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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.

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123
Jan. 4, 1994

Dear Bill and Sammie, -
Happy New Year!

Thank you, Bill, for your obituary of Eilif Dahl and your Lepidium letter. I am glad that Eilif got a tribute, he certainly deserved that. He and I had a lot of fun together concerning glacial survival, indications of glacial soils, etc. and he collected lots of soil samples on the Gaspé Peninsula, put them in a big trunk and left us to send it from the Bot. Gard. in Montreal. He was with us in Iceland as well and we have so many good memories of him from various times.

Jack Ives came by for a brief visit here between the holidays and was chocked to learn that Eilif is no more. He, too, has many good memories of him and even visited him in Norway.

Jack is very disappointed in Davis. His sojourn with the Geography Dept. is over, - the dept. is dissolved. Apparently it was like when we came to Boulder, a dept. in turmoil and needing new blood. But the old staff did not tolerate somebody who got more grants than they did, accomplished more and was not fond of teaching undergraduates and - besides - spoke with a "foreign" accent. So they revolted and chased him out. Now, it seems, he will get some sort of refuge in an Environmental Dept. where he will be associated with a Charley Goldman, who concentrates on Lake Baikal. This because of Jack's good relations with the Russians. But I am not sure it is a very stable position or what he can do there. Good people have a hard time, but Jack may, like 'Askell, not be very diplomatic either. Some people do not like him and some students complained about his way of leading their research. They wanted more "guidance" and felt lost on their own, it seems. Otherwise he was happy and had had a very good visit to Iceland last summer in spite of wretched weather there. Pauline, his wife and his middle son plus daughter-in-law accompanied them. They were going on a camping trip near San Luis Obispo.

I agree with you re Lepidium. If you excuse me I am not fond of Rollins and his high-handed treatment of fellow botanists that do not belong to the clique. He never tolerated 'Askell or his biosystematic, which he considered pure heresy. I think you are almost too polite in your letter to him. His reasoning is nonsense.

I include the list of misprints I located in your Parry work, which I find fascinating. They were not many, but it may help you locate them if you have missed them.

'Askell is in a bad shape mentally just now, does not seem "to be all there" at all. Hardly speaks, just sits there. Can do nothing without me telling him to. Pours sirup in his milk instead of on his oatmeal, imagines a lot and is confused. Hope it passes over soon; it is trying.

Hope the new year will be good to us all! Best regards as always

Tom

page	para-	line	word(s)	read
	graph			
2	1	1	(omission)	?started, began
2	3	4	rail;road	railroad
4	1	2	Davenport Iowa	Davenport, Iowa
5				page number repeated on next page
5b	5	4	Society,,	Society,
9	1	1	, rom	, from
10	last	line	ye yet	yet
14	2	10	drouths	droughts
14	last	line	alont	along
16	2(3)	8	drouth	(?orig. spelling?)
17	3(4)	2	lading	leading
20	3	10	bee	been
24	1	4	of	or
25	2	6	i	in
28	5	(title)	Ita	Its
29	4	1	gains	gained
33	2	11	he	the
42	2	11	[digynal]	[digynal],
44	2	3	foes	does
45	4	3	out	our
47	nr. 41		Love	Löve
48	nr. 63		"	"
51	nr. 145		(spacing)	
56	nr. 309		(word order)	as it stands one gets the impression that Gray had read Toyokuni's paper, written long after Gray was dead!
58	nr 384		(? no commentary?)	
65	6	3	pursues aa	pursues a
66	2	15	(close gap)	
66	3-4		(place . in correct place. ?Close gap?)	
67	1	9	but	by
73	nr. 35		Love	Löve
91	nr. 521		et all.	et al.
99	1		Love	Löve
99	1		c).	cf.
103	1	5	notes	noted
103	4	2	be	by
104	3	16	b by	by
107	1	3-4	(words seem to be missing here)	
108	2	10	a foothills	a foothill
109	3	10	come	came
109	3	11	tot	to
110	4	4	Estees	(check original!)
115	1	3	gave	have
115	4	1	Rev. Greene	cf. #6, ln. 1: Rev. J. Cree; same person? check orig.!
119	4	4	elevation	elevated
119	next last line		life-lone	life-long

Jan. 17, 1994

Dear Bill, -

Thank you for your letter of Jan. 2. I am so happy to read what you state about speciation! It fully agrees with my own concepts and I wish that Rollins would head his own words. But it is so true as said: old dogs do not learn new tricks. And old habits die slowly. But if you, like Áskell, continue to harp on the subject, perhaps next generation will be better able to cope with the problems involved. Mme Ziman's attitude is typical. But over there they have not yet had much time to read all modern literature. And there, conservatism seems more stubborn than here. People do not want to have their circles disturbed.

We have been watching the events in L.A. this morning on the TV. It is another grave disaster for that area. We will probably have to pay more taxes next year if such events continue to hit this state. And it scares us here since we could any time find ourselves in the same situation. There was a small quake north of S.F. (S. of Clear lake) this morning, too. And our house is only a couple of miles from the San Andreas and right next to the Calaveras-Hayward fault. And, of course, we are not very well prepared for any big ones. At least we do not have to worry about getting tons of books over us. But, my, do I miss all that information so near at hand before.

I am a bit worried about Áskell. He seems to get increasingly more confused. The last couple of months he has suffered cases of violent vomiting without any reasonable cause. Just all of a sudden he throws up. Afterwards he claims to feel fine and eats with good appetite. But I seem to notice a slight deterioration in his mental health each time. He hardly knows who lives in the house and can ask for Lóá minutes after she has had dinner with us, i.e., ask whether she is coming to dinner. He poured syrup in his milkglass this morning instead of over his oatmeal, and so on and on. I will have to consult with his doctor whether this could be indications of small strokes or such. Hope not, but you can understand that I am a bit uneasy.

I have got a lot to translate just now, which is good. Last year would have been a catastrophe if it had not been for the Russian things. But did I tell you that the AAAS press, which was to publish the translation, collapsed? So now the editor is out looking for another job for her with somebody who is

willing to publish my translation plus a couple of other Russian things she has edited. She has her eyes on Oxford U. Press and I hope it materializes. Good that I have been paid in full. USDA keeps both versions on diskettes in their files. so it is all there for those who want to do research, but how can they learn of it, if nothing is published? But, as I say, it is not my worry since I have been paid. A year of more waiting for publication of a work, by now 50 years old, is tolerable.

We have a most unusual winter. We can have light frost in the early morning with rime on the roofs and then up to and over 70°F during the day. Unfortunately, it is also very dry and so far no outlook for any real precip in January. Hope Feb-Apr. will be wetter, we need it. The snowpack is only about half of normal and we depend heavily on that. You seem to have had some cold weather.

Say hello to Sammie, hope she is doing reasonably well. And to yourself the very best greetings from your -old friends,

Askell and

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W. O. W.

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

Febr. 23, 1994

Dear Bill, -

It seems to me some time since we heard from you but hope all is well. From the TV and newspaper we can see that you have a lot of snow this winter. We have had a strange winter here, a cold December, a record warm January and now a - fortunately - very wet February. We have almost reached normal precip. now, and that is a very good thing. But inbetween the rain we have some very nice, sunny days although there is often frost in the mornings and still snow on the surrounding mountains since the last storm. It is beautiful. Our almond tree is in bloom and the plum tree just about to start also, and the city is full of flowering trees of various kind. The acacias are splendid but cause a lot of misery for asthmatic and pollen-allergic folks.

Askell recently had to have a brain scan. He has now and then some bleedings under the skin on the arms and legs, ^{and bouts of vomiting.} apparently for no reason at all. He has also had more mental difficulties, his memory is worse and he is at times totally confused, so his doctor thought we should check if possibly there were some brain trouble, clots or such. Fortunately there were no indications of anything such, but his ventricles are enlarged, a sort of adult hydrocephalus with a slight loss of tissue. This probably explains his mental state. It is also good that he does not feel any pain from it, and his doctor said not to worry about it. There is nothing we can do for him since he by now would not be able to stand an operation to relieve the pressure. On young people and children, a drain can be inserted that conducts the superfluous liquid to the abdomen, but that is out of the question for him. So, again, we have to grin and bear it. He still is able to be up and around and has many really good days, which we appreciate.

We had a very short but pleasant visit here last Sunday. Paul Martin from Tucson came to see us. I do not know if you knew him, but he came to Boulder several times and was a good friend of Stella Leopold. His speciality is pollen analysis and the extinction of mammoths and sloth by early man in America.

He was with Dansereau and us in Montr'eal and we have visited him in Tucson and gone on hilarious adventures together in northern Mexico, getting stuck on bad roads, where we did not have any permit to be, etc. But all went well and we were not caught, but got a glimpse of Mexican flora and birds and learnt to appreciate the culture of the Mexican poor people in the valleys.

He had polio as a young man and, being over 6 ft. tall, has great difficulties walking. He got ahead with one cane out of vanity, since he normally uses two, but was surprised to see Áskell's walker and how it functioned, so now he will get one for himself, he said. I do not understand how he could have avoided learning about such useful contraptions, but he probably never thought of it.

He was here for the AAAS meeting and drove down to see the redwoods together with Two friends from New York and came then here for a cup of coffee. They were almost frozen since it was one of the wet days with rain here and snow on the heights. But it was wonderful to see him again and recall old memories. They could only be here for a little more than an hour, so there are still many things I would like to have asked. He has a new wife, he said, also a pollen specialist, but in the allergy-field.

Otherwise things are the same here. I have had a fair amount of work translating, which is good now that L'oa is unemployed. It will not be easy for her to find something else, but I hope she can at least get some temporary jobs that may lead to more if she does well. That was how she got to the job she had.

Paul said that my first Vavilov book had been reviewed in one of the last nos. of Science. I did not know, but he said it was good. Do you think you could look and see if you can locate it and send me a copy? I would be very grateful. Recently there was a fine review in Conservation Biology, so perhaps it will finally get more attention and sell more. Cambridge U. Press says it is pleased with the sales so far, but it does not tell me much. I have not yet had any news of the latter Vavilov translation, but have not lost hope.

Give our best regards to Sammie and let us soon hear from you again,

Always Áskell and

Jewis

Askell & Doris Löve
5780 Chandler Court
San Jose, CA 95123

March 1, 1994

Dear A. & D.:

I have looked through *Science* and *Nature* from Feb. 18 1994 back through December 1993 and can't find any review. Perhaps it is really recent and is in the Feb. 25 number which we don't have yet. If you can find out more closely I'll get a copy for you. Luther Wilson told me last week that Bill Cody wrote a great review of my Catalog but he hasn't sent it over yet or it's in the mail. So we are both in the same boat. Do you have a copy of the review from *Conservation Biology*? If not, Tim will make you a copy since he subscribes to it.

I hope that you were able to see the opening ceremonies of the Olympics. That was a real European style festival; it was wonderful to see all the costumes, the reindeer, the king and queen coming in on a sled drawn by woolly horses, and the yoicking; the lady that sang the song was splendid, pure, strong, and sounding untrained. This week Erica hosted two of her friends from Malung, where she has been studying fiddle and folk singing for the past three months. These people are the two finest fiddlers in Sweden who have revived the art essentially since all the old ones have passed on, and a wonderful lady folk singer who sang very old Dalarna songs. Unfortunately this really should have been outdoors with a throng of dancers in costume, and wasn't really suited to a recital in a church chancel. But it was something one would never hear here otherwise.

Well, what can I say? You and I are in the business of patiently waiting, since there is really nothing that can be done to improve Sammie's or Askell's condition except to understand that whatever spirit that is left, whether or not it seems like meanness, is all they have left. I have been cooking for over half a century but Sammie, if she is in the kitchen, will tell me how to do the simplest things as if I were a child. It's a little hard not to fight back, but it is an art that I suppose we all ought to learn; after all, what is really important?

