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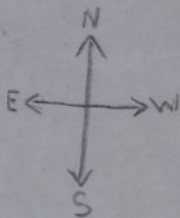
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*About the Institute*

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.

# SANTA'S MAP



Dear Muzzie  
Here is Maria's  
and the girls

Christmas  
card

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

## Santa's Visit to the Haunted House

A cold breeze came in the door as Santa went out to load his sleigh. "Good bye, dear," he called from outside. "Good bye and good luck," Mrs. Santa replied. "Giddap, giddap," he said to his reindeer and off he went, away from his home in North Pole.

Presently he found himself nearing the outskirts of Coldberg, (for it was very cold there you know). The town of Coldberg was very small so Santa was through with it in a jiffy.

Three hours later, Santa had finished all the houses. He looked at his watch and mumbled, "Hmmm, it's almost two o'clock, I can hardly wait for me to get home. I hope all my helpers are all right. Let's see now, I have seven helpers and each were to do ~~three towns~~ I wonder if I know all of mine, - Coldberg, Puppyville, Bertinsut. Well, pull my

blue bearded, there's another house!" It was a lonely old rickety shack on a hill side. "Looks like some poor folks live in that house," exclaimed Santa, "I just see some candles in the window, so I guess I'll go down and cheer them up. I'll take down some of the left over presents." Santa told his reindeer to go down on the house-top and, of course, his reindeer obeyed.

Soon Santa came down the chimney with a loud echoing thump-ta-thump-thump. He looked around the room and saw no Christmas decorations whatsoever and the walls needed painting. But in spite of all this, the room was neat, everything was dusted, the few furniture arranged prettily and the floor was very clean.

But suddenly he stopped dead still and almost dropped his pack, for right in front of him was a shadow of a hunch back. Then Santa heard something that sounded like an enchanting song. He heard a scream from several people. Santa stepped cautiously around the corner. The door was shut but he could see the light around the edge of

of the door. "Sounds like someone's being murdered," said Santa right out loud. But Santa had been overheard, and instantly the door was jerked open. An old man came to the door carrying, (about a five year old boy), piggy-back. "Oh looky," cried the little boy. "Hy Thanta," lisped another little girl. By this time the mother had come to the door. "Heavens above," cried the mother, "thank God for making our wish come true. At last you have come dear old Santa Claus." Santa could not figure this out. He had seen the shadow of a hunch back, and had heard something that sounded like someone was being murdered. He had heard an enchanted song. Suddenly he broke his way through the crowd, and went into the room. Several chairs had been knocked over. "Has someone been murdered?" asked Santa staring into their eyes. "Murdered?" quavered the old woman. "Murdered?" echoed everyone else. "Yes," replied Santa, "I heard the screams of several people." "Why, that must have

been the children. They were playing tag in here," answered the lady, still very much annoyed. "Well I heard some enchanting music in here," exclaimed Santa suspiciously. "That must <sup>have</sup> been wifey, I mean my wife. When she sings it echoes through the house. Try it, wifey." This was the old man's reply. But sure enough, when Santa heard the lady sing it echoed through the house and made it sound very funny indeed. But then Santa remembered about the shadow of a hunch back. Then he asked in a gruff voice, "Why did I see the shadow of a hunch back then?" "Ho, ho, ho, ho," laughed everyone at once except Santa, who just stood looking at them. It was Peter, (the little boy who was the one riding piggy back), that spoke up first, "Dat was daddy and I riding biggy back dat made da shadow. We was looking at it too, wasn't we, ~~the~~ <sup>mother</sup>?" When Santa heard this he joined in with the laughter, also.

Santa found out they were the Johnson's. There were four children in the family. The youngest was Peter, who was five and a half years old, then came Betsy, who was six. The two oldest were boys. John was thirteen and Dick was eleven. "Why are you living in this old house?" asked Santa. "We were sent away from our home in No Dogfield because we had so many puppies and we wouldn't get rid of them. John told him this. Do you still have you dogs?" questioned Santa. "Yeth," replied Betsy, "They is down the bathment sleeping." "If you don't mind, could I go down and see them?" asked Santa. "Sure, come on down," answered Dick. As Santa walked through the kitchen to go to the basement, he noticed an old stove and some old tin mugs. He had learned from Peter that they had to walk several miles to the first store and that they had only two meals a day. The Johnson family had been living here for about a

year.

When Santa Claus saw the little dogs he thought he had never seen anything so cute. He laid a gentle hand on them and they woke up. Then an idea struck him. He carried the box up stairs and everyone followed, wondering what he was going to do.

"Would you like to move where you would live in a nice house, where you could have all the animals you could possibly want," said Santa. "B-but w-where would we get the money?" stammered Mrs. Johnson. "Oh, I forgot to tell you. My workers have become experts, and I have plenty of wood in my work shops. I'm sure I could loan you some money, although I'm not so rich myself. By the way Mr. Johnson, do you know how to doctor?" replied Santa. "Well - a little, why?" asked Mr. Johnson. "You will live in Pippysville where you could take training to be a puppy doctor. I'm sure you'd get paid well for it," answered



old Santa. "Oh, I'd love it," said Mr. Johnson.

"What, is it four o'clock already?" asked Santa looking at his watch, "what are we waiting for? I'll take my pack and go out the chimney while you take the box of puppies and put on your wraps and go ~~out~~ ~~the~~ ~~front~~ ~~door~~. I'll take my sleigh down on the ground so you can get in it. The Johnson family had on their wraps in a split second. They had never been so happy in all their days.

Soon everybody were piling in the sleigh. Peter and Betty were <sup>each</sup> sitting on a knee of Santa, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were on each side of him. Dick, John and the puppies were in the extra space where Santa usually puts the bags when they're full. "First we will go to my house. We have plenty of extra food, and you can sleep in some of the workers beds. I'll give the presents as soon as we get home," Santa told them. Oh, that will

be lovely Santa. You have been so nice to us. How can we ever thank you?" asked Mrs Johnson. "Oh, you have all thanked me by being so kind to me!" laughed Santa. Then the Johnson's cried out, "Hooray for Santa. Hooray, hooray hooray."

"If you have lived in that house for a year, why do you still have puppies?" questioned Santa. "We just had some puppies," answered Mr. Johnson, "the mother got too cold and died and the father dog is in the box."

Soon everyone was at Santa's house and Santa had finished telling Mrs. Santa about his adventures. "Let's have some music," Santa suggested. So they turned on the radio and everyone danced in pairs, Mrs and Mr Johnson, Betty and Peter, Dick and John and Mr. and Mrs. Santa. "This is the best Christmas I've had in years," laughed Santa.



10 July

Dearest Dad,

This is just a note to let you know your letter of 2 July arrived today, and I'm glad to know all is well there. I hope the pace slows down for you. When do you expect to be back in the U.S.?

Sally will be thrilled with the furniture. It sounds like she's going to have plenty to get along on now and I know she'll be happy with it.

As to the Velazquez painting, I see by this date that Hugh must already be back in Florida. If he brought the 18" x 22" size with him that will be excellent and I will be most happy. However, if he did not have the room for it, and there is still the opportunity to

get one up here, I might ~~very~~ request the 25" x 30" size. The place I have in mind for it is over the small bench I have, which I believe came from San Antonio. That larger size ~~one~~ would be fitting there, but the smaller size will do equally well, and in either case I would be completely satisfied and very appreciative. I think it would be a lovely unit there with the picture and bench together, and on the bench I have put a green velvet cushion - it's very pretty together there.

As far as I know, Dick is still unaware of his orders to England. He is no longer getting mail from here and the ham radio station there has been discontinued. However by the time you get this he should be practically ~~to~~ here.

Why don't you give some thought  
to visiting us in England. It  
would be a wonderful opportunity  
for us to have you, and would  
provide a complete change of  
scenery for you. We can talk it  
over during the next 6 months  
or so - I'm not well acquainted  
with the weather pattern there  
but perhaps early spring would  
be a pleasant time there, also  
depending on our exact whereabouts.  
I'm so anxious to learn the  
details of the ~~st~~ schedule of  
the tour.

Carolyn has had another  
bout with bronchitis and an ear  
infection. I wonder how she's  
going to fare in the English climate.

I intend to get letters off  
promptly to Aunt Gertrude and  
Uncle Maurice and get the addresses

of relatives we still have there. I  
hope perhaps I can really become  
acquainted with them. I think  
I've told you before how especially  
fond I am of Uncle Maurice.  
There is something about him I like  
very much. I remember Aunt  
Gertrude telling me of my cousin  
Jennifer's wedding (Aunt Betty's daughter)  
and I believe she mentioned recently  
that they had their first baby.

I want to know England well,  
perhaps get to Wales, so some  
bicycling over the countryside with  
Dick and the children. I am still so  
thrilled and excited about going  
I can think of little else. We will  
have to store our furniture here,  
and take the minimum of what  
we can get along with (badly placed  
proposition).

Give Maria and the girls my best.

And much, much love always  
to you, Marion  
Are there perhaps any good books on  
England there in Antigua. I checked our local country

they have sent to nothing  
they have here -

13 July

Dearest Dad,

It was so good to hear from <sup>you</sup> and of course I am thrilled at the thought of getting the British Antiquity. It will be interesting to compare it with the issues thirty years ago. It certainly is reasonable in price, compared with \$10 for American Anthropologist and \$12 for American Antiquities. I have not yet received an issue of the latter although I was to get my first issue in July, so it ought to be coming any day now. I have received two issues of the American Anthropologist, February and April, (six per year), and find it extremely interesting. There is a membership list in the first issue, with the names of so many people we know, also a good many well-known names of the editorial board. Eric Wolf (Sons of the Shaking Earth) is on the executive board. University of Calif., Univ. of Pennsylvania, and Stanford plus some of the larger museums provide most of the personnel responsible for the magazine, which I think is interesting. I ~~am~~ have not come across anything from University of Florida or Texas. There is quite a bit from Harvard.

I'll be so~~x~~ interest~~ed~~ to hear about Nancy's stay, and hope she and the children might decide to stay on a little while longer. I was surprised and disappointed to hear of Sal's untimely departure; however, can see that Paul and Betty couldn't have the children for the whole summer. It's too bad someone else like the Halleys couldn't have taken them for a few more weeks.

I just can't help but be pretty pessimistic about Sal's case. Dick thinks I'm very unrealistic in thinking that Sal can go it alone without Ed, but with him I feel she is only going to regress. She seems to lack a good sense of judgment and he seems to be influencing her outlook and sense of values terribly. Her depression at home, suicidal feelings, plus the new habit of drink add up to a very unpromising picture for the future. If she does get out and drive now when she gets back that may help to some degree.

We had a good trip home, until we arrived in Washington. Dick did not want to leave the car at the airport so we planned to take a taxi, until we ~~had~~ found out it would cost us \$25 to do so. Hence we took a cab to the train, waited there in hot sticky weather (it was past midnight), for 45 minutes then raced to get on with a mob of negroes and screaming babies and our ten pieces of luggage (remember we had those petates too!). I've never had an experience quite like that and we were so glad to get home; I wondered at the time how you could ever prefer to go by train! Total cost from airport: \$11!

The day after we got back, I began redecorating with the huipiles I brought back and they look very nice. The Tactic ones on the black background are gorgeous in the living room as pillows on the couch. The weaving from Chichicasteñango



with the red and orange double-headed eagles are very pretty as throw pillows too. The pottery fruit arrived with only the chili broken, that was very good luck, and they add a touch of color to the livingroom. I took the material that you bought from the San Antonieras (remember there was seven varas of striped material) and they are exactly the right length to make ~~to~~ floor length curtains for the window in the den; the change is perfect and makes the whole room look ever so much more attractive. I almost left that material because of the weight of the luggage, and am so glad that I didn't.

At the airport I talked to Jerry on the phone, then reached John by phone at his office and read him your letter. He was glad to hear it, and I presume they both got off all right on their trip together. A friend was going to keep the children. I mailed the skirt lengths to her from here.

I found to my horror when I got back that I have "Four Keys to Guatemala" which I brought back last summer. I know you are missing this and need it in Antigua, so I will get it to you one way or another. It's too bad they are not printing this any more. I wonder if that second-hand book dealer can pick up any more copies. I would like to have one someday if any more turn up.

I ~~checked~~ checked over the towels here and find I only have two sets of the rose towels I thought would do for the big bathroom. I thought I had a half a dozen but can get the same color at the PX I am sure, as well as some green ones for the guest house.

Everybody is well here. Carolyn got a cold as soon as we returned and the usual attack of asthma with it. I'm glad she didn't have any of this trouble down there.

Things look bad in southeast Asia. The USMC is starting to mobilize. I really wonder if Dick will get by without having to go for the next two years.

It is 94 degrees today. Our yard was badly burned when we returned, and we lost three azaleas. However, everything else is coming back beautifully and we have more flowers than we can use. I'm enclosing a package of seed for Maria; she asked me to send her some and it seems so easy to tuck them into the envelope. I thought pansies might do well in that climate.

We are missing beautiful Antigua; it's always a little hard to come back to stark, sterile Quantico. We did enjoy it so much and there's always so much to look forward to in thinking about the "next" time! I hope you are feeling well, no nervous stomach or unpleasant tourists.

Love from us all,

Mawon [Hatch]

22 November

Dearest Dad,

It has been some time since I have written; lately I thought I would wait until Uncle Knowles got back with all the news; it has been good to hear of you and he seems to have had a wonderful time. He was his old self when he got back, I really hadn't seen him in such good spirits for a long time.

Thank you so much for the check for Christmas; we will put it to good use and appreciate it very much. Your note was so interesting and I enjoyed the pamphlet very much too. And of course the chasuble is a gorgeous set - thank you so much for it. I'm not sure where I will put it yet but have put it aside for an eventual display in the museum cabinet I made.

Everything is going along well. I will be through with this quarter on Dec. 14 and then can catch my breath before the next one starts in January. The work in the museum continues also, but the hardest thing for me is that everything seems to slow. I wish I could move along much faster; it seems like there is such a long way ahead to go!

The work at Monte Alto really sounds interesting. I would so much like to get in on it, but rather have my doubts that I would be allowed in on it. Which brings up the subject of next summer. What are your plans? I would like very much to come down, but want to do what works out best for you. Dorothy and Marianita have been talking of going to school down there next summer and working on their Spanish. I would really like to see this materialize. However, Uncle Knowles says Debbie is planning to go down too, and so is he, so I feel you couldn't possibly handle all of us. Anything you suggest for us will be fine for us, as you know. I'm always very flexible in my plans. One thing I have been thinking very seriously about: I would like, sometime, to make up a file or catalog all the items in the house there, in proper museum procedure - numbering each item and listing its background and description. I am observing how this is done now and think it might be a good idea down there. I could bring all the equipment down with me (catalog, pens, ink, etc.); I could do it easily in a summer, and especially want to do this with you to give the details. What do you think of such a plan? Incidentally, that is a fine little pamphlet you published on the house, and something that has been needed. I'm so glad to see it and you really did a nice job.

I have talked to Hugh a number of times by phone, he has given me a great deal of help on two term papers. I feel I can get as much training from him as anyone; I only wish it didn't have to be by phone. I don't know if I mentioned that his thesis is mentioned in one ~~xxxxxxx~~ of the bibliographies for outside reading in my course on MesoAmerica. I'm convinced that Hugh is probably the very best man in the field of ecology of the tropics, especially Guatemala.

We saw Nancy last Sunday and they are well. We will be getting together this Thursday for Thanksgiving. Uncle Paul and Aunt Betty came by on Saturday with Pab and his children. It was good to see them. They seem well as ever.

The news of Sal is distressing. My main feeling now is that you can't take a steady diet of this and are going to have to get away from time to time. I agree that you are probably the only one who can handle this situation, but on the other you are going to have to get away from it from time to time. Perhaps I can take over next summer for awhile; ~~kk~~ not that I can do anything except to be there while you are gone. I've come to the conclusion there is no longer anything that can be done beyond what are doing, and frankly, I marvel at how you manage. You are really the one who has kept her going for a long time now, and it is a superhuman task.

How do you think Uncle Knowles is?

It seems like I had more things to discuss, but I'll close for now and get this in the mail. I'm not so busy now as I was a month ago, and I think things have settled into a system now. I finally had to get a gardener- he comes one day a week for a couple of hours. I just couldn't keep up with everything, and there is so much that a woman can't do physically. It is a tremendous help and I think I can do all the rest here with no problem. The gardener is French Basque.

I do long to be there in Antigua. I hope you are well and that the problems have eased up a little. My thoughts are with you and much love from all of us,

[Marion  
Hatch]

Mar. 28, 1940



Dear Helen,

Did you have a nice time on the train? I hope so. Everybody is beginning to miss you. Mommie said that Sally and I could keep house for her while she takes Nancy uptown. And Sally and I have been wanting mommie to go out and come

back and find the house all cleaned.

This is all I can think  
of right now so good bye +  
good luck!

Lots of love  
from  
me and me  
is Marion



Dear Daddy,

I can hardly wait until school is over. I have done some of my Christmas shopping but not all of it. Please write me a letter and tell me what you and Helen want for Christmas.

3.

P.S.

I want a  
house seat or a bath tub

I want some more  
handkerchiefs like you and  
Helen gave me for my  
birthday. Anything  
else I want but those  
are the things I want  
most.

2.

Christmas is coming  
nearer and nearer every  
day. Do you know the  
things I want? I  
want Santa Claus to  
bring me a little stove.  
It's ~~so~~ cute. It's not  
el stove but looks  
just like a real stove.  
I am so sorry you  
cannot not come for

L.

P.S. I want some doll  
clothes too. I had  
a nice Thanksgiving.  
And I hope you did  
too.

Christmas. Now I  
will have to think of  
someone else to take  
your place. Please  
write me soon.

Love

Marion Popense



[1940/1941]

Dear Daddy + Helen:

I haven't been very well since I came home. I was well for about a week. Then I broke out with hives from eating so many peaches, and couldn't go to school the first day. But I went the second day. I have only been in school about a week all together because I have <sup>been</sup> sick in bed and the doctor thinks it's Malaria. It makes me think about

you because you grow  
quinine for malaria. I do  
not have to take quinine. I took  
something else like it and  
broke out with hives from  
eating it. But now <sup>almost</sup> well, and Mommie says I  
might be able to <sup>go to</sup> school tomorrow.  
I am ~~not~~ <sup>going to</sup> dancing and  
music this year. I'm going take  
piano lessons once a week +  
dancing once a week. I am  
getting 25¢ a week for allowance.

birthday presents and  
Christmas presents and also  
10¢ a week for dancing  
lessons.

Sally and I have a  
bedroom together. We took  
Hugh's bed because <sup>he</sup> doesn't  
sleep up there ~~any~~ more he  
sleeps with Charles apart and  
made it the bottom of the  
beds and took Sally's bed apart  
and made it the top.

Thanks for the candy it was  
very good. The post

card of the ship looked alot  
like the Antigua- didnt it?  
Give my love to Maria &  
the girls,

Lots of love  
Marion

P.S. I found out the the pills  
I took had genuine in  
them.

[1940/1941]

Saturday

Dear Helen,

I bet you could spank me for not writing sooner, but we thought you were <sup>both</sup> in Boston or somewhere around here and we didn't know where to write to. I was very disappointed to learn that you were not coming here with Daddy. I was hoping that you and Daddy would be here for a few weeks or more, at least.

In one of your letters you told me you couldn't quite figure out how my hair was fixed. The front part of my hair is braided and fastened on the top of my head with berets. In the back it is curled. Sally has her hair fixed the same.

Sunday

Today I have alot of things to tell you. Yesterday I started to tell you that I thought Spring had come at last. Well, this morning I woke up and found out that during the night we'd

had a snow storm! In fact it is still  
snowing! Charles just went out side,  
and the snow came up <sup>to</sup> his knees! I  
am thinking of Guatemala now, because  
our house is still dark and the electricity  
is cut off and I am writing to you by  
candle light! All our trees are broken  
or bent way over, and our daffodils that  
were almost in bloom will probably freeze.  
We won't be able to go to Sunday  
School because nobody will be able  
to get their car out and it is too  
far to walk.

Sally wants me to tell you that  
she bought a pair skates with the  
money Daddy sent her. They cost \$2.25  
She also says she loves those post  
cards you sent her. She thinks they  
are so pretty. I think she had a  
pretty nice birthday, myself. I think  
Sally will want to tell you about  
her birthday in her letter.

Our crocuses were in bloom and the snow  
will probably kill them, too. Our electricity from  
our clock is cut off. The snow is too deep for  
our milk nor our news papers here  
that's because of the snow, too.

Lots of love,  
Marion

401 Sligo Ave.  
Silver Spring Md.  
Oct. 9, 1941

Dear Daddy + Helen,

I mean't to write  
much sooner but I'm  
in the sixth grade now  
and the teacher piles us  
up on homework. I am  
getting a long very well  
in school, except the  
other day the teacher  
took my pencil away  
from me because I  
was playing with  
it at the wrong time.  
At the first of the year  
I was in the lowest  
group in arithmetic,  
and now I'm in the  
highest group (I just)  
I just got through  
making some ginger

bread, and I hope it  
will be good. (

Mommie taught  
me how to ~~to~~ sow  
up socks, and now  
I feel pretty proud of  
it. Sally and I are  
washing our own  
socks and pants now  
because we think  
we are old enough  
to do some of our  
own washing. Also  
when school hadn't  
started yet Sally +  
Nancy and I took  
turns ironing.

Later, after supper

Well the ginger bread  
was good and every

body commented  
on it. We still have  
one pan of it left,  
because I made two  
pans of it.

I heard something  
about that you were  
coming down for  
Christmas, I HOPE so!

In school we are  
studying about conservation  
in social studies and  
planets in science. I  
just love it. I think  
it is good to be study-  
ing conservation during  
the war. When you look  
up in the sky at the  
stars and in ~~noon~~ it looks  
so peaceful, and then  
you think why in



the world do they have  
to have war anyway.  
I guess I have to  
start my homework  
now.

Love to  
you both,  
Maxion

401 Hugo Ave.  
Silver Spring Md.  
Oct. 28, 1941

Dear Daddy and Helen,

I received your letter and check two days before my birthday, but I didn't open it until my birthday. For my birthday I got a skirt, two pairs of pajamas, some real artist painting crayons, (payons for shorts), four little things for my what-not shelf and a thermos bottle for my lunch box. My real artist payons are some crayons you can color with, and then you let them and they turn to paint. I got the payons from all the children. The skirt and pajamas were from Mommy. Nancy gave me the four little what-nots. The thermos bottle was from Aunt Hazel. One of the what-nots is a little monkey holding a banana, another is a little bird. Both the monkey and bird are made of glass. Both of the other what-nots are made of wood, one is a little scottie dog and the other is a little man. Guess what size in clothes I wear? I'm pajamas I take size fourteen and in the skirt I take size twelve! I haven't decided what I'm going to do with my birthday money yet, but you will probably find that out in my next letter.

I am glad tubercio has a playmate. I bet they are having a wonderful time.

School is coming along fine. Every week we have to memorize a poem. One time I memorized Father William. Mommy

said that you knew it. Today while our class was in a different room, and our teacher, (Mrs Miller), was teaching the fifth grade, somebody came in the room we were in and said Mrs Miller wanted me. I didn't know what she wanted! I went in the room and told me to recite Father William to the fifth grade. I did, and she is going to give that poem to the fifth grades to learn. Also my class liked it so much I had to recite it twice to them!

I have been very well except the week-end before last I had a cold, a sore throat and two sties on one eye! But I'm all well now except for a little cold. I haven't missed any school yet.

Also Peter fell out of a tree and broke one bone and chipped two right across the top of his foot. He had a cast up to his knee and had to walk on crutches. He is well now too, except his foot is still swollen and can't get his new shoes on.

I didn't have a birthday party this year because we are going to have a hallowe'en party. Everybody is going to invite four friends. I'll tell you more about it after we have it.

Love to you both,  
Marion P.

[Dec. 1947]

Dear Daddy + Helen,

I am sending you a surprise for Christmas! It isn't anything that will come in a box or package, it will fit in an envelope. I can hardly wait for the package you sent to come, but of course it won't matter if it's a little late.

I got Helen's letter yesterday and I enjoyed it immensely. I would have liked to be at the fiesta with you. I remember Etelca, and can just see her standing before me now! I can still remember that story Mrs. Rosch told us.

xxxxx I am sorry the nice orchids are sick and. I hope they will get well in the glass house. Have you gotten any new ones?

I don't like this war situation terrible? I hope Daddy doesn't have to go to war, do you think you will? In our <sup>hour</sup> we are helping as much as we can, turning off lights, not wasting paper or time and etc.

I hope I can go to Honduras

if the house will be finished. Will the  
war be down there too? I hope not.

- For Christmas I want:
1. Girl Scout Uniform <sup>and socks</sup> from Santa - \$4.00
  2. " " Handbook " Family - \$ .50

That's all I can think of right now.

Did I tell you about Peter's  
second fall? He fell out of another  
tree and broke his arm and wrenched  
his back, but he is almost well  
now. I think that will surely  
teach him a lesson.

Read Maria's letter in Spanish  
to her, will you?

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX  
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Those X's mean kisses  
to both of you!  
Lots + Lots of Love  
Marianita

Feb. 6, 1943

Dear Helen,

Happy birthday! As I said in my card I'm not sure of the date. I know it's in February. The next time you write me will you tell me the date? I wish I could give you more for your birthday but I guess I can't.

Last night I went to a party. A pair of twins invited me. They do not look a bit alike. One is big and one is little. One has yellow hair and one has black. One wears glasses and the other doesn't. But anyway they're nice and that's what counts. We had a cake with prizes in it. We had a little chart that came with the prizes and it showed what each prize meant. I got a little pipe, which means all my troubles will go up in smoke!

In school we have just started our second semester. I got an awful report last time. I got three A's, a B and I think 5 C's. Since then I have been working for all A's but I'm sure I won't get them. We get report cards next Tuesday.

Guess what? I got my picture in the paper. I sent it to you in this letter. This

as how I got it in. A ladies club collected  
3,000 pairs of stockings and they wanted  
three scouts to come and get them. Sally,  
and I and another girl went. They  
put my picture in the Evening Star  
and the other girls in the Times Herald.  
The wouldn't take Sally's because  
they only wanted big sister's!

Later

We got report cards! I got 2 a's, a couple of  
c's and some b's.

Happy Valentine's day!

