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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.

Tela, Honduras  
August 31, 1963

Dear Bob:

Your good letter was waiting us here on our return day before yesterday from nearly a month in the United States, where time was divided between Chicago and New Orleans for medical attention.

We live very pleasantly, if quietly here, in a big, rambling frame house, which is right on the beach, with coconut palms and surf almost in our front yard. I supervise Lancetilla, in a general way, but actually spend most of my time working on our immense collection of wild and cultivated bananas. We now have about 800 accessions, which makes it by far the largest assemblage of such material ever accumulated in one place. I have most of the wild things, and some 400 cultivars at Lancetilla and keep ~~it~~ plugging along trying to get the lot recorded and photographed, and the duplications worked out. It is a surprisingly interesting project, and I am enjoying every minute of it, rather to my surprise. It certainly has opened my eyes as to the morphological diversity of the genus *Musa*, both in the wild and cultivated types.

While I normally would have 13 years to go to reach retirement age with the Company, I could elect, for reasons of ill health, to take a reduced annuity in about three years, but have no inclination to do so, since our interests are so largely here. I have been saving projects like my trees of Salvador and orchids of Central America, with hundreds and hundreds of photographic enlargements completed and in the files these many years, as a sort of guarantee against boredom, but have really felt that the main push should be the completion of my projected accounting for the wild and cultivated bananas of S.E. Asia, since that would presumably be of use to the greatest number of people. I have a file of thousands of common names, about 80% accounted for, most of which are not in the literature and based on personal notes taken on our trip. Even the United Fruit Company has need for this sort of information, since they have in the past spent thousands of dollars retesting well known varieties that came to them from widely separated sources, and under hitherto unknown names.

Dottie continues reasonably well, with generally less trouble with her hypertension, thanks to some of the new drugs, but with a continuing partial loss of her sense of balance, following massive treatment with antibiotics during her nearly fatal bout with a mysterious, and as yet undiagnosed lung infection last fall. This unsteadiness varies in degree from day to day, and doesn't actually bother her too much when we are here at home, but makes her too wiggly for safety when on the street in the United States, in crowds and traffic.

I am still active, within reason, for an old codger of 52, and have only moderate discomfort from my internal problems most of the time. I have absolutely NO faith in medicos, and feel it a matter of luck as to how long I will be able to continue as I am. The tumors are of a rare, very "solid" type that develop slowly, but presumably cannot be removed surgically, for reasons that have never been adequately explained to me. My guess, from some things said by the surgeon, that it was just too much trouble. "You can't expect me to nit-pick through your entire insides." Nothing vital seems to be involved thus far, and until it is, I remain cautiously optimistic.

As to your retirement problem, I would venture to recommend a project

once very dear to my heart, in the times a hundred years or so ago, when we were all young and full of beans, and the world less complicated than it is now. I refer, Sir, should you not have guessed, to the FLORA OF PANAMA. What better way to spend your reclining years and to earn the respect, yes, even AFFECTION of your many friends and colleagues than to push for the completion of this worthy opus. A small amount of thought should enable you to relate this to moon exploration in a manner no more tenuous than most such now generously supported by our Government, and assure the publication on vellum, in letters of gold.

You see, I really haven't changed much. How about coming down to see us? We can't promise any Chawlid Sodies but we can guarantee a warm welcome and a wonderful beach. Dottie joins me in all the best.

As ever,

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
ST. LOUIS 30, MISSOURI

THE HENRY SHAW SCHOOL  
OF BOTANY

August 6, 1963

Dear Paul and Dot:

It has been over a year now (I think- but time is becoming so 2-dimensional for me) since Paul was here. And it's been, I don't know how long, since I saw Dot. I have been thinking about you particularly of recent weeks, and how sorry I am that I don't hear from you except for Christmas cards, and never see either of you unless Paul happens to blow in with the tag-end of some unpredictable typhoon. Life is so much the same for me, year in and year out, that I am under the illusion that time has stopped in its tracks, until something reminds me to the contrary - like suddenly becoming aware that there are only 6 more years until my "retirement".

What the heck does a fellow like me do when he retires? Maybe I had better join the Peace Corps. That is more the kind of thing that I have done - the teaching of illiterate local ignoramuses - all this time at old Wash You. Maybe I had better pay no attention to it and it may "go away."

I have been doing very little with the Flora of Panama except more or less supervising the work of others. A fascicle containing the Magnoliaceae and Annonaceae and their relatives was published about a month ago, and I shall send you a copy. By this time it is apparent that the whole thing probably will never be completed in my lifetime. (The libraries are full of uncompleted Floras, so I am in lots of company.) I have been spending most of my time with my Butterflyweeds, as I probably told Paul when he was here last. That project strikes me of more immediate importance, and more likely to be completed in some adequate form. I have been spending my summers, for the past ten years or so, collecting the data during long auto trips with a bunch of college students to help me spot the plants along the roadsides. But this summer it finally dawned on me that I had gone about as far as I logically needed to go, and that there would likely be no more trips. It was a bit of a relief - and yet rather saddening, because I had had such good times.

The next to be published in the Flora of Panama, later this year, will probably be either the remainder of the Leguminosae (two fascicles of it) or the Malvales. I have beautiful pictures for the latter.

I have not heard from Adrien Bouché since last Christmas, either. He was not happy in Virginia and was debating whether to return to Panama. I also had not heard from Julia Monniche and was starting to worry about her. But last week I got a card from her from Sweden. She had gone to Europe with a friend. That cheered me up a bit.

As you know, there has been a lot of army-or-whatever Survival Activity in Panama the last couple of years - particularly in Darien. One of our younger zoologists here, Owen Sexton, is an ecologist and has been sucked into this Survival Game. Yesterday he told me in a rather off-hand way, that he had heard in Panama when he was there earlier this summer, that the "banana man" who had talked to us at the University about a year ago - he had forgotten the name - was very ill. I put 2 + 2 together very quickly and called up Mrs. Osdieck in Kirkwood for verification. She told me how Paul had been flicking back and forth between Tela and New Orleans.

We have been drifting farther apart the past ten years or so. But ten years is only a small part of thirty years. You are just as much a part of the happiest period of my life. Those reunions on the dock (or warf, as the proper terminology may be) at Cristóbal. Those junkets to Chiriquí in the pick-up truck. Those choglid sodies at the Clubhouse. I would rather anything else happen to me than to forget them. Please don't forget your fond Uncle Bob, either.

As ever,

Bob

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How could anyone have known, that hot summer thirty years ago, that the young man hoeing so determinedly in the iris garden would become one of our most respected authorities on tropical vegetation, and one of my best friends?

Tela, Honduras  
August 14, 1959

Dear Bob:

Somewhat to our own surprise, we find ourselves back in Honduras, after a varied and stimulating year with the Salvadorean Ministry of Agriculture. This, as you may know, was my second contract with them, the first having been for a survey of the economic possibilities of Simarouba glauca. Our most recent tour was for the purpose of setting up a herbarium, and for the preparation of a catalog of the timber resources of the country. Results have been quite gratifying, since we were able to expand the known total of arboresecent species from about 480 (Standley & Calderon) to approximately 900, which was rather better than I had considered possible, in view of the relatively limited tracts of undisturbed forest still in existence.

Salvador is tiny, as compared to the other countries that we have known, and with an excellent road system, so that most parts of the Republic are fairly easy of access. I would certainly say that I have seen more of El Salvador than of any other country in which we have lived or travelled.

On the termination of our contract, we were faced with a choice between several possibilities, which would have been to return to Zamorano, accept a teaching post at the University of El Salvador, Point Four, or the Research Department of the United Fruit Company. After what now seems like a rather stupid amount of hesitation, I decided on the last, and we find ourselves installed in a vast, Allmayer's-Folly style residence within 30 yards of the surf, on the Tela beach.

This structure, which obviously dates back to the hang-the-expense, good-old-days has three bedrooms, two baths, three living rooms, a dining room, servants quarters, a kitchen the size of Soldiers Field, an office etc. etc., fully equipped with a buzzer system and radar, so that the two of us can keep in touch.

My duties include the general supervision of Lancetilla, which now covers about 1000 acres of miscellaneous plantings and technical assistance to the Research Department in La Lima. I am very fortunate in having a very able assistant who lives at Lancetilla proper, in the person of a young Guatemalan graduate of the School at Zamorano, who is now in his third year there as resident manager.

Another, quite unforeseen development has been my assignment to one of the districts involved in their new exploration program, intended to solve, if such is possible, the problem of Panama disease through the introduction of resistant strains. My territory, for the moment, covers the Philippines, British North Borneo, Brunei and Sarawak, and possibly Thailand.

CC

Departure on the initial phase of the operation is scheduled for early October, and I expect to go up to Washington and Boston on Wednesday of next week for several days of briefing by U.S.D.A. personnel in Beltsville, who have agreed to see our material through quarantine.

My traveling companion, and field assistant will be a very pleasant young Persian named Vakili, who has recently gotten his PHD from Purdue, and who has been with the Research Department in Honduras for about one year. His training has been largely in genetics, in which I am more than weak, so that I feel very fortunate in having him along.

Dottie will probably return to the U.S. during this preliminary junket, but will fly out and meet me if it looks like I am to be there for a long time. I have tentatively agreed to set up field headquarters for a period of two or three years, if necessary, at some central point such as possibly Manila, or Kuala Lumpur, and stay on until the job is done.

We do expect to return to Tela eventually, and it may be possible that I will merely commute between here and the far east, but it is too soon to know what will develop. When and if we are sure of a reasonably extended stay we hope that you will feel tempted to come down and renew your acquaintance with a fine tropical rain forest area. The present season is a good one, if you like mangosteens, or would like to try such oddities as the durian, or pulassan or rambutan, but that would probably have to be postponed until next year.

I will probably be in St. Louis again sometime this fall, but it is a bit difficult now to predict when. I am naturally interested in the progress of the Flora, and hope that you will favor me with copies of the various fascicles as they appear. It is my faint recollection that you once wrote that the Melastomaceae were done, and that you were sending me a copy, but this has not been received to date, possibly because of our two changes of address within a year. If another copy is available, it would be greatly appreciated. Dottie joins me in warmest regards,

As ever,

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

"SHAW'S GARDEN"

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE  
ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

August 7, 1959

Mr. Paul H. Allen  
Botanist-In-Charge, Lancetilla  
Experiment Station - Research Dept.  
United Fruit Company  
Tela, Honduras

Dear Paul and Dot:

Imagine my surprise and delight, if you can, when I discovered an envelope addressed in your familiar typewriter-type yesterday! I had feared that you had not only forgotten me, but didn't care, so I am at least partly wrong (but not even a note on your Christmas card!).

Anyway, this sounds like a very definite change of address for the better - well-deserved and much appreciated by all of your other friends, too, I am sure.

What have you all been doing? I have been spending most of my time the past year in trying to learn something about the Moraceae for the Flora of Panama. I really learned quite a lot and it has been most interesting. You owe me two letters now and I really think that it is about time for payment.

As ever,

Bob

Robert E. Woodson, Jr.  
Curator of the Herbarium

rew:bm



July 20, 1958

Dear Bob:

We note with alarm in your recent letter, and I quote: "...I am always so thirsty all of the time. But I am always ready to go back for more. I don't know whether I could stand it all the time." Old tropic hands whom we've known try switching from soda to plain water, but the stuff always gets them in the end. Better look for soberer companions (though not necessarily in the orbit column) but take the pledge NOW. AA has helped thousands; they can help YOU.

Have received Passifloraceae to Cactaceae and Thymelaeaceae to Myrtaceae, though not Thymelaeaceae. Both very handsome and scholarly. Keep up the good work. Remember, we're part of your great & growing public.

Which brings me to the nub of my present epistle, which is to say that Dottie isn't mad, only busy ( and is at this writing camped some 90 degrees to starboard, trying frantically to finish up some drawings for a horticultural tract, to be published in Rome by the Naciones Unidas). We leave for El Salvador on the 28th, and can be reached there c/o the Centro Nacional de Agronomia, in Santa Tecla. We hope that you will come and see us there, but in the interval Dottie joins me in warmest regards & stuff. As ever,

## WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY



SAINT LOUIS 5, MISSOURI

THE HENRY SHAW SCHOOL  
OF BOTANY

July 14, 1958

Dear Paul and Dot:

I am so glad that I had already sent you a copy of the Flora of Panama before you were up here, because if I had given you one when you were here I probably (I fear) would not have had that short letter from Paul which arrived this morning. Even though the letter was not very informative, on accounts moving, as Paul pointed out, I was glad to have some kind of word anyway. Fact is, since you were here, I got a postcard from Spain, signed only "Paul" in which the guy said he had a job with the Health Dept. and liked Spain well enough to stay a few years. My first thought of course was that the Paul was PHA. Then I noticed slight tell-tale signs, as for instance a couple of ski sticks in the foreground. It was another Paul. Anyway, another fascicle of the Flora is out by this time (No, I guess you have the latest--unless you do not have your own copy of the Thymel-Myrt. one--anyway, if you want one, write me).

I was more than sorry that I didn't get to see more of you while you were here. I didn't get to see Dot at all, and don't think that she likes me anymore. This makes two times that she came and didn't say BOO. I'm particularly sorry that I didn't know about her Father. That sort of thing has happened more than once in recent years, and I'm afraid that I've reached the age when I must start reading the obits everynight. Not a very cheery prospect.

I have just returned home from a rather extended and exhausting trip to New Mexico and Colorado for butterflyweeds. It is beautiful country in a dreadful sort of way and I am always so thirsty all the time. But I am always ready to go back for more. I don't know whether I could stand it all the time.

One things that I regretted about Paul's visit was that at the time I couldn't tell him that the MBG has a new director as of September 1: Frits Went. By this time both of you probably have seen news articles in the St. Louis papers. But if there are details that you don't have and that I can furnish, just speak up. I hope this will be the turning point for a newer and brighter day for the old Garden. I was itching to tell Paul because the appointment was in the works when he was here, but I had sworn a bloody oath to tell NO ONE. Even Andy and Hugh knew nothing at the time that Went announced that he was interested in looking the place over. But maybe you know more about it than I do. . . .

Guess I have sweated enough for one day. When you start to get things under control in Salvador, write and tell me all.

As ever,

Bob

## WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY



SAINT LOUIS 5, MISSOURI

THE HENRY SHAW SCHOOL  
OF BOTANY

November 12, 1957

Dear Paul and Dot:

What has happened to our correspondence since last spring? Don't I love you any more? SURE! Don't you love me any more? ? ? ? ?

Anyhow, we all have been busy, haven't we? I had a breathless summer. I bought a new Ford (not paid for yet) about the time you were here. I now have almost 13,000 miles on it. I drove out to Arizona and back, and then up to northern Michigan and back. Then I flew east to visit the various herbaria for the Flora of Panama, and when I got to Boston I picked up Kobuski and we flew out to Stanford California for the AIBS convention. Both Arizona and California in a single summer, and I had never been farther west than Colorado. You probably have been to both Arizona and California (only the San Francisco for me) long before this. But it really was an eye-opener to me. Frankly, I liked it.

Speaking of the Flora of Panama, we are all set to start a new volume as of Jan. 1. It is to start with Passifloraceae (which I had to do because of Killip's troubles) and finish up the Polypets. What about Moraceae? Did I or did I not send our Moraceae down to you at TGU? Also, what is this I hear about possibly you going up to Turrialba? The other day Cutler's secretary asked me for your address? I asked her why, and she said Cutler was writing a letter of recommendation for you. I persisted, and she said that the recommendation was for Turrialba. Does he know you well enough to write a good and proper letter of recommendation? I hope so, because I would rather live there than at Zamorano. Tell me of recent developments, please?

A couple of months ago I received a postal card from Roanoke Va. The message bore the address of the John Alden Hotel or some similar name, and was typewritten, with the general import that "they" both were well after their trip, but unsigned and without any name-calling. It really puzzled me. After about an hour of deep concentration, I went home and called up the John Alden Hotel at Roanoke, and asked to speak to Mrs. Monniche. Sure enough, it was she! They have sold Lérida and come to this country. After about a month in Virginia they went to Austin Tex. where they have taken an apartment for the winter. Mrs. M. has relatives there. Their address is Apartment 3, 1203 Elm Street, Austin 3, Tex. Gosh, Panama must be empty with no Don Tollef and Dona Julia. They said that Lérida was purchased by old friends of theirs, the Collinses, and they felt good about that fact. The thing that put me on the right track about the post-card was the fact that it was typewritten, a strange sight on postcards. But Julia always used to typewrite her letters.

Now, do write me a nice letter and tell me all the recent developments!

As ever,

Bob

October 10, 1956

Dear Bob:

Many thanks for the kind reception given our opus, in spite of its many shortcomings. It was, as you know, mostly composed in the field, and undoubtedly shows it, but maybe it will be of some use to the field workers for whom it was primarily intended.

You will find enclosed negatives of most of the illustrations listed, together with additional pertinent material wherever available. I do not understand your reference to Pl. 22 - 2 figs. of *Cedrela*, however. *Cedrela* (1) is on Pl. 21, while two other things (*Bravaisia* and *Dracaena*) appear on 22. Which do you want?

I suppose you can have transparencies made from these in the States, though I have never tried. I would like to have them back when you are done with them, since they form part of my permanent file and can't any longer be duplicated very easily.

Congratulations on the grant, which should at least render you independent of Garden support until the job is finished. I don't think you will find the *Moraceae* so bad when you get at it, although some reductions may be in order in *Brosimum* and *Cecropia*. Just now I am pattering away at a semi-popular opus, which serves as an excuse for more heresy of the by now familiar type. Have just finished the chore of typing, mimeographing, giving, grading and recording mid-term exam, so feel like a pardoned jailbird. Dottie joins me in all the best,  
as ever.

October 10, 1956

Negatives on loan to Bob Woodson

- Brosimum utile* - General view in forest  
*Brosimum utile* - showing tapping and foliage  
*Brosimum utile* - leaves and fruits  
*Ceiba pentandra* - tree  
*Ceiba pentandra* - leaves and flower buds  
*Ficus lapathifolia* - showing buttressed trunk  
*Huberodendron Allenii* - Buttressed trunk  
*Huberodendron Allenii* - foliage and fruits  
*Ocotea Williamsii* - leafy branches and fruits  
*Pachira aquatica* - Flowers  
*Pachira aquatica* - Fruit  
*Pelligiera rhizophorae* - buttressed trunks  
*Pelliciera rhizophorae* - foliage & fruits  
*Persea americana* - wild form from Esquinas  
*Persea americana* - West Indian race  
*Persea americana* - Nabal - Guatemalan highland race  
*Rhizophora mangle*  
*Xylopia sericophylla*

July 29, 1956

Dear Bob:

Glad to hear that Lou decided to send you the specimens, and that Rauwolfia Woodsoniana has survived the operation. Having just had a session here with our local Lueheas (candida & speciosa), which are similar enough in flower to be mistaken at five paces for one species, but which are extremely distinctive in fruit, I can sympathize with your feelings on the Rauwolfia-Tonduzia muddle. In fact, I have just this minute returned from my seventh futile junket up & down the road trying to get decent material of our Lueheas to photograph, and have found, as usual, that the bugs get up earlier in the morning than I do. We have buds of both in a deep sitz bath on the front porch, together with a plant of Sobralia macrantha which we're nursing along for similar purposes, but I'm not very optimistic about any of them.

Had a note yesterday from Charles Schweinfurth that he plans to brave the wilds of Yucatan & Guatemala for three weeks or so next month, together with his usual traveling companion Harry Dunbar. Why don't you follow his example, but include Zamorano as well?

Not much real news, excepting that the first air mail copy of our Costa Rican opus finally reached us a few days ago, creating a mild flurry in the Allen household. I haven't cared show it to Louis or don Pablo yet, since I expect all professional taxonomists to blow a fuse over some of the unorthodox procedures.

I hardly know what to say about the Moraceae for the Fl. Pan., excepting that a logical preliminary phase would involve borrowing material from New York, Chicago, Washington & probably the Gray. Why don't you ask to have these sent to St. Louis, since you know the boys better than I do, and we'll see how bad it looks when I'm again in St. Louis. After twenty years of experience I know that postage is about the maximum in expenses that can be expected for such a project, and I'm not sufficiently emotionally involved, at least at this stage, to finance it myself, as has been customary on similar things in the past.

This afternoon we are going out to show Dr. Popenoe's daughter Sally & husband a beautiful deep canyon near Tegucigalpa, full at this season of plants in ~~the~~ fine flower of Lucaste aromatica & Epidendrum ciliare. There must be several thousand plants in bloom at this season, making about as fine a show as I remember having seen. Dottie has just finished a drawing of the Lucaste and Oncidium brachyantrum, both very pretty, or so I think. Wish you were to be one of the party.

As ever.

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY  
SAINT LOUIS

THE HENRY SHAW SCHOOL  
OF BOTANY

July 20, 1956

Dear Paul:

Thanks a lot for jogging Lou's memory and/or conscience about the Rauwolfia loan. Within a week after you wrote, he wrote too, and the specimens followed shortly. One of the sheets is a Rauwolfia, and the others are Tonduzia. But the leaves of the two are so similar that they had me badly mistaken when I saw them at Zamorano. Viva Rauwolfia woodsoniana! Viva Don Pablito Standley!

How is everything getting along with you, particularly Dot? I am doing tol'ably well, but just don't have any get-up-and-go. I am supposed to be chairman of the department at the university when Andrews is away, so I spend quite a bit of time here to sign things and answer questions. Business is not brisk. I am also trying to write a sensible account of Nyctaginaceae of Panama. It is a mess, particularly Neea, and so unattractive.

I am feeling particularly lackadaisical today. We have been having lots of rain, which is bad because of our drainage problems at home. So yesterday I took all day off to try corrective measures of a sort, mixing a couple hundred pounds of concrete (dry weight) and laying drainage tile. We had another gully-washer last night, and I am proud to say that the dikes held; no mud in the driveway this morning!

Have you done any more thinking about the Moraceae of Panama? Something may have to be done about them sometime!

Give my best to Dot, and Don Pablito, if you think he will appreciate it. I still think he is a wonderful guy.

As ever,

Bob

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

June 22, 1956

Dear Paul:

You and Dot must be back in Honduras by this time, safe and sound I hope. School is over here at last, and so I am beginning to catch up on things. Also I am feeling better than I did at the time you were here, in spite of the hot weather which finally has caught up with us.

You will remember, Paul, that when you were here I told you that I had written Louis asking him to lend us the several sheets that the Zamorano herbarium has of *Rauwolfia woodsonianum* (which, at the time I was in Zamorano I decided must be a *Tonduzia*; *T. longifolia*, but concerning which I am having my doubts at the present time). I still haven't heard from Louis nor received the specimens. So, pretty please, will you see what you can do about it? If you find the stuff and may do so, would you (pretty) please lend me the sheets, sending it by air express collect? Of course if Louis has returned to Zamorano meanwhile and simply has gotten my habit of putting things off, jog his memory a bit for me.

Nothing of consequence has happened here recently, except that Andy has sold all our fungi at last: reputedly the third or fourth largest collection in this country, at the ridiculous price of \$5,000. So we are possibly the only public herbarium, large or small, without any representation of fungi. Quite a noble distinction.

I got a letter from Julia Monniche since you were here. She and Tollef had been down to Gorgas to have Tollef examined, and he apparently was getting along better, and the MDs found nothing to cut out this time. I surely wish that I could visit them this summer (with a stop-off at Zamorano), but I guess that is out.

I'm afraid I will never see them again.

This time of year one of my trials and tribulations is the eternal question of my non-botanical friends, "Now that school is out, what are you going to do with yourself?" Just now I am trying to catch up on a pile of specimens sent me for naming during the past year, a pile almost as tall as I am. I have just about finished a batch of Dick Schultes' things from the Vaupes plants amongst which, alas, are several n. spp. The visit from Buddie Killip never materialized, thank goodness. He wrote me that he was still hanging on the ropes from a big celebration in New Orleans and had to rush on direct to the next one at Chicago (I had written him that I was not in the proper state to celebrate).

as ever,

Bob



December 30, 1955

Dear Bob:

We much appreciated receiving your attractive card, but "deny the allegation and defy the alligator" as Herberg Evans used to say, in regard to speaking the wheels, or throwing sand in the gear box of our vehicles of communication. I rest, Sir, on the evidence of my files, as do all ex and incumbent government employees, and submit that I wrote you last on August 31, at some length, particularly as to the possibility of copy-righting your immortal phrase, "Don't be a twerp, slurp Siliserp", and enclosing a copy of the Santa Barbara cliff hanger which appeared in Ceiba as evidence of my personal need for your product.

Since then we have heard nothing from YOU regarding your Cuban adventures, recent developments, herbarium or otherwise at the Old Plantation, or the triumphant and/or relentless progress of the Snakeroot confraternity toward a calmer, if not necessarily saner world.

Things rock along very pleasantly, if somewhat uneventfully here, and we have decided that most of what circulates to the School's and the Popenoes discredit is 90% groundless, idle gossip, and the result, on the part of some, of having too little to do in a small and isolated place. Mitu and Palmar were the same, and for the same reasons. The Colombians used to have a phrase for it, "Pueblo pequeño, infierno grande". I was on the receiving end there, and I have a great deal of sympathy for anyone unfortunate enough to be in the drivers seat.

During our stay the Popenoes have gone out of their way to be kind and cooperative, and I can say without any reservations that he is by far the fairest person I have ever worked for. Hev is, unfortunately getting near to retirement, but we will stay as long as he is here in active charge.

Our graduation is scheduled for March 3, which will be here before we know it, and States leave will come sometime thereafter, probably during April and May, since those are hot, dusty months here. If, in the interval, your duties as grand panjandrum of feral Rauwolfias should bring you our way, we would be delighted to meet your plane and have the chance to grow nostalgic about old times. Dottie is doing reasonably well, all things considered, and joins me in best wishes for 1956.

As ever,

Rauh

August 31, 1955

Dear Bob:

Your good letter has been on my urgent pile of unanswered correspondence for weeks, not because I love you less, but simply due to the endless round of keeping my boys entertained, and I hope instructed, plus a bad bout with my erratic tummy. This last has today reached the point where something, anything must be done, and I'm gonna go in to the village tomorrow & try to round up some quack for X-Rays.

If you have any reason to believe that your newly irradiated, homogenized and Vitamine A enriched Siliserp is good for dyspepsia as well as its other manifold uses please radio collect.

We wonder if your Cuban junket materialized, and if you located the priceless ingredient for your new product. We even have a plug worked out for use on television. "Don't be a twerp, slurp Siliserp". Consider well before you make me an offer. **BIG INTERESTS** are bidding against you, including Adrien M.

Not much other news excepting that Rauwolfia plus Ansolysen plus Dramamine plus Benedril seem to be doing the trick, so that though Dottie's pressure isn't exactly normal, it's the best in years. We've found that the Rauwolfia - Ansolysen combination works much better than either taken separately. Anyway it does what we want it to, for which we're properly grateful.

Lately we've had a number of Honduran orchids in flower, and we're kinda getting the bug again, adding to our nearly twenty year accumulation of photos, drawings and notes. I dunno what we'll ever do with all this stuff, but it's kinda fun. Just now Dottie is finishing up Catasetum Russellianum, which is near me as I write, and has a powerful and distinctly pleasant fragrance.

Enclosed is our latest cliff hanger, extracted from the last Ceiba. Let's see if you can match this on some of those Cuban mogotes.