Do you have any feelings about eventually doing anything, even in a private way, to put together the story of Yugoslavia? Askell had intimated that some day he would make the story public. If you ever think that something should be done, my word processor is ready. I loaned the file to Iltis, and told Fosberg (he is gone) about the situation, and told parts of the story orally to several people. Now that so much of the fraud and criminal stuff that has been unearthed about Washington should confirm that story's like Askell's are not fairy tales — .

Sincerely yours,

William A. Weber, F.L.S.
Professor Emeritus

weberw@spot.colorado.edu

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

March 8, 1994

Dear Bill, -

Thank you for your letter and for looking for the review of Vavilov in Science. I will have to write Paul Martin directly and ask him to find it for me. Yes, I got a copy of the review in Conservation biology, and I have to admit that I felt flattered by it. But the book is good, I only translated it. Yesterday I got a letter from Cambridge U. Press with some even better news. It told that ^{advised} the book has reached the stage where they are contemplating doing a second printing in a paper back format. No decision has been made yet. But if they do, (They sounded hopeful), I would get a chance to correct a few things there, that I have discovered are wrong or misleading. That pleased me no end and, of course, I would be happy to do them that service.

Yesterday was otherwise quite dramatic. Actually it started Sunday night when Áskell was on his way to the bathroom on the lower floor and took a terrible tumble, hitting the ^W rim of the toilet with his hip. He screamed out and Lóa and I rushed to assistance but could easily discover that no vital things were broken. We got him up on his feet and he was able to stand and move the legs, and we got him up the stairs with great difficulties and much complaining. It took hours for him to get to sleep. In the morning it was the same whining and we realized that we would not be able to get him downstairs, so I called his doctor for assistance and he sent an ambulance to take him to the emergency department for an X-ray. It turned out that he had a compression fracture of a vertebra, but fortunately one in the coxys (tailbone)! It is, of course, very painful, and the slightest movement of his hip-region is reason for much complaining and whining and self-pity. We feel sorry for him, but do think he is making a mountain out of a molehill. I myself broke my tailbone in a skiing accident back during my student days, but no self-pity was allowed at that time so I bore it and tried to grin. The bone is still a bit bent, but it was really no major deal. Now Áskell has to lay on his back a couple of days, take a lot of painkillers and some valium to keep him relaxed, but I feel that it makes him very confused and does not really help much. He has already succeeded to fall out of the bed, when I left the room for a moment. I hope it heals soon, this is very taxing on Lóa and my patience. We cannot really hold his hand day and night.

Of course, we followed "Lillehammer" intensely. The opening, as the finals, were spectacular in a wonderful Scandinavian style and I really think it was the best ones we have ever seen of that kind just like the whole of the Olympics (minus the Harding-Kerrigan soap opera, but that was not the fault of the Norwegians). Oksana certainly deserved her gold medal. I remember Malung from a visit to Dalarna in my youth. And Siljan and all around it at midsummer with costumes, fiddlers and singers. I was glad to hear of Erica's interest in this and that the old style is being revived and preserved now in Sweden. The ambulance driver who took Åskell to the hospital, had been to Ransäter and told me how much he had enjoyed the fiddlers there! The world is small!

Yes, I now and then think of what Åskell and I went through and that the world should know of how you can destroy a fine scientist for political reasons even in this country. But, believe it or not, Bill, I am probably less informed about it all than you are. Åskell would never tell me what was going on behind my back and now I would hate to dig it all up as long as he is alive. He could not take going back over it in his confused state. I only remember vividly how strange he behaved that last summer in Ljubljana, but I believed it was in part caused by that his mother had just died and he grieved terribly for her. (She was a wonderful woman, I loved her.) But he was at times so insulting to embassy or whatever-it-was-people he talked to over the phone, that I told him to tone it down, only to be told in turn that it was none of my business. After we returned and he had been fired and forced to sign that the U. had no more obligations to him, he got threatening phonecalls in the middle of the night, (but if I answered, nobody said anything.) So we took the phone out of connection at night and eventually it stopped. But I realized that it was not good for us to stay in Boulder and am happy we came here. I am forever grateful to you for the support you gave us during this time and all the time since. We are still not U.S. citizens, and his treatment is what makes me reluctant to seek citizenship here. I know I was black-listed for corresponding with Russians when in Canada, and probably also with the CIA or FBI. So, right now I cannot do anything. I do not really know where relevant papers of his are found, I have not located any here.

I was so tired this morning after all the commotion yesterday that I almost collapsed, so this will have to be enough for this time. Hug Sammie from us, and to yourself our very best regards, always

Donna

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSÉ, CA 95123

March 9, 1994

Dear Bill, -

Thank you for your letter, it was comforting. I took it to Áskell today and he read it, but had no commentaries. He usually does not initiate a conversation now, only answers questions. But I was happy that he at least read some of an Icelandic paper I also brought him, not only the headlines. I even got his consent to cut out a picture of one of the major hot springs there and put up on his bulletin board, so he can look at it.

He seems to have adjusted better to where he is now in "the Plum Tree" in Los Gatos. It is 10 miles from here, but through a beautiful part of the mega-city of S.J. I enjoy the flowing trees and shrubs and the beautiful gardens along it. The home is a good one, but I worry about the finances. We can hold out for a couple of years, 2 - 3, before it becomes a problem. The price is \$110 a day, but a lot of little extras are added, laundry, diapers, etc.etc. There are two to a room and the rooms are bright with small patios and shrubbery outside. There are two dining rooms, one for those that need help (Áskell started there because he needed help) another to which he has graduated now, where they can do ^{themselves} ~~it~~. The food is excellent, and Áskell really seems to like it. He only needs help cutting it if it is slices. But it has lots of vegetables, juice, milk and tasty desserts, so he eats with good appetite. He gets therapy to re-learn to walk again and is doing fairly well in the mornings, but not as well in the afternoon. He seems to have difficulty coordinating the legs and the balance then. Most of the day he sits in his wheelchair, but has a long nap in the afternoon after the noon-meal. They want to give ^{him} some speech therapy as well, so he can speak more clearly and louder. As it is, I can hardly hear it ~~at~~ times and have to ask over and over, which annoys him, of course. He is happy to see visitors. I come daily, Lóa once in a while, and his two granddaughters in San José come also now and then. One is a child-psychologist and tries to treat him like one of her patients, because she says he is, after all, in his second childhood. The other one was at first terribly upset over his deterioration, but has accepted it now.

It is hard to feel ^{as if} one's work is neglected by reviewer's. But I was happy to hear from Cambridge U. Press that they have decided to ~~print~~ ^{reprint} a second edition of the large Vavilov (the Origin of cult. plants). It has almost sold out the first one, so somewhere there must have been reviews I have not seen, perhaps in European journals more than in the US ones. So now, in my spare moments, I am going over it with a fine comb to find misprints and change some Latin names that have been

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSÉ, CA 95123

March 16, 1994

Dear Bill,

Just a few lines to tell you more about Áskell. His injury proved to be more difficult to handle than anticipated. So yesterday we got him into a nursinghome for two weeks.

The reason was that he became completely impossible for Lóa and me to handle. First of all, he had of course bad pains as soon as he tried to move, so had to keep in bed, but with a backsupport, so he would not develop pneumonia. Then he became terribly constipated due to the pain killer, and finally a nurse had to come and assist him with this. She said he needed more care than we could give him and was arranging for a home nurse to come and assist me twice a week, but that first he had to go to a nursinghome for a couple of weeks to learn that he can use his legs again. He had also developed something called a "sundowners" syndrom. He would be resting in an almost catatonic state during the day but get wild and impossible when it dimmed in the evening, rip his cloth off, even getting out of bed and trying to walk around (which shows he is able to) and ranting and raving, even fighting us so that both of us needed to hold him down til he was too tired to go on. Curiously enough he calmed down a bit when all lights in the room were turned on so it was very bright. But it is a difficult thing to cope with and, hopefully, it is not a permanent one but something temporarily brought on due to the medication he got.

He got into the nursinghome yesterday, and I have still to visit him today to find out how it goes. It is a good home, clean, fine rehabilitation equipment, good care as far as we could judge, but also terribly expensive. For these 14 days I had to pay a little more than \$1500:- since he did not come directly from the hospital. So the insurance does not pay for this time. But it pays for all extra cost like physical therapy, etc. I hope that I can find out how to get him on to some more economical care later. We do need healthcare reform in this country. My sister is even paid for not sending her perfectly able 87 years old husband at home and caring for him instead of warehousing him, as she says. When she heeds a rest, he can stay for a short while in some home - for free! That is Sweden. I have investigated the conditions in Iceland, but they have only two facilities and a waiting list for years to come in.

However, I hope to be able to rest up during these two weeks. We will now have to move downstairs with the bedroom and rearrange everything else. It is no fun, but is necessary. I am terribly worried about the economy, but we will take one day at a time and I hope things will clear up.

Best regards to both of you,

Always

John

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5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

March 28, 1994

Dear Bill, -

This is a very difficult time for Lóa and me. We have had to decide that the time we can care for Askell at home is definitely over. After his fall, his condition deteriorated very much, particularly the Alzheimers symptoms. His injury, (the fractured tailbone), does not seem to cause him any severe pain any more, but his mental condition is more than sad. He just sits there, with a vacant look in his eyes, his voice is so low that I can hardly hear what he says, and he has great difficulties standing up, although in the morning he is a bit more mobile and can even walk with his walker if somebody is at his side and watches that he does not lose his balance. But in the afternoon, after his noon meal, he must lie down and rest and there is no more possibility to get him to support himself on his feet. He can feed himself only to a limited extent, I usually have to take over and feed him when it gets too awkward.

Since he could stay in the present nursing home only until tomorrow, we have had to find another for him, and there are none ^{in this area} (except one in a Mexican slum area, but that does not take Alzheimer patients) as the last one we could find was in Los Gatos, some 10 miles from here. It is ~~very nice~~ ^{very nice}, caring personnel and we talked to patients there and they seemed happy and content. They will try to give him his morning exercise as long as it is possible and they actually specialize in Parkinsons patients, so know what his extent of energy allows. They have two dining rooms, one for patients that can help ~~themselves~~ ^{themselves}, one for those that need to be fed. I think it is good, since then he gets in with other patients and the day is not as boring as when he gets his food in his room. I think he needs a bit more stimulation than he has now.

His brother came down from Napa to see him and to look over the homes and that helped me to make the decision. When he first saw Askell he did not think he was too bad, but after having watched him eat, the difficulty with the incontinence, and the difficulty to talk to him (he answers questions, remembers things in the past, but none of the recent ones) and found that he does not initiate a conversation, once he has answered your question, he was almost shocked at his condition. Jón is a former dr. at Napa Hospital for the insane so is used to patients with mental problems. But is infinitely sad to see such things in your own family.

You must excuse me for this short note, but I am writing you while I am waiting responses to the inumerous phone calls I have to make today for the transfer between homes tomorrow.

Say hello to Sammie and best regards to yourself, always

Chris

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5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSÉ, CA 95123

April 19, 1994

Dear Bill, -

Thank you both for the letter and for them, which arrived today. I am mightily impressed by the size of it, and have already glanced at the introduction, which I find very interesting. I am glad that you are able to honor C. with your work. He certainly deserves it. And you were fortunate to know him, even if he then was at a high age. But his mind seems to have been lucid till the last, and that is something to be grateful for.

I will try to squeeze in time to read it, find any misprints (spotted two minor ones already) and will make a list of them for you. I am sure you have discovered most of them, but it is so easy to overlook small misprints when one reads fast, especially something one has written oneself and is familiar with. I always read through and correct my typing before I spell-check, but the spell-check always locates something I overlooked. So I am happy if I can help you out there. After all, four eyes see more than two. If I have any commentaries, I will also make them. I am really looking forward to this, i.e., to read an interesting biography.

Actually, I saw the BBC TV program you mentioned and I enjoyed it very much. I like the PBS-BBC programs best of all and try always to catch them. Otherwise I have so little time now for TV that it is usually not on.