So long,  
Marion

P.S. You will receive the other  
things in another envelope  
which will not be air-mail

Happy Birthday



1943	FEBRUARY						1943
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	
28							



Ever Spring, Mo.

[Feb 12, 1943]

I'm not so very sure of the  
date,

I hope its not early and  
I hope its not late

But I'm wishing you at any  
rate-

A Happy, Happy  
Birthday

Love  
marion

April 22, 1942

Dear Helen,

I just got your letter today and I enjoyed it like everything!

I'm glad you wouldn't spank me, because by all means I don't

not like to be spanked! I thought it

was funny where you and Julia went to Lake Atitlan. In fact

I would have loved to be

with <sup>you</sup> them. Of course I would

like to be with you all the

time, but especially then!

In your letter you said you

had your <sup>hair</sup> cut, well, I had mine

cut too! I had mine thinned,

also, because it was getting to thick!

I wish I could send down

some nice long candles, because

it must be awful to not have much

light in the house. Thinking about

it reminds me of our practice black-outs!  
We had one from nine P. M. to 6 A. M.! I think  
wasn't much fun because I had to sleep  
all the time. I guess you remember the  
last time we were with you, how much  
I didn't like sleep. I am sleeping later  
now, though, and I like to sleep better  
than I used to!

I have written some poems and  
I'd love to send them to you but  
I'm sending so much paper in this  
letter, that I don't think I'd better  
send anymore! I have written one  
with ten lines, two with eight and  
one with thirty-two lines. I am starting  
another one, and it already has twenty-  
four lines.

I hope you have a wonderful  
Mother's Day. I wanted to make  
it on colored paper, but I was afraid  
it would make the letter too heavy.

Oceans of love,

Marion

October 23, 1943

Dear your school is very interesting for me  
I would like to go to school in the States

Dear Daddy and Helen,

I have received your letters and I was  
so glad to get them. Everything is fine here  
but I cannot wait for you to come back.

Sunday all the Van Walds and all the Butlers

and Mrs. Membreros and us and Prof. Valerio <sup>and all</sup>  
went to Aquinope for a picnic. We had a  
wonderful time. We went wading in the creek.

They had benches in the truck (Antonio's truck) but  
I stood up all the way there and back because  
the scenery was so beautiful to miss. I think  
this Sunday we are going to Mr. Membreros  
finca with Prof. Valerio. I have found out that  
my horse is really very fast. Mr. Membreros said  
all he needs is a little care because he has been  
worked too hard.

Hugh and I went up to the bodega  
to see Miguel yesterday and I weighed  
myself and I 112 lbs. I have neither gained  
nor lost.

Today I was feeding Hugh's horse some  
sugar and he took my hole finger and bit it.  
It hurt plenty but it isn't very bad.

I can't wait till you come back. I miss



May, 1944

Dear Daddy and Helen,

I hope it won't be long until we will be seeing you now. I can't wait until you all are back.

We fixed the orchids like you said, Helen, and then Prof. Valerio came and looked at them. He said they would all die before you got back unless they were planted. He said I must let him do it and if Daddy objected for me to blame it on him! So he planted them and he did a pretty good job of it. He put them in rows according to their number, and they are all well and happy and one is going to bloom.

Well, today (Sunday) is Mother's Day. We aren't forgetting you Helen, as you can see by the book. I sincerely hope you like it and I hope you have a nice Mother's Day. Perhaps we would make it better for you.

This week, while Hugh's gone, we get a week's holidays. I have no idea what I will do since I don't have a horse. He was castrated you know. We are staying and "taking care" of Mrs. Hogaboom now. She is nice and I think we will be alright. She is overjoyed about the coming of her boys and is always telling us funny stories about them.

We have had Mr. Arnold over fairly often. He is staying with the Butler children since their parents are gone. They can't even stay alone!

Wing made some perfectly delicious strawberry jam and some absolutely wonderful strawberry ice cream. It was much better than Frank's.

We still haven't heard from Mom or Nancy. Thanks so much for both of your letters. I received them Friday.

The chickens came and are they cute! Helen, you would just love them. They are tiny and fuzzy.

Daddy, I am at last on the part in my Botany book where it tells the names of the shapes of the leaves. It isn't quite so easy as I thought it would be. It takes a lot of time and studying to learn them.

Well, so long, and hurry back with the animals from Salvador so we can be together again.

Love  
Marion



May 18, 1945

Dear mom,

It seems to me that I saw a ~~copy~~ book called "The Microbe Hunters" in the library. Is that book there? I think it was gray but I'm not sure. Could you possibly bring it out with you on Sunday? Or don't you think we should take books from the house? Our English told all of us to each please get a copy of this book because we each have to make a report about one man in it. She told me to please try to get a book too.

Thank you so much for the pills, coat hangars, paper, envelopes, and peanuts. We have just enough hangars now and the peanuts were so good.

I can hardly wait to see you all again and we have so many things to tell you. I hope we can see you on Sunday.

I went to Margie's house again today by bus. Later Sally came in and we went shopping for birthday presents for two girls who are having parties, one on Saturday and one on Sunday.

<sup>promised</sup> I wrote a letter to Dad but I'm waiting for Sal's letter to be written. If she doesn't do it tomorrow I'll send it on anyhow. It's already two days old.

We have certainly been busy lately. Homework is laid



Apr. 13, 1948

Dear mom and Dad,

From all reports, life is pretty hectic down there, what with everyone leaving and all and I know it is probably putting a heavier load upon you all. But then again, it might be a good change to get some new blood into the system if you know what I mean.

Life here is pretty thick too. I guess you know last weekend was picnic day and I have never worked so hard I don't believe. The IF float was a big chore in itself as well as tests and things we were swamped with before. I just had two exams today, again and another midterm on Friday which I haven't studied for yet. I want to warn you all about my class work this semester. Too much to put it mildly I'm doing lousy. Physics is getting me down, I just can't seem to grasp it for some reason. I'm just so swamped with work that I can't seem to put any time into anything and I'm floating along on low C's in everything except Botany. But please believe

that I'm trying<sup>2</sup> very hard and  
will do everything I can to better  
my grades but I'm afraid  
you're going to be disappointed  
in me. I just get so tired, I  
rarely get a good night's sleep  
anymore. On Picnic Day it  
was just too much for me  
and I kind of went to pieces  
for no reason at all. I have  
rested up since then and the  
world doesn't seem so lop-sided  
anymore. My petty troubles I  
know are nothing compared  
to what you two have on your  
shoulders and I feel kind of  
guilty complaining.

I also want to tell you  
that I think it will be better  
all around for me to stay  
up here this summer. Dad,  
please don't think I don't  
want to <sup>come down</sup> because I do very  
very much as I think I told  
you before. But after all we  
all have to take things in  
this life and one can't always  
have everything just the way  
they want. In one of Mom's  
letters she seemed to think  
I was running home because  
I'm homesick or lonesome,  
which I want you to know is

not true. In<sup>3</sup> the first place  
that is the weakest thing  
a person can do and I want  
you to know that your  
daughter is not chicken.

I am not homesick, only <sup>the</sup> very  
immature are troubled with  
that. But is it such an  
unnatural thing to love  
your home? It wasn't a plan  
of Sally's and mine to <sup>take</sup> ~~spend~~  
a pleasure trip to Antigua. The  
idea was presented to me  
as a plan of your all's to  
relieve the household a  
little. That is the main  
thing too. The house will be  
so crowded this summer  
and it is really going to  
take alot out of you all  
I know. ~~So~~ I think it would  
be a very selfish thing for  
me to be ~~an~~ added there  
for no other reason than  
a pleasure vacation. I'm sure  
the ~~the~~ more people we can  
keep away from there, the  
easier it will be for you all.

So I'm going to get a job  
for the summer. I don't  
exactly know what but there  
are plenty of open places for  
college kids. Uncle Knowles gave

me the idea<sup>4</sup> of applying  
for one at Berkeley which appeals  
to me greatly. I have also heard  
of jobs at summer work camps  
and canneries and department  
stores. I'm sure the experience  
would be good for me. It will  
make me more independent  
and give me a ~~new~~ view of  
what it is like to work. I hope  
to support myself for the summer  
at least and make some more  
if possible.

I am saving my clothes for  
Elena this spring. The dorm is  
collecting clothes for a care  
package to be sent to Europe  
and I'll see if I can get some  
from there. It's all for the  
same cause anyway.

It is getting pretty warm  
here now, but the spring  
weather is ~~looming~~ lovely. Clear,  
bright, sunny days with flowers,  
birds, and grass complete. Last  
night there was an eclipse  
of the moon.

Spring vacation will soon  
be here in two weeks. I am  
going down to Betty's for  
part of the week because I  
don't want to impose

5

any more on Saturday. I don't  
want to spend the whole week  
with the Tracks, because you  
know abt of the saying about  
guests and fish. Tom Banks'  
family has invited me to  
stay a couple of days with  
them in Modesto so I think  
I'll do that. They are very  
hospitable, pleasant people.  
What do you think of these  
plans for the week? John P.  
seems to think Aunt Betty  
will be hurt but I don't  
want to become dependant  
on relatives like mom advised  
me not to do at the beginning  
of the year.

This Saturday night Tom B.  
invited me to the AGR fraternity  
formal, which is my first  
formal this spring. Sunday  
morning at 5:30 is Easter  
Sunrise Service which promises  
to be beautiful. John P. is  
on the organizing committee on  
it.

I better come to a close now  
and I sincerely hope everything is  
going fine down there. How is  
Dad's malaria? I never heard  
any more about it. But I hope all  
of you are in best of health, love

included. ⑥ Too bad Jose's  
went to seed. I always liked  
him and wish he could  
have kept up his high principles.  
I still hear from Don F. but  
usually it takes so long to  
answer (strictly unintentional)  
that he will probably soon  
lose interest in writing, but  
I hope not.

I am writing to Sal as  
soon as possible, tell her.

As always, much, much love  
to all of you,  
Marion



P.S. Tell Grandma Aunt <sup>in</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>soon</sup> <sup>as</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>get</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>chance</sup> <sup>last</sup> <sup>night</sup> <sup>everyone</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>excited</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>am</sup> <sup>sure</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>best</sup> <sup>mental</sup> <sup>strain</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>new</sup> <sup>environment</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>what</sup> <sup>get</sup> <sup>us</sup> <sup>down</sup>. <sup>I</sup> <sup>am</sup> <sup>feeling</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>these</sup> <sup>days</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>ready</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>go</sup>. <sup>But</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>am</sup> <sup>sure</sup> <sup>later</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>aboard</sup>. <sup>By</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>way</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>need</sup> <sup>wash</sup> <sup>clothes</sup>. <sup>Travis</sup> <sup>&</sup> <sup>Shell</sup>. <sup>They</sup> <sup>don't</sup> <sup>provide</sup> <sup>them</sup>. <sup>We</sup> <sup>also</sup> <sup>bring</sup> <sup>our</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>soap</sup> <sup>but</sup> <sup>I</sup> <sup>forgot</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>College</sup>. <sup>Sept. 15, 1940</sup>  
I <sup>thought</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>very</sup> <sup>good</sup> <sup>thing</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>bring</sup> <sup>except</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>future</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>it</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>very</sup> <sup>cool</sup>. <sup>High</sup> <sup>is</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>fine</sup> <sup>shape</sup>, <sup>and</sup> <sup>hasn't</sup> <sup>changed</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>bit</sup>.

COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

Davis, California

Dear Mom,

The train trip up here wasn't bad at all. I shared my seat with a real poor girl from Missouri, who was coming up to get married. All the money she had was what her boyfriend had sent her (she was running away from home) and then she was broke and hadn't eaten since the day before, so I treated her to lunch and boy, did she dig into it! Then after she got off a girl came in from another car and sat down with me, (she was going to Berkeley) and we talked awhile until she had to go, and she ended up with my Reader's Digest. Then the boy in front of me started talking to me. He was awfully nice and very good looking and was going to join the Merchant Marine. He had been in the navy and had been all over the world, Africa, Madagascar, France, China, Japan, Central & South America, etc. etc. so we stayed talking until I reached my destination. When I got off the train I didn't see Uncle Knowles so I started to get my baggage and I couldn't find it and I began to get a little worried. Finally I heard that I was being paged and found Uncle Knowles & Aunt Emma and had been looking all over for me so then everything was all right. We rode around town and saw some fireworks

(of the State Fair) and then had a huge glass  
of orange juice and came here. My room  
is very small and we have bunk beds. There  
are lots of rooms with 4 to 6 girls but only  
2 fit in ours. Elizabeth is very nice and  
we get along well, we both like early  
hours, etc. The kids here are SWEET. Everyone  
is so friendly, I've never seen anything  
like it. I've met so many nice girls  
and boys. Yesterday I did very confused  
hard time because I got very confused  
and didn't know exactly what course  
I was supposed to take and everyone  
had been signed to committees except me  
and I was completely lost. I found Uncle  
Knowles and he straightened me out but  
I still didn't know where to go but  
finally they told me I could go to a certain  
place and I got into the animal husbandry  
dept. But it really didn't matter as  
just the fundamentals general of the school  
were being explained. Hugh laughed and  
laughed about this. But I think now  
I ~~know~~ am better straightened out.  
What English. Oh, and we had our English  
& psychology test. I don't know my  
results yet. I met Hugh last night, we  
went to dinner to Davis (town) and gee,  
it was so wonderful to be with him  
and see a familiar faces. We had no  
time in discussing things. I'm so glad  
we're here together. He introduced me to some  
very nice boys. Everyone here thinks  
it is so strange that I'm from Central Amer.  
and I think I'm known around here as  
"the girl from Guatemala"! I went to Uncle  
Knowles house on Monday to deliver the truck  
and my passport. It really is lucky I didn't  
my vaccination certificate because I didn't  
know it but that was the only thing that  
was keeping me from being finally registered!  
We have to pay for all our meals that next week  
so it's lucky I got the \$50. Hugh says I'll have  
to have a couple of \$00 this week. I can hardly wait  
to guess unless you and Dad will come. Love to Grandma, Aunt  
Vern. Lots of love, Marion

Jan. 28, 1949

Dear Mom and Dad,

It is mid-semester vacations now and we are down in sunny southern California once again. The snow is all gone and it doesn't get much below freezing now. It has been cold in Davis; another cold wave hit just as we left.

Tomorrow I am going out to Marymount college to spend the day with Suzy Mack. It will be such fun to be with her again. Then to Kathryn's for a few days and then to Aunt Lucile's and then end up back here again before I ~~of~~ leave. We have two weeks in all.

John is back now and it will be nice to have three Popenoc's at Davis. He hasn't changed too much. We went up to the snow yesterday and it was deep and beautiful in the mountains. We had lots of fun getting it down each other's neck.

Grandma and Aunt Vivian have been quite ill. We went to see them this morning and they said they were better, though they were definitely not themselves yet. Grandma has really been having a lot of trouble it seems.

Dad has sent word that he is coming, though it can't be sure exactly when. I ~~to~~ hope he comes before we leave so I can meet him.

How are you all now? I hope Dad is better again, and over his malaria. I hope Mom is in the best of shape also. I wish I could hurry up and get back to be with all of you. It suddenly seems as if I've been up here an eternity. I guess ~~though~~ those finals made it seem long. I got a B in the botany course, and the rest I don't know yet. I will let you know when I do.

Is Sally going to Wash. D.C. this spring? We haven't heard a thing about it except through other sources.

Betsy stayed up at school during these two weeks. I'm afraid it will be terribly lonely there, but

there are some other kids there and she's  
going to Stockton for a snow trip this weekend.

I am debating as to whether to go on a ski  
trip - with the C.A.C.A. after classes start again. What  
is stopping me is \$14. that it will cost. I'm  
trying to figure whether it will be worth  
while or not. That's alot of money. What do you think?

I hope you have a nice time with these people.  
Have the visitors been very thick lately?

As I said before, I hope you are well and  
happy. I wish it were I to be delivering  
this letter, but I guess it really be long until  
I will be seeing you again. Time flies so fast.  
I think of you all lots and wish I could hurry  
and get home.

all my love,  
maison

January 9th, 1940

Dearest Mom,

Tomorrow is your anniversary and may you have a wonderful day and another happy year. Everything is going well here as usual with finals coming up next week. The weather has been very wet and muggy but beautiful.

This is going to be a very confidential letter ~~so~~ and I will try to ~~me~~ explain things as best I can in a way that you will not get the wrong impression. You want to know about Tom. You won't believe it but I did sit down once many months ago and explained everything to you but then I tore the letter up because it didn't sound the way I wanted it to and I was very confused about the whole thing anyway. But in return I want you to please tell me what you meant when you said I find it so hard to be an extrovert. I can't see where that comes in at all. In the first place I think one reason I broke up with Tom (though I never did go steady with him) was because I wanted my independence. It has cost me a great deal of thought and I am still confused as to why I suddenly didn't like him any more, in fact I can't stand him. I have a feeling that somehow it all relates back to last summer. I saw how the way I live compares with his, and I prefer mine--much. It occurred to me how bored I would be with Tom., ~~not~~ that my way is superior but it is the kind I like. His folks are real quiet, good people, but it seems to me that they lack ~~so~~ much. All their activities are small scale ones, to them drinking and smoking are sinful. Tom was never like that but I can see that his life will carry out many of those attitudes from home. Anyway, I just got plain bored with him. I don't get any excitement from his group of friends or the fun they engage in. It is just a completely different atmosphere than what I am used to at home. As I said, I never realized the influence of this until I got home and felt for ~~th~~ myself the difference and I just decided that that is the kind that I like. Many, many other factors come into also though. For one, Tom was ready to get serious and I certainly am not, in fact I revolt at the mere thought. Our personalities just didn't coincide any more and I lost interest. It was quite a shock for him evidently, though it seems impossible he could be so blind to the way things were going. Anyway he seems to be on top of the world again now, treating me as a rather inferior being, to my amusement. I guess it's all a part of the reaction. He sure acts like His Lord and Master, but that is all beside the point.

Now I shall tell you about Frank. Don't get alarmed because he is just a very genuine friend of mine and he has been showing me some pretty good times and he is a very interesting person as I want you to see. In the first place his father was originally English, but now lives in Hollywood as a retired orchestra leader. I often hear his records on the radio. Anyway from things I gather they know how to live well and enjoy top society. I have never seen Frank's home but it must be very nice. Now, as to Frank, there really is alot to him. He has a great deal of ability to write, and therefore has a very fascinating manner of talking to people, in word choice and illustrative conversation. He is one of the top boxers here but it seems he will probably not be able to box this year ~~if~~ because his grades suffered last year and he has to hit them hard now to make up. He has various and sundry positions on the Ex-committee, and there are a few rumors that the boys want him up for student body president. However he doesn't feel that he is the man for it. His ambitions in life is on the race track, not only for the money involved but because of raising the horses themselves. He is the sort of person who is willing to gamble on life, but

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ROBERT V. HOWLEY, PRESIDENTE

TEGUCIGALPA, D.C.

FEB 20 1950

A TGM14

BERKERLEY CALIF 9 20TH 10:08AM

POPENOE  
TEGUCIGALPA

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS SISTER THETA MUCH LOVE

MARION

AP 606PM

## KAPPA ALPHA THETA

Feb. 23, 1950

To \_\_\_\_\_

Dear Dr. & Mrs. Popewer

(Marian)

Our chapter is delighted to have your daughter among its pledges. We hope that Kappa Alpha Theta may give her as much pleasure and profit as it is giving each of us. We want her to be happy with us and we want her to qualify for active membership in the shortest possible time.

This letter is to tell you about Kappa Alpha Theta's ideals and regulations, so you may understand the fraternity's claims on your daughter, and so the chapter may cooperate with you in encouraging her best development at college.

A fraternity exists to cultivate friendship, to promote fine scholarship, to encourage personal development and leadership, to insure high social standards; in other words to supplement the formal collegiate training by an environment as near as possible like that provided by a cultured home. Since the student body is now so numerous it is impossible for the faculty personally to mother and father individual students beyond the class room. This situation increases the responsibility and opportunity of the fraternity for real service.

In order to be initiated your daughter must complete successfully Courage of college work and register for the next semester

These are qualifications established by our national fraternity and by our university. As conditions of study in college differ so from those of preparatory school, it is essential that the freshmen put their classroom work first. To aid them to do so, among the multiple demands of college life, the chapter maintains regular study hours, has rules against cutting classes, and provides upperclass members as coaches for pledges finding their studies unusually difficult.

Kappa Alpha Theta appreciates the fact that studies are only a part of college experience's gift to students; but the fraternity insists on serious scholarship by pledges because the establishment of fine study habits is the surest way to insure time for participation in college life without either scholarship or health suffering.

In the chapter life there are certain services that are known as "freshman duties." These are not menial tasks imposed on freshmen because they are freshmen; they are assigned to freshmen each year, so that working together as a group they may develop the comradeship, the spirit of team play, the sense of responsibility, and the unselfishness of service, which are essential to the harmony of fraternity life and necessary if one is to fit into life's conditions after college. These duties are no more onerous than those performed by upperclassmen in behalf of the common chapter life, though of a different character. Most fraternity women look back on the freshman year as one of the happiest, and on freshmen duties as a real training that was an enjoyable experience as well. We are counting on your understanding of your daughter's share in the chapter life, and on your cooperation in helping her to understand its significance and importance in her development toward the responsibility and leadership of upperclass years.

It is the fraternity's desire to have all its members remain at college until they have their degrees. The attainment of a degree is a proof of the stamina to see a task through, and such a degree is an insurance against financial disaster that may enter into any life. Testimony of all college people, both graduates and non-graduates, is that it pays to graduate. We are counting on your cooperation in encouraging your daughter to complete her course. If at any time the financial problem of remaining at college should arise, Kappa Alpha Theta has a scholarship loan fund that your daughter may use.

In order that Thetas may have training in social life, the fraternity chapter gives numerous social functions during the year. On these occasions it is our aim to develop into gracious hostesses, as well as to return social obligations incurred in college social life. Such group entertaining costs each member less than individual entertaining would cost her, and at the same time gives her a wider experience in the planning and



conducting of social functions. It is the fraternity's aim to set high social standards not only in its entertaining, but also in the daily life of the chapter house, and in all social contacts of the community. This aim is the basis for the social, or chapter house rules.

The maintaining of a chapter house, and the functioning of the chapter as a part of college life and as a part of a national organization, involve certain financial obligations too. However, as the costs of building and equipping the chapter house are spread over many years, and thus shared by several generations of college students, as well as by loyal alumnae, these financial obligations need not make fraternity college life much more expensive than normal college life for the unorganized student. Moreover, the experience, training, and pleasure of living in the home atmosphere of a chapter house, where friends are always at hand to take a personal interest in one's problems, where social contacts are carefully guarded, where illness (even slight indisposition) has immediate care and supervision from the house-mother, are worth a great deal more to the individual girl than her money contribution for such college expense "extras." As you will want to know exactly what your daughter's financial obligations will be, here is a statement of the same.

Pledge fee \$10.00 linen tap: \$3.00 pledge fee  
(Paid at time of pledging)

Initiation fee \$40.00  
(Paid at time of initiation)

Monthly (Weekly, Quarterly) dues \$7.00 chapter dues  
(Paid the first of each month, week, quarter)

Room and board in the chapter house out of house \$26.00  
in house \$67.00  
(Paid the first of each month)

3 stock (bonds) of the chapter house @ \$30.00 each  
(Paid 2 upon pledging; 1 upon initiation)

---

Charges for chapter house guests \$ .50 overnight

Brad Pitt

August 26, 1950

Dearest Dad,

Mom

You must be all alone now in the house with mom and Grandma being gone, and I wish I were there to keep you company and keep house for you, plan the meals, and entertain. I hope you aren't too lonely without mom there.

Here all goes well. The job gets more interesting by the day and some of our experiments have had startling results, so it has been lots of fun.

There is only one thing that is making me very unhappy, and that is that you are contemplating selling the new part of the house in Antigua, that lovely little place. I know certainly that you know what's best, and of course it belongs to mom, but if my feelings have any weight in the matter, I beg you not to sell it. If it must be sold, sell it to me. I'll work for to pay for it, I'd like to, just so it will stay in Popense hands. I love that place, all of it, and it hurts me that we are losing any part of it. Why

must we sell it, Dad? I know it's  
as dear to you as it is to me, even  
more so, and please Dad, don't sell  
it. None of us kids want to see it  
go, and even for my sake or all  
of ours, please don't sell it. It is  
such a heavenly little part of the house,  
a different little world of its own  
in that new part, and I really get  
a lump in my throat when I think  
of not being able to enjoy that little  
place anymore. I know we have  
enough with the big house, and  
maybe I'm selfish, but please don't  
sell it go. Don't sell it. I love it. Why  
are you letting it go?

We'll soon be back in school again,  
I just can't believe it. I want to apologise  
for my poor correspondence this summer,  
it won't happen again, I promise. It  
wasn't because I wasn't thinking  
of all of you down there, on the  
contrary, I was thinking of you too  
much, I think. It's the first summer  
I've been away for a long time and  
I missed you terribly.

Bojo will be 21 soon; my sentiments  
won't let me consider him a "man" yet!

I miss you very much and hope all  
is well in the little world of Zamorano.  
Your loving daughter,  
Marilyn

January 2, 1953

Dear Mom and Dad,

Happy New Year! The years do slip by, don't they? I imagined you were serenaded last night in good style. It snowed here, making it a good old conventional New Year's eve.

Why I also extend my best wishes for your anniversary. I will probably get another letter off before then, but in case I don't, do know we will be thinking of you.

There has been lots of excitement around here lately, what with Nancy and Bob here, and Gaudy home from collage. We had a wonderful Christmas, as I hope you did too. There have been lots of kids around and it has been very gay. Preston Locke gave a party last night at his home which was fun. He seems to have gotten a lot out of his summer in Honduras, and is sold on Latin America. Says he wants to move down there!

Nancy and Bob got off to Puerto Rico last Monday night much to our deep sorrow. We had become quite used to having them around. They were very excited about getting their new home established.

Work continues at Garinkel's. I have been transferred to selling ready-to-wear clothing which is the most important part of the store. I enjoy it in a distant sort of way, but I am getting impatient for CIA to come through. There is really no objective to the war. I am going now, except the public relations angle.

I guess I told you about the trouble I had with my feet and the old fracture that was found in my toe. I am wearing corrective shoes now and feel much better.

I got a letter from Kitty not long ago, and she informs me that George Turnbull has incurable cancer. Such a tragedy.

