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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.

I was a school teacher in a county school in Iowa in 1877. One day I announced that in the spring I was going to Colorado to collect wild flowers. Everybody gasped. Some said; "Can't you commit suicide near home?" Sceptics said: "You never will go." It is just a pipe dream." But I never smoked, and therefore I never had any pipe dreams. It seemed sheer folly to go out into that wild country and live in constant danger from buffaloes, wild Indians and bad white men.

Those days about all we knew of Colorado was what was gleaned from trappers and hunters and the reports of immigrants. Our information was therefore very poor and distorted and highly colored by the extravagant stories published in the papers. Since the overland railroad had not been built beyond central Iowa more than a few years, we had seen the old time bull whackers. I myself had met one of them and listened to his talk about his experiences in the region. He was one of those long-haired picturesque men, dressed in buckskin with beads along the seam of his pants and Indian scalps hanging from his belt and a brace of revolvers and a knife strapped around him.

These men were supposed to be drivers of cattle; they were supposed to be expert with their pistols and with the black snake whips with which they drove the oxen. These men had never had anything to say about their general experiences of day by day, camping along the trail, but they would talk only of fights with the Indians and hair breadth escapes in hunting the buffaloes along the plains, so that listeners never got anything but an exaggerated idea of what they would experience if they travelled in the country. Since I was only a young man without experience, never having even seen a mountain, but knowing only the flat plains, I rather expected that my experience in that country would have in it many elements of danger that would tax my ability to get through the year without serious injury to myself. But I was a perfectly healthy and well young man with unlimited confidence in my

own ability, and afraid of nothing.

In a few months I was ^{days} on my way and in a very few months was sailing over the plains of Kansas on the Sante Fe railroad and drinking in every new experience with the greatest pleasure. I remember passing through Wichita which at that time consisted of a population of say 1,000 people and many board shacks of one story houses built right out on the plains without any shade. I remember passing through Dodge City, which at that time had the reputation of being the worst city in the country. It consisted of one long row of board shanties facing the rail road tracks, and most of the shanties were saloons with the drunks and cow boys standing around, and broncho ponies tied to hitching posts at the side of the road. I doubt if there were 500 people in the town at that time. By that time ^{we} were out on the real plains which extended in every direction as far as the eye could reach. On the plains there were many herds of cattle grazing and among them were many buffaloes. Since I had never seen a mountain and since I had heard so much about Pikes Peak I watched all day long for the first sign of this on the western horizon. But hour after hour passed and I saw nothing but the sky and plain. By and by a low bank of λ /clouds arose above the horizon as though a thunder storm were brewing. Then after awhile I imagined that I saw something dark blue appearing in the rifts of the clouds, and at last I thought I could see a sharp edge and finally a low peak arising. Then all the afternoon as we rode along this apparition climbed up ^{into} the sky very slowly and extended itself in a long line north and south. About this time there appeared three lofty peaks snow capped to the south west which I ^{was} ~~were~~ told were the Spanish peaks. This entire range was white with snow along the crest throughout. Darkness closed down after we left La Junta, so that it was difficult to make anything out of the mountains as we reach ^{ed} Pueblo to change cars for the north.

Early in the morning just about sunrise we rode into Colorado Springs which was the end of my journey. A number of years before my

old Sunday School teacher a woman had moved to Colorado Springs and of course I sought out her place at once and arranged to stay with them while I was in town. I remember that breakfast was slow in being served and so I walked out into the yard to view the scenery. Everything about the city was ~~new~~. The houses were all new, there were no fences, the streets consisted of a single wagon track in the gravel and everywhere else was buffalo grass, the beautiful white sand lily and the purple loco weed. Looking over towards Pipes Peak it seemed to be about a mile away forming a blue and snow-capped pile of rocks which did not seem to me to be very high, but in fact it was two miles high. I could see the forest trees growing on the ~~flanks~~ and everything seemed so plain and clear that I felt that I could walk to it in twenty minutes at the most. On the south ~~end~~ there is another low mountain which they call ~~the~~ ^{Cheyenne} mountain. Half way up this mountain was the lowest patch of snow. As I looked over to that grand spectacle I said to myself: "I know I am a tender-foot, and I might as well get my eye teeth out now as later. I am going to snow today before I return. From the time I had reached Colorado Springs until then my friends had been regaling ~~me~~ without the yarns about tender feet in order to convince me that what I saw I didn't see. The ~~is~~ stock story was about a young man who got off the train at Denver and decided to walk to the mountains before lunch. The people waited for him all day until nearly night and he didn't return so they took a horse and buggy and went after him. After going 15 miles they finally overtook him still struggling along toward the mountains and almost famished for water, and the mountains seemed almost as far away as ever. So they persuaded him to turn around and go back. On the way they came to a little irrigating ditch that you could step across and he stopped and began to undress. They asked him what he was doing that for. "Well," he said, "I'm not going to take any chances. I might get drowned before I crossed this thing." They just delighted in filling me up with stories like that, but that didn't dampen my spirits to go and get the

experince myself. So ~~off~~/after breakfast I took my port~~folio~~/io and
 struck out for the mountains in my shirt sleeves and without any lunch.
 I walked steadily for two hours until I got to the foot of the mountain.
 Then I began to climb. Of course I stopped now an^othen to collect plants
 to botanize but I kept steadily at climbing the mountain. It was three
 O' clock that afternoon before I reached the first patch of snow which
 was far below the patches I had seen from Colorado Springs. It was a
 welcome sight to me because my throat was getting parched and I was
 very thirsty and I proceeded to eat ^o snow until my teeth were set on edge.
 After quenching my thirst ~~after~~ a fashion and resting a bit I did a
 little botanizing and then as it was getting late I decided to return
 the way I came. Going down the mountain is much worse than going up
 and a person ^cwelcomes any means of getting down quickly. I soon came to
 what geologists call ^athe slide of shingle. This is a name applied to
 a mass of rock which is slid down from above and is composed of loose
 and flat rocks which sli^ke and slip at the slightest provocation.
 This seemed an easy way to get down so I sprang over into the middle
 of it and was soon going down like a race-horse, taking 20 feet at a
 step. It was only a few minutes until I was down half aⁿ mile and
 landed in the box canyon in the middle of which was a roaring torrent.
 So I sped rapidly down the canyon for what seemed to me like a few miles
 and as I went the walls got vertical as far up as I could see and with
 no outlet on either side, but I knew that the ~~xxxx~~ creek was flowing
 in the right direction and must eventually empty into the ^{main} ~~same~~. Being
 a stranger there I didn't know where it went, but a few miles more or
 less made no difference to me just so I got to my destination. Darkness
 was now beginning to fall and it was evident that I would either have to
 get out of the mountains in a hurry or would have to lie out in this re-
 gion all night, something I had never done before, and be in danger of ~~xx~~
 wild animals and suffer from the cold. About this time I came to a
 water fall going over a vertical cliff 75 feet high. There was apparent-

for me to go back, so I started to climb down. At this critical minute I subbed my toe on a rock and started to fall which meant instant death. So in order to save myself I let my collecting can go and grabbed a root. It went end over end down the fall and landed in the pool at the bottom, and it contained all the flowers of my days collection. So I thought: "Now I must go down to get that can." All the time I felt in my heart I was taking too great a risk. So I began the dangerous climb. In half an hour or so I was down half way and hanging to the vertical face of the cliff with my finger tips in one little crevice and the tips of my toes in another and there was no way down, there was no crevice or rock into which I could put my toes and it was impossible for me to go back. So there I hung with my whole nervous system keyed up to the snapping point, my nerves all a-quiver with the thought that here I at last was facing death. I canvased the situation very thoroughly thinking of every possible way out and there seemed to be none. I was a devout Christian and always believed that God could do anything and would help a person out in an emergency. So I closed my eyes and sent up an agonizing prayer. I felt almost absolutely sure that there would be a way out, but I didn't have a symptom of an idea of how the Lord was going to do it. Then I opened my eyes and looked around to see where the deliverance was coming from but there was none, but my confidence in the Lord was unshaken. So I said to myself that I will look the whole situation over again and there may be something I have overlooked. Thus an inspiration occurred. I noticed that the cracks I was clinging to were horizontal and ran clear across the cliff, so the idea occurred to me that if I would follow the cracks to the wall I might find a better way down. So I acted at once on this thought and felt my way trembling toward the side, and when I got there I found some knobs of rocks sticking out

