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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.

Woods Hole Mass. July 27-1934

My dear Ben:-

I wish all the Duggan family were in a cottage near us where they could share the beautiful views of Big Harbor which we are enjoying now, noon & night from the Arthur Compton Cottage. I am getting my money worth in views for we have never been near the water before for I do not count the little pond in need to back up to.

She are thoroughly enjoying our dear Nanays visit & I know she is also. She says she has gained eight pounds & she does look well & very brown. This afternoon she has gone with the Johns, young people to help paint a boat which they have just bought. She went swimming with & had lunch with them today. Next Thursday she leaves us early in the morning to go to

Long Island & from there to visit
Louise. From there she will visit Douglas
if you are willing she should come & us
for she will & take an intensive course
in Typewriting & stenography & then go into
Charles's office. I do not know if she can
get a three months course in Wash-
ington - Charles can look that up when he
goes home next week & I will write you
what he finds out. Henny does not need
the regular nine months business
course. We would love to have her visit
us & the experience will be good for her
& from that she can go into something
else she would rather do if she does
not get married. I expect now to go with
Charles to Cleveland for the fall meeting
of the American Chemical Society which
comes early in September, then we come
back here pack up & get home by the
21st & 22nd of September. Harriet Douglas
would love to have a visit from Henny
for he has often said so. Emily & little
Vincent arrive this next Monday the 30th.

and will visit Leona for a few days before
coming to me. Of course you are to do the
deciding about money, winter - etc - so I am
just suggesting a plan for you to think over.
You know our son & daughter for her &
that our wife takes good care of her. She
has written you & has told you all the
news so I will close as it is nearly time
to go to Falmouth.

Love to you & all the dear
family. Devotedly, Alice

21 III 1925

Thank for
the pictures!

Vacation Lodge,
Cherrydale, Va.
Sunday, Aug. 25, '35

Dearest Dad,

I started to type this letter
on an ~~old~~ typewriter out here but
it doesn't work at all, and this
pen isn't much better.

I do, do hope you get
here August 31 for a meeting of
your Radiation Committee. That
would be just grand and
you mustn't disappoint me
as Georgie did.

The Lodge is great (I can't
regulate this borrowed pen)
and the girls very nice. I'm
rather thinking of going
horse-back riding with one

one of beauty — ^{3.} and home to
the Lodge. Doesn't that
sound grand? The only trouble
was I hurt my foot play-
ing tennis and didn't realize
how badly 'til I got home.
Don't worry though, it's all
right now. No bones broken
was proven by an X-ray and
there was only a bad bruise to
the covering of the bone along the
side of my foot. The Doctor
took off ~~all~~ the last of the
tape yesterday, so I'm normal
again.

The last of the Symphony
concerts are over, but they
have been grand. Lynn

of them in the ² near future. Can
you picture me on a horse? Well,
it's never too late to learn,
they say, so perhaps I shall
become No. 1 Woman Jockey.

I had a grand day about
two week ago — lunch at a
Tea House out on Haries Point,
a game of tennis at the War
College, a drive up to where
a canoe was kept, a paddle
far up the river, a swim, and
supper at a funny little old
Dinn up by the Falls. Then
a last look at the Lincoln
Memorial at night — always
a peaceful sight and

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and I went to three of them. They are held outdoors on a huge barge on the river, tied up near the Memorial Bridge. They were a huge success, thousands came and the quietest most interested audiences I've ever seen. Tickets were only a quarter and they have free plays and dance recitals outside, too.

If Congress would only adjourn, work for everyone would let down a bit, but they surely will tomorrow. They've surely kept us stepping for our office was interested in the tax and unemployment ^{insurance} bill, as the wording stood.

Hope everyone has a grand trip — loads of love — see you soon — Nancy.

Vacation Lodge,
Cherrydale, Va.,
June 18, 1936.

Dearest Dads,

A very happy Father's Day
to you, sir! I wish I could give you
a hug and a kiss but this will
have to do — O++.