Well, I guess that's all the news for now. Edith and the boys send regards and good wishes for the New Year. The same goes for me.

Much love,

Marion

Jan. 4:

Somehow time had just slipped away and this hasn't been mailed yet. I'd get it off in the morning mail.

Right now I'm just in a state of despair because I hate work so at Garfinkel's. Really, I feel if I have to go on I'll go crazy. I go there every day for nine hours and my life is just running along absolutely devoid of any goal or purpose. Time is just wasted there and I feel as though I'm accomplishing nothing. It's hard and tiring work but all I do is help sell merchandise that I don't care whether it gets sold or not to people I care less about. I've tried at night to do anything constructive when I get home. I took the job as expediency and I've kept myself out of debt but even this objective is not sufficient to make the job satisfying. I can't tell you how I loathe the work and how futile it seems. My job ought to come through this month but there's really no telling when. I hope you don't think it's awful but I want to quit at the end of this week. Then I'll hit my correspondence courses - do anything to feel I'm accomplishing something. You can't imagine how depressing it is to feel absolutely worthless and useless, and I just can't stand this state of mental stagnation I'm getting into. My only worry is keeping Edith paid \$70<sup>per month</sup> for room and board, for she is really scraping the bottom of the pot to keep the boys in school. I had vowed not to come to this, but could you just help me in this month's board? I'm paid up right now but if the CA job doesn't come through in a couple of weeks, I'll start falling behind and I'd like to avoid that for her sake.

I wish I could just do something with myself. The job at Garfinkel's is getting me so down that I just have to get out and get a new lease on life. It's damned hard finding one's place in life after getting out of college. Damn it.

Jan. 8, 1953

Since writing you the last letter, I've done some telephoning and thinking, and have decided not to quit the job yet. Consequently, I retract the request for money. I phoned CIA, and was informed that they can't tell me anything definite yet, but I'm to phone at the end of next week for more definite information as to when I will get in. If it is only a matter of a couple of weeks I will probably quit work ~~and~~ and study etc. until the time is up. If it is a month, I will probably continue present work for a couple of weeks more. If ~~it~~ is much over a month, I will quit work and seek another type of occupation to earn my keep. I have been toying with the idea of how nice it would be to spend a month in Zamorano, finishing up my courses and getting some sunshine, but seriously doubt the practicability of this idea! Work is not really so awful at Garfinkel's, I guess, just intolerably long and uninteresting. Where I work there is a Spaniard, Cuban, & Chilean and we have some good chats. Mom would love the Spanish lady - she's a Catalana and full of fun and chatter.

I got the results of the FS exam. 70 is the passing grade and I got an average of 53. In French & Spanish (languages being in a different category), I

got 77.

Guess that's all the news for now. Nancy and Bob seem to be loving their new life in Puerto Rico. Much love,  
Maurice (over)

I gave myself a present of a two-year subscription  
to "U.S. News & World Report," (by working an angle, I  
got it at half-price). I think it is the best source  
of information on the newsstands, and am loving  
being able to possess my own copies.

and unexpected (I want you to know right now at  
12 August 1953)  
Dear Mom and Dad,

When you receive this you will be back in Madrid, and I hope very sincerely that you two have had a marvellous trip through northern Spain. It must be wonderful to be back there again and I know how much you must be enjoying it.

It certainly was good to be with you two again and I enjoyed every minute of it. We do have such good times together.

So much has happened since I last saw you that I hardly know where to begin telling you about it. ~~The~~ Life has taken quite ~~and~~ a new and different



and unexpected course for me. I want you to know right now at the start that I think I have met the boy I'm going to marry. He is the finest person I've ever known and has all the qualities of manners, kindness, and charm that make him the wonderful person that he is. His name is Dick Hatch - the boy you may remember, Mom, as having the beautiful handwriting you commented upon! I promise you from the bottom of my heart that I had ~~no~~ no idea I would fall in love with him when I last saw you. Had I any idea that this would happen, I would have told you then. I have seen him often since then and the

②  
~~has~~ feeling has grown and grown  
since I've come to know him  
since then. As you know, I  
had no intention of settling  
down when I last spoke to  
you, and ~~since~~ if one could  
regulate the time when the  
right one comes along, I certainly  
would have chosen it to be  
about two years from now.

As it stands at this point,  
everything is very uncertain. I'm  
not completely sure myself of  
what I want to do, and I  
really have no idea as to when  
Dick and I will choose to get  
married. At present Dick is  
in the marine corps, has been  
in since 1950, has been  
commissioned a second lieutenant,  
and is contemplating making his  
career in the service. He is

doing extremely well - I get that  
from all sources - and has every  
prospect of going far. He was  
in Veterinary science at Davis  
when I knew him my Freshman  
year, but joined the Marine  
Corp before he finished.

Dick is from Bakersfield, Calif.,  
and is being transferred to  
Camp Pendleton, Calif. in about  
26 days. I really don't know  
what we will have decided  
to do by then.

As I said before, I want you  
to know at the very start how  
serious I am about Dick. I  
have never wanted to marry  
anybody before, and I still want  
to wait just a little bit. The  
prospect of this imminent long  
absence has me somewhat  
concerned but I know things  
will work out for the best.  
I am really quite uncertain as to

what I want <sup>(3)</sup> to do, but Dick  
never demands in the slightest  
that I make a decision right  
away. I have been so ambitious  
and eager to develop my  
future here up until now  
that I can't just drop everything  
and make the big jump from  
one day to the next. My  
feeling is so deep for Dick though  
that I want no other person  
in my life and to me it  
is all just a matter of time.

I hope you will understand  
how I feel and know how  
much I want your understanding  
and know that I really want  
you to know ~~who~~ that this  
has happened. Please don't  
say anything definite yet to  
anybody ~~and~~ until matters take

a more definite course.

I will send you a picture  
of Dick as soon as I get  
some film developed.

Best of luck and good  
wishes for a continuing wonderful  
trip.

Very much love to you,  
Marion

other person  
and to me it  
matter of time  
and understand  
how how  
your understanding  
really want  
that this  
don't  
get to  
matter take

24 August [1953]

really don't know how or when  
Dear Mom and Dad,  
It's been some time since  
I've heard from you but I  
understand how full your days  
must be. I hope you have received  
my last letter I sent to Madrid  
regarding Dick Hatch. I hope you  
are enjoying yourselves to the  
utmost and are having a very  
rich experience. I am so anxious  
to hear from you about the trip  
and all the experiences you are having.

Most of the news from this side  
of the world has to do with Dick's  
and my plans. He left today for  
California as he has to report at  
Camp Pendleton at the beginning  
of September. My plans have  
become more definite now, and  
I have decided to quit work  
on October 9 and fly to California  
that weekend. We plan to be

42  
married sometime in early November. I

really don't know how or where we will have the wedding, but we are starting to work on those plans.

I still can't believe this is happening to me. I look on my application for my resignation from my job, stating the reason I'm quitting, and it's an effort to convince myself that I'm not reading about someone else!

I just can't tell you what a wonderful person Dick is. He has such depth and intelligence, understanding, kindness, and generosity. It's unbelievable so many qualities could be held within a single personality.

It would make me ever so happy to have you at the wedding. I want you to know Dick and

of course I want him to know you.

Since I am leaving and both boys are going away to college this year (Pete at Ohio State and Chuck at Mass.), Edith is renting the house and moving to an apartment. She has to be moved by Sept. 16 so I guess I'll move to the apartment too until October when I leave. So things have been pretty busy here lately.

I've had several chats with Teddy Bursley since you left and we had two luncheons together. She is quitting the State Dept. and getting a job teaching 5<sup>th</sup> grade in Rockville, and she seems terrifically excited about it.

I would love to hear from you soon and I wish you lots of fun and happiness in your continuing trip. I hope this letter reaches you before your return to Zamorano.

My love to you both,  
Marion (over)



I went to Dick's graduation from  
officer's to basic training, where  
he graduated at the very top  
of his company. He received the diplomas  
for the company and looked very nice  
on the stage. He ranked 8th in  
the whole battalion.

I would love to hear from you  
and I wish you lot of fun and  
happiness in your continuing trip. I hope  
the letter reaches you before your  
return to Jacksonville.  
I hope to see you later,  
Mother  
(over)

13 September

[1953]

Dear Mom and Dad,

Since I haven't heard when you will be returning to Zamorano, I will send this letter on there, on the presumption that you must have returned by now.

Dad, your little note made me so very happy. I just can't tell you how much it meant to me. I don't think you will ever know how much I love both of you, how much you have inspired me in everything I have done. If I am ever able to give my children as much as you have given me, I will be supremely happy.

I haven't heard from Mom yet on matters regarding my marriage, but I know full & well how busy you are, and how very hard it is to write when you are travelling. I do hope you had as successful a trip as the first one, if not more so.

I am flying to California on Sept. 26, and have been invited to stay at Uncle Paul's until the wedding. We plan the wedding sometime in October, but Dick and I having been so far apart and unsettled, we still have not been able to arrange the place or date. These things we can accomplish in California, though.

Something new has developed which I want to tell you about, and I think it is a little unfortunate but it doesn't really bother me. Dick has been reassigned, but only to another post in California. He has been selected to train Marines for extreme cold weather, and the post is in the Sierra

Nevada mountains in the Mount Whitney area. His being selected for this task is quite an honor, for they select only the best marines and top caliber men to do it. Only two from Camp Pendleton were chosen, so I'm very proud of Dick. I'm sure he'll make a general some day if he stays with the Marines. The only thing about this assignment is that you know how I dislike cold weather. There will be lots of snow. However, it will only be for a short while; it will be a rather unusual experience; and I feel that I have never had too much trouble adjusting to situations. Dick is such a wonderful and considerate person that I can't be unhappy about <sup>it</sup> ~~this~~; he was so concerned for my sake and demand that I accompany him there, though naturally he wants me with him, and naturally I want to be with him. They say the setting there is breathtakingly beautiful.

I'm wondering if there's ~~at~~ any possibility of your being at the wedding. I'm pretty sure you won't be able to get away from the school after just being away for so long. You know, though, that nothing would make me happier than having you there.

As soon as I get some of the details settled on the wedding I'll let you know. Dick's post is 7 hours away ~~from~~ Los Angeles and he doesn't know about his leave yet, so ~~it's~~ it's going to be a little hard arranging things together. It's still fun, though, and I am so very happy.

We're moving into the apartment this weekend, hence the new address on the envelope. I hope to be hearing from you soon. I hope you are both well and happy.

Love, Marion

22 September

[1953]

Dear Mom and Dad,

After I had already sent my last letter to Zamorano, Grandma informed me you wouldn't be returning until the 28<sup>th</sup>, but I decided to go ahead and direct this mail home, rather than trying to reach you in Spain.

It looks like Dick and I will be getting married on Oct. 17, because by the end of October he won't have very much time off. The set-up on his job now is that he will devise a very tough 7 day training program for Marines which will keep him out in the mountains for that length of time. Then he will come home for seven days. That doesn't sound ideal, but it's a wonderful opportunity for him to show what he can do and exercise his leadership. He will be training officers as well. We are really going to be remote up there, but neither of us depend upon society for our happiness, much as we both enjoy

people. We will have enough of that later. In the mountains there will be other things to enjoy - nature and the scenic beauty, books, good music, etc., etc. I plan to make some Christmas cards and find other things to keep myself busy. It is what we both want to do, i.e. go ahead and get married now. I am flying to Calif. this weekend (Sept. 26). I'll only be able to see Dick once before the wedding, meaning I'll have to make all the arrangements myself.

I feel so helpless that I can't reach you more easily, and wonder what ideas you have or suggestions. It means so much to me to have you with me, in thought at least, regarding my marriage. Please write to me. It is such a terrifically big change and important step in my life - the most important thing I've ever done. You must know the feeling.

I think I would like a wedding about the size of Nancy's - i.e. the relatives and my close friends in Calif. of which there are about 8. Dick has all of his family in Calif., too.

Alas, I wonder if you could help me out on wedding finances. I don't know what the policy has been with the rest, but I have been saving every penny I've made since I ever began to think about the wedding. However, I want to go up to the the mountains prepared with a good heavy coat, etc. for the winter so that Dick won't have all that expense at the very start. So I don't think my finances, even spread thin, will quite cover the costs. I do want a nice wedding, not elaborate, but simple and in good taste. Mom once mentioned that you had offered to give her announcements as a wedding gift. Could this, perhaps, apply also <sup>to me</sup>? I know full well that your European trip has been costly, and if what I ask you is not in the budget, I will understand completely - please believe that - and will make arrangements on my own accordingly. Dick's family and Uncle Paul + Aunt Betty have generously offered to help me out, but I feel it is my responsibility to do as much of <sup>this</sup> as I possibly can. Please be honest and frank - you know you can write me

I hope you have had a grand trip. I'm thought of you so often and wondered where you were and what you are doing. I would love to hear all about it.

Dick has my ring now - he's had it for some time with his father. He says it is a diamond in white gold. Such a thrill to think about these things!

Dick is staying with Aunt Betty until the wedding, so direct any mail to me there. I can't understand why I haven't heard from Snorn. I hope everything is all right.

Best wishes to you both, and hoping you are well and happy -

Your loving daughter,  
Maurice

30 September

[1953]

Dear Mom and Dad,

at last I have some news of progress for you. I have <sup>now</sup> been so tense and on edge until, because nothing was happening, nothing seemed to move; but now everything is beginning to roll and plans are in operation. As of this morning, the definite plans are this: The wedding will be held Sat. afternoon, <sup>Oct. 17</sup> at 3:00 at the Chapel of All Saints in Pasadena (Episcopal church). The reception following will be at Aunt Lucille's. It will be informal, and I plan to wear Nancy's dress without the train and make it ankle-length. There will be about 50 people - relatives and close friends. I'm ordering the announcements tomorrow. Would you like to send a list of names & addresses and I'll make sure they'll get an announcement. You can have as many as you like. I plan to order about



500, and Mrs. Hatch wants 200 of them.  
I am having one attendant - Nancy  
Stewart who will be maid-of-honor  
and who lives close by here in Glendale.  
Uncle Herbert will probably give me  
away if you aren't here.

I can't tell you how much it  
would mean to me to have you at  
the wedding. I would love for you  
to be here. Is there any possibility  
at all?

A wire came a little while ago  
saying a check was on the way. I  
appreciate that so much and I  
thank you from the bottom of my  
heart. Also it said you had written  
me twice. Isn't it funny that I didn't  
get them, but Grandmother says one  
letter you wrote from Spain took  
30 days to reach her, so there is  
still the possibility I may get them.  
I hope so.

Dick was here to meet me when

I arrived. Such a dear and fine person. How I love him. He left the same day to go back into the mountains, and I won't see him again until the 16<sup>th</sup> for the wedding. It is very hard to be without him and have all the preparations to handle alone. However, Aunt Lucille is just wonderful and has helped me so much. All the relatives of course differ in their opinions as to what I should be doing, and that is rather hard. I decided though to select the best manager, and she is a wonderful one, and plain with her, as otherwise the dominant personality would be pitted against the other rather than with my plans. So things are going nicely. She has is giving her house

for the reception, and my gratitude  
to her for this will be forever.

I will try to send a picture of  
Dick so you can see what your  
son-in-law looks like, but at  
present I don't have any. I am  
going to get some film developed  
and if they turn out I'll send them  
to you.

Hugh may get down this weekend,  
and it will be so marvelous to see  
him again. I haven't had a  
chance to see yet but plan to  
as soon as I possibly can.

I'll keep you informed of the  
progress here. I'm anxiously hoping  
to hear from you soon, saying  
you'd come!

all my love,

Marian

3 October, 1963

Dear Dr. and Mrs. Soper

My thoughts are with you both this evening as with every evening for such a long while.

Often, I have reached for my pen in hopes of introducing myself to you yet a quite normal hesitation occurred, as unfounded as it was, and the end product was a disgusting regret at my inadequacy to rise to the situation. This evening my heart guides my pen.

with not a hesitation in sight.

The realization that your daughter is about to marry a young man of whom you know so very little, is perhaps not as comforting a situation as you desire?

I can only attempt to relieve from your minds any hesitation you might discern, concerning me or the justification of this marriage.

Marion is so in love with me and I with her, that if for no other reason than love alone, this marriage

must be a childish idealism!  
This is so very much more than merely  
an adolescent whim. We are mature  
enough to use our minds, yet we are  
young enough to follow our hearts.

We are being married  
on the seventeenth of October, at three  
o'clock, in the All Saints Chapel of The  
Episcopal Church of Pasadena.

With the realization that the  
distance separating us dictates your absence  
from the wedding, Marion and I understand  
completely, yet we both will miss you so.

I hope you both will love me, as I love  
you  
dick

P.S. My ring is lovely - almost a full carat diamond set in white gold, two small diamonds on either side.

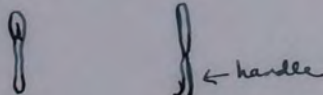
6 October 1953

Dear Mom and Dad,

A letter from each of you arrived on Saturday and I can't express to you how happy they made me. I really think they are the nicest letters I've ever received and I shall treasure them always. Your feelings mean so much to me, and the thoughts you expressed make this beautiful experience of mine into a perfect one. I have since received the two letters from Mom written from Spain and they too have completed my happiness.

Hugh surprised us all by coming down last weekend. He looks so well and healthy and is his same old happy self. I hadn't seen him since he went to Thailand so we had a great deal of experiences to exchange, and we laughed and talked by the hour. It was just like old times and he hasn't changed a bit. He is at Fort Scott now as I guess you know and doesn't know how long he is going to be there. Little Sal is keeping us all guessing. I've been trying to contact her, and Hugh was going to try to see her on Sunday. Since then the newspaper has reported that Camp Roberts is being abandoned, so I guess they are being transferred. She must be very busy, but I expect to be hearing from her soon.

I'm delighted at the prospect of having those eight ~~xxx~~ soup spoons. You know how I love those old pieces -- you have ~~in~~ given me a very deep appreciation for them, and I have selected ~~my~~ silver pattern with the colonial taste in mind. My pattern is Classic Fashion by Reed and Barton. It is a little more expensive than some patterns but I love it so well, in fact it is the only pattern I've seen here which excites me, that I would rather wait longer to build up the complete set and have what I really love. It is a pattern, I found out later, which is 250 years old and has just recently been copied. It is very different from standard patterns and of particularly fine quality for US silver manufacture. It is heavy and solid and plain, but not so plain that it is uninteresting. It isn't cheap and frilly and thin like so much silver is here. Also, it looks like Dick, the dignity, interest, and strength. Dick is such a large and masculine person that it would be very laconic to have him eating off of rosettes, cherubs, and frills! (We shall probably eventually have some sort of pottery rather than fine china for the same reason.) Anyway, the silver has some very interesting details. On the back of the spoons is the "rat tail" effect, which is a little raised backbone under the bowl of the spoon which is a continuation from the handle. They tell me this developed from the days when spoons were molded together from two halves. Then the handles of the knives are pistol shaped, that is that they curve inward at the ends, both the butter knives and the dinner knives. (They come both hollow handled and flat handled, but I like the hollow better. This detail absolutely fascinates me, and again I think looks like Dick. It is rather hard to describe these details, and I hope I haven't given you a horrible picture of it.



You asked me about a little description of Dick. He is about 6ft. 4in, but well-proportioned and heavy enough that he doesn't seem awkward and gangling. He has a beautiful, strong face; handsome mouth and chin, and the most beautiful teeth I've ever seen. He has blue eyes and blonde hair about the color of Sal's, which is slightly curly but he wears it short. He is immaculately neat and clean - likes to have his hair cut about twice a week, but says this will be a little expensive after we are married! He speaks beautiful English, and has excellent manners. He is self-assured in meeting people but just shy enough to prevent him from ~~from~~ being overly self-confident, and which makes him ~~so~~ eager to please. He has a heart as big as this room. He is interested in everything, and hates routine and petty living as much as I do. Although he is a powerful person, he is unusually gentle with people. He drinks to about the same extent that I do, and doesn't smoke. I guess I've covered about everyting about him - oh yes, he loves the out of doors and is as sensitive to natural beauty as I am. But he also likes art and poetry (especially Shakespeare) and music and archeology and botany and philosophy, psychology and animals (he majored in veterinary science) and travel and languages (he has a very good accent in Spanish though he doesn't speak very much) and just about everything that comes his way as he is eager to learn as I have always been. He is thoughtful, considerate (unusually so), generous, honest, sincere - but I could go on and on. He definitely has a mind of his own and has decided opinions if he feels his knowledge of the subject is sufficient to warrant it. I know you will say that no one could be this perfect - it surprises me too - but then I am in love and I do think he is perfect! Anyway, we get along just beautifully and that's the essence of it. Now a little about the family for I know you will want to know something about that. They live in Bakersfield and his father is an oil broker. (sells oil nationally and internationally). They are moderately well-off I guess, though probably not unusually so. I've not been to their home yet, and have just met them once which was last weekend. They are very nice people - not really interesting people but kind and loving. He has one sister, age 19, an AOPi at UC at Berkeley. Dick is very close to his father, and gets along beautifully with his mother, though feels they don't see eye to eye on everything. For instance she doesn't entirely approve of his being in the Marines, but I guess this is a natural attitude of a mother. They have trained their children very well, but feel once they have grown-up they should not interfere in their lives. They are handsome people; his father is more quiet and reserved, but ~~kind~~ and pleasant and gives me the feeling that I want to get to know him well. His mother is more loquacious and apparently energetic. As I say, I really ~~ka~~ don't feel I know them after just one meeting, but the impression was a favorable. At least neither seems to be overly domineering.

This letter is turning into a book, but I just want to tell you everything. Unfortunately, I did not inherit ~~ax~~ Dad's ease of verbal expression, but it certainly seems to come out when I pick up the pen or typewriter, and it is then that I feel most able to express my thoughts.

Dick has already obtained the place for us to live up in the mountains. It is a little house, more like an apartment, as I understand it was originally designed to be a sort of tourist court. It has four rooms - bedroom, living room, kitchen, and bath. It is ~~in~~ a very remote area, being so remote in the mountains. Everything



is furnished he says, so I guess we won't need much but a few good kitchen utensils and I feel it sensible and practical to start our silver right away so we can enjoy it and it is easy to carry around. I won't even start on China until we decide what we will really want to have permanently. My office gave me a six quart pressure cooker, which I am exchanging for a smaller one. His family is giving me an electric blanket which I'm sure will be nice when it is 70 below on those nights! It looks as though when the snows really start to fall Dick may be out training Marines to survive in it at seven days at a stretch and then will come home for seven days relief. We want to get some ski equipment as soon as possible. Hugh has offered to loan us his fine photographic equipment (enlarger, developer, etc.) as it is just collecting dust around here, and I feel the country up there (11,000 ft.) will offer unlimited opportunities for photography. This is only an idea. Hugh also wants me to work with some of his negatives taken in Thailand which I think would be interesting and fun.

Our house only costs \$55 per month with electricity and heating. We expected to pay at least \$80, and he says it is the best thing he saw, and the cheapest. So that is lucky. We want to start putting money away as soon as possible as our future is rather indefinite, and if we want to take some trips or if he wants some more schooling, it will be there. We certainly shouldn't have to spend much up there.

Wedding plans are coming along nicely. It will be at the chapel of All Saints Episcopal Church in Pasadena with the reception at Aunt Lucille's. It will be at 3 o'clock Saturday, October 17. Dick will have 10 days off (arriving here Thursday night) and we think we will go to Santa Barbara. We will have only immediate family and close friends (about 50 or 60 people). The chapel seats 60. Nancy Stewart will be my maid of honor, who is a close friend of mine and an ex-roommate from the Theta house. Gil Gjertson will be best man, and Hugh and Larry (my friend Sunny's husband) will be ushers. Dick will wear his uniform and I am wearing Nancy's dress without the train and shortened to ankle length as the wedding is informal. The chapel is Old World in feeling, solemn, with rather nice stained glass windows which catch the afternoon light and diffuse lovely soft colors. As the chapel is dark in shadows, we hope to have candles at the altar and simply two white bouquets of flowers on either side of the altar as decoration. We will use the garden at Aunt Lucille's if it is a nice day and, since champagne is rather expensive, will have a champagne punch, although I'm not sold on punches. That part doesn't matter though. His family will be there and his relatives. Nancy Stewart will wear a pale blue dress. Uncle Herbert will give me away.

The invitations have been ordered, and are in good taste, I think anyway. I have the envelopes already and plan to start addressing them ~~now~~ this afternoon. I will do as you suggested, Mom, that is send you a list of the ones I send and then mail you a batch of them to send to the rest of the family friends which I overlook, don't know, or don't have the addresses.

I think the money you sent will cover everything. I was so overcome by the little extra to buy a warm coat. I am getting ~~one~~ one which is alpaca lined and really warm, tight inner sleeves, navy blue, and still not too, too functional looking. It cost me

I want you to know how much I will be thinking of you on the 17th and imagining that you are here. I understand perfectly how it is that you can't get away, and it was so wonderful of you, Mom, to still offer to come up. I don't have to tell you how much it would mean to me. However, I feel that it wouldn't be fair to you both to ask you to come here because I need you. I want you to come, both of you, with all my heart, and that is the need. As to the other need, I'm not afraid anymore, except for the natural apprehensions of the big step, and the relatives are really leaning over backwards to help me in every way, (even to the extent of contradicting each other's advice as I'm sure you can imagine!) I think that if those letters written from Spain had not been delayed so long I would have originally planned to delay the wedding until December, but as it is now it is much, much easier for us to get started before the snows fall and before Dick has to be away so much. Also, my existence had become so pointless in Washington that I was finding it pretty difficult to last it out there, though of course I could have if necessary. I have always dreamed of my wedding in Antigua, with you there. That's really the way I would have wanted it if I could have planned the when and where things happen. But as Dad says, the head must rule as well as the heart and the important things are the ends and not the means, though we must utilize the means to the best advantage. I have a vision of our all being together next year and it will be wonderful. But when all is said and done, all the relatives and friends in the world could not possibly replace having you two, and I would really love to have you. You shall be there in my thoughts though and I will send you all the pictures.

Incidentally, Uncle Knowles phoned on his way out to the South Pacific ~~xxxx~~ and wanted to give us his best wishes. It seems too that we are ~~gigg~~ giving him a birthday present as his birthday is the 17th! That will make it an extra-special day!