As ever,

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

July 21, 1955

Dear Paul and Dot:

You tell Missus Allen, when she looks over your shoulder while you're writing a letter, not to try to cramp your style by trying to say when you are taking off on another flight of fancy, they're fun.

Also tell Missus A. how happy Uncle Bob is that she is feeling better. It is his secret conviction that the Serpasil is what's doing the trick. . . However, he is far from narrow-minded, and suggests that the whole menu be followed. Also tell her that he prays for her every night.

Sometimes that seems to go some good, too. It also lets off steam.

Concerning Serpasil: I have found out why Mallinckrodt has not contacted you. I had been wondering, but didn't want to intrude on your professional privacy. Anyway, they came back here about a month ago, and disclosed that they had purchased presumably some of this huge shipment of vomitoria from the Belgian Congo that Boris was talking about. They bought about 8 metric tons of the stuff and wanted me to write up a report on it for the Drug Administration. I had done that for Ciba last year, but told them I would have to get Ciba's permission. Which I did. So I am busy launching Mallinckrodt into business, or so to speak. Incidentally, I asked them what the trade name of their product would be. They had no idea, so I suggested SILLISERP. Accept no substitute.

No, I had not noticed any lessening of interest in our product. Had a letter from Jorge Leon at the same time yours arrived. Boris had also been down there spreading the news that Merck has something exactly 10 times as strong as Rauwolfia. The way I heard it from Boris was the scuttlebutt had it that someone had found something 10 times as good, and he wanted to have my guess. Now it appears that a couple of Aussies have found almost twice as much in an Australian species of Alstonia (isn't that the thing I didn't recognize in Chapman Field last time we were there?). Anyway, it goes on and on and on and on. . . . Just now I am contemplating a short trip to the north coast of Cuba in about a month for a Rauwolfia that has eluded us so far. Who knows: Maybe it will have exactly 100 (one hundred) times as much silliserp! Jorge also quoted a note from the Panama Star-Herald to the effect that a noted Zonite, name of Adrien M. (yes, you've guessed it!) has a plantation of R. serpentina out in the bush somewhere, and keeps a couple of roots in his pants pocket to quiet his nerves.



June 11, 1955

Dear Bob:

If you wouldn't let your puritanical conscience rule your life you could have been grubbing for Rauwolfia 'midst Maya jade along with the McPhillamys. It has been my observation that no consultant is considered worth his salt unless he shows marked ability at getting both feet in the trough. You'd be surprised how much I've learned about human nature during my session with the piggies.

I'm frankly not much surprised about developments at Turrialba. They have always had a well deserved reputation for having a maximum of primadonnas and a minimum of cash & organization. I have rather regretfully concluded that Holdridge is a phony, or at least that his commitments to their program force him into impossible projects and he needs the job badly enough that he can't afford to explain the facts of life to the powers that be. The fashion of the day is "extension" and publication, but don't ~~EVER~~ EVER mention that nasty word research! To quote Dr. Popenoe, I should think that Holdridge knows about as much about plant ecology in Panama as a hog knows about God. I have had a serious interest in the subject myself these past eighteen years or so, and have detailed card files on dozens of typical localities, yet I wouldn't dream of attempting such a map as his without at least a year more in the field.

Yours was the first news to reach us about the great change for the Seiberts. I should judge that the DuPont place is probably the only solvent botanical institution in the U.S. Russ did a good job in California on what must have been as much of a headache as the Fairchild Garden and deserves something better. I think they will like him.

Classes began this week, and thus far havn't been too bad. I have English II and Tropical Crops. I have to write my own text in Spanish for the last, as I go along, but I have ample personal files to fall back on. We have a nice group of boys, and I find it rather interesting.

The Popenoes left for three months in the U.S. & Europe on June 1, leaving Jim Miller in charge, to noones great surprise. Louis is back, but he hates the Popenoes so, and shows it so much that he has been pretty well left to his ham radio. I pick his broadcasts up on our phonograph, and our Friday night movie did the same thing once, which introduces a novel effect.

I'm still grubbing away at lables for my herbarium and find that I remember collecting a remarkable percentage of the things. It's like visiting the places all over again. If I ever get done I would be glad to have a go at the Moraceae. I have them done for my Costarican opus, and I don't think they would be too bad.

Dottie has been sorta under the weather & spent three days in a Tegucigalpa hospital about a week ago with dizzy spells & nausea. She has been home for several days & feels some better but I'm considering sending her up to Miami for a checkup.

We can't help but wonder who carries on in the herbarium. My guess would be no one, since the M.B.G. obviously hasn't enough cash to pay another janitor, much less anyone else. Or is Tryon still try'in to do the whole job? Please tell us all.

As ever,

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

St. Louis 10, Missouri  
Prospect 5567

I still bear the psychological trauma of my first decision  
and I really hated to leave. I received your letter June 6, 1955 and  
I was glad to hear from you, especially from the old man himself.  
(Now Don, don't feel bad: I was just as glad to get your  
letter - the first from the Allens since our last meeting.)

The trip to C.R. was nice, although it only lasted a week.  
Jorge is having his troubles too. Administrative, I mean.  
The Institute was supposed to get a man to take his administrative  
chores, and actually did: A bleached-out Haitian named Dr.  
Silvain, or something. But the man has his pretensions, and no  
sooner hit Turrialba than he announced that chores were not for  
him. He had a glorious calling in Research. Spelled RESEARCH.  
So Dr. Allee let him have his own way. Result: Jorge is mired  
deeper than ever. It has been terribly dry in C.R., so that the  
little experimental Rauwolfias were not doing too well. Otherwise  
the lions are doing fine.

Saw Dr. Holdridge just as I was leaving, and he had been on  
some official junket of the Rep. Panama to map the vegetation  
from the air. He displayed an ESSO roadmap that he had filled in  
with purty colors. The trip lasted for three weeks. He had col-  
lected no specimens except a sterile Alfaroa that he had gotten in  
the hills at the headwaters of the Chagres. When I asked him  
how come certain colors were distributed here and there, he said  
that it was a theoretical necessity: that no ecologist would allow  
this and that community to adjoin without a transitional zone,  
etc. Anyway, I wished that it had been my map.

I stayed in C.R. just a week, almost to the day. MacPhillamy and  
Mrs. MacPh. and a Dr. St. Andre were in the party, and they all  
went home the long way by way of San Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico  
City, Merida (to see the Maya ruins) and Havana. But I came  
straight back to Miami. Then the Pfluegers took me down to Big  
Pine Key again for the week end. And wonder of wonders, I found  
the *Vallesia* that we had looked for so hard last summer. Also got  
roots of two other Apocynacs: *Echites* and *Urechites*.

The day after I got home, who should come in my office door but  
Russ. He had been up to Wilmington to see his pals the DuPonts.  
I suppose you have heard about Russ: he has been chosen direct r  
of the DuPont's fabulous Longwood Foundation at Kennett Square.  
They are endowed for \$60 million, and have to spend \$2 million per  
year to square the taxes. It puts Versailles to shame, etc. Of  
course I am proud of the recognition of Russ's very considerable  
ability and charm. We had a long chat, and he seemed just like

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2415 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

the boy I used to take to the zoo 20 years ago. They are moving to Longwood the middle of July.

I still bear the psychological trauma of my Big Decision, and I don't know how soon I will recover. I really hated to come back home after the little CR trip. So tell Don Pablito Standley to move over a little and let me sit down, won't you?

I'm sure that we can work out some way: for example to be sent to you, except possibly Washington. If the other places can send my research to Miss Anshoff, knowing that at the moment she may be chasing her colleagues with a pair of scissors, they ought to be able to do it. (Now Don't don't feel bad to get your Well, another lack-lustre day has begun - had better start to gird my loins, however reluctantly, and tee off (and other mixed metaphors) it is a nice, although I mean.

The institute was supposed to get a man to take his administrative chores, and actually did. A pleased-out Haitian named Dr. Silvain or something. But the man has his pretensions, and no sooner hit the place than he announced that chores were not for him. He had a doctor calling in Research. Spelled RESEARCH. So Dr. Albee let him have his own way. Result: Jorge is mixed deeper than ever. It has been terribly dry in C.R., so that the little people are suffering. (The birds are doing well, I think.)

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

Saw Dr. HODGKINS just as I was leaving, and he had been on some official junket of the Reg. Yarns to map the vegetation from the air. He displayed an ES30 road map that he had filled in with pretty colors. The trip lasted for three weeks. He had gotten in lected no specimens except a couple of flies that he had gotten in the hills at the headwaters of the Orinoco. When I asked him how some certain colors were distributed here and there, he said that it was a theoretical necessity: that no ecologist would allow this and that community to adjoin without a transitional zone, etc. Anyway, I wished that it had been my map.

I stayed in C.R. just a week, almost to the day. MacWilliams and Mrs. MacR. and a Dr. St. Andre were in the party, and they all went home the long way by way of San Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico City, Merida (to see the Maya ruins) and Havana. But I came straight back to Miami. Then the Pilgrims took me down to the fine Key again for the week end. And wonder of wonders, I found the Wallabies that we had looked for so hard last summer. Also got roots of two other Apocynaceae: Schites and Urtechites.

The day after I got home, who should come in my office door but Mrs. He had been up to Washington to see his wife the Duponts. I suppose you have heard about Russ: he has been chosen director of the Dupont's fabulous Longwood Foundation at Kennett Square. They are endowed for \$60 million, and have to spend \$2 million per year to operate the taxes. It puts Versailles to shame, etc. Of course I am proud of the recognition of Russ's very considerable ability and charm. We had a long chat, and he seemed just like



May 12, 1955

Dear Bob:

You can't imagine how disappointed we are that you won't be coming through Honduras, especially since we could have heard first hand how you achieved your present piece of mind by letting Andy have the rest of it piecemeal at appropriate intervals. All in all, it sounds like a much better arrangement and one that will give you something of a life of your own.

We manage to keep busy here, since I take care of the pigs and horses and often the meat market and slaughter house as well. In spite of it all I have done some fairly extensive revision, mostly additional keys for my Costarican opus, and am at present ~~batting away~~ at labels for my herbarium specimens, since that was part of the sale agreement when I turned the lot over to Lou.

We have, as in the past, found that we can make a pretty good living just as soon as we get out of Botany and Horticulture. The present job pays about 25% more than I received in Florida, and since we have almost no taxes we can save about 50% of our salary.

If all goes well I should be able to get at the Moraceae for the Flora sometime during the next teaching year. The only complication may be in having specimens from other institutions sent to Honduras. I may request that they be forwarded to St. Louis and pick them up when we are again in the U.S.

Sounds like the M.B.G. is the F.T.G. all over again, on a larger scale. I told Andy so, but he wouldn't listen. Pring told me he would quit if he could afford to. Why don't all of you chuck it & come to Honduras where you can live your own life?

As ever,

Paul

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

May 6, 1955

Dear Dot and Paul:

I was greatly relieved to get Dot's letter yesterday and to get the news first-hand that you finally reached Honduras all in one piece or approximately so. I only wish it were Panama or even Costa Rica.

Dr. Mac and I are supposed to fly down to Costa Rica for a short visit toward the end of this month. It will be quite a party because Mrs. Mac and a Dr. Andre from Ciba are going along too. I shall come straight back from C.R. but the others are going back by way of Guatemala, Yucatan, and Mexico City taking in the sights en route. They asked me to come along too but I (foolishly) declined because I don't want to stay away from home too long. Then too I am planning to collect putterlyweeds about the first of July.

For another thing, I am going to have to get various affairs in order. Arrangements are under way here for me to relinquish the curatorship of the herbarium and to join the University on full-time basis. Various annoyances as you may imagine and so much plain drudgery that was not appreciated and was made heavier in all sorts of ways. The way it seems now I may have more time to myself (at least a little) and piece of mind. The present plan is for me to keep an office at the Garden and be there for a couple of days a week. ha!

I sure would like to have a good talk-fest with you two. Did Millinkrodt ever contact Paul? And if so, did he answer them? Does Paul ever have any time to think of the Panamanian Moraceae? Does he ever have any time (period)? These Escuelas and Institutos seem to be one of a piece. Jorge Leon seems to be having a bit of trouble down there because the Instituto was supposed to relinquish half of his time and hasn't, quite the contrary. What a life.

I had a note from Dona Julia Monniche not long ago. They had just been down to Gorgas where the doctors still were not satisfied with Tollef. I would like to drop in there again for a day but don't know what shape they would be in when I got there.

As ever,

Bob

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

June 24, 1954

Dear Paul and Dot:

Well, I got back home night before last. All day yesterday I spent writing just a few miserable letters, talking to people, and trying to see around the mountain of mail and other time-wasters that had arisen in just three weeks. This morning I spent in the doctor's office to see what he can do about my ears. His conclusion is that my Eustachian tubes have collapsed, probably because of the first plane trip. He tells me not to take any more until the tubes are nice and uncollapsed again. It's hot and sticky up here and if I had my druthers I would be a lot of other places, even Big Pine Key.

I have just been trying to do the right thing by writing the Monniches about how much I enjoyed visiting them. But I couldn't get very eloquent because I feel it too deeply. I feel the same way about you too. If I thank you a thousand times for all your kindnesses, and to Mac too, I am afraid that I sound more than a bit strange even to my own ears (if any). But it all seemed so right and fitting that I should be taking up your time and spongeing off you, and I felt so relaxed and peaceful, particularly helping wash the dishes and guzzling the choglid sodie. I hope you understand, and how I feel a bit homesick, too.

Now I am looking foward to at least catching a glimpse of you when you come up here about the first of July. For goodness sake, let me know how I can help you as soon as you hit town. If you fly up, let me chauffeur you around and meet you at the airport and everything else. If you don't, I'll be mad.

Now there are so many regulation, Emily Post-style letters to write, that I had better get to it.

X X X X X

Bob

Good, what a train trip! - 29 hours!!

June 22, 1954

Dear Bob:

Have just gone through a few of my slides rather hastily and separated the enclosed duplicates. Some of them aren't much, as you will note, but I thought I would let you see the lot and discard any you can't use.

We can't begin to tell you how much we enjoyed our few days when you were here, and only hope you'll plan to come again, and stay longer. Dottie joins me in our very best.

As ever,

*NATIVE & EXOTIC PLANTS only,*

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

"SHAW'S GARDEN"

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 6-5567

May 22, 1954

Dear Paul and Dot:

Well, you may start housecleaning to welcome a most distinguished guest! -Must I provide a blueprint? I mean none less than Yours Truly. Don't tell me that you won't be home!

The Rauwolfia business has progressed to the point where the company wants to look into the possibilities of starting a small very small, experimental plantation somewhere in Central America. I have suggested Turrialba or environs as a possible site, and my immediate boss, Dr. H.B. MacPhillamy, are supposed to make a flying trip down thataways right after the first of June.

Present plans have us leaving Miami at 8 P.M. on or about June 2, and arriving back in Miami 2:55 P.M. on or about June 14, and I positively won't leave town without seeing you-all and the famous Fairchild Tropical Garden, try as you may to wiggle out.

I've just looked up Coconut Grove on the map and find it is right in Miami, so it ought to be easy enough to find. Just let me know if the latchstring is not out. . . .

Luv 'n' kisses,

Bob

January 14, 1954

Dear Bob: (WOODS am)

This years Christmas card was largely the result of accident, general lethargy or what you will, since we had more or less decided to break with long standing tradition and use some one of the series of trees Dottie had prepared for our opus on the Rainforests of Golfo Dulce. One thing led to another, to coin a phrase, and we found ourselves on about December first in cliche, & hastily resurrected one from the archives. Just in passing, we have the type plant of this little Masdevallia here in our greenhouses, fetched up from Costa Rica, and at present sporting six real purty flowers. It is about the only respectable member of the genus that will grow & flower consistently at sea level. It ought to be in more collections.

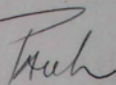
You have our sincere sympathy on your move. Both Dottie & I have decided that we'll have a bonfire & weenie roast of our accumulated duffel before we'll go through it again. We are now fairly well settled in our mansion, which, excepting for the lack of thatch, might be a manor house dating from Saxon times. Now all we have to do is weather the current financial crisis.

That wave of nostalgia you notice in St. Louis whenever Finca Lerida, the dear Monniches and Panama in general swim into our collective ken about Christmas time is duplicated in heroic proportions in Florida and sometimes threatens to drown all sanity & lead us southward again to all those enchanting places & people we loved so well. Dottie sez you can't ever look back, but I often wonder.

We thought don Adrian just a little more exotic than ever when we saw him last some six or eight months ago, but perhaps I had just forgotten. I sometimes think the casting directors on Hollywoods golden shore are missing a natural, that is, if they could manage him.

Can't you persuade one or several of your stable of commercial contacts that you should examine the Apocynaceae here & at Chapman Field? I'm not entirely joking either. I'll bet they'd stand your expenses for a junket if you'd ask 'em. We'd love to introduce you to our mad venture, and the tomato zup timed Robert Everard Woodson II Memorial Bedchamber. In short, we're jest as silly as ever, Dios Guarde that the Board of Managers ever finds us out! Dottie joins me in our very best.

as ever,



# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

January 10, 1954

Dear Paul and Dot,

I didn't feel like sending any Christmas cards this year, but appreciated yours. I wonder whether everyone who received one of Dot's beautiful cards didn't think the same as I: that she is keeping up Mrs. Ames' tradition? Do you send one to her? I think she would appreciate it.

Well, we are all set to move on January 29. By this time, I will be glad that it's all over. The house all torn up for weeks and weeks, and we have gotten rid of so much furniture and stuff that we are practically camping out. It looks bare and disheveled and lonely. Our new house is 14 Scarsdale, Richmond Heights 17. Please note that it has a Paul and Dotty Allen, Jr. Memorial Bed Chambah, which will be gasping for occupancy after January 29! Don't know when I can pay my way to Florida after settling up for the house. If I had the money, also, I surely would fly down to see the Monniches before too long. Had a nice note from Dona Julia. She says that Flink is gone at last, and that Tollef is now 80. How I wish we could relive even a few of those days! Bouché is helping me with the Rauwolfia business down on the Zone, and hear quite a bit from him. Sounds just like he always did.

As ever 'n' ever,

Bob



# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

October 26, 1953

Dear Paul:

Thanks a lot for your letter of Oct. 21 with the information about *Rauwolfia tetraphylla*. I have passed along the dope to my bosses, which are Ciba Pharmaceutical Products, Inc. I told them to write to Erlanson and Loomis, if interested (which I assume they are). With regard to the cuttings ("up to 50"), I asked them whether it wouldn't be a good idea for them (Ciba) to write to you about propagating them for us, for a fee, of course.

I had a nice long letter from Bouche a few days ago. He has bought a place at the foot of Cerro Punta, higher than Lewis's, he says, and he and Marguerite are all set to move up there around next June when he retires. Sounds like the same old son-of-a-gun (and I mean son-of-a-gun, or whatever), and it made me kinda homesick, just like it does when I get a letter from the Moniches or from you (wherever you are, strange to say).

Tell Dot that if there's anything more yummy than a cream-of-tomato Memorial Bedchambah, it's a little old hole-in-the-ground under neath the Mahstah Bedchambah down in Balboa, particularly with mushrooms growing out of the carpet.

Finally got your Mom on the phone (didn't want to drop in unannounced for fear she might be taking a nap. She says she is bearing up, but sees the Dr. twice a week. Her sister is still with her. But you probably know all this.

as ever

Bob

Palmar, Costa Rica  
December 8, 1950

Dear Bob:

We have been home about two days, but are still in the stage of unpacking suitcases and trying to find things put away just in case there was a bad quake while we were gone. We had a wonderful vacation though, and will be looking forward to the next time. After leaving St. Louis I spent five days in Chicago photographing specimens, and then went on to Cambridge where about the same amount of time was spent looking up orchids. I got to New York in time for their hurricane, which was something of an experience. Plate glass windows out on nearly every exposed corner, and lots of oddments scaping down like bits of tin, brick etc. Plenty of big trees uprooted, particularly uptown. On our way down we picked up Panama news on the radio describing floods in Darien, with Yavisa under four feet of water, with seven dead. I can't even imagine it quite that bad.

Enclosed you will find sixty-odd duplicate slides, about 2/3 being of subjects you selected. I'll try to get those not included in this lot off the next time I'm in San Jose. The rest in the present lot are extras that I thought you might be able to use. Since all of these were extras that I had here, there will be no charge. If there are any you don't want, pass them along to the graduate students.

This'll have to be all for now, but Dottie joins me in wishing you and all at the Garden the season's best.

As ever,

ESQUINAS EXPERIMENT STATION  
CIA. BANANERA de COSTA RICA  
GOLFITO DIVISION

July 28, 1950

Dear Bob:

I have just returned from about a week in Honduras to find your good letter. Enclosed you will find a list of the localities and general collecting notes that you lack, together with the determinations as I have them entered in my little black book. The only one I lack of this lot is No. 2833, but I would appreciate it if you would let me know of any changes from the names as I have shown them. I'm glad to hear that all the Panama plants are now named, lacking the Rubiacs. When I'm again in the U.S. I'm gonna have a go at the big herbarium to dig out some of the thousands of names I still lack.

The most recent fascicle of the Flora has also come, and I think it is a very fine piece of work. Did you do the families other than the Legumes? The illustrations are very good.

If you're ever able to take another junket down this way we'd be delighted to have you come and visit Palmar. It isn't ALL bananas by any means, and I think you'd find much of interest, although it is about as different as can be from most of Panama. Dorothy joins me in our best.

As ever,

Bob

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

July 24, 1950

Mr. Paul Allen  
Esquinas Experimental Station  
Palmar Sur  
Costa Rica, C.A.

Dear Paul:

You may remember when you were here last you offered to provide me with data for a number of your early collections if I would send you a list of the numbers. They are all named now and I am enclosing the list so that we can complete the labels, if you please sir. When these are taken care of we will have cleaned up all the Panama plants way back to "Hodge days" except for Rubiaceae. Isn't that great? Then I will be able to send you another list of names.

Hope that you and Dot are O.K. Wish I were down there with you.

As ever,

Bob

Robert E. Woodson, Jr.  
Curator of the Herbarium

REW/d

PLANTS OF PANAMA  
Collected by Paul H. Allen

Hills north of El Valle de Anton - Trail to La Mesa. 1000 meters. August 31, 1941

- 2688 - Composite - Liana - Growing in trees 10-15 meters tall. Flowers dirty white. Fragrant.  
2692 - Heliconia - Forming clumps about 3 meters tall. Bracts brilliant orange. Flowers pure white.

Floor of El Valle de Anton - 600 meters. September 1, 1941

- 2716 - Small spreading tree, 5 - 6 meters tall. Outer portion of fruit red, the inner portion orange.

Vetv. La Chorrera, Panama Province. 30 meters. September 8, 1941

- 2751 - Small tree, 3 meters. Flowers white.

Balboa, Canal Zone. Sea Level. September 23, 1941

- 2756 - Small tree, 4 meters. Flowers white. Common in scrubby places.

Floor of El Valle de Anton. Swamp near falls, and banks of Rio Anton. 600 meters. November 11, 1941

- 2764 - Woody herb, 2 meters tall. Flowers deep blue. Common throughout the valley.

Dry south rim of El Valle de Anton. 600-800 meters. November 13, 1941

- 2769 - Slender, unbranched herbs, about 1 meter tall, common in brushy areas. Flowers bright orange.  
2773 - Legume - Tree, 10 meters - Spreading. Flowers white, fragrant. Common along roadsides.

Floor of El Valle de Anton. Swamp near Falls and banks of the Rio Anton. Nov. 11, 1941

- 2774 - ~~Tree~~, Slender, shrubby legume, 2-3 meters tall. Flowers lavender. Common on the edges of marshy places  
2775 - Lobelia - Slender herb, 3/4 meter tall. Flowers bright red. Growing among grasses & sedges in marshy places.

~~2796x~~ - Region north of El Valle de Anton - Vetv. La Mesa. November 12, 1941

- 2790 - Shrub, 2 meters tall. Flowers bright red. Common and attractive.

Vetv. Las Uvas (Coole?) Province (Turnoff of El Valle road from National Highway) 10 meters. November 13, 1941

- 2796 - Loranthaceae - Very common on roadside living fence posts and trees, forming great balls of foliage and attractive red flowers. "Hierba de Dios"

Hills south of El Valle de Anton - 600 - 800 meters. November 13, 1941

- 2800 - Gentianaceae - Flowers pale green. Common on roadside banks.  
2807 - Grass, growing in pockets in the rocks.  
2809 - Common herb. Reddish brown leaves & stems. Flowers yellow. Has strong citronella odor when crushed.  
2813 - Composite. Shrub, 1 meter tall. Flowers yellow, fragrant.  
2817 - Mimosa - Flowers pink. Grazed to about 6" tall, but normally much larger. Common throughout the dry pacific lowlands of the Republic, forming almost pure stands in some places.

Plants of Panama - 2

Region north of El Valle de Anton - Vcty. La Mesa. 1000 meters. November 12, 1941

2833 - Lycopodium - Epiphytic

Hills south of El Valle de Anton - 600-800 meters. December 2, 1941

- 2848 - Lauraceae - Tree, 10 meters. Rachis of inflorescence red. Flowers greenish yellow  
2851 - Composite - Tree, 4 meters tall. Flowers dirty white, fragrant. Common.  
2854 - Composite - Scandent shrub, 3 - 4 meters. Flowers yellow. Common.  
2857 - Common procumbent herb. Flowers purple.  
2858 - Weedy, sub-shrubby composite, 1 - 1 1/2 Meters tall. Flowers yellow. Very common  
2861 - Composite - Shrub or woody herb, 1 - 1 1/2 meters. Flowers dirty white, fragrant. Common.  
2862 - Composite - Tall weedy herb, 1 meter. Flowers white. Common.  
2864 - Composite - Tall, slender woody herb, 1 1/2 - 3 meters. Flowers white. Common in brushy places.  
2865 - Vine, flowers white. Common in brushy places.  
2866 - Composite - Small tree, 3 - 4 meters - Flowers yellow. Common on roadside banks. "Pererina".

Hills north of El Valle de Anton - 1000 meters. December 2, 1941

- 2870 - *Maxillaria luteo-alba* Lindl. Epiphytic. Common.  
2882 - *Columna* - Flowers rose pink. Common.  
2886 - *Liabum* - Epiphytic shrub, 2 - 3 meters. Flowers yellow, fragrant. White undersurfaces of leaves conspicuous.

Vcty. Palo Seco Sanatorium - Canal Zone - Sea Level. January 11, 1942

- 2896 - *Bauhinia* - Giant liana, with curious undulant stems, the convex side of each turn armed with a spine. Flowers greenish white. Fragrant. Common in trees along the rocky sea beaches.