It was so grand to hear
your voice last week — you
know Dads, it doesn't seem
possible that I can just lift
the receiver and hear you
across the country.

Speaking of country, I am
now at home at my country
Lodge — "Miss Duggar has
moved to her Virginia home for
the summer season," don't you —

2.
know. But it's lovely out here and cool. A turkey ~~gobbler~~ ^{hen} just meandered past my window — imagine that! — with five little ones. Is turkey hen correct for the female?

Aunt Alice was sent a copy of the cypress tree-relief of mother's some years ago, and it cracked en route. Anne gave it to me, and I had two casts made from it which are now drying. In about another week I shall shellac them and put in a little ochre for coloring — I always did like that yellow-tan-cream coloring better than the greeny-bronze coloring. When we divided up the pieces, I was quite sure that all the family re-

3.
ceived a copy of the tree, so I thought I'd send one to Alice Cooper for a wedding present. Please tell me if the family sent her anything — if not — I might just as well sign — from the Duggars.

Uncle Charlie is by now on the Cape. The house is rented here in Washington to his understudy.

I'm enclosing an account of Pam Peoples' wedding. Please save it for me, but I thought you might be interested. She's a sweet girl — married at 18! — and Caroline was bridesmaid. Many, many parties connected with it including a lovely dinner dance at the Chevy Chase Country Club. She received so many

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wedding presents that it took two
rooms to hold them all. The Roosevelts
sent a lovely salad set. And
Comptroller General McCarl (sp?)
was making a ~~few~~ fool of himself at
the Reception - having imbibed a
little too much. Much fun, trying
to recognize the arriving notables.

I have my bureau filled
with pictures of one and every
member of the family - a regular
rogue's gallery. It's nice to look
up and see you all. And Jack's
picture is there, too. Did I tell
you I was very much in love
with the gentleman? Jack Adams,
you know. I got fooled, you see,
and fell for him when he came down
here, in spite of knowing it was
just what Mrs. Walker wanted. Such
is life! Loads of love to you, Dads,
Nancy.



Clarke City,
North Shore, Canada.
August 2nd, 1936.

Dearest Family,

So many many things have happened to tell you about. We are now at anchor at Clarke City, unloading freight and have just finished a talk around the community. This place is one of the larger places we stop at - about two thousand inhabitants. It is a paper-mill town and Mr. Collier the manager of the mill, the captain and the Chief Steward took Caroline and me ashore. We had one grand time! The captain had some friends here so he took us to their home - a very nice large frame

house - and believe it or not Caroline² and I went in swimming while there! Swimming in the St. Lawrence at this time of year, when on board we need coats, sweaters, scarves, mittens & steamer rugs! It was absolutely the coldest water I ever felt, but I did manage to take a few strokes before dashing in to the log fire inside. That was a real thrill. Outside we found raspberries, blueberries and huckleberries. We almost rode the hand car, but the manager couldn't make it work and the engine on the track to pull the freight cars of logs was of as ancient a date as I've seen outside a museum. The wharf, tracks and a house or two were practically all we saw of this place. Cause the actual town is seven miles away. On the way back we saw two real

3.
back-woods (not reservation) Indians & we boarded the St. Lawrence fire-boat. Afterwards we boarded ~~the~~ ^{our} ship and had sherry in the Captain's cabin with as great ceremony as this ship affords and the toast was, as the Captain said, turning to me, "A vos beaux yeux, Mlle." Wasn't that nice? Caroline and I are about the youngest people on board outside of the children, so we get spoiled and the Captain said he wanted us to really learn things on the trip.

We've seen a school of porpoises and the northern lights, lighted crosses on dark hillsides at night and there's been a beautiful moon. We have a minister among our 60 passengers and the Grenfell mission hostess, besides a girl from Milwaukee and a number of couples

from Boston and Montreal & thereabouts.
Some free passengers sit up in front
by the sailor's quarters, landing at
every stopping place to look for jobs.
Our itinerary depends on our
freight, mail & passenger destina-
tion and outside of Quebec, we stop
at fishing villages, trading posts,
mission stations, paper mill towns and
lumber camps. Our freight depends
on the needs of people.