that gave me a foot and hand-hold and in almost no time I was down to the bottom of the cliff picking my collecting can out of the water. It was ^{now} ~~no~~ dark and the snow was falling in big flakes. I could see no trail down the canyon and so the only feasible way down seemed to me to jump from one boulder to another in the creek. The creek was a solid mass of boulders three or four feet high between which the creek flowed in a raging torrent. Being an athlete it was no difficult thing for me to jump from one to another and I went down a-sailing. Pretty soon there was a boulder just a little above the water. This was washed by the spray and covered with a little slime. When I landed on it my feet went out from under me and I found myself hip deep in the ice-cold water which made my teeth chatter. But there was nothing to do but to climb out and go on. In a mile or so more I had had half a dozen similar spills and when I finally got out on to the plain it was pitch dark and I could not see my ~~hand~~ ^{hand} before my face. But the stars shown above, and 6 miles off I could see the twinkling lights of Colorado Springs. So I took a ~~R~~line for the town. The first thing I knew I went heels over head in a ditch, and a few minutes afterwards ran head on into a barb wire fence, but there was nothing else to do but to keep on going. In the course of an hour or two, I reached the ~~fountain~~ ^{Bonville} Fontaine Quil~~ling~~, the river that flows on the west of Colorado Springs. There was no bridge and there was no way to get across except to wade so I started to strip off, and my clothes were sopping wet so I said to myself that there was no use, so I put my clothes back on and waded through. It was only a short time now until I reached the house of my friend just 12 hours after I had left it in the morning. I walked into the sitting room and there was ^{no one} ~~none~~ at home but a young lady school marm who was boarding there. She was a stylishly dressed young lady and the grand daughter of Henry Ward Beecher. She looked at me and took a quick inventory of my appearance and left the room. I suppose [!] she was ashamed to see me looking

the way I was, so I slumped down in a chair every bone in my body aching and as hungry as a bear for I had had nothing to eat since breakfast. In a few minutes the young lady came to the door and announced in the most matter of fact way: ~~Yes~~ "Supper is ready." I almost exploded. She was under no obligation to get me anything to eat and all the rest of the family were out of the house, but out of the kindness of her heart she had taken in the whole situation and done the right thing at the critical minute. From that day to this whenever I think of it I say: "God bless Ella Beecher." ~~She was a young woman of~~ ^{rest} To this day in Colorado Springs they tell the story of the tender foot who climbed down the seven falls of Cheyenne canyon, but none of them ever knew his name.

Soon after that I found it was necessary for me to have a horse and wagon to carry my stuff around so that I could camp out in the wilds whereever the ^wflowers were abundant. My money was very short for I had foolishly taken upon myself to do this great work in a wild country without any finances; but a good friend back in the States had offered to loan me a hundred dollars and so with this money I bought a little bronco mare and a covered buggy and struck out for the north.

The next day I was on the continental divide where ~~there~~ ^{was} is a great forest of yellow pine covering a grassy ~~sword~~ ^{sward}. It ^{was} here that I saw my first jack rabbit. He looked to me as big as a deer and so I got out my old muzzle loading rifle and shot it. The meat from this rabbit lasted me almost a week until maggots got in it.

I camped along the Platt river on the outskirts of Denver near the old smelter where I botanized for ~~some~~ ^{some} days.

I had a letter of introduction to a gentleman in Denver from my friend and so one day I went to see him and presented my letter. He took me over to a chrio store on Arrapahoe street. This man ~~we~~ will call George H. Smith. He had some little books of flowers which

a lady had put up for him and which he was selling for a dollar apiece. He said he gave the lady 60¢ apiece for the books. They weren't very well done and the names weren't correct on the flowers. I told him I thought I could do better at the same price. He replied: "All right, I'll take a hundred." So I went and put them up and he gave me the money. It was just like getting money from home. The result was that all summer long he gave me orders from one to two hundred a month and this money kept me going and I got home with more money in the fall than I had when I left in the spring.

It was about this time that I discovered something about my little bronco mare. Something went wrong about the harness and she started to run away and kick. With all my strength I could not control her for a moment. She kept on kicking until she had kicked herself loose from the rig and she ran away. So I had to chase her and catch her and bring her back. Of course my harness was kicked into shreds and as I didn't have any money to buy another I fixed it up with baling wire. It wasn't long before my harness was a sight for sore eyes. Then the hot weather and dryness of the summer shrunk the wheels of my buggy so that they began to fish and I had to wedge them up with nails and wire the tires on so that they wouldn't come off. So by the middle of summer my outfit looked worse than the last rose of summer.

I drove from Denver up to Georgetown, 60 miles and made that my head quarters for a month or so and botanized all over the crest of the Rockies.

^{Gray's}
~~Grand~~ peak is the highest mountain in Colorado going up to 14,341 feet and was a mecca of all tourists, so I drove up there with my little rig and camped for a week. I botanized all over the great meadows and gathered many interesting flowers. Then one day I climbed the peak whose top is about 3,000 feet above timber line. I was told about the distress and danger there was in climbing high mountains but

never noticed any inconvenience to myself except shortness of breath and a dull headache. So in a few hours I was on the sharp ridge which forms the crest of the mountain where you can literally stand with one foot on the ^Atlantic and one foot on the ^Pacific slope, and see one of the grandest panoramas to be found in America. Far off to the east the plains stretch out endlessly until the ground and sky meet. To the south of ~~you~~ ^{is} Mount Lincoln and the other great peaks of the mountains rise up like hoary sentinels. To the north and west lie the other great mountains and ~~North~~ ^{middle} Park. To the west of you there seem to be endless ranges of mountains going north and south so it seems as if you could see to the end of the world. Beneath you on both sides are the white stripes which are the creeks and rivers going off from the great snow banks. As one stands there it just seems as if one could stay there forever, but the fierce wind that ^{always} blows over the crest of the mountains advises one to seek shelter. I then returned to my camp at timberline and the next day struck out for Georgetown.

It was then getting very late in the season and about the time for the frosts which put an end to botanizing in the Rockies. So I packed up my outfit and struck out for the south. I didn't want to go back to Denver the way I had come but I wanted to go over the new country. And so I decided to go over Argentine pass which is 13,000 feet above the sea and then down on to the Grand river and then up it to Breckenridge and from there over Lincoln Peak to Fairplay in ^{South} ~~middle~~ park, and then over Weston's pass to Twin Lakes below Leadville. The road ^{over} Argentine pass was a terrible one at that time. It ^{was} almost impossible to get over ~~the~~ ^{past} ~~pass~~ Silver Plume a mining camp ^{above} ~~below~~ Georgetown.

But my little bronco mare was equal to the emergency and we made it after many rests. Then when we got to the top of the pass the road down the west side for several miles is blasted out of a vertical cliff and it was a one-track road and ~~very~~ steep and winding and very dangerous because there was just a little foot-wide foot-path on the edge separa-

ting the wagon track from the precipice which is 2,000 feet deep. When I got half way down that pass on the worst part of the road my breaching gave way and let the buggy on to the heels of the mare. The moment that occurred I said to myself: "I am gone and all my rig." For she never had failed before to kick herself loose in such an emergency. But instead of kicking she just stood there and quivered. I grabbed the wheel and sprang out of the buggy, took hold of a thill and held it back and worked myself around the front of the mare to the other side where the break occurred and held the buggy back while I fixed the break. The little mare never made a move while I was doing it. So from that time on I had a great deal of respect ^{for} ~~from~~ the horse ~~sense of the little mare~~. It wasn't long before I was down to the foot of the grade, driving down through the dark and somber forests toward the Grand River, and it was so dark I had to camp. I felt very nervous that night because I knew that two days before there had been an uprising of the Indians in Middle Park and they had murdered the government agent. And to my ~~excited~~ imagination there might be other hostile Indians along the roads ready to murder an unsuspecting traveller. So I didn't dare build a fire to cook supper that night, but crawled into bed in my little buggy with my old rifle by myself loaded and ready to shoot. About midnight I heard voices and I said to myself: "Well I guess the time has come. They are probably Indians bent on killing me." So I got out of bed on my knees with my rifle pointed out the back end of the buggy ready to shoot. I knew that I could account for one Indian but would have no show against a crowd. But in a few minutes the voices passed on and I decided the voices belonged to white men going home from a spree. Then I crawled into bed again and went to sleep. The next morning I was off again at day break and by the middle of the afternoon was down in the middle of the magnificent park where the Blue River joins the Grand. It wasn't long before I was overtaken by a band of half a dozen armed white men