Region north of El Valle de Anton - 1000 meters. January 13, 1942

- 2897 - *Cavendishia* - Epiphytic shrub, 1/2 meter or less tall. Bracts shrimp pink. Flowers yellow.  
2898 - Bromeliad - Epiphytic - Rachis tan, bracts tan, flowers white. Foliage green, except for the lower 1/2 which is dark brown.  
2900 - *Thecophyllum* - Giant tank epiphyte, the erect inflorescence covered with a silvery grey tomentum. Leaves green. Flowers rose pink, flower buds lavender.  
2905 - Bromeliad - Epiphytic, Axillary bracts & peduncle red. Scape bracts silvery grey. Flowers lavender. Foliage green.  
2906 - *Begonia* - Flowers white, with golden yellow stamens. Common on rocks & decaying stumps.  
2907 - Melastomaceae - Flowers lavender. Common on boulders in stream beds.  
2908 - Acanthaceae - Shrub, 2 - 2 1/2 meters. Flowers scarlet. Common.  
2909 - *Heliconia*, with an erect, terminal inflorescence. Plants about 3 meters tall. Bracts greenish, or sometimes tinged with purple. Flowers bright pink. Under surfaces of leaves often (but not always) tinged purple.  
2910 - Tree, 20-25 meters. Flowers rose pink. Common.

South Rim of El Valle de Anton - About 650 meters. January 13, 1942

- 2911 - Small tree, 3 - 6 meters, very common along roadside on descent into the valley. Flowers golden yellow.  
2912 - Tree, 6 meters. Fruits pink. Very common.

Plants of Panama - 3

Region North of El Valle de Anton - 800 - 1000 meters. February 2, 1942

- 2924 - Epiphytic, strangler tree, 10-12 meters, having the habit of a Ficus or a Clusia. Outer surfaces of the petals old rose, inner surfaces & outer margins creamy white. Bark very spiny. Fairly common.  
2925 - Begonia - Epiphytic. Flowers pale pink.  
2927 - Acanthaceae - Shrub, 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  meters. Flowers bright yellow.

Hills South of El Valle de Anton. 700 meters. May 10, 1942

- 2946 - Ericaceae - Tree, 20 meters. Fleshy calyx bright red, corolla tubes bright waxy yellow. Very attractive and long lasting.

Hills north of El Valle de Anton - 800 meters. May 10, 1942

- 2947 - Slender Palm, 2 meters. Growing in heavy shade.  
2954 - Aeroid - Epiphytic.

Vety. Casa Larga, Panama Province. 65 meters. October 18, 1942

- 2968 - Bauhinia. Giant woody liana, climbing to the tops of tall trees. Woody stems about the diameter of a mans arm, but not flattened, perforated or undulant as in so many species. Woody tendrils present. Flowers pure white.  
2969 - Schultesia - Growing in wet savanna. Flowers dull, dirty pink.

Hills north of El Valle de Anton - 1000 meters. March 14, 1943

- 2976 - Ceiba Allenii Woodson - Strangler, hemi-epiphytic tree. Leaf specimens only. See Also No. 2924.  
2974 - ~~Marattia~~ *Cespedesia hydrophylla* - Tall, rather sparsely branched trees, about 15 meters, rendered conspicuous by the long leaves which are clustered at the ends of the branches. Flowers golden yellow, fragrant. "Membrillo"

H. Allen, PANAMA, without data, but with identifications:

~~2756~~

2688 } Hills north of El Valle de Anton - Trail to La Mesa  
1000 m. 8/31/41

2692 } Floor of El Valle de Anton - 600 m. 9/1/41

2751 - Very. Chorracha - Panama Province - 30 m. 9/8/41

2756 - Balboa Townsite - C.R. Sea Level. 9/23/41

~~2726~~

2764 - Floor of El Valle de Anton - 600 m. Swamp near Falls +  
banks of Rio Anton - 11/11/41

2769 } Dry South Rim of El Valle - 600-800 m. 11/13/41

2773 }

2774 } Floor of El Valle - 600 m. Swamp near Falls + banks  
of Rio Anton - 11/11/41

2775 }

2790 - Region north of El Valle - Very. of La Mesa - 11/12/41

2796 - Very. of Las Uvas - 10 m. 11/13/41 - Panama Province

2800 } Hills south of El Valle - 600-800 m. 11/13/41

2807 }

2809 }

2813 }

2817 }

2833 - Region north of El Valle - Very. of La Mesa - 1000 m.  
11/12/41

2848 } Hills south of El Valle - 600-800 m. 11/2/41

2851 }

2854 }

2857 }

2858 }

2861 }

~~2859~~

2862 }

2864 }

2765 }

2866 }



2881

2870 - Hills NORTH OF EL VALLE - 1000m. 12/2/41

2882

2886

2896 - VCTY. Palo Seco - C. 2. Sea Level - 1/11/42

2897 - REGION NORTH OF EL VALLE - 1000m. 1/13/42

2898

2900

2905

2906

2907

2908

2909

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2910

2911 - SOUTH LIMB OF EL VALLE - ABOUT 650m. 1/13/42

2912

2924 - REGION NORTH OF EL VALLE - 800 / 1000 m. FEB. 2, 1942

2925

2927

2946 - Hills SOUTH OF EL VALLE - 700m. 5/10/42

2947 - Hills NORTH OF EL VALLE - 800m. 5/10/42

2954

2968 - VCTY. CASA LARCA - C. 2. 65m. 10/18/42

2969

2976 - Hills NORTH OF EL VALLE - 1000m. 3/14/45

2974

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2115 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS:  
"MOBOTSGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALISA, C. I.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE  
HOVE, SUREX, ENGLAND

October 23, 1949

Dear Paul:

This morning I received 40 sheets of your Costa Rica plants from Al Smith, who said that you had asked them to be sent to us as a gift. We surely are glad to have them, and thanks a lot - in fact very, very much, etc. No kidding.

Your last letter of a couple of months ago has been on my conscience a long time. I have a long and legitimate tale of woe. In June Mother had an operation on her mouth for cancer. Barnes Hospital got to know me quite well. Then, the middle of August, just when she was getting to feel pretty good again, she fell and broke her hip. She is 83 years old and the mouth business was absolutely nothing compared to the hip. We brought her home day before yesterday, but it is just a change from the Deaconess Hospital (245 beds) to the Woodson Hospital (1 bed), as she still isn't able to put her foot to the ground, and we have had to make her bedroom a hospital room complete with exercise bars over her bed for lifting her, wheel chair (takes 2 of us to get her in), walker (ditto) - and she can't really walk yet, just roll like a kid on a scooter). Anyway, you'll understand why I am far behind on everything, feeling pretty tired and irritable.

My two boys got back from Costa Rica the latter part of August, and I was so disappointed that they didn't get to see you. They were too. But the Turrialba people and Russ and Benny did so well by them that they really had a swell time. But I'm sorry you didn't get to see Iltis. Boy, what a guy - but you've probably heard lots about him, because Russ tells me that he had a visit from you not long ago. The chief reason you should have seen Iltis and vice-versa is because he came home crazy about palms. They collected about 50 numbers of them, which is a whole lot. Chiefly because they got up to the Nicaragua border I suppose.

Didn't your Panama Orchids come out well? I have been so upset that I asked Nellie to pass on the kind weeds that Schweinfurth offered. Now we are working (we ?) on two more fascicles for next year. Yuncker completed the Piperaceae at last, and they are due for February. In May come the Legumes (Mimosoidese), Rosaceae etc. The chief trouble, as usual, is beating the bushes for illustrations.

When do you and Dot expect to come back to the States for a visit? I am anxious to show you around our fancy, regurgitated arbutum, but feeling the way I do, you had better come quick unless you want someone else to show you around. I keep thinking about them wunnerful, good old days at 'The Orchid', Casita Alta, and intermediate points, and them delicious choglid I-scream sodies.

As ever,

Bob

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

Oct. 2, 1947

Dear Paul and Dot:

It has been a long time since I wrote last. Sister has been out of the hospital now for nearly a month, and seems to be getting along quite well. Of course I have been getting back to work, and there is lots of it. I have finished the ms. of my first butterflyweed paper. It is due for the Nov. Annals. Whether I ever get the second one finished is in the lap of the gods. I intend to get to work on Fl. Pan. first. And there are a lot of letters to answer. I got a sad note from Castellanos in B-A complaining that I had not answered his letter of June 2, 1945, which gave me quite a start. I hadn't realized it had been that long. I must owe a guy in Colombia since before that. Must get down to earth.

That trip to the highlands of Sweet Bocas must have been wonderful. I've been hoping for Symbolanthus for a long time. Here it is. Did you stop at the Monniches while you were up there? Foolish question. I had a nice note from Dona Julia a couple of weeks ago. Hadn't heard from them for about a year. They seem to be getting along well. I would like to visit them at least once more.

Also Dr. Moore, and Henry Andrews too, turned over you a kodachromes that you had sent them. They will come in very handy for my class which started last week. O Boy, what a lot of students this year. I have 6 graduate students in taxonomy, and that is a lot of work. Before you come up to the States, I wish you would prepare me a bunch of dried flowers for class use. Just the flowers are all I need, and they can be dried so that I can put them in boxes and boil them up for class use. How many of each? Oh, a whole lot. Say up to 50. I want tropical families that we can't get up here and that we don't dare rob from the herbarium, such as Gustavia or Eschweillera; Rhizophora; Psidium or Eugenia; Ardisia; Chrysophyllum or Aehras; Momordica or other cucurbit; Carludovica; Pandanus; Proteaceae. Just anything that you think we could use for class. Family representatives are what I crave.

I don't think I have commented on your list of Panama timber trees. I think it's great. Of course it is incomplete, unavoidably. But I think it will make a great contribution when it is added to over a period of time. You know Pittier started one too, the ms. is at Washington. You could get a lot of additions from him, I bet.

Speaking of writing to Ames as to whether you would be welcome at his orchid herb. I did that some time ago, and he says O.K.

Things are still torn up in the Admin. Bldg., the elevator job is stalled. But I fixed up really a pretty swell taxonomy classroom in the basement. Homemade, but very, very neat.

Its going to be fine having you and Dot back here with

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2125 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

us this winter. I am busy looking forward to it. Our part-time grass man is on the job. He is a very fine person. Uncle George is supposed to have written the fern man yesterday. I think we can get him, too. We will have quite a staff, and one not to sneeze at too openly. I just wish I could have gotten down there to see you before this, but just couldn't make it.

Well, I have to get to some work. Business before pleasure, you know. But please don't be mad at me for not writing sooner.

As ever,

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

ESQUINAS EXPERIMENT STATION  
CIA. BANANERA de COSTA RICA  
PALMAR SUR, COSTA RICA

June 21, 1949

Dear Bob:

Thanks for the try on the winged fruit. What I mostly wanted was confirmation that it wasn't Platymiscium. I had, and have no further material on it, since the seeds came to me from Quepos, about a hundred miles up the coast, but they had convinced themselves that it was Cristobal (Platymiscium) and intended planting about a hundred acres with the stuff. I think it is a vine, but whether Malpighiaceae or some Machaerium I wouldn't be prepared to say.

Glad to hear that the Panama collections are in such good shape. We recently enjoyed a four day visit from Dr. J.J. Oakes, formerly Director of Economic Affairs for the Dutch East Indies, and now Prof. of Economic Botany at the University of Miami. He made me drag out my MSS map of Panama, showing areas of rainfall, and made me promise, cross my little heart & hope to die to finish up the vegetation maps. To do that, of course, I will need determinations on some of my past collections, and even then it is going to be fairly complicated.

The catch, of course is that the total annual rainfall and its distribution while probably of greatest importance of the many factors in plant distribution, is locally profoundly affected by the type of soil, type of underlying rock, elevation etc. No map is big enough to show all those curious local pockets of vegetation, like the bog ponds near Facora, or the Cuzco covered limestone outcrops near Madden Dam, or the Mirin forests atop hills north of El Valle, or the Bamboo Oak zone on old Barú. However, I'm gonna make a stab at it, and one of these days when I have scraped the bottom of the barrel on my own files, I'll start pestering you for determinations of the more conspicuous & important species. I rather plan to use Beard's "Natural Vegetation of Trinidad" as a pattern.

You can believe all Bouche tells you of Cerro Campana. It has a very restricted cap of cloud forest, but chock-a-block full of everything odd. I used to collect there some, and my guess is that I never saw 1/10 of the things that are there. The scenery is perfectly magnificent. Sandy Fairchild & I used to call it the Panamanian Alps. Just by the way, I have some excellent photographs of the place, and plan to use them for illustrations.

I can understand Bouche's feeling too in pining for Botanical Company. The local people here are pleasant enough, but interested in - 1. Whisky, 2. Golf 3. Bridge, 4. Bananas, 5. O, in that order. I had a wonderful three days fairly recently with Lou Williams, in and around San Jose, with junkets to Lankester's orchids, and up to the alpine zone on the Cerro de la Muerte, and my visit here with Oakes. I don't get to Turrialba very often, and Russ has never been here, but nebbe we can get to see Holm & Iltis before they return.

Dorothy joins me in our best,

as ever,

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

June 11, 1949

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2215 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS:  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

When you sent those legume (?) fruits I turned them right over to Schery, and he is the one who said they were not *Platymiscium* (which it surely is not) and suggested *Mapighiaceae*, which seemed probable to me. However, the last couple of days I have been inserting in *Leguminosae*, and it seems almost sure to me that your tree is actually a legume, for which we should have given you credit. It seems more than likely that your trees are *Machaerium*. See if you can't get us a bit more to go on. I haven't checked with Schery, but it surely must be *Machaerium*.

As you may have heard from Russ, two of the boys from MBG are due to arrive in Costa Rica next week. Dick Holm, whom you met when you were here, and Hugh Iltis, late of Czechoslovakia via University of Tennessee. They are making their headquarters at Turrialba, and I wish I were going too. To make matters worse, had a long letter from Bouche exspatiating (sp.?) on the wonders of *Campana* which he has discovered recently! He has bought a little place there and is pining for botanical company (and vice versa!).

Hello to Dot and you.

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*Bob*  
I am at last breaking all your Panama plants (1934-47) into sets to send away - all named at last. Whew!

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

May 25, 1949

Dear Paul:

Your note of May 19 and the "legume" fruits arrived yesterday. Neither Schery nor I believe that the fruits are from a Leguminosa. It certainly is not *Platymiscium*. I suggest one of the Malpighiaceae, or perhaps even *Securidaca*. You had better send us a more complete specimen.

Concerning *Quararibea*, I have called your no. 4632 from Darien Q. *darienensis* n. sp. As soon as I have a good opportunity, I shall compare it with Lum's square tree. At last not only your last Panamanian collections but also those made by you, Dodge, Steyermark, et al. are either all named or in the hands of specialists. I hope to start distributing the sets in a week or two. The herbarium business is booming, and I haven't done any research whatever since Christmas.

As ever,

Bob

P.S. *Platymiscium* has a nearly symmetrical, oblong-elliptic fruit with the seed nearly central.

ESQUINAS EXPERIMENT STATION

GIA. BANANERA de COSTA RICA

December 9, 1948

Dear Red:

Sorry to hear of Dr. Moore's tumble. I hope this finds him fit & in his usual chipper spirits. Even if we do sometimes differ slightly on matters, or might be important to the Garden, nevertheless I am one of the foremost of his many admirers. I think he is a good egg, has a very nice sense of humor & hope he lives to be 100.

Whether or not you feel qualified for deep, dark intrigue, you had better settle your best, lavender intriguing cap on your noble brow & gaze long & earnestly into your crystal ball & see the very, very dire results that may befall us if in you don't tread, but as high on eggs. I refer, my fine feathered friend, to the sad, but fairly obvious facts that Gordon will probably stall on sorting out those plates to get as long as physically possible in the hope of using that as a slight added inducement on the move to St. Louis, and that the very, very minute that he even slightly suspects that you may feel less than vigorous over the prospect your chances of ever seeing those unhappy plates are somewhat less than that of the proverbial snowball in Tophet. I will confess that all of this has left me slightly disillusioned as to the proverbial high mindedness of SCIENTISTS, but perhaps it was ever thus.

It has only been two since coming to Costa Rica, but it's been more my fault, or the fault of circumstance than his. Our little garden of delight is in El Paraíso del Infierno, as far as accessibility is concerned, and he could undertake a junket to Hudson's Bay easier & cheaper than to visit us. Then again, unless he were enchanted with mud, miles & millions of bananas there isn't too much to see or do. However, we have acquired merit, at least enough to rate a transfer to the adjacent town of Palmar Sur, which is small, but very attractive. I expect to continue to supervise this set up, for better or worse from there and also get my herbarium out of moth balls & do some investigations on promising local timber woods. Transportation in & near Palmar is very good, with adequate sources of propagating material, actual commissary & mail service, ELECTRICITY, water all the time, and in short, most of the gadgets of civilization we soft moderns depend on. It is exceedingly unfortunate that the Experiment station wasn't put in or near Palmar, since plants do extraordinarily well there, but it wasn't, and that's that. If you can't bear yourself away from your duties at any time we will have facilities to show you the country from Palmar, and it would be delightfully like old times to see you there.

The past ten days have been spent in San José & vicinity, helping set up & judge a local flower show, advising on what to put in the patio of the President's Palace, going up to the famous Cerro de la Muerte with C.H. Lankester & freezing my little hands & feet seeing the alpine bogs & Paramo. I had a whoop ti do of a time on that one, what all with the giant oaks along the way, and the wonderful bromeliads, Columneas, Cavendishias et al, but was there ever a howling, icy wind on the summit. I can well understand the origin of the name.



I can't help but wonder if you plan to <sup>publish</sup> the first fascicle of the Orchids next February. I sincerely hope you do manage to wangle the plates from the Botanical Museum because we haven't anywhere nearly enough without 'em. I have no objections to minor changes in wording that will make for clarity, in your opinion, nor in using your brand of punctuation. My only comment, as always, is that if you sent the same manuscript to 12 eminent authorities, you would in due course receive 12 separate & distinct brands of punctuation, and that each of the twelve would, and could give you lengthy & tiresome reasons why theirs & theirs only was the only possible way it should be done. I after all witnessed the great, bloody battle, decided in a draw, between Schmeizlich & the New York Botanical Garden. Their punctuation systems were as different as day & night, and neither would yield a smidgen. I have absolutely NO personal convictions on the subject, and am sure that I will be much better pleased with your efforts on my behalf than will be most of your eminent coworkers in other institutions. I can ever, can convince ourselves that we can live in the U.S. & still pay three square miles a day, or keep a roof over our heads. I would like to have Dottie try to do a series of drawings of the major orchids of Central America & to write the text. A sort of take-off, brought up to date & extended to cover more territory of Bateman's Orchids of Mexico & Guatemala, though ours couldn't be in color, nor so large. But actually it wouldn't be difficult to do perhaps 200 drawings of the most important species, and it would be an enchanting project we'll probably never go it, but it's fun to think about anyway. I've just been told that I can ante up a whole year's income tax, or having worked at Cambridge for five months, that apparently being the LAW, and I haint happy about it.

I expect to see some additions sometime next month, and may perhaps go to Mexico into Chiapas with his looking for Avogados. I think he is, or was at least with you, but he'll forget ever it. Why don't you write him a happy letter? That is, unless you want him to stay and be a permanent resident. Please let me know for sure if you have received the lot of plates from the Shallcross printing co. they're your property after all and I was very grateful for the loan of 'em. If they haven't come back to you, or to our Mail, I'll write 'em a May 'em alive. I have just received the set of printed plates from them, and while they did a very nice job, the morons sent them to Puerto Limon, on the Atlantic Coast, and I had the devils own time getting them. I'm just about done with the text, and while Dr. Moore turned it down once, I think I'll maybe risk it & send it to him for a look see, just in case he should decide to change his mind. I've run in a lot of stuff on distribution & relationships with other flowers, & he might decide he wanted it, since most if not all of the work was done on Garden time. I hope you won't base your final decision on the Am. Orch. Soc. Bull. on my say so. After all, it is just possible that it may be with Ames blessing but I still doubt it. The past few years have shown what a good flower show judging on what is in it but in the matter of the President's place, doing up to the famous letter & feet setting I have with C.L. Lancaster & freezing my little hands & feet setting the Alpine page & Farmer. I had a whop to do of a time on that one, what all with the plant ones along the way, and the wonderful bromeliads, Columneas, Covenchismas et al, but was there ever a howling for kind on the summit. I can well understand the origin of the names.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS:  
"MOBOTSGARD"

HERBARIUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

November 28, 1948

Dear Paul:

8  
7  
5  
Many heartfelt thanks for the fill-in on the Dillon-Ames sitch-ee-ashion. It sounds like kinda dangerous ground for yours truly, who doesn't have much luck in deep, dark intrigue. I haven't heard from Dillon since he got home from here, but I finally got a letter from Schweinfurth a couple of days ago, in which he says that Dillon is laboriously hunting out the cuts for the flora which you had specified. It doesn't sound so laborious to me - there really weren't many of them. If we are going to use them, I hope Dillon will get a hustle on, for we are going to need them - at least the first of them - in short order. Nellie is going to start reading for ms. Monday, she says.

I have been over the first half, doing what I could in the line of general form and trying to substitute better expressions for your "and/or"s, which I believe I have never, never seen. Then the matter of punctuation - sometimes it makes a lot of difference. I hope that I have done right by you, my boy. If I have missed the point now and then, I hope you won't be hard on me.

Things are going on here as busy as since the first of the year. I have done absolutely no research, and none in the offing. The herbarium is really a bee-hive of activity. Its torn up all the time, with people milling back and forth even on Sundays and holidays. Judging from the activity alone, we must be making progress. Do you ever see or hear from Russ? I haven't heard from him directly since he left here. The only thing, which was just about worse than nothing, was a carbon copy of a letter to a man in Peru which he had air-mailed to me. The letter informed the guy that he was to send some plants here addressed to Russ, who would be up here in 1950 to study them. Had a letter from Archer in Washington telling me that they were sending some plants here which Russ had collected. When they arrive, maybe I ought to send Russ a carbon copy of a letter to Archer acknowledging their receipt. I wonder if he would get the point. All of which reveals me as a bit miffed, I suppose.

I wonder whether you say Buddie Killip. ~~He~~ He had been attending a botanical congress at B.A. and stopped off a few days in Panama. Sent me a letter from Panama a couple of days ago. Made me very homesick for the Good Old Days.

So Dot has gone over to the bugs! Really, that is a let-down. She ought to continue with her art, which makes Mrs. Ames and Dillon look a little small, considering the short time that she has been drawing. Her stuff is just as good as theirs, in my Oh-so-unworthy opinion.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS:  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Everyone here is about as usual. But Dr. Moore had a bad fall in his office about three weeks ago, and he is still having considerable pain. He tripped on that old, torn, red rug of his. I have been after him to get a new one for about two years. He has a new one now! Didn't break any bones, but shocked him, wrenched the muscles, and put a few chips on his shoulder (both literal and figuratively!). Andy is leaving for Honduras next week, going with Hugh Cutler, I believe, and after corn of course. Speaking of Honduras, I have riled Lou Williams about those plants, sure enough. More than half of it was my fault (although the plants really were not so good). They came during my first violent revulsion on assuming charge of the herbarium, when everything seemed pretty bad.

It sounds from your letter as though Gelfito is picking up. Is there much of a settlement there - for example a place where itinerant guests of the Fruit Company could stay?

Well, I really ought to sign off now and write another letter or two. Your Panama plants are really getting named up now. Wish some more were coming in.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

AS EVER,

Bob

ESQUINAS EXPERIMENT STATION  
CIA. BANANERA de COSTA RICA  
GOLFITO, COSTA RICA

November 8, 1948

Dear Bob:

Your inquiry regarding Gordon and the projected transfer of the American Orchid Society Bulletin from Cambridge to St. Louis is intriguing, to put it very mildly. Since one of the principal campaign issues of the recent proxy battle for the control of the Bulletin was precisely to keep the place of publication at the Botanical Museum, and since it was on that premise that Gordon was able to enlist Ames active intervention and support, I can only assume that some rift has developed in their previous relatively cordial relations. As you may, or may not know, Gordon went very heavily in debt on the purchase of a house in Lexington about six months past, at the time of the proxy elections, very evidently at that time intending to stay indefinitely in the Boston area. It would seem that something has happened in the interval to make it desirable for him to leave Cambridge, and since he now more or less controls the Bulletin, he can offer to bring it with him. I would, however, expect Ames to fight such a proposal to the last ditch.

Gordon is, like most of us, an exceedingly complex character and it would have to be up to you to weigh the pros & cons of the case. On the credit side of the ledger, he is a rather unusually likeable individual of considerably above average intelligence. He is probably the best of the younger botanical artists in the U.S. today, and there is absolutely no doubt that he knows the job of editing the Bulletin inside out, and is eminently qualified for the job in every respect. On the liability side is his failing eyesight, which, together with the pressure of Bulletin work has very drastically reduced his artistic output during the last year or more. For example, the reason Dottie had to undertake as many drawings as she did was that Gordon was unable to deliver a single one of the ten illustrations I had ordered from him, and which I expected to pay for myself. Also, there has been quite a bit of discontent at the Botanical Museum on the same score, since fifty percent of his salary was being paid by the Museum on the assumption that he spend half of his time illustrating, yet during our six months there only two drawings were actually completed for them. Politics, which to most citizens are matters of rather casual conviction become with him a militant crusade for the rights of the Downtrodden Masses, a subject upon which he is prepared to orate as long as the last, lingering survivor is willing to listen. As you may well suppose, "Comrades Unite! You Have Nothing To Lose But Your Chains." is scarcely the rallying cry with which to win Friends & Influence People in Boston.

However, it is entirely possible that we saw (& heard) him under conditions of unusual stress, coincidental to his row with Jones and that he was exceptionally keyed up at the time. Possession of the American Orchid Society Bulletin would be a great feather in the Garden cap, and I suppose about what it boils down to is how much you would be prepared to buck Ames, and how seriously you view the Great Class Struggle. I assume that your primary interest in any case would be in the Bulletin, and he would do an excellent job on it for you. He would also doubtless do some drawing, but I doubt if you could count on any great volume of that sort of work, particularly since he now holds

*the dual position of Secretary and Editor.*

Things seem to go awfully slowly here, but I have just come back today from about a week in Golfito, San Jose and Puerto Limón & vicinity, and even I can see some improvement. The great walter of giant logs along the RR right of way are now all sleeping the sleep of the just in a tremendous trench dug for their reception, and the drives and balasted areas begin to look just a very little more like a Garden, and a little less like Hells kitchen. I still think there has been some slight misunderstanding, and what they at least need here is a magician rather than a botanist. I've just seen the soil survey done on the place some three years past, and all I can say is that the engineer who did the job was an honest man. They have a system of grading soils here by number, No. 1 being suitable for bananas, and hence as good as the region affords, No. 2 is too poor for bananas, but can be devoted to mule pastures etc., while No. 3 is reject swamp unfit for any known use. It interested me somewhat to find that about twenty percent of our total area rated as high as No. 2, while the balance is 3, and correctly so. I suppose it's only in degree worse than the selection of the site for Summit Gardens, which area had been rejected by a U.S.D.A. soils man as too poor for a Penitentiary before being hit on as the precise place for an Experiment Station!

Dottie is collecting insects for dear old Harvard, and I see she is having troubles with a perfect swarm of reddish Hawk Moths out near the porch light, so maybe I'd better pitch in & help. Give my best regards to all the Garden gang, and particularly to Miss Kohl, since the copies of the Annals so kindly sent came by todays mail.

As ever,

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MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

November 1, 1948

Mr. Paul H. Allen  
Esquinas Experiment Station  
Cia. Bananera de Costa Rica  
Golfito, Costa Rica

Dear Paul:

This is just a very, very quickie, and I will continue to owe you a decent letter for the nice one you sent me on October 13. This is the reason. The American Orchid Society met in St. Louis over the past week-end and Dillon told me that he would like to come to St. Louis -- Orchid Bulletin, drawing board, and all. I haven't mentioned it to the Director yet, but it sounds like a good proposition to me. Anticipating that the Director may be interested, will you please send me post haste by air-mail the low down on Dillon as you see it: whether you think he would make a good colleague, is honest, washes behind his ears, etc., etc.