..... Interruption.....

S.S. North By ayeur
Newfoundland
August 3, 1936.

Dearest Dads,

I hope by now you
are back in Madison and that
you had a grand trip and one
that was not too tiring. You
certainly deserve the best of
everything and you are the
very most splendid father in
the world!!! I wish you a
very happy birthday and am
only sorry that I really can't
be there to say it to you. I am
not sending you a package on
time but it will arrive.

Right now I'm in Corner Brook,
Newfoundland. Can you believe
it? We drive down the street in an

P.S. The Adams are grand! They have a grand cottage at Montney,
Mass. in the Berkshires and Mrs. Adams is jolly as can be and
very broad-minded. I didn't meet Mr. Adams.

American made car, driving on the left hand side of the road. It certainly is a woozy feeling when you go around a curve and are sure you're going to bump squarely into the little English Austin (with the right side steering wheel). But you find the Austin, too, is on the left side of the road. Things are terribly high priced here for Americans - 35¢ for American cigarettes, \$1.35 loss on exchange of dollar and wool is the only thing I found that was a bargain. Here there are rolling hills, beautiful green firs & spruce which go into the paper mill, the largest one that is electrically run in ~~Lower~~ ^{Brook} North America. They seem to have the same kind of flowers, and in winter it only gets down to about ten below. In spite of the fog & rain today (our first bad weather) we've seen the whole town, mill and all.

We have 60 passengers on board our small boat and a great deal of freight, most of which has been unloaded by now. We stop at very small fishing villages and lumber camps where, for the most part, we can't even buy post cards. At Combeau Bay there were 1800 men in the lumber camp & no women. They'd been there since May, and did the women passengers of our boat ever get a looking-over. Even our far-from-handsome stewardess said she thought the boys were glad to look at her.

Tomorrow we go fishing with the Captain and the Chief Steward at Forteau Bay, Labrador. Labrador now belongs to Newfoundland, having recently been given to " " as the Canadians say, and having recently been taken from Canada as the Newfoundlanders say.

There are five of us girls, near of an age, on the boat and the officers have

been giving us a big rush. It's really a scream. But they've certainly been nice to us. Last night our friend Eleanor had a birthday & we asked the Purser if it would be possible for the 5 of us to eat together after the dining room was cleared & have a cake for her as a surprise. So it was arranged but at 8 o'clock, lo and behold they had a sumptuous seven course dinner for us with caviar, champagne, tenderloin steak etc. etc. with the compliments of the officers!! We were simply floored.

Jack sent me a beautiful "candid camera" and plenty of film for the trip, so if I work it properly I should have plenty of pictures for you. And Daddy, he wrote me the sweetest letter, saying I needn't feel rushed but he wanted me to know that he wanted me to marry him! He has just been made manager of an operating northwest branch near Mt. Vernon. I am very much in love with him, but don't worry, Dad, I'm not going to rush into anything. My love to you, Dad -
nancy.

P.S. Had a grand visit in the Berkshires.
Jack's mother is at peace! Didn't meet Mr. Adams.
H.

Vaughan, a
cousin,

3414 Newark St. N.W.
Washington D.C.
Sept. 20, 1936.

Dearest Family —

Well, here I am back in Washington at 3414 — Uncle Charlie is back from Woods Hole & the Pittsburgh meetings, Robbier was here overnight and has gone on down to Duke and Anne and Charlie are here. Tomorrow Charlie goes over to Episcopal High in Alexandria, Va., where he will ~~be~~ board this year, and then Anne goes down to Bluffton with Enith for a couple of weeks. I've been plunged right into the most hectic part of the office year — fall registration — and with moving into a new office today, getting settled after the trip, etc., I'm having a time of it.