and a grub waggon carrying an old gentleman and his wife. Since this company was armed I felt a little safer to follow them and so I whipped up my little mare and tried to keep up with them. They drove rapidly along the beautiful road and near sun down turned out to camp near some yellow pine trees. So I turned out too and unhitched my little mare and turned her out to grass and started out to make a fire for supper. This was late in the fall and the air was frosty and the wind was strong. The cook of the party soon had cut down two trees and stripped off the branches and rolled the two logs together and about six inches apart. Then he built a fire about twenty feet long and soon had all his pots and kettles and frying pans sizzling over the fire. Before I got around to get my own supper the cook came over with a big tin plate full of baking powder biscuit and beautifully fried venison steak saying that the boss of the party had sent this supper over with his compliments. Then after supper the old gentleman and his wife came over and introduced themselves as tourists from Philadelphia and were just returning from a long hunt in Middle Park. And they had not even heard of the massacre in the park which had set me so much on edge. The next morning we were all off for Breckenridge a little before sun rise.

It was not long before we reached that frontier mining town nestled high up among the flanks of Mount Lincoln. It was a typical mining camp with miners' shacks scattered around and every other house a saloon. In the midst of the town we came to a house with a sign "John Smith - taxidermist." So we all stopped ^{to} to inspect this place. I opened the front door and walked in. Right before me and ready to jump on me was an enormous grizzly bear with blazing eyes. I could feel the hair on my head just raising the ^{hair} right off from the top, and I don't believe I ever received such a shock in my life. I stepped back but the bear didn't move so I decided he was stuffed, but he certainly looked the most life-like of any animal I ever saw. Then we all wandered around through the room looking at all the bears and cougars and buffalo and deer, wolves, and other animals

all looking so life-like that it took an effort of the will to imagine them as not living.

After an hour there of delightful entertainment we were on our way winding up over the steep grade above Timberline going over and down toward Fairplay.

Just before we got to Fairplay there came up a kind of thunder snow storm - the wind driving big flakes of snow in our faces and which plastered themselves all over one's head and face until it was almost impossible to see. The wind was bitterly cold and the evaporation of those snow flakes on one's face soon chilled me to the bone, and I was shivering all over like a leaf; but the folks kept driving on rapidly and so I tagged along behind until we came to the one little store in the town. There we all got out and gathered around a roaring fire in the fire-place to get warm. But we were not there long enough to get the chill out of our bones and so when we got out in the cold air again I felt colder than ever. The folks kept driving along rapidly some ten or fifteen miles until they got well up into West's pass just below Timberline by the time night came on. Then they camped in a little bunch of spruce trees and I turned out by the side of another and found very great difficulty in getting out of my buggy onto the ground and unhitching my pony, for I was almost frozen. The wind was blowing a gale down the canyon from the ^{bare} Bear mountain above and it ^{was} hardly an hour before everything was frozen solid. As long as I kept near the fire I managed to keep passably warm but the minute I got away from it I was shivering all over again. There was no feed for my pony so I had to tie her up to the buggy and it seemed to me that there was no way that I could devise by which I could sleep that night without freezing. So I opened my big bundles of dryers and laid them in a layer all over the bottom of the buggy and stood them up on the wall around, then made my bed in the middle and covered it all over with another layer of dryers and crawled into bed and was soon as warm as pie ^{as} and I slept beautifully all night, while the wind outside was rocking my buggy like a cradle.

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The next morning we were off at sunrise and soon were up and over the black pass that leads over into the beautiful Arkansas valley. I surely breathed a sight of relief as we dropped down into that sunny valley and drove along toward Twin Lakes. There my friends intended to stop for a day or two to fish, and in walking down to the shore of the lake they scared up a big elk. Since it was quite early in the day I decided to drive on farther down the valley, so I bade my friends good-bye and drove on ~~down the valley~~. It was another day before I got down to the lower end of the valley near the grand canyon of the Arkansas. And then I ~~drove~~ ^{went} over the mountain and down to Canyon City and from there to Pueblo and home to Colorado Springs from where I had started in the spring. Then it was only a few days of packing up before I was off for my old home in Iowa.

When I got back to my old home town in Iowa I found out that my trip to Colorado and return had made me a famous man. The girls and boys kind of looked up to me as a wonder, and even the faculty at the college thought I had covered myself with glory and so they invited me to take charge of the senior botany in the college in the coming spring. In addition to that I received a letter from the president of Colorado college to come and take the place of professor of botany as a supply during the absence of the regular professor in the east. He had gone there to publish a book. To me all these honors seemed entirely unearned and I couldn't think of myself as anything other than a college boy as I was before I left in the spring. I had a very hard winters work before me in labeling and naming the 50,000 specimens and 1,100 different kinds of plants that I got that year. I had to put them up in sets also, but I had my sets all ready and shipped to Europe by spring. So I was ready to go to Colorado again in April.

When I arrived in Colorado Springs I was escorted by the president ^{to} the college, given a room, and introduced to the students who were to study under me. Since this was the first special botany class that had ever been taught in the college there were certain people living in the town who thought it a great opportunity to become acquainted with the native flora. Among these people was a widow, the sister of General Palmer who

was the president of the Rio Grande railroad and the founder of the town. ¹⁴
Since my main business was that of an explorer I put every moment that I had
to spare out side of the class room into studying the flora and making excursions
to the mountain. General Palmer had his residence in a beautiful canyon
six miles from Colorado Springs which was called Glen Eyrie. One day I went
over to the ~~glen~~ and botanized there and was returning ^{on} foot over the mesa
that lies between the glen and Colorado Springs. A man in a buggy had just
passed me when I came to a number of letters scattered over the ground which
looked as if they had just fallen out of the buggy. I picked them up and
read two of them. - one of them proved to be the will of Dr. Bell the associate
of General Palmer in the railroad. And the will stated that the Doctor
was stationed in the grand canyon of the Arkansas and feared that he might be
killed in the battle that was then waging between the forces of the Rio Grand
and the Sante Fe railroad, and that in the case of his death he wished to
appoint General Palmer as the administrator of his estate. Then the will
went on to specify what was to be done with the millions of property that he
owned. This letter seemed so important to me that I put it in my pocket. The
next day I informed Mrs. Mollen of the fact that I had the letter and asked
her to inform the ^{general} ~~letter~~ that he could have the letter if he wished it. The
nextday he sent word for me to deliver the letter to her. This experience soon
passed out of my mind for it was a kindness I would have done to any man.
But the general never forgot it. I had never met him or seen him up to
that time, or any time afterwards. Some thirteen years after that I received
a telegram from him in Salt Lake city directing me to take charge of an exploring
party to go from ^{Tucson} ~~Tucson~~ to Salt Lake City and explore the feasibility
of a railroad route between the two cities. I was then flat on my back at
home sick with the grippe. I got right out of bed dressed and struck out for
~~Tucson~~ the next day. I made as thorough an exploration of the region as I
could and in the following fall ^{gave} ~~sent~~ a written report. On the receipt of this
report he telegraphed me to meet him in his private car. When I went down
to the railroad I was ushered into the dining room and introduced to him and.

Colonel Dodge who was the superintendent of the railroad. After supper the general took me aside into a private room and plied me with ten thousand questions many of which I could not answer at all. I never was so humiliated in my life. I thought I had covered the entire ground and yet he asked me multitudes of questions I could not answer. So I decided then and there that if he ever called upon me to do any more work for him I would never be caught in a snag like that again.

The next spring I received another telegram from the general directing me to explore a proposed railroad route west of Salt Lake City toward San Francisco and to call upon the treasurer^{of} of the railroad for whatever funds I needed.