Just now I don't want to see anything of Åskell's dossier. I have too many things on my mind now. Bills for this and that arrive all the time and I have to hang in the phone to find out whether I shall pay them or our Kaiser insurance or Medicare. It takes a horrendous time. Then I leave here about 11.30, drive the 10 miles through heavy traffic (and road repairs) to be at Åskell for lunch (their main meal, very tasty and nicely served, white table cloth and all), take him out in the atrium after the meal for a while (nice with shade trees, one "tulipifera", one "pepper-tree" and flowers) and try to talk to him and check up on the activities there. Some days he is O.K., other days he is morose, and still others quite confused. Today he told me that he had not slept at all, because they had put him out on the roof in order to hide him, from what I never found out. He still seems to confuse dream and reality if it is not down-right hallucinations. The nurses say he sleeps well, but his room mate says he often babbles on all night, although it does not bother him. so it is hard to find out, what is true. He gets help walking a few steps every day, and instructions in breathing and talking and there are some

entertainments like music and slide shows, but he does not seem to enjoy them much. He seems often to be annoyed that I am not there constantly, but that is impossible. We will see how it all develops and how the finances hold up. It is all so terribly time-consuming and difficult, but somehow things work out by and by.

Then I am back home again around 2 - 3, tend to the mail and continue to translate, etc.etc. My days are full.

But it will be a welcome diversion to tend to your ms.

I am also reading my "big" Vavilov, trying to spot errors. I have not found any of major consequence and few small ones, but I find that I apparently did not pay too much attention to the indices, because page refs to plants are often missing. Of course, few people use indices, but they should be complete, just in case.

I am working on a very complicated translation from German on helicopters and how you can adjust individual rotor-blades in order to make them work better. It has lots of pictures, tables, and things that need extra attention, keying, and so on. It is boring, 180 pages! It will come out to ca. 125 computer pages, since I compress some unnecessary gaps. I also have a few more interesting ones from NIOSH about asbestosis and such occupational ailments. That is considerably easier and more "entertaining" than the technical stuff.

So, no more now, I have better do a bit more tonight before I retire.

Hope both you and Sammie are well and that spring has come to you too. The Tulip tree is flowering in Askell's place; best regards, always

Joins

5780 Chandler ct., San Jose, CA 95123, - APRIL 27, 1994.

Dear Bill, -

I have just finished reading through your ms. on Cockerell and I must say that you have given me a rare pleasure with it. I have thoroughly enjoyed it, and it has given me reason to think a good deal. It has been a welcome relief from the paper on helicopter rotors I am just working with.

You were, indeed, lucky to have to known C. in person and to learn from him. I wish Askeff and I had also met him. I found many points in common between C. and Askeff: both interested in a wide array of subjects, both ready to break with convention, not afraid to state their opinion, leaning a little to the left politically, and admitting that women, too, can be intelligent and are not appreciated for this, but kept down by convention. They both loved literature, arts, poetry (did you know that when Askeff was in the gymnasium in Reykjavik, he was known as the school's poet and won the "Golden Pen Award" for a fine essay, "Days on the Bird Cliffs," describing the hard work of egg-collecting by hanging in a rope over fathoms of ocean and the philosophy of those doing it as well as the beauty and adventure of seeing the nature there. He actually had a hard time deciding whether to go into ethics in Paris or genetics at Lund, but his patriotism led him to Lund at last.). I am sure they would have liked each other. But C. was apparently a much more "social" person; Askeff has never enjoyed "parties" or teaching large classes. He was, as some said of C., more suited for teaching graduates than beginners, and for doing research.

I was mightily impressed by C.'s dabbling in all kinds of subjects from fossils to snails and slugs, bees and plants and everything else. He was, indeed good, oldfashioned "British-style" naturalist, probably the last one of that kind. It is amazing that he at all got into a University, it would have been unthinkable today. But, thank goodness, that it was possible at his time. It was also a good thing that he wrote down almost everything that came to his mind, both recollections and scientific work etc.etc. You are doing a great work by passing on what he said to younger generations. They should learn from it.

As much as I liked his "recollections", I must confess that I liked the "philosophical" papers even more. I really relished them. I share most of his views except all about religion (I still cannot get myself to believe in a "god"; my religious upbringing, very complex and catholicism on the one hand and lutheranism on the other, only taught me that it is a myth, invented by people to blame for misfortune, scare people with an equally mythical hell if they sin, and promise them a blissful

afterlife if they are good). He was really ahead of this time in his thinking.

A few general remarks before I start in on details: I will leave it to you to remake the Table of Contents, because you may still end up with different page nos. But, indicate page nos of the major headlines as well, Autobiographical Papers (p.8), etc. And, in the text try to make some typographical distinctions between headlines and text. Sometimes you use caps, other times only l.c.; I could not figure out if there was any system behind it as present. Also, include the titles of the major divisions in the text: Autobiographical Papers, Philosophical Papers, etc.

It is not of much importance, but I find it easier to read a text, where there are two spaces after a "full stop" and before a new sentence, after a ";", ":", etc. It makes a paper slightly longer but it is easier on the eye. The government requires it for their papers, actually.

I have ignored places, where you have indicated, - in red, - some changes and assume that they are already taken care of. I also found that the numbers of the end notes need going over. Most are off by -1. I have noted this where I found it so that my references are always to the nos. listed by you, e.g. note 123 = 124, means that it says 123 in the text, but it refers to 124 in your list.

When I refer to a page no. it is also the one in the ms you sent me. I list page no, paragraph (#, my type does not have a paragraph sign!), and line as carefully as I can. I count paragraphs even if incomplete at the top or bottom of the page, even if only a single line. I hope you will have no trouble finding the word(s) intended. Note that "note" means end-note. If I want you to note something, I add an "!".

In my own work with "Word Perfect 5.1" I have found that the otherwise excellent aid of the "spell-checker" is not always as accurate as desirable. So I found quite a few things to remark on, and you have perhaps found even more. But I did my best to catch everything that needed to be changed.

While I read the ms. I - as often when I work, - listened to our classical music station and now and then refreshed my mind with a cup of coffee. Once it was a fine Mozart violin concerto and suddenly the violin hit a jarring, false note, just out of tune. I was so into the paper that it took a while for me to realize that it was the kettle that whistled! It almost matched the pitch of the violin note but not quite! So you see, I really concentrated on what I did.

It is late no, so I will say Good Night, and continue with the remarks proper tomorrow.

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSÉ, CA 95123.

May 10, 1994

DEar Bill, -

It was overcast today so we did not see the eclipse at all. I was in addition too busy reading over the first Vavilov and zearching for misprints and lost references in the indices. Besides, I have seen such eclipses before while in Sweden and, I think, even one in Boulder.

Thank you for your letter. We are really sorry to hear about Sammie's toes. I hope they will heal without complications, but when one is not active the circulations gets bad and it is hard to heal. But hope it eternal, although she may have to accept the loss of them. That is better than gangrene in any case. Why have our loved ones to suffer such sad fates when old age thould be a relaxed and happy time. I visited Áskell as usually today, but he simply refused to talk to me. Whatever I said he totally ignored. And he looked like a thunder cloud. I tried to find out what was wrong, but he claimed just that he felt terrible, did not want his medicine and had to be "babied" to take it. Perhaps something had insulted him, perhaps he just felt cross... Who knows... So I left him for an afternoon nap and hope that he recovers til tomorrow. It is hard for him to be away from his usual surrounding, I know that, but I simply cannot handle him alone. He still cannot walk or even stand up without firm support, and he is apparently difficult at night and has to be tied down, which of course is not pleasant either. But I know he is well taken care of and they try to make him feel at home there. Perhaps they try too hard... So he feels pushed... I do not know or understand. He refused to tell and a team of horses cannot make him do things he does not want to do.

I went over the questions you had re the corrections and tried to identify the places as well as I could. Hope you now can locate them. I am happy that you were satisfied with what I had done. As you say, one gets so familiar with a text worked on, that it is hard to "see" things that are wrong. But the book is so interesting that I hope it gets fine reviews when it comes out. It deserves it.

I have also almost finished my monster-translation about helicopter rotors. I am really amazed that the things can function with all those manipulations done to them. Hope I get a more pleasant subject to deal with next. A customer of my firm had asked that I be thanked especisly for a fine translation, my boss phone me about today. That helps. That job was about copiers. I learn a lot about technical things that I never gave a thought before.

I include the questions you had about the corrections together with my "locationing" of them.

It is late now, and I have another busy day tomorrow, so good night to both of you from yours always

John

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5780 chandler ct. SAN JOSE, CA 95123

May 26, 1994

Dear Bill, -

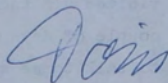
Must a few lines in a hurry to tell you that Askell was in a very bad shape when I visited him today. He has got a urine infection and it was only discovered a couple of days ago. I had complained that he was unresponsive, did not want to talk to me at all and seemed to suffer some discomfort, but nobody could find out what was wrong. He had to be moved to a new room, since the man he roomed with could not take his "night antics" any more. So they moved him in with a very tolerant old man instead. The new nurse discovered that his urine was very cloudy so they contacted his doctor who ordered a test. But they were unable to recover a sample until this morning since he refused to cooperate. It is now being analyzed and we should have the answer tomorrow morning. The nurse is very worried, too, because his urine is now "thicker than milk" as she expressed it, and is keeping a close eye on him. He has of course very little immunity left now so things can develop fast. When I came in today, he sat in his wheelchair barely conscious and refused all efforts to eat something. I got a few morsels into his mouth and tried to make him drink, but he chewed on the straw and refused to suck. So I took him back to his room, where he was put to bed again. When the nurse came to give him his noon-medicine, he had still not swallowed what I had got him to take in his mouth. But she finally got him to take the medicine and drink a cup of water. But he still would not speak and did not respond to questions. We got out that he has some pains in the lower abdomen, but that was all. He had a somewhat high pulse and felt a bit hot, but barely enough to make us believe he had a fever. So I was very upset when I left, but there was nothing I could do by staying. I phoned in later this afternoon and they said they had checked on him and he had opened his eyes when his name was called, but still no other response.

I have talked to his brother who is a doctor, and he says there is really not that can be done until they know what sort of infection this is, but he did not sound too optimistic either. I also notified Goy in Charlotte, just in case but told her not to come right now. He can recover and why then waste time and money on travelling. But I have also told the nurses that he has a living will and wants no extreme action in case he gets critical. Perhaps I am overly concerned, but after 50 and more years together and although I am prepared, I still cannot help that I dread the day of saying farewell.

If anything happens I will of course let you know immediately. But
right now I only wanted to tell you what the situation is just now.

Give the best regards to Sammie, too.

Always



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Dr. Doris Löve
5780 Chandler Court
San Jose, CA 95123

May 30, 1994

Dear Doris:

I know that you will be strong enough to find peace in reflecting on the whole of Áskell's and your lives together, because it was a remarkable union and partnership, and your children have turned out to be superb offspring. It is very hard to suddenly be cut off from a husband of half a century. We all have to face this some time or other, and I have had to think about this myself for a very long time, since I first learned that Sammie had, in 1942, what they considered a "rare, always fatal, disease." As I see the terrible pain that it is causing my friends who, more frequently now than before, are losing their wives or husbands, I feel so keenly that there should be some kind of education to prepare people for these inevitable events. In Áskell's case, you at least know that he had a legion of people who appreciated him and that there are some who understand the facts about your forced exile from Colorado. And posterity will, I am positive, find that his ideas were not to be ridiculed. I am getting a lot of feedback about the fact that I am a maverick myself, but I have the courage of my convictions, as he had, and his example does a lot to buoy me up when I hear how those who know little jump to conclusions on the basis of their lack of knowledge.

Here is a short obituary that I have written, using some of the material you gave me when I wrote to the I.O.P.B. in 1992. I would want to send this to *Taxon* along with the bibliography. The details of the rest of the story I shall hold on to for another time, but I am preparing a long manuscript with all of the documents and letters in case there should be a way to use them or make them available to some future scholar.