Best to you and Dot.

As ever,

Bob

ESQUINAS EXPERIMENT STATION  
CIA. BANANERA DE COSTA RICA  
GOLFITO, COSTA RICA

October 22, 1948

Dear Bob:

This is just a note to let you know that I have written to Charles Schweinfurth & Ames re our needed illustrations, sending them copies of the enclosed lists. So far as I know this batch plus the plates published from time to time in the Contributions, plus those done by Dottie which I trust you have received by now from Shallcross should be it. IF, by the grace of God we can assemble the whole lot, it should be a major contribution to Orchidology & I don't mean my lousy text either. Please keep me informed as to developments, particularly if the plates from Shallcross don't appear.

Regards as ever,

LIST OF AVAILABLE PLATES OF PANAMA ORCHIDS

PUBLISHED BY OR FROM

THE AMES ORCHID HERBARIUM

<u>SPECIES</u>	<u>ARTIST</u>	<u>WHERE PUBLISHED</u>
<i>Aspasia pusilla</i>	Dillon	Bot. Mus. Leaflets - Vol. X - Plate 1
<i>Cyrtopodium punctatum</i>	Ames	Drawings of Florida Orchids - No. 56
<i>Eulophia alta</i>	Ames	" " " " - No. 55
<i>Ionopsis utricularioides</i>	"	" " " " - No. 57
<i>Loekhartia obtusata</i>	Dillon	Am. Orch. Soc. Bull. IX - p. 208
<i>Maxillaria conduplicatum</i>	Ames	Sched. Orch. No. 8 - p. 67
<i>Maxillaria repens</i>	Dillon	Am. Orch. Soc. Bull. X - p. 272
<i>Maxillaria variabilis</i>	Ames	Flora of the Canal Zone - p. 145
<i>Oncidium ebrachiatum</i>	Ames	Sched. Orch. No. 8 - p. 76
<i>Oncidium parviflorum</i>	Dillon	Am. Orch. Soc. Bull. IX - p. 33
<i>Oncidium teres</i>	Ames	Sched. Orch. No. 8 - p. 79
<i>Trichopilia leucorantha</i>	Dillon	Am. Orch. Soc. Bull. X - p. 136

cc - Professor Oakes Ames

Dr. Robert E. Woodson



LIST OF AVAILABLE UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS OF  
PANAMA ORCHIDS

<u>SPECIES</u>	<u>ARTIST</u>	<u>PREPARED FOR -</u>
<i>Aspasia epidendroides</i>	Dillon	Flora of Guatemala
<i>Aspasia principissa</i>	Ames	??
<i>Bletia purpurea</i>	Dillon	Flora of Guatemala
<i>Bulbophyllum pachyrachys</i>	Ames	??
<i>Calanthe mexicana</i>	Dillon	Flora of Guatemala
<i>Campylocentrum micranthum</i>	Dillon	" " "
<i>Dichaea panamensis</i>	Ames	??
<i>Lockhartia pallida</i>	Ames	??
<i>Maxillaria Friedrichsthali</i>	Ames	??
<i>Maxillaria neglecta</i>	Ames	??
<i>Maxillaria variabilis</i>	Ames	??
<i>Oncidium carthaginense</i>	Ames	??
<i>Ornithocephalus bicornis</i>	Ames	??
<i>Sigmatostalix guatemalensis</i>	Dillon	Flora of Guatemala
<i>Trigonidium Egertonianum</i>	Dillon	" " "
<i>Zygopetalum grandiflorum</i>	Dillon	" " "

cc - Professor Oakes Ames

Dr. Robert E. Woodson

ESQUIMA EXPERIMENTAL STAFF ON

CIA. SAN ANTONIA de COSTA RICA  
COLLEJO, COSTA RICA

October 23, 1945

Dear Bob,

We were delighted to have your very prompt reply, with  
teaching schedule and now the extra work on the herbarium, you  
should grab every chance you get to go out on field trips and to  
your cabin. I find often that when I'm sorta low in my mind that  
a pure unadulterated junket to somewhere filled with nice fresh  
birds, bees, blossets helps a lot, and the same old grind is  
considerably more liveable for days thereafter. Give it a try on  
your next week-end.

It is just now slacking off a wee little bit, having rained  
steadily for some twenty-six hours now. Also our light plant  
has as usual chosen this precise time to go on the blink, and I can  
fairly HEAR the mould growing on our books & clothing. This, kind Sir,  
in case you haint heard, is a FOUL HOLE, and in no sense to be compared  
in anyway with the dear delightful lands of adjacent Panama. We have  
nearly three times the rainfall here we had in Gamboa, and nearly four  
times that of Sabice, and the only place I can compare it to would be  
the region near Buenaventura in the Colombian Coast. I may get used  
to it, but thus far it looks like a likelier place for bullfrogs than  
the Florida.

Next I do have the series of collecting notes from 26 through  
29 hundred here with me. If you'll let me know which you need, I'll  
send the dates, & other data to you by return.

I wish I had been able to do a little revising before it came  
to you. It was done in such a God-awful hurry, and I've never yet  
seen a project turned out in such a way that didn't have to be checked  
pretty carefully. Punctuation, frankly isn't my forte, as you doubtless  
know, and I'm not nearly as perturbed about errors in that phase of  
the project as I am in ambiguous wording and in some cases actual  
names. I have been in a terrific mental stew for several years on the  
very annoying to me situation of closely allied species within a  
large genus bearing completely distinctive specific tags, with nothing  
to indicate that they ARE closely allied, that they DO form closely  
related groups within the genus. I have very strong convictions on the  
matter, and actually convinced Schweinfurth that our few new things  
should in the majority of cases be described as varieties (sub-species)  
of their most obvious related species, but there remain dozens of  
cases in which I have simply followed the old line rather than kick  
over the traces too much. Yet I am distinctly unhappy about things  
like the ~~beetle~~ leaved Oncidium, our local forms of Mormodes colossus,  
our local variety of Odontoglossum grande (O. Schlieperianum) the  
slight variants of Cycnoches ~~schweinfurthii~~ ventricosum which bear  
distinctive specific names etc. etc. Schweinfurth insisted, per-  
haps rightly that a Flora was no place for revolutionary views, but  
it seems to me that the whole blessed Orchidaceae fairly howls for

generic revisions, calling attention to the similarities rather than stressing the differences in such a way as to make it appear that each & every genus consisted of entities separated by an infinity of space, as the stars above. Nothing could be further from the actual truth of the matter, and I doubt if there exists a prettier example of the close interweaving of related entities than in the Orchids. There ought to be a law, but maybe Charles is right, & I guess I might as well get often my soap box, cause I haint likely to do much about it now.

You might try writing Charles or Dillon about the orchid plates, but I'm not very optimistic that you'll get 'em. Charles seems to be very happy just now, and I believe he will do what he can, if he isn't petrified by some heap upon the plates by Ames, or simply can't make up his mind about Ames. There is no doubt that he has contributed a lot to the science of Orchidology and Economic Botany, and to credit him with fully realizing that no system of nomenclature is likely to stand still, in the sense of experiencing no change, at least in our present imperfect state of grace, yet I also have the unhappy feeling that he allows himself to be plagued by the petty jealousy, which is unfortunate in the light of his own very considerable accomplishments. I hope you can get the plates, but I suspect that you will in-bent to accumulate a series of letters saying in effect that "of course, I'm not sure you will have 'em, but I'm sorry a plate will you see. I hope I'm not proven wrong." I don't know of any of our books or our papers that mention the word growing in a sense as you have it. I don't understand that Julian has some honorary connection with the Garden these days, and that you may be seeing more of him. He is his own worst enemy, but I believe one of the best botanists of our time. If the Garden could get him back, by any hook or crook it would be, in my opinion, a very fortunate thing. He likes the Missouri, Florida, and knows a great deal about other regions besides. I don't think he is available, unfortunately, since he already stands, more or less to the right Stanley's shoes & mantle, and has his South American collections housed at the Field. Anyway, if you see him, give him my regards.

Speaking about South American plants, I will agree to send you my personal check for the time spent by some one of your students in getting out my two dozen Colombian Vaupes collections & sending them to A. C. Smith, Joe Cuatrecasas, or whoever will do something with them. They ain't worth a plugged nickel to either the Garden, or any one else unidentified. They for the most part come from the plum center of one of the great blanks on the botanical map, and should yield some interesting things. It has started to pour pussy cats again, so I think this will be all for the moment. Send me the numbers for which you need data, and I'll type it off for you. The numbers for which you have no specimens may in many cases be orchid plates left in Cambridge, and I collected hundreds of bottles in our last two years in Maracaibo, and largely drew my descriptions of species from them.

Bottle joins me in our best. Yet I am distinctly unhappy about things over the lines too much. Like the *Mesaspis* *mesaspis* (Schlegeliana) the our local variety of *Ontopeltis* *gracilis* (O. *Schlegeliana*) the slight variations of *Cynochelone* *minimaria* *minimaria* which bear distinctive specific names etc. etc. Some variation is included, but hope rightly that a flora was no place for revolutionary views, but it seems to me that the whole blessed orchidaceae fairly howls for

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

October 2, 1948

Dear Paul and Dot:

This is Saturday night, and I aim to catch up on my personal letters which have been accumulatin g for so long. So I shall start with you. I surely was glad to get your letter. I had heard from you via Nell, but that wasn't quite as nice as having a letter of my own. From what Nell says, Golfito must be rather like Puerto Armuelles. I wish I could be there too. It has been so long since I was down in those parts that it seems almost that I shall never get down there again. The R.. E.. W.. M.. B.-C., and happy skipit-ty-hopping to the Commy for a choglid sodæ, and visits to Chiriqui, and being met at Cristobal by You-Know-Whom, all seems to good ever to have been real.

In the meanwhile, all too real are the begining of school, the task of fixing the herbarium up, and a thousand-and-one other things. And all too real are the weeds and the broken tree branches out at the cabin. Last Sunday I was there for about 15 minutes: the first time since early May, believe it or not, and I stayed just as short a time as I could. It looked like no one had even passed by for forty years. Things are going better at home now (at least this past week!), and so maybe, just maybe, I will be able to go out there before long, and hack myself a clearing with my trusty machete. Julian came down from Chicago yesterday to take the taxonomy boys and Tryon for a week-end in the Ozarks. I guess I could have gone with them too, but I have just gotten out of the habit. Poor Julian - I had not seen him for at least 2 years - he looks almost as old as I do.

But now for the Orchids of Panama. I have started reading the copy, as unlikely as that seems. I have covered about a quarter of it perhaps. The chief trouble I am having is minor enough: punctuation. You seem to use commas and semi-colons rather indiscriminately in your descriptions; and since I have always made quite a fetish of using them under different conditions, I am having a merry time. I am making some other changes, too, but nothing serious enough to enumerate. I don't think you will mind. When I get through, I shall give you a long list of what I have done, aside from the punctuation, and let you have your say in rebuttal. In Maxillaria, where I am now, you are inclined to say "Anthers and pollinia normal", for all the species, and I am cutting them out for obvious reasons. Things like that. I don't think we will have anything to fight about.

I wrote to Ames about the pictures quite some time ago, but haven't heard from him. I shall write to Schweinfurth next, maybe. Have you any suggestions? During the summer, amongst other things, I finally sorted your last Panama collection to families for naming, and some have been sent out. I didn't find specimens for quite a large number for which you had notes. ?????? I also found a batch of plants that you collected in about 1942 and for which I never received your

notes. They were mostly, if not all, numbers in the 26- 27- and 28- (also 29-) hundreds. Are these available to you. If so, I can let you have a list of the numbers. Maybe you sent them to someone in the east. Tch-tch. Al Smith has decided to do your Colombian plants and says he will write for them when ready. He left Harvard Sept.15.

You ought to see our herbarium now. We hadn't started actually to move when you left here, had we? Well, you never saw such chaos in all your born days. We actually moved the whole shebang in 12 working days! I don't see how we possibly did it. It was really exhausting work, but rather fun, too. You wouldn't recognize the place now, with its fancy fluorescent lights, and a dozen other things that are just too much to tag on the end of this lengthening letter. But we really look nice! Everything on the outside of the cases being spick-and-span, we are now hard at work on the inside. That is another story, and one that can't be told in twelve working days.

Well, I guess I had better sign off, and start to write some other letters. I don't seem to get many letters, day by day, but somehow they seem to accumulate!

As ever,

Bob

P.S. A few days ago I had a request from Arwidsson, of Stockholm, for any Cyclanthaceous material (inflorescences or fruit, I suppose) that we might have. I am telling him that I am relaying the request to you. If you can send him any, I am sure that we would appreciate it. His address is:

DR. TH. ARWIDSSON,  
NATURHISTORISKA RIKSMUSEET,  
BOTANISKA AVDELNINGEN,  
STOCKHOLM 50,  
SWEDEN.

ESQUINAS EXPERIMENT STATION  
CIA. BANANERA de COSTA RICA  
GOLFITO, COSTA RICA

September 22, 1948

Dear Bob:

Although we're still far from settled in our little jungle hideaway, we at least have some of the boxes opened, some of the books out, and a general idea of our situation and possibilities. I plan to write *Our Nell* today re the Index to the Orchids, but for your information, all the little cyards are made, & in bundles, properly tagged atop my makeshift bookcase, awaiting page proof for the final typing.

In the process of doing the cards, I took time out to concoct a chart of the geographical distribution, & relationships of the Genera & species, and the results in some ways were rather startling, at least to me. For example, while Costa Rica has (presumably) 123 Genera (of which we've reduced 12 in the Flora) and 955 good, bad & indifferent species, and Colombia (fide Schlechter) has 138 Genera & 1298 species, Panama has only 92 genera, and 482 species and varieties. Of our genera, only 2 (*Neocamesia* and *Platyglottis*, both recently proposed segregates from old established genera) are presumed to be endemic, though we list 108 endemic species. Also, while 135 species are confined to Panama and Costa Rica, only 6 are confined to Panama and Colombia. This on first blush seems incredible, since it would indicate a profound biological break between Panama and Colombia, territories which on the Darien-Choco boundary share common lands for more than 125 miles. After some cogitation, and consultation of my Mrs. rainfall map of Panama, & charting of the areas from which we have collections, I am slowly coming to the conclusion that the parts of Panama which would be expected to have a Choco-type flora are as yet to be seen, much less collected. All of the highest part of the boundary is completely unknown, and for practical purposes might as well be on the moon, as well as the mountains of the San Blas coast as far as Porto Bello. The parts of Panama best collected, and best known are of course the Zone, the dry Specific coast as far as Chepo & lowland Cocolé, the El Valle highlands, and the highlands of Chiriquí, all of which, or at least most of which would be expected to have affinities with the flora of Costa Rica. Then too, the Orchids of both Costa Rica and Panama have been quite thoroughly studied in recent years, and the various entities fairly well correlated with each other, whereas the Colombian Orchids are much more poorly known, and the types either in Vienna, or blasted to glory when Schlechter's Herbarium went up in flames during the war. All in all, I have about concluded that the relationships as cited above may actually represent fact, in so far as our present knowledge of the Panama Orchid population goes. There must then necessarily be hundreds of species, all Colombian in their relationships that nobody has even seen yet! At least it leaves the field wide open for the promising young Botanist of 1975 to make a name for himself.

About a week ago I had a letter from the Shallcross Printing & Stationery Co. in St. Louis that they were about, at long last, to finish up the little job of Orchid plates left with them, it seems so long ago. I had no idea they would take so unearthly long about it, but since Our Nell sez the first Fascicle won't come out till next Feb. I suppose it really hasn't made too much difference. However, about 2/3 of the plates in their hands are paid for M.B.G. property, and they have instructions to return 'em to the Garden. If they, all of them, arn't in Miss Horner's hands by the time this reaches you, have her call Mr. Bob Kelly & ask 'im what the H---.

I hope to be able to get both Galley & Page proof here, since on going over my Mss. in my more lucid moments I find much that could be improved, in changes or transpositions of wording, and in a few cases even changes in names. I retyped about thirty pages of the worst of it, which has been sent to the Garden lang syne, byt lots of the rest of it needs working over too. & I don't mean punkchewashun either!

We wonder if you're all moved back into your office, & how things are going in the Herbarium, & whether you still go out to your Cabing, & how your sister & mother are etc etc. How's about hauling out your trusty Underwood and giving us a dish of news?

Dot joins me in our best,

As ever,

ESQUINAS EXPERIMENT STATION  
CIA. BANANERA de COSTA RICA  
GOLFITO, COSTA RICA

September 11, 1948

Dear Bob:

We are still far from permanently settled in our new Jungle hideaway, but by now we at least have some of our suitcases unpacked, most of the books at least out of boxes and piled where they can be had, and in general things should soon begin to run on a more or less normal basis.

I have already begun work on completing the cards needed for the index to the Orchidaceae, and have as of this minit half of my Mss. done, plus of course the cards on Lou Williams Fascicles which I did when in St. Louis. I am in something of a quandry however as how to complete the job without having page proof, including the illustrations. You have had more experience in this sort of thing than I, so mebbe you can give me some pointers. I asked Our Nell before leaving if galley proof, and afterward page proof could be sent me here, and she at that time allowed as how she thought that both could be sent. I am sure that would be the easiest way as far as the index is concerned, and it will give me a chance as well to make some small changes in galley proof on additions or removal of words, transpositions of words, or even in some cases changes in the names, which I have noted in pencil on my copy of the Mss. here. The job jjust had to be too, too rushed for comfort, and I simply didn't have an hour in Cambridge to devote to such, but I believe some minor changes could and should be made. F'r eggsample, I hope in the near future to retype my Mss. on a revision of Cycnoches, a project dear to my little heart these many years, and actually about ready to go, but on looking over the thing the other day I believe some further changes in the names will be needed, which will also affect the names as they appear in the Flora. In Conclusion, Kind Sir, if'n you can use your good influence to have the galley proofs & page proofs sent to me here, I for my part will promise, cross my heart & hope t' die to return you a nice, clean, purty index to the Whole Whooping Orchidaceae, and to do whatever else seems necessary & desireable to clean the Mss. up before printing.

I have just about a week ago had a letter from the Shallcross outfit in St. Louis, that they expected to finish up my little printing job left with them, it seems so long ago, and return the plates to Our Nell. I had no idea the thing could, or would drag on so long. If the plates havn't reached you, all of 'em, by the time you get this, call Mr. Bob Kelly of the Shallcross Printing & Stationery Co. on the 'phone & ask 'im whats what.

Just by the by, some two months past, when we were still in Honduras, I sent Our Nell some thirty pages of revised Mss., and wrote again about a month ago inquiring if it had come through. Our mails arn't anything extraordinary sometimes in these countries, and since I havn't heard from her, I wonder if she ever got either the Mss. or the letter. Could you find out for me?



Now that bizness is over, a word about our new situation. The Golfito area seems to be one of extremely high rainfall, which I had not somehow previously realized, and we are in what is supposed to be the wettest part, on the RR line between Golfito, which is our port, and Palmar. Our annual take is supposed to be 220 inches, but so far seems to be accumulated in long hours of moderate rains, and the fact that there is little or no dry season, rather than in heavy gully washers. The entire countryside not in bananas is in heavy forest, with many of the trees and palms typical of the Atlantic coast forests in Panama, providing just another instance of the general rule that the plants follow available moisture. We have a very comfortable cottage, somewhat like that we had in the Dear Old Tropical Station in Balboa, but in this case set back in the heavy forest, on a knoll, with the huge trees of *Peltogyne* and *Anacardium* and *Carapa* towering a hundred feet or more over our little heads. Monkeys swing up to within twenty yards of our windows, and our little spot of sunlit clearing seems to be a general congregating place for all of the forest's most fantastic insects, many looking like bits of mildewed green or brown leaves.

The garden proper is still very new, and beset by all the problems you would expect in such a wet and isolated place. Half our area still lacks drains, and still has a welter of giant logs on it, since it never dries enough for burning. I can see my labor gang from the front porch, digging huge trenches across the front of our plot, and all the logs will eventually be buried there, as the only means of getting rid of them. About twenty five acres are cleared, and in nursery and permanent plantings, and I will say that most of these last are growing like Jack's bean stalk. I believe when & if we get the place cleaned up, that things will do well here.

Although I haven't had time thus far to do more than take a fleeting peek now & then when traveling up & down the line, I believe there is a considerable amount of felling of timber going on, and collecting should be good. Many things are common here that I have barely seen once or twice elsewhere, and of course many more are completely strange. Although I wouldn't have chosen quite as isolated a spot as this for the garden, still I am in a way glad to have a look at the other extreme of forest in an area of terrific rainfall. I have a pet theory regarding the effect of climate on vegetative structure, & this place might supply another idea or two.

We wonder if you are all moved back into your office, and if it still looks like old times, and how things go in the herbarium, etc. etc. How's about hauling out your old Underwood and letting us in on all the dirt?

Dot joins me in our best,

As ever,

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

ST. LOUIS 10, MISSOURI

PROSPECT 5567

May 25, 1948

Dear Paul:

I should have written you long before this but just haven't been able to fit it in. The third Orchid installment arrived several days ago, and I was impressed more than ever with the ease with which you have fitted yourself into the Flora form. This manuscript looks quite faultless, at least from the typographical standpoint, and Nellie doubtless will thank her stars, and yours. One thing that strikes me as suspicious, however, is the key to that genus (what was it? And was it in this installment or the last?) where you have to key out over half of the species two or three times. That sort of thing sometimes is unavoidable, but in general, it is a sign that you have not hit on the right key characters. Or, then again, you have have been trying to make the key too perfect. I mean such a case as this: Suppose the species as you see it in the herbarium may be in flower, or in fruit, or leaves without pseudobulbs, or pseudobulbs without leaves, etc. etc. Of course you will want your key to be usable in any condition, but that is not always possible and scarcely anyone will expect it to be. If you will look at other peoples' keys you will see what I mean. Base your key on the real systematic characters (those which reflect the natural lines of relationship in your genus, and if your reader's specimen is not sufficient for the key proper, let him bungle around the descriptions to make it fit. This may not be very clarifying; maybe we had better talk it over when you arrive here. Then again, one frequently will be able to anticipate faulty specimens by combining characters in a key so that fault specimens will just not be able to go elsewhere than the right place, not because of the conditions that they satisfy, but because of the conditions that they do not satisfy. A key which mentions species over and over again usually may be set down as a pretty unnatural affair which may work wonderfully for the exact set of specimens which the author had before him at the time of writing, but which may fail miserably if any more are added. Do you see what I mean? That is the hardest thing that I have to teach my research students. I hope you don't feel hurt !! Anyhow, your ms. is something all of us are proud of. It will take up two fascicles.

Incidentally, you mention that Dr. Ames is back in Cambridge. I never wrote asking him whether we could use those plates (unpublished) which were intended for the Fl. Guat. I think it would be most expeditious if you did the asking, and it will come naturally since you are on the spot. After all, he didn't answer that last letter of mine, and I don't like to be begging all the time, particularly under those circumstances. If we don't illustrate 100% of the orchid genera - only 96% we'll say, I think that is very fine and nothing to be disappointed about. Very few, if any, other family are illustrated 100%, even the smaller ones.

I could fill several pages with my woes (i.e. why I am not a better correspondent!), but I will limit myself to an outline of My Day (today):

Arose from my downy couch at 6:30; took the dogs out for their 'airing'; went back upstairs and got dressed; took Sister downtown to work (she has taken a job as a sort of occupational therapist); went to the Garden to find the men who are installing the new herbarium cases already technically on the job, but threatening to strike because of a jurisdictional dispute over who should haul the cases up to the third floor (they have been parked out in the Garden outside the building since Friday); smoothed various feathers; at 9:30 conducted an oral examination for a graduate student; 10:00 found the electrician waiting for me and tried to tell him what I wanted above the din of the herbarium case men, now at work, but had to wave the electrician away half instructed when a crisis arose in the case installation and the contractor literally pulled me away from the electrician (no kidding); 11:00 conducted an oral examination for a second student; 12:00 went to lunch and found myself with no appetite and with a bad sinus headache; 12:30 decided to calm myself by picking out and dressing up a few more type specimens in the Apocynaceae (wait till you see 'em!); ~~xxxx~~ 1:00 went up to third floor to be told the herbarium case engineer had made a mistake in the blueprints and that the manufacturer had not sent any shim plates; 1:30 several specimens arrive from Washington which they wanted named and which I did on the spot so's not to chuck them away and forget about 'em; 2:30 dash home to Webster Groves to take mother to market; 4:00 dash downtown to pick up Sister; 5:30 arrive home and snatch a look at the funny paper; 6:00 eat supper (but not all of it); 7:00 take little doggies out for 'airing'; 7:30 wash supperdishes; 8:00 fall exhausted into chair; 8:30 start writing 'personal' letters; 10:17 (now), drag off to bed.....

As ever,

Bob

XNSW 2200 3/10/42 February 28, 1942.

Dear Paul:

I've not written a single letter for over two months, so busy have I been trying to make up for my neuritis time. But your recent letter has just come, so I'm breaking down. The part of your letter which I can take as my text (at least for the greatest part of this missive) is "I have rather presumed for some time past that I was more or less 'Persona non Grata' with the M.B.G." My dear, dear nephew, if the Garden were not what it is, it is possible that you might be right about that. But the beautiful thing about the Garden, as constituted at present, is that you are wrong. You are a peculiar sort of one-sided genius, very able in your way, but very difficult to handle in some respects, and strongly inclined to believe the worst for the sheer esthetics of ebelieving the worst. I'm more than somewhat the same way. And I don't know of a place where the two of us would be tolerated, much less cherished, save at the MEG as at present constituted. I could go on and on and explain myself in full, but I won't try. But I will tell you this: you are decidedly persona grata, and we like and admire you for what you are and what you have done for us RATHER than for what we hope to get out of you in return for a little buttering, which is the usual attitude. I have tried and tried, and almost completely given up hope of ever making you understand this, especially as concerns GTM. I had a hard time convincing Gus Beilmann, too, but I finally succeeded, and now Gus thinks Uncle George is just as swell as I do. I have had a hard time with Bob Schery, too, and just not so long ago when I was plugging away, he exclaimed: "well, why don't other people talk about Moore the same way that you do? Just because he likes you particularly." Well, I think GTM does like me rather particularly, just because I like him and understand him about as well as anyone here at the Garden. But he is shy-yes, actually shy, and he feels his responsibility, as he should, and so he doesn't get to know other people as well as he should-for the other people's benefit. But I will tell you again, whether you will believe it or not, and this is my last try: Dr. Moore feels a downright fatherly interest, even some personal attraction, for you, and he recognizes your ability distinctly, and he is proud of you, but he doesn't see how he will ever get to as mutual an understanding with you as he would like: it is a rather wistful feeling, I think, flavored with his shyness and feeling of his responsibility. Gosh dern it, why should I go into the way I feel about you? I don't suppose you know, and I probably couldn't get it across. We all are proud of you and like you, but just feel that there is little chance for us to bend your romantic and proud head so that you can see it. Go ahead and send your plants to Maxon because of your feeling of gratitude or whatnot. We don't grudge you. We like you for what you are. Oh, heck.