Mom, if it turns out that you could come up at little expense or trouble, it would make me supremely happy. I wish that you could because it is such an important thing, but then I think of the ceremony being all over in little more than two hours and then we shall hop away and it really seems to much for me to ask and too much for you to do. I know that what is in our hearts is the important thing. I think we do understand each other, as you say.

I'm going to write again in a few days in order to reach you before the wedding. I better stop now before you get eye strain over this!

*Later*  
Until a ~~little~~ little <sup>later</sup> then....

Much, much love always,

*Marion*

*after re-reading the description of Dick I feel it really doesn't do him justice. It's really hard to describe a person on paper - you can't really feel his charm without knowing him. He stands so far above any boy I've ever met. He takes life seriously but has a wonderful sense of humor with a laugh like that of Uncle Knowles. A very understanding person, too. Excellent taste.*

TGC735-TGMI43 PASADENA CALIF 28 1243PM

MR AND MRS WILSON POPENOE APT 93 TEGUCIGALPA

DICK AND I ARE WISHING DEEPLY YOU COULD BE WITH US TODAY AM WEARING  
EMERALD CROSS ALL OUR LOVE

MARION

cc-Dr. W. Popenoe

Phoned to Dr. Popenoe at 4.50PM OCT 17/53

Don't our address hilarious! (The Herskows own it)

7 November 1958

P.S. Don't it wonderful about little Maion  
arriving on my birthday!

Dear Mom and Dad,

This is your first letter from  
Mrs. Hatch! It is a very happy  
Mrs. Hatch, too, I can assure you.

I've been wanting to get a note  
off to you for some time - your  
letters have been so wonderful and  
I always want to sit down and  
write you immediately when I  
receive them. We've been so busy  
I've hardly noticed that so much  
time has passed - we've made  
two complete moves since arriving  
in this area, which I will tell  
you about presently. I hardly  
know where to begin, there is  
so much to tell you.

Dick and I were so happy at  
the wedding. It went off perfectly,  
we thought, and truly I have  
rarely experienced anything more  
beautiful than those few moments  
in the church.

We went to Sta. Barbara for  
our honeymoon - 5 delightful days.  
We stayed in a hotel high on  
a hill among lovely gardens and.

them about us. They are very curious birds. I had never been able to observe them so closely.

Well, we soon returned to Altadena to get our belongings and come here. We thought we'd never make the trip because the car was so loaded. We had everything in it - dishes (from Uncle Paul + Aunt Betty), electric oven, iron, ~~toaster~~ toaster, waffle iron, mixmaster, glasses, electric blanket, sheets, towels, kitchen utensils - everything. But we did make it and here we are.

We are in one of the most beautiful places I've ever seen in California. Again, we are remote, detached pretty much from civilization, but amidst a wealth of beauty. We are about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr. from the Marine Base

little fountains. The hotel is supposed to be Persian in feeling, and though the building is nothing to look at, the grounds about it leave little to be desired. Since it was the off-season for visitors we had the place entirely to ourselves. We had a little suite with a bedroom, bath, sitting room, and little porch overlooking the gardens where we use to have cherry and crackers + cheese in the afternoons and could enjoy the clear moonlit evenings. ~~It~~ There was a swimming pool there which we also had all to ourselves. We ~~soon~~ roamed all over the town seeing some very lovely little streets and tried out various different restaurants. We bought some records of Charles Trenet while there, and almost bought a silver platter but then decided we couldn't afford it. We spent one day in search of Sal at Camp Roberts, only to find that they had already left the camp. We spent another day on the beach where we feed the sea gulls and attracted at least a hundred of

majestic mountains. We've had no snow yet but some has covered the mountain tops. The days are still quite warm and sunny. Aspen trees dominate the immediate landscape and they are a brilliant yellow right now. The valley floor gradates from yellow green to deep orange which contrasts brilliantly against the blue mountains which turn almost lavender in the evenings.

We are at about 8000 ft. At first we had a little house which was so drab and homely that we couldn't help laughing at it. We knew how lucky we were to have anything at all though and towards the end of the week we thought we had it looking fairly nice. We had a tremendous oil stove in the living room which was our only source of heat, but

it didn't work and we very  
nearly froze to death. Then a  
very fortunate thing happened.  
We were invited to a dinner  
in a very attractive apartment  
in a motel, and discovered  
the couple were leaving for  
Quantic the next day, and  
the apartment was available.  
We could hardly believe our  
good fortune and feel very  
lucky to have this. It is a  
very pretty little place with  
an electric heater, carpets on  
the floor and attractive furniture.  
It is even so much better  
than the other place, although  
I had acquired quite a  
tender feeling about our first  
dilapidated little home. It  
presented quite a challenge,  
but we're both much happier  
here. We have a large  
bay window which looks

at the amount he consumes  
though - it takes a lot to  
fill 6'4"! I would love to have  
some of your recipes - economy  
is important and meat is quite  
scarce here. I'd love to have  
your recipe for shepherd's pie, and  
cheese & mushroom souffle.

Dick is doing very well. He  
took some very difficult tests  
and passed them giving him  
the opportunity to join the Marine  
Corps as a <sup>permanent</sup> ~~permanent~~ officer.

We have discussed this at great  
length and have decided that he  
should stay in. There <sup>are</sup> a few  
disadvantages to the military  
service but he is doing so  
well and loves it so that  
it seems like the thing for him.

⊙ like what it has to offer  
too - i.e. the life of an officer's  
wife. The worst part about it  
is that he has to be away quite  
a bit. Right now he spends  
10 days at home and 6 days

directly out upon a mountain  
which rises immediately  
across the road (highway 395!).  
We have <sup>in</sup> the window some  
very large pine cones and  
pine sprigs and two green  
candles - it looks lovely.

Our color scheme is dark  
blue-green, chartreuse, and  
red. The red is only accents  
to the other colors, but Hugh  
gave us a red Siamese mat,  
which looks stunning on  
the other rug. We are very  
proud of our little place  
and are quite intrigued in caring  
for our new home. I'm trying  
to paint a picture to carry out  
the colors to hang above the  
sofa, as Dick is having  
nightmares from the pink roses  
which hang there now. (They are  
terrible).

Cooking is no problem at all  
because Dick is so easy to  
please and is really almost too  
considerate of me. I'm appalled



But I'm learning to take <sup>it</sup> and  
am kept quite busy here. I  
have to use the car to take  
our laundry <sup>into</sup> <sup>the</sup> Colerille (pop. 300)  
laundromat, <sup>(5 miles from here)</sup> keep the house clean  
and polished, iron (at present on  
the kitchen table!), keep up the  
correspondence, and drive 32  
miles now and then to Gardnerville  
to get grocery items which aren't  
available here. Dick has taught  
me to drive, and I'm getting  
much more confidence in  
using the car. ~~There are~~ So  
few cars pass on the highway  
that it is a wonderful place  
to learn.

I've ~~so~~ written for a catalog  
of correspondence courses and plan  
to start one. There is much  
to learn ~~in~~ right here, too.  
This is Paiute (pronounced <sup>pie-</sup>yute)  
Indian country and they are  
most interesting. It is good deer  
country (they are the greatest  
menace on the highway) and  
good duck hunting, too. ~~Wick~~

gave me a .45 colt pistol for my birthday and has taught me to use it. We also have a wonderful camera he got in Japan.

Alick has the reputation of being the fastest mountain-climber on the post! Also, it has become quite a joke that as soon as he gets on top of the mountain where everyone else drops from fatigue, he goes off to look for pine cones for our window!

I hope I'm not leading you to believe this life is all regged and out-doors. There are other aspects too. We are collecting classical records, and books. In Washington he gave me two lovely art books - El Greco and Van Gogh, and also a ~~poet~~ book of poems called "From the Hills of Dream" which he discovered is a collector's item because it was published by Thomas B. Mosher and has a

of system we've seen so much of in the Fruit Co.!) We plan to have the Colonel over as soon as we get settled, as that seems to be quite the proper thing to do.

Dick left yesterday for his 6 day jaunt. He left for 3 days the very first day we arrived. But I think that makes us appreciate being together even more.

Being married to Dick seems so completely natural. I just can't picture myself doing anything else. I never visualized married life could be so wonderful. We feel so lucky because we have so much - everything we could want. From the moment we were married everything seems to be going our way.

Did you get the announcements? I sent announcements to the Lehmanns, Wittkowskys, Fallows, Bogaboons, Shanks, Blunns,

very limited distribution.

We are saving our money to make a trip to Antigua in a year or so. I think Dick would get a great deal from such a trip - more than the average.

And then we ~~would~~ do domestic and light things, too. We went horseback riding one Sunday and had so much fun. We baked a pumpkin pie for Hallowe'en - Dick made the crust and I was most impressed. We like to eat at night by candle-light and we feel like we are so elegant! We had tamales (canned!) one night in our chafing dish and he thought it was great.

The marines here are so awfully nice caliber. The single ones like to come over for a drink and the home atmosphere. The married ones all have something in common because the wives get together when the husbands are away. (The "colony" sort

Coolidges, Fairchilds, Mr. Arnold  
Miss Flanagan, Mr. Guilbert,  
and Maria Lucia Garzon, ~~to~~ the  
Hookers, and Elena in England, &  
Aunt Vi in England. I had all  
those addresses but I don't know  
how many more you want to  
send.

We would love to order  
our silver ware as soon as  
possible because we are using  
~~the~~ borrowed silverware now.  
We don't ~~just~~ need more  
than just ~~the~~ 6 or 8 settings of  
forks, spoons, & knives, and perhaps  
butter knives.

I didn't have a chance to order  
your shoes, Mom, in Wash., and  
I'm terribly sorry about it. I'm  
returning the little slip for them  
so they can be ordered by someone  
else.

I'm sending a clipping that  
came out in the Bakersfield newspaper  
which you may have. A little  
overdone I think but I thought you  
might like to have it.

Our wedding proofs haven't arrived  
yet but we want to order them <sup>photos</sup> as  
soon as they come.  
Hoping you are well and all our love  
to you both, Maim

20 December

[9537]

THE CLIFT  
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Mom and Dad,

Once again Christmas has rolled around, and this time I really can't believe it is here already. May I wish you both and Hugh the happiest one ever.

Much too much time has elapsed since I last wrote, and Dick and I now finally have a chance to catch our breath, for we are now in Bakersfield with his family for the holidays. I thought we'd never get away - I decided to make Christmas cookies and date bars and put them in nice little refrigerator holes for all the relatives this year since we couldn't do very much shopping this year. That kept me pretty busy for several days.

We came down to Bakersfield via San Francisco so we could see Uncle Knowles. We had dinner with them and then went up to see their new home in Berkeley. We had such a lovely visit. ~~and~~ Uncle Knowles was looking a little tired to me, but he has been pretty busy lately he says.

The thing that is foremost in Dick's and my minds right now is our prospective trip to Guatemala next summer. I can't tell you how overcome we were by your letter offering us the tickets. We hardly know what to say - it seems so much for you to do, but we are happy beyond words about it.

I don't know how we can ever thank you, but I can say that we are just living for the day we hop on that plane. It will mean no much to us to be able to go, and I can't wait to show it all to Dick. We think we'll be able to take a month off in July.

Yesterday Dick and I picked up our silverware yesterday and certainly are thrilled to have it. We really love it and wish you could see it.

We received the package from Mom and a book of you sent from Honduras. We are saving them for Christmas and can't wait to open them.

I'm afraid I'll have to cut this letter short as we are really on the go and are heading for Pasadena. I'll write a longer one later, but wanted to get this to you by Christmas.

Our very best wishes for the holiday to you both and Hugh, and all our love,

Maura

23<sup>rd</sup> December

[1953]

THE CLIFT  
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear you + Dad,

I thought I would inject  
a short note, for it has been some  
time since my last letter to you both.

The most beautiful  
of all Christmas gifts is our  
invitation to visit you in Houndwar  
this coming summer. Marion and I  
can only attempt to show you the  
gratitude and love we feel in our  
hearts. We now are awaiting our  
visit with anxious anticipation.

With the hope of a  
beautiful New Year for you both, I am  
your son  
Dick

11  
15 July 1954

Dear Mom & Dad,  
Yesterday's trip went without  
mishap and we arrived in  
Antigua about 3 o'clock. Everybody  
is of course talking of the  
horrors of the civil war and  
the awful things the comunistas  
did. I went to Antonio Ordóñez's  
shop to say "hello" to find he  
is a teniente in Castillo Armas's  
Army, and spent much time  
in Honduras. They don't know  
when he'll be back.

We went to market today  
and were looking at some  
pottery and a man came up and  
said they were our friends now  
and that they had hated the  
comunistas.

Antigua has never appeared  
so wonderful, although the



streets are buried under mud  
from the rains. It rained all  
day yesterday. I hope we'll  
be able to get up Agua.

Dick & Henry Antigua more and  
more as he gets to know it,  
and we're having such a good  
time. The visit in Zamorano  
was grand, too.

When our paycheck arrives  
could you please send it to  
Bakersfield, unless you think  
it will reach here in time. The  
Bakersfield address is:

C.K. Hatch  
1431 Oregon St.  
Bakersfield, Calif

This will be all for now, and  
we'll write again with more news  
in a couple of days.

Our love to you both,  
marion

*Delena 7*  
*July 7*  
*D 7*

# PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

*Delena*

en route by "Clipper"



29 July 1946

Dear Mom and Dad,

This promises to be a very long letter, and I hope I can get everything I want to say into it. We hope you are well and that all is in good order down there. Here we are back in Coleville, a week before we expected, and directly I shall tell you why.

Starting with last things first, we arrived in LA last Sunday night, where Dick's aunt and Uncle met us, and we went to La Habra to rest up our last week of vacation. The following afternoon, Dick received a telegram telling him his orders have been changed and for him to report to the Base immediately. He is to have sea duty for two years as an aerial spotter! No one could ever have been more stunned than we were. He starts school in San Diego on 1 August for three weeks and then will go aboard ship in the "fall", where or when we don't know. He can go anywhere in the world and will be on a battleship or cruiser probably, flying from the ship periodically as a spotter. There are six men selected from the Marine Corps to do this, and each will get a different ship.. Lt. Barker, also of Cold Weather Bn. was chosen, and the other four are from other posts. Col. Totman here is distressed for having lost his "best trainers", but it seems that our former Col. Schmuck had much to do with Dick and Barker's selection. It must be rather urgent that they do this, for Dick had the whole instructing program in his hands and was being retained specifically for it. They will have to bring in new personnel now. Dick tells me that every officer usually gets sea duty only once in his career and it is considered excellent duty. It will assure his promotion to 1st Lt. as soon as possible, and he will get an extra \$100 per month as flight pay, (he does not fly the planes, just rides them). The promotion and flight pay will help us tremendously and we hope to have a nice bank account when he returns. I know you are wondering now where I stand in this affair. We don't know either. He may get cruising duty and will have no home port, in which case there would be no way of being together and I may go back to Wash. D.C. to my old job. I might go back to school, but it might be the last chance I have to work and put a little money away for future use. Thank goodness I'm not five months pregnant! If he gets duty out of one port, e.g. Longbeach, Boston, Naples, etc. I will try to take up lodging there and work. We are hoping very much it will be a foreign port and I can live abroad, and study or work.

We'll let you know as soon as the word comes through on his duty but it will probably take a couple of months. ~~Wa~~ Much as the separation will be terribly difficult, I am so proud of him for having been selected for it. It will be wonderful for his record - now 2 excellent experiences: Cold Weather En. and sea duty. It may mean also though that they don't want to let him out of the Corps and are concentrating on his training. Many officers never get sea duty. I wonder what it means in over-all USMC policy as far as the international situation is concerned.

We arrived here yesterday after a very hot all day drive across the Mojave desert, and leave tomorrow night to go down to La Habra where Dick will go on to Coronado for his three weeks of school. I will stay with his Aunt Grace in La Habra, where she has a swimming pool, and I picture myself swimming all day and drinking tall cool drinks! However, she has promised to help me help paint the house and weed the garden.

When we returned to our home here, we were greeted with a burst of brilliant color from the gardens we planted. All the flowers are blooming!

Dick just came home, and I asked him about Lloyd's alleged "secret mission". He says it is all nonsense, that Lloyd is on leave and due back here to carry on with his typing. Can't understand what has gotten into him.

Thanks for ~~thaxxh~~ forwarding our pay check; it arrived in good time and it was very convenient to get it here. Thanks also for the letters which we have enjoyed.

Dick went back to work to find his office and building burned to the ground. All the money, records, everything is lost. He admits it saves him from having to inventory everything before he leaves (!) but the Base has taken a tremendous loss by it. It seems that a sergeant had stolen some money so he sought to burn the office holding the safe so that it would not be known how much money was missing. The fire began at midnight and in a matter of minutes had swept through the entire building and was consumed before anyone ~~is~~ could get to it. It seems the sergeant has admitted his guilt, and will probably get the federal penitentiary for it.

And now to go back to our visit in Guatemala after we left you. We had such a very wonderful time. We were so happy there and Maria put out her usual good soups. Maria could talk of little else but the comunistas but it gave us the opportunity of getting a lot of information. She really looked well, and I think we found out the reason why. Did you know she was selling vegetables from our gardens? Once I opened the door for someone who wanted lettuce, and again for someone who wanted parsley (perejil). When I relayed the request to Maria asking if there was any for sale, she gave me a most innocent expression,

AIR LETTER  
RECORDED FOR MAILING  
NOV 15 1950  
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION  
AIR MAIL  
NOV 15 1950  
COMMUNICATIONS SECTION

# PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

en route by "Clipper"



shrugged her shoulders, and said "Qué sé yo?" And Toya is still taking in wash. I have a hunch she wants to do baking and sell it or something, because she had me translate about a dozen cookie recipes for her. But then I guess it is expensive keeping Carlitos in shoes. We didn't see Concha's husband ever, and I asked Maria what he was doing now, and she told me he works there in the juzgado.

Dick became fast friends with a little squirrel who used to visit every morning by the raised garden. It got so that he could hardly get rid of him, so we tried taking him to the main patio but the sanates scared him. And we discovered some baby kittens and mother cat in one of the ~~xx~~ holes in the pidgeon loft! Maria started leaving some milk there and then they disappeared. As an interesting point, the squirrel refused bread and only would eat bahanas. We didn't try tortillas.

The experience that topped everything was that we climbed Agua! I must tell you about it. We started one morning from the house at 7:00 and Juanito took us to Santa Maria. We started along leisurely admiring everything. We took one bottle of water, 3 avocados, and some buns with beans in them. We climbed and climbed, and the path was just awful because of the rains and there were many landslides and gulleys in the path. We decided we didn't need an Indian for Dick carried four blankets and I carried the food. After a while it became slow going and we were panting at every breath. It took us about 8 hours to climb it! It poured rain the last two hours of climbing, and the trail became a river. Then it hailed and the wind roared, and it seemed that the lightning and thunder were going on right at our feet. We couldn't see a thing neither up nor down, and Dick was soaked to the bone as he didn't have a raincoat. I really was convinced there was no end to the climb, but I just kept thinking of the shelter in the crater and warmth. At last we topped the edge of the crater ~~xx~~ just as it started to hail in torrents and the wind seemed intent upon blowing us off the hill. I had the sensation all the gods of Olympus were attempting to prevent our ever reaching that crater. And as we came to the edge and looked into that rocky green hollow -- no shelter to be had. Remnants of its ashes remained, and not a cave nor tree nor stick to be had. And it poured and the water ran in rivulets down our clothes, over our shoes, and on down the grass. Dick plucked up his courange and started digging a hole under a very low

rock. We each put on a poncho, laid down on one blanket, and put the other one over our legs. The rock left exposed ~~our~~ f our legs and we shivered all night. It poured rain during the night and the wind howled furiously at our intrusion. I swore then that I would never take a warm dry bed for granted again!. Dawn broke and at the first ray of light we arose, limping about on frozen feet to get the view before the clouds came in. We soon thawed out on our descent and the sun was most welcome. In spite of the discomfort, it was an experience we would not trade for the world. So beautiful it was to be right up there in the sky, and the loveliness of the mountain itself will be hard to forget. And so wonderful somehow to climbing it together. As we approached Santa Maria, we found dozens of obsidian knives and ancient potsherd, some of hand design. It left me with a gnawing curiosity about the civilizations before hand on the banks of Agua. We took a little time to roam about Santa Maria, finding it a fascinating and charming town. All the Indians were so friendly, and there were signs on the fences saying "No somos Comunistas". We saw Indians weaving in front of their houses, and the whole town was as neat and clean as a pin. There seem to be four houses to a fenced-in square, and we wondered a great deal about the type of communities they have developed. I wonder if there is anything written about this.

As we had to fly Sunday, we prepared to leave for Guatamala City on Saturday afternoon. Saturday morning there was a knock on the door and Mr. Lehnsen and wife and daughter entered. We had a very nice visit and it was grand to see him again.

We had trouble cashing travelers checks in Antigua, but finally succeeded at Cofino's garage. Most of the hotels were closed, except for the Antigua. We went there to see it, and ran ~~it~~ into Maria Victoria Sandoval ("Toyita") who is now Mrs. Ruiz and running the hotel with her husband. We had a nice talk, and also met Mr. Ed. Farnsworth who says he knows you. He lives in Antigua, across from the chamberlain's.

We got to the city as planned and were invited to dinner and stay the night at Colegio Lehnsen with Miss Lehnsen and her mother. Mr. Lehnsen and his wife also live at the school in two downstairs rooms with nothing but two beds and millions of books. They are marvelous and unusual people. They were so nice to us and so interested in what we are doing, and we had a fine time. I saw quite a few of my old friends, all with at least three children by now, and heard about the Civil War from all angles. Terror seems to be the most effective weapon used. The terror seems to ~~be~~ have been incurred by using bands of Indians who proceeded from town to town breaking in homes, looting and killing. Chiquirin came to Antigua one day on his bicycle, very thin, having just come out of hiding the day before.

Air Letter  
Pae Avon - @naro Araro  
AUTHORIZACION  
DE EXPORTACION  
DE MONEDA  
DE LOS ESTADOS UNIDOS  
MEXICANOS

AIR LETTER  
PAR AVION - CORREO AEREO

AUTHORIZED FOR MAILING  
AS AIR LETTER  
P. O. DEPARTMENT PERMIT NO. 6



Dr. + Mrs. Wilson Popenoe  
Apartado 93  
Tegucigalpa, Honduras  
Central America



# PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

en route by "Clipper"



Everybody, without exception, seems terrifically relieved the government has changed, and are praying nothing more will come of the old regime. The embassies giving political asylum are almost to the point of comedy when seen. We passed the Argentinan Embassy, and boys were spread all over the lawns, sunning, playing ball, etc. packed in like sardines. It is said there are 300 refugees at the Mexican Embassy with one bath, and that the cook is going out of his mind. I just wonder how long that will be kept up.

There is a forest fire in San Francisco today, and the smoke has blown over our sky, giving us a gorgeous sunset.

In nearing the close of my letter now, I want to tell you again, in every way I can, how much we appreciate the trip you enabled us to have. We'll never forget it, and it will live with us for the rest of our days. I can't possibly tell you how much it meant to us, and what a very wonderful thing it is now for us to share. It will continue to manifest itself in many ways I'm sure, and our gratitude will always be to you. It was so much for you to do for us, and its greatness was felt in the smallest moment. And now especially, with the possible two years of separation we may have, the trip was made more than ever meaningful. We both extend you our most heartfelt thanks, now and always, and hope in some small way we could do as much for you.

We received a wedding gift today - a dictionary. ~~Max~~ A must in every household, it is a most welcome gift!

I hope I have covered the main points of news. Edith has bought a new ~~two~~ bedroom home in Silver Spring. Dick reasserts the falseness of Lloyd's reports. He keeps shaking his head unbelievably. Dick's mother is taking Dick's transfer pretty hard I think! My address until 21 August will be:

%Mrs. Chester Hiatt  
Route #1 Empino Road  
La Habra, California

My next letter will be written amongst the avocados.

Our very best love to you both,

Maion

Season's Greetings



[Dec. 1954]

Our wishes we on you bestow  
In semi-metaphors below:  
Quiet peace of deep white snow;  
Promise of the sunset's glow;  
Song of the wind to a lonely tree;  
Thoughtful depths of a timeless sea;  
The dance of snowflakes in the air;  
Faith in a mountain's silent prayer;  
A shimmering lake in pale moonlight;  
The wisdom of the stars at night...  
Words alone cannot (with reason)  
Express our wish to you this season.

Dick and Marion

[Mar 1956]



You are cordially  
invited for cocktails  
at the home of ---  
Lt. and Mrs. R.L. Hatch ---  
2487 So. Ola Vista  
San Clemente  
Saturday, 24 March  
5 to 7 p.m.

8 May 1956

Dearest Mom,

How happy we are about Nancy's newest arrival, and it wonderful for her that you could be there. That was such a sweet thing to do, and I know it has been a tremendous help to ~~you~~ her. I'll bet it is such a contrast to be in the shoes of an American housewife again, but it sounds like you adapted yourself to the Machine Era up here marvelously! And I'm so excited about the package you mentioned. The Huguenot cross intrigues me; you always give such interesting gifts and I can't wait to see it. And I thank you so much too for I know how much time and thought must have gone ~~into~~ it. How we wish you could fly out here ~~on~~ your way back home. I could bring you and Grandma and Viv down and it would be a treat for us to have you.

First I must tell you of the most important news that we have. Dick has been Transferred! He is being transferred to San Diego to be General ~~Shapeley's~~ aide who has just been appointed Commanding General of Recruit Training, San Diego. Dick is thrilled, as he has always wanted the job ~~of~~ his aide (ever since substituting for his aide last fall) but hardly dared hope for it. He got orders yesterday by phone and is to report for it in San Diego Thursday which gives him only two days to move! But I love this aspect of the service, it is so exciting but of course I realize it can operate in the opposite direction and we are extremely lucky to get this. We'll have to move out as soon as we can, and I plan to go down with Dick on Thursday, drop him off at work and then go house hunting. I'm going to try to take something unfurnished if we can, although we haven't a stick of furniture, but we do have a bed, a washing machine (ancient model) and an electric oven so at least we could eat and sleep and the money we save by doing thus could go towards furniture. Of course, all this will be solved simply by what we find is available. We are paid <sup>here</sup> until May 18th so we'll take our time about moving and Dick will commute until we move. In any event, we'll still be here probably another 10 days, and mail can still reach us at this address. I'll let you know as soon as we do get a place.