Tell me what you think. Is the last paragraph too short, and if so, what do you think I could say without going overboard. I shall also publish a condensation of this for the *Boulder Camera*, because there are lots of people who remember him and should be made aware of this.

Sincerely yours,

William A. Weber, F.L.S.
Professor Emeritus

(303) 492-6171
weberw@spot.colorado.edu

The Editors
Botanischer Garten und Botanisches Museum
Berlin-Dahlem,
Königin-Luise-Str. 6-8
D-14191 Berlin, Germany

June 7, 1994

Dear Sirs:

I enclose an obituary of Askill Love, which I hope you can use for *TAXON*. I realize it is short and to the point; perhaps someone in the European taxonomic community might wish to write something more extensive as meets the subject. I also have Askill's complete bibliography, which I feel is probably too long for *TAXON*, and have tentatively planned to publish it in *Arctic and Alpine Research*.

Sincerely yours,

William A. Weber, F.L.S.
Professor Emeritus

(303) 492-6171
weberw@spot.colorado.edu

ÁSKELL LÖVE, 1916-1994

Áskell Löve, one of the leaders of the science of plant cytotaxonomy and phytogeography, died on Sunday, May 29, 1994, at 3:00 p.m., in San Jose, California. He had been suffering from Parkinson's syndrome. He is survived by his wife of over 50 years, Doris (née Wahlén), two daughters, Gunnlaug (Gayle) Swanson, and Lóa Kaersvang, and three granddaughters. Both Áskell and Doris were long-time research associates of the Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research.

Áskell was born in Reykjavik, Iceland, on October 20, 1916. He matriculated at Reykjavik in 1937, received the B.Sc. in 1941, Ph.D. in 1942, and Dr.Sc. in 1943 (genetics) from the University of Lund, Sweden. He served as corresponding geneticist at the Research University of the University of Iceland, 1942-1945; Director of the Institute of Botany and Plant Breeding, Univ. of Iceland, 1945-1951, Assoc. Prof. of Botany, Univ. of Manitoba, Winnipeg, Canada, 1951-1956; Prof. de Recherches (biosystematics), Univ. de Montréal. 1956-1963; Prof. of Botany, Univ. of Colorado, 1964-1973, and chairman of the Department of Biology there, 1966-70, Associate Curator of the Herbarium, and Research Associate of the Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research.

He was also a Research Associate, University of Lund, 1941-45; John Simon Guggenheim Fellow, 1963-1964; Fellow, Icelandic Academy of Science and Letters; Honorary Foreign Member of Czech Botanical Society, 1960; consultant to Flora Europaea Project, 1958-. He was chairman of the committee that organized the International Organization of Plant Biosystematics, and served as its first president, 1960-1964; President of International Committee of Chemotaxonomists, 1964; Visiting Professor, Institute of Biology, Univ. of Ljubljana, 1971-72, and member of numerous scientific societies. He was recently honored by the I.O.P.B. He retained his Icelandic citizenship until the end, and his ashes will be interred in the family plot there.

In Iceland, Áskell was an Eagle scout, the class poet, and a popular radio lecturer. He was

very active in educating the Icelanders on topics of botany, systematics, and evolution. His books include two popular handbooks of the Icelandic Flora, one in English for tourists; *Cytotechnology*, a handbook of techniques; *Chromosome Numbers of Central and Northwest European Plant Species*; *Cytotaxonomic Atlas of the Arctic Flora*; *Cytotaxonomic Atlas of the Slovenian Flora*; *Cytotaxonomic Atlas of the Pteridophyta* (with Doris Löve, and R.E.G. Pichi-Sermolli), and *Conspectus of the Triticeae*.

He was a prime mover in the organization of the *Flora Europaea* project. His 766 publications appeared steadily from 1935 through 1988. Some highlights of his publication career include the editing of 100 chromosome number reports published in *Taxon* from 1964 through 1988. His paper, *The Biological Species Concept* (*Taxon* 13:33-44, 1964) is a classic that was reprinted in several other works and has not been greatly improved upon by recent authors. He published at least 198 book reviews. Some of his long-time specialties include the cytotaxonomy of *Rumex* and its segregate genera, biosystematics of the Triticeae, phytogeography of the Amphiatlantic flora, cytotaxonomy of the floras of the White Mountains (New Hampshire) and the Rocky Mountains (Colorado), and the role of polyploidy in plant speciation.

Áskell and Doris worked hand in hand throughout their outstanding careers. In Lund they were called "ler och lánghelm", which means something like "clay and straw" (as for adobe), a typical Scanian expression for something inseparable. Their joint contributions, not only to the scientific literature, but to their students and colleagues everywhere, are immeasurable. His many long-time friends, associates, and students, will remember Áskell for his extraordinary knowledge of things botanical, his helpfulness and concern for our welfare and intellectual growth, his never-failing enthusiasm, and his humanity. He was uncompromisingly honest, and held views that did not always agree with those of his colleagues. This should be a scientist's right; posterity will be his judge. He was one of my very best friends, and his comradeship and advice will be sorely missed.

William A. Weber

University of Colorado Museum

Campus Box 350

Boulder, Colorado 80309

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ÁSKELL LÖVE, 1916-1994

Áskell Löve, one of the truly memorable figures of the science of plant cytotaxonomy and phytogeography, intimately associated with the development of the International Association of Plant Taxonomists, the *Flora Europaea* project, and one of the first proponents of a Flora North America project, died on Sunday, May 29, 1994, at 3:00 p.m., in San Jose, California. He had been suffering from Parkinson's syndrome. He is survived by his wife of over 50 years, Doris (née Wahlén), two daughters, Gunnlaug (Gayle) Swanson, and Lóa Kaersvang, and three granddaughters.

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In Iceland, Askell was an Eagle scout, the class poet, and a popular radio lecturer. He was very active in educating the Icelanders on topics of botany, systematics, and evolution. His books include two popular handbooks of the Icelandic Flora, one in English for tourists; *Cytotechnology*, a handbook of techniques; *Chromosome Numbers of Central and Northwest European Plant Species*; *Cytotaxonomic Atlas of the Arctic Flora*; *Cytotaxonomic Atlas of the Slovenian Flora*; *Cytotaxonomic Atlas of the Pteridophyta* (with Doris Löve, and R.E.G. Pichi-Sermolli), and *Conspectus of the Triticeae*.

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His many long-time friends, associates, and students, will remember Askell for his extraordinary knowledge of things botanical, his helpfulness and concern for our welfare and intellectual growth, his never-failing enthusiasm, and his humanity. He was uncompromisingly honest, and held views that did not always agree with those of his colleagues. This should be a scientist's right; posterity will be his judge. He was one of my very best friends, and his comradeship and advice will be sorely missed.

William A. Weber

University of Colorado Museum

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSÉ, CA 95123

June 2, 1994

Dear Bill, thank you for your letter and your warm thoughts. Nothing can really prepare you for a loss like mine however much you think you are ready for it. Actually, at Christmas, which was a very happy occasion in the midst of all the family, this year, I suddenly had the feeling that it was the last time. I have these horrible premonitions of events and it frightens me. So when I realized that he was fatally ill now, I even knew the date he would go. In spite of that, it was so hard to take when it came. But he passed away so quietly, a slight shiver went through him and he stopped breathing. ~~He~~ Lóa and I were with him day and night for the last couple of days and his brother had been down to see him and left just an hour before. All the family members here except Goy and Ingela had been to see him while he was still semi-conscious. Goy is devastated over not coming, ~~XXXXXXXX~~ but I have told her it is better for her to remember him as he was when she left than to have the memory of how thin and sick he looked the last days. Ingela was groom for one of her horse-competing friends in Arizona and could not be reached until Monday, but her boy friend drove her down immediately upon return even before she had time to wash up after the long drive in a truck from Flagstaff. She too was deeply grieved because she loved her grandpa so much and he was more like a father for her after the divorce. So now we are just waiting for him to be cremated. It is incredibly how many formalities have to be adhered to also we had joined a society to take care of it all for a reasonable prize, the Telophase Society. It has a good reputation. How we shall then get him to Iceland for interment in the family plot will be another problem. My Icelandic passport has expired and before Sept. 1st, I have to renew my alien card or apply for American citizenship. I am also expecting a Russian visitor, a lady I have corresponded with since the 1950s but never seen. She comes the 18th and leaves the 24th. I do not want to upset her schedule or disappoint her by not seeing her at short notice so near to the event. The living have also their rights; ashes can wait. I know the family in Iceland will have a hard time understanding it. But Áskell was, as you know, a no-nonsense person and would approve in letting them wait. It took great effort from my side to make them write him a letter during the last couple of month. Now they have phoned me (i.e., two of his brother's children, not any of the remaining brothers or sister yet.) So I know that plans are being made for a major to-do with all kinds of food to eat and so on and I would prefer not to be present. So the pass-port failure may save me from it.

Thank you also for the lovely and short memorial to him for Taxon. It is just the way he wanted it. I am returning the ms to you today with a few corrections and additions. In case you cannot read my terrible handwriting here it is typed: 1) he died at 3 pm exactly; 2. from the University of Lund, Sweden; 3. the Dept. of Biology there; 4; Ljubljana; 5. two popular handbooks of the Icelandic flora (one in English for tourists); 6. Chromosome Numbers of Central and Northwest European Plant Species ; [We had actually made one Chr.-list of Scandinavia when we were "mere" students, which made one of the Stockholm professors write to our professor to stop those rash students who evidently did not know there place yet!); and 7. He retained his Icelandic citizenship until the end and his ashes will be interred in the family plot in Iceland. (Sbange this as you want, but somehow it should be mentioned in some way).

Thank you for your support and comfort. It is of great value to me. And take good care of Sammie and hug her from me.

Yours always

Chris

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5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSÉ, CA 95123

June 10, 1994

Dear Bill, -

My letter to warn you about Áskell's condition never reached you but was returned. I was upset when I wrote it and did not notice my typing error in the address, but you think that the post office in Boulder could look up you in the telephone book or something. It is not yet such a big metropolis! So here it is.

But now all is over and I want to thank you for all the wonderful support you are to me these days and always have been even before that.

I finally got the death certificate; he died from urosepsis (more or less kidney failure), They also noted dementia and Parkinsonism in addition to osteoporosis, compressed vertebrae and previous ulcerous bleeding. So he was a very sick man. I am glad he does not suffer any more.

We picked up his ashes yesterday after the cremation on the eighth of June. The family has decided to send one of his nephew's, Arthur, who studied medicine here and stayed with us when he did so. He was just like a son of the family. He has some sort of a conference here at the end of July and will be here with us after that into the first days of August. So we have Áskell with us till then. I wish I could brought him home alive. We took a road back from the crematorium through a beautiful piece of nature, which he would have enjoyed so much and we all have often driven together. I thought that better than just following a busy highway with trucks and exhaust gases.

I am trying to go through his papers now and find several things which I will let you have, when I have got them into some sort of order. I have LOADS more to go though so it will take time. But I think some of it should be archived in spite of the fact that the U. of Colo. was the last place he wanted to have it. Is there some other place where you can be sure he will not be "eradicated" as apparently has been done to his files there.

I will try to continue this work now, so I will not write longer this time, but send you and Sammie my very best regards as always

Tom

For the sympathy shown and the
comfort given us at the passing of
my dear husband
and our beloved father
and grandfather,

Áskell Löve

(October 20, 1916 - May 29, 1994)

we want to express our sincere thanks.

Doris Löve

Gayle (Goy) Swanson Lóa Löve Kaersvang

Lisa and Dawn

Ingela

5780 Chandler Ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

July 19, 1994

Dear Bill and Sammie, -

Only now am I able to sit down and thank all of you for all you did for me when Askell passed away. You were a great comfort for me and your fine obituary of Askell will do him honor when it is printed.