It is a sad blow to us, to, that Lindsay, or someone, has done you in. Dr. Moore was wondering some time ago whether the Government would take in the Tropical Sta. grounds with the advent of war. He said that in the old lease there was some such provision. So perhaps Lindsay isn't entirely to blame. We hope not, and you might find such a suspicion useful in your future relations with him and others. I hope the job at Gorgas isn't too bad, and that you will find time to keep on with your collections. Oh yes, Dr. Moore wants you to keep on being Tropical Representative unless you ask to be relieved (I showed him your letter, and he shook his head sadly, baffled at your persistence in believing yourself at outs with the Garden), he also wants to know whether you still want to receive the Australian Orchid Grower (is that the right name), and for you to make a list of the Garden books that you have that you want to keep.

Ah-ha! I told you that Bailey would come around after while. You have previously failed to appreciate his circumstances and personality. I'm glad you have gotten around to the point where you can send him his palms, as you ought. With a man as distinguished and individualistic as he, with as many important irons in the fire, you just have to stop expecting him to drop everything else for something which you may send in, even though he is very glad to get it and the thing that you send is really tops. Do you see what I mean? I am darn glad that he is working on our palms. There is no one else to do them for us, of that I am quite sure.

You ask whether the other herbaria have been sending me determinations and duplicates of the plants you have sent. Standley has been very good about it, and I have gotten sporadic determns and ups from A.C.Smith. But I have gotten nothing from U.S.Nat.Herb. until yesterday (a few days after I read in the Smithsonian annual report that they had gotten some 600-plus plants from you during the year) - some dozen or more sheets, of which two had no determination whatever, one determined to family, and 4 determined only to genus. Schery has taken these, and will send you the names shortly. I have gotten no lists from Washington. So you will see how scores stand in that direction. Of course the plants presumably are at Washington for work on the flora if I get the chance to go to Washington and search them out. I do kinda wish you would send the miscellaneous monocots to me (exclusive of grasses, sedges, palms, Pomareas, Orchids), for I am writing the manuscript for them now, and need them most of all. Also, the names are being changed extensively, and I have a hold of them that perhaps no one else does. It will also save some embarrassment if you send only the specialties to other people, even your dear (please excuse) Washington. For example, Morton recently sent me the manuscript of a new *Heliconia* that you had sent him. This is a species published by Ruiz and Pavon from Peru in 1798. Now I am going to have to break the news diplomatically to Morton before the thing is due for publication, or else reduce it when my treatment in the flora comes out. Do you see? Or do you think that I am jealous? Oh, heck.

I have really been tearing into the Scitaminales for the Flora (Cannaceae, Marantaceae, Zingiberaceae, Musaceae) also Cyclanthaceae, Commelinaceae etc. etc. are on the agenda for next week. I really have been going into them from bed rock, and the names, ah, the names, are greatly changed. The trouble with some of our friends is that they have not bothered to look for names of Panamanian plants among the plants of S. America. I am sending you a list of names in these groups which apply to your plants. Some of these are corrections, and some of them are names for plants not previously determined. Would you like to help me check my keys to these groups too? I shall send you copies if you wish. It might be interesting to you, and it would help me to have your comments and suggestions.

Incidentally, Schery has developed into a real authority on Panama. He has sole charge of the determination of the Wedel plants, which consist now of over 2,900 numbers. He knows them far better than I, and the speed with which he works is shown by the fact that he has named some 468 numbers since November. This work is in addition to his university teaching and his research and thesis writing for his degree. Incidentally, he will be a Ph.D. come this June. He has received two swell offers for jobs: one here and one at N.Y. Bot. Gard. Both places are very anxious to get him. Boyoboy! Here's hoping he decides to stay here! He is the best thing taxonomist that we have had within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The place at N.Y. would pay several hundred dollars more than that here, and I am having a hard time keeping from exerting the old pressure. This will show what I mean: Uncle George told me quite frankly that if Schery were 10 years older, he would make a splendid candidate for the next director of the Garden. Now that is God's own truth, and you can see that I am not merely raving. It will also cast a small reflection of the way other things are going at the M.E.G.

This letter has become much too long and too incoherent. Being that way yourself, maybe you will be able to make some sense of it. How I wish I could be studying Heliconia in the field right now. The genus surely needs it. I am being VERY conservative with the species, since I feel it to be exceedingly variable, such as Cissus in the matter of color. The ones with erect inflorescences, particularly the little tykes are particularly exasperating. Oboyoboyoboy.

I got a letter from Wedel the other day, announcing that he had been "sprung" and was back in Bocas. It was awfully good of you to look in on him.

How I wish that Fuss had never gone on that rubber business. Yes, I know, -- but he was developing into something special up here, and from the sound of his very infrequent letters, his natural inclinations have made it rather tough for him in Haiti whether he realizes it or not. Also, he probably told you that his girl Frances had given him the air. If he had stayed up here or come back with the rest of his party he would be up in New York in a good job, with his Ph.D. in white men's country, but with plenty of opportunity to go down in the tropics and Rover Boy at frequent intervals. Oh, heck.

I am just about written out, now. Write again soon and tell me everything that's happened. And give yourself an old-fashioned and lonesome hug and kiss. I surely wish I could be seeing you this summer, if not RIGHT NOW.

as ever, your loving uncle

Bob

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2318 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

May 10, 1944

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
REPRESENTATIVE IN TROPICS,  
BALBOA, C. I.  
REPRESENTATIVE IN EUROPE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul,

*CARD MADE*

A.C. Smith sent me about 6 sheets from your collections recently, saying that you had asked him to send us duplicates. Many, many thanks. Included in the lot was a plant, not of Ericaceae, that he did not recognize. He asked me to send you the name direct. So here it is: Allen 2385 = *Clerodendron epiphyticum* Standl. And a very good specimen it is.

I've written you so recently that no new NEWS has accumulated. Only that Nellie got a letter from Russ which sounds as though he might be planning to stay in Haiti indefinitely. WHY? OH, WHY? That job at N.Y. was so good, and it would have given him lots of opportunities to go to the tropics. It just doesn't seem RIGHT, dang it!

Best to Dot and yourself,

*Bof*

THE MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN  
ST. LOUIS, MO., U. S. A.

GEORGE T. MOORE  
DIRECTOR

TROPICAL STATION (POWELL'S ORCHID GARDEN)  
C. W. POWELL, MANAGER  
BALBOA, CANAL ZONE

Balboa, C.Z.  
September 15, 1940.

Dear Uncle Bob:

By the time this reaches you, you and the OTHER Bob will doubtless be at home, both of you with your little noses industriously applied to the familiar grindstone. We both hope that the balance of the trip after you left our midst was everything that you had hoped for, and that you got home with all your Chinese treasures intact, and with loads of specimens from both Bocas and Costa Rica.

To add to your Panamanian plants I am sending you by this mail a small parcel which I hope you find of some interest. Among them is what I'm betting on for another *Stemmadenia*, NOT *Alfari*, and NOT *grandiflora*. It isn't a large, or particularly striking thing, but it isn't either of the above mentioned species, and may prove something interesting. There are specimens of *Alfari* along with it for comparison.

We both hope the Garden's affairs will pick up, and that G.U.G. will be able to continue providing funds for trips like this summer, so that we can look forward to continued visits. You know you are our onliest SEAR BOARDER, and we don't want lose your trade!

You mentioned that the next copy of the "Contributions" was to come out this month. If you can wangle it, I would greatly appreciate one. The Data follows on a separate sheet.



# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

November 20, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

Your letter of November 5 has been waiting now for several days. And during the interval, the packages of plants have come. A nice lot, and they have been sorted out and are waiting for the data for the labels. The "Puny little Foolish" that you found up in the Injun Country is surely a Lulu, and I haven't the slightest notion what it is. I sniffed and sniffed at the Peltastes, but could find not the slightest indication of where it had had its unsanitary abode. Incidentally, as you probably remember, San Felix was the type-locality of the species. So perhaps Pittier had gone poking around in the same manure. Ya never can tell whose fingers had been in that pile.

But as far as I am concerned, the BIG NEWS is this: Great Uncle George informs me on his word of honor that he has put aside enough wampum for a trip to Panama again next summer, FOR ME, and my finger nails are already scalloped, I am crossing off days on the calender, and am slowly breaking the news to my famby. Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy !!! Incidentally, in your last letter you didn't say a word about Monniche. Did he come through alright? Give me the very latest dope pronto, for both Fuss and I are all agog with hopes and fears(--"through all the years"). Your Great Uncle George also says that we surely can start printing the Flora von Panama by the spring of 1941, and so I am here at 9:30 P.M., at the Museum, working on the Monocots. I am doing Marantaceae just now, and you, Dodge, and Julian got a pip of a Ctenanthe in "dense shade, flowers creamy white, between Madden Dam and Saddle ll near Alahuela, November 25, 1934." But in pressing, the flowers all went to smash. It's a new species of a very rare genus, and I sort of wondered whether you would suddenly find yourself up there again. It is apparently a plant less than a yard tall, with broad leaves, and a branches inflorescence with green bracts. The genus only has 1 Central American species, which it certainly is NOT. The rest of the spp. are Brazilian.

You've got me all tittilated about rh Milkweed fruit. If it isn't ready to send, puh-leeze tell me whether it has fleshy warts or teeth on the outside, or 5 narrow, wingers ribs along the side. I am betting on the warts. The fruit of the genus apparently has never been collected !

NOW: when are you and Dot coming up here ? Everybody asks that question, and I want to seem like a bright little boy and know at least some of the answers. I have talked to your doting parents on the phone several times, and they wonder whether I am on the know. Incidentally, the last time I heard from them, your father called to invite me over to your house to have a little party with Mrs. Hunter. Unfortunately, the family had other plans. Mrs. Hunter was hear a few days, and she looks just

about the same. Even to Toy, the little Pekinese. She had gotten a little Chevy Coupe, and had driven here, mind you, all the way from Colombus, O., on her way to North Platte, Neb. She nearly broke down and wept when she told me how she would have liked to have bought a little place in Boquete. I thought she looked a little more cheerful, and here eyes less bloodshot than the last time I saw her.

What has become of the Whites ? Peggy showered me with cards and mementoos of the Anniversary last summer, but they stopped with a bang right after I had written her a letter, and I have heard Boo since. And not any plants. And here I have about 500 labels already printed: Gene White !  
Peggy White

I have gotten (with much outside help) about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the last big batch of your plants all named up. You will be surprised when you see the printed result. The next Contribution will have close to 100 n.spp. and things, and quite the biggest plop ever. The one that is in press now has not much more than 50. Nevertheless, even that is better than A.C. Smith's (N.Y. Bot. Gard.) report on his British Guiana collection which was bigger than ours. I'm naturally feeling quite set up. Incidentally, also, I am gradually hornswoggling your 1934-35 collections from Dr. Greenman, slowly but surely, asking, rather off-hand, whether he has any unnamed plants of this or that family. So far, so good. I named up quite a batch of their Gingers and Marants over the week end. You really got a surprizing lot of things, and well prepared.

Well, I must get to work again for a little spell, for it is nearly 10, and closing time. Give my best to Dot.

As ever,

Bob

P.S. Don't look now, but Trelease had over 50 n.spp. in Piper, Peperomia, Quer us, and Phoradendron. I ought to know, because I had to translate them into Latin.

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

November 1, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

To Lou William's 16 new orchids, now kindly add 3 nn. spp. from Standley, bringing his total to 13, also 5 from New York, etc. etc. The last lot really was a killing. The report on the collections of 1938 is now in press. And I already have the mes. of a report on your plants since then that is at least as big, with some precincts still unrecorded. How I wish I could mitt you, a la "Hands across the sea".

Now about the Darien trip. If you take a single day for that trip off the time you are going to spend up here, I shall cheerfully kill you, and everyone else will even more cheerfully kill me. So don't do it, ya hear? If you can sneak a little time any other way, fine.

Incidentally, if you want to know any way that Science can be benefitted, supposedly with ease, here's how (as Killip would say): Look around that moon-shaped bed in the Garden overlooking Dot's kitchen windows. There used to be a green-flowered *Asclepias* twining around the *Allemania* and other tripe. I would give my eye-teeth for a pod of it. It doesn't have to be a completely ripe pod, just one fairly ripe, or even over-ripe, or even green but of respectable size. I am deep in the Milkweeds now, and am intending to make a new genus of our little friend and some of its relatives further up in Central America. But I have no fruit of any of them, and that's fairly important. Another hot tip: we are a little short on the assorted water-tripe, such as the things that must occur floating or wading about the margins of ponds, such as those near Pacora. They don't necessarily have to be flowering or fruiting, although better so. But some of the aquatic families can be determined by foliage pretty well, and we are pretty short on them.

Well, last night was Hallowe'en, and you should have seen and heard the commotion. Did you used to go out with the boys and raise hell generally? I remember one night particularly when our gang ran into a drunk some place on the streets, and we made him commander in chief of our expedition. Gosh, the imagination that that chap had! The evening appropriately ended with the arrival of a car full of cops. Well, must get to work now. -  
As ever,

Bob

P.S. Tell me how Don Tally is getting along. If you see either of them, give my kindest but wish.

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

October 17, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

Your letter has just arrived, and as this is my "day off" (from strictly school-work), it is in my bones to dash off a return compliment. I always let down my hair (?), unloose my collar, and sink down in the nearest easy (?) chair when your letters arrive, for they are by far the most lively and interesting of all my distinguished (?) correspondence.

Louis may have been plenty interested in your plants, and he has the cake for novelties so far (but we haven't heard from Little Standley the Great Explorer, as yet). However, I already have notes enough for an average-sized Contribution, and they are just starting to come in. For example: Standley lists 18 species of *Hyptis* (Labiatae) for all of Costa Rica. You got 9 of them in your last collection from Chiriqui. Standley lists 20 *Salvias*; you got 7 of them. All within a few days, and that's going pretty darned good. And just one family. Then again, I got the fern determinations from Mexico yesterday, and there are 9 new records! Pretty slick going. Quite seriously, my friend, you are fast attaining the collecting stature of Pittier.

As far as Darien is concerned: Don't let me urge you to go unless you really want to. But plants from there are really at a premium. There have only been two small collections from that region: One is at New York, and the other at Washington, and they are both small and without duplicates. If you do go, don't try to collect more than four duplicates for each number, unless conditions are rosier than I imagine. And as far as the cost is concerned, \$100 is quite modest. I should have come nearer to \$200. Or even more, for when you consider that the plants are worth 15¢ each at the very least from the Canal Zone, . . .

Now for the sad, sad truth. The little *Ophioglossum* arrived safely, and I already have the name: *O. nudicaule* var. *tenerum*, determined by Clausen. We got the same variety just this side of Chepo last summer. The big *Aristolochia* seems to be only *A. grandiflora*, for some records give it as great size, and in the herbarium I came across a photograph of about a dozen of them (a fearful object), all hanging with their chins on the ground in the Tower Grove greenhouse, and a scream-head newscipping about them in a St. Louis paper way back in 1902: long before even your Uncle Bob was on the scene.

St. Louis

Buddy Killip was in town Friday: his first trip to the Indian country. And since there is only one way to please him, Russ and I, and (if you will believe it) Greenman, took him out and got him higher than a kite. I didn't get home until 5 A.M., feeling like the very dregs of humanity. And got up the next morning just in time to turn up for a luncheon party Greenman was throwing at the University Club, and had to excuse myself and go out to two up. Ah, me.

Speaking of the Evanses and the Monniches, and prospective Evansis and Monnicheis, let me announce that there are already a couple of prospective Monnicheis in the offing, and if there are to be any Evansis, let poppa and momma go out and find some.

WILL it be fun to listen to sweet moosicks, and go down to the clubhouse for choglid sodies with Dot and Paul next summer? WILL IT ????????? Dunt esk!

As ever,

Bob

## MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

October 3, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
3215 TOWER GROVE AVENUECABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, ROTTERDAM, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

You should be pleased to learn that the last bunch of plants that you sent are already nearly half determined, and the same goes for the next to last. And many interesting things, too. I have about six new spp., including 2 Apocynaceaeaeaeaeae; since you have kept a precious little sprig of each one down there, I shall divulge the news systematically: the big *Smilacina* (1446) is *S. Gigas* n.sp.; 881 (from Darien) is *Oxalis darienensis* n.sp.; 1488 is *Marcgravia ampulligera* n.sp. (there are also 2 new *Souroubeas*, not yet baptised); 1734 is *Tabernaemontana pendula*, n.sp.; 1855 is *Prestonia Allenii*, n.sp.; 1831 is *Vincetoxicum Allenii*, n.sp., all of yours truly. There is also a new *Costus*, also unregenerate and unbaptised. Greenman is describing a new variety of *Senecio* from your plants. Two of your *Bromeliads* are new records, one being the second collection. We are beginning to make people sit up and take notice, including S.P. (Sour Puss) Blake, the Compositeman. As soon as all the names are in, I shall send you a list of all the determinations, with great pleasure, pride, and thanksgiving.

Now, while I'm about it, You and Russ collected a very strange *Gustavia* last summer at the Salamanca Station. It had great big leaves, and great big calyx-lobes unlike those of any species of the whole family, so A.C. Smith says. But, although it is labelled *G. Allenii* on the sheet, Smith says it can't be formally published unless we get flowers, and he doubts (why, I don't know) that the thing will ever be found again: that's how passing strange it is. If you ever get up in that neck of the woods, suppose you look around for it, if you please. Smith says the leaves are just like those of *G. superba*, but oh! Them great big calyx lobeses! (They are just about an inch long, at that).

I was wishing out loud to Uncle George the other day, and opined that what this country needs is bigger and better collections from higher up in Darien. He counters with the suggestion that I write you and see whether you could get a couple weeks off from work and go, say, up to around Cana, with all, ab-so-lute-ly all, expenses paid by the Garden. I demurred about you serving other masters nowadays, and he again counters with the suggestion that there may be horticultural plants up there that Summit might like to have. Well, I pass it on for what it's worth. It seems that Enders' gang went up there last year, or was it this year? I should think that that new *Crinum darienensis* that you got on the Pingoana-Yavusa trail, the one with the short, broad leaves, would be a very good thing cultivated. - Oh, well --

Congratulations on having prospects of getting increased emoluments so early in the game. That just goes to prove that one doesn't

need to have alphabet soup after one's name. Your "presumable" raise to \$2500 happens to be just what your Uncle Bob get from the University for being assistant professor of botany. And it is a quarter again as Dr. Julian Alfred Steyermark A.B., M.S., M.A., Ph.D. gets for being Assistant Curator of the Field Museum. So congratulashions all around, and many happy returns of the day.

I'm glad that Schuchert's book reached you safely. Uncle George said that it was too expensive to give you the copy (\$10), although I rather doubt it. Of course the book sent you is rather advanced, and since I know not whether you already know something about Geology, I am sending you a volume of his elementary college texts in which some of the advanced professional gabble is explained. It's really interesting stuff.

Just this minute a letter came with the determinations of the *Rubus* specimens sent him. He says that the one you have collected a couple of times at El Valle is *R. tyrichomallus* Schlecht.

-Glad you like Peter and the Wolf. I enjoyed it so much that I thought you would, too. I can't go for very much of Prokofiev's other stuff, though.

How is Dot getting along? I had heard from your Father and Mother that she wasn't so very peppy. Hope she isn't going into a black decline. If she does, take her to one of those Injun doctors and have the devil knocked out of her (figuratively).

School has started, and that means that during off days (like Wednesday, today) I have to catch up on all my letters for a week or more. So enough for now. Give Lindsey my regards, if he should be around. And any one else, that you think might appreciate my regards a little (I don't suppose that includes Zetek, from what I hear at the Field Museum)

As ever,

Bob

BALBOA, C. Z.  
AUGUST 20,  
1939

Dear Uncle Bob:

First, you will find enclosed the first original of the bill of lading for the box of plants. I think from the general tone of his letter that Uncle George was rather peeved that I'd lost the dope on your N.Y. representative, but he can rest easy, 'cause it won't happen again. We hope the stuff reached you safely, and proves of some use.

Just at the present moment, we're all thrilled over the receipt yesterday of a complete set of the Flora of Jamaica, presentation copies from the board of trustees of the British Museum. We didn't expect anything of the sort from Alton, but in any event are profoundly grateful, and pleased beyond words. Maybe I can manage to enlighten my thickheaded self a bit with them!

Just to ease your mind, I hereby ~~WITHDRAW ALL OBJECTIONS~~ to your beginning the publication of the Flora. It seems that the territory in the Eastern end of the Chiriqui highlands has let me down, or so I feel, and the untold wealth that I supposed that we were passing up there is largely non-existent. Now, how do you feel about THAT? Sandy Fairchild has a soothing way of pointing out that negative results have an equal value with positive, but even if so it leaves you with a somewhat let-down feeling. You're undoubtedly bursting with curiosity, so here goes for the start.

As you already know, San Felix is a relatively unspoiled village of perhaps sixty houses, strung along the sides of a long, and unevenly shaped grassy canon. The population is about evenly divided between completely white Spanish, and dark Indian half breeds. The country in general seems to have been at one time or another rather completely cleared, and is at present allotted to stretches of closely grazed pasture, and thickets of second growth, heavily festooned with lianas. The actual banks of the nearby Rio San Felix has some apparently original forest, and is probably all in all the best place for collecting at certain times of the year.

George and I trailed through with the car as far as the road would take us, arriving at the house of one Mateo Rodriguez. This worthy soul directed us to the Rio San Felix as probably offering the best grounds close at hand for sizing up the situation as to the amount of material to be had in flower. The afternoon was spent in the company of his small son, Bolivar, who marched about with stately mien after we had proclaimed him future Saviour of Panama. The collecting was astonishingly poor. Many things had a rather off look, but almost nothing was found in flower. We naturally garnered in all things possible, sometimes to the extent of gathering things that we knew were the most hopeless of weeds simply to have something to press up. We DID NOT collect *Stemmadenia grandiflora*, nor *Mandevilla hirsuta*, which two seemingly make up about 3% of the total Flora. On our return to the village, we sought out our friend Mateo, for possible further leads as to collecting grounds. We found him ensconced in one of the local Cantinas, and in the course of a lengthy harangue, found that he had guided us to the lower reaches of Cerro



For some peculiar reason, the steep ridges, rather than the few level patches, are invariably chosen for planting. The effect of fanning up to the infelicitous ridges, with patch after patch being abandoned, and new ones cleared has been disastrous for the native plants. The cycle seems to be the felling of the trees, planting for a varying period to corn or rice, running fire through the next felling of timber, which invariably spreads to the old clearing, and the final encroachment of grass, and the grazing of the grass by cattle. Our trail led along the crest of a high ridge, at least a thousand feet above the flanking rivers, and we could observe the effect of this practice over thousands and thousands of acres. The entire area has become a vast badland, with the ridges overgrown to grass, grazed to a linalike smoothness. Such little second growth timber as remains is of the woodiest sort, and is confined to the valleys, reaching in long tongues up the hillsides. Such plants as were found, were those that would be found in similar situations near El Valle de Anton, and in the vicinity of Cerro Campana. Magnificent views were had almost constantly of the towering Cerro Santiago, ( 9990ft.± - ) It was continually capped with clouds, and is covered with seemingly virgin forest above about five thousand feet. Our guide did noble, plodding along in a semi-sensational state, opening one eye enough to indicate which trail to take of the innumerable fordings. We covered approximately thirty miles in the day's walk, a trip which had taken the former party two days to cover. We arrived late in the afternoon at the settlement of the Carrizidor, or Casique of that section. We were told he was called Ignacio by the Panamanians, and that he had great influence with the people. He was not to be seen, however, and I suspect that he may be wanted by the Panamanian police on some pretext or other. He undoubtedly has learned that it is much easier to disappear for a few days, than to take chances with strange and unexplained visitors. Practically no Spanish is spoken in this section, most of our conversations being of place names, and signs. We camped for the night in a typical huge, grass thatched house, which had for some reason been abandoned. The elevation was approximately three thousand feet, and we anticipated a cold night. Old dried ox hides were found in the rafters, and spreading these on the ground, we prepared for the night. An ox hide isn't the most comfortable bed in the world, but we were long past the particular stage. It soon developed that the place swarmed with rats, which scurried busily through the thatch, and taking experimental nibbles at our feet, fortunately clothed in heavy woolen socks.

At long last came the dawn, and we unravelled ourselves from our blankets, yawned, scratched, and admired the panorama spread below us. The valleys were filled with mists, which half hid the deep blue of the jagged hillsides. The rising sun sent them scurrying, tinting each an exquisite shell pink as a parting gift. Far from being sky or sullen, the son of the local chief haunted our camp, experimenting with his scanty supply of Spanish. After considerable waving of hands, we gave him to understand that milk would be appreciated and paid for. He soon returned with a particularly filthy calabash containing perhaps three pints, warm, fragrant, and filled with various odds and ends of foreign matter. Since none of these seemed to possess the power of locustion, we concluded that they were beneath contempt, so closing our eyes, we dozed the portion, finding it comforting to empty stomachs. About three hours were spent further along the trail, collecting, finding the country this far traversed identical with that surrounding our camp. Probably another days travel would carry the happy voyager to perhaps five thousand feet, ( of this our guide assured us ) and with sufficient time there to have

Judging from the plants seen, the area will probably prove to have close floral relationships to that of El Valle, Canasas and Cerro Campana, rather than analogous elevations in western Chiriqui.

The return to San Felix was made during the balance of the day. Lacking water over the majority of the thirty miles, our mouths felt as though anointed with a mixture of quinine and glue. To ease our thirst we begged chicha from Indian settlements passed, tossing the sour, mash filled mess off, and thanking God for the wetness of it. Oranges we robbed, green and sour from wayside trees, and got thoroughly stung by wasps for our pains. As long last San Felix was reached, and we greened and relaxed weary bones for the night.

Return to the zone was enlivened by HEE blowouts, undoubtedly helped in great part by a load of fifty one tree ferns picked up in western Veraguas. We arrived at the Station one day late, after spending most of one day and the entire night patching tires. The herbarium collection is drying on the stoves, and we hope some assiduous specialist can find more in it than we suspect is there.

Well, my grand, don't YOU wish you were along? As far as man killers are concerned, I think this one tops the long held record of the Canasas jaunt. I was frankly bitterly disappointed that there wasn't more to be had, but on the other hand, it certainly simplifies matters as far as the Flora is concerned. As far as the place being a bugaboo from the standpoint of the Indians, that's pure unadulterated foolishness. Naturally they don't talk much to visitors, they don't speak any Spanish. The women and children are pitifully shy. They would spot us on the trail, and dive like scared rabbits into the nearest rice or corn patch.

I believe we got five or six things which may prove to be interesting. The prize of the lot I foolishly put into a bottle of pickle, without any cotton to prevent it being broken up in jouncing around. It is, (or was) a tiny epiphytic herb, perhaps a Scroph, having tiny tubercous roots, a thread like stem set with two minute leaves, and topped with a perfectly huge flower looking for all the world like a miniature white and blue snapdragon. The flowers were solitary, one perched atop each plantlet. I have tried to rescue the fragments, which are now in press. I hope someone can make something of them.

I'm tired of one finger typing. How about these back copies of the "Contributions" ?

