are doing here

Here comes the proof of the  
second occasional paper of  
the F.T.G. It is on the Sabotage

and its fruiting in Florida. You  
+ Donnell + Samuel figure in it  
of course.

I must close now with  
love from us all which in-  
cludes Marian and Betsy Dale  
+ ~~the~~ dear old Grandmother. They  
are here for the winter + I  
have drafted Betsy for the  
lettering of some Plant Labels for  
the F.T.G. She does fine work.

Give my love to your dear  
little ones - now grown up some  
+ believe me as always.

Yours affectionately

D. F.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dec 27. 38

Dear Wilson.

We are all much disapp<sup>o</sup>  
outlet - very much so - to  
learn you are bound for the  
wilds of Colombia where  
we cannot follow you.

Perhaps you could be  
routed via our party exit  
here - why not?

Until I hear positively  
that you cannot appear at the  
Fla. Nat Soc in Hollywood I'll  
still have hopes.

I appreciate your words

about the book more than I  
have the praise of the hundreds  
that have written me. For you  
know how imperfect the  
picture of S.P.D. is that I've  
tried to sketch. If you  
are right ~~and~~ <sup>in</sup> thinking it  
will help put the S.P.D. on  
the shelves of libraries in  
various places where after we  
are gone some curly headed  
youth will get pleasure &  
inspiration out of reading of  
our romantic days my aim  
will have been fulfilled.

It is not at any rate a  
book of low, commonplace  
ambitions.



DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Marston Bates is here and so is Nancy. A Cocktail party for Nancy is on and I have fled from the house with preparations.

I think American women are a bit too socially minded. Something or other is going on in their social world all the time.

Anne Archbold flies in here in an hour or so from Nassau. She says she has wrenched her back & I'm going to meet her and get a doctor to look her over. I imagine it's nothing serious.

You should be here to help us  
print labels for the F.T. Gardner  
I've made already 32 and am  
going to finish 300 before I  
stop. Plywood with 3 coats of  
Bardette Varnish will last  
ten years here & read appropri-  
ate. How I miss you these  
days! The Jaboticaba article  
should be out in a few days  
now. I give you credit for  
writing the first illustrated histori-  
cultural account in English. I  
tried to make it ever written  
for fear some Brazilian would  
wrap up with a long winded  
wood cutted & piled that in thought  
was longer & "better" etc  
Humboldt the President of

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4613 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Mackenzie College in Paulo is  
in New York this winter. He  
broadcasts in Portuguese to  
the Brazilians. I'll send him  
a copy of the article when it  
comes out.

Charles Ames promises to visit  
us this next month. He and  
Mrs Ames. I am a bit afraid  
of him - charming though I  
have always thought him, for  
I imagine he is conventional  
& will discover I am disorderly  
in my books & papers etc.  
So long Wilson. Do come if  
you can. Love for all D.F.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

P.S. Look out for a Dr. Gilmore  
of Rockefeller Institute an  
old friend of Sandy's. When  
you get to Bogota. He is  
a most entertaining fellow  
& a brilliant investigator  
quest. I found him very  
amusing indeed.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4513 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Jan 14. 39.

Dear Wilson.

So you have married again. I am glad, very glad indeed for the thought of you wandering about with a lonesome ghost has always haunted me. You will feel into the happy moments of Nancy's marriage and departure for Nebraska.

Just now Marian and I have returned from the Railway station where we saw her off — Three years! It seems a long long time ahead!

But time does pass without our  
noting it & soon she will be back  
again.

Who is the fortunate woman  
Wilson? Who is she who is now  
your bride? I hear rumors  
but no facts. Do write us her  
name so we can greet her  
into the circle of the select &  
welcome her into the group  
you have belonged to so  
long. Give her our love  
anyhow and assure her for  
us that I think she has  
won a prize.

I wish your boat had sailed  
from Miami - not New Orleans  
so that we could have caught  
sight of her. As always, Wilson  
Your old friend David Fairchild.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4513 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

June 21. 39.

Dear Wilson.

Here you a letter of the  
old kind in response to the  
beautiful epistle you sent me  
on my seventeenth birthday. To  
tell you the truth Wilson I  
never have been so rushed as  
I have this winter - trying to  
get started this new garden of  
tropical plants here. The  
fan mail of the book hasn't  
helped any either and Nancy  
& Marston Bates marriage butted

is hard too and illnesses of  
Barbara & the whole family to  
say nothing of poor Gertrude  
Ilein always & continuous  
illness helped to keep the life  
here at boiling point every  
instant of time.

So when Elmer Graham wrote  
of a visit to Baquet in the  
Clinique Province I always hoped  
a plane & took off for a quiet  
spot far away from this  
" hectic life of the street corner"  
as mine has always developed  
into.

Mr Wilson, Marian & I  
delight in your new happiness  
and are eager to see the lady  
of your choice. From Chamney  
McComick we had a most



DAVID FAIRCHILD  
 THE KAMPONG, 4213 DOUGLAS ROAD  
 COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Charming picture of your joy  
 and of the talents of the new  
 mistress of the Palacio.

It was lovely of you and  
 Paul too to suggest coming  
 to my aid now even though  
 I know you could not do  
 so as things are arranged  
 in your lives.

Were you ready to retire  
 from ~~Barcelona~~ and the  
 lucrative salary it pays &  
 settle down in America again  
 at half your present pay  
 perhaps then we might meet

once more on the platform of  
Plant Introduction and as best  
we can build anew a garden  
of tropical plants here.

We have 225 species of palms  
growing in the Garden now  
& are adding more all the  
time. We make an exhibit  
of Palm Flowers at the Fair  
July 1-3d - the first such  
exhibition ever shown at a  
big Fair I suppose. Just  
recently \$10,000 has been given  
to Cal. Montgomery for a  
library & museum of Palm  
Products on the Garden

But Wilson - dear Wilson at  
present I cannot keep my

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4213 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

mind clear of cobwebs. I  
forget the recent events and  
have no longer any brain for  
personalities — I think I shall  
run away again somewhere on  
a collecting expedition where  
personalities do not mean so  
much as they do here.

Just today as I walked  
down from the house here  
I put my hand on my Pey'kay  
palm tree in the bit of hammock  
sail near the Roxburgh fig  
and Clyde Harris who is busy  
printing labels for our palms  
hunted up your description

in Inventory 70 of José Zeldow  
holding a big cluster of fruit  
of his sudler Pipibay.

At a dinner party where 350-  
400 fashionable people were  
dining on the Miami Beach & I  
had to <sup>plant this</sup> speak, I painted a  
lucid picture of that Quisque  
speciosa taken from Spruce's  
account of its culture on  
the Amazon above Manaus.

Why: if all the land in Brazil  
that will grow it were planted  
with it & if all Americans liked  
its fruit, it could drive the  
potato into oblivion and turn  
the corn plant into fodder for  
such horses & mules as remain on  
the farms of this country.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Since we are soon to have  
a museum of Palm Products - I  
wonder if you couldnt go  
up to Don José's Finca again  
and get me a series of good  
photographs of him and his  
sudder Pujibay - such as I  
could have enlarged into  
wall decorations 4 feet X 6 feet in  
size. Good 5X7 photos  
such as you always take  
could be so enlarged by the  
Geographic Society. Now  
dear Wilson please please  
get me these for old time sake.

Then dear Wilson send me a  
few fresh words about the  
wonder of that palm. How  
you eat it and how you  
like it and how easily  
it can be grown. Already  
our palm has fruit on  
it is Col. Montgomery's  
Palmetum and protected  
from cold I think it will  
fruit well here perhaps.

And when you send the  
photographs in, send a  
few fine seeds too. We  
could make an occasional  
paper out of the account  
& distribute the palm seeds

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

too. Ah well dear Bay you see how I run on! As Ben Franklin said, "I get garrulous and feel the need of relieving my mind of ideas that have smouldered in it these many years." or words to that effect.

Our plans are still a bit vague but they do include Badden in July & August. Afta that who knows?

With love to you two from  
Manda & me as always  
Yours  
D. F.

The passage aroused my true beautiful  
 & find the old Kampong more interesting  
 than ever. Somehow I dislike the dwarf  
 trees and the company of people who  
 love to play with plants.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
 THE KAMPONG, 4613 DOUGLAS ROAD  
 COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Oct. 17. 40

Dear Wilson.

P.S. Did you ever see a coconut  
 plant? Some of them are  
 very small they are  
 called 'P.S.' here.

Your sweet letter of Sept 29.  
 just came & I read it aloud  
 to the family. Gaham is in  
 the hospital here with a sharp  
 attack of malignant malaria.  
 The other baby Alice are with  
 us. She is putting in the car  
 in a few minutes to take some  
 books to her husband, who  
 thank God and thank the German  
 Scientist Muller & his Station  
 has a normal instead of a 105°F  
 temperature.

My tree  
 of Cebuella racemosa is a perfect  
 blaze of gorgeous flame color. It



looks in at me here in my study  
as I write. Sauer reported it to  
be dead after the freeze but it  
was not hurt at all seemingly  
by the 27° of that I think was  
the lowest temperature in <sup>the</sup> Jan-1920  
freeze.

Of our trip or Expedition to  
the Moluccas I cannot speak  
here now further than to say  
that it has resulted in about  
450 new-to-Florida species of plants  
and that there are (70% at least)  
now growing at Chapman Field  
and in the P. G. Palmetum & you  
old friend in simple bewildered  
trypsin to find good bones for  
them in Florida. It is at the same  
old game dear Wilson, for the fascination  
of getting in seeds still holds true  
in its grip

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

So far as I can say now we shall  
be here in Jan. I don't intend to  
leave from here but Marian may  
fly to Bogota to be with Nancy & all  
dates during her confinement?