I want to urge you again to come; you will always be so welcome, either here or at our new place if we have it soon; the USMC will move us so there will be comparatively little to do. The house here is in good shape and will only need the routine last minute cleaning, and I hope to move into an apartment that is ~~xxx~~ clean. It's amazing how many apartments ~~xxx~~ that are up for rent are left in such a horrible state that it takes a major housecleaning operation just to move, in, and that is always so aggravating.

Mom, there is something I have in mind that I want very much to send to you for you to take back home with you and so far I have been unable to get it, but San Clemente is small and I had ~~be~~ planned to go out of town to shop for it. Now these plans have come so suddenly of our transfer that Dick has to have the car constantly and I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to get it immediately. How much longer ~~are~~ are you planning to stay? I do hope you will remain several weeks longer.

We're so anxious to hear of Nancy's baby, and what little Marion thinks of her baby brother. I wish so that we could see them! What is the baby's name? I presume it will be Robt. Jr. but ~~as~~ as yet it has never been mentioned. I do hope Nancy has an easy time of it and regains her strength speedily. How nice to have a boy and a girl now. They are very fortunate.

I'll dash and get this in the mail because being without car today, if I miss the mail man the letter will be delayed another day and I want it to reach you as quickly as possible.

I want to write Nancy and Edith too, but will have to wait a few days I'm afraid, but at least they'll know the news from us now. Do give them our best and much love to them and the little ones too.

We hope you are well and that you are enjoying your stay. I know Dad is ~~be~~ eager for your return but I'm so glad you could be in Washington for the event, and hope perhaps you 'LL get out this way too.

From your description, Wash. must indeed ~~be~~ lovely now. Here it has turned surprisingly cold, though this is so only in the beach areas and they tell me summer has arrived elsewhere in the state!

Dick joins me in very best wishes to you  
and much love always,

*Marion*

P.S. I don't think the airlines will allow a very pregnant woman to fly. <sup>200</sup>  
I have to check with them to find out.  
Dearest Mom & Dad,

2 June [1953]

Many things to discuss this morning. First let me thank you sincerely for the check. It has been the greatest help and I'm now over the hump. Dorothy is still in casts, and still up at night, but the house has progressed to the point where I can soon let Myrtle go - just have her once a week until Dick comes. He returns in July. In two weeks the casts come off and then we will see how the bones "hold" for week, then will know if she will wear them anymore.

Dad, your letter re Sal has been received, and I am seriously interested in little Sal's predicament. I truly feel so badly that I requested financial help for a temporary problem, when she has it so much harder. Now here is what I think. I do not think it is a good idea for her to go to Antigua. ~~It~~ It almost seem too



return will make it that much easier for all. I have everything she could need - sterilizer, bottles, baby clothes & blankets, baby bed - all the equipment Dorothy has no longer needs. My washing machine has finally just been hooked up - this is the greatest help. It would be so easy to have her, and if her mother-in-law could keep Peter, I think it would be easy enough to have Hugh here too - he is not at the trying age that Peter is. I'd be extremely happy to have her here, and have urged her to come. The plane trip would be so easy - only overnight and we could meet her. She could stay several months until she gets back on her feet and is well rested. The change will do her good I'm sure, and it is so peaceful and quiet and calm here - the weather and back yard would be perfect. Having just had Dorothy, I'm used to a baby's schedule and demands, and could help her so much with her.

However, I don't know what she'll want to do, but this seems to me to be ~~some~~ such a satisfactory solution for all concerned.

I spent ~~the~~ yesterday with Kitty. It was the first time I'd actually had a few hours away from home and it was so refreshing and soul-inspiring. We went swimming and had a perfectly grand day! She is really wonderful company - so intelligent - and I'm so glad she's going to be with you, Mom, while Dad is away. I know you'll both have a grand time. She does not really know Antigua very well, so she's in for a wonderful, lasting experience.

I must close now. Again I want to thank you so much for helping. I cannot tell you how much it ~~has~~ meant to me - I am so indebted and so grateful to you.

We're terribly excited about the furniture. I'm already arranging the rooms with the furniture in mind.

I hope from the bottom of my heart that I can come to Sal's assistance. If Dick weren't coming, I'd go right out and help her. Let me know what you think of my plan. I love you all very much, Maria



Nancy and I also think 3 June [1956]  
letter Ed could join her, and  
Dearest Mom + Dad, we've been talking  
on a Nancy and I got together yesterday  
and feel we have a perfect plan for  
Sal. Nancy says she'd love to keep  
Ralph + Pete, while Sal stays with me.  
That way she could still have her  
children near but would be relieved  
of their care. We'd both love to do it.  
She'll have to come right away tho'  
if the airlines may not take her.  
Don't have time to chat this morning as  
I'll close now and tend to Dorothy. She  
is growing so and is such a sweet  
baby.

My love to you both,  
Magan

Nancy is writing you. The keeps come  
mom - thank you so much.

Nancy says her children are so much  
easier now had the 2 of Sal's would be fun  
as the children ~~so~~ could all keep each other  
company and the ages are so similar.

- inside ->



P.S. Thank you so much for my  
paper on Evolution!

22 July (1956)

Dearest Mom & Dad,

This is just a note to let you know  
of <sup>the</sup> very sudden and radical change in  
our plans. Dick is being transferred to  
Okinawa Okinawa! The General is taking  
over 3<sup>rd</sup> Marine Division with hdqtrs.  
there but they'll travel around between  
Japan, Hawaii, and Hongkong I understand.  
Wives are not allowed to go, so after  
much discussion we've decided the best  
thing for me to do is to go to Washington, D.C.,  
where I can use the Bethesda Naval Hospital  
and be near Nancy and Edith in case

of need.

Gen. Shapley got his 2<sup>nd</sup> star, making him Major General. Four in the USMC were given it, General Binnay also being one of them.

We were expecting overseas orders for Dick's next transfer, so we are not ~~not~~ entirely unprepared for it though being so soon since we left Pendleton threw us somewhat off guard at first. I'm very optimistic though, because it isn't as though Dick hates to leave. He feels badly about leaving me but he does want to go and is enthusiastic about being with 3<sup>rd</sup> Div. He will go still as the General's aide, and they expect to be back in a year. Mrs Shapley is quite upset about the whole thing - says every time she plants a tomato plant they get transferred!

I'll have so much to think about and keep me busy with the baby coming and the preparations for it are such fun. I'm sorry Dick will miss this part of it, but I think it is better for him to go now than later, and the baby will only be 6 mos. old when he returns.

We will leave here shortly after Aug. 1<sup>st</sup>. Dick gets 20 days leave and is driving me to Wash., then will fly back. We expect to be there around the 15<sup>th</sup>. I probably will stay with Ethel until I get an apartment and my things arrive. Now I can start furnishing!

Dick and the general have to be in Tokyo  
between Aug. 25-30, stopping for 3 days in  
Hawaii.

We're so anxious to hear if Sal & Ed  
arrived satisfactorily. The last we heard Sal  
couldn't locate her passport, and we're  
wondering if all the arrangements came  
through in time. We hope all went well  
and know they'll have a grand trip.

I guess I've enclosed the main  
details. I'll continue working until July 31.

You can write us c/o Dick's parents  
before Aug. 8<sup>th</sup>, or after that c/o Edith.

Dick joins me in our very best to  
you both and all our love,  
Maison

20 August [1952]

Dearest Mom and Dad,

It is extremely hard to begin this letter today, because I cannot find words enough to tell you of my happiness. The furniture has arrived, and I know that whatever else life holds for me, nothing will ever, ever compare to the value of this gift from you. To say "thank you" seems so insignificant in portraying my gratitude. These things I know will be treasured beyond me, beyond Dorothy, and beyond her progeny. What an overwhelming sensation it was to open the crates and look in, and see and smell Honduras right there, so many thousands of miles away. I still can't get over it. And it is so much you, with all the associations of Honduras and the school, and how very, very rich they are to me. I wish I could do so much to be worthy of this gift, and yet feel so inadequate. All I can tell you is how overwhelmed I am, so grateful, how truly wonderful, wonderful it was of you to send it all. We were so surprised at how much there was, and everything

so useful. We had no trouble in  
deciding on the pieces, each seemed to  
want what the other did not prefer, and  
on the things we both wanted we compromised.  
Nancy will write you of the shipping  
details as they handled that end of it.

I am terribly excited ~~for~~ about my  
pieces and so proud of them. I have the  
large coffee table, the large lamp table,  
the two trunks on stands, the old armchair,  
the solid slab dining table and the  
medium sized table, and the baby bed.  
The bed is precious, and so sweet for  
little Dorothy. I am thrilled with it.  
In my left living room I have the coffee  
table, the end table, the arm chair,  
and the small trunk on the stand. The  
latter makes a perfect "desk" with  
writing paper and "immediate attention"  
letters in the tray, other documents  
below. On the end table I have the  
books I had sent recently, and handled  
candlestick. Nancy got the two matching  
lamp bases, so I have the other table  
one on the end table, the small one on  
the dressing table in the bedroom. All  
of these things were so needed! The larger  
trunk is in the Japanese foyer beneath  
the Siamese sleeping mat Hugh gave  
me. The living room has gray walls, and

I use the bare wood floor, unvarnished.  
The next couch seems perfect, almost  
"leathery" in hue now. I hadn't  
expected it to go so well. In the  
dining room I have the two tables,  
the 3 leather chairs, and the oil paintings.  
The little flower prints are perfect  
in the bedroom and in the baby's  
room. Her room I am doing in  
yellow, which is very nice now  
with her little bed. I hang the  
Ecuadorian curtains in the living room,  
and have matching ones (Edith's) in  
the dining room. The tall candlesticks  
grace the fireplace. And how I have  
needed trays! These are perfect. I was  
surprised at the basket of my artefacts -  
I had forgotten I had them, and was  
delighted to see them again. I have  
made both a little box and placed  
one small animal head of these in ~~to~~ as  
a handle, and I think it ~~is~~ makes  
a handsome case for cigars. I want to  
give it to him since he did all the  
work of unpacking and carrying my  
things over.

My Owl house is completely furnished  
now, and I am so deeply happy with



it. You have furnished it for us, and there is nothing, absolutely nothing in the world that I would prefer to have. At present I am borrowing shelves from Nancy, but we plan to have Dick make ours from the cedar when he returns.

In my last letter, I forgot to mention the emerald cross. Thank you so much, for it. It is really an exquisite thing and I love it. I'm giving Edith's hers on her birthday next week from both of you.

Dad, I want to tell you how much I love "Women's Eyes". I have read it from cover to cover, and find it a perfectly fascinating little volume, and so light and pleasant and so thoroughly enjoyable. I really am so pleased to have it and thank you again for it. It is my good poetry, I think.

All goes well on the domestic side of affairs. It has been terrifically hot and little Dorothy looks like she has the measles with such bad head aches. She is growing so, and the doctor will remove the casts next week, and hope maybe that will be the end of them. They are so uncomfortable for her in this heat. She is so alert now

Everyone comments on how much she seems to know, for being so young. She really is a good baby.

Dick will be home in just two weeks! Next week is really the last, for after that he will actually be back in the States. It doesn't seem possible, and at times it surprises me so that Dorothy actually has a father! We've been only two here for so long.

We are wondering how things are going with Sam. ~~It~~ I haven't heard from him but expect to learn something soon. I had a fine letter from Ed Hays, and how I wish he could come up here this summer.

Has Kitty arrived? I had such a nice day with her here, and am looking forward to seeing her after her trip. I mentioned to her a matter of picking up some material for me, but now find this will be unnecessary since what I now have blends so perfectly with the "new" furniture.

Again let me express how deeply I appreciate all you sent me. You'll never know how I treasure it, and it seems to hold all the weather

of the Central America that I love.  
To my dying day, I'll never be able  
to thank you enough for it, and I  
know that nothing else I now possess  
will mean so much to me as these  
things do. It was so utterly good and  
generous of you to send them.  
Much, much, love,  
Mason

of the Central America that I love.  
To my dying day, I'll never be able  
to thank you enough for it, and I  
know that nothing else I now possess  
will mean so much to me as these  
things do. It was so utterly good and  
generous of you to send them.  
Much, much, love,  
Mason



## ODE TO THE PINE TREE

You're on high mountains and in  
arctic snows,  
On tropic isles where the warm  
sun glows.  
A promise of spring by a frozen  
stream  
Is held within your branches green.

You've heard the echoes where  
ruins sigh  
Sadly for the days gone by;

The clash of arrows, spears,  
and shields,  
Guns and cries on battlefields.

You know the booming lumber  
mill  
In contrast to the forest still,

And church bells on a silent night  
with solemn prayers by candlelight.

You're in the house that memory  
keeps  
And the cradle where a baby  
sleeps.  
In you is Christmas spirit and  
joy  
Of child's laughter with a toy.

Fitting then that you should be  
Proclaimed now as the Christmas  
Tree;

In proud display of holiday  
cheer  
You spread to all a glad New  
Year.

Pick and Marion Hatch



Pond-mirror of stars...

Suddenly a summer

shower

Dimples the waters.

(From the Japanese)

Dorothy Marie

7 lbs. 5  $\frac{3}{4}$  oz.

born

10 February 1957

to

Lt. and Mrs. R.L. Hatch

19 February [1957]

Dearest Mom and Dad,

Die Wunderkönig ist Gottes Bräut, und schön  
es ist auf ihr zu sehen! And I feel the  
happiest and most fortunate of people because  
Dick and I have precious Baby Dorothy. Oh,  
how I wish you could see her. I never  
realized what a glorious thing motherhood  
is.

(They had  
Saturday morning, 9 Feb, when I arose  
I noticed indications that I it would not  
be long before I would deliver. I was  
having pains, but the same I had been  
feeling for several days. To keep my mind  
off of my "condition", Nancy and I went  
into Silver Spring (it was pouring rain),  
and went shopping and had lunch together.  
That evening I stayed at Edick's, and  
we went to a show, again because I  
did not want to sit around counting pains.  
During the show I noticed they were  
beginning to come regularly. By midnight  
they were almost 5 min. apart, so at 1:30  
we left for the hospital. Dorothy was  
born 3:20 Sunday afternoon, and they  
estimated I was 14 hours in labor, which





with the pediatrician, who is absolutely tops in my estimation. He let me observe her physical examination which was most interesting, and he says she is a fine baby.

Bringing her home was quite a thrill. I am staying a few days at Edith's and all her progress beyond my highest expectations. I was very disappointed that I was unsuccessful at nursing her, but the minute I put her on formula she has been a model baby. She is completely on a 3 hr. schedule, has no digestive problems, sleeps well, and when she awakes she doesn't cry, just squeaks! She is so sweet and so good. She is so calm and placid, healthy and happy. She is so high-strung, and takes her bottle so calmly, not wanting to be rushed, but enjoying it so. And how she studies everything with those little bright eyes. I guess she can only see blurred outlines now, but her forehead wrinkles in such deep contemplation as she looks at the objects around her. She can follow moving objects with her eyes already, and we were so impressed.

Motherhood seems completely effortless for me. They say when a baby is born, the dietitians for "Infant Feeding and Care of" come with

it and that is so true. All I do is feed her every three hours and the rest of the time is mine. In the mornings I bathe her, and do a little hand laundry, and every morning and night I make formula - that's all there is to do. Little does the laundry, since I can't climb stairs yet, but that is only one tickle, and then of course she makes the meals. I feel I spend most of the time writing and napping! I have an excellent system worked out by which <sup>the baby's</sup> head never gets wet, and this saves a great deal of labor. Of course I realize how fortunate I am that she is such a very good baby thus far. Already I feel almost completely well and ready to return home in a very few days.

Baby Dorothy has already changed so in her looks and does not resemble Dick so strikingly. She now seems all Papoose - the high forehead, round head, blond hair, eye lashes and eyebrows, and undoubtedly her eyes will remain blue. Her hands remind me so much of yours, Dad, in the way the little finger lies apart from the rest. She has Dick's thumb, however, which has a prominent lower joint. She really is a cute little person.

The same day that Dick received the

news of his tiny daughter, his orders came through and we are extremely pleased. The General had written a letter to Gen. Pasley, Director of Personnel, and Dick had no idea what the result would be. But he now will be assigned to Marine Barracks, Eighth and Eye, Wash., D.C. The Gen. refers to this as the "Palace Guard", and says ~~that~~ he has long been considering Dick for this post. It is also called the "Showcase of the Corps" and is where the weekly minut parades are held, and Dick says he will be handling such parades. It is quite a lucrative post, but as yet I'm not sure what his specific assignment is. After two years there, the General says he will go to Junior Officer School at Quantico. Dick is most enthusiastic about the assignment and I ~~can~~ feel it is perfect in every way - interesting, good location, ~~and~~ convenient at this time with Dorothy <sup>and</sup> little, it will be easy to get moved and settled, etc. Of course, I'm ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> to count on anything until it actually happens.

Have you me the good news of your possible early retirement with Mr. Beasley the new Director. I can't tell you how

happy I am about this. I am so very eager  
to see you at last with a little time of your  
own to do the things you want, without the  
high tension environment of managing the  
school. I do hope this all works out so pleased.

I'm thrilled at the prospect of the fireplace  
and the dining table will be most, most welcome.  
I'm quite excited at the thought of really having  
a few things of our own to furnish a  
little home when Dick returns. It all just  
sounds wonderful. Lately I feel I have been  
blessed in so many ways, and I'm humbly  
grateful for all. Life has truly been good  
to me.

The latest story about Lloyd is the best  
yet. Of course it's utter nonsense, as  
common sense will tell you. I can't  
understand why he isn't questioned on these  
stories; I certainly would ask him about  
it if I were there. See forward your letter  
to Dick.

By the way, "Marine Barracks" is the  
Commandant's abode and headquarters.

I really wish you could see your  
wee grand daughter. I just feel I wouldn't  
trade that little girl for any other in the  
world. What a precious little joy she is!

Love from the three of us,  
Mayan



HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY!



HOPE YOUR JOYS  
WILL MULTIPLY—

+  
GIBSON  
CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

10G 111-4

March 1958

QUICK AS A CAT  
CAN WINK ITS EYE!

a little late, Mom, due  
to recent events in your granddaughter,  
but the very, very good wishes and  
happy returns are most sincere, and  
we'll be with you in spirit.  
Best of love from the three of us,  
Maison



Am enclosing some stamps for Shandona. 23 August [1957]

Dearest Mom,

Welcome once again to the U.S. I meant to get this letter off days ago; time just slipped by now unnoticed - quite a contrast to my life a couple of months ago!

I hope you are enjoying your stay and that the weather is agreeable. I know it is.

~~So~~ wonderful for Shandona and Aunt Verian to be having you with them. Couldn't you extend your trip a little and come east?

We'd love to have you with us, and we want you to see our home and little Dorothy. It would be so nice if you could.

There's no telling when you may be up this way again.

We're anxiously awaiting news of Sal and, <sup>am</sup> wondering when you plan to go up. I'm sure you are going to like the Hallerps, and they you. Poor Sal - she does have her hands so full; quite a different situation from mine when I really had nothing to do but take care of one baby - not even a husband to look for! However, regardless of the number, it always is a very big job, and Sally is so fortunate now to have you to rely upon, and as I've said before, I think just having your company will do her a world of good. We're so anxious to hear how she is getting along, and who this new little member is.



I wrote you a letter to Antigua, which was returned for insufficient postage (wasn't that silly of me!) and it was just about then that I got word you were heading up here. I thanked you in it for the towels Kitty brought and that the other friends sent. Thank you so very much. I think they are going to be extremely practical things for us to have and I'm sure we'll probably use them whenever we go. Also, did you send the jar I asked for or did Kitty buy it? I want to reimburse whoever did, since I had asked for it.

Bill has gone back to work now, and it's an adjustment all over again having him gone during the day! He has been assigned as Officer in Charge of Instruction at the Marine Corps Institute which is part of Marine Barracks. In a few months he has been told he will be transferred to the Guard Company which handles the Parades. He is quite impressed with the Barracks because so much is going on and the perfection exhibited in the decor. It's quite a unique post, to be sure.

Dorothy has a tooth now and it represents a real milestone in her development - she's been working on it for months. She is getting so big and sits alone now.

I'll close for now, and I'm so anxious to hear from you, all the plans, and all the new developments. Give my very best to Barbara and Aunt Maud, and much love from me to you,  
Marian

10 April [1958]

Dearest Mom and Dad,

It has been a busy three weeks for me, with first the flu and then Dick's parents here for 2 weeks. This flu seems to be quite prevalent, and Edith very kindly kept Dorothy for 24 hours while I fought the thing. Then I believe <sup>Dorothy</sup> she had a touch of it, too, so when Dick's parents arrived, it was a welcome sight. We had a fine time together; they are wonderfully good people and I'm terribly fond of them. It seems so quiet now that they are gone.

Dorothy is making all sorts of progress and is the apple of her mother's eye. She is such a good baby and we have no problems at all. She is responding so now, and is so serious as she contemplates the world around her. She is already eating solids and sleeps well too. She seems to adjust easily to every new situation, and is such a strong little personality as she busily tends to her daily routine. She has a ~~way~~ system of signals to let me know exactly what she wants - this is no exaggeration - and in this way we cooperate with each other and manage splendidly.

Dick has just returned from "Operation Beacon Hill" in the Philippines, with some interesting accounts. He says Paul Shank was on the maneuver, though he had no contact with him. General Shapley is in the hospital with gout, which is very painful but curable. ~~so~~ Dick at present assumes the role of <sup>surrogate</sup>

Dad, I want to thank you so very deeply for the books. Truly, the way to my heart is to either send me a book or an article of decor for the house. I am so very pleased to have them, and they are of especial value having been your pets, and I too find them a very great source of pleasure. I'll treasure them always, and want to express to you what a valuable addition you have made to our library. I cannot wait to really sit down with them, and expect to have more time for this from now on. Thank you so much.

Uncle Knowles is here now and Nancy is having the group for dinner tonight. My humble contribution will be scalloped potatoes, and I plan to head over early to help her out. He never forgets us and it is always such a treat to visit with him. Also, Mrs. Bursley phoned yesterday and I plan to go take Dorothy over sometime next week and have lunch with her. She is so nice to me.

The big news is that I am planning to move "upstairs" as of 1 May. It has worked out most conveniently that the house has been sold and the main apartment is now for rent. You can readily see how perfect this is going to be. I love this old place with its great trees and serenity, and so unencumbered by the shallowness of modern mass production. The apartment is ideal with

2 bedrooms, livingroom-den combination, fireplace,  
dining room, garage, and private yard. These  
features are indeed rare in rental units. We  
will have the main entrance. The ex-owner, as  
you know, had a fine collection of antiques  
(the whole rendering a "Mediterranean" appearance  
rather than pure American colonial). Hence, the  
house has a lot of unusual features, such as  
a tub bath tub set into a wood paneled  
cabinet, antique medicine cabinet, quaint chandeliers,  
and interesting, warm color scheme. The floors are  
old wood, and even though we have little furnishings,  
I do not think it will seem bare because of the  
above mentioned features. Furthermore, it will be  
no effort to move and we'll be all settled by  
the time Dick arrives in July. There is no more  
grueling task than house-hunting and moving.  
Another attractive item is that the new landlord is  
going to try to have my automatic washer installed  
if this is possible - which is also unheard of in  
this area. I will lack cupboard space but  
shelves (boards on bricks) will suffice temporarily.  
The only thing the matter hinges on now is  
whether whether Dick's orders are really definite,  
and if he feels this location will be convenient,  
and I have wired him and expect an answer today  
or tomorrow.

How well the Honduran furniture will go in the house if you send it. I think it will be perfect, and if I may express myself with freedom now, I wonder if it would be possible to have ~~to~~ a diningroom table and chairs, and coffee table, and trunk, included in the shipment if these are available. I am so in need of them and am especially interested in working the theme around the colonial style. I have become terribly interested in the project. The ex-landlady sold me a dresser and dressing table, giving me ~~as~~ a large ~~the~~ matching chest of drawers which had to be refinished, which I do not believe have great age, but they are old, solid mahogany, and good, well-turned out pieces. They are large, and I plan to eventually have our bedroom done in American colonial with these pieces. At present they will have to be used in the rest of the house for lack of any other furniture. Dick's father removed the varnish, and I will now do the finishing of the piece, and when Dick returns we can do the dressing table. Now, with some of the Spanish in the livingroom, which will combine well with our kakemonos, the old corner fireplace we have, I think we can create an interesting home. The diningroom is painted blue, and

I want to ask Edick if I can have or borrow the ~~to~~ Ecuadorian (I think) Indian blue & white curtains that were our mother's. I can't wait to get started in the new place - arranging and decorating! I suppose I will never be content unless I can constantly have new challenges to meet. The baby's room has a part of the wall recessed into ~~the~~ an alcove so I will put the baby's crib there, framed in dainty curtains, and the rest of the room will be the nursery.

Another thing I want to discuss with you is the matter of a maid for Nancy, as we discussed at some length while you were here. We have found a good woman whose main talent is caring for children. We are both using her now once a week, though I plan to keep her only until Dick returns, or until the baby can sit up so I can take her out more easily. But I think Nancy should keep her permanently, for having her gives Nancy the opportunity to remain in her room all day if she wants and read or write or do just whatever she pleases - go downtown, visit etc. She feels she really can't afford her though, but is looking for a part time job. The latter is not solely for money; she feels she ~~so~~ really needs to get out a little and away from domestic chores,

and also to feel she is doing something constructive. It is difficult to find a part time job, but ~~so~~ one never can tell and she is looking. Now since you spoke earlier of wanting to do something for Nancy, I thought this matter <sup>of the maid</sup> would interest you.

Mom, I enjoyed the little Japanese card so much. I shall keep it and use it, for it is so lovely. Thank you so much.

I hear a small noise so I presume it is feeding time. I save these periods for relaxation, making plans, figuring out problems, and contemplating any matters in general which are pleasurable. Dorothy contemplates the bottle which is <sup>to her</sup> most pleasurable. Sometimes I read also at this time. I have been working on Lin Yutang's "Wisdom of China + India" - excellent reading and I want so to discuss it with you. Must run now and tend to the little one.

Thanks for the photo of Dad. It means so much; and congratulations Dad!

Have a fine time in Mexico. I envy you. Best wishes to you both.