My life is ever so slowly getting back together after the two ordeals I have been through. The emptiness after Askell's ~~can~~, of course, not ever be filled but I have to live with that. I know: life is eternal, but not that of the individual. It is hard to not have him around any more although he was not much help during the last couple of months. I am only glad that the end came so fast and apparently without pain. He just faded away.

The second ordeal, the visit of my Russian friend and her 12yr old granddaughter, was a very different thing. It was an almost tragicomical farce from the beginning to the end. First, her fall off the stairs is almost incredible and that she did not break her neck is a miracle. But her behavior as a patient in my home revealed a quite different side of her that I would never have expected. I did all I could for her to keep her comfortable and to speed up the recovery, but her intolerance of pain, her lack of any restraint, her demands on my time, services and everything else, were next to intolerable. We did have a few interesting conversations once in a while, discussing many friends in common, events in our lives and our dead husbands and their merits. But this was overshadowed by what I can only categorize as rudeness and lack of manners. She also cost me a lot of money, but never once said thank you or showed her appreciation for anything.

I am sure that she is an exception from what Russians are normally. I have had many guests from Russia before and they have all been polite and pleasant and happy for what Askell and I did for them. So I will not consider all Russians as brutes just for her sake.

But now she is gone and peace and quiet again reign in our house. When we took her to the airport in S.F., Lóa and I stayed to see the plane lift off. Like the old man who to the astonishment ^{of all} came to the burial of his archenemy ^{and}, when asked why: "I wanted to see him buried." In this case, definitely "gone".

June 22, 1994

Dear Bill and Sammie, -

Just a few lines to tell you the latest. It is almost hard to believe.

I told you that I expected this Russian visitor and looked forward to meet her after 40 years of correspondence together. I had made up a nice program where she would see the redwoods, meet people and see a bit of San Francisco.

She arrived here as planned and Lóa and I met her at the railway station, took her and her little granddaughter home and had a light meal together. Then we sat chatting for a while, but since they had been up since 4 am they decided to go to bed by 10 pm. I showed them their room upstairs and where the bathroom was, the light switches and so on. Evgenia is a very spry lady of 78, a bit on the heavy side and very talkative. The granddaughter, 13, is a little whisp of a girl, slightly overactive. I also asked E. if she needed to go up at night, which she said she did not. (We get that urge in our old age, we ladies).

Then Lóa and I did a few things and retired each to our rooms. At about 2 am I heard a tremendous crash, but assumed it came from ~~xxxxxxx~~ somewhere out-
side. I heard Lóa and the dogs stir upstairs, but was about to fall, when the door opens and Lóa tells me: Evgenia fell. ^{able to} so I rushed up, fell on my face in the haste, but did not hurt myself, but ^{gave} Lóa a scare again, because moaning and groaning Evgenia lay on the floor in the passage along the living room. She had gone up in the dark, was feeling for a light switch, when she some way or another stumbled onto the stairs, and how she did it is still a mystery, but she tumbled over the railing and fell about 8 ft to the first floor!

We realized that she was hurt, but checked that she could move her feet and had full feeling in them. We called an ambulance that came very fast and took her to the hospital, where the x-ray revealed a compression fracture of one of the lower vertebrae, i.e., almost the same injury as Askell had. But this time we did not let her come back home but let them keep her in the hospital. She has now been there four days and is being dismissed just now. I have had to hire a hospital bed, a nurse to help her in the morning and a physical therapist to help her get on her feet. At first we assumed she could fly back home as of today, but she can still not stand up or sit down and the airlines are forbidden to take people who cannot sit up at take-off or landing, so now we have to have her at home til she is fit to travel, perhaps two - three weeks! It is almost a nightmare, because she is very demanding and hard to please, say the nurses.

But social workers, nurses and insurance people really do their best to smooth things out for us, which is good. Anyhow, I will probably have to shell out a lot of money for this "visit" and hospital stay and all that. It is infuriating, but what can you do. I did really not deserve this on top of all else.

But now you know why you will not hear from me for a while. I had started to sort through Áskells papers, but that will have to be postponed. But there are many other things that still must be taken care of these weeks, and it will be a puzzle to fit it all in. I will have to impose a lot on friends and neighbors, I am afraid.

As soon as things have straightened out I will let you know. I do hope I will survive this and then get some rest. Áskell's nephew who studied medicine and got his M.D. here living with us, will come and pick up Áskell's ashes in the beginning of August.

With the best regards to both of you from a somewhat stressed-out

John

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

12 August, 1994

Dear Bill,

I have been away visiting family and friends in England and vacationing in the Isles of Scilly and only yesterday received the message that you had called on 30 June with the information that Ashell had died. I have tried calling you at the number on the message (303) 492-6171 but have had no response so am penning this note to thank you for your call.

At this late date you would still like to speak with me about Ashell - please call me at home (310) 454-2037

Cordially,
Harlan

5780 Chumley Lane

San Jose 95123

408-205-8083

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

Aug. 16, 1994

Dear Bill, -

Today I am sending a box with Áskell's papers to you, c/o the Herbarium. *(via UPS)*
I hope it reaches you safely and in good shape. I have tried to sort up it all in some sort of groups, but you should feel free to rearrange it as you see fit. Aside from the group which I called "Agonizing...", the most interesting one is the one with papers he planned but never got around to publish for whatever reason it could be. There is also some correspondence with Degener in Hawaii about a lycopodium problem, but I do not remember whether anything came out of it. He was to some extent frustrated by it and found Degener slow and hard to cooperate with. D. was, of course, like Áskell, a controversial figure. In Hawaii his name is hardly acknowledged any more by people at the ^{Bishop's} museum there. There are also two or more papers by others that he kept, e.g. by Lord Snow, but I do not remember why. I do remember, however, that he and Stebbins had a "love/hate" relationship. Both acknowledged the intelligence of the other, but they always argued about ideas whenever they met and then parted the best of friends. Stebbins lives alone in Davis now, his beloved Barbara died some years ago and he himself has great difficulties in walking, since he - like so many botanists - suffers from bad knee-joints. Kneeling on hard and wet/cold ground is not good for us. Anyhow, have fun going over it all. For me it was a bit traumatic, it roused so many memories.

There are still a few things I have to go through here, so there may be more to come, especially concerning his "case". I think you should be very careful if you want to publish anything, it could bring you in trouble, but to have the ~~xx~~ papers safely stored if somebody later on wants to look into it, is a good idea.

There were, of course, also a lot of papers and notes in Icelandic, but I doubt that anybody in this country could handle those, so they have been sent to the family in Iceland, where they will look through it all and decide what should be kept in the family and what can be archived in their university. Cousin Arthur brought that bunch with him. Áskell also kept daily diaries in Icelandic, and those are all kept in a couple of large boxes spanning all the time from when he first arrived in Lund until 1989, when he stopped everything. They will be brought to Iceland next time Arthur comes here (in January?),

but this time he had too much overweight already. Prices in Iceland are by now astronomical (70 kronurs to a dollar) and about three to four times those here, so he uses the opportunity to stock up when he comes here.

My troubles this year do not seem quite over yet. For some time I have had a bit of difficulties, especially with my left eye so I decided that now, when at last I had time, I needed new glasses. When studying my eyes the MD attached to the store told me that I have a "leakage" in the retina of both eyes, worst in the left eye. It makes text on a straight line jump up and down when I read with that ~~eye~~ only; very annoying. She told me to immediately see my regular eye-doctor and hinted at a possibility for laser treatment to stop the leaking from some small bloodvessel. It sort of frightens me. I need my eyes for my work and I would hate to have something go wrong with them. I will know next week. The doctor was "gracious" enough to see me that fast; ordinarily the waiting time is three month for appointments. So I hope this does not mean it is bad. Will let you know, of course.

Just now we are having a tremendous heatwave after that chilly July. It was near 100 here yesterday and the day before that and they say it may get there today as well, but then it should cool off a bit. But we do not mind so much after all, we are used to hot weather in the summer. Another matter is the smog that intensifies under these conditions, and we have "spare the air" just now and driving if not necessary is discouraged.

While I remember: I will also send the reprints and journals that have collected here over the last year to the Herbarium in Boulder. Last time I sent them such a lot I never heard a word from them if they arrived, but they do not seem to be particularly grateful for it. But I have also written to most journals to cancel subscriptions now since I do not need them for myself. I will, of course, miss some of them, but I really do not need them and the cost involved. So I hope they will stop coming. I may miss if something is written about Áskell, but I hope authors of such will send me a reprint at least.

Thanks again for all the help and support you are to me and best regards to both Sammie and yourself from yours always

Woin

Dr. Doris Löve
5780 Chandler Court
San Jose, CA 95123

August 17, 1994

Dear Doris::

I finally got a note from Harlan Lewis; I had called him in June but evidently he has been away in England and just got back. I'll write him today, and suggest that he call you. His address and home phone number is: 14280 Sunset Blvd., Pacific Palisades, CA 90272. (310)454-2307.

I have finished typing the long letter that Askeff wrote to Jack Fogg, and can soon get on with the rest of the file. Harlan seems to have been one of the few people who would have stood up for him, from what I read, but I don't think he was ever asked.

My book on Parry is at the Press and getting readied for printing. I am getting two portraits of him that have not been used before, from the Hunt Library. One is a full length studio picture with him holding what is probably a map roll; the other is a face on a white background, with his signature beneath.

The Press had agreed to publish the Pemberton paintings (66 of them I believe), and I contributed the text, but Luther has sat on them for about four years. All he needed, evidently, was a slight nudge from me. I got him to get a color Xerox of one of the plates that I felt might lose something in reduction, and it appears to be all right, so perhaps he is ready to go ahead with the project. Since these are watercolors and all will be individually handled, I don't believe we will have trouble getting good color rendition. I have two reviews of the Cockerell manuscript; one of them has some excellent suggestions for additions. The *History of Colorado University: the first 25 years*, has been out for reading since February with no reply. This was an unpublished manuscript by John Horner that I found in the University Archives, and was written from the standpoint of John's life as a student in 1903; he finished the manuscript in 1954, offered it to the University but eventually gave it to the editor of the Boulder Camera, "Guv" Paddock, who passed it on to his son, Laurie, who gave it to the Library in 1980. It's a good personal account, with sidelights on events in the rest of the country over the period. We have permission from Smithsonian to publish the Edward Palmer narratives, but I am trying to get Bob Bye, who is in Mexico City and doesn't answer his mail, to write a foreword.

Would you like to borrow a set of prints of my African Art collection? Not all of them (197) have been photographed, but I shall have the rest ready in a few weeks.

I wrote to Reykjavik and asked if their journal would be able to publish Askeff's bibliography, but I haven't heard from them yet. I also think that his absolutely wonderful account of eggling should be published in a literary magazine. I want to talk with some of the people in English literature about that.

The Explorers Club

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP

This is to Certify that

Åskell Löve

Digitized by H has been duly elected a member of Documentation

The Explorers Club

Given under our hand and Seal

on the 17th day of September 1979



Charles Brewer

President

Richard Steel

Secretary

5780 Chandker ct, SAN JOSÉ, CA 95123, USA

Aug. 24, 1994

Dear Bill, -

I can hardly keep up with all the letters, etc. I get from you lately, but I am very happy to have them all, especially the copy of your very fine obit of Åskell. But also that little gem by Rilke. It is precious. Did you know that in my Swedish encyclopedia it is mentioned as one of the most lyric pieces of literature in all the world? You have indeed some prominent ancestors in your family. Who is behind the Weber-name? Carl Maria?? Should not surprise me with the gift for music and its appreciation you have!

When you mentioned Hunts library in connection with the Parry portraits, I suddenly remembered that when we sold the book to Germany, notes found in them were deposited in Hunts library, I was told. I did not notice these notes when we sold the books, so do not know what they are; most likely nothing of major importance.

You seem to have a lot of mss on various personalities and things ready for print. I am happy to learn that the Cockerell one will soon be printed, although it may require some more work from your side. It is a great thing and is well worthy of publication.