So let us know when you are  
coming. Tom Barbour and his  
brother in law Dr. Huntington expect  
to be here Jan 27<sup>th</sup> for a few days  
& we will probably have them in  
the guest house then. They will go  
to Solidad & return. It might be  
best to be here then provided you  
don't want to visit with Marian  
& me alone. The town you know  
fills up in Jan. There is a boom  
on too so look out for crowding!

We shall always be delighted to  
see you both even if we are tied  
up with all new grand children.  
Barbara has one next month!!

<sup>it's impossible to have a better thing</sup>  
Do you expect to have a better thing  
about this corn growing in the  
D.S.D. How do you will be abso-  
lutely disappointed for I paid  
no attention to that matter when  
I was in Java. I was then too  
short a time & expected to go back  
there anyway. Besides I was after  
ornamentals, fruit, palms & such  
trees & the like and then were  
personal difficulties on the sum  
as you can imagine. The rubber has been

Sandy is just recovering from  
malignant tertian malaria which  
he got in Panama & brought  
with him here. Poor boy, has had  
a tough time of it. 105° F. is no  
dacent temperature you know.

I hear Graedel's is passing  
through here today, en route for  
Brazil to study the Rubber planting  
program. I shall not see him  
I imagine. He is splitting his seconds and will talk with

Oct 21. 1940

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD

THE KAMPONG

COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Wilson -  
your friend I & may not  
know a "bleed thing" about  
Chimera - but I am the  
worlds authority on the subject  
and it will be absolutely  
impossible for you to go on or do  
effective work with it without  
a personal interview with me -  
Also you will be obliged to have  
Helen with you as I cannot  
give out such valuable  
information without a witness  
& help you remember it -  
So make your plans accordingly

and don't fail to come to see us!!!  
There is no change -

Sandy is home now - &  
getting along as per schedule -  
but our life is a bit jerky - as  
you can see by the installments  
of these letters - There are  
moments when I think back  
a bit longingly to the days  
on the Cheng Ho -

It will be lovely to see you  
both - don't fail us -

As ever

Godwin

I hope you will meet the  
Rays who are in Guatemala  
now.

The Kampong July 12, 1939

Dearest Wilson;

I am always flattered when you come to me for advice, even if I am afraid I am more often than not only a reed. I have sent you letter on to Helen Marlatt as she used to know ~~xxxx~~ a lot about Washington schools. She is or was Head of the Board of Trustees of the Potomac School, as she was of Dobbs Ferry.

Just off the bat, I'd say; Dont send Nancy as a day scholar to a big boarding school. There is almost always a certain difference made between the sheep and the goats, as it were. If the day department is big enough, it might be alright.

I have not been impressed with what I have heard of the Cathedral School. I get the feeling it is essentially a fashionable school. Mt. Vernon Seminary has a very ~~big~~ high scholastic standing, but, oh I dont know Wilson, these huge schools are usually such impersonal places. I am counting a lot on Helen's opinion and also I will do my level best to see Edith when we are in Washington next week.

Well, my dear, your old friends are up to their old tricks. Perhaps you think we have reached the slippered age when we sit on the porch and read the book of travel of the younger folk. Not at all, my child. We are off, I'd have you know, off that is, Japs willing, to sail the South seas in a Ningpoo Junk!!!! Now, what do you say to that? We are going with Anne Archbold, to whom you ~~introduced~~ introduced us so many years ago.

The Junk is being built by Ted Kilkenny, a young man who has sailed around the world in a small boat and has built several boats before in Hong Kong. Anne goes out there in August, we join her in Manila in October, going there in a freighter, the Laura Maersk of the Maersk Line sailing out of San Pedro, Los Angeles on Sept 11.

We have had a horribly busy winter and spring, with no letup now that summer has come for it means a lot of work to get ready to be gone for a year. I am too tired to write any more now. My love to you and to Helen whom I am longing to know and of course to Nancy, if she is with you still.

Do by all means let Nancy keep on with her music if she likes it enough to practice without urging. That's my criterion always. And have her have Musical appreciation with the practice. It is amazing what satisfaction it gives people to be able to make their own music, quite apart from any pleasure they may give to others.

This is a new typewriter, a portable noiseless, and I hate it!

As ever -  
Godmother

Nov 5. 1941 -



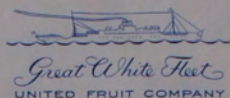
Great White Fleet  
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

My dearest God children -  
I hope you two are  
happy & quiet today in the  
peace of evening in that  
beautiful house - and I  
hope you have the added  
happiness of realizing that  
you gave to the two of us  
one of the most delightful  
times we have ever had  
in our long & happy lives -  
Every day was a joy -

sun rise on the house top  
again through the big door  
the church at Chivicostevang &  
that first glimpse of Atellan -  
But - dear me - there are  
hundreds of others too.

You are the most wonderful  
hosts - and we never had the  
sense of being hurried along -  
I don't see how too people who  
live the hectic life that you do





the admiration & affection  
that the name *Popenoe*  
inspires all through this  
part of the world - I  
am glad you are going  
to let your little Hugh  
is on it - and I hope the  
girls to -

We picked up two packages  
of *Caña Brava* & one of  
*Lambro* on the way down -  
& found a basket of *Palm*

we are trying hard to pick up  
an interest in Coconut Grove  
again - It did come I know  
but just at present we like  
better to think back - remembering  
all the beauty we have been  
so lately steeped in - I get quite  
philosophical too when I think how  
much of beauty + charm people  
will throw overboard to save a few  
moments of time or a few steps -  
I look back with pleasure on my

seeds from the Munch -  
I am planning to let  
David go off with the  
Quarantine office in Maine  
while I tackle the Ceestras.  
I wonder who will get  
through first!

My "Carots of Boston" turned  
out to be Dodds from N. J.  
very pleasant people. &  
the trip home was a very  
nice one - about 40 people  
on the boat - the day gray  
but warm & still - and

morning traps to the kitchen for  
that water and my glimpses of the  
"volcano" rising behind the pile -

I stopped to read David's letter - +  
my decision now is that we both are  
in need of a "booster" - Will you come  
in and have one with us? - I wish  
it were to be in front of the library  
fire instead of the smoking room bar -

Lots lots of love and thanks

Devotedly always

Godmother -  
With greetings of course to Maria - Julia  
Tozia & Concha who added so much  
to our comfort -

and we have come to love  
your beautiful little country  
as much as you would  
have us - I don't even  
know what are the high spots  
I know I shall always  
remember the meals -  
Maria & Julia moving quietly  
about in the smoke of the  
fire. The fountain is  
the big pots in front of me -  
with the ducks preening  
themselves on the edge -

Manage to achieve your own  
personal atmosphere of leisure and  
serenity. It's lucky that you  
can. And it's probably what  
enables you to live as you do.  
Anyway dears - we have loved  
being <sup>you</sup> write you - and we thank  
you for everything more than I can  
tell you - He has felt like  
royalty all along the line -  
It's been a satisfaction too to see

Dear Helen Wilson

Nov. 12. 41

Marian has written you but I have been so occupied that I have not had a quiet half hour. Things have happened around us here as usual.

We have stepped out of that delightful world of yesterday into this split-second world of tomorrow.

Now - today by telephone - <sup>a typical Harvard - but I am understood!</sup> - comes the news that Graham has his Ph.D. in Harvard + the War Department has turned over the whole of Chapman Field (800 acres) to the Dept. of Agriculture. The sad part is that Tom Fenner has taken the two good propagators from the Slat House in Chapman Field and left it stripped so to speak. But we will survive and grow. The F.T.G. is in fine shape and my packages (barrels) of seeds + plants are safely planted (all except the Casos which I had to go to Hoboken with the Brownlads.

But I sat down here to look back  
at your Patio with its whistling  
ducks and cloud capped volcanoes.

How often dear people will the  
scenes of your Antigua home flood  
me upon my mind and quiet it  
and give me a nostalgia that  
will be hard to bear. I find  
as I describe it to friends that it  
has put its tentacle deep into my  
heart and they hurt me when I  
talk about the ducks + Maria +  
her daughters and your little  
stags behind the brick pillars.

As for the Cornstalk town at sunset,  
Santa Maria de Jesus, I'll never never  
recover from that place as long as  
I live. And in my dreams I know  
I shall visit it again.

Marian is with Barbara and her  
babies or she would say something here.  
I hear the slam of her car door under  
the Poinciana tree now. The Kampkop



was some broken up, <sup>of the stems</sup> but not much and Samas does his best to keep things growing and we look forward to a very busy winter with all sorts of things happening to us. War seems nearer every day and I fear a break with Japan. Chabot Buille has flown to Manila to help Sayre the High Commissioner there but I fear its too late to do much:

And now as the sun sets & the cool drizzle begins let me say God bless you two charming and delightful souls who gave us such days of quiet, peaceful pleasure in your home and travelling here & there among the Pink Dahlias, the Cupressus trees and the Pines.

P.S. Farewell for a time As always yours affectionately David.

If you should see the Don Mariaco Pacheco tell him the Bromeliads aroused a great deal of attention, that they had to be sent to Hoboken & that when they get back they will be given every possible attention. I took a great fancy to him and wish he would let me know whenever he comes this way.

D.F.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Nov. 15. 41

Dear Wilson

This is not a letter, just a note to ask if you could get some kind of support for Joe Fennell's Grape Hybridizing Experiments. Tom Fennell has taken Hayer + Kerel the two propagators to Haiti because Morrison would not give them any kind of a raise + has offered Joe a position there. Joe says he just cant leave his Grape Experiments. Inasmuch as he is working on tropical grapes + using your Vitis

which is pretty sure to be of value  
for Guatemala & Honduras,  
Couldnt you get a letter subsidy  
for him which would enable  
him to carry the expenses of  
his experiments. He now has  
to pay them out of his very  
slender pocket. I cant tell

you how much I admire  
that boy. His article in <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>June</sup> ~~June~~ <sup>49</sup>  
June Journal of Heredit<sup>y</sup>  
(look at it) shows the quality  
of his brains. I am writing to  
Tom Barbour too.