The trip was wonderful! For two weeks we were on the water, stopping

2.
at interesting places along the way and
having a wonderfully jolly time on
the board. But my, that Country is
really backwoods and the people
primitive — in some places. We carried
the mail for the region in our hold,
so don't take it to task for not
writing more often. After we'd left
civilization, you couldn't mail a
letter that would go out sooner than
you'd return! That was a situation
we hadn't banked on. Being away for
two weeks certainly shows you how
fast this civilization of ours moves
— we didn't see a paper or hear a
radio in that 2 weeks. It helps to
straighten out your sense of values, tho,
being cut off from the rest of the
world. I'm enclosing a couple of
pictures taken with Caroline's camera
and when I've had some enlarge-
ments made of my pictures, I'll

3.
send them. Jack gave me an Argus
camera and some films for the trip
— it's a gem. It takes very small
pictures on strips, 36 on a roll, using
movie film so you can get action
pictures — but single pictures. He
is the grandest person ever, family! I
talked to him over the phone a few
nights ago — he called from the
state of Washington!

..... Dinner — time out....
I'm going to brave the damp
Cold air and dash out to the Lodge
to say hello to the girls. They wrote
a long roll of messages for me to
read on the boat and I know
they're anxious to hear of the trip.
Then I'll unpack my last fall
clothes, my clothes from the trip
and those from the Lodge, dash
off a note to Jack, and work

tomorrow from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
and it'll be Tuesday morning
with another 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. day
ahead of me! Life is such fun —
if only there were more time in
it.

I'm enclosing a letter started on
the boat and will send very soon
birthday presents for Bennie, George
and Dad — bought on the trip. The
rest of you will have to wait for
Christmas & Birthdays for souvenirs.
I'm too broke after the trip!

My love to all of you and
I wish I could sit right down
at home and tell you really
and truly all about the trip and
what you all mean to me, but
anyway, I send you my love —

Nancy.

Mt. Vernon, Wash.

Oct 2nd 1936

Dear Prof. Duggar -

I doubt whether it is necessary for me to make any elaborate explanations for this rather sudden intrusion into your routine correspondence. Nancy has doubtless dropped a hint here and there to the effect that we have come to realize that we love each other very sincerely and very completely and that the only way of assuring our future happiness is to plan on it together. She might aptly suggest that the evolution of our attachment partakes of the proverb about the "Mills of the Gods," but there certainly is no question of the final product, for I am so hopelessly in love that I am a nuisance.

Since I have just received permission from Nancy to write to you I am losing no time in letting you know how completely and irrevocably I love her and how anxious I am to obtain your sanction to our marriage. Naturally, I regret having to make this presentation of my case in writing, instead of in person, but I believe you will allow it as justifiable under the limitations of space. And I realize full well what a tremendous favor I am asking when saying

that I want to marry Nancy, for I can fully appreciate how much she must mean to you. In asking for your approval, then, the least I can offer is to justify my position and try to show myself worthy to make the request.

In the first place I can assure you that there is nothing of either a eugenical or a physical nature that would constitute a barrier to our marriage. Along this line, and in tune with modern ideas on the subject, I think it fair and sensible for both Nancy and I to furnish each other's respective parents with a doctor's statement of our physical condition, and I shall have the family doctor send you a brief of my last physical exam shortly. Much of my training in the business thus far has been in the field, and this, added to an inherited sturdy constitution, has made for a reasonably strong physical setup.

Much of my post-college experience has been in rather rough groups and regions as judged by Eastern standards. However, I may say that I have been brought up in a rather rigid school to be a gentleman, and that takes in quite a bit of territory. In fact I have always considered that that embraces a very satisfactory code of ethics and morals. So in saying

that I present myself as a gentleman I have that in mind

Another factor in which you are doubtless interested is the financial one. On this score I may say that my salary is now \$3000 with every chance for advancement as rapidly as my work warrants. In this regard the fact that Father is a vice-president of the firm makes no difference. I will be advanced on merit alone, but there is the fact that the door is always open, and I feel that I have the background and training to assume an increasing responsibility. Also, with Nancy to work for, I feel that the future holds much for both of us. By the end of the year my assets will show about a thousand dollars on demand and securities of about an equal amount. This setup, I feel, makes a satisfactory basis for embarking on the sea of matrimony, and I hope you will concur in this.