For twenty of thirty years thereafter I was sent by the general all over the western states and as far south as Mexico City on similar missions. And then I would be invited over to his residence to spend a week with him. This business intimacy continued to the day of his death, and he gave me many thousands of dollars for my work. He was a most marvellous man, the greatest man but one that I ever knew and it is no wonder that at his death ~~he~~ he was worth a hundred million dollars.

Of much other interest
How I Became a Botanist
Early Influences

by Correll 18: 195

See handwriting

I have often wondered why we do not know more of the early days of the older botanists. So far as I know there is hardly a word said about what led men to become botanists, or naturalists. I have even asked the older men to tell us of their earlier days. What a fund of interest could be unearthed as to incentives, but these men will seldom talk, or reveal anything, more from modesty than any real antagonism. How I would like to know ^{what} Torrey, Nuttall, Pursh, Gray, Engelmann, Watson, Brandegee became botanists! When I urged Mrs. Brandegee to write about her life work she turned to me in disgust and blurted out savagely, "What does the world care for me?". The world cares much more for us than we care for it.

In my own case I feel that I can trace the influences
~~By following this suggestion I am going to write of the events that led me to be a botanist.~~

first and foremost I had an angel mother. I flatter myself that there never was another like her. She was a little, ~~and~~ frail woman, but pure gold; never quarreled, never fretted, always an optimist. She lived for us ^{and my sister} boys ~~(seven of us)~~. ^{Her ideals were high} Self-sacrifice was her religion. She was the oldest child of a Presbyterian minister, and his amanuensis and confidante (her mother had died). To her life was a magnificent opportunity to be utilized for the benefit of the world through physical, mental and moral cleanliness and Nature was the expression of God to His creatures. All the wonderful adaptations and machinery of plant and animal ~~life~~ structures were illustrations of the infinite care of the Creator for his creatures. Everything just exuded God. And it was all ours for the taking. ⁽³⁾ She loved ~~the~~ flowers and always had a fresh bouquet on the mantle that she had encouraged us to gather for her.

when we were very little she told us of the funny dutchman's breeches (Cucularia), the squirrel corn (Dentaria), the bloodroot, a plant with sap like blood (Sanguinaria), the ground nut good to eat (Erigenia), the squaw berry (Epigaea) with the little red berries buried under the snow, the trailing Arbutus, the bells (Trillium), the moccasin and lady's slipper

(Cypripedium), the golden rod of the fall season and the gentians and ~~late~~
asters. All these she pointed out to us as they bloomed, and named them.
She was always delighted to have us bring her freaks of nature, odd and
unexpected forms. One day we boys came across some tree roots that had
crossed and grown together. None of us had ever seen such a thing before.
So she told us to take it to Mr. Olds, the minister and show him. This is
of
one, my earliest remembrances of nature study. ~~She made it a joy.~~

omit My father was a woodsman, a crack rifle shot, and knew all the wild
animals, was a great lover and breeder of horses, a lumberman and owned a
sawmill at the house which was run by water power during the spring runoff.
He was a natural mechanic and could make anything that he wanted. Being his
oldest son he taught me everything he knew as fast as I could absorb it.
He was very particular with his tools. All edged tools were kept scrupulously
sharp with razor edge, and I had to turn the grindstone to make them so,
and I had to handle the big lever of the gumming machine that cut out
the teeth of the big mulay saw when they got too dull. He taught
me to fish in the big mill pond, and there I learned to swim, row and
skate by the time I was eight years old. Then in berry time he would take
the big lumber wagon and some barrels and baskets and all the neighborhood
children and go out into the pristine forests gathering blackberries, rasp
berries and strawberries. The great woods that were everywhere around us
had in them what they called windfalls, places where cyclones had passed and
felled the big trees in a wild tangle of ruin. Here was the berry para
dise, and to us it was a wilderness of tangled logs and brush., and we
often got lost wandering around in it, but our lusty yells got action and
we were found. In the fall the men would form a party, and with several wa
gons and many barrels, would take us all out after nuts just after frost
had opened the burrs. They would cut a sapling (small tree) 20 to 30 feet
long and trim it and square the butt end lift it on their shoulders and
run in a long line against some big chestnut or hickory tree. The sudden
impact of butt of the sapling against the tree would shake it so that the
nuts would fall in a shower. *This is where boys would* Then we young folks would rush in and

fill our pails or baskets. Often we would gather a wagon load of nuts in a day's sport. It was great fun, but it was no fun for us barefoot boys to pick our way between the chestnut burrs. Then in the late winter when the sap began to run in the maple trees the men would go out in the old forest and tap the maple trees and set pails under the spouts to catch the sap. The hard maple trees gave the sweetest sap but did not flow as much of it. it was great fun to carry the pails full of sap to the big cast iron Kettle that they used to boil down the sap into sugar. Every night there would be a sugaring-off party when the water was all boiled off and sugar ready to set.

My father taught me all about lumber and how to tell the different kinds of oak, hickory, ash, maple and birch, for he owned a sawmill. *My half brother and I had the task of cutting up cordwood and stovewood by "sugar-off" parties in the maple woods & absorbed much of his means of the circular saw which he put in.* *Knowledge & love of the out-of-doors.*

Father and mother were much put out by the character of the boys who were growing up in our district, for he had a large family of us, and mother felt it necessary that we move into a better locality. *For the sake of better influences for their large family, father & mother* So after much discussion between themselves father decided to sell the old mill and move to Iowa where he and grandfather Hurton had bought a farm together the year before I was born. This was some five miles east of Grinnell Iowa on the pristine prairie, and here I grew up from my early teens, on the wonderful prairies. Everywhere were flowers in the spring and summer time, all of them strange except those growing in the natural grove a mile east of us. *There were some of the new trees and flowers like those I used to know in Ohio.* There were others entirely new. The niggerheads (Heliopsis and Eryngium) we used to flip off with our whips as we drove along. There were sunflowers, rattle-snake weeds with peckly heads (Eryngium), the compass plant (Silphium) whose leaves pointed north and south, the blazing button rods (Liatris) of different kinds. These we used to flip off with our whips. Then, in the sloughs (wet places) we used to find many asters and gentians. Then there was the prairie apple (Astragalus crassicaupus), and in the thickets the ladysslipper (Cypripedium), Habenaria, Spiranthes, etc. *There were many kinds*

When I began, The only botany I knew was Mrs. Lincoln's botany, a book written by a woman who used the system of Linnaeus, and who tried to describe the flowers of the middle U.S. The descriptions were brief and inadequate and the genera were arranged not in families but in the order of their ~~stamens~~ ^{stamens} and pistils. Everywhere were such names as Syngnesia, pentandra, tetrandria, polyandria, etc. Some years were spent by me in trying to identify plants by her botany, and ^{with} ~~by~~ the help of my mother, ^{1st} ~~who~~ who was an ardent botanist and lover of nature, but ~~she~~ had great difficulty in naming the wild flowers. Later on in the senior year in college we were required to get Gray's manual of botany and Gray's Lessons in Botany as a text book. Our ^{was} Prof. of Natural Science H. W. Parker, a scholarly minister, devoted to the building up of a great museum at the college. Botany was of little interest to him. So we had for our teacher the Lady Principal, Miss Ellis, an old maid who had ~~to~~ traveled in the Holy Land, ~~and~~ had been to Rome, etc and ~~who~~ had gotten a few scraps of plants she ~~could~~ could clutch as she went along past old ruins. I remember her giving me a specimen of [?] Asplenium muta-muraria from the Colosseum at Rome. She was a lover of flowers but had no ~~the~~ taste

training in botany and never did really identify a dozen plants at Grinnell by analysis. So it was up to each individual to get the names the best way he could, and there was always a conflict of authority as to what name was the real one for a plant. Thomas T. Baker and A. C. Ma Hart had graduated the year before me and were really trying to name our flowers. Both of them had considerable skill, and were helpful to us when Miss Ellis got in too deep. Then the fall following my graduation I was worn out and fell a victim to a slow fever that incapacitated me for work, but left me a perambulating wreck, and so to keep my mind interested I rambled over the prairie and collected plants and tried to name them. That fall I had 625 species. Failing in getting a place to ^{during the following} teach I took a year of postgraduate study at the college with our two ^{while I was also a Latin tutor} most famous men. Pres. Magoun in Psychology, and Prof. Avery in ^{a cut} Science and I taught four classes, mostly Latin, as Tutor of Latin, a position to which I was elected by the Faculty. In the following spring J. C. Arthur, a protegee of Bessey at Ames ^{who} visited the college to find out if any of us was doing botanical work. The acquaintance begun then has lasted through the years till now. A year later he published a list of the ^{ed} native and introduced plants of Iowa, and among them a few which I alone had found. About that time I began to correspond with Dr. Engelmann of St. Louis, who named many plants for me. Then at his suggestion I ^{wrote} wrote to Gray, Watson, Wm. Boott, and others to aid me in naming our plants.