News comes that the War  
Department has turned over  
the whole area of Chapman  
Field to the Dept. of Agriculture

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

which is what I have planned +  
fought for all these years  
There are 800 acres.

Now the tragedy is that the  
D.P.D. crowd in Washington  
isn't enough interested to help  
the gang together to run it.

Millions for expansion  
without preparation and let  
the important organizations go  
to rack & ruin even though these  
are needed for the building  
up of that defense plant garden  
& school organization!

Did you appreciate that there are 11000 documented plant introductions growing at Chapman Field? Show me any botanic garden with any such show of proper documented material worth of Economic Plants. This is a source of valuable plant material of great importance to the tropics as well as to our Southern States and should receive the full support - not be allowed to languish because of the apathy or confusion that reigns in Washington. In the mean time let's save Joe's grapes! Lots of love to you both D.F.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4513 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dec 8.41

Dear Wilson.

Too late I fear! Joe has gone over to Haiti to spy out the land. If he likes it he may stay. T. B. says "why not! He can breed grapes there as well as here!" I don't feel that way about Joe. However he needs to see the tropics I suppose.

But plant breeding in Haiti does not look so promising to me somehow. Even if labor is cheap there. I quote from your letter in one I wrote Fuchter. I hope he will come down & see what we can grow here.

*Escuela Agrícola Panamericana* is perhaps what the school is to be but I think your idea of a distinctive name was a better one. *Panamericana* involves too much. It implies you have people from all

Two Helen my photos of Maria + the girls and  
the photos of the children ducks are good  
Maria will send her some enlargements.

the S.A. Countries. I liked your  
names best. Why didn't you  
compromise on "Granja Americana"  
having out the Pan which I  
never did like anyhow. Are there  
to be students from North America  
as well as South? I suppose so.

What, people will ask, is the  
tie up with the Panamerican Union  
You see I cannot forget my  
long association with that  
Panamerican Union.

Never mind Wilson! I never  
had my ~~own~~ way about  
names. "Seed + Plant Intro-  
duction" filled the bill pretty  
well. If you could hear

us talk about Guatemala  
you would really bow much  
we loved it and what a beautiful

experience you gave us.  
Tell Dr. Pacheco that my Bouleards  
are safely growing in the flat houses here  
I found a great fancy to that fellow.  
to be come to see the Bouleards <sup>and they</sup> <sub>North on W. R.</sub>



DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

P.S. Don't forget about Jugand  
this trip to the States. If  
you are sure you can arrange  
it I'll not try other sources  
of support but if you are  
doubtful let me know  
I'll hunt for funds elsewhere  
as ever yours

D.F.

J.F.

Dear Aunt Helen -

And now I imagine  
William is off again and you  
are carrying on bravely I know.  
Here - the home rings with  
little footsteps & baby voices.  
It's lonely to have them  
& they all seem in splendid  
health. It's not easy  
for Nancy Beth to have quite  
so much daily care of the  
children - but we have  
been fortunate in getting  
an excellent helper - &

wild some be all straightened  
out. People are coming  
back fast - or what with  
Callas or having to go for  
every thing needed in the  
home - life seems a bit  
stressful -

The book is going beautifully  
& David gets delightful  
letters about it & mine had the  
first royalty check - just  
no time to finish up  
real estate & other taxes !!  
The telephone bill has only  
just come in - so I can  
finally let you know how

we stand as specimens -

Dress -	24.95	24.95
postage or same -		32
" " days		36
Dentist		8.00
telephone * Dr.		2.85
		<u>36.48</u>

I hope the dress has been a  
 success - I liked it a lot -  
 the fringe lightened it up so.  
 Nancy Bell is also in the  
 throes of getting black clothes.  
 With the death of Don's  
 Semper broken - is, low.

Daniel So many of his  
friends are in mourning  
that she has to leave  
sympathetic black too —  
I suppose that's true in  
all the S. A. countries.

With lots of love to you  
& all your family.

As ever

Godmother

Marian

or what have you!

[1941]

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - THE KAMPONG - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Helen -

What would you think  
of the idea of letting David &  
me live in the little  
wooden house? Its so  
cozy & warm - we'd sleep  
together for greater warmth  
& the bathroom is so handy-by.

If your's matter not -  
dont hesitate to say so -  
Nay - nay - nay but what  
I'm its all going to be -  
Lots of love  
Norman

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

March 10  
1944

dearest Helen -

Just a note of congratulations  
by me & Wilson on being reunited.  
I read Wilson's letter to TB

the other day so I know all  
his news - And I'm glad

I report that TB is getting  
on famously & will be back  
in the little home next

week we hope -

Rosh blew in the other  
day from Sechiang - the same  
old Rosh - We had a

delightful & amicable time  
but I thought it just as well  
he didn't stay longer for in  
the last eve. of reminiscing  
he said "Do you remember  
Dota Samuel that you once  
said I was a 'Dr. Jeckel &  
Mr. Hyde'?" "Yes" said  
David "and you called me  
'Judas Escamit' " "!!!"

I'm so glad you long had  
separation to our my dear -  
the happiest of springs & summers  
to go - Much love  
Dorothy



May 30, 1944

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - THE KAMPONG - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Helen;

Your letter was such an interesting one that Tom Barbour begged it to send on to Ros, and she has never returned it. But I couldn't forget about the emeralds nor about Antigua being made a Monument. And it all sounded very happy and jolly.

Things here jog on as usual, we being busy and well all the time. But I do most awfully want a complete change and we are now planning to go to Mexico in September. Our great friend, Mrs. Baekeland, says she will come to. How does the idea strike you? Also advice and suggestions are very much in order.

We plan to leave by PanAm early in September, stopping over in Merida to see Chichen Uxmal, spend a few days in Mexico City and then drop down to a little lower altitude for three or four weeks. Of course we are dying to come home via Tegucigalpa, but I am afraid it will add too much to the expense. This is no time just to go skylarking around the world. But with travel in the U.S.A. so much frowned upon and so difficult and expensive too we think it won't cost any more to go to Mexico and it will give us far more of a lift than to stay in this country.

The mangos are ripening fast, and our concern now is whether we can get containers to ship them in. Its been so dry too that they aren't as juicy as usual.

Marston's father, to whom we were devotedly attached, died a few weeks ago. I don't know if Wilson knew him- I don't think you did. And for other personal friends, Raymond Gilmore, Ray, called up last night, en route from Bolivia to Washington to say that he is being sent to Guatemala City.

I dont know what he is now- but he was a zoologist in the Rockefeller and was in Brazil with Sandy. We all know him and like him. He is quick and nervous like Wilson, with a funny, whimsical face and way of talking and he has a nice young Western wife and a baby girl born down in S.A. Of couses I told Ray to write you for advice!

Dr.Swingle is here, just as excited as ever. Just at the moent it is over getting our chaya to be used as the "type" of a new species because it has male and femab flowers on different branches. You would think the fate of the war dependized on it - you know Swingle!

Barbara is getting ready to migrate to the mountains of Carolina for a f.w weeks. Quite an undertaking with the three children especially as Lilo can only stay for two weeks. She will be alone another month. I feel rather mean that we dont join her there rather than fly off to Mexico, but while we'd love being with them, it woulant give us the stimulation that new faces would.

Marion Dall has gone north for the summer and Betsy and Pete left today. Pete has been transferred to Greenland and Betsy is going to stay in Boston.. Marion has taken a house nearby for a xt winter and will be back in the fall.

Well, my dear, I guess I have no new facts to communicate so will say goodbye. I hope Wilson is being able to have a little quiet family life at last, although Dr.Kidder spoke of seeing him somewhere or other, not at home anyway. Much love to you and Wilson, and to all three children.

Marion

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

July 17 -  
[1944]

Dearest Helen;

I have the ties- there were none to be had here so I sent a S.O.S. to Helen Bolton and she got them. 8 ties at \$1.50 each, I paid her for them. They are beauties, although there isn't a great deal of variety and they're all subdued in color. For the wringer we had no luck at all. I tried here and Helen tried in New York, just sitting down at the telephone and calling up once place after another- even to the second hand stores. Also Sears Roebuck Mail Order Department and there are none to be had. I wonder if it would be impossible for you to have one made? I suppose the hard rubber rollers would be the stumbling block.

We are eagerly looking forward to seeing those youngsters. I had a lovely letter from Knowles Ryerson about them- he just loves those children, as you know.

It's hot and the mosquitos are bad but we have enough to do to keep us busy- which is the first requisite of contentment anyway. Manoe time is always a busy time and we have a good crop this year, when many people have none and the price is good- 3.50 a lug delivered is what we charge. I keep ~~the~~ the records, make out the labels and so on, while David and Sands, helped by Jimmie Loomis and our English friend, Roland Woods, do the picking and packing. It's a good full mornings work three times a week.

Hope, I wish we could hop on the plane with the children and see what you and Wilson are up to! It all sounds so very worth while and so very challenging of all your abilities. I do hope it is going to work out beautifully for you to have the children.

Love & you, Foster  
Godminster

[Sept. Dec 1947]



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8a. Avenida & 9a. Calle

GUATEMALA, C. A.

Dearest Helen - Its lonely of you & I'd love  
to want us - and of course we will come  
earlier and I hope you will ready get  
to help - We wont come right away  
because I know we need this high air  
and are both very tired - but we are  
going tomorrow to see if we can get  
acomodations to Tegucigalpa on Oct 5 -  
And we dont have to hurry back -  
We just dont want to settle down on top  
of you & smother you - thats all!  
We are moving to Antigua in the  
morning in the big Lincoln car -  
and David wants to make a three day  
trip to Mazatenango any way - but  
perhaps nothing more - I'll see how  
we feel. This week bought a small

home in Antigua today & is buying a big  
old Colonial one soon - She says the  
road is to be straightened & Surfaced  
and thinks there will be quite a boom  
in Antigua real estate - Also she is - in  
January - turning the ship over to Mrs. Hodge <sup>San G.</sup>  
So perhaps I am able to give you news.

from home -  
We are getting into training for your  
early hours - we can't keep our eyes open  
after 9 P.M. - tho we still have to practice  
getting up early - we slept 18 of our first  
30 hrs in Guatemala ...