I would some day like to know more about your African collection of arts, but at the present, there are so many other things to occupy me that I cannot take time off for anything else. I still have to go through more of Åskells drawers and nooks and crannies were he placed things. And I have still to get the house evaluated (one realtor says ca. 230.000, I am waiting for another) and the inventory of our things done. Some way or another I have a hard time trying to set a value on what we had. Most of the furniture is in very good shape although almost 50 yrs old. Lóa is a fine re-upholsterer and has done some chairs and a sofa over so they look as new. But all has more of a personal value to me; there are so many memories connected with every piece, that it almost makes me cry sometimes, but also happy to remember the fun we had when we purchased them. Our first furniture was the desk we still have and the chair for it, That we considered essential and we found a nice furniture store in Malmö, where we got this plus a small table, two cots, two good chairs and a standing lamp for 500 kronor. The rest of our rooms were furnished with apple-crates, variously decorated with remnants of material or colored paper. But the desk and the chair is still here, and how can I set a price on that? But it has to be done to satisfy Uncle Sam that I do not owe too much.

Thank you for comforting me re my eyes. On Thursday I have the appointment and then I will know how serious it is. I have heard about laser treatment and how effective it is. Today I also chatted with one of Áskell's students, Pat McGuire (Áskell rescued him from engineering to genetics and he is now head of the triticinae germ collection in Davis, (a very nice person). His mother had laser treatment and was very happy with it, too. So I hope my case can be helped. I still notice that the left eye is deteriorating, but the right one seems to be better, although not as perfect as desirable. The new glasses have helped some, but - as usually - take some time to get fully accustomed to.

I have also resumed my job as translator, which takes a good deal of time, so correspondence is relegated to evenings and the letters are piling up. Today I got one from Biol. Zentralblatt (Böhme and Rieger), stating that Áskell's contributions to biology will remain "unforgotten". They put me on the editorial board instead of Áskell, but only for a short time, since I have asked them not to send more of it to me. Verne Grant also wrote a short note, saying that Áskell will be missed and Favargé in Switzerland had some very appreciative words on him as well. When I finally get time, I will send you copies of some of such letters. In the meantime I send you some other letters, just not bestowed on Áskell. I do not think the Explorer's Club was important, but he was very proud of being mentioned among those in Who's Who of the World. Somebody said he is no longer listed there, but I have not seen any recent editions. He used to be also in Amer. Men of Science. - There are also some letters, etc., in connection with the NATO meeting in Reykjavik that should be archived.

I hope you are careful with what you store in your computer re Áskell and rather keep it on a special disk, that can be kept at home and brought back and forth. I still do not fully trust the people at U. of Colo. There were some that felt genuinely threatened by him or were insanely jealous of him. But what you say about his character is perfectly true. He was a very honorable man.

I am slowly recovering from a (of all things!) a urinary tract infection that I somehow contracted. It was very painful and makes me wonder if Áskell, too, had pains, although he denied it. I asked how one gets it, but the doctor said all women get it once in a while; the bacteria are everywhere. The cure was bad, it made me terribly nauseated and dizzy, but I am almost back to normal again.

Hope you have got the box with stuff by now, it should keep you busy for a while. It was addressed to your name. The box and parcel with journals and reprints were addressed to the Herbarium only, no definite name.

As you can see from the typing, I am a bit tired now, so say goodnight and best wishes to both Anamie and yourself, always

C. J. Davis

So glad I have not
heard from Anamie
Lemoine.

The Marquis Who's Who
Publications Board

Certifies that

Åskell Löve

is a subject of biographical record in

Who's Who in the World

Fifth Edition

1980/1981

inclusion in which is limited to those individuals who have demonstrated outstanding achievement in their own fields of endeavor and who have, thereby, contributed significantly to the betterment of contemporary society.

James Bablch

Publisher



Lloyd M. Penye

Director of Research

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

Sept. 19, 1994

Dear Bill, -

I, too, had a surprise call from Margaret Goodhue, apparently before she called you. I was surprised to learn that she is living in Boulder again, but I gathered that she was not pleased with the changes taking place there, the destruction of the surrounding nature and the increase in population, etc. I agree wholly with you that she was not a scholar and I was not very pleased either that Askell tried to help her out after she got her ill-deserved degree. But he thought that actually, she was not any worse than many of his own so-called "peers" in the department and that she would not do much harm if placed in some small college somewhere. So he took her under this wing and gave her privately a good deal of extra instruction and help, her find a job in Wisconsin. Unfortunately, she was the only female there on a faculty of men, who had a low opinion of women on the whole and who - no surprise - soon found out that her qualifications were not the very best either. So she had a tough time there but did not give up until they (?recently) more or less gave her an ultimatum and forced her to resign. She claims that although her pension is low, she can manage on it. She has guts, and personally I admire her for her persistence. She is nice but a bit naive. She phoned me because she had seen that Askell was dead in the newspaper and because her own brother suffers from Parkinson's and she wanted to know how it progresses. I could not really give her any comfort in that case. It is a horrible disease that relentlessly deprives its victims of all dignity. I am happy that Askell died as peacefully and as quickly as he did. It was a relief for him and for the rest of us because it is horrible to see an intelligent and nice person deteriorate the way he did. I do not know how well he himself understood his condition, but there must have been moments when he wondered what was going on and when he was despondent over it. He did threaten suicide a number of times and I actually contemplated to hide all sharp objects both for his own and my own sakes. The article you wrote for the Camera seems to confirm what Margaret said about Boulder. I do hope that they do not start to build above the blue line and that they restrict people from ruining and trampling everything of that unique and beautiful landscape. I always loved to look at the Flatirons and the chain of mountains rising so abruptly above the plains.

Thank you also for enclosing a copy of Eythor's letter. I am glad they will take his bibliography. But Acta Botanica Islandica does not have a very wide distribution, I believe, but will reach many libraries in Europe and here.

So I do not think it would be superfluous if his bibliography is also published elsewhere. I just received a request from the Editor of Preslia (Josef Holub) who wants to have it for Preslia, too. I do not know if they will take it in its entirety, including all the Icelandic papers, e.g., but that is up to them. Preslia has wide spreading in Eastern Europe and the Russian areas, where Acta Bot. Isl. most likely does not reach. Áskell's best friend in the Czech Republic Zdenek Czernohorsky, will publish an obituary of him in Vesmir, a semipopular Czech naturalist paper, that has followed him ever since the Czech expedition in the 1940's visited Iceland and received much help and support from Áskell. He did not bother with politics, science and its pursuits was closest to his heart, but the ehlp he gave them may have been what started his political persecution and the American spying on his activities. Remember that Iceland at that time was practically occupied by the U.S. and he was not pleased with that.

By the way, Eythor's obituary of Áskell will not be in the Acta Bot. Isl. but in Náttúrufræðingurinn, the publication by Icelandic Naturalists, which does have English summaries after Áskell got it into a wider, more international circulation. Many of the articles published there are of real scientific value, far better than what Svens Bot. Tidskr. published nowadays.

I have to wait for another month before the specialist will decide what to do with my eyes. It bothers me frightfully, because I can hardly take the sharp light outside and has to wear dark sunglasses all the time. And it gets harder and harder to distinguish between 3, 6 and 8 or 5 and 3, etc., when I do my daily crosswords. And when translating, I have to use a magnifying glass to be sure not to mix up m^{-2} and m^3 , etc, or get the wrong chemical subscripts. But I am perhaps too impatient?

Lóa is up in Yolo, n. of Davis, where Ingela and Scott have bought an old farm and are building ocralls for their animals. She is trying to identify some of the plants that annoy her there and at last we established that it is Tribulus terrestris, the picture vine. How can they most effiently eradicate it??? If you have any infor, please furnish it. It seems to be all over there. Both Ingela and Scott are also studying law, he toward a CPA, she more toward criminology. But for both, horses and other animals come first. They had to shave most of the fur of their wolf the other day, since it was all full of Hordeum jubatum. It looks a bit ridiculous now but hair grows fortunately back again.

Well, that is it for today. I have not had time to look at more of Áskell's papers, I simply have to finish up the legal matters now. And we have to have a bathroom floor fixed; we replace the toilet with a low-flow type and the floor below the commode was rotten! Good luck nobody fell through! - Best regards, always

Gavin

Sept. 25, 1994

Dear Bill, -

I am depressed, upset and angry. It has been an emotional couple of days for me. First of all a niece of Áskell's, who we took care of like put own when her parents both were in a sanatorium and who grew up like a sister of our two, phoned me on Friday evening to let me know that Áskell was going to be buried Saturday (the 24th). She had just learnt that nobody else had let me in on it and thought that was too much. So I was very grateful for her to let me know. I had asked them to do so, but his family (except for this Sigrun) do not write or phone if they do not think it absolutely necessary. Now at least I knew that he was taken care of and would be buried in Icelandic soil among his parents and a brother whom he so dearly loved. So his last will has been fulfilled.

Then a couple of days ago I finally got up my courage to go through a steel box where I knew I would find papers relating to his "case". It was correct. It is full of letters, papers relating to the Yugoslav affair and copies of all kinds of correspondence around it. I also found the letter to Jack Fogg there and read that ^{with} high emotions. It made me both depressed and angry. I am angry at myself because I did not understand the reason for his behavior in Ljubljana the last summer there, but I actually believed that his withdrawal then was because his mother had just died before we took off and he had not been able to go and see her before it happened. His mother meant incredibly much to him (like she did to me, too), and I knew how deep his bereavement was and how much he blamed himself for having "neglected" her. But I am also angry because he did not talk to me about it and allow me to share his worries. I realize that he to all extremes wanted to "protect" me and Loa and Ingela, too, from harm, but had I known what was going on, I could perhaps have helped in some manner, or even been a moral support for him. Now I was completely kept in the dark and it still hurts.

I knew, of course, that there were difficulties to arrange things for the second summer in Yugoslavia, and that Áskell had more or less to force them to honor their promise to support the project, for which we worked so hard and had such hopes. We felt we had done a pretty good job the first summer. We worked as hard as we could also the second summer, but I sensed that something was not

entirely as it should. Now, Áskell was in a way naively "godtrogen" and had not my "intuition" concerning people. I was so sorry when the Reids could not come with us the second summer; they were good workers and pleasant people, although Mrs Reid was a complex individual who also has trouble with growth in her breasts. This we believed was the reason. I immediately took a dislike to Mary Kirk, and did not trust her for a minute, while Áskell as usually did not see anything wrong although he disliked her sexual behavior. I now really believe the plan was to let her seduce him, but that was of course a hopeless attempt. I do not know what to make out of Garry Arp. But now I feel he was very false and most likely put on us as a sort of spy, like Mary. I feel that he sometimes sabotaged the work and that he gave entirely false reports on what we did in Ljubljana. He apparently was awarded for his "information" by jobs he otherwise never would have gotten. What has become of him, I do not know and do not care to know. But I do not think he was honest although Áskell trusted him.

I was not entirely happy either with the Yugoslavs chosen for the job. The only one that was scientifically good and an honest and good worker was our assistant Milan Lovka. I do not know what he does now, but have asked our former landlady to find him for me, so I can ask him some questions only he can answer. But I was always leary of Franc Susnik, the main man, and even more so about Ernest Mayer, who gladly took his salary but did not really do much for the project. Franc and his family were not honest people. Franc himself lied hopelessly. As you know, if you lie, you must have a darned good memory and be very clever, but he had not and I caught him a couple of times with double talk. He sometimes said that the university car needed "check-ups" and took it for a couple of days for that purpose. But when it was returned I checked the milage and found it to match the distance to a camp he and his family used to attend on one of the Adriatic islands. But I kept it to myself. I did not like his handling of the funds either. He was building a home of his own up in a village near the Austrian border, where he intended to move later and I am sure some money went there instead for what he claimed it had been used for. It was also hard not to be able to check on things with the sekretaries and bookkeepers who did not speak any foreign languages. My rudimentary Russian did not go far enough for a conversation to make sense. So I could not check things like I would like to have done. But as always I left money-matters to Áskell although I told him of my suspicions, which he shrugged off. He believed that everybody was dishonest as he himself.