As Nancy may have told you, I am now twenty eight, with a birthday in December. This, I feel, makes just about an ideal arrangement of our ages, for I have always thought of our own family as being particularly well adjusted because of

a similar age differential between
Mother and Father.

Altho I must say that I've never had any
practices in the matter, I believe that I have
covered the salient questions usually asked
of a prospective son-in-law. If I have omitted
anything, I trust that you will fill in the
gaps by adding any further questions.

And altho it is traditional to address
such a request as this to a girl's father, you
know, I'm sure, that I am equally anxious
to have Mrs. Duggar's approval and also
that of the rest of the family. In a way you
doubtless will feel that you don't really
know me, but I hope that my various
intermittent appearances on Rowley Avenue
may have given you some idea of what kind
of a son-in-law I might make. You could
probably best check with Elus Pieman on
my merits as a seedman!

I can assure you most sincerely that
your affirmative added to Nancy's will
make me the luckiest as well as the happiest
boy in captivity.

Yours most sincerely,

Jack Adams

1223 S. 11th Street,
Mt. Vernon, Wash.,
July 28, 1938.

Dearest Dad,

It won't be long at all
now, before I see you -
all three of you - and how
excited Jack and I are!

I do hope your trip across
country won't be too warm.

We have cool evenings (you'll
need jackets or a light coat of
some type) but the days
have been very warm.

Be sure and bring your
fishing lines, but anything

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else in the sports equipment
which you might need too for
and find time for, - we
can furnish you with somehow.
If Em needs anything to wear
we can shop together for it
in Seattle and have a won-
derful time, too, so tell her
to wait for me for anything
she needs.

Jack and I thought
we ought to tell you that the
forest fires haven't swallowed
the town as you might sup-
pose from some of the
news & radio flashes about
Washington and the Northwest.
But the fires have been very
bad and you can smell the

smoke miles & ³ miles away from
the scene.

Our corn should be ripe
while you're here! Oh Daddy,
I'm so very excited, and can't
wait to show the three of you
everything out here.

And then the wedding!
My, - to think of little Georgie
bringing home the groceries
to a smiling "little woman".
Tsh. Tsh. But he'll make a
grand husband in spite of
himself and Peg is a grand
girl. They'll be very very
happy together. I do wish
Jack could make the
wedding, but he can't possi-
bly, so I'll go down

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to Los Angeles with you, if I
may have a square inch in
your chariot.... How do you like
"Herbert"?

Don't worry about accommo-
dations— Mrs. Moore next door
has offered us a bedroom
and we have an extra
daybed — we'll be snug
but jolly! I can't wait!

Aren't you glad summer-
school's over? Do get a rest
out of your trip — as much
as possible anyway, Dad.
I do wish I could keep you out
here awhile when you get
here and give you a real
leisurely + relaxing rest.

(from Nancy Adams but can't find rest
as letter

Auburn, Oha, Aug 14, 38.

Dear Ben;

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I do not know your summer address, if other than Madison. Two weeks ago Reuben was operated on in Kings Infirmary, Selma, by Dr. Skinner for appendicitis. His appendix had ruptured and perforation of bowel had ^{also} occurred. He seems to be recovering slowly, or more than holding his own.

In spite of these serious complications he has had no high fever and has been continuously conscious. For the first ten days only, a drainage tube was kept in the incision. On my visits to him the past Wednesday and the preceding Saturday he showed an interest in everything and talked freely, though weakly.