I can't tell you how much we are looking  
forward to everything - first the lovely  
old home and then the being with  
you & Wilson & seeing how the children  
have grown and exploring the school &  
a brand new country - You are both if  
you darling to do so much for our  
pleasure - Devotedly

Therian  
So there nothing from home you want?

Sept 2 - 1944.

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - THE KAMPONG - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Popenoes;

s We have had a bit of bad luck and are having to postpone our trip to Guatemala. Only postpone, I hope and we now have reservations of the 15th. David is laid up with a "low grade infection" of some sort, involving both legs. It started with a mild fungus infection which seems somehow or other to have gotten into the system.

He went lame all of a sudden, but we found it wasn't just a fallen arch or some such thing as I had imagined and he is now in the hospital with his feet elevated and wrapped in hot cloths.

You'd be pleased and perhaps surprised to know how much he wants to be with you for the school opening in Teguci and you have made him feel that you really want him. I see no reason why we shouldn't go at any time and I think that after this bout he will more than ever need a change of scene and climate. And I know I shall; it just knocks me out completely if there is anything wrong with David.

I rather doubt our being able to get off by the 15th, but we are letting it go at that until we see what happens in the next few days. I am writing Mr. Molanphy tonight too.

With much love

Galton & Renée

Everything was ready down to the last pie!  
I was so determined to have things go smoothly today!

Sept 8 1949

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - THE KAMPONG - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Well dear - its alright?  
David got a clean bill of  
health today - & if nothing  
else pops off up - will be  
off on the 15<sup>th</sup>. We wont  
stop at Clifton - though  
wuld better get right up  
when its cool - I hope  
we can stay over on the  
way back. But will let  
that slide for the moment -  
You've probably heard that TB

is in bed again & all hope  
of his "coming to the party"  
is gone - Tom had, as I know  
he wanted to very much.

Let's keep our fingers  
crossed - I hope the doctors  
will not come in here  
we leave & take the joy  
out of life - They went over  
him to the last detail.

Horray - + let's blow  
Oraniam



DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Sept 13, 1944

Dear Wilson

Until 9.30 last night we were not certain of our being able to fly day after tomorrow.

The hurricane that was 420 miles off shore here veered in its course & has gone North - probably to strike Baddick in a weeks time & blow my Nucleus to pieces.

To unless some other devil intervenes we shall be on the Pan American plane for Merida & arrive there Sept 15<sup>th</sup> to spend the night & set down fly up to Casa Popenoe & into the open arms of Maria, putting on woolen underclothes to keep us warm & sleeping between blankets.

It rained yesterday & broke the  
drouth + Sands is happy again.  
I have come down to work on  
my speech for your Commencement  
I wrote one but Marian thought  
it a bit stilted.

Atterton Lee telephoned yesterday  
that you suggested we fly direct  
to Tequeigalpa but since our  
reservations are fixed + since I  
know you will be awfully  
busy I decided (we of course) to go  
ahead with the original schedule  
— flying down from Guatemala City  
on the 10th of October.

We are both quite all right  
now and will be able to take  
care of ourselves.

Now for the speech. I'll send  
you a copy to chew up + do I have  
what you want to write. I have  
seeds of a few things you want there:  
I have nearly all gone though. 6 seeds in all  
subm. Hervey D.F.

Sept. 14. 44

Dear Helen.

Your letter of the 8<sup>th</sup> just came but the dies are all cast and we fly tomorrow to Merida then to Guatemala City Antigua.

You see we have to be back here in November because Elva (Gabara's wife) and family are due here then and any postponement of the date of return would complicate matters here. Your hint as to the rain in Antigua disturbed me but we recall that it was in October that we were there last & the weather was good then.

I am awfully sorry about the plays for you new one strikes me as far superior to our original one.

So you will be seeing me &  
thru Oct. 10th in time for the  
Celebration. I've got two  
drafts of a speech & will  
send them down from Antigua  
for you both to see and  
react if you want to.

Perhaps I'd want to  
change them when I get to  
the Casa Papeuae.

We are rushing to get off  
tomorrow so I'd close.

Love  
David.

The hurricane  
was good enough  
to go Northward & leave  
us alone. For a while we were  
concerned about it.

I am too tired to put into proper words the  
 romance we both feel to be going down  
 to Teacigalpa (a name I've always liked to  
 roll on my tongue) to see you often, a need



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**8a. Avenida & 9a. Calle**

**GUATEMALA, C. A.**

World  
 for the  
 of Central  
 America

Both come to  
 you both  
 + to the  
 Winesap  
 As always  
 your D.F.

Dear Wilson.

September 18.  
 1944

When we arrived we were so delighted  
 with the coolness of the morning air that  
 we were a bit intoxicated. Then a sleepiness  
 fell upon us that laid us by the heels  
 and Sunday we spent in the Park  
 Minerva just watching the little boys play-  
 ing around the pool and in the shade  
 of the big Cupressus trees ("Goe Cedars")

Our plane arrived so early that we  
 did not feel warranted in calling Mr  
 Molampy & getting him out to the airport  
 to meet us but found our way early  
 to his office and told Miss Lima that  
 he would appear Monday morning and  
 talk with Mr Molampy. This we have

done and tomorrow he is sending us  
 to ~~Antigua~~ Antigua via Amatitlan having wired  
 Maria.

She just has done us a lot  
 of good. We still feel a bit the lack  
 of oxygen in a bump full of air but in  
 Antigua we will be nearer the two big  
 Volcanos that look down on "Casa Populal".

My cordial regards to Excellency Sig Pacheco  
 and to you. I have written you a special letter for

Well in case we want to look up some  
of the *Ammonaceae* I want very much to  
get seeds of *Ammona* *tortuosa* from San Augustin  
near El Rancho; *Persea* *schizoides* (Cayo) or "chucte"  
from Tactic *Hufelandia* *anay* ("Anay" from Magatenango  
(Finca El Compromiso) and *Acerodulpha* *viridis*  
from Palix. but I shall be satisfied if I  
get only two of these. Mr Molanphy is helping  
us with Railway time tables etc.

Tomorrow I want to see at Amatitlan the  
"Lanet" Avocado you sent in <sup>in 1917</sup> which I have  
growing on the Kampong. It has behaved  
in a curious fashion, dropping all of its  
fruit for ten years and then holding them.  
(It's a splendid variety) "Julio" Mr Heyle's chan-  
ffleur has been ordered to take us to  
Amatitlan on the way to Case Papavoe.

Now I know you will whistle over this program  
& rightly too for I cannot walk as I used to do  
and stand the so called hardships of poor beds  
& irregular foods.

Now Marian is writing Helen about our  
coming down earlier (on the 5th of October) and  
I hope this date will suit you. We are a  
bit weather worn from a hot summer in Florida  
(80-82°F at night) and want to try <sup>what</sup> this cool  
bracing air will do for us.

I have shown my two drafts of a speech  
for you to Mr Heyle to see if I have said anything  
I should not have said & he says they  
are both all right. I'll go over them in your  
house and then send them (for one of them) to you  
by mail. I wish to talk personally. Use it as you wish.  
Don't feel that I

Casa Popenoe, Antigua, Sept 21, 1944

Beloved Two.

How we are ever going to be able to tear ourselves away from here I'm sure I don't know! It is even more wonderful, more quiet, more full of charm than in my memory and David and I have settled down to pretend that we are to stay here forever. The whole place grows on you - its terrible to be adding another place to the two I already love so much.

Everything is in beautiful shape - clean and orderly as though you were here. Of course I do miss the beautiful etceteras that are about when you are here, and we miss you both at every turn. Out the house and patio have an extraordinary personality of their own, and so does the town.

What a lovely soul Maria is. I don't know that I have ever seen a sweeter face and of course her cooking just leaves nothing whatever to be desired. The girls are just as nice as they can be too.

People oft en speak of what a restful place The Kampong is; but of course one's own home can't ever be really restful to oneself and I don't suppose this can be so to you. You will see too many things you want to do or change. But to us with no responsibility about it, its perfect and we can't ever thank you enough for giving us this wonderful, quiet, beautiful interlude.

The new house is going to be charming too, and the gardens already are. Don Arturo is putting down the sod in the patio today; two rows already down and the third under way. In the upper garden, the last bit of tile edging went in yesterday. The grapefruit trees are full of fruit, the vegetables are flourishing and there are lots of flowers everywhere.

Julia (or Victoria - I never can tell them apart) puts the brasero in our room at night so that the chill is all gone, and I see that it is a single bed in the casita, so that it wouldn't have been practical. At night a fire and the lamp and books make the evening go all too quickly. We have walked around the town quite a bit, been to see Daniel Moran and out to the pottery, but alas, they had practically nothing at the pottery and wouldn't even take an order. There is no color but blue in the new weavings either, but the blue is stunning. We are very content to spend most of our time quietly at home, but I think in another few days David may feel like going to Mazatenango. We don't either of really want to move, but I know he will feel better if does some of the things that seemed important in Miami.

We have our accommodations to Tegucigalpa for October fifth, and you are to let us do things for you and not be doing them for us. I don't know exactly what the things will be, but we surely are good for something. And we have reservations to Merida on Oct. 31, and to Miami on Nov. 7. We didn't change back from Tegucigalpa to G.C.; that still remains Oct. 17, but we can see how it works out. There is nothing fixed or definite. We are a little later getting back than we meant to be, but if Elva beats us to it Barbara will take care of her.