Most sincerely,

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

August 17, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
8112 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. I.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

How come you're double-spacing on me? That's all right, my boy, I know just how it is. Anyhow- - -glad to hear that you are getting, or have gotten, down San Felix way. Pittier made a collection down there about 1911, and found a number of interesting things. And tell Dot that distance makes the heart grow fonder, and I want you two to be just as fond of each other (MUSH !)

As far as the Flora is concerned, I'm begining to think that I've bitten off a considerable bite. I've written to one and all who are allegedly helping with the Monocots to start getting them into shape to hand the msa. in about June of next year. Of course the whole thing will have to come out in parts over five or more years. Your part of the geography and general lay of the land can either come out with the first (in 1941), or be saved for the last. As a matter of fact, it might be well to have the expository material last. The technical taxonomic part can be numbered consecutively with arabic numerals (1-2500, possibly), and the expository part, yours and some sections on the history of botanical collecting and remarks on the relationships of the Panama flora with that of other parts of the new world that I probably will do, can be numbered in roman numerals (i-cviii) and can be placed first when the various parts are ultimately bound together. I had a letter from L.H.Bailey, who is 82 yeras old and just as hardy a specimen as you could hope to see outside of trees. He has just come back from an expedition to Hispaniola collecting palmses, and he says, yes, he will be glad to try to do the palms for us. Let's hope he lives to finish it, and many years thereafter. He is a grrrrrrrrand old man if there ever was one.

Your plants last sent (the one before you had Blotz, Blotz & Blotz tatooed on your chest) have not arrived yet, but the notes have. I notice that you and Alston (esq.) collected the Marsilia again. Was it in fruit? I have not yet sent out your collection numbers from 972 on, so it will be some time before I am able to start sending you determinations. But don't fret, my boy, they will come, and before you are gray-headed, too, that is, if I continue to live and kick.

I am having a perfectly hellish time with the milkweeds, but every evening I think that the problem is solved and get a good night's rest as a result. But every morning, the dream fades, and I find that I am right back where I started from: in the hole. Ah well -- I am still

As ever,

Bob

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

August 2, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

I have just had a nice chat with your mother over the 'phone. My mother has suggested for some time that the Woodson family hie itself out to Kirkwood to see yours, but I have been away on and off in the interests of Milkweeds, and in fact have just this week returned from Michigan and Ontario. Before long, however, we shall go visit, and see for ourselves that both your Mom and Pop are alive and kicking. Your Mother said that your father had not been quite as well as usual some time ago, but was now nearly to par.

A very nice letter came a few days ago from the Monniches, and we were very kindly invited to make our headquarters at Finca Lerida next year. We may take them up on it, for Uncle George says that the prospects for a trap next year are pretty good.

This is a business letter, for I have been making tentative plans for the Flora of Panama, and Uncle George says that I can plan to start publishing early in 1941. It will have to come out in parts, and I am afraid it will be 1946 or 1947 before the whole thing is over. My, oh my! That seems a long time. But the mills of the gods grind slowly, ya know.

Anyway, in making my prospective table of contents, I have in mind starting off with a general account of the geography of the republic. The author of that section is Paul Hamilton Allen, of Balboa, C.Z. And who would be better fitted for such a job? He has travelled extensively in the republic for some years, knows his plants as well as anyone, has many contacts from which he can obtain facts and figgers, and writes both interestingly and well. I have not broached the subject to him as yet, but am doing so now, and I won't take "no" for an answer.

Is that sudden? Well, it appeals to me, so jump to the task my boy, IF YOU PLEASE (sugar please). I had in mind asking the fabulous Terry to do it, but after having read some of his papers, have decided that, although there may be a lot of information in the old boy, it is not quite the sort of information that I want, and when he gets done, it sounds too much like a textbook. What I want, is a general account of how the geography hitches with the vegetation, the weather, the people, and the New Deal. Something like Standley's introduction to the Flora of Costa Rica, but more extensive. Do you have a copy of Schuchert's "Geology

of the Caribbean-Antillean Region" ? If not, speak up and I shall have the Garden send you a copy. In it the great Terry exposes his vast knowledge of the Geology of Panama, and you could use it to great effect. I should think that you could do a good paper for us of any length you want, say 50 to 100 pages, and have it in by the middle of next summer. Yes ? Now, old topper, I know that you are busy as h---, and if you really can't do this Herculean task, just say so, and there will be no hurt feelings. But I really think that you are our man, and so does Uncle G and Andy. Let us know, for we are hanging on your words.

Having got this off my chest, I shall have to get to and finish some of the work that's been hanging around for so long.

How is Dot ? Your mother said that she had not been quite up to par ? Tell her to buck up and take some spinach juice.

*as ever,*

*Bob*

BALBOA, C. Z.

JULY 27

1939

Dear Uncle Bob:

First 'n foremost, rejoice with us over the acquisition of a new typewriter ribbon. We're proud of it ne end. Such a pleasant relief from cranking like H---l on the little wheesit on the end of the machine, searching frantically for a somewhat less threadbare stretch of line. Praise God from whom all blessings flow!

Enclosed you'll find the record of our preambulations for these several months past. Mixed with sundry common-as-dirt weeds, grasses 'n sedges, we believe we have skillfully hidden several things that'll simply make 'yr false teeth fall out. Stop right up Ladies and Gentlemen, a simple game of Skill, find the Winners! We especially recommend to your tender mercies the three sheets of a Plumeria, garnered from the rocky slopes of Mount Campana. Y' understand we're not insisting on anything, but you look at it good 'n carefully with your good eye, and see what you think.

Don't you wish you were with us? Suiting the action to your recent good advice, we went out to Summit yesterday, and snatched a nice bagful of BIG round MUSEUS Mangosteens! Boy oh boy, wat you miss by living in St. Louis! A little closer to home, we have fruiting for the first time this year our own Mangosteen tree, (as yet quite inadequate for our appetites) and a new and quite rare Mango, called the "Carabae". This last vendor hails from the Philippines, and must have been one of the things planted by Mr. Hunter. It is a curiously shaped thing, somewhat like a dwarf Sandersha, and quite the most delicious thing we have on the place. See what you have to look forward to next year?

Now begins the confessional. G.U.G. promised to have us hersewhipped out of town if we ever sent boxes of plants to furrin Brakers again. We remember Virginia Peters sending us the name of the Garden's Broker in N.Y., and we carefully laid it by in a Special place, against such time as we should need it. We've literally pulled the house apart looking, and to the present writing, our careful hiding place as yet remains undiscovered. Oh, WOE is US. As far as I can see, we're simply going to have to send them on, care of the P.R.R. Broker, and give G.U.G. their address, and have the Garden's agent extract the bill of lading from thence with as much diplomacy and aplomb as they can muster under the circumstances. If you can persuade Uncle George to forgive 'n forget, we'll have the official depe Tatted on my chest, for future remembrance. In many ways I'm inclined to think it'd be a good idea anyway. All employees of the P.C. are supposed to bear somewhere on their suffering carcasses identifying marks, scars etc. Think of the glory of being able to bear your manly buzzen 'n show " BLOTZ, BLOTZ & BLOTZ INC., 666 1/3 BILGEMATER, FLATBUSH "

We think the plan for next summer is:

July 1, 1939

Dear Paul:

Dear ! Dear ! And again, dear ! Here you're up two letters on me, and probably going to the post office day after day to see whether the pody-man has brought anything from Uncle (ugh ! ) Bob. The reason for the break-down in the mail-service, as you may have guessed already, is that the first letter arrived during final examinations when I was busy flunking starry-eyed little frosh, and the second arrived (let's see, it was posted June 15, arrived probably June 19) when I was probably bowling along the road between - no, I was probably in the Bahama Islands at the time ! Ha ! A telling blow, I perceive even from this distance !

But the truth of the matter is that I took one of my students and started out from St. Louis June 8, scouring the country for Milkweeds. We passed through Oklahoma, Texas, southern Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, all the long, long way around the complete coast line of Florida, up through Georgia, South and North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and home again. While we were in Miami, I thought suddenly laid me down that we were not far from the Bahamas, and that I might never be in such a position again. So we took the plain from the airport one morning, and two hours later were in Nassau. We only stayed three days, but it was well worth it, although we did no collecting, and just lounged about town and the beaches. Nevertheless, I did see three genera of Antillean Apocynacs that I previously had, as you so aptly put it, "peered doubtfully at embalmed specimens, & then hammered like H-I-I on the typewriter" about. We covered about 4,000 miles by auto in little more than two weeks, and you might suppose that we could accomplish little. But we actually found 18 different species of Asclepias, in addition to a small general collection. I must confess that I personally found only about a third of them. The boy found the rest. He is an awfully good chap, and I should like to bring him to Panama with me next time. His name is 'Bob', but don't take offense. He is about 6 ft. 2, played four years of college football and at the same time on a semi-pro Soccer team (the Stars) in the city here, and is almost totally unlike anyone I ever met before. Many the odd stories I could tell. For example, when we were in New Orleans on this trip, a truck load of crabs was rumbling through the streets from Barataria Bay. Off dropped a frantically wriggling little crab. Bob dashed through the traffic, saved the crab, carried it tenderly the length of Canal street, into the hotel lobby, and up to our room where he put in in the bath-tub, until the next morning when we would strike the coast and he could put it back in genuine sea-water. We trekked miles through the Florida everglades with all its beasties lurking nearby, me in my leather boots, and he in moccasins and shorts. Now just a word about our academic society at the University: Bob had nearly an A average in college, but was not elected to Phi Beta Kappa (I am not a member, this is hearsay), because some of the old Nannies objected that he "would not take it seriously", which is probably true. Well, anyway-

Glad to hear that my old pal "Buddy" Killip stopped by to see you. He is an awfully good egg, but rare is the evening when he is not somewhat coagulated, which makes him even better company.

You have me all tied in knots to see all these collections you are talking about. The lil flowers from the big apocynac tree

from Campana Hill that you enclosed, however, are not a new species, but Tabernaemontana arborea Rose, collected just once before in Panama. Its chief stamping ground is Guatemala, nor does Little Stanley the Great Explorer list it from Costa Rica.

I certainly should admire the see-the-old-ranch under its new management. The money is still dribbling in from the Great American Public, and perhaps next year we may be able to drop in on you (or are you coming up here instead, now that you get year-long vacations I hope?). I have had several letters from the Whites, the last from Peggy enclosing views of the new S.S. Panama. It looks like a regular skow, and I don't mean maybe. Dr. Greenman has started talking about my taking over some of his load, and although he looks hale and hearty, he is well past 70, and I may not always have my summers relatively to myself as now. This is decidedly on the Q.T. side.

Russ is expected back in about a month, and I certainly will be glad to see him. The work at Harvard was apparently not quite as represented in the pardy little booklet with the pictures, but it has been good experience for him. Did he write you all about how he wanted the tropics to be his home and all that? Darned if I can figure how he could get into such work, unless you found a place for him in the Junior College, or digging ditches, or helping Louise sell perfume at the Commy.

Give my best to Dorothy. I think of you both at least once a day and wish I were with you, untwining apocynac vines from the trees, or hipity-hopping toward a cheglid scap, or doing most anything. But darn you if you ever call me 'uncle' to my face and in the presence of others.

As ever 'n' ever,  
Bob

You have no idea in knots to see all these collections you are talking about. The lil flowers from the big spycase tree had to hear that my old pal "Buddy" Millip stopped by to see me. He is an awfully good egg, but here in the evening when he is not somewhat constricted, which makes him even better company.

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# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

January 12, 1949 (oops !)

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
3215 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

Here I am still at my orfuss at the Garden, and it is past 10 o'clock, P.M., I mean. I have been trying to get together work for my little Botany 1 darlings for next semester, which has nearly gotten me by the tail. But I think I have it all done, and the guy from the printer is coming tomorrow morning, bless him.

Ah me, would, would that I were down there with you and Dot. I can imagine the tranquil serenity of the "Balboa Orchid Garden" (I'm brave, ain't I ?) with the little round street lights in front stretching up the hill, and the Robert E. Woodson, Jr. Memorial Bed-chambah (or is it still ?) abiding in quiet anticipation (?). But a good long letter from you is something of a comfort, and because of that, my dear sir, I beg to remain- - -.

It's great news to hear that you and Dot are positively leaving the Zone February 26, and I shall be thinking of you that day, and hoping you have a good trip, and a fast one. But I'm sorry that you're going to be so long arriving here. But, judging from our present weather, it may well be a good thing to take in Florida first. For the snow has not been off the ground since before Christmas, and we have been down well below zero a few days ago.

I'm glad that you are getting some palms. L.H. Bailey is doing them for us, and has been a little pessimistic. Apparently it is very important to get fruit, so keep your eye peeled. In some that we have sent him, he has not been able even to get to the genus. And he says the U.S. Nat. Herb. is full of such. In most cases, the trouble is no fruit. I'm going to write the old Geezer soon, and quote some of your reassuring sentences anent his pets.

I can think of nothing Russ would like better than to get a job with you at Stummick. He is crazy about the tropics, and about as crazy about you. He has been studying Spanish like mad, just because you can sling it around.

Under separate cover, I am sending a whole sheaf of determinations of your plants from about 900 to date. Some are still out, but the lot sent will keep you busy for some time. I hope you will be impressed by the number of novelties. During the Christmas holidays I took a flier through the eastern herbaria to do my part of the Monocots of the Flora. I was most surprised and pleased to find that there wasn't much to do. Our collection is definitely superior to all except Washington. There they have

more specimens than we, but they are mostly from the Canal Zone, the same thing time and time again by about a dozen different men, and as far as the highland flora, our's is best. I was also on the look-out for Pittier specimens, and I can crown you right now as perhaps the most thorough collector of the Panamanian Flora, although it is about neck and neck at present with Pittier. In a couple of years (OH, FUH-LEASE DON'T STOP !) you should be the outstanding collector of all time, by far ! You don't know how grateful I am for all the help you have been in this work, not to count the pleasant times that I owe you. You mentioned once or twice being greatly obliged to me for accidentally getting you started down there. I owe you much more, and I shan't forget it.

I got a card from the Monniches telling that the operation was very successful. I certainly am relieved to hear it. By the way, Russ tells me that Verne Goerger, who went to Costa Rica with Dodge a few years ago, is going to intern at Gorgas. He got his M.D. last year, or will this year, I don't know which.

There are so many things that I wan't to talk about, that I don't know where to really start. We shall have to leave that for when you arrive. And besides, by this time, I should be abed.

So, Cheerio,

As ever,

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

July 14, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
1315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. I.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

(CABLE: COLLECT)

CONGRATULATIONS ON NEW HONOR STOP HOPE SUMMIT NEEDS YOU  
WORSE THAN WE DO STOP HAVING A PERFECTLY LOUSY TIME STOP  
TEMPERATURE 100 IN SHADE STOP WISH I WAS THERE

All kidding aside, I am honestly proud that you are going to Stommick to tell them what's what, and I can hardly wait until between 9:30 and 10 tomorrow morning to tell Great-Uncle George all about it. That means no more ditch-digging for little Junior, I assume. And also that it will be easier and easier for him to snatch Mangosteens.

Sure'n its good news that you're planning to get back to the States next spring. We'll all be thu-rilled to see you, and especially your Mom and Pop, who look wistful-eyed every time sonny-boy's name is mentioned. And no small reason. Last winter I knew of at least one person, intimately, who was very wistful-eyed when it was at last clear that Sugar wasn't going to be bounced out of a job, clean out of Panama, and back to the Garden, complete with Dot and phunny-graph. And as for going back 'down under' with you, you may consider my mind already made up. What's more, C-U-G has already intimated that there probably will be funds.

You've got me rolling in the aisles with your latest ! My nephew does have the drollest wit, talking all about what a good time I must have had in Bermuda, when I wrote explicitly that it was the Bahamas. A lot of attention is given to what poor old 'Uncle' says ! (sniff-sniff, and BAH !)

I shall be looking ga-ga to see what you've collected when the next box of stuff arrives. We have all of last summer's plants identified except Trelease's and Pennell's, and Trelease has at least acknowledged his and says that he is working on them. We found an unusually large bunch of interesting things, and the next 'contribution' already has about 50 manuscript pages, including some Allenii's, Woodsonii's and Seibertii's. I have had many unsolicited and complimentary comments upon our activities, and it about time, for the Garden had never done anything of the sort previously, and all the other large institutions had, repeatedly. Your last bunch (nos. 731-1688) and the Whites' latest have all been labelled and laid into bunches for the specialists, and will be sent out soon. They make a bigger bunch than we got all last summer. Incidentally, Standley writes that Mrs. Davidson (alias Mrs. Terry) apparently has lost all interest in collecting.

I got a telephone call last Saturday, and when I said "Hello," a feminine voice answered, "Dr. Woodson, I called to ask why you have not yet placed your summer's reservation at

El Hotel Nuevo ? We trust the service has been satisfactory ?" Blow me down ! It was Miss Doris Kintigh, who was stopping in town for a day to see her brother here, on her way for a vacation in California ! I told her that we might well place a reservation for next summer. She says that Monniche's cataract has not yet matured, and that they consequently are still at Finca Lerida until it does. Here's hoping that he has it off successfully, and is again down there by next July or August ! I have continued to get occasional letters from my Bocatoreno friends, and I may stop there for a couple of weeks again. I wish that I had some contacts in San Blas and Darien. Would-be-contributors to the Flora are begining to ask when I want their mss., and it looks as though we could put out the monocots rather pronto, but I should like to hang off a bit until we have some more material.

Well, I could ramble on and on and on, and it might be something of a consolation for me. But I still feel rather "wrong" to be merely writing at not talking to you. Sure 'n it will be a happy day when I can see you and Dot with my own-eyes and talk at you good 'n proper. Do you have any new phunny-graph records ? I have not acquired any for some time on account of busy-ness.

As ever 'n ever,  
Your devoted Uncle (Bah !)

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B.D.

*[Faint, mostly illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

May 10, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul and Dorothy:

This is the time when I thought we would have you up here with us, to enjoy real spring weather ! You can talk yourself blue in the face about the springy atmosphere of Boquete and Finca Lerida, but you know as well as I do that it is not the Real McCoy. You really can't appreciate violets and lilies and larkspur, and all the rest, unless you have suddenly jumped into it from the dark of winter. That is what we are doing now. And it seems to me every year that I have never seen the grass so long and green, the sky so blue, and the clouds so white and lazy; the flowers so bright, and the birds so loud and happy. Aha ! Are you getting homesick ? Well, it's your own fault for being so noble, - - or so un-homesick, - - we haven't yet decided which.

Glad to hear all about the improvements at the Balboa Gardens (heh-heh-hsh-hsh !), what, by the way do they call the old place now ?

I have just this morning made up copy for labels for your recent collections. The Garden has given me an understudy to help with my work, and things should go very much more quickly from now on.

I got only two Birthday cards this year, and only one of them was appreciated, since the other came from one of my cousins who makes a business of remembering such things - bad 'cess to him ! But just remember, my children, each year makes you older too, and makes me no more an "uncle" to you !

I have been working on Milkweeds all year, and no nothing more definite than at first. But be that as it may, I am planning to take a trip to the south-eastern states from Texas to the Carolinas collecting the fool things. Expect to have a fine time and wish you were there (or vice versa).

As ever,

Bob

San Jose, C.R.  
April 27, 1939

Dear Uncle Robbie:

Your letter has served to dispell a cloud of doubt which had settled over our happy home, since we had word from one of the Garden scandie members that you had been purchased body 'n soul by a heartless corporation to comb the ends of the earth for further fibre plants. Since you're apparently still at the old stand, we can give you a bit of that cheapest of commodities, advice. If you aren't actually starving, DON'T do it. This from someone who unfortunately has left the paternal wing, and is more or less in a position to know!

We are glad to learn that you're properly impressed with the quantity, if not quality of our final gleanings, and hope that at least some of it helps fill in the chinks in that still faulty structure that will some day astonish the world as the "Flora of Panama". We managed to garner in some three hundred sheets last month, which we will see that you get in due time. This month, due to a combination of extreme drought, coupled with personal worries has rather seriously cut into our total take, but we hope to get out Sunday for a final sifting.

Needless to say, we're glad the FRENCH are hearing the cry of distress, and that the mortgage is to be lifted from the old homestead. It must be a great relief to Dr. Moore not to have the wolf dashing up & down Great Uncle Henry's mahogany staircase!

Since I have rather vivid memories of your leaving in the midst of Die Zerberfleete on at least one occasion, complaining, (does my memory fail me? ) that it was the worlds longest & most tiresome walk, we're glad to learn of your ultimate conversion. We can sympathize with you on your un-musical friends lack of enthusiasm. After the bug has done a Gommario job of biting you, you soon find your friends silently stealing away, rather than sit through another (to them) gosh awful ordeal. 'S all right, they don't know what they're missing. We are at present enjoying Beethoven's sixth, and Dvorak's New World, which coincides fairly well with our present state of mental development.

Our construction goes on apace. The pergola, as I may or may not have told you, has now a stone wall 18 inches thick, by about three and a half feet high around the entire works, and is being brought up to level grade. It is to have a stone floor, with an enlarged formal pool in the center about 8 x 12 feet. The lath will be cut away to admit more light, benches for the footweary public etc. We should be fairly well done in another month. We have finally, after many battles, been granted the ground fronting the Administration plaza, to landscape with the plants brought back from Hope in Jamaica. We have great hopes of getting the place on a permanent basis before we finally have to get out.

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

April 24, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul:

I think that your plants have all arrived by now: two big boxes and two packages wrapped in paper. All together, with quite a few that I got from the Whites some time ago, we now have about as many as we got all last summer. Quite a respectable lot! And I have had to clean up all those old cases in my Garden office to get them safely tucked away. I haven't yet gotten labels printed for them, and have been over very little, but they are beautiful specimens. The Whites', too, are just about as pretty as one could find, very much better prepared than any they have previously sent in. I also got about 15 numbers from Mr. Wedel, one of my friends at Bocas. If you ever go to Bocas, be sure to look him up. He is an ornithologist, and really gets out into the thick of things.

Oh, about the queer *Asclepiad* that you sent me in pickel, and that you thought would be a new genus. It is not, but is quite apparently *Fischeria funebris*, quite a rarity, however. The volume of your collections since we left last summer really knocks me speechless.

The "Ecuadorean Wishing-slippers" have also arrived, and was I surprised! I had expected something of much less interest and value. I immediately tried them on, with accent on the try, for those boys must have had very dainty little paddies. If I am going to make use of their wonderful properties, and goodness knows I should like to, I shall have to be like Cinderella's wicked sisters, and cut off my toes and heels to get them on. I have always wanted a pair of those contraptions ("slippers", indeed! OUCH!).

Good news! Uncle George says that the money coming in response to our modest hint (he says it positively should not be called a "drive") has been very encouraging, and that we never will be so hard up again. In fact (semi-secret) Pring is being sent to Egnalnd (England) to buy orchids.

More news. I have actually bought the Magic Flute. It goes ever so much more quickly after several times, which probably explains why Cohen is able to prosper in the face of apparent obstacles. It is really splendid, although I can not afford it. My friends are already avoiding me. Der Vogelfänger bin Ich, Ja!

What news do you have of the Monniches ? Did they ever come up to the States to have his cataract removed ? I sent them a card Christmas, but haven't heard a thing from them, although I have had several letters from my Bocas friends. I also have heard nothing more about Mrs. Davidson-Whateverthenewnameis. What of the Evanses ? H.H. and Marie Louise are down on me, I bet, for a couple of months ago she wrote me a nice letter including a long clipping about her pictures from a Washington paper. I must write her soon.

But I have never been so all-fired busy as this year. I am studying Milkweeds now, and have about lost my mind. Boy, are they tough !

I just have 15 minutes to make a class, so must desist for the present. Write soon, and give my best to Dot.

As ever,

Bob



# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

February 21, 1939

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. I.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
NOVE, SUDBURY, ENGLAND

My Frrrrr-ienndd:

The old felt fedora is off to you, and the cold, cold breezes are fanning my burnished topknot! Why? Because I think you are quite right, and a noble, noble character to boot. I have known all along what a wrench at the heart-strings parting from your 'tropical air-castle' would be, and what a wrench at my heart-strings never, never to sleep in the Robert Everard Woodson, Junior, Memorial Bedchambah. By the bye, you had better inquire of his majesty the governor whether my foundation of the Bedchambah will continue, for if not, you haven't got my consent. I feel, all kidding aside, that it is probably quite definitely to the good of all concerned that you stay down here as you have planned, until someone (who?) plops off up here and we can install you in the vice-regal throne. It is also a good thing for you to visit those gardens in Jamaica, and all that sort of thing. In fact, I think that you are quite definitely NOT screwball

I am quite pained that you probably will not be seeing all the PWA improvements up this way this spring, or are you (crescendo of anticipation)? The 'Water Music' is fine, and a very good buy. In the same class is that new Schumann piano concerto with Myra Hess. The recording of the piano tones is quite the best I have heard. Also recommended is Tchaikowsky's 'Romeo & Juliet Overture', Stokowsky, I think.

Your new Milkweed sounds exciting, and I can't imagine what it may be. There is no Costa Rican genus that could call forth your inner emotions. You just wait until you see our next splurge in the Annals on the historic collections of Woodson, Allen, & Seibert. We already have 16 n.sps., and neither Trelease's nor Standley's determinations in yet. I think you may be quite right about El Valle being as good or better than Chiriqui, and there are always the mountains back of the valley. I am going to take up with Uncle G. the question of the Garden financing your trips in a really satisfactory manner.

Oh yes. This is the way to make Marsilea fruit. We have some in the pool in thr Garden yet, haven't we? Well, take some of it out of the water, and put it in a pot of soil, and put back in the water with the margin of the pot just out. When it starts to leaf well again, take the pot boldly out of the water, and set it high and dry where it will get some water, but just enough to make it thirsty. The new leaves will be sort of stunted, and gradually they will cease to unfold and elongate. Then they will change into little brown beans. Then, your torture for science being past, knock the plants out, press them, and send them up here to

the impatient world of science !

I am now engaged in sorting out the last White plants, and also your last plants from Darien, but I have not yet come to your Aristolochia, for which I am ga-ga. Even more ga-ga-ing is the little Pinguicula, which I am sending (noble, noble character that I am) to Barnhart at N.Y.B.G.

You know, we really didn't do so badly last summer after all, with our 1200 numbers. The N.Y. Bot. Garden and the Metropolitan Museum of Natural History sponsored an expedition to British Guiana last summer: they left in April, stayed until October, and had all sorts of gadgets, and six men, and they only got 981 numbers. And they are not so terrifically hot, either, for I have done the Apocynaceae, Asclepiadaceae, and Zingiberaceae for them, with one new species each. We have so far had 2 n.sp. for each of those families. Hotcha !

Dr. Moore is proud of your noble, noble character and your decision to save the old homestead for the family, but he is a little, proudly, irritated that you still don't believe we have anything really for you to do up here. He alleges with heat that he had several important projects for you, but that they can wait. So there.

Prattling as usual, so I had best turn my genius to better purpose.

Best regards to Dot, and tell her that I think of her almost as much as I do of you, which is, but is not intended to be a sultry compliment.

As ever,

Bob

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MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

October 26, 1938.

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Dear Paul and Dot:

Got your letter of some days ago with news from Darien, which was quite exciting. Now I am biting my nails until the plants arrive. No, not quite, for we are still busy typing labels for the herbarium-shaking collections of Woodson, Allen & Seibert. But we are more than half through, if you must know how industrious we have been. I surely miss the help that Bright-Eyes would give were he here. And by all means send the story about the giant Aristolochia, and the pictures. Also the specimens. We shall give the newspapers another treat. But let's change the subject.