He has two special nurses and seems to worry greatly about a total expense of about twenty one dollars a day, and whether there is going to be anything left of his savings of about five hundred dollars with which to buy hay needed to keep his cattle alive this winter. Dr. Skinner,

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in charge of the hospital, promised R. to dispense with one special nurse or both as soon as R.'s condition permits. There will undoubtedly be a long period of convalescence and at last inquiry no less expensive place than a hospital ward was in sight, until he sufficiently improves to visit me.

In spite of lack of high fever Dr. S. said he was not beyond danger. In fact a nurse remarked that she would like him to have more fever as indicating more resistance. About four days ago they started the administration of glucose, with apparently favorable reaction. I have not had a very recent report, tho I authorized nurses to call me whenever any change should occur.

I am about to move into a new house, now nearing its completion. You know that fire destroyed last November the college house in which I had lived for nearly 42 years. I am trying to make the house I am now building practically fireproof, up to the plates.

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It is of red brick over ^{3.}tile, with tall basement supplied with windows, plastered ceiling, division walls, etc. Frances prefers not to rent out any rooms, but the basement space may some day provide something toward financial support, possibly even enough to pay monthly ~~the~~ payments (thus 20 years) "to the government as interest and amortization of the \$4000 loan. I was able to arrange for distribution over a 20-year period by having Frances join with me in the obligation.

The first (or only) floor has six rooms, hall, and two baths.

I have ^{to} considerable extra expense to reduce hazards from fire and termites and to make basement dry. For I shall have to use the largest basement room for my library. In the first stages of correspondence in which I offered for sale my library of "all stations and U.S. No. divisions" for the first 35 years of existence of the stations I did not meet encouragement in the attempt to sell the collection as a unit. I hope to try again on this basis, and then perhaps to

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offer ^{separate} collections to by states for the same period,
1888-1922. If you think of any likely pros-
pects for wholesale purchase, please furnish
addresses from time to time.

My office is on same floor of
Agricultural Building as the Station
Library so that I would probably
be able to spare my bulletins of the
earlier years.

I keep very busy in the details
of my experimental work, now concentrated
on field work and germination studies of
two very promising legumes, Crotalaria specta-
bilis and Lespedeza sericea. On a very limited
budget I am getting practical results that
are quite satisfactory both in field cultures
and in devising practical means of
overcoming difficulties in germination of both.

Paul McCormick Duggar, now 19, is visit-
ing his father & McCormick grandparents in Mobile.
He is trying to secure employment, rather
than continue beyond Freshman courses. He is
athletic, well muscled for his 5'-8" and shows more
promise in composition and literary appreciation than
in mathematics & chemistry. But as his application
to high school and Freshman studies was hindered by

extreme demands on his time made by a girl friend, - an affair now fast, - I am hopeful that he may decide to return to college next winter under more favorable conditions. I keep in best of health.

Llewellyn G. A. has recently been promoted and transferred from S. C. to become construction engineer for Georgia branch of Farm Security Administration. He now has headquarters at in a University building, at Athens, Ga. He, his wife, and their two little girls, Ellen, aged $2\frac{1}{2}$, and Beverly, now half a year old, recently visited us.

Ambrose is teacher of science in Cullman County high school at Prattsburg, Ala., - also preaching certain week-ends in a country church. For the last few years he has been spending his summers in the study of chemistry at Univ. of Ala. He has three boys Ambrose H. (about 13), John (14), Louis Jimmie (8), and Louise, aged 11. Two of them recently spent a month with us.

Please write at length of you and yours when convenient. I will notify you of Reuben's progress.

Yours aff. brother,
Fred.

GIVES NAME
OF HER
SON + HIS WIFE

FROM LOUISE SPRAGUE HUTCHINS at Hattiesburg Miss

June 11th 1939

Dear Ben,

at Madison Wis

I had such a nice, unexpected (but none the less delightful) visit from Ida Duggar and her two lovely young daughters, Mary Morgan and Helen, one day last week. They had left Mobile for Tuscaloosa, but owing to roads being impassable in Alabama from Mobile to Montgomery she had to detour thru Mississippi via Hattiesburg and Meridian, miles out of her way.