Mrs. Lima escorted us out in the big car and we came by Amatitlan, hoping to see the Lamat tree, but we couldn't find it. We then came on by the lovely little cornstalk town of Santa Maria de Jesus and remembered that wonderful sunset evening there with Wilson. David wants to out there some day taking lunch and spending hours poking about. We get on pretty well with our meager Spanish in town but I am afraid it will be harder out there, but we can try.

Isn't there anything we can do for you here? We'd be so happy if there were.

Lots love by us all Julie  
Nanai

Case P. Kew -  
Antigua - Nov 14 - 1944

Dearest Helen -

David & I are in the  
Library with a light fire  
burning - I've just put  
some copal on - & imagine  
that I can smell it!

You see a dear & write  
so promptly & Wilson was  
another & wire about  
making a fire in the new  
house - As a matter of  
fact it has been so much  
warmer - & stiller than David  
has been able to use his  
bedroom since we went  
today - and then he went



\* the new house but didn't <sup>(2)</sup>  
need a fire - The garden  
there is looking well  
established now - but we  
were distressed to find  
two nests of leaf-cutting  
ants - The garden boy  
seemed quite helpless about  
being able to stop them -  
but perhaps Mr. Butler can  
give you something to bring  
with you - Surely in a  
small walled garden in  
a town they can be  
eradicated - I will see if  
Sandy has anything  
\* suggest -

We are able to see quite a <sup>(3)</sup>  
little of Sandy & he is  
enthusiastic enough about  
everything here to  
satisfy even us!

Sunday we had a glorious  
day at Comalapa - such  
a fascinating place! -  
Mr Palmer took us up  
(Mrs Palmer had hurt her  
leg & couldn't go) & we came  
back with ammonites -  
huipiles and three new  
kinds of *Sandys Simulium*!  
Another day Mr Arnie  
drow is all about -  
both morning & afternoon -

(4)  
Tomorrow we go in to Guatemala  
(Pan-America Hotel) & on  
Sunday are off for Coahu -  
all three of us - We  
may possibly drive from  
there to El Rancho - to  
Mr. Haymakers - or else  
come back & go down  
by train -

And then Mrs. Roach  
wants us to go to Atlix  
& see the condition of the  
Ray's house & share a  
little the responsibility  
of what repairs to make -  
I think I told you it had  
been badly damaged by

a Road - Mrs Roach <sup>(5)</sup>  
has finally acquired a  
second house I think - but  
it isn't always easy to make  
out just what she is saying!  
The Palmers have bought  
another place too - right  
by the police fountain as  
you come in from Guatemala  
& now we hear that the  
Longs have bought a site  
on a little hill over -  
looking the town & are  
putting down a well &  
planting trees - They  
have been most cordial  
& friendly to us <sup>the Carrillos</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are building here</sup>  
But there are very few

tourists - Oh dear - I (6)  
hope too many people don't  
move in to our lovely  
Antigua! - (You see I am  
possessive after only 2 months)  
Everything about the  
case is being spruced  
up - lots of painting going  
on - Arturo opened up  
great cracks that we hadn't  
noticed - caused he said  
by the 1942 quake - he  
patched them up & painted  
all the walls -

María & the girls are  
lonely to us - & are so helpful  
about our Spanish - David  
keeps them in roars of laughter

The whole atmosphere of ⑦  
this place is so quiet & quiet  
& happy - you never hear a  
cross or loud word or see  
anything but a smile -  
and they all work away so  
steadily & interestedly -  
you are certainly lucky -  
and they are too.

We have had all the  
thrills I think that Guatemala  
has to offer - several quite  
sharp earthquakes & the  
other night David & I  
went through a revolution  
all alone in the little  
wooden house with  
rifle fire in the street

out side - That the firing <sup>(E)</sup>  
turned out to be five crackers  
in honor of San Francisco  
didn't prevent our having  
all the excitement first -

We just can't bear to be  
leaving all this beauty and  
all this glorious air & all  
this luxury - You have  
given us a wonderful  
rest & refreshment - and  
if David writes an extra,  
fine occasional paper & I  
raise an extra large sum  
for the War Chest - the two  
immediate jobs awaiting us -  
You can feel personally  
responsible - And if the

looks materialize & is as <sup>(9)</sup>  
good as I think it is -  
that will be entirely due  
to Casa Popena -

Please give the three big  
children our love & keep  
a whole lot for yourself -  
And as long as Wilson knit  
true I will sign off as  
your devoted  
Marian -



Casa Popenoe, Antigua, November 25, 1944

Dearest Helen;

It was dear of you to write and Wilson to telegraph about the fire- and or but, it has been so much warmer lately that we haven't needed to do it, and for the most part David can wrap himself up and sit in his beloved dove cote. He thinks that's the place ideas flow best!

We've done so many different things lately that I am afraid it is a long time since your letter came and I should have answered it at once!

It's marvellous having Sandy here and we have really seen quite a lot of him. He has grown into a man that we are terribly proud of and besides having a brilliant mind he is such a darling! The Pan American Sanitary Bureau has its laboratory at Ypocappa and the men usually go to Guatemala Friday afternoons, returning Monday morning, so there has been no difficulty at all in having Sandy for the weekends, in addition to which he took a long weekend and flew to Coben with us.

Although the fillaria does not occur there he was interested to find that the fly does; and he found it at Comolapa too - in fact every stream that he has been able to explore seems to contain some of the larvae. Practically nothing is known about the life history of the fly - Simulium - that carries the fillaria and Sandy says that if he only has another month here/ he can not do more than get a very general idea of it. I wish they would keep him here longer and let him bring Elva and the children too. And that's not just for personal reasons - but it is an interesting problem.

Arturo and one of the boys are busily getting the house painted. I am out on the corredor now - where my (your) typewriter is something of a discordant note, but it's so lovely out here that I couldn't resist. Tiburcio and his friends are dosing in the sun over by the ~~faux~~ pile and at intervals Maria or one of the girls goes quietly by. There is always quite a good deal of coming and going around the old house.

David is at El Rancho, with Mr. Haymaker hoping to find again the pinkfleshed amona that Wilson found twenty years ago. I didn't go with him because, alas, the day of leaving is getting close and I thought I could get all packed while he was away and our last few days would be carefree. Mr. Palmer packed all my pottery in huipils in a big basket and I have put all our unnecessary clothes in ~~cartona~~ carton that Mrs. Roach gave me and which she says she will mail for us under her own insurance policy - so we are all set. I am still afraid we will have excess baggage to pay!

I wrote to Sylvanus Morley and hope that he and Frances will be on their finca near Merida as we plan to have a week there. We leave Guatemala City on the 30th - next ~~Thursday~~ Thursday.

I can't begin to tell you what it has meant to us to live in this enchanted old place, Helen dear. When we step inside the big door we step into another world, and no matter how many times a day we may do so the charm always holds good. And of course if we hadn't had this house we could never have felt we could afford to stay on so long. I am sure we have needed this extra month - we are both of us feeling so much more energetic and six weeks would't have been quite enough.

If we had stayed here steadily I think David would have finished the book and I might have had a fair beginning in Spanish - but we did want to see more of the country and there were several things David had set his heart on at least making the effort to get - so that's the way it went. I feel as tho we had been away from home a year at least, we have had so many different kinds of things - and most of them are due to you and Wilson. Thank you more than

*Helen*

than I can say. I do hope Wilson will be passing through Miami on his way home. Also, if you know anyone going to Teguci from there I'd love to get the luster vase over to you before someone at home breaks it! I had dont fail to let me know about the lamp shades and anything else that I might be able to get for you.

Please give the children my love. And with much for yourself.  
As always devotedly your

*Orin*

Casa Papena  
Antigua  
Nov. 28<sup>th</sup> 1944

Dear Helen.

You would be pleased  
to load in on the Fairchild  
family here this Sunday morning.

Marian is packing up for the  
night flight to Merida the  
30<sup>th</sup>; Sandy is looking over  
his *Simulium* larvae + pupae  
in little vials using his head  
microscope out here on the  
corridor, the cocks are crowing,  
the ducks are piping and the  
quackers are calling from the top  
of the *Cupressus* Cypress.

It's a lovely Sunday morning  
cool (50°F) in the shade but  
hot in the sun.

We are looking forward to  
our departure from this quiet  
heavenly spot with something  
the same feelings that we ~~do~~  
have when we leave our own  
beloved "Codge" in Beacon Blough.  
Somehow dear Helen it has

-2-

for me a strange, fascinating  
charm. Is it the quiet &  
the stillness, the peace or  
is it the historical background  
of the thick walls and  
window seats? Perhaps it  
the Volcanoes silently load-  
ing down upon the roof top when  
I often go and soon when I  
watch the boys flying their  
kites & listen to the church bells  
from the many old churches  
all about me.

It passes my powers to  
describe this charm and  
fascination.

And always there runs through  
my mind the thought that  
it is by yours and Wilson's  
great kindness that we are  
permitted to stay in this unique  
Paradise. <sup>That</sup> you two great people  
are preserving for such of us  
who appreciate its <sup>the</sup> ancient  
half-baunted halls and swanky  
kitchen where dear old Maria  
— a saint if there ever was one —  
pours over her little charcoal  
fire and brews such soups as

few Parisian Chiefs of the Cercos Bleu  
could criticize.

It is perhaps the undecidable  
combination of all these quiet  
things that ~~is~~ so impresses me  
and I cannot think of leaving  
the place, who knows for how  
long, without emotion.

Prabham has told us of  
meeting you at the airport in  
Requiepa just after his son  
left. He wants me to tell  
you how charmed he too is  
with Casa Popocateca. His  
insect boxes and vials lie  
about and as I write these  
words I hear his deep voice  
singing from the patio. He  
sits on the edge of the fountain  
in the sunlight. His studies too  
are yielding valuable facts on  
the life history of the biting fly  
which carries filaria. He hopes  
you will get down, or is it up,  
here before he has to return  
to Panama. Just when that date  
is he does not know yet however.