Much love,  
Maurice

14 May [1958]

Dearest Mom and Dad,

It sounds like a wonderful trip was had by all in Mexico, and I ~~at~~ only wish I could have been there too. Sometimes I ~~long~~ have quite an aching longing to see some of the old haunts again. Mexico is an exciting country, and in particular I will never forget the trip we made to Merida, Yucatán (stone crabs and melon!)

All y'es well here but so terribly busy. The sad news is that little Dorothy now has both her tiny legs in heavy plaster casts - the entire length of each leg. The doctor found she has a mild deformity in her feet, causing them to turn inward too greatly. This seems to be somewhat in the Popewe genes - in Nancy and me during infancy, in little Hugh (corrective shoes were necessary), little Marion, and in all three of Laura's children. Her Jonathan had to wear one leg in a cast for a while. Peculiar thing, isn't it. I feel so badly about our Dorothy - it ~~seems~~ <sup>is</sup> to be, is so much to ask of a baby to restrict ~~her~~ <sup>its</sup> freedom. Tomorrow I take her to have her casts changed and they will put in a wedge to turn the feet back into proper position.

In view of the present circumstances and the ~~added~~ <sup>added</sup> discomfort of the baby ~~its~~ <sup>its</sup> the ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> back of getting established in the new



apartment, I have found it imperative to have  
Myrtle twice a week now, and I know it is  
so much to ask but wonder if you could help  
me out a little to have her just until Dick  
comes which is only 7 more weeks. I thought  
if I could just hold out that long, I could make  
it, but the work seems to pile up and I  
keep getting farther and farther behind. The  
bedroom is done now - American colonial  
done in green red and white, and I'm quite  
pleased. The curtains are done, and ~~are~~ on  
Thurs. we clean and wax the wood floors.  
The bedroom has a dignified and calm  
appearance which is what I sought to  
achieve. Myrtle is here today and we  
scrubbed the kitchen - I had to take a  
toothbrush with ammonia to clean the knobs  
and handles throughout - all this of course  
being work inherited from previous owners.  
I really feel it has been too much to take  
on this new move, still doing all the  
baby's laundry in the portable in the  
bath tub, and the decorating, scrubbing,  
and arranging of the new place, and I  
finally reached the point of ~~am~~ near  
exhaustion when the baby was put in  
cots. She has been refusing food too, which  
is undoubtedly due to her physical discomfort

and the heat, but making her quite fussy. The thing is that we really cannot afford Myrtle twice a week, but I finally decided it was helping neither me, nor the baby, nor the house to take on so much alone. Of course, I could not pass up the opportunity of the house, but it was unfortunate that I had to move so soon - as that certainly was not planned. If you feel you would rather not, or are prevented from helping financially at this time, I will honestly understand, and we will manage.

Spring has been so early this year and summer is in full bloom. Edith's yard is beautiful, and Nancy and Bob have a fine show of iris and roses. Nancy is looking so much better, so much more rested and happier, and I know you would be pleased to see her thus. The children seem to be much easier now. They are both growing up so fast.

I had the nicest card from Aunt Marion. She says she was unable to use her eyes at Christmas time - I feel so sorry about her having such trouble.

Wick is in Japan at present busily hunting up a screen to close off the bedroom from the Foyer. The latter as I described in a previous letter will be done in Oriental  
I can't wait to have these ideas

~~celebrating~~ a reality. Patricia is my greatest  
aid at the present, though.

I know how terribly busy you are now.  
Frankly, I don't see how you will ever  
manage such a move. What a huge  
job it must be. I do wish you my  
very best that it is not proving extremely  
difficult, and I will rest much easier  
when it is done and you can relax again.

Dick joins me in much love to  
you both, with a pat from Baby Dorothy,  
Maion

Wednesday [1959]

Dear Mom + Dad,

By now you are well on your way to seeing Sally and we're all so very anxious to hear your impressions and conclusions to the situation. You will probably have the feeling that there is very little you can do. Most seem to feel at this point that it is the Halleys and Ed who need guidance as well as Sal; or should I say, the Halleys need to be awakened as to just where their son is failing. I hope somebody can make this clear to them. I'm sure Uncle Paul has informed you with as much background in this respect as anyone can. We in the East feel we can only glean the bits of information others pass on, and I for one feel I have no just basis for interpretation. Being so far away it is pretty hard to see just what is what, and I am looking forward

no much to what<sup>3</sup> you will have to  
say regarding the matter. We feel  
this latest idea of Ed's to get a job  
somewhere in the tropics is still  
pretty much a pipe-dream and  
not being realistic at all. However,  
not being there, I really can't judge.

Here all is well. Aunt Sketurde  
was with us for Christmas. She's having  
a pretty hard time of it but I think  
she is undoubtedly over the hump.  
She has decided to stay on in her  
present house, rent a room, teach  
ceramics, and sell what she can, and  
she'll probably be able to manage in  
this way sufficiently well. She is  
pretty bitter about life in general  
but I don't believe this is anything  
new for her. It was good to see  
her <sup>with</sup> herself here and she ate and  
relaxed very well and I'm sure the  
change was welcome for her. She divided  
her time between Nancy's house and ours.

3.

"We are still in the process of settling" after our move. We have painted the house throughout - it was in very poor shape when we moved in. We also refinished the floors, and ~~has~~ I have, since Christmas, just completed making and hanging curtains; this finishes up the job except the yard which must wait until Spring. I'm so eager to get some flowers in and the grass rejuvenated. This area we live in provides an absolute lack of stimulation; in fact has a decidedly depressing effect on me, but there are many compensations I miss the old trees on Buffalo Ave. However, our home is quite lovely with plenty of space for us, even a private study for Dick. We have purchased an oriental rug which

is quite handsome<sup>4</sup> with our furniture.

Dick is still continuing his busy pace tho' is home earlier in the evenings due to our now close proximity to the Barracks.

He has not been home for 3 weekends in a row, meaning that he has not had a day of rest in that length of time. However, he is getting a replacement for his job as Security Officer of Camp David so the weekend duty there should be over in another 2 weeks.

We<sup>have</sup> purchased 40 shares in One William Street, which is a Mutual Fund recently purchased by Lehman Corp. Our broker (Major at the Barracks) told Dick that Lehman Corp. itself is "sick"; that is it is good stock but not with the future it has had in the past.

He advised his <sup>5.</sup> One William Street Fund, and if this is any indication that we paid \$38 more for the second 20 shares than we did the first, in a matter of a few months, it seems to be doing rather well. Dick thinks all stock is rather a risk at this time, but I suppose everything is.

Dick has to take the company to Tampa Florida over the weekend of ~~the~~ Feb. 7<sup>th</sup>, and I am tentatively planning to join him there, and see if I can't get Hugh down for a visit. Dick's parents are coming soon; if they arrive before then I may not go down, but it certainly would be a treat to see Hugh again. Since our college days we've hardly seen each other, but ~~our~~ mentally we have developed so similarly that it never seems that we have seen each other so



little. This is so much what Sal  
needs - contact with her own family  
and I wish so much something could  
be worked out that she could spend  
some time in the East. Hugh I think  
has told you of his offer to have Sal  
with him for a while. ~~But~~ she cared to  
or could leave Ed for a while, I think  
this would do her a world of good.

Please do not bother to get in  
touch with Dick's folks, as I  
believe you mentioned, Mom, that you  
intended to do. For one thing they  
are flying out here in a week or  
so for about 3 weeks so they won't  
be there. Also, I just feel you  
are going to have enough to do  
and enough people to see without  
seeing them too. Nancy feels the  
same way about Mrs. Guillow. I  
really don't think anything much

would be gained by such a  
visit when you have so little  
time anyway, and you would have  
so little in common with them.  
I'm just not much a believer in  
going to see everybody when you  
come to visit, ~~but~~ because in reality  
there is no such obligation at all.

Bob Shullon has been away  
for a week, but is due back today.  
Uncle Knowles is in town. There was  
a family dinner last night for him  
at Edith's which we were unable  
to get to because of a bad snowstorm  
yesterday. However I spoke to him  
on the phone and hope we may  
get to see him before he heads back  
at the end of the week. He is certainly  
is wonderful about always making  
time for us when he comes, and  
~~it~~ was such a shame we couldn't  
get across town last night.

Give Paul & Betty our best love  
and tell them how we think of them.  
I will try to keep you better informed  
than I have done recently; I just  
don't seem to get anybody written  
anymore.

I'm looking forward so much to the  
look on Anthropology. I find myself  
getting more & more interested in the  
subject all the time. To me, it seems  
to get back to the simple things and  
ideas which have become so lost  
in this maze of complicated modern  
life. It seems to so pertinent and so  
so completely worth while as a field of  
study.

Dick and I feel very much like  
city-dwellers, now, much to our dislike.  
We long for the wide open spaces  
again, something other than the commensuration  
of housing developments. I hope little  
Dorothy will not have to grow up so  
much in this sort of living but will  
have a true knowledge of nature

9.  
and the natural sciences.

That's about all the news for now. I do hope all goes well while you are up north, and that you come back feeling encouraged and optimistic. We all feel so for Sal, but all the news of her recently seems to be so heartening and indicative that brighter things are ahead for her.

If you should get the opportunity to come East, there is always a place for you here, at any time, and for any length of time. Please remember that.

Give our love to all the family, Grandma + Aunt Vivian, Paul + Betty, and all the rest, and much to yourselves from all of us here,  
Marion

April 21 [1952]

Dear Mom and Dad,

Enclosed is a letter I have recently received from Sal. I feel things are not going a bit well for her, and we here in the east feel that it is beginning to look like Ed is a lost cause, and her only hope is to start considering a life on her own because obviously Ed isn't going to do much about remedying the situation. I am greatly concerned about Sal; I cannot see much ahead for her. We imagine the clinic is not going to discharge her under her present conditions - she definitely is not well, and as she says, she's not going to get well unless something changes there. We are wondering how she ever is going to manage with this fourth baby. To leave the clinic is to go back to her old environment which everyone agrees should be avoided at all costs. In your letter you state she does not wish to have the baby in the clinic. I have mainly written Sal that I would be happy indeed to give her a hard work

... the baby, for a little while to  
save for it until she gets on her feet,  
but have not heard from her since, and  
after receiving your letter, I rather  
feel this solution would not appeal  
to her anyway. What we cannot  
understand is why Ed's wishes ~~are~~  
are so all-powerful. If Sal wants  
to go to Guate. for a rest, that seems  
to be up to her, and why does every  
plan dissolve in thin air "because  
Ed says no?" Sally's healthful  
existence is at stake and we just  
wish in some way she could  
get out of that Halley-<sup>dominated</sup>~~dominated~~  
mine she is in, and get away <sup>for</sup> a  
while and have a rest and a change.  
Every suggestion, every offer, every  
plan comes to naught.  
I am planning to go to Calif.  
to see Dick's parents next fall,  
probably in Sept. tho' it is not definitely  
yet at all. Perhaps some plan can  
materialize out of this.

Please forgive my delay in answering your inquiries re Lehman Corp. We really do not know much about it; the idea seems to be that it has invested up to its capacity and is not expanding any more - this probably does not affect its work. The major through whom we invested in one Wm. Street has left so we cannot refer your questions to him. Dick has written you a good article on the subject of stocks appeared in U.S. News & World Report about a month ago, and he combed the house for it to send it to you. I seem to be the culprit who threw the magazine out. However, I can suggest this to you if you have access to the magazine.

All is going well here. We are having spring weather now, which is always so glorious and rejuvenating after the long, unpleasant, gloomy winter. We've been working more on the house and yard. We've been seeing a good deal of the Kullow's lately, working on exchanges of the children; they are at the point now where they enjoy

visits of several days at a time which works out very well for us parents. I plan to keep Mimi + Barton a week or two while Nancy's #3 arrives in July. Also plenty of time before then since we love having them, they love to come, and it gives Nancy such a rest. Dorothy goes over there equally well, in fact is spending Friday night this week with them. Bob will take off from work when the baby arrives, so they'll really have some time to themselves to enjoy this new member without the activity and distractions of the other children for a little ~~while~~<sup>while</sup> until the new routine is established. Nancy is looking wonderfully well and I've never seen her in better spirits.

Dorothy is talking ~~and~~ in sentences and is "trained." She makes rudimentary drawings ("men" and "kugs"), knows a few numbers, and a few colors. She is sleeping very well now at long last. Has also graduated to a full size bed - one of the Honduran ones!



Edith's parents are not well. Her mother has been having heart trouble, and her father has recently been in a fire accident and is bedridden with serious burns. It has been a very tragic and she is up with them this week.

We are all very deeply fond of Chuck's fiancée, Helen. They are to be wed on 16 May and leave the day after for a honeymoon trip to Europe. They have bought a lot, and are fixing Edith's basement as a completely self-contained apartment until they get their own house built.

We are interested for news of Venezuela and what other plans of the future you have. We are wondering if perhaps you will consider coming to Washington ~~before~~ <sup>after</sup> seeing Hugh get his degree in June. We have plenty of room here for all three of you, and would love to have you come.



April 5, 1959

Dearest Marion,

Thank you so much for your helpful letter - it gave me many things to think about. Also your suggestions were very encouraging to me at a time when I am feeling pretty disillusioned. The fact is, I was making good progress here and had come quite a long way from my initial state of affairs and was taking an active part in their whole therapeutic program there. I held several offices and positions of responsibility - I also think I was sound enough of mind and rational enough to do a good job on them. Then it seemed as if the tides turned. Ed went out to Stockton (he quit school in January) and has been sitting there ever since. He has done some talking about getting a job, but, has made no successful maneuvers along that line.

To think of him just sitting useless at the age of 27 yrs. is very depressing to me and does not give me much hope for a future or offer any plan to my life. When I go out to Stockton, I am only further disillusioned by the fact that ~~maybe~~ nothing has changed at all and Ed's mother is getting increasingly petty in her attitude toward me. Ed works a bit on his father's boat, but, this is not really sincere, but only a way of easing his conscience about the money his father has to spend to support his family.

When Dad and Helen came last Feb. - Ed took a dislike to them both. He was able to get along with them before. Actually, at this point, I think he is pretty much against my whole family and I seem to be getting more and more antagonistic toward his. It has become an obvious fact that in order for me to ever get back on a sound and permanent mental foundation-- I am either going to have to remove the source of my frustrations or remove myself from the source. The former would be ideal, of course, -- the latter would probably only be an escape from my problems. I do believe I have everything that it takes to live a full and happy life - but, my life situation and Ed's consistent failures in being able to take care of his family-coupled with antagonistic family relations - became a frustration more than I could endure.

When I go out to Stockton, everyone tries to go around as if nothing is wrong and the only thing that needs to be done is for Sally to get well and come back. Nobody mentions a thing about Ed - who is just sitting ~~xxx~~ around useless and we all act like a bunch of cowards - afraid to even broach the subject. But, the solution to this complex situation is not so simple as that. Sally is not going to get well and stay well unless some major change is made in our situation. It can't drag on like this a whole life span and Ed and I are able to get along with each other less and less each day. In fact, I honestly believe I get more depressed each day and feel so fatigued all the time for no reason at all. I also feel a general lack of faith in what goes on in my environment here and a total lack of enthusiasm for participating in it. As a matter of fact - I feel rather surrounded by and pursued by something very treacherous. Just what diabolical device this is, is hard to explain - but it manages to succeed in making things quite miserable for me.

I can't seem to get away from my hallucinations about the actual existence of a devil or Satan who is making all this trouble for me. My present mental condition had it origins in these intense hallucinations of a religious nature where I really felt I was caught up in some real conflict between good and evil - God and the devil. Once one gets a fixed idea like that in their head - I can't tell you how difficult it is to shake loose from the persistence of the same idea.

Well - now you probably have a fairly realistic idea of what my present state of affairs is. Aside from all this, I'm pregnant again - our fourth due around Oct. 8th. I did apply for nurses training over at Moffitt Hospital but, the discovery that I am pregnant has put an end to those plans. I ~~am~~ am thinking all the time - trying to conjure up solutions to these problems and I shall keep in touch with you and let you know how things develop.

Aside from my gripes and complaints - life in the clinic here can get interesting at times and always educational. Let me hear from you again soon - Marion, your letters are very welcome.

Lots of love,

Sally



UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

20 April '59

Dear Dad.

Sorry to be so late with info on One William St. - my usual negligence is again no exception. At any rate I am enclosing what info I have on hand concerning this 'new' investment corp. Frankly, I am amazed at its' growth rate or should I say accelerated rate of advance in par value of stock. Since my initial investment of \$500.00 a few months ago a share has increased in value by three (3) dollars. I'll never realize a fortune or anything approaching it yet what money I have to invest is going into this Fund - for the foreseeable future at any rate -.

May I recommend it to you for your consideration - . Don't worry about Lehman Corp - . As solid as ever from what I hear now - .

Dick

A MOTHER'S DAY GREETING FOR Mother



[May 12, 1957]

Just hoping  
everything that's good  
Will always come your way  
For Mother,  
you deserve life's best  
On this and every day!

Happy Mother's Day



all our love  
and good thoughts  
to you! -  
Dick, Marion,  
& Dorothy

Antigua, Guatemala, 29 April 1959

Dear Dick:

Mighty good of you to send me all that information in re One Bill Street. I have read it carefully. The thing I like about it all is this: It is backed by Lehman Bros. Not a few of the directors have been tied up with Lehman Corp ever since I have known that outfit - by which I mean to say, ever since I have held a few shares, and this goes back to about 1936 or 1938.

I have not lost my faith in Lehman Corp, nor would you, if you had come in on the ground floor as I did. But I never forget the advice of Jeff Coolidge - you can ask Mayan just who he is, but we consider him one of the best investment bankers in Boston, and those Boston guys seem to have been pretty good at increasing their capital!! and he told me some years ago that when an investment trust gets too big it isn't the thing to buy. That seems to have been the case with Mass Inv Trust, which was one of the very first mutual trusts to be established, and with very good management. I bought a few shares - I believe I now have about 175 - and I stopped because I felt it was getting too big. Excellent management, and all that - including our friend Tom Cabot, who used to be Pres of UFCo. But they just have so much invested in all of the big and paying companies that they can't handle any more. I believe Mass Inv Trust has paid me about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  percent with an occasional, not too large, stock dividend. It is a very conservative outfit, like most everything else in Boston. State St Investment Corp of Boston has done better - it is not so large - but my old financial advisor in Wall Street (joke; but he was good, Bill Cumberland, who was a classmate of mine at Occidental Academy in Los Angeles and later held some big positions in the field of foreign finance) was the one who recommended Lehman Corp to me. Then he recommended Genl Am Investors (wh has paid me the best dividends of all) then he said Tri-Continental Corp. Up to date he has been right. The poor chap is now in the Elysian Fields and I can no longer get his advice; but if he were still with us, I bet he would recommend One Wm St.

I have too much money in UFCo - too much for a little guy like me. I bought my shares at 60, they were split and what I now hold cost me 30, so I am not losing any money as of yet (as the radio broadcaster in Dallas says). I think UFCo shares may go above the present figure - 40 - before the end of this yr. Not very much. I think I will sell and put those funds in One Wm St because of these facts (1) it is run by excellent people, the Lehmans; and (2) it is new and when you buy into a new outfit at a low price you stand a better chance for increased capital than you do in an outfit of long standing like Mass Inv Trust or even Lehman Corp. Don't you agree?

I am no financier, but I think you have done very well to put some of your savings in One Wm St. The big trusts are so heavily invested in the best stocks they can't go much further, but when buying in a new outfit I sure would want to know it is a sound one and I believe that obviously is true of One Wm St. The record of Lehman Bros is something to ponder. My next choice (after One Wm St) would be Tri-Continental (I bought it at about 30 and it is now around 40) and then Genl Am Investors wh I bought at 26 or so and it is now about 30 and the dividends are good. As you so wisely say, you and I are not going to get rich - and I am not sure that we would like it if we did. We are going to do the best we can to protect the future of our families.

Verdad?

Ever yours



Antigua, 3 May 1959

Dearest Mayan:

Very many thanks for your letter of 21 April and copy of the pretty triste one from Sal. As you say, things are not going at all well with her. Our visit to San Francisco, for which we changed our European plans, did no good at all, rather the contrary. I tried to urge Ed to get a job, on the grounds that what Sal needs to get her out of the slough of despond, is to have a home of her own and a husband who is at least trying to get a start in life (I made it clear to Sal that I was ready and anxious to help out financially). From Sal's letter it is apparent that Ed resented this effort on my part. He didn't say so to me, but I suspected it; and after urging Sal to push Ed a bit toward a job, she told me Ed had suddenly refused to discuss his plans any more; that he had told her he had resources (his father I assume) and so on. Then Paul tried to talk Dr Hailley into sending Ed down to Los Angeles where Paul would help him get lined up. This because we all knew and know that Sal's trouble is in part her dissatisfaction with the life in Stockton - too much domination I assume. Ed's father told Paul that under no circumstances could Ed be separated from his children (to come down to L A and try to get a job) so that is out.

So all in all, the situation seems to be getting worse instead of better. One of the doctors in SF told me that the very worst thing for Sal would be to get pregnant just at this time. When I talked with her she didn't think she was pregnant, but a month or so later she found that she is. It is very unfair of Ed to let this happen. Sal told me she was using a "diaphragm" (pessary) and thought she was safe.

There seems to be little or nothing we can do for the moment. Paul had a talk with Karl Bowman in SF and wrote us that they feel the same way about it. I feel and Sal admits that she is losing ground mentally because of her predicament. I am terribly afraid the poor kid is going off the deep end again and this time it may be more serious. And if she gives up, and pulls out on her own, it is going to be hard for her if she is in a bad mental condition. Both Paul and I have been trying hard not to break up the marriage. Karl has helped with sound advice, but when I talked with Karl about getting Ed to take a job he said, "that isn't the real question. He may take a job, but will he keep it?" And so far he doesn't seem willing, even, to take a job. He said he would take one if he found one which just suited him; and then he said, how can I get a good job when I have no training for any sort of a job? He doesn't want to go to work, that is the real trouble. And poor little Sal's physical appearance, and what she says, makes me feel that it is quite possible the situation may kill her. Incidentally, in her few talks with us she never complained about her problems in Stockton but Paul knows about them and told me. And now Sal tells you - which caused me to remark that I believe Sal is closer to you than to any other member of her family, which is perfectly alright and means that you can probably help her more than any one else, especially by passing on your impressions and recommendations. Do keep us advised and do keep in close touch with Sal. I wanted to bring her down here for 2 or 3 months but Ed absolutely disapproved and both Paul and Karl say No. Sal is trying awfully hard to stick it out, to be loyal to Ed, and to get back on her feet. It would have been a lot easier if she had not become pregnant again. Now I just don't know what will happen and neither does she. I hope and believe she understands that she can count on us in every way.

Ever yr devoted

May 23 [1959]

Dear mom and Dad  
At this time we are wondering if Grandpa & Aunt Virginia are with you - we heard from Uncle Paul they were going down this month. If so, please give them our love. (Wish we were in their shoes!) Also are wondering if you have taken or are going to take the trip to Venezuela.

All is well here. The weather has been divine and it really makes one into a new person to be able to get out of doors. We've been doing a little yard work - levelling and resodding & also hope to get a few flowers around just to touch things up a bit if I can get anything to thrive in this soil.

You have no doubt heard from Karl Bowman. He passed through a couple of weeks ago, and according to him, Sally is quite happy about this pregnancy. He says she looks and feels better than she has for a long time, so I'm feeling

encouraged. ~~She~~ From what I can observe, she seems to be making a 'break with <sup>the</sup> halleg, which I think will pull her out of her despondency at least.

Wick is still busy. Not so much on trips these days, but so much paper work to be done after hours.

I've been having more time to get back to my Anthropology which had suffered during the winter, and I find it enriches my days tremendously. It seems to be so pertinent to so many fields, and opens so many new doors.

Dany is looking wonderfully well. Bob just returned from Calif. to be home for a while now. Mimi's been having trouble with her tonsils and they think they might have to take her out.

Aunt Betty finally seems to have come over the hump. We've had letters from her indicating she is getting back to normal life again. We are so relieved.

Enclosed are 2 little pictures of Dorothy. She's getting to be so grown up - a very feminine little girl, and she is really so good. (I don't expect it to last.) We're anxious to hear from you and all our love and good wishes to you & yours.

We've had no further news of Sel.

1 June [1959]

Dear Mom + Dad,

It was good to receive your recent letter with so much news. We are now waiting to hear whether you will join each other on the trip, and if Grandma + Aunt Verian will extend their stay. I know how much they are enjoying themselves and their visit will seem all too short, I'm sure. Please extend our best love<sup>to</sup> them both.

I'm sorry not to have mentioned "Plant Hunters". It did arrive, but the bill was reversed reading "sent to Mrs. Popence from Mrs. Hatch," and belted to me. I meant to ask you about this, as I did not know whether you had paid, or whether I should, so I did nothing about it waiting to hear, and it slipped from my mind. I'll enclose the statement. Thank you so much for it; it is nice to have although not the way I would prefer to it written - I'm sure you agree.

The last time you were here, we discussed the possibility of our obtaining one of the guitars, which Dad seemed very much in favor of the idea. Is it still available? If so, we are wondering if it would be possible

to send back with Grandma, and then I could pick it up later in the year when I go out. Would this be at all possible. We would appreciate it tremendously if we could have it, but will understand perfectly if there is some reason this cannot be done.

We will be delighted with the little towels - that is thoughtful of you to send them. I do not believe there is anything we need from there; I'm always interested in materials but it's almost impossible to order anything without knowing what is available, ~~and~~ or your knowing what we have, etc.

It is so wonderful to have winter over. I just can't get over the difference it makes. We had some searching weather, but I never complain about heat - it's so welcome! The heat gets Nancy down - with the pregnancy, it makes her pretty uncomfortable. They bought a large attic fan, which helps a little. Mimi is in bed again with her tonsils - we'll be so glad when they come out!

All is well here and going along as usual. We hope the same for you, that you are well and enjoying yourselves.

Much love always, Marion

Antigua, 20 June 1959

Dear Dick (and Mayan, of course!)

Back from Venezuela and Costa Rica, and now it is Mexico, to give a series of lectures at the "Short Course" sponsored by the Organization of American States. No salary, but our expenses, more or less, probably less.