Gray was efficient, careful and genial. Watson was as business-like as a phonograph and about as cordial. Boott was right there in all his names and a pleasant correspondent. Engelmann was very efficient and genial. Pringle was really an expert on ferns, and we corresponded for years till he came west. There was something specially attractive in the personality of Pringle, just as there ^{was} in Dr. Kellogg, Mrs. Bicknell, and Mrs. Austin. People who repelled you were Lemmon, Howell, Schimper, Pelly, Brewster, Jepson. I do not take kindly to people who have much to do and

2. ^{was for} ~~about that time~~ ^{then} an Austrian gentleman in Europe wanted me to gather the flora of the great West & send him sets to sell. So my disgust at the thought of spending my life teaching botany & my poor health which demanded an outdoor life conspired to suggest my becoming a real botanist. More & more the idea obsessed me. until I decided to take my life in my hands & go to the wild & woolly west.
Early Botanying.

1. Before that year ~~of teaching a dead language~~ was over, it had dawned on my dull mind that I was not a linguist, for I did not love it. My health ~~was~~ still so poor that I needed to get out into the open air.

I was struck out by a large eagle
of a P. 90 M. M. At night he read
San Bartolo when there are some fine
springs. I I betayed there. Then the next
day I was at La Paz where I spent
another week collecting till my steamer
came bound for San Pedro. I then found
the launch took another for Europe. Spending
my steamer was lost & important birds getting
in the boat & getting off at destination. The
rest is blank. At San Pedro customs
men were very mean & I took a train home
with all my stuff. Then ~~two~~ two hard
months of labors. Then six weeks at Beechey
identifying, then seven months of study of
birds in the U. S. & pub. of some. being in
the present.

At a later date I intend to publish a detailed
account of the topography & ecology of
my 3 trips, but lack of time now requires
a postscript & a general statement will
have to do now.

From Nogales to Tepic nearly 100 m. is
a great plain about 20-100 m. w. covered
with brush & some ^{10-20 ft.} suttons along the

This plain slopes gently southwest to
the sea. It is divided by about 6 long ridges
which blow down from the great Sierra
made plateau which extends from Pinar
to Guadalupe & reaches an alt. of 8000.
Here & there in the plain arise ^{some} hills or mts. ^{small}
rings of small volcanic hills 2-4000 ft.
alt. covered with brush. 10-20 ft. All the veg-
etation is of the brush from which
thorns which bear the flesh & clothes. There
is practically no grass. There are many areas
covered with giant cactus (Cylindropuntia
& others). There is very little cultivation
anywhere except at Magdalena 50 m. N. of
M. & Hermosillo 125 m. S. & at Cajon, San
Blas, Los Machis, Culiacan, Mayaguez, Acapulco
& Tepic. The country is in a state of nature
with few trails & almost no roads. The rains
in the fall become raging floods which work
at all cinder dams & irrigating systems.
Of late big companies have begun to build
suitable masonry dams & build their huge
irrigating systems, such as at Coyame.
Los Machis, etc. when they rain early, no tables

for the U.S. warblers & me a, down, corn, &
cotton. There is some stock, but absence of
grass makes livestock raising precarious.

The marshes of rivers are large lagoons
infested with alligators & ducks & the margins
large, & plain grass. There are quail, some
ducks & some wild turkeys. Persons such as peccaries,
are frequent.

Guaymas is surrounded by high volcanic hills
& very arid, & bare.

Going from Guaymas to Mayaguez, there is little dry,
except that the bush gets better 20-40 ft.
& here & there some trees, & the river all along.
Then the plain gives way to high, rocky rise
of peapants. and then all around with
pines & oaks. There is no timbering till you
reach some 40-45 mi. S of Tepic, on the
lower reaches of the great volcanic uplift
which culminates in the volcano of Colima.
In these jungles grow the great cogonito palm,
mahogany, & great leguminaceous trees.

From Guaymas a short stream runs down
across the gulch to the coffee smelter at Santa
Barbara & down to La Paz.

I know various ways of botanizing. One is to
go into a region & collect everything. I see
I was no one new to a place knows anything but
first principles about ecology, with the geol. history of
the place. Much valuable time will be wasted in
collecting in that way. The sure way is to
familiarize oneself with the work of those who
have preceded him in the region. This I
tried to do by listing all species of plants col-
lected by other botanists. This has taken 3 years
& contains over 4000 species and 15000
citations. Shreve's, Peckham's species of
Mexico was considered of first importance
even if it seems it was just thrown together & not
very reliable as to distribution. As a contribution
however, it is good but as a place book, the work
of Palmer, Max Baer, Sauer, Vasey, etc. collectors
like W. Nelson, G. S. Gentry, Rose, ^{Perkins} Phipps, Brundage
had to be studied in detail. Palmer was a very
acute observer and an excellent collector.
Brundage was the best collector of them all, and
the most acute. Perkins made the finest spec-
imens but his work was not exhaustive like
that of Brundage. Our great hindrance in
studying the flora was the very few & uncom-
plete descriptions of published species. Watson,
Robinson & Brundage were in not making complete

descriptions, which may often make it im-
possible to identify species from the descriptions.
Then the confusion in genera is inevitable.

Mr. Jones:

A Long Distance message from a Mrs
H. S. Prokesby, Pasadena (Wakefield 589²~~8~~),
asking if you will conduct a class of 40 or 50
in a study of Cacti, here on this campus
December 28th. She wishes you to call
her this afternoon or evening if you will.

866 South Grand M. Gilchrist

(I found the message hard to get, but think
th above correct).

My Measurement at the age of 21.

Dies decem ante, Miami, Florida April 15th 1873

Inches	Skeletal	Land back
23	from the small faculties around to Philoprogenitiveness	
15 1/2	base of the brain behind to the root of the nose	
22 1/4	small faculties around to Memory and back	
2 1/8	upper side of them to root of nose	
6 7/8	chin	
9 3/4	highest part of head to	
4 7/8	root of nose to chin	
4 7/8	height of brain	
5 3/4	width of brain	
4	from the outside of angle to the other	
1 3/4	inside	
	Physical	
2	from root to end of nose	
7	perpendicular height of the nose	
5 1/2	height	
14 1/2	weight	
13 1/4	around the neck	
17	from shoulder to	der

My measurement Dec 2nd 74

23 $\frac{1}{4}$	peri brain
12 $\frac{1}{2}$	ear to ear over
13 $\frac{1}{2}$	peri <i>Apocynum</i> ear to ear
12 $\frac{1}{2}$	Phila
10 $\frac{3}{4}$	<i>Amativeness</i>
11 $\frac{1}{2}$	small <i>pacities</i>
11 $\frac{1}{2}$	comparison
3 $\frac{1}{2}$	right $65 \frac{3}{4}$ of brain
5 $\frac{1}{2}$	but 5 ft bare feet height
160	lbs no weight first time I ever weighed it
32 $\frac{3}{4}$	chest contracted
35 $\frac{1}{2}$	expanded
20 $\frac{1}{2}$	largest part of leg left
20 $\frac{1}{2}$	right
14 $\frac{1}{2}$	calf both
34 $\frac{1}{4}$	hips
9 $\frac{1}{2}$	length foot left
9 $\frac{1}{2}$	right
10 $\frac{1}{2}$	forearm right
10 $\frac{1}{2}$	left
34	peri shoulders

I am contemplating a trip to Chihuahua
Mex. on a scientific exploration exp.
for the purpose of making a comprehensive
study of the climate soil & productions
and native vegetation and animals.
Have been in the business for 20 years &
have ex. N. Mex. in the Lugo Mts.
and all of the ~~central~~ ^{western} part in
our country. Have published very much
in the way of general information.
I send you a copy of the mining journal
with an article in it which shows the
character of my general articles in the paper.