I wish the children might see  
him here too. His working  
spot is at Yipacapa & his route  
to Guatemala lies through here.  
He is attached to the <sup>part</sup> Institute  
of Hygiene Americana in Guatemala  
City. (I can't spell at all this morning)

Now for a bit of important  
business. I want to ask you  
to see the assistant (Hector)  
of Dr. Butler's department  
& make sure that he has  
the giant acorns which I  
gave to the Office of the United  
Fruits Company to send to  
Dr Butler. just a few days  
ago. They are giant fruits of  
the oak Quercus Skinneri?  
from the Finca Chimex in Coban  
Guatemala by Mrs George Koester  
whose husband has charge  
of the Finca that used to  
belong to a prominent Guatemalan  
resident.

I wrote a long letter to Butler  
about these acorns but I  
hear from Dr. Bingham in  
Porto Rico that Butler  
has gone there on a forest-  
raising mission for Porto  
Rico. I reason that in  
his absence the acorns may  
dry out and die. Which  
would be a great pity for  
the oak is a magnificent thing  
& deserves to make a group  
in the Arboretum which I  
feel sure Wilson will some-  
day get the money for.

Anyway this is my fancy  
and I shall be awfully sorry  
to hear that it has been  
like some others I have  
had - nothing but a fancy  
that has died in infancy.

Please give my best regards  
to Dr. Valerio and the other fell

-6-

Acety, members we met so  
pleasantly there on the great  
occasion.

It might so happen,  
perhaps that Marian & I will  
get to Coconut Grove in time  
to greet Wilson on his return  
here for Christmas.

I hope that when you  
get here you will not discover  
that the May of the Parishidium  
has done anything to the  
place which you would  
not want done to it.

Send us your bill for any  
thing we have destroyed.

• And now I must close  
with to that dear old  
fellow Mr Haymaker at  
El Rancho whom I went  
to see a few days ago &  
with whom I walked to  
San Augustine to see the big  
Cayo tree there - the one  
I think that Wilson saw in 1916.



Marian will be writing you  
 from time to time. But  
 she sends her affectionate  
 regards in this letter as  
 does Sandy too.

If Marian or Sally should  
 send me a few seeds of  
 the pretty blue flower beside  
 the slot house. America is it?  
 I forget its name for the  
 moment, and Hugh could send  
 me some Cayal seeds when  
 they ripen I would bless  
 them for their kindness.

As always Lovingly yours

Wanda Fairchild  
 or just "David"

Antigua, Nov. 26, 1944

Dear Helen,

This will be just a note to add my suite to the families, as I expect I will see you here before I leave. The fond parents have no doubt said far better than I can all the good things we have thought while partaking of your and Wilson's generosity. To me it has meant a perfect opportunity to see them in a way which no hotel ~~or~~ could permit, without other personalities, and in an environment without interruptions of any kind. It may be long before I see them again, and your hospitality to them and to me has made the visit perfect.

The old boys who built this house certainly knew the meaning of "a man's house is his castle", and the absence of so-called modern conveniences seems to make the isolation here <sup>more</sup> almost complete.

The arclids looked a bit dry  
and shrivelled, so I took the liberty  
of sprinkling them one day, a hint  
which was apparently taken, as they  
seem to have been damped down  
more or less regularly ever since.  
We are, or I am, also worried about  
the grackles roosting in the top of  
the Capuchin cedar. They seem to be  
slowly killing the top branches, and  
may in time deform the tree  
considerably. I mention it here,  
as I might forget to later, or  
the unexpected happen and I not  
see you.

Anyway, thank you both  
again and again.

As ever sincerely

Sandy [Fairchild]  
[Graham]

Dec 27-1946

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD

THE KAMPONG

COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dear Helen - Your letter note  
makes me feel very guilty  
for there arent many people  
so dear to me as you & W. S. -  
So dont ever think a seizure  
means more than a general  
condition of being swamped -  
Mr Marston thinks its a  
mean shame you took their  
vacation time & he & Cong  
in Columbia - They will be  
here all through January  
too - & then Marston will  
escort two new cars down -

I'm sure you must have  
heard that David's new book  
"The World Grows Round my  
Dove" is to come out this Spring  
& that Nancy Bell's "Beyond  
the Andes" will follow in the  
fall - both published by  
Scribner's - Oh yes, of course  
I remember how Miss Laupa  
showed it to you - See what  
my mind has become! We  
felt as you & Wilson did that  
she should put in more of  
Marston's work - so she added  
a good deal before sending  
the MS in - Its all

meant a good deal of work - typing -  
checking up on corrections & so  
on - that I could do on both  
books - so its taken a lot of  
time.

As had luck, would have  
it - I slipped the other day,  
taking a bit off my ankle  
bone & straining all the tendons  
so its three weeks now that  
I've been on crutches -  
Its being work hopping

around - & I'm thankful  
I can use my foot a little  
now.

Barbara writes that Hugh  
has added  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch since  
thanks giving & is now 6 feet  
tall. As he won't be 15  
til January we wonder  
where he's going to stop! -  
Is it all these vitamins -  
or what - that makes them  
top all their progenitors?  
Please give my love to

those three fine children of  
yours - I can imagine what  
fine you are all having  
these now - And a great  
deal always to you &

Wilson -

May it be the lastest  
year yet - this new one to

come : As always yours -

Oreian -

Edmiston -



[1950/1951]

THE KAMPONG - 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Nelson - And after  
all I forgot to put this in!  
Sandy + Co arrived Friday  
overlapping the Bates - so  
the Kampong serves with  
children -

David was in the pool  
now - so he's really well  
on the up grade. But  
I certainly hope we can  
get away & fly to you  
sometimes. Love  
On. J.

[1950/1951]

THE KAMPONG - 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

I just have to write and tell you Helen dear about how lovely Serepta looked yesterday in her "Batik" dress! She got material like ours with the big diamonds on it and it was charmingly made up- I'll try to sketch it for you. She always looks distinguished and "smart" but in this she is youthful and softer and really delightful!

We are all out of avocados, but I will send some to Mrs. ~~Bersly~~ Bursley from the O'Niels in the Grove- they carry excellent fruit.

The stamps were received with great joy. I didnt believe anyone would mind if I let my invalid friend in Ft. Lauderdale have some, so she took some and then sent almost double the number she took from your offering from her own duplicates.

Its late on Sunday morn. D almost ready for breakfast- but the days seem so full now I grab a moment when I can.

How are you these days? Did you see the doctor in Guatemala?

Love to you both always

Marian



E 1950/1951

THE KAMPONG 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

*See says you've lots of  
Coul. Co. didn't get it*

Dearest Helen; The shoes and the sweater didnt come! I'm very very sad about that and had them look all about in the express office right up to the last moment. But isnt Layman Hardy coming later? I'll get him to keep in touch with me.

You will laugh at my offerings, but I hope they will still be edible when they arrive. I forgot to ask you the last time whether the soup had been a success, but I take a chance on it anyway.

Helen, did I ever give you or Wilson the \$15.00 that Barbara ~~xxxxxxxx~~ gave me for you? You remember her "adopted son" telegraphed for money on a Sunday night and she borrowed from us. Then she brought it round next day and I see a note on my desk "Wilson \$15.00 MF \$24.00" and I just havent the vaguest notion whether I gave it to Wilson or not- I know Barbara gave it to me to give him.

Noone could ever equal what goes on in your house, but for the Kampong its being a busy time, with someone dropping in each day; about one person for each of your ten! What did you think of Harry Vaughn- or no- that is not fair to ask, forget it.

Hugh feels dreadfully that he could so nearly be able to go to you, but as Barbara has written, once the Navy <sup>lets</sup> go, the Draft Board grabs. I feel it would <sup>mean</sup> a very great deal to him to have been able to be with you and Wilson over there. Its a very confused and unsettling time for all young men now. Not to mention the rest of us.

I will never be able to tell you what the days with you in Havana meant to us! I would never have thought so short a trip could ~~have~~ do so much for anybody. But it was all so perfect. Perhaps David's high spot was the talk on the roof with Wilson and mine was our midnight stroll through the almost deserted streets and around the cathedral. You will be amused to know that the little necklace I bought to give ~~a~~ay I wear constantly. And my children love brandy and anisette.

Here comes Nixon now- I must stop.  
Evernever so much love to the two of you

*Marian*

June 29 - 50

Dearest Helen;

We miss you two like everything!  
You did David a lot of good- me too- and we  
wish you would come more often.

This has been on my desk for ever and  
ever waiting to be sent to you. The picture  
is strange and I dont think Wilson's explanation  
about the teeth is quite enough.

David is all over the neuralgia- hasnt  
had any codeine for a week now. He is still  
rather forlorn but the progress is steady.

The Bates family arrived Sunday night  
and it seemed as though an avalanche of little  
girls was flowing over us. They are in  
Gertrude's house, and not content with four of  
her own, NB has Alice Bell Fairchild with her  
and David Muller is there most of the time.  
Three little Owri girls come often and Cookie  
Eichert. You should see them all the pool!

Of course I want to know if you found  
the particular antiques in Havana that you re-  
remembered.

Thank you so much for coming! We loved  
every minute of it and I still have a little  
fine wine to drink your health on \_

M. K.

July 4, 1950

THE KAMPONG

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD

COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Helen -

Ages ago a box addressed  
to David arrived - containing  
something obviously not for him -  
an athletic trophy - a figure  
of a man playing - tennis I  
guess it is - (one arm broken)  
& a plaque - Dr. Albert Muller -  
I waited expecting a letter that  
packages had been mailed -  
It's going to Dr. Muller -  
Then David was sick & I forgot  
to mail a week or so ago -  
& wrote Mrs. Muller - who had  
sent it. Now comes her  
letter - See the meantime

I had re-packed this too -  
already to forward as soon  
as I heard from her -  
striking away the old wrapping  
paper. As you see there  
is no address on the letter -  
she is quite a casual lady -  
so. I'll just keep the  
package until further notice  
& you might ask her son  
to let her know that I write  
We're having Lucy -  
with all the Bates family.  
David gains strength slowly -  
It's midnight & I can't use

My typewriter for fear of  
making him - I've  
forgotten how to write by  
hand - so I won't go on -

We did so love having  
you two here!