I am thinking of that One William Street business. They sent me all the necessary literature. As I may have written you, it looks to me as though Lehman Bros are just taking a fresh start, and I like to be in on fresh starts. I have been more than satisfied with my investment in Lehman Corp. When I began to buy, the shares were selling at less than net asset value. My advisor Bill Cumberland, who was pretty darn good (with Ladenberg, Thalman and Co., in Wall St) suggested Lehman Corp. As you know, their shares are now selling above asset value; and One Wm St is going to charge us  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$  above asset value, the "distribution charge". This is standard practice, these days, and we might as well accept it. I paid it to Mass Inv Trust and State St and I suppose a couple of others.

I have about \$10,000 in the bank, not working, and I think I shall put this amount in One Wm St, and on this basis: Dividends to be paid to me in cash, capital gains to be re-invested in shares. This latter system I have been following with my other investments in Trusts. We don't need the capital gains, and you get new shares without paying the  $7\frac{1}{2}\%$  distribution charge. Of course, if the US economy goes on the skids - but why worry about that? We can't beat the game. There seems, to me, no better way of keeping one's savings than in US industry; if that goes on the rocks, we all go hungry, though avocados will still be reasonably cheap in Guatemala and are very nourishing.

One Wm Street is an open-end trust; Lehman Corp is closed-end but this does not seem very important to me. They have increased their capitalization from time to time, which has just about made it open-end, but I gather that the open-end idea is the popular one these days. I also gather that the reason Lehman Bros are starting this new Trust, which I assume they are really backing, is that Lehman Corp is now so big they can't logically expand much more. Isn't this right? But over the 25 yrs or more that I have held shares in Lehman Corp, I have received an average of about 6% per annum in dividends plus excellent capital gains. I have no regrets. One can't expect much more unless one gambles and has great luck. And when I have gambled I haven't had great luck. Fortunately, I haven't gambled to any extent. I wish I didn't have so many shares of UFCo but I can sell out - as I shall probably do shortly - without losing any money; in fact, my shares have earned good dividends up to the present but I am not too happy about the future. And I don't see many UFCo shares in the portfolios of the Investment Trusts with which I am familiar.

All of the above just because I like to talk about these matters, as I suspect most of us do.

Ever yrs,

early here and love 30 July [1959]

Dearest Mom + Dad  
A letter arrived today from  
Sue saying she definitely plans  
to come 16 August with Paul &  
Betty. Since you do not seem to  
be in favor of her coming East  
we wonder if you are going to be  
willing to finance such a trip -  
plane ticket, hospital expenses (\$300-  
\$400) plus pediatric care and  
other possible expenses will run to  
quite a sum. We are extremely  
willing to have her here - that is  
no obstacle. However, it seems to  
be more of an escape for her from  
the Haller and the Clinic than  
pure desire on her part. What we  
cannot understand is why Ed  
cannot rent a house until theirs  
is built - it is bound to be a long  
time before the house he is planning  
materializes. And she has got to  
have some place to go.

Nancy has an adorable baby girl,  
Kathryn, ~~after Parker~~ with brown

curly hair and looking so different  
from all the others she can't  
believe it's hers! She's precious  
and Navey had quite an easy  
time and is looking wonderful.  
Her pregnancies are so uncomfortable.  
I'm glad it's all over.

We have happy news too, expecting  
a brother or sister for Dorothy  
in February. We have been hoping  
for so long, we are thrilled that  
it is now a reality.

I am sending on Hal's letter. I'm  
concerned about what she should  
do now - coming merely to have  
a baby is going to be expensive,  
and will she have a place to return  
to or will it just dangle indefinitely.  
I hope something can be solved  
for her, and wonder about your  
opinion now since your last letter  
to Navey stated a contrary view.

She's been so nauseated and it's been  
so hot that it's been more



than I could do to keep  
up with correspondence. However,  
I am now taking pills to  
counteract nausea and feel  
much better. We've had a  
miserably hot, wet summer  
as only Wash. D.C. can have.

We will have Mimi +  
Barton with us next week  
and are looking forward to  
it. Bob has taken time off  
to help out with Nancy this  
week and next.

I haven't time to write  
much more now - We wonder  
about you, hope you are  
well, and hope you had  
a fine trip to Mexico.

Take care of yourselves.

All here send love and good wishes. I also want to thank you for the towels, they are so pretty and it was so thoughtful of you to send them. I still hope to get to Calif. around 25 Aug. for at least 2 weeks (while Sal stays with Nancy or Edith) to see Dick's folks and will pick up the guitar then. Thank you so much again.

Much love always,  
Maurice

July 27, 1959

Dearest Marion

Things look pretty certain now that I will be going East with Paul and Betty when they go in Aug. The date set to leave from here will be Aug. 16<sup>th</sup>, Sun. Having unpressured events - my life is so jumbled up at this point that I can't tell from one day to the next what is in store for me. What I'm trying to think of now is the imminent arrival of this new baby and where to stay.

Did you tell me that you still have some (or all) of your equipment? I've been spending this evening trying to figure out what I'm going to need in the way of baby clothes and equipment. I haven't any idea where my old things are or if they are still in existence - there still might be some things in Ed's parent's basement - but, I'm

not sure of that. Since I am going to have to borrow some money from Dad to buy these things. Well, I'd like to be quite sure of what I'm going to need first. I've made a list and I wonder if you can check off the things you have that I could use while I'm here and also I can plan on buying whatever you don't have:

We can take care of her  
on all these items. - Marion

- 1.) Sterilizer
- 2.) Bottles and formula-making equipment.
- 3.) Baby bath and table for changing diapers.
- 4.) Baby basket or bed.
- 5.) Layette: all things including diapers, clothes, sheets, blankets etc.

— II —  
These are the things I'll need for a starter and other things I can perhaps borrow or fill in as I go along.

Ed is working up at Tahoe or I believe I told you and has plans for hiking a horse. I've finally resigned myself to the fact that this present situation is probably going to entail a longer separation than I had anticipated, but, under present circumstances, it seems expedient to do it that way, whether we (he or me) like it or not! Period.

Right now I'm trying to decide whether to go out to Stockholm to see the children before I leave or not. Sometimes when I get to thinking it over, I think I may just leave without going out again. Whenever I think of trying to explain that I'm going far away and won't be back for awhile — it just seems as if it would make matters harder on all of us. There would be less pain, I think, if I just went.

Hoping you are all in good health.  
Lots of love, Sally

back in station  
Post - post  
11 August 1959

Dearest Mom and Dad,

Letters from both of you arrived today; the good news was welcome. I'm enclosing a note from Uncle Paul which indicates all might not be well with Sal. By the time you receive this letter, we will certainly know whether Sal will be coming or not, but I thought I'd take this opportunity to write anyway. Sally is certainly welcome here if she comes. I'm awfully worried about her; if she does not come, at least we can have a good chat with Uncle Paul next week and get some real details.

I'm quite certain the reason the idea of Sal coming to Seattle has not been urged is because of the lack of psychiatric care. There is almost a certainty of a ~~set~~ set-

back in relation to the birth.  
Post-partem melancholia is  
common with even the most  
normal mothers, in her case  
it could be more involved. Also  
the nervousness and irritability  
which usually precedes the birth.  
I don't feel her flare-ups mean  
much. She has every reasonable  
reason to feel irritation. pregnancy  
heightens it, but living 24 hrs. a  
day with 20 women (disturbed) behind  
locked doors, plus the frustration  
of her unsolved problems and  
pending decisions - it seems quite  
normal that she would be short  
of patience. ~~The~~ The depressing  
thing is that for months and months  
all one can see ahead for her  
is a big question mark. Perhaps  
this next week will tell something.  
If she does not come, I hope  
to have her with me for a rest at  
least in Bakersfield. If she does

come I will hesitate to take the trip to Calif. - Edith has a full house and is so busy, and Nancy is not capable yet of taking the added burden.

Nancy is doing fine but finds it a pretty heavy load of work from day to day, and is now investigating getting help from 1-5 pm. several days a week. I think it an excellent idea, and felt she should have lined it up earlier, but she hesitated to do it. Now having given it a try, she sees the need. We had the children last week and really enjoyed having them. They are awfully easy children to care for and the company is so good for Dorothy. We hope to have them again this week and/or next. <sup>The three children get</sup> along together beautifully.

Dick has been offered a job representing King Merritt Investment Co., which he can do



in addition to his present job. The idea is that he will try to interest Service Personnel in investing, gets a commission for what is sold. He hasn't accepted yet but is interested - feeling it won't require too much time, and will give him a better knowledge of securities. He will have to spend some weekends being schooled. It all came about when we purchased 20 more shares of One William Street yesterday when the Stock Market took that big drop. It's too bad he couldn't have handled your \$10,000! I don't imagine in the Marine Corps, his contacts are going to have any big sums to invest like that. Still, I agree that it would be worth while for him since he seems to be so interested.

That's about it for now. I'll be writing again shortly as I know in a few days will have some concrete news of Sally. If only we could solve her problems for her!  
all join me in hopes you are well,  
and much, much love,  
Marian

19 September [1959]

Dear Mom and Dad,

All is well here in California, and I'm having a grand visit with lots of news to relate. I hope you both are well and happy.

I talked to Shardona on the Telephone. She says they aren't well; I would so love to go by and see them but cannot see how I can do it at this time. Dick's father was down on business yesterday and stopped by to pick up the guitar. He said Shardona looked well but that Aunt Vivian was in bed - she must not have been at all well which is so sad to hear. I am delighted to have the guitar - much more than I can say - I appreciate all the trouble it was to bring up - as I know it must have been.

Well, the big news of this trip is Dad. I ~~was~~ spent 3 days with her last week, staying with Pat and Norma, and feel I had a thorough visit, and for the first time feel

I have a clear picture of just how things are. It is so hard to visualize from so much many different accounts and opinions. First had a 2 hour discussion with Karl Bowman before ever seeing her, which gave me a sound medical background, and what I feel was a very fair observation of her case. She is not yet well, but has made steady improvement since a year ago; is in a rather antagonistic or pessimistic state of mind and thoroughly discouraged at this point. Karl's main concern at this point is that of the fact that she's going to be pretty much alone for the next few months. He's going to the Pacific (Bangkok), Uncle Knowles also leaves in another week for 2 months in the Pacific, Uncle Paul has left, Ed or the Halleys cannot get up to see her very often. Karl has written you I believe as to what to do with your money that is there for her. Pat has stated very clearly he does not

3

want the responsibility of it. This is understandable, I think. My suggestion is to leave it in the hands of the hospital or her doctor, which he says can be arranged. Uncle Knowles says he would be glad to take the responsibility upon his return in December.

Sally's psychiatrist is being transferred 1 Oct. which also worries Karl somewhat. He feels he is excellent and that the change may be hard on her. However, there is every chance the next one will be just as good. He says there is ~~not~~ no doubt that if her case were badly handled she would go right back to where she was at the beginning of her illness.

I met Sal's psychiatrist, but ~~to~~ did not have the chance to really talk to him; I was favorably impressed, from what Sal says of him, even more so.

I am concerned about Sal being totally alone in having this baby but can see no remedy but to face this.

Well, now as <sup>4</sup> to Sal. She is just terribly discouraged and I feel needs help and moral support. She is carrying on bravely, but faces disappointment at every turn. She had many worries, so I tried to encourage her by what little I could think of. One of her worries was getting the baby equipment and clothes from the Nalleys - I called them and arranged for this with much cooperation on their part, so there is no problem here. Then we called Ed to see what progress has been made on his side - woke him up at 1:20 in the afternoon, and he said he had just finished working 14½ hrs straight in a gambling saloon on the Calif Nevada border but hedged when pinned down <sup>as</sup> to just what his job was. He finally hung up on her and promising to call the next day when more rested, <sup>but</sup> which of course did not call again. He did not get the job as school bus driver and Sally was appalled that he would take such a job in such a place. The atmosphere could only be of the worst sort. The dicconery of what he is

doing threw her <sup>5.</sup> into a terribly  
disconsolate state in which she  
once again transferred her problems  
to the religious - moral plateau  
and got quite carried away on  
this theme. Now another problem  
facing her is the placement of  
the new baby. The Hallips cannot be  
expected to take it and the clinic  
will not allow her to leave and  
care for the baby herself. She is  
now forced to seek out the Social  
Welfare department to find a  
foster home for the baby. At this  
point she is still looking, 2 homes  
have offered then backed down.  
Public welfare will not support  
the baby as long as Ed has  
any sort of job. I spoke to her  
on the phone this morning and  
she was rather upset after having  
looked at one of these homes, found  
it stabby, unorganized, not too  
clean, and not at all the type  
of place in which she'd leave her  
baby. She has another name, but  
the woman lives so far away from  
the clinic (Mission District) that she

feels she ~~could not~~<sup>but</sup> it would not  
work out. I'm afraid these foster  
homes are all going to be pretty much  
the same story, but there's always  
hope. Ed shows absolutely no interest  
in her problem. I feel desperately  
concerned at Sally trying to  
arrange all this by herself, without  
any help, transportation, or moral  
support by loved ones. She seemed  
so appreciative of my visit it  
was very touching. I offered to take  
her baby but she doesn't want it to  
be so far away - I feel having  
it nearby will aid her in getting  
well - some goal and something to work  
for.

She still absolutely refuses to think  
of divorce on moral and religious  
grounds. I feel as long as she is  
associated with Ed she will have  
nothing but heart break and problems.  
She said today that the psychiatrist  
has phoned Ed and has asked him  
to come down this Tues. for a talk.  
Something may develop out of this,  
I don't know; I will call her again  
on Thurs. If I feel there is the  
need, I will go up there again next

7.  
weekend, tho' at This time, from my  
last trip, and the many phone calls  
I have depleted my reserve of funds.

Sally now is feeling a great deal  
of self reproach, and feels that her  
present state may be punishment  
for being such a sinful person  
in getting originally involved  
with Ed. Also she told me she has  
always had a deep inferiority  
complex, and felt that everybody  
was better than she. I tried to  
dissuade her from such ridiculous  
ideas, some help from you along  
this line would help her, I think.

Well, that's about it for Sal. In  
spite of my attempts to encourage her,  
I just wonder what's ahead for  
her. She is very pessimistic as to  
any of Ed's promises - and for good  
reason by now. I might say in  
passing, I was pleasantly surprised  
by the chore. I had on the former  
most grim idea of what it would  
be. I found it not bad ~~to~~ at  
all, and she does not dislike  
it at this point, but ~~is~~ is depressed  
by ideas such as whether she may  
spend the rest of her life in



a mental institution.

At this writing, unless Ed makes a radical change, I can't see any future for her with him.

I plan to return home early next week as Dick is alone and I don't like to be away from him too long. He's had a hectic time of it with Khrushchev's visit. We saw him on TV in the House Guard at the airport meeting Mr. K. - we were so thrilled.

This visit, especially regarding Sal, has been costly beyond my expectations, and I wonder if I could ask you to help me with about \$50 to help cover the transportation and phone calls. I had planned to take the train up but it was delayed that day, and I had to fly up (\$20), plus the calls I made up there for her and the calls also from here. I came with some travelers checks but I'm on my last \$10 and I really hesitate to ask so much of Dick for things that are not his, or his parents' responsibility. I would really appreciate this.

I feel the next 2 months will solve a lot for Sal, and if the Foster Home she has every promise gets lined up, she has every promise of making a satisfactory recovery.

9.  
There is too a slim chance that Ed may straighten out enough to shoulder his responsibilities. She is very antagonistic to him now, at least so disillusioned in him that she cannot believe he'll actually go through with any of <sup>his</sup> ideas or promises.

I am feeling well, other than continued nausea, and Dorothy is having a fine time here with her grandparents.

We haven't heard from you for quite a while and wonder how things are going for you and what plans you have for the future. Karl tells me you plan to return to Spain in the spring - a fine idea, I think. Grandma says you're putting a bathroom in the new houses - what a help that will be, I know.

I will close now with wishing

you all the best. I will be  
back in Washington around the  
28<sup>th</sup> of Sept.

All join me in love to you  
both, and much always  
from Dick & myself,  
Maion

Antigua 11 Oct 1959

Dearest Mayan:

That was a fine, long, and sensible letter you wrote us on 19 September after having been with Sally. I have not answered it earlier because we were trying to get things lined up. My letter of October first to Sally seemed to be a great help. In this letter I authorized Karl Bowman to give her the \$400 which Paul had been holding and which he turned over to Karl when he and Betty left for Europe. Karl's letter to me of September 29, written after he had talked with Sal for an hour and a half, was a bit discouraging, but fortunately in the same mail came one from Sal which definitely was not. Karl felt that Sal was turning against her whole family. This seems to have the recent trend, as opposed to the religious one of a year or more ago. Of course what worries me is the question, How long O Lord, how long? Sally has been in the Clinic for a year now. What will the future bring forth? Both Helen and I feel if Sally could come down here with the new baby - without Ed - she might snap out of her condition. I don't know. But both Paul and Karl, for reason or reasons not very clear to me, have said that Sally must not come down here.

Uncle Knowles wrote a long letter from Hawaii, mentioning that you and he had thought of getting me up there, which I would do very quickly if I thought it would get Sally out of her slough of despond. Helen and I both think it would be better for Sally to come down here with the new baby and get angry from Ed for the time being, than for us to go up there and try to take over. Ed is the crux of the situation. You mention his "job" at Tahoe. Paul said when we were there, that if we couldn't get Ed onto a full time job he would end up by sitting in a saloon and doing nothing but drink. He would have to have some money for this; I don't know where he would get it, but I assume his parents are still giving him enough. You know that a couple of years ago he suggested bringing all the family down here and living with us until he got a job. You also know, or believe, that Ed just simply doesn't want jobs or responsibility. This is what is killing poor little Sal.

Sal's last letter said she had made arrangements to put the new baby with a colored Jamaican family in San Francisco. Why does Ed stand for this?

I enclose my check in the amount of \$100 to help cover the expense you incurred in trying to help our beloved Sal. And I want you to tell me at any moment you think there is something we can and should do. Our feeling definitely is that Sal should leave the Clinic, and come down to us with the baby. I don't see why this is not feasible but apparent other folks do. I think the Halleys have been wonderful in taking care of the three little tots all this time - and of course in supporting the family all these years that Ed has been shunting back and forth from one school to the other without getting anything done. Mayan, the situation is really tough; but let's all pull together and see if we can get Sal back on her feet.

Ever your devoted

29 November [1959]

Dear Mom and Dad,

at this point we are wondering how things are going for you, and hope you are well and happy. We really miss hearing from you, and wish you weren't so far away so we could see you more often. It is hard to conceive what your days are like in Antigua - I have such a nostalgia for the old house there. If you ever can get up this way, we have plenty of room for you here and would love a visit from you!

For a while the news was that we were to be transferred to California in the immediate future. I have delayed writing hoping for some definite plan to convey to you. As usual ~~as~~ in this service life the only thing one can safely count on is that one can't count on anything, and it seems now that we will not be going. The first news came as such a shock that I ceased ~~on~~ all major reorganization projects in the house (re ~~the~~ arrival of new member in the family) and now am in a

2.

state of betwixt and between. At least it's always exciting not to know what changes the next day will bring! My only concern is having a major move just before or after delivery date. However, these things inevitably take care of themselves.

The doctor informs me the fetus has a fast heartbeat - I take this to indicate a female infant although he says there is nothing to it. I think it will be another girl - names preferred are Carolyn or Nancy; no decision on a boy's name yet and ~~problem~~ probably no need. I'm feeling quite well tho' am so fatigued most of the time. However, the cold winter air is such a comfort after the torrid summer. There seems to be so much to do in each day, and by the time the quiet interlude comes after dinner, I'm too tired for the extra things like writing letters. Dorothy takes no nap now and seems to require less sleep than I do - certainly no Popensol or Hughes genes there and rather hard for me to accept! All the books agree she is in the most difficult age - I hope it doesn't get worse! She still is a sweet child though and seems

to show intellectual<sup>3</sup> or artistic prowess,  
and average musical inclination. She has  
taught herself to draw "A", which I believe  
is quite surprising for age 2 1/2! She is  
shy but talkative at home, so much so that  
I am trying to encourage some appreciation  
of solitude and quiet thought.

Well, enough of this. Life goes on  
otherwise pretty much as usual. I finally  
got the chance to corner Gen. Hogaboom  
at a reception, find he is the younger  
brother of Henry Hogaboom. As you can  
see, he has done excellently in the USMC,  
Dick says he has gone about as high as  
one can go without being commandant.  
There is also some talk that his wife is  
an alcoholic - I do not know. It was  
his son Peter, a thin red-headed kid  
that stayed with the Hogabooms at Zambrano  
one summer. Gen. Hogaboom is much  
more intellectual than Henry H., in fact  
you would not know they are brothers.  
He was going down to Costa Rica to  
visit his sister Mrs. Block, upon his  
retirement in December.

Nancy says she read that Mr.  
T. G. Coolidge died of a heart attack

several months ago? Is this true? How  
sad, if so. Where is ~~Kitty~~ Sally now?

We are wondering if Sally is out  
of the clinic now. I do hope so very  
much. We've had no news of ~~her~~  
her except that she was to be released  
Nov. 19. Uncle Knowles is coming  
tomorrow for 3 days upon his return  
from Paris. He has not heard from Sel  
either. What are her plans - to stay  
with the Halleys until the house is  
finished? It is so hard to get a real  
picture of her state of affairs from  
this far away - letters are quite  
unsatisfactory over a long period of  
time. I was grateful to be able  
to visit with her so recently, but  
find I now have no clear picture  
as to how her attitudes have developed  
since then.

I appreciated your check more than  
I can say. It was so very generous of  
you to do that for me. It just amazes  
me how much it costs to travel here,  
even tho' you you watch every  
expense.

I hope you are not disappointed



in One William<sup>5</sup> St. During these months of the steel strike it has not done much, but now is beginning to climb again. Our investment advisor told us we are too small to invest in One Ulm, that is that we can only put in so little at a time (to us it seems big!) and he has interested us in Canadian International Growth. Says it is not subject to the ups and downs of U.S. economy and politics, and also, and more important, Canada and Africa (which is part of this stock) have a faster growing economy than the U.S. at present. So we are ~~too~~ investing in both now. He feels \$1.00 now in Canadian Internat'l Growth will be \$4.00 in 5 years. Dick also purchased more life insurance in view of approaching baby No. 2 and his age 30 at which rates jump frightfully. This will be our last purchase - I did not feel strongly in favor of it, and left it to him to decide. He's much

wiser in these <sup>6.</sup> matters than I.  
Dick invested \$1,000 for his parents  
in Canadian Internet Growth. It  
will be interesting to see what  
happens.

I had planned a family reunion  
yesterday for Thanksgiving, only to  
have Dick and Dorothy come down  
with colds at the last minute.

We had to call off the dinner for  
fear of contagion, and are faced  
now with 12 lbs of turkey and  
~~now~~ I am on a diet. This seems  
such a part of winter, tho' we've  
had very little sickness thus far.  
Nancy has had her hands full,  
when one gets a cold, the other  
four quickly follow. She has  
probably told you Kathy toes  
in and may have to wear casts.  
She's against it, and I hope  
she does not have to go through  
that agony. Isn't it strange  
how frequently that is cropping  
up in this generation.

7.

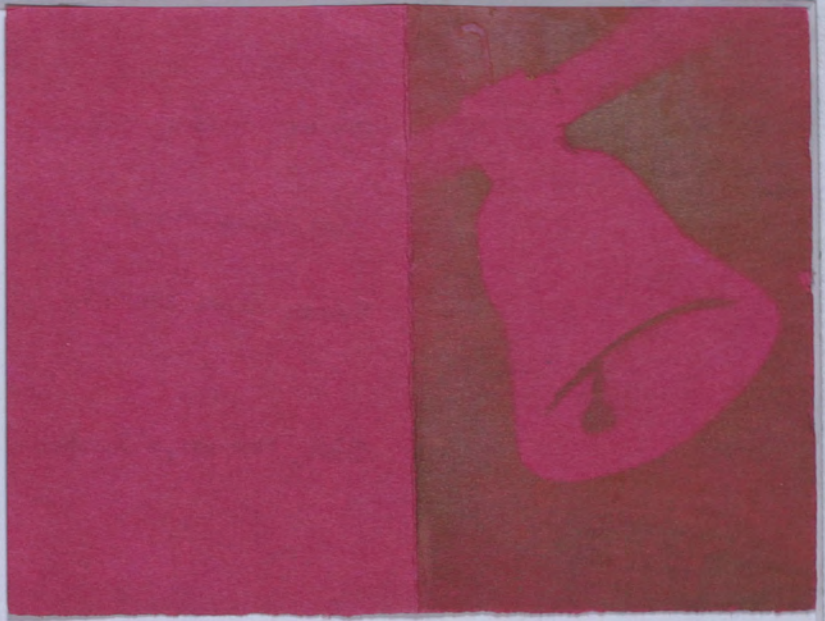
Gen. Binney has been transferred to ~~the~~ Marine Barracks to take charge of the Marine Air Wing. He will live at the Barracks. He's the one who was 'naval attaché' to Guatemala when I was in high school. His son Douglas married Peggy Simmons, and he is a regular Marine stationed at Annapolis where he is teaching Spanish (the last I heard).

That's about all the news for now. Dick is due home soon; he had a meeting tonight. Did I tell you he is taking economics at night school to work towards his degree. It is a concentrated course, will be over in the middle of January. He works so hard, doing some kind of paper work every night and most of the weekends. Yet he is never so irritable and always so thoughtful and full of gaiety when he is with us. I really couldn't get along without him.

in this pregnancy; although  
I suppose if I had to I could.

Christmas is in the air now -  
it's always one of the nicest times  
of the year. Dorothy is old enough  
now to be excited about Santa Claus  
and that makes it all such fun.  
I plan to have the family over for  
a Christmas celebration since we were  
unable to have it for Thanksgiving.

We look forward to your letters  
and think of you so much. I hope  
all is in good shape down there  
and that perhaps you'll consider  
coming this way soon. All here  
join in good wishes to you, and  
much, much love always,  
Marian



2-1-19

Ancient tolling bell...

Your song tonight

Echoes from eternity.

Dick, Marion, + Dorothy

S. F. Conway

[1965-1968]

Dear Mom and Dad

It has been some time since I've been trying to write, I hope I can finish this one without interruption. We enjoyed your card at Christmas, and hope you had a pleasant one, and are well and happy.

We had to prolong our stay in California since we ~~to~~ all succumbed to the flu and were too sick to return on the scheduled date. Thus we enjoyed a prolonged vacation but regretfully did very few of the things we had planned. We did have a fine visit however with Dick's family.