The Garden is apparently as broke, or more so, than when you drew that last breath. But next year (that is, after June), things should be better, for indications are that the Director is planning to institute an economy that I have been thinking about, and even suggested to him, for some time. Howsoever, I shall try to provide for occasional trips for you all (ahem, - for specimens, of course !).

There really ain't no news. I haven't gotten any new phonograph records, have you? I frequently think that the best phonograph music is heard in Balboa. I don't enjoy mine quite as much as I did yours. Oh yes, the one bit of news today is that we received a package from Argentina labelled: The Bernard Shaw School of Botany.

As ever,

Robert Woodson jr

Tropical Station  
October 14, 1938

Dear Dr. Halibenton:

We shudder to think how the rest of the faculty must be cutting you on the street after your wild ride with the newspaper boys. Dear, dear, how did you ever manage to fall into such bad company? I'll bet it all happened over a couple a' Scotch 'n sodas. Dorothy says she'll never speak to you again if she doesn't see a public retraction to the effect that we DON'T serve snake steaks for dinner.

If you MUST have a real legitimate yarn from the Tropical Station, I'll spin you a dandy from the dread wilds of Darien. Went down the other day, and have 487 sheets practically dry to prove it. Got up as far as Boca de Cape this time, although that doesn't prove anything much except that much mere muddy water under our piragua ends. Also, have one specimen ~~slightly~~ pressed, dried, & safely under cover of the monster Aristolochia, altho I'm beginning to wonder if it isn't simply a monster form of *A. grandiflora*. This one was a bad, perhaps half developed, measuring five feet, six inches. Have pictures to prove it all too.

Standley, on request, very kindly sent us copies of the *Flora of Costa Rica*, which we're delighted to have, even if it is sans keys. He wrote quite a cordial note, saying he planned to spend five months this dry season in Guatemala, and that we got ONE new weed, a *Eupatorium*, from Costa Rica last year. He's doing us the honor? of naming it for us, which is about the equivalent of having a Piper named for you. *Eupatoriums* & *Pipers* probably will have to be run off with names something like TVX 8971 - B, before they get through. So much for examining the teeth of the "cabelle reglado".

All publicity for the benefit of our DEAR PUBLIC aside, just how broke is our dear old Alma Mater? What I'm getting at is this. Just now, there seems to be an unusual bit of things in flower, and I'm also pretty much in the mood to collect. However, all trips cost something, for example, the 487 sheets from Darien cost 28.85, which is higher per sheet than trips with the car run. Dr. Moore has hinted rather broadly that we'd better stick pretty close to home & tend to our knitting. If you want specimens, you'd better talk it over with him, and come to some sort of agreement. In the letter we received while I was in Darien he didn't hint, he said in so many words, "Don't make any trips that cost anything". That's sort of orders, so we'll wait word from you.

Also, if you want a spellbinder, showing the Scientist at death grips with the monster *Aristolochia* in the depths of the fetid JUNGLE, just say so, & you'll have a yarn that'll be reprinted in Amazing stories & similar publications for years. You should bite hard on this one. It must be uncomfortable to be the ONLY LIAR in the institution. Just move over, & you'll have company!

Most sincerely,

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2312 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

October 3, 1938.

My dear, dear friends:

I shudder to think what adverse propaganda you may be hearing about me. Knowing that you will withhold all judgement until you hear my side of the question, allow me briefly to sketch the plot:

PROLOGUE: Our hero, Robert E. Haliburton, Jr. returns from his teerropical explorations to find the old homestead about to be sold for back taxes (mostly water taxes). His crafty Uncle George outlines a plan by which the family honor may be saved. Said plan is for our hero to sell his experiences to the press, although O.H. naturally senses the seduction of all his Arts & Sciences. But there is no refusing Uncle George with his masterful wiles.

ACT I. Our hero is subjected to the gentlemen and gentlewomen of the press. He produces his little story, which is greedily torn limb from limb: one limb flying north, one limb flying south, one limb flying east, one limb flying west, and blood all over. Among other debris to be discerned as the curtain falls, are the scattered remains of 12,000 exsiccatae, which have miraculously multiplied from an original 6,000 plus or minus, and the grasping tentacles of a mammoth 300 ft. orchid. Demoniacal laughter rings out on all sides, and the words "Vox populi vox Dei" mysteriously appears in the air lighted by blinding flashes of lightning.

ACT II. Our hero is deserted by his friends, spat upon and spurned by his enemies for allowing his helpless little story to be desecrated. He flees to a desert island (Coiba), where he becomes a hermit, and dies a lonely death beneath a sky darkened by:  
(1) 12,000 specimens (2) a baleful, 3 ft. orchid  
(3) gallinasos.

EPILOGUE: The old homestead is saved, and the whole family, led by triumphant Uncle George, dances a mad finale.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. I.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

But I have learned, at any rate, that when you tell a reporter that "our party" got an orchid which produces flowers with petals nearly 3 ft. long, the story appears that the one who was interviewed found the orchid and that the petals were 3 ft. long, and the implication is usually that they were 3 ft. wide as well. And 12,000 specimens collected over a period of three years soon becomes that many during a single summer (ah me ! Would that it were !). At anyrate, my dear friends (I hope !) picture my plight. I still believe myself to be an (essentially) truthful man.

To return to more gay subjects: Do you remember how I yearned ~~xxxxx~~ for the Arctic genus *Pinguicula* from the top of the volcano, which was collected and incinerated last summer ? You, my dear Paul (and Dorothy ?) collected the same genus at El Valle. It is your 754 which you called *Scrophulariaceae*, and no wonder, since it is about the next family. The funny little pale green rosette of saucer-shaped leaves with the one or two small which flowers. I have written boastingly to Standley, and rather doubt that he has it for Costa Rica. As far as I can find, the genus is not supposed to occur south of Orizaba.

I am in a most ungodly mess with my work. Classes all increased over 100%. I need your ~~xxxxx~~ friendly wishes now more than ever. I am ~~xxxx~~ barely able to wait until I get the rest of the specimens for which you sent notes, and to see the yellow-flowered *Fuchsia* (see ? I don't doubt your word !).

Humbly yours,

Robert E. Holubarton jr

P.S. At anyrate, I did get the Garden publicity !

P.P.S. *Pring is jealous !*

Tropical Station  
September 26, 1936

Dear Dr. Woodson;

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days. How nice it must be to be able to face your smiling charges again. You children, this is a very rare example of *Isoetes multipunctatisima*. What? No children, there is no odor. At least not yet, not until definitely proven NOT a new species.

We'll have to remember Dr. Merrill's suggestion, and in the future attempt to die somewhere in Panama where a monument is needed. Perhaps a nice mercantile one somewhere with sharp angles all over it, so the pigs & horses will have somewhere to scratch. Anyway, we were glad he didn't simply go straight up like the proverbial Roman Candle. We're doing our feeble best to get together a few more numbers, from here & there. We're sending you on this mail the lot of plants taken alive at Las Tablas, Pese, Rata & points east & west. Among them are the sheets of the *Stemmadenia*, and the bottle of pickles are also in the same mail. The notes covering all, as you've undoubtedly discovered are along with it.

We've just had a note from Russ. Glad to hear that he made it all right, and is settled at Harvard for the year. Since we hadn't heard for some time, we were beginning to wonder if it panned out.

We will pass your osteomed sediments along to the P. & G. Whites. We haven't heard anything further from them, but they'll be in one of those days, without fail, with lots more, & it'll all be welcome.

George is biting his nails for some sand, to finish a retaining wall. (Just WHAT have I against the FINNS anyway?) finish a retaining wall. ('I wish they'd taught me to spell when I was littler')

Best sincerely,

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2215 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. I.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUREX, ENGLAND

September 18, 1938.

Dear Paul:

This will be just a short note because I am frantically trying to get things in shape for the opening of school tomorrow morning (at 8:00, furthermoore !). Ah me, sorry is the day, this last day of freedom ! I don't want to go back to school ! I don't ! don't !! Dont !!! DONT !!!!!

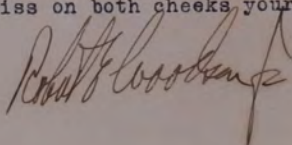
D O N ' T ! ! ! ! !

In other words, I'm all agin it. But go I shall, for I have had no salary check since June 7, and although I am not on relief, I should like to see that one looks like. And if I go back to school, whether or no, I probably shall see one, come Oct. 1.

A few days ago I got a very fine letter from Dr. Merrill. I had written him about our not getting 5,000 numbers (although we did get 1251 numbers at that, which I call puddy good, dern it). His letter was of the general tone that he thought it puddy good too, and related times when the Arboretum had made appropriations for collections and did not recieve a single plant, or the collectors had died after cashing the check, and then Harvard had to erect a monument to them in Africa. He brok down and said outright that he was glad that he had not had to recommend an appropriation for two monuments somewhere in Panama.

The rug came through in great shape, and is greatly appreciated. Enclosed please find check, which I had forgotten last letter, and also copious thanks. Also, Russ tells me that the hospital would not admit him until my bill was paid. Please render same, and ask old Gorgas why in the name of thunder he didn't send it in before.

Also duly received is the most recent notebook from Peggy. Kiss 'em on both cheeks for me (P. & G. - Whites, I mean, not soap). I have suddenly become depressingly aware of my position as a 'typical academical person', which all this tosh illy becomes (Ah me ! School begins tomorrow !) Anyway, also kiss on both cheeks yourself and Dot.





Tropical Station  
Sept. 16, 1938

Dear Dr. Woodson:

Hi, hip, HOOORAY, for dear old Beas. You tempt me strongly, suggesting that perhaps they would also give me free rides on their merry-go-round, and of all things, cocktails before breakfast. Who told me? My friend, it was a little bird, 'n you'd never, never guess. 'An here we were biting our finger nails off for POOR? POOR? Sanny Boy struggling in the fetid swamps. Ask, ask, ask.

Such as one is tempted to lay claim to some secret, horrible Tropic disease, I fear me that in all honesty, we must admit to cases of old fashioned intestinal flu, States Variety. Sorry, we'd hold out for Ems, or at least Malaria as long as there was any glimmer of hope left, but they let us down. Just shows you how they play favorites down here. Maybe YOU'LL be the lucky one. Just think how proud you'd be to be able to show your friends your leptospirosis! But then again, you have your operation to console you.

We've been unable to sleep nights for fear of what Dr. Merrill might have plans to do to you. Do they still boil people in oil? We can't remember. Every night we've awakened to the sound of banging oil, only to discover it only had been in crime sneaking. Well, we at last concluded to do something about it, and have been out on a couple of collections, with about 400 sheets to show so far. Among other things we have ten nicely assorted sheets of your prize from Las Tablas way, with flowers, fruit, and a nice development series of buds pickled in rubbing alcohol in a Lydia Pinkham bottle, in the old approved fashion. They are about dry, and should be up there shortly.

Did we tell you that we got tired of looking at that old woody Poro-poro at the corner of the little bridge, and jerked it out with a block & tackle and have planted a tree fern with a twenty foot trunk in it's place? It's a real honest to gosh specimen, and is sending up new fronds, so it apparently stood the trip in from El Valle O.K. We had our doubts, since it took five of us to get it out to the road, and it was eight feet longer than the truck, which presented difficulties on the trip in. We'll send pictures if it makes it, and becomes photographable.

One of these collecting trips was to the City of Pese, Herrera Province, and in the vicinity of the famous Oca. Never in my long and varied experience have I seen such a worthless country, or so little to collect. Never be it said that I balk at collecting weeds, if they be respectable, decent weeds, but my, my, such trips. Just wait, you'll see! However there are a few things other than weeds from near Nata, which we hope helps to raise the general quality.

It's late, and Post Office time. Not that we expect to get any mail, but we need the exercise. Sp? Sp?, Oh, well.

Most sincerely

YE OLDE MUSEUME  
September 6, 1938

Dear Paul and Dot:

Yes, children, this is my "thank-you" letter. Keen little brats you are, too, to recognize it as such. Nevertheless, pay good heed, and you may learn a few things about how not to write 'em. First off, notice that I am writing to Mrs. & Mr. jointly, which is never, NEVER done (I oughta know, because I have just released a chain of identical pairs to the Mr's & Mrs's who entertained me at Bocas.- Oh yes, you can always impose your rudeness on home folks, but NEVER try to put over any foolishness on strangers). All foolishness aside, however, you both should know by this time what a swell-legant time we had in Balboa (including tonsilectomy and what-had-Russ, complete), and how we look forward to crashing the R.E.W.M.B-C. again.

I must admit that it was with great fear and trepidation that I boarded the Sixaola for Bocas. The ship didn't sail until about midnight. Shortly after that time I went looking for my cabin, and found that my baggage had been put my mistake into a cabin already occupied fully to capacity, if not more so, by two 7th day adventist preachers, who were already in the only two bunks. When I roused the purser out to put me wise on where I was to sleep, I found that it was all a big mistake, and the preachers were right after all: I wasn't supposed to bunk in their cabin (where my bags had been put) but into an upper-lower combination with a French champaign salesman. That was that.

We got into Bocas at about 3 the next afternoon, with the manager, Mr. Kelley, waiting for me on the dock. I found him to be a chap about my own age, from Boston. A splendid chap. It also developed that I was to stay at the Managerial residence instead of at the batchelor's quarters. Really, folks, I can't begin to tell you what a good time I had in Bocas! Everybody was so good and friendly to me. Just about everything but the cocoa roasters were at my disposal, and I got 151 numbers of plants. I could have gotten lots more, and they would have been better prepared, too, if I could have had someone to help me. But the two weeks went by before no time, and I would say that I had the time of my life if I weren't afraid that it might be grossly misinterpreted in Balboa. At ahystate, any tears shed for me marooned and helpless in Godless Bocas should be treated as so much lost sympathy.

Naturally it was a shock to learn that Russ and Paul had been ill. They probably would not have been ill had they gone to horrid Bocas with me. But it is darned lucky that you all didn't get sick in Darien. Although I learned on the way back from a woman MD who was in Darien for about 2 weeks this summer that there is a small but passable hospital at La Palma, and a fairly good Cuban doctor.

I have received Peggy & Gene's notes safely, and shall be glad to get their plants. We need them to pad up Merrill's account. You should see all the plants piled up in my office. They are a fearful sight: all the work to be done on them, I mean.

Russ appears to be quite all right now. As a matter of fact, although he was somewhat underweight and de-sun-tanned, he seemed OK when he reached Bocas, and he was already eating twice-normal portions of all meals. The symptoms sound like intestinal flu to me.

A major surprise when I reached ye olde museume was a box from RCA containing: GUESS WHAT! A Mozart piano concerto, af all things, and one of my favorites. My impulse was to throw it right back into the face of the giver, shouting, You've done enough already! But that wouldn't be nice, now, would it? And beside, I recall that the great teacher, Aristotle once said: "Always the perfect lady, to hell with everything that's coarse and unrefined." So I have already played the darn things at least once a day, and have grudgingly decided to keep it. One can become accustomed to nearly anything. Incidentally, I now know that I like your phunnygraph better than mine. Mine was out of commission for two days after I arrived, and I don't like my reckless record-changer, and there is a scratchy needle-noise (I shall get some fibre needles).

It is 92 in my office right now, and I am longing for the tropics. No kidding, 92 degrees is 92 degrees is 92 degrees, and I'm not used to it (after my operation, especially).

My mother and I paid a call on Paul's father and mother Sunday afternoon, and found them both apparently well and eager for news. They had previously paid a call on my mother and sister, God bless 'em, so they were already good friends.

Enough for now. As I remarked, 92° is 92° is 92°.

Give regards to everybody that can use 'em.

As ever,

Robert Woodcock

Tropical Station  
August 25, 1938

Dear Dr. Woodson:

Since you have had nine days on shipboard with Russ, you should certainly know in detail much more than I could get into the form of a mere letter, so will try to start from the time Russ left here.

About two days after sailing, Gene and Peggy White came around with some plants, which come to about 90 numbers, and at least 250 sheets. Bless 'em, we sure needed it this time. I hope your time in Bocas was better spent than ours was. Several of the things they brought are quite interesting. Did you ever hear of a species of *Gunnera* other than the one on Irazu? This thing that they have may not be that, but it certainly is one whopper of an herb of some kind. Quite a lot of the things are odds and ends that we picked up on the other side, but that at least proves that our finds were no mere established.

Russ and I ran off to a species of *Isocetes* near Bojuno. Does that break any records for Panama, or not? We wished you might have been there and in on the find, although you were doubtless all wrapped up in bigger and better finds in Bocas. We hope, we hope we hope!

Saw by the local paper that Mrs. Whatsit from Boguete had left for a month's stay in Almirante. Looks as though she took your advice to heart. She must rate higher than we did, since I've never seen our moves appear in the social news column.

Since Russ sailed I've been having the tail end of what apparently ailed him, although fortunately not as tough a case of it. About the last three days I've been at least able to keep meals down, although I could pass for a Jap spy for color any day. We are at present engaged in the interesting game of hunt the termite, since we discovered that our spanking brand new floors are simply riddled with them on one side of the house. We have traced infection to the Robt. E. Woodson memorial Bedchamber, here I fear we will have to rip up the floor and put down a cement one, since they seemingly hold headquarters in the old wooden floor.

Write as soon as you have time, we're all aflutter to hear how you get along at Bocas.

Sincerely,

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

June 5, 1938.

Dear Paul:

It seems scarcely worth while to write so soon before our actual arrival (next week, isn't it? My, oh my! It seems almost too good to be true). But I think it may be well to tell you my reactions to your earth-shaking disclosures of May 28.

I hope that you have doped wrongly our youthful friend Claudie. He may not be as bad as he appears. Surely your friend Lee sees something to him. So suppose we continue with our original plans, and then ditch him if we have to. If Lee is so interested in him, it might be unwise to let him down without a very fair trial. Besides, darn it, we need help, and it is too late to take someone down from up here.

Don't feel badly about feeling let down. As I have intimated rather broadly, our good mutual friend Paul H. Allen may be rather quick to jump to gloomy conclusions, as are both you and I.

Saw your mother and father last Sunday. Did they tell you all my eccentricities? If not, I will, - on June 17, or shortly thereafter.

As ever,

Robert E. Woodson

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

May 28, 1938.

Dear Paul:

I believe that you are two letters up on me. And well and good, for I like to get letters, but answering them is not so good. All this business of Panama and Costa Rica flora has certainly upped my correspondence, and it is all I can do to answer the blamed things within a month. Some are much more overdue than that. But the specimens are getting determined.

I showed Dr. Moore your request for chains, and he alleges that he will take care of them. Speaking of supplies: have the driers and papers arrived yet? You will need to have the Panama Railroad construct a track right to the front door. You never saw such a load of stuff in all your born days. Something tells me that we won't need it all this summer. But we can leave plenty with you, and more with the embattled White sisters. I was amused at your description of Peggy and Gene's competitive tendencies. Just a day or so ago I got quite a bundle from Gene, and some very nice things, too, including the second known record of *Echites turbinata* Woods. (previously known only from the type collection in Costa Rica). Also *Tropaeolum Warszewiczii*, a rarity. You collected *T. bimaculatum* in Costa Rica, also rare.

NEWS: Washington University will confer an honorary degree on Oakes Ames June 7. Do you remember Louis Williams? He is now Ames's understudy, and going places. He will probably be Ames's successor.

I can't think of anything more to say, except that Russ and I can scarcely wait until Aug. 17, when the S.S. ULVA is due to dock at Cristobal, bearing two noted Panamanologists. Wonder if you can get them two commissary tickets? Tell Zetek that if he gives them passes on the R.R. that they will condescend to spend 5 minutes each at his "Tropical Air-castle," but not unless.

Tell Dot to despair not; the worst is yet to come.

at lva  
Robert C. Lusk

manner.

Third, I note you allow but ten species to our flora. I believe there are more, which I will attempt to cite in some detail a bit further on.

Frankly I wish to heaven I were in St. Louis, and we didn't have to use this slow & unsatisfactory means of exchanging ideas. I couldn't do much to help unravell these hopeless snarls of precedence and nomenclature, but I could tell you what the plants in question look like. I got out my meager store of dried Heliconias on receipt of your letter, and I will confess that if my notes and memory wern't there to tell me otherwise, some of the most distinct species look discouragingly alike when flat, and devoid of color. The question sometimes poses its'self as to for whom is this flora being prepared. If, as it probably is, it is for the student of tropical floras in the United States or Europe, field notes or keys based on such characters are more than useless. I doubt if there will be a full dozen individuals ~~an-~~ actually on the ground in Central America who will know or for that matter give a hoot what ~~thev~~ the keys are like, or if there are any at all.

I had hoped to get out Sunday to try to get specimens of things I have hitherto regarded as being too common, and too obvious to need collecting. I have just today learned that I will probably have to work Sunday, and probably Labor Day as well, which will postpone the necessary specimens too long. I tend to get off on other tangents, and I'd rather write you something NOW, even though I may be all wet than to chance never getting it off my chest at all. The following, principally from memory is about the lot as I know them. Where there is any question regarding changes in names, I will simply give the appearance & distribution as I know it, leaving troublesome things like names to you.

(A) Inflorescences pendant.

a - Peduncles & bracts densely hirsute, red, like a movie palace plush rug. Plants stout, 3-4 meters tall, with banana-like leaves. Leaves sometimes tinged with purple on under surfaces. Inflorescences 2' to a yard in length, measuring from the point of emergence from the leafy stem. Flowers yellow. Common to the cool wet hills north of El Valle above 800 meters. See #2707, 2867 & probably 1818. # 2425, taken in a similar habitat on Cerro Campana has smaller inflorescences, shorter peduncles, smaller narrower bracts and may deserve varietal standing.

aa - Peduncles & bracts smooth, coriaceous or slightly pubescent. ( I think ) Plants very stout & tall, averaging 4 meters. Leaves banana-like. Inflorescence with bracts so closely imbricating as to appear as a solid, red spear shaped mass. Common to the Madden Dam area & Atlantic slope below about 250 meters. See 879.

ab - Plants tall, 2 1/2 - 3 meters. Leaves banana-like. Inflorescences coriaceous to almost waxy with age. Bracts broad, of a deep, rich red, margined with a broad bright yellow band. ~~Stax~~ Bracts spaced at a comparatively wide interval, this increasing with age. Flowers yellow, followed by conspicuous bright blue, roughly cubical fruits. A very handsome species, one of the finest in the region, generally distributed throughout both the Atlantic and Pacific slopes, ranging up to about 600-700 meters.

H. MARIAE Hook f. →

## ( B ) Inflorescences erect.

b - Peduncle & Inflorescence densely hirsute.  
 1 - Plants about 1 1/2 meters tall. Bracts few, slender, almost tubular rather than boat-shaped as in most species. Bracts bright yellow, with broad brilliant scarlet margins. Flowers yellow. Common to the hills north of El Valle above 800 meters. Also known from Barro Colorado. See # 2167 & 2490.

bb - Peduncle & inflorescence smooth, or essentially so.

1 - Bracts nearly as broad as long, <sup>or</sup> closely imbricating, the inflorescence being very nearly cylindric in shape.

1 - a - I know this species only from the specimen given me by Fairchild. He has described the leaves as being Banana-like, about 3 meters tall, of a decided bronze color. The bracts seen by me were coriaceous, and dark red. It was found by him on the Rio Peguini, and is reported to be common there. It is a very handsome thing. See # 2640 ( *H. imbricata* ( O. Ktze. ) Baker

2 - Inflorescences more or less laterally compressed, the bracts being flattened, keeled and more or less boat-shaped.

2 - a - Plants very tall, with the inflorescence terminal, with no naked subtending peduncle. Leaves long, and narrowly acuminate.

aa - Plants about 2 1/2 - 3 meters tall, resembling a *Renealmia* in vegetative growth. Bracts long, slender, closely imbricating, the interval being about equal to the width of the bract. Bracts brilliant orange, margined translucent white. Flowers white. A rare plant of the dark forests north of El Valle. It is never found in clearings, and but seldom on the margins of trails, seeming to prefer deep, uncut forest. See # 2692

b - Plants of varying height, but with comparatively broad, banana like foliage, and with the inflorescence always supported by a naked, rod-like peduncle for some distance .



March 3, 1958

Dear Dr. Woodson:

You shall be remembered among the blessed for sending on Dr. Martin's letters. We can't quite be accustomed to his vagaries as you are, and we always listen to his yarns with all the rapt attention of children, half hoping that this particular whopper is going to REALLY be true this time. It is a shame that he won't be able to join the happy throng, but there will be other summers, and we can all be one big happy family again.

As to your question as to my reaction to the addition to the expeditionary forces. Remember, you said "be frank, be candid" so here goes. If you have had some of your flock of young hopefuls making moon eyes in your direction and you have again committed yourself to give some young social lion a fine summer's vacation at the expense of Dr. Robert E. Woodson Jr., I would say you had better restrain your generous impulses. However, if you have some young chap that is really interested, and to whom the experience would be valuable, and ~~and who still has some time to spare there (in case)~~ in plenty for all. I think among other things I would consider in making the decision is whether or not he will work (at any thing on earth, provided it is work) during the summer in the event that he does'nt come with you. If he will do anything over the summer at home, he probably will here, and vice versa.

As you may, or may not remember, we now are the proud possessors of a TRUCK, with plenty of room, and we are really looking forward to collecting and camping out of it all over the Republic, with returns to base camp at frequent intervals. I think I have discovered the part of the Azores peninsula that we are interested in, and it should be well worth while. As you mentioned in one of your former letters, we are using the formalin, acetic acid mix, and find it extremely usefull in holding specimens until you have an opportunity to dry them. It should be especially usefull in Darien and Chiriqui.

Dr. Moore raised just the shadow of a doubt of the possibility of this next summer's trip, for financial reasons, and we will be eager to hear definitely that you are coming, and when. Please let us know all about it as soon as there is even a whisper that is definite.

We have just put in a developing and printing dark room, so if you are so minded, you can do your own when you are here. It's much cheaper, and you have more leeway to do as you please with them.

Best sincerely,

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

February 26, 1938.

Dear Paul and Dorothy:

Russ and I have just had a great shock. It is about Dr. Martin. We had not heard from him for over a month, and had owed us both letters. A few days ago we finally received a letter from him. Since all we know about the situation, as yet, is what is in his letters, I will copy them here. The first is to Russ:

Dear Russ:

During the past week I have been trying to catch up in the mail that has accumulated in my absence. Included in the lot I find the picture of Peggy and Gene White and your accompanying letter. Thank you for the picture which, however, like everything that reminds me of the tropics, makes me feel a bit blue. It just can't be done this coming summer. If it were only the expense, I should raise it somehow. But, as I am writing to Dr. Woodson, there are other factors involved.

My delay in writing you is due to a rather curious experience. A week ago Wednesday, I found myself in the observation ward of St. Luke's Hospital, in New York. I haven't the faintest idea how I got there. It appears that I was picked up by the police on the Colombian Line pier trying to slip aboard ship. I am told that I disappeared from Iowa City on January 15th. causing, I regret to say, great distress to my family. I suppose the St. Louis papers had some mention of it. I do seem to remember driving furiously through Joliet in a big car - not ours - with the police after me. And by the condition of my clothing I must have been in a coal car somewhere along the way. However, except for my being a bit thin, I am apparently none the worse for my experience. My theory is that I have brooded so about not being able to go to Panama this summer that my subconscious mind took control and decided that I should go anyway. At anyrate, since I remember nothing about it, this is one trip concerning which my modest recollections will not arouse the skepticism of my friends. At any rate, I am looking forward to the Ozarks next spring.