Ernest Mayer was also a rather false person, I felt. I could not get myself to trust him and suspect that he was actually a nazi during the war and that he had some sort of relations to the American embassy that I could not figure out. I felt sorry for his wife, a Serbian, who was hated and despised openly by the other faculty wives.

The minority car was very bad and unsafe, so we preferred a safe one for us. 3

I find that according to the papers, it was considered that we bought the car for Léa for the research money. ^x That is of course entirely false. We made inquiries whether we could buy it in Yugoslavia for our own dollars, but found that impossible, so when we had flown to Ljubljana the second summer, we flew up to Gothenburg on our own cost and got it there and drove back to use it for the research. That trip was also paid by ourselves, of course. It took only two or three days in all from the work but Franc was just then busy with examinations of his students, so it was "dead time" anyhow.

In the beginning Áskell had high opinions about Schmerz, but in the long run he became frustrated with him and his secretary. He called him "a pain on the neck", alluding to his name. And he was incredibly angry at the attempts to replace him with a "better American". It was a gross insult to him. He knew we had done a job that few others could have accomplished that first summer and that there was definitely nobody who could replace him properly. He was almost too sensitive in respect to his foreign origin and few can understand it. But he came from a country that for centuries had been kept down by a, to them, foreign power and that recently had won its independence from them only to be betrayed" by some politicians and occupied by "Americans" although it was not called so. Áskell's father was also a very leftminded person although he worked for the Americans at times as a pilot at sea and leading convoys and as a common laborer in Keflavik when the airport was built. Áskell was a good socialdemocrat, which in this country is often confused with a sort of communism, but he drew the limit there, not least after the Vavilov-Lysenko affair. He wrote many articles about the falsehood of Lysenko and the maltreatment of Vavilov in Icelandic papers and pamphlets. Still, a lot of people here believed he was a communist but that is not true at all. (Now I wonder what kind of a grilling they will subject me too ^{when} I apply for the citizenship and ^{will be} interviewed ???) It worries me a good deal, but I have never taken part in any kind of politics and never had an opportunity or will to vote anywhere.)

Because of this grave insult, Áskell was terribly upset and he never forgave it. I avoided bringin up anything that could get him started on his "mistreat-ment" because it led to remarks that people misinterpreted and did not like to hear. Therefore I was choosy here when it came to new friends and saw to that we associated only with people who could "stand" his outbursts and not be offended by them. I, too, wanted to protect him from pain and misunderstandings. Few people understand how much we meant to each other. I think Cronquist was one of the few who actually did, but he did not hesitate to talk behind our backs in spite of that.

*Including a translation as typed in French

I do not really know what to do with all this. Do you have copies of the correspondence with Schmerz, Susnik and others or only the letter from Askell to Fogg? There are copies of a lot of things, but not of all and I do not think it is wise to mail any of it in case it is lost and gets into wrong hands. (That is why I use your home-address for our correspondence rather than the University one. I still do not trust people there and I do not really know if it is wise to archive it all there. Perhaps it would be better stored in Saint Louis with Peter Ravens outfit. I do not know what Peter felt about Askell, the relationship was not really clear to me, but I felt that Peter did not have a true appreciation of Askell all the time. Askell at time felt slighted by him, I know but why I do not know. However, he did appreciate the recognition from the IOPB greatly and Peter was in on that, I know.)

But it cannot be denied that Askell was incredibly embittered by the treatment of him by the Smithsonian and the U. of Colo. Hobart Smith was an ass and terribly afraid of his own skin. I have a suspicion that his good wife was a good deal behind it all, too. She had said something to Mary Maslin about a letter I wrote to Rosella, where I told her that in some funny way I felt at home in the Mediterranean area where work was still honored and not considered as an evil necessity to earn money for luxury and enjoyment. This she said was a terrible slur on America and when we returned she refused to see me or speak to me anymore. I am grateful to her for teaching me about computers and key-punching, but did not like her "pawing" on me when she did so. She was a peculiar person. Sometimes I wonder if she was the "mysterious voice" in the telephone. Those calls were upsetting and much the reason why I suggested we move out of Boulder. We had a single one here, telling us we "did the right move". That was directed to me, I never told Askell of it. The voice was definitely contorted mechanically in some way.

The transactions with money sound incredible, almost like fiction, but I know we were almost down to our last penny although ^{we} scrimped and saved, when the money finally was awarded us. Our landlady was very kind to wait with the rent for her lovely house so long. We still correspond and I do not believe she was at all involved in the intrigues.

I will have to go through all this again (when I have calmed down) and sort up what is there. It will not be easy, I would need a lot of tables because everything is mixed up and most lacks dates. I also have to guess at names at times, since I have a bad memory for names and dates, have always had that. In a picture there from the founding of Flora ^{of N. Am.} ~~Europe~~ I only recognized four by name although some faces seemed familiar to me, but I cannot remember the names. Too bad.

Well, this was just to let you know that Askell is at last "home" and that I am now informed about his mistreatment, which was much worse than I ever understood. It is worse than a Hollywood thriller, but I have no reason to not believe Askell's words. He was too honest to "invent" something like that and he never understood that others were not honest like he, himself. Therefore he was bitter.

Joseph for you
Paul Ackland
A. J. J.

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

Oct. 1st, 1994

Dear Bill, -

Thank you for always being there to console me! I appreciated your call Friday evening. Your suggestion to place the papers eventually in Hunt's is fine. I know that when we sold our books to Koeltz (do I miss them!), their representative placed some notes that had been accidentally left in them in Hunts, so there must already be a file on him. Do you know somebody there personally? That might help to get them accept it. I also think it is safer there than in U. of Colo., that I still mistrust. The reason we decided to place the reprints there was mainly because we knew that you could use them better than many others. But when I get a request for something, I always refer them to you, because I know you will take care of it. The people there do not even say a word of thanks, when I send them the reprints still arriving here, or the journals. I wonder if the journals still have been arranged.

Yes, I did not know what was going on in Yugoslavia although I had a strong feeling that something was seriously wrong. So the extent of it took me by complete surprise. I sometimes had the feeling that we were in danger - the behavior of some of the Yugoslavs on excursions with us ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} a bit strange to me, like they exposed us to unnecessary hazards, hoping to get rid of us. But I disregarded it as mere foolish fantasies. But I am angry over the hell Askell must have passed through and that he did not let me help him out.

In Boulder we had these ~~nightly~~ ^(at first) phone-calls, that Askell who took them, told me were to somebody selling pizzas. I realize now what ~~it~~ actually was. But it annoyed me to the extent that each night when we retired, I shut down the bell on the phone so that we could not hear it in the bedroom. That helped for a while, but then they started coming daytime instead. If Askell answered he usually hung up and said: "Wrong number". Only once, when he was not home and after we had decided to move to here, I got one that said in a funny voice: "Your did the right thing to move away." I never told Askell but kept this to myself. But I also wonder how much these years of intense mental stress had to do with his Parkinsonism. Some authorities claim that severe shock or stress can be a contributing factor, if the disposition is there. It is all so tragic and undeserved. Askell was so scrupulously honest and would never concoct a story like that. Those who knew him will agree, others will say that he went bonkers. ~~Or~~ was a dangerous communist trying to defend him-self from the accusations. But the letters I have got show me that the former sentiments dominate.

Your "obituary" of Áskell is good, but I feel it needs a paragraph stating that Iceland can be proud of that this son of a poor sea captain by his energy and intelligence won recognition all over the world as a scientist and that his theories will continue to be basic for further research in botany and plant breeding. Or something like that. I hope it is not too late to add that.

You asked me to tell about the visit to the Emperor of Japan. At the Pacific congress, he was chairman of the biosystematic division and, like other chairmen, ^{was} also invited to see the emperor in his palace. Hirohito was as you know himself a devoted scientist, a marine biologist. When we arrived we were given nametags with an elaborate text in Japanese, to be presented to the person introducing us to the imperial pair. I was instructed to walk slightly behind my husband and we were both told how to bow to their majesties. When our turn came in the line (it was not very long), the intruder read the text on the cards. The emperor then shook our hands while the empress tugged at his sleeve and whispered something, that he in turn conveyed to the interpreter. This one told us that the empress would like to tell Áskell that she had a copy of Áskell's Icelandic flora and admired the beautiful illustrations. She was a botanist, specialist in mosses, actually. Did you know that? So we bowed and bowed and smiled at her, and she smiled nicely in return. She was dressed in an exquisite kimono, he in a "morning coat" or whatever they call it here, tailed coat and striped pants.

After the line was finished we were invited to a reception, where servants went around with drinks and little goodies. Harlan Lewis was also there and we stood chatting together in the beautiful, sparsely but beautifully decorated hall, when Harlan by accident dropped his meatball on the beautifully polished oak-floor. "Quickly, step on it!" said Áskell, which Harlan did in his confusion before anybody noticed his gaffe. But when we then walked away, he almost slipped with the meatball under foot. It was hilarious. We also had a brief chat with the present emperor, Akihito and his wife, who was educated at the same sort of convent as our daughters (Sacre Coeur). We told her the Montreal convent had a kitten named Michiko in her honor and she laughed heartily. They were nice people.

Though he rarely talked about it out of modesty, Áskell was immensely proud over this that the poor boy from Isafjörður (on the NW coast, which he considered more ^{his} ~~than~~ his home than Reykjavík) had been recognized by high people in a far off land. But he was able to relate to people of any level. In Reykjavík he

was a friend of the president of Iceland as well as bums in the harbor since the days he worked as a longshoreman. He always invited them for coffee but never gave them any money (that they asked for), since he said that would only be spent on drink ^{and a meal}.

But he had a hard time being accepted by a clique at the university who actually envied him his achievements and success. One of them was Sigurdur Þorarinsson, a vulcanologist, who once guided the king of Sweden (old Gustav-Adolf, who was a fine boatman) on Þingvellir (the ancient parliament place often called Tingvalla). He told Áskell that the king asked him about a plant there and when Siggi could not answer, he took up Áskell's flora from his pocket and said: Then we take Löve's flora to help, and started to key out one of the Saxifragas there. Siggi was really impressed. He studied in Stockholm and considered himself much above those in Lund, but was accepted in the clique mentioned mostly because of his ability to sing nice and play guitar. He specialized in Bellman and "Gluntarna", but wrote several nice, slightly equivocal tunes himself. He, too, was of humble origin, but fitted into the partying clique better than abstinent and serious Áskell.

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I include another picture of Áskell. Perhaps there is somebody in Boulder who can make more of them. I seem to remember there was a good photography store near the U. that Jack Ives frequented.

The news about the ferry-capsizing in the Baltic is horrible. I am happy that my sister was away in France when it happened. She occasionally takes a holiday away from her aging (87 y. old) husband, who is then placed temporarily in a rest home. I have still to hear from her but hope she had a good time. The loss of lives was terrifying and something not expected in Scandinavia. But the Baltic is nothing to play with. It can be very rough. My Dad used to tell of the agonizing trip he took to Riga on board a small steamer in a storm and I myself remember when we sailed from Bronholm to Ystad in a rough sea and I and Dad were almost the only ones not seasick. I also remember a night in our summerhouse on the shore of the Baltic in Åhus. The storm was furious blowing sea-water all the way over the beach onto the windows of our house. We could also hear the terrified shrieks of a child which sent chills through my spine. A couple of days later we found the body on the little one and her family. A small steamer had gone aground on a sandbar and all perished. All that gives me a healthy respect for what the Baltic is capable of.

I return the fax and the obituary, and hope you get it in time.

There is a terrible din from above just now. They are laying down the linoleum on the bathroom floor and then the toilet will be installed. It will be nice to have a functioning bathroom again but I am afraid that it will cost a pretty penny.