I was more than glad to see them and they rested about an hour before going on. Helen had recently graduated in Mobile, and in the course of the talk Helen said she had not had time to send you or Cousin Fred Duggar the newspaper account of her graduation in Mobile, and I told her I would write and send you mine, which I am enclosing herewith. We all feel very proud of Helen's attainments, and think she is a very bright girl indeed. Mary Morgan told me she expected to visit Emily and your family in Madison this summer, and altogether I heard so many nice things about you and your interesting family, their marriages, trips, occupations etc., that I felt impelled to write and tell you how glad I was to hear something of you again. We have always admired you so much and your achievements, and have eagerly listened to any news of you.

I wish so much my children could some day have the opportunity to know their interesting cousins of Madison, Wis. My son Louis F. Hutchins is married (he married a lovely Atlanta girl, Rose Leigh Baldwin in July 1937) and has been in Cambridge, Mass. this last winter studying hard at Mass. Institute of Technology to obtain his M.A. degree, in Electrical Engineering. He graduated from Georgia Tech, Atlanta, in June 1937 and has been with the General Electric Co. at Schenectady prior to going to Cambridge. He won a scholarship from the G.E.Co., and that was a great help to him. His father's relatives live near Boston too, so he has had a very delightful winter meeting them all.

DeWitt and I expect to visit Louis in August in Cambridge, and as I have never been to Boston before, it will be a great trip for me. We may spend a day at the Fair but we are getting along in years now, and I do not know when DeWitt will have a chance to see his relatives, his sister Mrs. LeBaron Barker, and his brother Alex again. It is too far to visit often. We are anticipating a great time at this family reunion.

Alice, my sister, still lives in Trenton, Tenn. and Myron, Sadie and daughter Shiela Sprague, also Fanny live in Mobile. The elderly lady Mrs. Lessabe who boarded with Fanny for over 20 years has passed away now. I get down to Mobile to visit them about once or twice a year, and enjoy seeing them again so very much.

By the way I was going to ask if you would like to have a copy of a beautiful miniature I have painted on ivory of our Great, Great, Grandmother Alice Watkins Vaughan. Uncle Wave left this miniature to me in his will, and it is a beautiful antique - also resembles dear Aunt Marlow Duggar quite strikingly. Ida was looking at it and she thought it was lovely. She wants a copy made for her children, as she has written and gathered up quite an interesting lot of data about our ancestors for her children. I expect you have a picture of our Grandmother Alice

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Vaughan Dugger, I have one of dear Grandmother also, a very lovely one taken when she was young, and I have a locket of her when she was older, so Louis will have four pictures on the maternal side of the family, with my Mother's and mine. People are very proud of these lovely pictures of their ancestors nowadays. At least we are down here.

There is a photographer here who does very nice work and he will make a cabinet size reproduction of any of these antique photos, tinted or otherwise, cabinet size \$1.25, smaller size \$.75. Ida wanted hers untinted as she said Helen could tint it for her. This miniature is worn as a breastpin, but is painted on ivory and set in a gold frame (I am speaking of the one I have) the face is oval with curls and ringlets behind the ears, as worn in 1800, but the face bears such a remarkable likeness to Aunt MarLou that when Grandmother Alice Dugger used to wear it, I used to think it was of Aunt MarLou, your mother.

Do pardon this long, rambling letter, but I am also writing to Cousin Alice Duncan Peirpent of Petersburg, Va. to ask if she would like to have a copy, and also to Cousin Fred Dugger. I was so very glad to hear about you and yours for it had been a long, long time since I had even heard or known the names of your children. We hear about Reuben sometimes thru Minnie Macartney Pearson who goes up to New Hope at Gallien quite often tho her home is in Mobile. Having been together in our early days so often at Grandma's home at Battersea, how can we ever forget such associations.

With kindest regards, and best wishes to you and yours,

Sincerely,

Louise Sprague Hutchins

1019 Main St., Hattiesburg, Miss.