Devotedly M. J.

Barbara's latest letter  
from St Cristobal Las Casas  
is full of enthusiasm



Oct 26, 1950

THE KAMPONG - 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Beloved Popenoes;

I cant tell you with what pleasure we are looking forward to all the time you can give us going to Gainesville and coming back again! We talk about **it** all the time and the only trouble is that we plan so many things we want to do with you and people who want to meet you that we shall have somehow to hold it all in check so that we can have long uninterrupted barefooted seances on the porch.

The hurricane hit us a terrible wallop, but David is a real philospher. "We had too many trees anyway of old stuff. Now there is room to plant out new things" says he.

I had a flying trip up to see NB in her new house in Riverside- new to her- its an old house, bigger by far then anything built nowadays for incomes such as theirs. She thrives on housework!

And the Grosvenors had a grand Golden Wedding Party, complete with orchids and golden presents. We didnt go- big affairs are not for us if we can possibly help it.

So, come as early as you can and stay as late. I am getting more and more expert and knowing how to have Louisa do all the work- even leaving supper practically made. And there's lots of good white wine around.

Devotedly -  
Gardner

Jan 8, 1957

THE KAMPONG

4013 DOUGLAS ROAD

COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dr. Speed was "traveled pink" -  
Simply delighted & head of Wilson  
& the ear of corn - & sent many  
thanks. Thank you for letting him  
know - I'd been working just  
a bit - I'm very relaxed & happy.

We always feel we're never  
been away except that it seems  
as tho when we were away  
it had been for about a  
month. I was thinking the  
other day what ago it was  
since I'd heard from my  
Sister - it was just before Xmas.

The handy-amulette is a  
huge success!

D is in bed with a cold - but  
mostly in bed because it is cold -  
34° last night - not up to 60  
all day today.

We are deep in preparations for  
Lee's show - The show is a delusion  
Lee looks very tired - They will be  
here till the end of Feb - When  
the Exhibition is safely behind  
us I'm going to have a long  
talk about Tamoraus.

What is the Neilman's name  
& address - I forgot to get it from  
you - I think to tell you that  
we've not written any thank you  
letters yet - but I hope to get them  
off tomorrow with one of D's books  
& each of them - I wish you  
could see it: There were quite happy  
days - must be

Cayuela  
ink stand

Dec 29 - 50

THE KAMPONG · 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD · COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Helen and Wilson

As we ate our supper last night we thought of our sumptuous banquet at the Yacht Club the night before and we thought of you two eating by candlelight some of Maria's delicious cooking. Its fun to have life full of variety- isnt it! And its all too easy to drift into something of a routine.

Its the funniest thing- I feel we have been away a long time and I rushed around to say hello or telephone old friends- and suddenly realized that they probably hadn't even know we'D been away.

My desk is buried in Christmas cards and I hereby swear that ~~later~~ will never again get caught this way ~~again~~- even if I have to get them all made in summer. Your way is the only way.

I know you are buried in things yourself, so I wont ramble on- this is just goodmorning- and Happy New Year and more thanks than I could ever express. I'll feel better when I know Wilson's teeth are comfortable- I dont think it is a safe business to have any part of ones body continually irritated and I wish we had postponed going to Cuba till we were sure it was alright.

Well, good bye again. And quintals of love

Marian

Stamps

La Antillana

Box 2688

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Jan 12  
1951

Scarant Nelen - I'm ashamed  
to tell you that I have only  
now finished the last of my  
"thank-you" notes to your  
friends who were so kind  
to us in Cuba - David  
has a little made up for it  
by sending each one a  
book which I hope they  
will like -

That Mr Conway we met  
at the flower shop - created  
quite a furor here - He

talked morning on "Lice"  
afternoon on "Color" &  
held a "Clinic" next day -  
\$2<sup>00</sup> apiece for Lice & Color -  
6<sup>00</sup> for the Clinic - About  
300 Ladies came to Lice &  
Color and 30 to Clinic -  
No arrangements - like those  
in Havana were stunning -  
Remember old Senate  
Hendersons story about two  
men who were discussing  
a Bird ". Well - Dr. C. is

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Good of his kind " said  
one - "Yes - but damn the  
kind" replied his friend.

Its a gorgeous day & I  
must go to the village for  
cleaning stuff so they  
can get one of the  
gasnewns houses open  
for Monday - But I  
just like to chat with  
you for a moment.  
I hope all's well over there

o that once in awhile  
you get a quiet day:

Lots of Love

Maui.



Feb 16. 1951

THE KAMPONG 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Helen;

No- I'm all of five days older than you! Many many happy returns of the day; I hope you will have many wonderful years as I have had and that I still look forward to having.

It was great fun- the Grosvenors gave me a birthday party- my first party in dear knows when. One of Elsie's daughters- Gertrude, and her husband, Lilo and Barbara with the Dijkmans and Mimi and Lee in for icecream and coffee.

And now today is the Annual Meeting of the F.T.G. with Mr. Erlanson as guest speaker. And thank goodness- its a glorious day.

Nixon has telephoned and is coming soon to tell us all about it. He found of course a desk full of things to attend to.

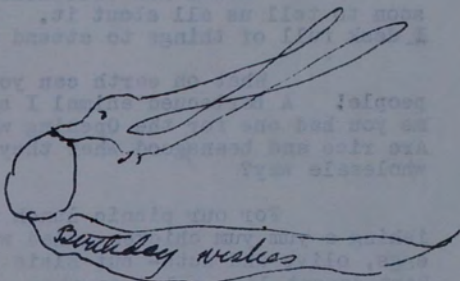
What on earth can you find to feed 200 people! A barbecued animal I suppose- it seems to me you had one for the Opening when we were there. Are rice and beans good when they are cooked in a wholesale way?

For our picnic lunch today I am furnishing a yum yum chicken salad with hard boilded eggs, olive and nuts- but Elsie cant eat selery and Bert doesnt like salad so they are bringing their own food. I'm glad I have no allergies!!!

We had a very nice visit from Robert and Annabelle Cook. She is intelligent, interested, a good "mixer" and I think Robert is able to go about and meet people and entertain people as he never could before. I think he has, perhaps, an inner sense of insecurity and needed someone who could be social help, and an intellectual companion. And after all, if a woman marries a man a good deal younger than she-especially if she does so when he is very young- she rather has herself to blame it seems to me. But I dont suppose you know ~~them~~ them at all, so, if this were not on the back of what I'd already written, I'd tear it up!

Lots of love to you both. I do so hope something will bring you here again ~~xx~~ this year. Its been such fun to be together.

*Marian*



DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

May 22, nd.  
[1952-1954]

Dear Wilson.

This world about us has very much quieted down these days. Marian and I are sending out the "Mangos for Sale" postals and trying to cheer up our friends who have fallen down and broken some of their bones and need our sympathy.

We are doing our best but our own strength has been fading a bit. Marian does now almost all of the driving and I help her wash the dishes and make mango chutney and green mango fool and write out for seeds of Pandanus to New Guinea and elsewhere in the Eastern Pacific. The sudden death of Col. Montgomery has left us a bit lonely and we wonder what will happen next in our lives.

But we both look forward to

to other times ahead and to the day  
when Helen and you walk down  
the "gang plank" of your plane and  
we drive to the "Kampong" and sit  
for a chat and look off at the "Bay  
Biscayne".

The mango crop is only fair this  
year. I am wondering if I should  
not prune back my trees severely to  
make them fruit better. Should I?

The other day, J. C. Ochse said he  
had written you for bud wood  
of Persea schiedeana and P. pittieri  
but failed to get any bud wood.

Is there anyone who can supply  
these species do you know?  
I would like a few bud sticks myself  
for in my collection I have a new  
and promising seedling of what  
my friends used to call the  
"Godfried". It is my earliest sort.  
A hybrid between P. americana and  
P. daynana, more productive than  
the old Persea americana.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD  
COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

I often think of the Avocado days  
when you were exploring for  
Avocados in South America and  
when on your return, named all  
of your collections, giving them  
Guatemalan names. By the way, how  
have the species Marian and I  
collected for you in Honduras done?  
When they produce bud wood I  
would like a few sticks of them  
in the budding season here which  
is April. I will make over some  
of the trees I now have of your  
collections - especially the ANAY.  
which Marian & I collected on the  
ground under ~~the~~ tree on the Finca  
El Compromiso near Mazatenango  
(Mr Ramires property) I cleaned the  
seeds (taking a half a day) and saved  
one in a pot & presented it to you.

DAVID FAIRCHILD  
THE RAMONSBY DOUGLAS ROAD  
DEERWOOD GROVE, FLORIDA

These were great days dear  
Wilson and both Marian, and  
I hope you will come our way  
so we can talk about them.

We both send you our love  
as usual

Yours affectionately

D.F.

YANA

April 5-52.

THE KAMPONG - 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Dearest Helen;

I was afraid it would be too good to come true! But it was nice to think of it for a while anyway. It would have been wonderful to have you two dears where we could see you often.

Yes- why leave anyone so nice as Wilson if you don't have to- but how about coming ever here to a dentist. Wouldn't it be a whole lot nearer than California? I don't think you would like the dentist Wilson went to, although I go to him myself! But I could get you an appointment with a man Bartera likes and several of my friends go to. Don't neglect your teeth- they catch up on you if you do. And we should love a glimpse of you. It would be tragic to have tooth ache in the Alhambra.