Again, thank you for everything and best regards to Sammie from yours always

Chris

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5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

Oct. 15, 1994

Dear Bill, -

Thank you for your letter and for your efforts with the Akureyri-obituary of Áskell. I hope it will turn out nicely. Young Icelanders do not know Áskell as well as the older ones but his floras still sell and are widely used there. However, many new ones, illustrated with color photos, have since appeared, but actually none of those are as botanically correct as his were. They mostly rely on Flora Europea for their nomenclature, it seems.

Thanks also for the review of Vavilov. It is rather critical, but not without reason. I know there are quite a few mistakes and I have tried to correct them in a second printing, that is being prepared in Cambridge. But common names being what they are, I did not know of "Chile tarweed", but followed the names given in the book on common names I used then. I am sure that one, too, made a mistake here and there. But I have taken note of this, of course, so I know til next. It was darn hard at times to figure out what the Russian common names referred to, so I do not feel bad about it. And of course, Kaplan does not know me and does not know that I am actually translating from one foreign language into another, so my expressions may at times be a bit "stilted". I suppose he does not know any Russian and does not understand how difficult it can be to translate it so that it adheres to the style of the original author, not that of the translator him- or herself. Who is Kaplan, by the way? Should I know?

Thank you also for your efforts with the Hunt Inst. on behalf of Áskell. I have not had any time whatever to look at and sort up the papers in the steel box again. My translation work takes precedent just now (a series of questionnaires for Canon and its machines. Handwritten answers are not always easy to decipher and it is a question of rush jobs, I have a guilty conscience for taking time off today.) .

But the more I think of this, the more I wonder who is behind it all. I simply cannot believe that there ~~xxx~~^{is} not somebody who hates Áskell (and me?) so much or feels threatened or slighted by him, so that he or she musgt take to such actions. It could be somebody who knew Áskell well in order to know what weak points to attack and somebody who did not shy at devious actions behind his back. I realize that Gerry and Mary were "planted" on him, but they were not the main culprits. Sometimes I wonder about Rozella Smith and her milksop husband. She was a dangerous woman, half insane in my mind, and an intrigue maker.

When Áskell called on Hobart that morning when he had to go and see the dean, he simply refused to have anything to do with it. I wonder how much he knew in advance? He was (is?) a pathetic figure.

But there is not much use in trying to find a scapegoat. I know that Rozella died, but I do not think Habort would be willing to give any information if questioned. So I will try to forget about such speculations. But if we can get his papers preserved safely, that is the best we can do for him.

I have so far had a single letter from Iceland, telling me that ^{Áskell}~~he~~ is now in the family plot with his beloved mother, father and a brother who dies in his teens from tuberculosis. Two other brothers are also dead, but buried elsewhere. Only the nearest family members were present and afterwards they had a coffee party together at the home of a niece, living near the graveyard. There were no religious ceremonies in accordance with his wishes.

So, back to work.

Best regards to both of you, always

Cross
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Dr. Doris Löve
5780 Chandler Court
San Jose, CA 95123

October 19, 1994

Dear Doris::

I have been working every day to transcribe the papers that Askill sent to us and which we made the basis of our fruitless appeal to Russ Nelson, and I have a clean manuscript to send you today from the Boulder post office. You probably will find other pertinent letters and statements that I can add so that we will have a book-length file that anyone can read without difficulty. This is not going to be published or made public in any way until and unless you think there is something to be done to let the scientific world know that Askill deserves some public rehabilitation. As I see it, the witch hunt culminated in complete success for the hunters, and the University people here were made pawns, willingly or not, in the situation. I cannot understand how Holloway was allowed to sit with Nelson in judgment of our appeal, since he was the means by which Crowe accomplished the deed in the first place.

I was a bit worried about the fact that I even have this dossier at all, but I have a lawyer friend who tells me that there is no reason now that the whole story cannot be told to anyone who would like to know about it. I was not a party to the agreement and release. Nevertheless, I think that Crowe should not have any chance to find out about this until he is safely off the scene.

I received from the Hunt Library the paper that I need to sign to turn over my letters from Askill to them when I am ready to do so. They are mostly concerning botanical questions. But I would really like to see the things that you have if they have any bearing on the manuscript I am sending you today. There are several questions that I need to have answers to. Where on earth was I in May, 1973 when this business was being done at the University? I can't locate any field notebooks that say. I imagine I was away on a spring field trip, but I never understood why I never was told anything about it by Jack Ives, or Dave Rogers for that matter (who I feel were always more concerned for their own skins than anybody elses). It's been a very depressing week or two that I have spent going over everything word for word. And I still don't really feel that Askill is gone, that I could still ask him questions and talk about things; it's a funny feeling.

Can you tell me anything about the Winnipeg experience, and what Montreal was all about? I think this aspect of the story might want to be written down and I never had the chance to learn the full details except to know that *le grand Pierre* had something to do with problems. I also want to go to the Boulderr Camera and get the Riha file, for I have forgotten so much about that. Then I want to find out whether the Personnel files ever got Askill's file back from the University Attorney, Holloway. And perhaps there is a way to see the file in the Biology Department without making waves. I would also like to see the letter from the cabal in the department to which Bill Briggs wrote that interesting memo. Also there is mention of a CU medical school cabal - can you tell me what that was about. Then I can put this aside and do some other work.

I learned yesterday that Vladimir Krajina recently died, and understand that he had some experiences of the "innocent immigrant from Czechoslovakia" kind during his career; that might be another awful story.

Keep your chin up!

5780 Chandler ct., SAN JOSE, CA 95123

Oct. 22, 1994

Dear Bill, -

At the same time as I mail this letter, I am sending you a big "priority mail" package with all the papers from the steel box and a lot of letters that you may not have seen before. I tried my best to sort out duplicates of which there were numerous in various places, but may have slipped and included some although I tried to remember what I had put aside. The duplicates are now back in the steel box and there are also some letters which were the originals of the copies. I hope this will be helpful to you. I do of course not yet know what you really have of it already, but perhaps there is something there that can throw some light on what happened. It is an ugly story.

I, too, got papers from Hunts, that I could sign - if this is necessary - so the file can be stored there. I hope you can explain to them that this is important in order to have proof of what happened to Askell, in case some student of Science History should be interested. But until I or you are dead, any such researcher must have our permission for publication. Don't you think that is a condition that should be stipulated? We do not want just anybody to handle these papers.

Lóa is away at Ingela and Scott's tonight, so I took myself together to do this painful work. Some of the names in the letters I do not know. "Milan" was our main Yugoslav assistant there, a very intelligent and clever boy (really good looking, too), who now is head of their Botany Dept. I wrote him recently but have so far not heard from him. He does not write much and we have not heard from him for years. Franc is Susnik, the main Yugo-man, Ernest his colleague that I did not particularly trust (I felt he was a former Nazi, and I am almost sure he "spied on us" on behalf of the Americans. Gerry and Mary Kirk were certainly also "planted" on us. She was a particularly dishonest and manipulative girl.

You ask about our Manitoba time. We came to there from Iceland after Askell had tired of the "narrow" conditions there and wanted more room for his energy and studies. He was first an associate Prof., but a funny incidence made the administration doubt his credentials. Ingela was a friend of ~~one~~ the son of of the professors of ²⁰⁰biology who did not like him because he was neither Canadian nor English. She sometimes played with ^{his baby} ~~him~~ at ^{his} home. He had some dealings with a caretaker in the house who did not tend to the furnace properly and when Ingela heard it, she said innocently: My father also was a furnaceman in Iceland! (He of course stoked the furnace there when needed and to her it was what he did ^{for a job}.)

M. M. M. M.
of 1910

So I, not Askell, was called to the president of the U. and asked to clarify this statement and our qualifications. This was of course not difficult, the rector of the U. of Lund was appalled to get such a request and the president was very apologetic and we became the best of friends. But he died a year later and then they fired me as Herbarium curator as an unnecessary burden on the university economy. Then we decided to look for something new.

Pierre Dansereay in Montréal had a position open and offered it to us, for a much better salary in addition. So we went there and worked for eight happy years under very good conditions. Even I had a salary but I realize that Askell's was lesser because of that. Anyhow, it were good years and I sometimes lectured in French at meetings and Askell made good relations with McGill also. We were the only ones that took part in seminars there. But The good Pierre was very political and a slippery figure in addition. One day the whole dept of Botany was in shock when we arrived in the morning. Pierre had been fired summarily and so were his secretaries and the caretaker of the premises. We were not immediately concerned, but the conditions later offered us for staying on were not acceptable (we would not convert to Catholics, among others, or stop promoting "evolution", etc.etc.) So we, too, got the pink slip. It took a year before we got the position in Boulder, and that was a lean time.

I forgot to say, that Askell became head of the botany dept in Winnipeg when the former head retired. He was very appreciated by his students and many of them still keep in contact with us. He also had great effect on the positions filled in Canada and many of his students became professors there. Same during our stay in Montréal when we had many postgrads and post-doctors under us, like Shoi and others in Japan and India.

But we were happy in Boulder until the Yugoslav adventure. Who started the prosecution I do not know. I only know that Crow disliked us intensely, Askell for what reason I do not know, me because I once accidentally came upon him in Instaar in a delicate situation with a secretary there. I had rubber-soled sandals and rounded a corner, to see them in a hot embrace. I just passed, smiled and said "Excuse me". Shortly thereafter we were invited to a dinner with a Romanian professor who lived near NCAR, I have forgotten his name. Unfortunately I was placed at Crow's side at the table! He took one look at me after we sat down and said: I am glad to see you properly dressed, you usually look so sloppy. After that he turned to the lady at his other side and said no more to me. I was just as happy. So I may have helped make Askell's case worse. The last thing I would have liked to do.

Like you, I have a hard time really believing that Áskell is no more. Sometimes at night, I feel like he is sleeping in the bed next to me and then I listen for his breathing and put on the light to check, and there is nobody there. It can be hard at times. But I am telling myself that such fantasies are no good, and I have better see the reality as it is. He is gone. But when I go somewhere and there is something to tell, I often think: This I will have to remember telling Áskell about! Over 50 years together does such things to you.

I have still not got the letter you mention in your last letter. Mail from Colorado sometimes takes five days to get here and we have at present a very late mailman. Some days he does not come until near 6 o'clock. Perhaps the regular is sick or something. Hope we get him back soon.

Perhaps, to make the story of his life complete, I should mention that the Americans in Iceland were already suspicious of Áskell. All students in Sweden during the war were considered Communists. But Áskell never took part in any politics there. We worked too hard to complete our studies. However, when we applied for Winnipeg, somebody slandered him (remember that he had invited checks to his Nato symposium) and helped a group of checks arrange biological research in the highland of Iceland just after the war. He had friends in Iceland all the way from long-shoremen in the harbor (he worked as a longshore man himself a summer), ^{up to the president.} ~~and~~ in school he had displayed slightly leftist ideas. His father was most likely a communist, but Áskell was secretary of the Soc.-dem. youth organization and did not agree with his father. This may have started him on a black-list in Iceland, which he suspected and was proud of. It contained all the best and most prominent people there, Halldor Kilian Laxness, the Nobel-prize winner, among others. He was another friend of Áskells, and so were all the ^{past} three presidents of Iceland, the first, the second and the third, and he knew the present, Vigdis, well, too. He never discriminated because of religion, political beliefs or race.

A "lawyer" in San Fransico is mentioned in one letter, but I have no idea who that could be. I never heard any such mentioned.

It is late now and I am getting muddled, so I have better stop now, say good night, and hope that the parcel reaches you in good conditions. I cannot think you enough for spending so much time on us. It shows that you are a real friend. You were certainly not there when the catastrophe happened, otherwise Áskell would have contacted you. But he was in a state of shock for weeks afterwards and ~~came~~ ^{came} up completely and did not trust anybody for a long time.

Now, Good Night, and best regards to you both, always

Caprin