I write to get rates S. S. to Chihuahua
or Guaymas ^{regular} & intermediate stations.
I know the rate to Chihuahua is about \$40.
In my work in our country I have
seen transportation over all the railroads
wherever I have gone on the basis of the
articles I have written for magazines &
papers. If this interests you and you
should compile a scientific account
of the attractions & resources of the
region your company reader would
be valuable to you in the way of traffic.
I should like to know what you would do
in the way of transportation and
ploughing. I should not bring back
over 100 lbs. of samples probably, but

is not to be able to go from part
to part between Guaymas & San Blas
where your ship stops and use these
parts as a basis for trips into the
interior as far as the foot of the plateau
on the edge of the desert or Sierra
Madre. would go as far east as
Durango and the heads of the rivers
that flow west. I shall not cross
any region north of Guaymas or south
of San Blas this season. Expect to
go about Sept. 1st.

Please write me what you will do
as soon as is convenient so that I may
decide whether to go or not.

This is not a commercial enterprise
on my part. I expect to make nothing
out of it financially as it is simply a
scientist's trip for research. But I
~~cannot afford to spend over a certain~~
time and I must make my money go as
far as possible.

J.

Leathy bark, 4 in. thick, smooth
glabrous, thin, singular, sinuous
in some places a pithy knot below
sunken, white to yellow, thin
as near to bark as possible, being
on the ranch to begin with, and
a few cent. edges to hard wood of
an emaciated male with a little call
a much old. I remember taking the
pith in my arms & holding it. I remember
leaving the call till it would push
at me, & I got caught once but left
the bark in my hand & went back
down. I remember at Miners I saw
my first hill. Some boys & I climbed
it & found & killed a stung-tailed
snake that had a thorn on the head
like a scorpion & it struck at us
with the tail. I remember going out
in the bush with Stiles and Robert
Jones & being scared for fear Indians
might come out & kill us. That
was the time of the Sioux war.

After the supper they immediately set out
father took me back to his house
took a boat to Dikwiga down the
river. I saw the boat train to
Meadalltown & stopped with much
Luis hidlings. So we went all
sitting at the table eating. Reed
was the baby & he sat in a high chair.
The father was talking & he called
his bread in an awkward way, but
no one noticed him. Then he said
"Bread" louder, but no noticed then he
gilled "Bread" at the top of his voice
this made a great laugh. The next day
Wednesday Luis took his horse & rode by
I drove into Grinnell & out to our
land over the prairie & back 70 miles in
a day. I remember they had a shot gun
& killed several prairie chickens as we
went along. It was all prairie the
time & the mountains were far away
& here a prairie chicken was shot.

himself. He would like well - calm half
into the glass of water would pull up the
specimen of fire. I have a bare luggage
1 the old house stood well for floating. The
road was just coming back down
through the road but I am enough to feel
himself was just a little - cluster together
a store of cheap hotel. No fence anywhere
all nature for a on all sides. The landscape
was mostly vegetation, some painting of
green and blue. Some of the seed (Liatris)
I black and green (Whisper) I heard of
Sagittaria plant small size. The green
about a foot high except in places where
it was about a foot high. Once I thought
a small tree when we crossed the We
down east in the to the old ground and by
yellow & green old tree. It was just
I was all the rest. Then they drove down
all the way to Marshall that night
when I fell asleep after dark. Father
said I was had so many things to talk
about that he kept busy. When I a little
boy I was asleep. The next day father
boarded the train for a trip to the store.

They would play in those
days they men all picked themselves
in what and how they could do things
rather was a pathmate with an af
He was tall 5' 10" straight, with
short black hair, rather thick, was
heavy set, weighed about 165 to 180,
his hair stood in a great shock in
his head and rather used to say if was
hard to comb. He had a square jawed
and his hair came down rather low
He had shaggy eyebrows and his whole
body was shaggy with curly black
hair. He always wore a full beard.
He always wore boots with the points tucked
in the tops, and he picked himself on the
leaves of his boots. He seldom wore
a white shirt, preferred red ones. He
was underweight off every kind in my
day. He always had a glass of beer
pils, and always smoked ten or twelve
cigs six times a day. He was a cigar
He used to sit by the fire winter
evenings when he smoked, and would
sit on the hearth. You will see
that I miss things in this one and
do no editing. We all used to go

and the two boys were always
in the back of the room, always
talking. The boys would always be getting
into the father's room, always
talking. I father talking about
everything that interested them, always from
the most insignificant. After such a
long talking at once. The Jones
family was a big family. Always in
that room. I had to get up and
leave. I did in later years. I was
swept to each other out of the father's study
till we could get away from it. In
Chris Barrin was just a child. I was
I was the older boys. I was the
baby the year we moved to Iowa.

the 3. Which was the same as the
state. In the north corner of a narrow
land which the farmer used to till, where
the gate house is the barn.

I had not appreciated the fact that the
young men of the family were going to the
city. I had thought they were going to the
city. When in Jefferson as only business men getting
sawing, cutting and hauling timber, mostly hard
wood from the woods that extended as a mile
away in every direction. There were pine trees,
oaks, dark, light, full of rattling and
hollow logs and stumps, over
which grew an alder, a magnolia, bushes
(black & white), moss and an all-around
the scruboaks & reeds. The trees were so tall
that they shut out the light, making
hardly any light, white wood (pines). The trees
were so thick that it was hard to ball any without
its lodging in the trees. It was a real art to
saw a tree and so chop the base that it
would fall in the direction wanted. These
days are men - very few men. And they
over were made of all long-faced & thin
of the front, still, grown to a big, old
whittled till they were would cut a
piece like a razor. Then when they
take their place when a tree to chop
the blade would be in and the

My Thoughts.

9-4-1882
Salt Lake.

I now realize perhaps not all
the meaning of "much learning
is a weariness of the flesh."
There are many ways, chief is the
distracting discussing influence.
As the years go by it becomes a burden.

I have now reached a critical
stage in my life, where I am tired
of the past, sufficed. My Christian
life is almost a burden and there is
no hope in anything else. It is a bur-
den because I cannot go to sleep
and feel at home or at peace or
rest. Everywhere the preaching is
actually cant or so common
place as to be nauseating. There
is no healthy enthusiastic piety
in the pulpit. The ministry is
woefully behind the times and their
ideas crude or threadbare. The
Sabbath-school I enjoy a very
little. Today I heard the only
real sermon (the best of Rev. Troy Mills)

I have heard for a year, I am just
hungry for a consecrated, living
sermon. The hypocrisy of Hooker
and the cant of Bartlett tire me
beyond endurance. The shallowness
and rattle brainedness of Hall also.

Even the ministers are pious
or self seekers and the Christian
workers, New West teachers and Miss
Baker are so selfish, & narrow and
envious as to be unmerciful. To
keep up one's own spiritual life in
such a mess is a fearful burden.

In addition the struggle of my
religious life in the past make
me less patient than once I was.
If I could only have rest real
rest, religiously, where we all were
working for the best good of all here
sure it would be.

Mother with her steady faith and
influence is gone, and I without
word means! I shall never see her
again. How unspeakably sad
life is to me, so full of discontent
and dissatisfaction with myself
and my present condition.

I have spent so much money
this summer on father also on ball

without any² reason. By his
foolishness he ruined his stomach
by nostrums for rupture, and then
by swallowing down cold water till
I had to leave all my work in Mexico
and go to him and save his life by
so doing. But it cost me a great
deal of money present and prospective.
I don't see how it will turn out, but
I have done my duty by him at any
cost to myself. I shall not lose my
reward by it but it seems damn near.