Cordially,  
C.W.M.

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2313 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

Russ and I immediately rushed over to see if my letter from Martin had arrived. It had, and this is what it told:

Dear Bob:

To be in proper form, this letter should begin with excuses for my long delay in answering yours. I might speak of the fact that I have just returned from Florida where I had an opportunity to examine the fungi that caused the sudden collapse of the great pier at North Miami Beach, and incidentally to pick up a lot of interesting other forms, including a queer gelatinous-gummy thing that traps insects and occasionally mice and digests them. Or I might mention more prosaic things such as examinations, extra courses, unexpected interruptions. But without trying to substantiate the truth of any of these reasons (after all, there is a higher truth), I do not mention them, for they are all irrelevant. The fact of the matter is that I am a typical academical person - that is, a being composed half of word and half of habit, lined together with arachnids, and molded in the form of a man, but living in a never, never land of wishful thinking and unable to bring himself to face the Facts of Life. But it must come at last.

I must not think of going to Panama next summer for three reasons:

1. The loss of my summer salary. My yearly stipend comes in ten monthly installments, and being a typical academical person (see above) I manage to spend it in ten months. Pretty serious, since the family must live somehow during the other two.

2. The immediate cost. In itself not enough as if that were all I could probably find the money somehow.

3. I have two Ph.Ds and an M.S. coming up in August. There was a chance that two of them would be able to finish in June, but that is off now, and I must be here to see them through, and to do what I can to place two of them. This, I think, is decisive.

I wrote Russ what I think is a convincing alibi. Sometime let me know its effect.

Look for me in May -

Cordially,  
G.W.M.

Figure it out yourselves. For myself, I feel that Baron Martin von Munchhausen has outdone himself. But who knows? Your letter, received two days ago was great. We roared loud and long over Dr. & Mrs. Boss in a Panamanian caboose. The

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

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TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

labels will be prepared for your Costa Rica plants instanter, and sent off to Standley. I already have the determinations of nearly half of the Panamanian plants. Hurrah! No new species as yet, but several new records.

Saw your mother and father (Paul's) the other night, and they seemed well. I must pay another call soon. Paul's mother is a beautiful woman, really. Her eyes are as large and beautiful as you can find anywhere. The Dodges had them (the father and mother, not the eyes) in tow at a public meeting at the university, so I only got to see and speak with them for a moment.

I still hope that we will be able to return to Panama this summer, but quien sabe? If I come (including Russ), may I perhaps bring along an other young hopeful, if I promise to leave with him right away for the Bocas region, leaving Russ to go with Paul to Darien, and not stay in the Zone more than a couple of weeks divided into two or three intervals? Then we could all go to Chiriqui via Los Santos. ~~Be thoughtful!~~ Be careful! I think that we might profit by dividing the party, and three does not divide well two ways.

This letter really should count as two. I shall have to stop, now, or it will have to be sent by parcel post. Russ and I can hardly wait until summer.

My blessings to both of you,

As ever,  
Bob

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

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ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

February 8, 1938.

Dear Paul:

PUH-LEEZE (for Cripe's sakes) send on the data for your Costa Rican plants! (I assume that they are from Costa Rica.) I have been all through them, and have laid them into sets. They are the most intriguing pile I have seen for long. But they should not be sent out until labels are prepared for them. Understanding that, you should be able to understand my dither. Among the most interesting of the lot are two fine species of what appears to be an amaryllidaceous vine (?). Is that the thing that you and Hunter have been reporting from the Valley? It has me stumped: I don't even know the genus. And why didn't the plants mold? The papers were dampish when they arrived, but mold there was not. Methought I detected a slight odor of formalin. Was that the secret?

Hereafter when you send packages of specimens to Dr. Moore, write on the label: "For Woodson," or something of the sort. Just a few days ago (long after the rest of the plants had gone their various ways) Dr. Greenman turned over to me a box of your plants of last April from Cerro Punta & points south and east. They might have been labelled and sent away weeks and weeks ago. The rest of the boxes came direct to me, but it appears that that one box was effectively side-tracked.

There is nothing even remotely now and interesting. What with Dr. Moore and Mrs. Moore gone, however, there is hope that when they return they will be able to tell me something about what's going on down there. I don't know nothing! How the house rehabilitating is getting along, nor nothing! It's fierce! Thuh suspense is killin' muh! Please address all communications direct to the undersigned,

Asever,

Bob

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

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ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

January 6, 1938.

Dear Paul:

This is my first letter to anyone this year ! Ponder that statement, and value it accordingly. I would also impart, to wit, that I have made a New Year's resolution to keep up (?) the good old weekly letters, or at least monthly letters. Of the multitude of which the present may appropriately be considered "number 1."

The last few months, ever since arriving in September as a fact, have been hectic. Last year we got the idea of celebrating Dr. Greenman's 70th birthday with big doings: a special number of the Annals and a banquet in Indianapolis (where the scientific convention was this year). I had charge of virtually the entire shebang. And my, oh my ! What a lot of correspondence, and consultations, and connection of other people's manuscripts, and menus, and all the endless little things. The birthday party and all went off with a bang December 27 ("Jessemas"), and is now out of the way, thank Providence. And it was a huge success. Dr. Greenman was highly elevated and enjoyed every moment, as did we all.

How is the work on the house coming along ? I crave details. Night before last I had the horrors again, and almost dread to return to the scene of my crimes. I admit that I may do so, however ! I recently had a letter from Martin, and he says that he will be unable to leave Iowa City all summer, so that is that. Do they have cinder bricks or thick sheets of asbestos (boards) in the Canal Zone ? I will arrange to have some shipped down to you for the new drying oven, if it is unobtainable down there, or maybe the quartermaster could get it for you.

Among other things that I neglected to write you, I am afraid, was the more than pleasant evening that Russ and I spent with your father and mother about a month ago. I blush to be mentioning it after so long. The highlights of the evening were, in order: (1) my getting completely lost trying to find your house at night, although I had been there in the daytime. I finally ended up in Des Peres, Mo. (2) Being greeted by your mother and father, and led into  
(over)

the living room, where I found myself face to face with our old friend "Bobby" Simon. I could have sunk through the floor, (3) The simply "swellegant" supper that we had. Your Mom surely knows how to throw a banquet, (4) Recollections and reminiscences of you, my dear boy, at all ages since before teething. I am going to pay my "party call" before long, and I am looking forward to it plenty.

The Director tells me that his forthcoming Annual Report will deal largely with the Tropical Station; He is hoping to get an independent endowment for it. So there are no signs as yet that the place will be folding up.

Do tell Dot not the wear herself out fixing up the "Robert Everard Woodson Jr. Memorial Bedchamber" as I plan to have a part in that myself when we arrive, if not before. One of the saddest aspects of the late lamented halocaust was of what it did to all of her painting and primping. I would hate to think of her doing it all over again.

Everybody else at the Garden feels that, considering what I have been through the last few months, I am entitled to special indulgences for a time. So, on the strength of that, don't you feel that you can write me an extra special letter, telling me all that's going on, your experiences in Costa Rica, et cetera?

Hoping so, AND WITH the assurances of my most wholesome regardsto you and Dot, I am, my dear sir,

*As ever,*

*Bob*

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

ST. LOUIS

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

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ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

November 13, 1937.

Dear Folks:

WRITE DR. MARTIN  
ABOUT PICTURES

I have backslid to the extent of letting my weakly letters lapse; and even worse, owing two letters, I return with only one! But such a dither I am in: "Tsk, tsk!" As saith Sugar. But I can no longer stand the thought of Mr. & Mrs. Cinderella skipity-hopping to the postbox to find only emptiness and dust.

But the news is scant. If I thought you would be interested, I could write and write and write all about the toils and thanklessness of my present position. Don't misunderstand me. I am merely meaning how little time there seems to between (be) with all my various nefarious doings. For instinct; there is the celebration for Dr. Greenman, of which I am chief abetter. But I could go on and on. One of the most pleasant interruptions was the recent visit of Mr. & Mrs. Evans. They stopped over for a couple of days, and Dr. & Mrs. Moore threw a dinner party, after which Mr. & Mrs. Evans showed their pictures in the old museum. They have some honeys of their visit to San Blas. And I saw Mrs. E's water colors for the first time. During her talk, Mrs. E spoke eloquently about how Paul is the white child of the Canal Zone, and how he is getting to be a famous man. My, oh my, how our hearts warmed.

Tell me, is anything happening about the house? By this time you all are heartily sick of the very mention of plants and artificial heat, and no wonder. I shall be afraid to mention a return trip. Incidentally, I heard Dr. Moore tell Mrs. Evans that he and the Madam are planning a West Indies trip, to stop, perhaps for only a few days in the Canal Zone.

Yes, please send me Mrs. Hunter's address, I feel rather guilty that I haven't been writing her.

This is no kind of letter, but please except it and my apologies with my compliments. I shall write a better one (next week?).

As ever,

Bob



MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

November 15, 1877

Dear John:

I have been thinking to the extent of leaving my  
worky letters open; and even when I have  
written I have not done so; I have had a  
letter from you this morning, and I have  
not had an answer since the thought of Mr. A  
has been in my mind, and I have not  
written to you since the thought of Mr. A

But the news is good. It is thought you were  
in the city and I could write and write and write  
to you. I have not done so; I have had a  
letter from you this morning, and I have  
not had an answer since the thought of Mr. A  
has been in my mind, and I have not  
written to you since the thought of Mr. A

PAULINE  
6 1/2 BRADLEY ST  
ST. LOUIS

DR. A. C. CHARLES

BRADLEY ST

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

Bob

# MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

St. Louis

OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR  
2315 TOWER GROVE AVENUE

CABLE ADDRESS  
"MOBOTGARD"

ARBORETUM, GRAY SUMMIT, MO.  
TROPICAL STATION, BALBOA, C. Z.  
EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE,  
HOVE, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

October 15, 1937.

Dear Paul:

Just a short note about two matters. I wish that you would take a census amongst "those who ought to know" in the Zone and in Panama (such as Zetek, Cohen, Currey, yourself, and responsible members of the C.Z. administration), and find out whether "Panamanian" or "Panaman" is the correct or preferred adjective. You might ask our friend the editor of the Panama American, and perhaps responsible, English speaking members of the Panaman(ian) government, if you can do so easily. Then let me know, giving me the opinions of all that you ask, with their names (and titles) if any. Very important! Oh, my yes! For we have been criticized for using "Panamanian."

Dr. Moore has just divulged that we are probably going to be staked to perhaps \$1000 for our next collecting trip! Three cheers and a cartwheel! It seems that we may be with you next summer.

Tell Dot hello! Is anything transpiring about the rejuvenation of the station?

as ever,  
Bob

October 6, 1937.

Dear Paul:

Need I point out my weekly letters, how they are raining thick and fast? By this time, I suspect that I am somewhat "up" on my quota. But there are many times when my letters do not reach beyond the mental stage. When mental telegraphy is finally invented, the messages will be coming along every day.

I was astonished at how much you saved of our plants. I have given the Director an order for labels, and as soon as they come, the plants will be sorted (including your two previous collections) and sent on there way hither and thither. By the way, the Flumeria came today. Where did you get it, and what color was it, and was it fragrant? I am particularly anxious to know whether it was fragrant, and what color it was. And, of course, where you got it! I also gave the D. an order for 500 cardboard driers to be sent to you. I assume that you can talk the Estrella de Panama out of some newsprint, and that in your odd moments, if any, you can make your own boards for the driers. And you can get better trunk straps at the commissary, I found, than I could get at Shears, Sawbuck, & Co.

The special favor that I am asking this time, is that you will please, sir, send me a few of your best Darien pictures (negatives) so that I can make lantern slides of them. Including the picture of the medicine man hoodwinking the poor kid under the chess-board. And the family group with the one-piece beathing suits. Just a few, but choice ones (need I add that?).

The D. is really enthusiastic about the place down there, by this time; and believe it or not, so is the A.D. (figure that one out!). He (the A.D.) is thinking of coming down to make pollen-smears and root-tip slides! More power to him (and incidentally, to US)!

I am writing on this diaphanous, tenuous, and ephemeral paper, because the D. has pointed out pointedly that my letters to Balboa are rather bulky, and that, after all, air mail is an expensive luxury. And, as usual, he is perfectly right. Your last "letter" printed in the bulletin, incidentally, was a pip. Really. It was really good, is what I mean.

More power to you (and to Dot, too)!

At ever,  
Bob

Dear Paul: I had just been by hinges at the top, then for the time to come  
completely still, as I show in the sketch, and I think that the  
process might be handled best the way he says. See if you can  
think of anything, and if you think it worth it, let me know.  
I think it would be better than, and let me know.  
I think that the sketch is good, with any changes, and I think  
that the sketch is good, with any changes, and I think  
Dear Paul: I had just been by hinges at the top, then for the time to come  
completely still, as I show in the sketch, and I think that the  
process might be handled best the way he says. See if you can  
think of anything, and if you think it worth it, let me know.  
I think it would be better than, and let me know.  
I think that the sketch is good, with any changes, and I think  
that the sketch is good, with any changes, and I think

September 29, 1927.

My "weakly" letter is somewhat late this time, due to  
such misfortunes as the press of summer correspondence, the  
opening of school, etc. And in the meantime I received your  
last letter with the news of the Sobralia show. Three cheers!  
I trust that you planted a huge kiss on the cheeks of the  
Old Man and Belle, for me. The truck sounds imposing, and I  
hope that we will be able to use it together next summer. But  
where is the money coming from for next summer? Dr. Moore  
alleges that he is giving the matter some much needed thought.

I am enclosing an application blank for my accident policy  
company. Don't take one out because I brought the matter up.  
Or unless it seems like a good idea from every angle. I do  
know that it is a good company, and I know that you need some  
protection in the matter.

The Peltastes specimens did come, but I thought that they  
were the Darien specimens that you had previously collected, and  
so I didn't open them immediately. They are excellent specimens,  
and thanks very much indeed. I suspect that they may be a new  
species, but I shall have to borrow the type specimen of the  
species from Chiquiqui to make sure.

Where are the few Darien specimens that you saved from the  
fire? I understand from your collecting notes received a few  
days ago that you saved 32 numbers! It scarcely seems possible.

Had a good letter from Martin (so did Dr. Moore), and he says  
that you saved some of his negatives from the sifted ashes. Play-  
ing favorites again, are you?

I took up the matter of driers & papers, & future plans for  
drying with the Director. He says for you to turn in a requis-  
ition for driers (corrugated pasteboard) and papers direct to him.  
I suggest that you ask for either 500 of each (the papers should  
be folded double), or perhaps 1000. It might be best to wait  
until you have someplace to put them, of course.

About the drying business. Dr. Moore suggests that either the  
present basement drying room be used only for specimen drying, and  
provided with an asbestos ceiling, or that a special asbestos case  
for drying outside on the basement verandah (?) be used. I think  
that the latter would be cheaper, and possibly safer in the end.  
Then the room could be used only for storing specimens, and some  
other things, such as clothing and tools could be put there too,  
with only an electric bulb or ordinary clothes-closet heater. I  
am enclosing a rough sketch of a case 3x3x7 feet that might serve.  
It would be made of asbestos board (about as thick as wall-board),  
held together with wooden strips on the outside, like a crate,  
and containing inside a frame of steel strips to hold the specimens  
above the burners (either three or four). Russ suggests that it

had best open by hinges at the top, than for the side to come completely off, as I show in the sketch, and I think that the presses might be handled best the way he says. See if you can make heads or tails of my sketches, and if you think it would be practical, and if you have any better plan, and let me know. Then send the sketch back too, with any changes, and I think that the carpenter here might make it, and send it down to you. Dismantled for you to merely put the screws in. Do you understand what I'm raving about?

Have you heard that Julian is married? Married the night of September 1, which you may remember for other reasons. Just like Julian to get married at such a time. He married Miss I Cora Shoop, former highschool teacher at Steeleville, Mo., and about 40 yrs. old. But she seems nice. Hope that we will be able to get there at the money coming from the next summer. Dr. Moore. Hoping you & Dot are the same.

I am enclosing application blank for my accident policy as you take one out because I thought the matter of Or business like a good idea from every angle. I do know that you need some protection in the matter.

*as you,*  
*Bob*

The Peitzes specimens did come, but I thought that they were the Paris specimens that you had previously collected, and so I didn't open them immediately. They are excellent specimens, and thank you very much indeed. I suggest that they may be a new species, and I will have to borrow the type specimen to the University of Chicago. Where are the few Paris specimens that you saved from the fire? I understand from your collecting notes received a few days ago that you saved 33 numbers! It scarcely seems possible.

Had a good letter from Martin (so did Dr. Moore), and he says that you saved some of his negatives from the fire. Five of the favorites again, are you?

I took up the matter of drying & papers, & future plans for drying with the Director. He says for you to turn in a regular list for drying (corrected manuscript) and papers direct to him. I suggest that you ask for either 500 of each (the papers should be labeled double), or perhaps 1000. It might be best to wait until you have something to put them of course.

About the drying business. Dr. Moore suggests that either the present basement drying room be used only for specimen drying, and provided with an asbestos ceiling, or that a special asbestos case for drying outside on the basement veranda (?) be used. I think that the latter would be cheaper, and possibly safer in the end. Then the room could be used only for storing specimens, and some other things, such as clothing and tools could be put there too, with only an electric bulb or ordinary clothes-closet heater. I am enclosing a rough sketch of a case 32x36 feet that might serve. It would be made of asbestos board (about as thick as wall-board), held together with wooden strips on the outside, like a crate, and containing inside a frame of steel strips to hold the specimens above the burners (either three or four). This suggests that it

Tropical Station  
September 22, 1937

Dear Dr. Woodson:

Your letter, with the Java news that we can expect you will visit us in the next week, is a most welcome one. I would like to go with you, and if possible including Russ and M. I can think of no more pleasant company with whom to spend the summer collecting.

We have just ordered a record of Le Cygne, and Schibert's memoirs, and if you are nice we might let you play them, isn't that an inducement? Just by the by, you might jog Russ gently under the elbow and try to get him to drop us a line. He sent us a card, "All O.K., Russ", from Havana, almost as bad as "Guess what". He should be advised for himself, and you for him for letting him do it.

Thanks thousands for delivering the parcels to my folks, as I knew you had plenty of other things to do than running errands when you get back. You will be rewarded in Heaven, there isn't any doubt of it. It's odd you like the folks you might try to see if you can't drop in around dinner time next day, as my Mother is a small cock, if I do say it. It would be worth your while, really, and they would be delighted to have you.

We are all mad that you haven't received the sheets of the Polystas as yet. They were mailed in time that they should have beaten you to St. Louis. Please let us know if you get them, or more properly perhaps, if you DON'T get them all right. They are poor specimens, but we had no boards or dryers, and had to do as well as we could under the circumstances.

Rather contrary to your orders, we have gone ahead and have a new 1937 Chevy pickup truck. Just a day or two after you left the old car began acting up rather badly, and they told me at the garage that I would have to have about 40.00 worth of work done on it at once, plus the fact that three of the tires were through to the fabric, and would cost me 15.90 each to replace. It looked like throwing good money after bad, so we traded it in. It didn't bring as much as I had expected, as they looked it over pretty well, and knew what it needed. The new one is ideal for our kind of work, and we will be amply provided for next summer. We're all set, so all we need now is the Sky Pilot, better known as Sunny Boy, to lead the way.

THE PANAMA CANAL  
CANAL ZONE  
SUPPLY DEPARTMENT

IN REPLY REFER TO FILE

Balboa, C.Z.  
Feb. 2, 1941.

Dear Uncle Bob:

What's all this about a busted rib. Was it really 'n true, or were you only kidding? Don't tell me teaching Botany I has gotten as strenuous as all that! Looks like mebbe you'll have to take to exploring the wilds of Panama to protect y'r health.

Lou Williams tells me that your orchids from this last summers collection have been done, & sent back to you. While he didn't mention any particular figure, I rather take it that the results were good. He says he has sent on some of the things I've been sending him, to you for publication. I will be awaiting with interest seeing what you got.

By this mail I am sending you a packet of things, which of course I hope are all new. Up to now, I havn't been able to get any more of our disputed *Stemmadenia*, but so far as your accusation that the numbers contain more than one species, all that I can say is that if so, it certainly was completely unintentional. I usually try wherever possible to get all specimens from one plant, or at least from a small colony growing close together. Mebbe they're mixed, but I would really doubt it.

I have recently had four days in the Valle, and really it gets better 'n better. To the north there turn out to be several, much larger plateaux, one of the highest of which gives a view of the ATLANTIC. The view place drops off nearly sheer for about a hundred feet, and then skitters on down for four or five hundred more to a winding, heavily forested valley running off to the north. Plastered right up against the sheer wall, but about sixty feet down is the most scrumptious colony of a *GUINERA* you ever saw, all in flower, and NOT the *Chiriqui* species. It is much taller, with more of a stem, and considerably smaller leaves. Needless to say, I didn't get it, that being a job for a rope, BUT I'm gonna' 'r bust in the attempt. ( Bust'll be the word too, 'cause it's one gosh awful drop.) The place is full of BEEFYOUTERFUL species of *Bromeliads*, well worth cultivating, one in particular now being in bloom, one with blue flowers set in a tall shell pink torch, and the other with brilliant yellow flowers with scarlet bracts. Still another has a blood red pine cone effect with pure white blooms. Mmmmm, mummy mummy. You should jost see 'em.

Hoping that some of these may prove interesting.

Most sincerely,

October 11, 193

Dear Dr. Woodson:

You evidently have a soft place in your heart, and remember with what delight we explore our box, and really find letters there. You may be sure they are read, and re-read with great pleasure. We are looking forward to your "second coming" with most pleasurable thoughts, and your letters will bridge the gap until we really wave "Hello" again from the Cristobal deck.

We didn't buy the truck with any ulterior motives of forcing an issue, but simply because we had to have it, and would have bought it whether!ix (please discount spelling) or no. Dr. Moore wrote, however that we were to receive 200.00 on the truck account beginning the first of the year, which we see your shadowy hand in. Anyway it will be a great help for this next year or so, and then we will positively be plutocrats rolling in our ill gotten gains!

As to the question of the necessary "where-with-all's" to come down next summer. To begin with, what do you suppose we have a "Dr. Robert M. Woodson Memorial Bedchamber" for if that distinguished savant and patron of the arts doesn't occupy it once a year? Your own little bed will be waiting for you, and Dorothy will even tuck you in if you will only pull down here down. Need we add that there will definitely not be any charge for the use. We would not divide our over 9000 idea that you had to produce a Hotel bill proved to be the deciding idea as to whether (see, we're gettin better!) you come or not.

Also, as you may remember, you are entirely too used to riding in the lap of luxury, on the United Fruit boats at \$3.00 per, one way. You can get passage on the Panama Pacific boats out of New York, Tourist class, during the off Tourist months, for \$3.00, less 25% for round trip, which puts it at an even \$0.00 each way. You see, I've saved you 70.00 already. Also with our new truck, we can cover more ground, and have to spend less for transportation, lodging etc. If you let us figure for another six months, we will have you saving money by coming down.

We have looked over your accident policy, and as it looks like a very good thing to us also, we have sent in our application. (there it goes again)

About the drying chamber on the nother veranda. We have been thinking some of putting in a cinder block wall straight across where Dr. Martin's corner was, and Gee-Gee's family resided. It would include the little bay, or alcove there, and could also be lined with asbestos very easily. There is a sort of window which could be rigged to carry off the heat. It would make a very decent size for the drying process only, and the other room would then be reserved for storage. In any event, using either system we will have to wait until the house is repaired. Let us know what you think of the idea.



Please note that we have bought a new typewriter ribbon. We're awfully proud of it. Just LOOK what nice black letters it makes now. We sometimes sigh for the old one however, as it had a peculiar spiritual essence, like ghost writing, or something not of this material world.

Your veiled allusion to the possibility of a conjunction of planets, or something, working for the ill of all concerned on the night of September 1st, was entirely uncalled for, and unworthy of your better self. We just KNOW that Miss Sheep will be a real mother to Julian, and that he will guard and protect her through her declining years. You always miss the beautiful significance of these entanglings of the threads of our lives. Just wait till YOU get married!

And again, tak, tak,. After we sent you the long wished for Plumeria from the rear of the Hon. Cohen's residence, all we got is a polite inquiry as to "where did the D---n thing come from, what did it smell like etc". Well, if you must know, it was deliciously fragrant, and was white, with a gradual shading to yellow in the center. This was the first flowering of the season, and we will send you pickled material as soon as there are more flowers. We have since found that they seem to be reasonably common in cultivation, but no-one seems to know from where they come.

We are sending you all the negatives we can locate of the Durian set. There seem to be one well-keeping, perhaps they were in one of the boxes in the house. Three of the pictures seem to have been taken by myself, as I thought I told Mr. Fring. They were taken by a friend some months before in the same section, of the same people, and the picture of the medicine man was one of those. He didn't get in on the dance, as it was in preparation for the following night, but he persuaded them to let him get this picture. Hope you find some of these worth while, and if we locate any more, will let you have them.

It will be fine if Anderson really comes down. I think he, like many others, would find that there are many things of enough interest to take off the curse of any dislike he may have felt for the tropics. Keep after him, and try to get him down.

As you have probably heard through Dr. Moore, the insurance is still hanging fire, and no work has as yet been done on the house. We are getting a good conception on fire insurance companies, and their methods. I hope we will know better next time.

Since the people have been in in such crowds, we have found it necessary to put in cement flagstone walks, which is at present keeping us occupied.

Remember, we're hovering 'round the box, waiting for the next word from the front.

Most sincerely,

October

Dear Dr. Woodson:

First and foremost, are you trying in a veiled way to call me, us, or any of my friends, (including you and Russ) Panamanians? If so we, us, and probably you too, we resent it. Be it known to all ye present, Greetings, that we are Panamanians & proud of it, and have the force of Law, Government, and Order behind us. So wit, and as follows;

James Sobak, U.S. Govt. Entomologist & Keeper of the Keys of Barro Colorado says Panama is corbett, and that he uses it himself.

Eugene Lombard, Chief of the Correspondence Bureau of the Panama Canal, uses Panamanian in all official correspondence. Says he bases his stand on the fact that Panamanian has been adopted by the National Geographic Society.

Don Samuel Lewis, official historian of the Panama Canal uses Panamanian in his writings.

F.H. Langworthy, Administrative assistant, and press Agent for the Panama Canal uses Panamanian in his Press reports.

There is a list of Panamanian officials in the Panama Canal telephone directory.

Don Jose Lefevre, Panamanian Minister of Foreign Relations says that Panama is an artificial word & Esperanto, the new language, and that he always uses Panamanian himself.

Mr. Frazier, Charge d' Affairs at the American Legation shows a style Manual issued by the Department of State in Washington making Panamanian official.

Lt. Col. Benjamin Fato, Military Attache, American Legation, shows a First Report on Foreign Geographic Names, by the United States Geographic Board, U.S. Govt. Printing office. Says on page 89, Panamanian, a noun meaning a national of Panama; an adjective meaning of, or pertaining to Panama.