Did you get my card and the subscription to History Today? I ordered Dorothy a little children's magazine also put out by the British Publications which has never arrived but I see they

did accept my check. If you have not received it I will investigate the matter.

The most current question on my mind now is in regard to our making the trip to Guatemala during Dick's Mediterranean cruise. As I wrote in my note we are interested in coming, but I want to be sure as to how you feel about it. Dick and I had thoroughly evaluated the situation and decided the best thing for me to do would be to remain here except for a trip to Guatemala for a month or two in the summer (July). We feel we cannot afford to leave the house vacant for 6 months, also it is best to be near military medical <sup>shopping</sup> and facilities. This sounds fine to me except today I got 'a call that I may



be able to sublet our house  
to a Colonel and family from  
15 April until August. I will  
know whether I can sublet  
it or if she wants this house  
in two weeks. So I'm trying  
to rapidly decide what is  
best in my own mind. If I  
can sublet it, that would mean  
we would be considerably better  
off financially and could afford  
the stay in Guatemala for  
four months. Dick leaves

14 April, returns 1 October.  
I could return sometime in  
August with only about 6 weeks  
left ~~to be~~ until Dick's return.

Now I want to know how  
you really feel about it, will  
the guest house really be available  
for that length of time, what  
are your plans, etc. Richard  
Bowman wrote that he was  
planning to go to Antigua

on his sabbatical - has this  
materialized? How do you  
think the political situation  
will affect us. I've been told  
by several sources that we  
may be advised not to go.

I really don't want to cause  
any hardship or burden on you  
by such a lengthy stay, ~~and~~  
for with two little ones life is  
not always rosy. Carolyn had  
a terrible case of diarrhea  
in Calif. and I know this is  
a real possibility down there  
as well - it is ~~for~~ such a frightening  
thing with babies.

But all things considered, I'm  
really interested in making  
such a trip but do want to  
hear your opinions on what  
I have set forth. We could  
still come just for July-August  
as we had planned, would have  
to if we cannot sublet this  
house.

for other news, there isn't  
much. Dick has now been given  
a staff job as Operations Officer  
for the Battalion, no longer  
has his company. He is pleased  
with the new job, but says he  
has never been this busy  
mentally. He makes all the  
plans on the tactical level  
of the maneuvers of the Battalion,  
especially interesting now in  
preparation for the Mediterranean  
planning landings, mock battles, etc.  
They ought to see quite a few  
countries, mainly Italy, Turkey,  
Greece, some of the islands, of  
course all mainly from the  
W. coast line. The amount  
of liberty for has been reduced  
now on the cruises in view  
of the Trenchy situation in  
most of that area.

I've heard no word from  
Sal, but do hear occasionally

from Nancy, and am happy they are enjoying Sta Barbara so much.

1st Lt. Peter Hogaboom is in our Regiment here, different battalion that is Henry Hogaboom's nephew.

Corothy is sitting beside me coloring and talking to herself, while Carolyn is asleep. These days have been quite pleasant with all of us busy at our various tasks. Carolyn sleeps a great deal and spends the rest of the time exploring the house and investigating its contents.

I'll be looking forward to hearing from you, also hope you are in the best of health and spirits.

Much, much love,  
Nancy

Dick leaves on the cruise 14 April. Hugh writes he'll also be in Suite. at about that time.

3 January [1960]

Dearest Mom and Dad,

Happy anniversary! We will be thinking of you on the 10<sup>th</sup> and wishing we could give you a toast in person, with hopes that all good things continue to come to you.

We appreciated your check and Christmas greetings so very, very much. Thank you beyond words. We thought of you so much and wondered what you were doing in candle-lit, pine scented Antigua on Christmas Eve. I hope it was a pleasant one for you, as it was for us. We had Nancy and ~~our~~ family over the Sunday before for a celebration and had a fine time together. She hadn't been over since "before Kathy" and it was such a treat. We had a duck dinner and a nice chat. We are so many now when we get together - all children it seems and I feel quite firmly & entrenched in the role of young motherhood! Nancy is looking well and has no complaints, other than needing a larger house.

Dad, I really appreciated your long letter; they always have a great deal of meaning

for me and are always so full of worth  
while thoughts. I'm quite concerned about  
her, these severe ups and downs of hers,  
keep one constantly guessing, but Edith  
says it is very typical of victims of mental  
breakdown. I felt relieved to hear things  
did improve between her and Ed. I  
~~for~~ concluded when I was out there that  
she is never going to get completely well  
as long as Ed is in the picture, for  
he is her problem, but she is so  
determined to stay with him that I'm  
afraid only a second-rate compromise  
is going to be possible. I felt she is  
quite rational except in the area of  
her relation to him, and of course this  
may still be resolved, and could well be  
only the last step in her recuperation.  
Unless Ed changes radically I don't  
feel there is much future for them together.  
But all of this is conjecture, and becomes  
like all else - another opinion. I'm glad  
you're planning to go up. I think she  
definitely needs your support, although  
I feel alas in part that she is still looking  
for a solution that just isn't there,  
and also seems to have some sort of  
subconscious desire to prove that life

is against her. I do not feel her suicidal thoughts are to be taken lightly - ~~it is~~ they have been very much a part of her psychosis.

I'm deeply disappointed that we are not being transferred to Calif. It would have enabled me to do something concrete for Sal. We are definitely not going; the General's wife refused to go, so he was given another job in San Francisco which does not require a wife (for the social functions). We will probably be here at least another year at this job. Dick is signing up for 2 more night courses in February, finishing up his Economics course this month. I have nothing but admiration for his perseverance and drive.

I'm glad Hugh arrived for Christmas. It must be wonderful for him to get back and forth as much as he does. I wish we could see more of him.

Mom, Grandma sent the keipil from you, and in all truth I can say I'm thoroughly delighted with it. She sent us the one on the red background - handsome really. I have it on the dining room table where it also picks up the exact green of my decor. It is amazing how it blends in so perfectly and

adds a needed touch of brightness. It must have been providence that made you choose it, never having seen our home here! I have two Japanese lotus candles on it, which make an intriguing combination and most delightful to the eye.

Not much other news here. I'm getting clumsier and heavier about the middle (to put it mildly) and find the approaching date not far off now (27 Feb.). I'm feeling impatient now to get back to normal size and vigor. I've been painting the basement - a slow job now but worth the effort as the upkeep will be so much easier after No. 2 arrives. Dick tells me this is the limit of our family - 2 children - the planning is one thing, carrying it out successfully another. I'm so glad Dorothy is soon to have company ~~soon~~, the needless to say she probably won't appreciate it for a few years.

Stocks have really been climbing; so you've probably been following them. Dick has put aside our Christmas ~~of~~ check for you ~~to~~ to add to more savings to invest. Thank you so much again.

I'll be anxiously awaiting word of your plans to go up to California, and also



as to what news there is of Sally's progress  
Uncle Knowles thought he might make  
a trip to Wash. this month. Also Paul  
and Betty arrive the 10<sup>th</sup> returning  
from Europe. Laura has invited us  
over during their stay - I don't  
know yet ~~what~~ whether I can get  
over that night or not - I hope to.

Nancy wonders if you got her long  
letter around Thanksgiving?

Much love to both of you from  
all of us, and may 1960 bring you  
much happiness and fulfilled desires. -

Much love always,  
Maion

P.S. It is Gen. Binney's son that married  
Peggy Simmons. Mr Simmons worked with  
Dept. of Agriculture (I think) in State. When  
we were in high school, then ~~was~~ changed  
to work for some United Nations program in  
Colombia and is still there.

5030 LeVerett 5 February [1948]

Wash 21

Dear Mom and Dad,

Enclosed you'll find a very nice picture of Dick with 3 of the 4 platoons of his company and his color guard.

Well, we are thinking of you and hope you are very well and happy. Mom, may I wish you a very Happy Birthday; it's a bit early to extend greetings, but in my condition I thought I'd better go ahead and extend them early as at this point I'm not sure what the next few weeks will bring with the baby due any time. We will be thinking of you on your special day and wishing all the best to come to you, and that it will be an exceedingly happy year for you.

A couple of weeks ago my doctor told me he thinks there is an excellent chance of the baby arriving early because of its size and position, but that also it is impossible to

predict exactly when <sup>2.</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>these things will occur.</sup> ~~will come~~  
I had been having so much false  
labor, but not so much recently,  
so I feel I may go on this way  
quite a while yet. I am feeling  
fine, but find this shape most  
incompatible with efficiency and keeping  
up the daily routine!

Dick keeps up his busy pace. He  
got an A+ on his Economics <sup>midterm</sup> exam, took  
the final last week, and has thus  
finished the course. How he does it, I'll  
never know. He also took some  
college equivalency exams, and passed  
them (history and English), thereby  
acquiring a few more college credits  
for his record. He now has signed  
up for the second term in Economics  
and a course in Military History, and  
begins them next Monday. He will  
have classes on Monday, Tues., and  
Thurs. nights, will teach drill at  
Folcroft school ~~to~~ late on Wednesday,  
and then will have Friday evening  
parades ~~so~~ with the coming of spring,

so I haven't <sup>5.</sup> much hope of seeing  
very much of him in the next few  
months. But at least he's at home!  
All this and a new baby - wow! His  
mother has decided to come out  
and spend a few weeks with us and  
will arrive the 15<sup>th</sup> of Feb. It  
will be such fun to have her here.

Nancy and family are coming over  
this Sunday; we will have a birthday  
get together for Dorothy. We are not  
able to see much of one another  
these days but do manage to keep  
in touch by phone. Nancy seems  
well, but feels life is pretty  
 hectic keeping up with the 3  
children. Bob will go to Texas  
for a few days soon. Mimi is  
really loving school and seems to  
be a very apt pupil.

Dorothy is still such an easy  
child and sings all day long now -  
little ~~self composed~~ original compositions  
that have no beginning or end or  
much congruity; but throughout  
the day there is a constant little

high voice emanating from some<sup>4</sup>  
place in the house where she  
is busily occupied. She spends  
most of her time either drawing  
(chalk or crayon) or painting; and  
also doll play. She is learning  
her colors now, ~~can~~ counts to 10,  
is learning shapes and is finally  
mastering a "stick man" rather  
than just a face with arms and  
legs in her drawing. Now that  
she is 3 years old, I have delegated  
3 tasks to her - keeping her room  
neat, scrubbing the toilet, and  
doing the lunch dishes, all of  
which she takes very seriously  
and accomplishes quite satisfactorily.  
Dick takes her every Saturday  
to inspect the barracks. She sits  
at his desk while he inspects  
the building, and draws and  
writes until he gets back (about  
20 minutes). He took her up the  
Washington Monument the other

day and she said <sup>51</sup> it was just like going to California in the airplane.

~~the~~ I had a nice visit with Uncle Paul and Aunt Betty; they came out one morning and we had a brief visit here (or did I already write you this?)

They of course had had a wonderful European tour, and were looking well. They were going to see or call Sally in San Francisco, but we've had no word since they left which is 3 weeks ago now. We are wondering now just what is the news of Sally? We presume you decided not to go up, Dad. That must mean she is better. I do feel a visit with you would do her so much good, though I ~~am~~ know what it entails for you to make such a trip. Do let us know what if any developments have taken place and what we can do to help. She wrote Edith a letter after Christmas expressing enthusiasm about going up to Tahoe and the fine environment

the children will have. Has  
Ed a job now, since he lost the  
other one? She certainly has her high  
and low moods, which I understand  
is typical of her type of break down,  
but it also makes you wonder how  
permanent any feeling or point of view  
is that she states at a particular time.

It sounds like real progress is  
being made on the bathrooms in the  
house there, and the plans sound  
marvelous. I really wish I could  
see the transformation that has taken  
place there at the house; I know  
it must be exquisite in appearance  
and so much more comfortable for  
permanent living. I often ~~hear~~ hear  
the creaks rattling up the cobble-  
stone streets, or the little army  
band come blaring around the  
corner with all the little children  
in pursuit. And the great volcanoes  
fresh and clear in the early morning  
sun. Wonderful memories, those.

I think your <sup>n</sup> plans to go to  
Peru are most exciting. In fact  
I've been trying to conjure up  
a way that I might get to  
Macchu Picchu with you - my  
life's dream. Then I come to and  
realize I must be out of my  
head to be contemplating such  
dreams!

Well, life is certainly full of  
wondrous things - children being  
born and growing up, ancient  
empires, stock market fluctuations,  
books, and sometimes even the small  
miracles that take place in children's  
behavior everyday, and sunrise by  
morning and stardom by night - all  
this is ~~the~~ eternity.

Take care of yourselves and  
we will be thinking of you always  
and wishing we could be with you  
more. I will inform you when



the new arrival is accomplished.  
We will be looking forward to  
news from <sup>you</sup> as well.

Much love ever,  
Marion

THE AMERICAN

15¢ FEBRUARY 1960

# LEGION

MAGAZINE

SEE PAGE 9

**What We Learned in Korea**

SEE PAGE 14

**A Tale of Two Railroads**

15th ANNIVERSARY OF  
INVASION OF IWO JIMA  
FEBRUARY 19, 1945.



ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS  
CENTRO AMERICA

Antigua G, 11 February 1960

Dearest Mayan (with copies to Nancy and Hugh to save me work):

Your fine long letter of 5 Feb arrived yesterday afternoon while Helen and I were in the City seeing Sarita Montiel in "Carmen la de Ronda" (I only go to three kinds of movies, viz: Spanish films (those filmed in Spain which always make me cry), Cantinflas, and Charlie Chaplin, the latter becoming scarce though there are still a few of 1925 vintage moving around Latin America).

We were quite thrilled by the picture of Dick and his boys on dress parade. And very happy to hear that he got an A plus in Economics; dont think I ever heard of an A two pluses. All the college credits he can accumulate will stand him in good stead; think what they have finally done for Hugh! What tremendous satisfaction it gave me to sit on the platform at Gainesville 10 days ago and see those guys slap a doctoral hood over his head. And he sure earned it. I doubt that any other guy getting a doctorate that night (and there must have been about 20 of them) put one third as much time into accumulating material for his dissertation as Hugh did. You will want to see it some day; it is as thick as a family bible.

We are sitting on the edges of our respective chairs, awaiting news of the arrival of another grandchild. Do let us hear as promptly as possible. But dont forget that Sally was due to arrive on March 9 as a birthday present for me and was almost two weeks late. We are glad Mrs Hatch is coming East to be with you for a while after the baby arrives. That will help a lot.

You say that Dorothy is learning her colors now. Reminds me of the time I visited Silver Spring when you were learning yours, and I asked "What color is that" and you replied "Owange" and then "What is that and you replied "bown". It is hard for me to realize that little Dorothy is already three years old. I am glad you have put her to work already. Never too young to learn. If you were here in Guatemala we would buy her a mecapal and let her bring home firewood every day.

Paul and Betty had a good visit with Sally in San Francisco. As you say so truthfully, her points of view shift from day to day and I have learned not to count too much on any one of them. As far as I can gather, the most likely thing is that she will go up to ~~Stanley~~ Tahoe whenever she is free to leave Langley Porter (at last report she said they told her April) with the new baby, and rent a house until Ed finishes the one on which he is working. I do not feel too hopeful of a good future for Ed in Tahoe; seems to me the openings must be limited there. And several times Sal has said she was not too keen on going to Tahoe; at other times (as in her letter you mention) she is enthusiastic. If we could only get Ed to buckle down to work anywhere and hold the job! Sal writes that he got fired at the night club or whatever it was because he could not get along with the floorman (is that the guy we used to call, in my youth, the "bouncer"?)

On getting back from Florida - where Hugh and I took a wonderful trip through the subtropical hort region, and had a fine day with John and his nice little family - I find old Arturo plugging away on the bathroom which is to connect with our big bedroom - you know where

## ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS  
CENTRO AMERICA

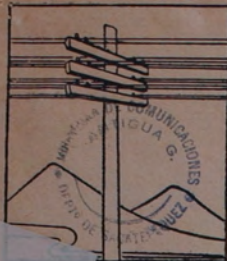
you slept with me the summer Mrs Kempton brought you kids down here, and you got scared one night and came out and said "Daddy, you better come to bed, you know you are going to have a hard day tomorrow". Helen had to stay here instead of going to Florida with me, because # questions up every hour; Arturo comes out and says the soquete doesnt fit the batiante and the contramarco is too wide, or Luis the carpenter says "No hay clavos" and you say, Why didnt you tell me yesterday when I was going to the City, and he answers "yesterday si habia clavos". But it is going to be a swell bathroom/ Yesterday we bought the fixtures in the City, except for the electric water heater which will probably be Westinghouse. . . . Some day you are going to Machu Picchu with us. Dont forget that. I Florida I tried to talk Hugh into going down there with us this coming summer, for a short trip. You know we have to do a little travelling, now and then, to keep us contented. Force of habit I guess. Machu Picchu will still be there 10 yrs from now, by which time you will be able to get away, and we will let Dick review the Peruvian army, in the Plaza Mayor of Lima. . .

Next month we are going to hop into the Volkswagen and roll over to Salvador, to see how things are going at the agricultural school, which is about 75% manned by Zamoranos; then we are going on to Honduras, where I preach the baccalaureate sermon on 19 March; and while over there (we have not been back to EAP in almost two and a half years) we will take a few days to visit old friends, in Tegucigalpa and Danli and San Antonio de Oriente and maybe even go out to Comayagua. We are commencing to accumulate shirts for Paco and Julio Gomez the carpenters and aprons for doña Ana of the laundry and several others; but I wont take another Waikiki shirt to Amado Pelen; the last time I did so, one I bought in California, he put it on and the boys whistled at him as he crossed the campus. Reminds me of the time I asked Hector Murga, just back from Florida with a jacket of which the body was of two colors and the sleeves of two more, and I asked him "Dont the tailors in Gainesville have enought cloth of one color to make you a jacket? He never shoed up again in that jacket. You cant kid Latins very much.

Well, we have to go down to the centro and get some cement for Arturo and see if we can find a Stillson wrench to replace the one we had which somebody swiped. So hasta luego, with much love to all of you in which Helen joins.

Ever yr devoted

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ESCUELA AGRICOLA PANAMERICANA

APARTADO 93

TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS  
CENTRO AMERICA

Antigua Guatemala, 5 March 1960

Dear Dick:

Mighty good of you to send us that radiogram, announcing the arrival of our ninth grandchild. Tell Mayan we are so happy to learn that she had no trouble; and the fact that your mother is with you at this time will be a great help.

We are leaving here next week to look over the work I started in Salvador and then go on to Honduras for about a fortnight. I have to make a talk at the Escuela Agricola Panamericana on 19 March, and while we are over there we want to take a look at the old stamping ground. I think we will get back here about 25 March. We are driving in the Volkswagen; lots of fun and very economical.

Helen joins in much, much love to all of you.

511 Jarman St  
Jacksonville, ~~Me.~~ Saturday

[Nov. 26, 1965]

Dear Mom and Dad,

It's been so long since I've written but I can't remember how much I've informed you of our situation here, anyway.

I've thought of you so much and wondered about you. We do so miss the ~~birds~~ contact with you and lack of communication recently. I'll try to do much better for my part from now on.

I understand from Edith that Hugh is with them this Thanksgiving. I know they'll have a fine get-together and am in hopes he might drop by here on his return - tho' I know it's <sup>the greatest</sup> improbable.

Well, we are loving our new home and circumstances here. I do like much about ~~part~~ this part of the country - more than I had expected. It has that feeling of remoteness, isolation, and wildness we so lacked in Washington - and

211 BATHMAN ST  
Tuckermansville, Wash  
I'm so relieved to be away  
from the hectic pace and  
pressed-in feeling of the  
Washington atmosphere. The  
charm here is our lovely little  
house, with a fireplace  
set against a wooded creek  
area from which emanates  
the song of birds and crickets  
all day long and the wind  
in the branches. The leaves have  
turned now, and the sight of  
the early morning sun breaking  
through the mists and the  
freshness of the woods - this  
every morning from my  
kitchen window is wondrous  
beyond words and fills me  
with the greatest happiness  
just to be a part of it.

Dorothy and Carolyn are  
fine, very easy children  
and Dorothy has really  
blossomed in this environment.  
I deplored her environment in  
Washington, but now every  
day we take long walks and



collect fossil shells along the road, berries, seeds, and flowers - rides and picnics in the woods add to the ocean - yes, we are so very happy here. We have a very large yard, and are on a quiet attractive street. North Carolina does have its charm - tobacco country here with some remnants of the backwardness of early days.

Dick is happy in his work. He is company commander of Headquarters + Service Co., 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion, 6<sup>th</sup> Marine Regiment. It is a large company composed of 240 men (including 27 officers) and 8 heavy weapons (108 m.m. guns, etc.) After the last inspection, his company has been designated to carry the colors (flag) for the whole Division.

Dick goes to the Mediterranean in March for 6 months. I still don't know what we'll do - have about decided that the most economical thing is to stay right here. There

will be a lot we can do to keep us busy, & have toyed with the idea of visiting you but there are many considerations - the main one being whether Carolyn can take it. Dorothy is old enough now that I think she'd get a great deal from such a trip. She certainly is interested in everything about her.

We are flying to California on December 16 to be with Dick's parents for Christmas. The trip is a Christmas gift from his sister. ~~but~~ We will return <sup>the</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> of December, it will be our first flight by jet. I hope we'll get to see Nancy & family - but having 10 days only there, we will not be getting around very much. She written hoping she can make a trip to Bakersfield but as yet have had no answer.

The situation in Cuba has been of great concern here, as it is from here that landing forces are sent. Dick's company has been on stand by twice, which means that if anything happens,

They are on their way in a matter of hours.

We wonder what your opinions or experiences are in regard to all the current unrest in Central America. Have you any plans for projects or travel during the next year?

My life is a busy one here but not unpleasantly so. I'm making investigations about an international wives group here - the Base here is very active as far as offering ~~classes~~ <sup>courses</sup> and in various fields and interest groups. There is also an art group and a French group study. There would be desirable activities during Dick's absence.

Dick is continuing his education by taking a Spanish course once a week at night, and a history course by correspondence. His Spanish course seems excellent to me, and he has maintained

on 99% average, standing top  
in his class. It is such a  
hard worker in whatever he  
does - even studies during  
meals and driving to work!

Well, there really doesn't  
seem to be much news. We  
live a rather remote life  
here - doing things that are  
not of much interest or importance  
to anybody else, but we're so  
happy. It is so quiet and  
relaxed here, not ~~at~~ the job,  
but our life has a serenity  
that Dick's job never allowed  
us in Washington. We took (today)  
the children for a picnic and  
"nature study" in the pine  
forest here (Dick's training  
area) and I was aware again  
at how rarely we experience  
the absolute quiet of the pure  
natural environment in this  
day and age. And here there are  
miles and miles of just  
that. I'll be writing again soon, and am  
so anxious to know how you are.  
All our love, Marion

Antigua, 3 Decbr 1960

Dearest Mayan:

Such a nice letter from you - that postmarked 27 Novbr! And we are so happy that you and Dick are finding your new environment so pleasant. I had thought perhaps the opposite might be the case; after all, you had Nancy and family in Washington (or did they move to Sta Barbara before you and Dick moved to Jacksonville?). I am terribly pleased that Nancy and Bob are in Sta Barbara. I hope they can stay in that lovely region many years. I think I may have told you that I would like to have the following: This old house in Antigua as home, a little house in Georgetown for a couple of months a year, not more, so I could attend lectures at the Cosmos Club and so on; a little house on the hill behind Santa Barbara where I could grow tropical plants, and leave a gardener there who would only get about \$12 a day. Pretty nice program, and of course I would add a small apartment in San Francisco where we could spend a couple of weeks a year. All so simple, but all so very very expensive, verdad?

But the plato del dia is what you are going to do when Dick goes off to the Mediterranean in March for six months. We cannot see why you should not fly down here on Aviateca, only 5 hrs from Miami, and take the little house - the house you begged me not to sell, some years ago. We now have a bathroom in it with hot and cold running water, but you will have to remember that those coaches who put in the plumbing said that C stands for Caliente and H for Helada. But the house is comfortable; and it has a fireplace and we always have a stock of dry oak firewood. I dont know why you are afraid to bring Carolina down here; werent you born here and ain't you still alive? Doctor Ainslie still lives here and the American hospital is good. Think it over carefully. You could have the little house with its hot water and an electric hot plate (we now have lights in the house) and you could take your principal meals up here in the old kitchen which you know so well. I dont know how you stand regarding your house there in Jacksonville. If you could sub-let it, or if the govt keeps on paying rent; but the point is, you and the kids could live here pretty darn cheaply and you know this place and like it and I really cant see why the little tots would not be allright here.

Tell Dick I am glad he is taking a Spanish course. And tell him I like the idea of your going in for a French group. I am still sore that H did not make all my kids learn French and German as well as Spanish. Not necessary, but languages are so much fun.

As for the situation, here in tropical America, I guess the less said the better. Mister Castro, is sure raising Hell but I dont think he would raise so much Hell if Che Guevara wasnt behind him and Mister Kruschey behing them both. I doubt that things are going to get better in what you folks like to call the foreseeable future. Of course I was delighted to read that the US Navy has a few ships standing off the Central American coast - some folks say they are obsolete, worn out destroyers, leaking at all the seams. Nonsense. We dont have that kind of ships in the US Navy, and if we did the Marines would not go to sea in them. Verdad, Dick?

Ever your devoted



Dear Mom & Dad, [Dec. 1960]  
Merry Christmas! I know it  
will be a beautiful one there in  
Antigua. We fly this Friday for  
California to stay until the 29<sup>th</sup>. Hope  
to at least speak by phone to the  
members of the family.

I'm so excited by your most recent  
letter, Dad. How I would love to  
spend some time in Antigua with

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Dick Fund, 1942

511 German St  
Jacksonville NC

the children. I would only be  
afraid of being so under your  
foot with these small youngsters,  
but having the latter chance  
to be out of your way sounds  
perfect. I can hardly think of  
anything else these days! My feeling  
about Carolyn is not so much  
health as trouble because they  
are such a one at this age.  
The idea of just being able  
to spend time there to enjoy the  
country, and being able to live  
economically does appeal. We can't  
sublet this - at least I'm afraid  
to tackle it, but I am going to  
make inquiries into the big cost  
etc. as soon as I can. Then I'll  
write again ~~very~~ soon.  
Let our love and good wishes  
go to you, Marion & Dick