I have come to the firm conviction
that our doctors are the most
bigoted and incompetent set of
men on earth. They and the largest
stand first, ministers next, Why
don't men use common sense.
Not reason, for there is nothing I abhor
so much as the present liberal branch
of seminiviversalists (A. and O. V.)
who claim to appeal to reason,
but what I mean is good honest
sincerity, looking the truth square
in the eye. People are constantly
led off by every wind of doctrine
in every branch of life and will
not see the truth, they will persist

in "rainbow chasing". They will
go off on side issues and be
blinded to the real truth, and as a
majority rules, there is no end
of trouble everywhere. I want
to remedy this and can't and
it frets me. I have not yet got
when I can sit down calmly and
let things slide.

Macens E. Jones.

His mother said he was born Sunday 4 A.M.

Marcus B. Jones A.B. '75; A.M. '78.
Born April 25, 1855, Jefferson, Ohio.
Married to G. G. Jones, 1885. Remained on
the farm. Published first article in *News
Letter on "Evolution"* in 1873. Took a year
of post graduate in Sanskrit and
Mental Philosophy in '79, was also devoted
Tutor, and ~~and~~ Took up ^{prof.} the work of
explaining the West for the leading universities
in Europe. Explored Colorado '78-'79, Utah
'79-'80, Nevada & ^{Yours local} ~~California~~ '81-'83, Arizona
New Mex. & Tex. '84. Accepted ^{for the Academy} the position of Prof. of Botany in Colorado
College in '79. Was married Feb. 18, '80 to
Anna E. Richardson acting Lady Principal.
Remained immediately to Salt Lake City.
Published in '80 *E. M. Moore of Liege
Belgium translated into French and
published* published French translation of
a comp. of ^{his} *Explorations* entitled *'Excursus
in Botaniqui'*. In '82 published
"Travels of the West". Published numerous
botanical ^{& geological, meteorological} articles in *Proc. Am. Acad.*

Description

You can't mistake the professor. He's a short man, not fat but rather heavy, as agile as a monkey and walks with a light, springy step, probably because he plays tennis every morning and leaves his tennis shoes on for the rest of the day. He will undoubtedly have on trousers of one suit, a vest of another, his shirt collar open and some old coat on with the pockets full of pencils, notepaper and roots of flowers, a hat, maybe a straw hat at Christmas time, pulled down like an old prospector's hat to shade his eyes.

The Prof's face and hands are the ruddy-brown that can only be acquired by spending years outdoors in the deserts and hills of Mexico and Lower California.

His sparkling sea-green eyes always see something funny in everything for he seems to think this life a huge

John. His snow white hair and pointed
beard and small gold rimmed spectacles
which he pushed up on his forehead
are the only things that give any
clue to his age. This extremely active
little man is eighty-two years of age.

He seems to be a kindly, good
natured fellow although extremely
eccentric. He is the kind always
pictured sitting by a campfire
telling humorous stories or working
in his own set way in a laboratory.

Senor Hadley
La Grande, Washington

Enclosed in Jones Circular which reached Stockton, Feb. 1932
where did this come from? (note)

Sister of Cora Tappan
Bickerton, Wash.
used to be in Salt Lake

Account Statement.

Analyses of soils and adamson and Nelson results last year	\$150.
2 visits to Lincoln	20.
2 days writing data for lawyers	20.
Consulting lawyers	10.
Analyzing snow samples and one flesh sample for arsenic and sulphur and flue dust samples for sulphur and arsenic.	75.
Total	\$275.

Testifying per day \$50 for each case, less than half a day after first day \$25, and over half a day \$50. Attendance at court \$15 per day, any other work \$10 per day, half a day or less to count as half a day.

\$100 cash, traveling fees \$2.70 cash. Smith's bill \$11.50 cash.

July 5 1909. Was out to the site of the new Tooele smelter. Went along the railroad track from Tooele nearly to the smelter, about opposite Lincoln south along the track the fields began. There was a fine field of wheat and dry farm on the east side of track, also barley or bearded wheat on the west side. Grain is nearly all ripe and yellow, here and there a green patch. Mountains all bright green. No yellow trees. On the way up the track at bridge I saw one yellow cottonwood at house on the north due to lack of water. On the bench above the bridge was dry farm wheat 2 1/2 ft. high and fresh and vigorous, with well filled grains, good stand. Just below that in a cut I got a sample of alfalfa 4 ft. long, green even to the root with leaves, and ^{very} vigorous, had no water this year. Alfalfa field without water just above wheat field ~~and~~ at bend of track with cocks 6 ft. wide and six feet apart in the rows. the rows about 10 ft. apart, heavy stand, second crop over a foot high and green, no yellow spots or white plants in the field. Insects everywhere, grasshoppers, dragon flies, many yellow butterflies. Alfalfa growing in the sagebrush and about as tall (2 1/2 to 3 ft. high). Wild grasses very thick. Much *Poa longiligula* and *Agropyron divergens* filling all the interspaces. Much *Bromus racemosus*, not an inch apart. Some *Wyethia amplexicaulis*, *Crepis occidentalis*. Not a dead or yellow tree in sight on the ranches, all dark-green to the tip. Back of the smelter on the mountain to the south most of it recently burnt off and dead trunks standing, but scrub oaks everywhere and vigorous. On the hill just west of smelter site you can see everything. There are no dead or sickly trees ~~anywhere~~ anywhere except on the mountain south where the fire was. Several alfalfa patches right at smelter site. Over half of the whole country covered with ripening wheat. To the northward all is thrifty farming land.

July 3 1910 There was a big fire on the Oquirrh Mts. where the ground was swept by smelter smoke. There was a fire in the same region two weeks ago, all due to killing the vegetation by smoke. Never saw a fire there before. Nov. 3 1910 at 6 p.m. I saw black masses of smelter smoke going all

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the way to Utah valley from the Tococe smelter. Saw it get dense as I approached the smelter from the south till just over Tococe where there was none to the north of it from that source. The whole valley of Salt Lake over Riverton to Garfield was white with smelter smoke from the Garfield smelter, lying low below the mountains.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NOTE-BOOKS OR CHECKERS

Library of Marcus E. Jones

Instruction Books

- Sturges Guide to the Game of Draughts...Revised by J.A. Kear. Geo. Ball & Co
Many personal notes by M.E. Jones
London, 1899. \$1.50
- Complete Hand-book of Games...Hoyle....M.A. Donaghy & Co., Chicago... 9.25
- Denvir's Lessons on Checkers...(20 On single corner)...Chicago, 1899....25
- The British Draughts Player...various authors...F. Warrn & Co., N.Y. 1.50
Third edition, about 1888 or 90...a few personal notes, M.E.J.
- Lee's Guide to Game of Draughts, rev. & extended J.W. Dawson..London, 1893
- Lee's Guide to Game of Draughts, new ed., rev. & enl. by Dawson..Pais. 1893
- Lee's Guide to Game of Draughts, 9th Ed. improved(many personal notes)1910
- M'Culloch's Guide to Game of Draughts.....Glasgow, 1888.
- One Hundred Checker Problems...Each Broken...(pamphlet).... Denvir, Chicago
- Hill's Manual--Draughts...5th Ed.(paper)...Gould, Middleborough... .25
- People's Draughts Book (paper) History & Instruction....London, 1898.
- The Game of Draughts, Analysis of "Kaiser". (paper).....London, 1908
- " " " " " J.A. Kear, Jr. Bristol 1909
- Richmond's Single Corner and "Alma" ..2nd Ed.(paper)England
- Traps and Shots Bound book. John T. Denvir, Chicago
Also traps 15 to 31 etc in separate magazine, Jan. to Apr., 1904. 50c
- Draughts: Gould's Problems, Crit. Positions & Games...F. Warrn & Co., N.Y.C.
Appendix, etc by J. Richards, penance. 1.00
- The "Dyke"....Dr. A. Schaefer (amateur binding) N.Y., 1900
- "Single corner"...Denvir.(amateur binding)...Denvir Press, Chicago, 1898.
- Two Move Synopsis...(bound)...Teetzel.Edinburgh
Compilations of 7 Edinburgh openings from Vol. II & III Can. Ch. Player
- American Checker Player...32 openings, 534 variations.. F.F. Barker, 1890
- Ross's Checker Exam Book...50 Match Games, 500 problems...(cloth bound)1.00

MATCH GAMES AND TOURNAMENTS

- Draughts Praxis or Modern Match Games...Frank Dunne, 2nd Ed. rev. Pais. 1911
1.50
- Game of Draughts:Gould's Historic & Memorable Matches from Anderson &
Wyllie, 1847... with Appendix..2nd Ed.... ..London 1898.
- Jordan-Banks & Jordan- Brouillard Matches...M.B. Teetzel, Ontario, Can..50
First Ed. 1911.