The days continue very full- but compared to what you handle our eight callers this afternoon seem very little. But really, one person can take your whole afternoon and 300 cent take any more than that. We had a couple of Indian ladies today- Moral Rearmament ladies- among others.

And we wanted to put out some plants in front so we got Albert in at eight dollars a day and such is our "soil" that in his day he dug three and a half holes! Well, goodnight. And do come over and get your teeth fixed.

Lots of love & you love American

april 9 [1952]

But of course dear Helen- There are lots of trees to park cars under- we might even give them a garage- tho I cant promise that. And what can I send you by the Hughes? I'd thought of a bit of Limburger!!!!

And why dont you come back with them and have your teeth attended to? Only five hours after all.

People are leaving fast now- the real "winter visitors". And the nice thing is that Nancy Bell is coming the 22nd- sans ~~hidd~~ children or husband. She says she wants to get a roomette on the train and go to bed the minute she gets aboard and stay there till she arrives.

The Grosvenors are back from a glorious safari in Africa- Capetown to Cairo - 37 airplanes and fifty different hotels. I understand they are a bit tired!

Wilson's telegram just started the day off right for David. He was a dear to do it. That a beautiful friendship- isnt it.

Lots of love

*On Z.*



gourd? young Smiley Oct 17- [1952]

Hello dears, and welcome home! Elve writes that a very tired couple telephoned them from the hotel. I hope you stopped over in Antigua and got rested before tackling the millions of visitors awaiting you at Zamorano.

It been so nice to go along with you via the postcards. And what a joy to you-Helen-to show Wilson your beloved "pain"! I hope we are going to see you this year and hear all the details.

Life has jogged along very pleasantly with David and me this summer. Our airconditioned bedroom is a great joy and it is only the past few weeks that we are getting tired of the long continued heat- or rather we are having a spell of heavy muggy weather and it is - I cant think of the word- the opposite of exhilarating.

Lilo's venture with a university seminar in Mexico for his Spanish students was successful and encouraging. And they all had a grand time in spite of car trouble and the usual Aztec trots! They are already planning for next year. They were at Oaxaca most of the time. Their Hugh is stationed at San Diego and Helene, or Marian as she is called now, is at the Verde Valley School in Sedona, Arizona.

The Bates family are settled in Ann Arbor. Address 1821 Vinewood Boulevard and they think they are going to like it very much. I dont know what that tropical bird, Marston, will do when it gets really cold!

And how about your Nancy? Is she to be married  
this fall? And how about your Hugh?

How did Helen ever contain herself to the  
amount of "loot" she could bring home by plane-  
or perhaps she didnt!

Do you know Mrs. Towers- Sylvanus Morley's  
sister? She is coming to see us with Eileen  
Butts, both of them member of the State Park  
Board, Eileen being the chairman. They have a  
big fight still on their hands as succeeded in  
getting the Park Director to resign. They felt  
for a long time that he was very detrimental to  
the best interests of the Parks- but he is out  
to make them "be sorry for this to their dying  
day". to quote him. We havent met Mrs Towers  
and shall ~~wait~~ enjoy doing so.

Lots of love to the both of you

*Godmother*

Dearest Helen;

*avocado*

I cant seem to remember to thank you for the things young Smiley brought up from you for the FTG. I've already passed on the things made of the palm nut, but I've kept the beautifully carved coconut to remember to ask you about it. Where does that come from? It is quite different from any that we have seen.

Anyway, thank you for them. And let me know about them all sometime so that I can put the proper label on them.

I sent you yesterday a photograph of these old friends of yours because the whole thing made such a nice picture that we hoped you would like it.

Lots of love to you both and the best of all wishes for you all the time

*Lone*

*Marian*

*Dec 15, 1952.*

Coconut 7

Dec 13, 1952

THE KAMPONG, 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD COCONUT GROVE, FLA.

Dearest Helen;

Where do the days go to? And why do they go faster and faster the older we grow?

Yours and Wilson's letters are always a great joy to us and it is good that we can look forward to a visit from you in - May- is it? I hope there will still be crabs on the market!

Tell me about Nancy. What does her husband do, how long will they be in Puerto Rico, and what is their address there. I want to send her a wedding present. And when you send her address, please put her name on too, for I don't know what I did with the wedding announcement. It struck me that his name is a foreign name- ~~thx~~ not that that means anything, but I am interested.

We have just had a very successful Remble at the Garden. All the regular winter people are back. Marion has a studio this winter- with a pulman kitchen and a bathroom and I think in a way she will be better off than in the Grosvenor cottage. Betsy, Pete and Kathleen came for Thanksgiving- Marion had ~~back~~ Kathleen and we had the others. Things are going much better ~~for~~ them now- Pete is on Civil Service which gives him regular holidays and sick leave. He is doing something "top secret" for the Navy which I think has to do with the temperament and mental equipment necessary for the men who fly these new jets and so on.

Our chief news is that Marston is going to an atoll in the Carolines this summer on a Harold Coolidge survey of some kind. NB says they must guarantee to bring him home- though they may have to chloroform him to do so!

Lots of love to you both. You were dears to let us share your summer trip with postcards.

Devotedly -

Dearest Helem; I thought this might amuse you! In an earlier paper there was a much nicer picture of Marion McCormick but the paper got away from me before I thought to cut it out for you.

I hereby nominate you as Social Leader of Central America! I guess what Mrs. McCormick doesn't is a patch on your efforts.

I hate the name- dont you? I dont know any woman who is more universally beloved than Nell Montgomery, but somehow Social Leader doesnt seem to fit her one bit- I'm glad to say.

All well here. David had a nasty few weeks with arthritis in his back but he seems entirely over it now and is going to introduce Paul tonight for Paul's first talk to the FTG members. But I think we wont stay for the talk.

It is not yet all plain sailing for Paul at the Garden, but it seems to me that things are gradually smoothing out. It was terribly hard to take over after Col. Montgomery and without the Col. to help him. Nell was away all summer too. But I think it will work out well. Its never been clear just what we expect of a Director and its all run along in such a sort of family way that it will take some time still to get all smoothed out. Paul speaks well and has good pictures, so I feel confident that the talk tonight will help his prestige very much.

Of the two new day laborers, one comes to work in a new Camilac and the other drives a Packard. And both do good honest hard work. One was a small business man in some little town in the mid-west. His only son died as a result of Korea so he and his wife sold everything and came here to begin life again and he needs the good hard work. Paul is now breaking *m* him to run the orchid house, but he mixes cement and digs holes like anyone else.

The Grosvenors have just arrived- tired as usual and as usual only staying a short time. They want to see some of the Caribbean Islands they have missed so far - Haiti, the Virgin Islands, Tobago and so on.

I know you had a wonderful time with Hugh who, I suppose, has by this time gone back to his post. I hope you have heard from Nancy at last and that the others are well too.

A whole lot of love to you both.

*As ever*  
*Marian*

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MAILING ADDRESS  
BOX 407, COCONUT GROVE  
FLORIDA

## FAIRCHILD TROPICAL GARDEN

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF FLORIDA

IN CORAL GABLES

ADJOINING MATHESON PARK, 12 MILES SOUTH OF MIAMI

WILLIAM LYMAN PHILLIPS  
LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

HARRY DUNAWAY  
HORTICULTURIST

March 30 1953.

Dear Wilson

I have discussed your letter about an article for the Geographic with Dr Grosvenor and here is my interpretation of his opinion.

You will understand that he cannot accept and publish an article which he has not seen and which Melvill, now his right hand man has not read.

He is interested in the Escuela Agricultura Panamericana and realizes that it represents quite another thing from merely an article on any of the Caribbean Republics or any financial adventure which a company of Americans might make into any one of them for the purpose of making money.

His life has been associated since childhood with Colleges both in America and in Foreign Countries. He is now a member of the Board of Regents of Miami University here.

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He realizes that Mr. Marden who wrote several excellent articles for the Geographic several years ago, failed to picture the Escuela; its objects and accomplishments, which distinguish it from anything to be found in the other countries which he visited.

If you will write one of your clear, lucid accounts of the School and accompany it with new photographs Bert will be glad to read it and pass upon it. Of course he cannot say without seeing the article whether it will in his opinion appeal to his Geographic audience but he is open to your suggestion and I think if I were you I would make the effort to capture him with an article and accompanying views of the School and what the graduates, some of them are doing since their graduation.

Should you have anyone



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Who can take really good color photographs, so much the better. Those that were taken several years ago may not be up to the standard of these times when most of the magazines carry a majority of their photographs in color.

The fact that an up-to-date Agricultural College is being run in Honduras could scarcely fail to interest thousands of students and the faculties in our State Colleges in America I believe.

So sit down and grind out an article!

I can hear you typewriting your splendid book in your room in the S.P.I. after your return from your Anacado hunt in the highlands of South America.

Marian and I look forward to seeing you + Helen this summer. Love to you all D. F.

Dec 17-53

THE KAMPONG - 4013 DOUGLAS ROAD - COCONUT GROVE, FLORIDA

Beloved Two- How we do miss you! But what a good time we did have, so its not nice to be a crybaby and want everything nice all the time.

I am glad to report that as of today- David is much better. Its funny, he wasnt a bit better until this morning when he suddenly said he felt well and wanted to get dressed. I cant really believe its this very cold weather that has pepped him up, but it might be that or again it might possibly be the Streptomycine he took for a mild infection that had begun.

Now the next thing is- shall I send you the box that came with this card? And if so, how do I send it? Is anybody going your way from here within a short time?

As Barbara puts it; "Hugh has taken the first step towards the presidency of the Telephone Company". He is now a table-splicers's helper and as a commencement he is learning to climb a telephone pole with irons!!!!

I hope your Hugh has arrived and I am sure you will have a very happy Christmas.

Lots of love to you both from both of us.

*Marvian*