Match Games: Banks-Menderson, 50 Games. Toledo, O. Nov. 31 to Mar. 17, 1910.

MARCUS H. JONES' CHECKER BOOKS, cont.

MATCH GAMES AND TOURNAMENTS, cont.

- The First Telegraphic Draughts Match for Daily News Cup. F.W. Lewis, London
- World's Championship Draughts Match, Ferriew's Jordan, (bound) Glasgow, 1896
- International Match Games, Gr. Britain vs U.S., Mar. 1906, Boston. 176 pp.
 Leather bound notebook in neat handwriting of O.J. Grimes, 1909
 With index, scores, & personal signatures of the players.
 Duplicates are #2386 Stevens, Maloney & Co., Chicago.
- 4th Intern. Draughts Match, Eng. vs Scotland. Newington Lyne - Apr. 1903
- Match Games..Leathr bound notebook, handwriting of O.J. Grimes
~~Jordan-Barker (U.S. Champion) vs Augustus Oct. 18, 1900~~
 Jordan-Barker (U.S. Champion)..Boston, Oct. 18, 1900
 Ed. by Geo. Crookston, Grangemouth.....36 pp. & index.
 Jordan-Stewart..Oct. 1897, Edinburgh.....52 pp. & index.
 Jordan-J.P. Reed..Chicago, Sept. 14-26, 1891..19 pp. & index.
 Notes by J.T. Genvir.
- Peter Doran (Chicago) vs Julius D'Orio (Boston) Chicago, Jan, 1911
 Hugh Henderson (Pa.) vs Julius D'Orio, 50 Games, Boston..index
 Copied from San Francisco Post.
- Match Games - Banks vs Stewart - 1922
- 3rd Scottish Draughts Champ. Tournament, 1895
 4th Scottish Draughts Champ. Tournament, 1896
 6th Scottish Tourney, Jan 1-8, 1898, Glasgow..Notes by Geo. Buchanan
 Also pictures and sketches of leading players.
- Scottish Tournament Games (paper) 1909.
- London Tournament..(paper) by Kear, Jr. 1908-9
 10th Tourn, for Championship of England, Leeds, Apr. 1908..(paper) Kear, Jr.
 11th English Tournament Games (bound) ..1909.
- First American Tourney, 1897.. Leather notebook, Ms. O.J. Grimes
 Second American Tourney, 1912....(bound)
 Fifth American Checker Tourney, Boston, 1922..(bound) S.H. Greene \$4.00

MAGAZINES.

- Pocket Checker Magazine..V. May 1911..Manchester, M.H. \$1.00 a year
- Draughts Players' Quarterly Review..Jan. 1903; May 1906..J.A. Kear, 3M.
- Canadian Checker Player..I, 1907 (bound); III & IV, 1908-10 (bound);
 V, 1911 (extra copies of Apr. & Sept.); VI, 1912 (complete)
- Encyclopedia of Draughts..J. Alexander..Vol. II.III.IV.V.VI. & 10 pp. of Ms
 notes by M.E.J.
- Scottish Draughts Quarterly..Vol. I, II, III. 1897-99, # 1-10.
- American Checkers..I, 3 & 4. (Mar. & Apr.) Extra copy of #4, Apr.
 " " Vol. I. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 Vol. II. 1, 2
- American Checker Monthly..II, 7-12; III, 1-12; IV, 1-12 Exc. 3; V, 3-12;
 X, 1 & 2.
- The Draughts World..London..Aug, 1910; Mar. 1911; May, Oct., Nov. 1911.
- The Checker World..I: 2, 3; VI: 1, 3, 5, 6; VII: 1; VIII: 2 & 1 (extra of #2.)
- No. American Checker World Board. Vol. 2, 1901

MAGAZINES, cont.

American Checker Review..IV:2,5,8,9; V: 4,9.

British Draughts Clipper.. May 1914.

Draughts..Lambert & Oakley..1915: May, June, July, Aug., Sept., Oct., Nov., Dec.

Northampton Mercury Correspondence Games, 1912. Notes by S.E. Cousins.

Miscellaneous, mostly his own printing or manuscript.

200 pp. book-size printed checker-board diagrams, 6 on page, blank.

Bound book, 260 pp. "Alma", printed diagrams. 3pp. annotated, rest blank diagrams. 16 pp. blank paper in back for notes.

Enclosed with book, filing card notes and 2 small notebooks of 40 annotated diagrams, evidently to be copied in book.

Bound book like above, "Kelso". 48 diagrams (8 pp.) have been annotated.

Enclosed is large notebook full of annotated diagrams being copied.

Bound book like above, "Problems". First 12 are annotated. Sheet of notes.

Bound book like above, "Single Corner". First 81 annotated.

Book of 160 or 200 pp. tied (not bound) "Souter". 238 diagrams annotated, the rest, about $\frac{1}{2}$ of book is blank diagrams.

Book of 176 pp. (same) no label; 15 diagrams annotated.

Book of 948 diagrams, "Laird and Lady"; 23 annotated.

Book " " " "Double Corner"; 6 annotated.

Book " " " "Cross"; 20 annotated.

Many small notebooks full of plays: Laird and Lady,⁵ Switcher,⁷ Openings,³⁸ Lawrence games,⁵ Bristol,⁷ Bristol Cross,⁵² Old Fourteenth.⁵² pages

Many large sheets of cross-ruled engineer's paper covered with checker figures under different headings.

Many small blank notebooks of checkerboard diagrams.

150 cards, 3 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ with diagram printed on each side, space below for writing.

Eight canvas covered Loose-leaf Binders, #700, full of assorted clippings pasted in like a scrap-book.

1. 4-4, 4-5, 4-6, 4-7, 8-8, 9-9, 9-10, 10-10, 11-11. Covers worth 75 or 100 new.

2. To 5-5.

3. 5-5 to 12-12.

4. Alma to Cross

5. Defiance to Wyke

6. Edinburgh to Second Double Corner

7. Kelso to Paisley

8. Single Corner to End

Small loose-leaf notebook of clippings on checker moves, alphabetically arranged. Apparently 1913-14.

Two small folding checkerboards (pegs to fit in).

One large checker-board.

One box of Checkers.

The Game of Chess... Howard Staunton... Fred. A. Stokes Co., N.Y.

SUNBEAM CONSOLIDATED MINING COMPANY.

A. E. WELBY, PRESIDENT.
M. E. JONES, VICE-PRESIDENT.
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L. F. MARIX, "
W. H. PAUL, "

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT OF CLAIM

In reply refer to
Certificate No. "I"-73679

Interior

GENERAL ACCOUNTING OFFICE

Civil Settlements and
Claims

Interior Department Division

Claim No. Washington, D. C., February 8, 1923

Marcus E. Jones,
1137 Douglas Street,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Your claim(s) for compensation for losses incurred in the production of tungsten during the World War, due to stimulation by the Government, claim No. 382,

has (have) been settled and the sum of three hundred eighty-one dollars and twenty-five cents, has been allowed per above certificate number, payable from the appropriation(s)

"Adjustment and Payment of Mineral Claims," Act March 2, 1919, as amended November 23, 1921, \$ 381.25

Treasurer's Check No. , inclosed herewith, is in settlement of said claim(s).

J. R. McCARL,
Comptroller General,

\$ 381.25

By JOHN K. WILLIS

NOTE.—If a claimant desires a review of this settlement, or any item thereof, he should not accept payment of the amount allowed as to such item. An application for a review of the whole or any item of this settlement should be filed, with a statement of the reasons therefor, within one year from the date hereof, in the Division of the General Accounting Office issuing the settlement certificate, and same will be transmitted to the Law Division, Office of Comptroller General, for review. The inclosed check should not be cashed if its amount includes any item as to which review is applied for, but undorsed should accompany the application for review.