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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.

Claremont Calif.

1248 College Ave.

Nov. 6 1923.

Dear Friends:-

Your joint letter reached me duly. Those pictures make an unusually fine exposition of the cotton industry.

I am glad to get the news of your movements. I hope the awakening of the natives may be followed by constructive work. To start people on the shining way is easier than the keeping of them in it, and the falling away that usually follows revival services because of lack of following up is a terrible thing to me. The Catholic authorities are much like old Brigham. His way was to cut their throats to save the enemies of the "gospel". So when they cut your communications and leave you in the dark you are getting the same kind of treatment that the ministers have given us scientists from time immemorial.

So you want to know more about my experiences in the desert last summer. Well, I drove due west from Salt Lake City across the absolute desert to Ibapah where the big Deep Creek Mountains are, reaching 12,000 ft alt. From there I went southwest to Schellbourne which is on the west flank of the Schell Cr. Mts. Thence to Fly forty miles southward. There was little of interest to Fly except some *ocotea* and *Rigelinia*. At Fly there is a little change in the vegetation. *Symphoricarpos longiflorus*, *Peraphyllon ramosissimum* and *Stanleya viridis* grow there. The latter a very peculiar and interesting old Nuttallian species that no one but myself has ever collected since.

From Fly I went southwest over country entirely new to me. The plants were the same as elsewhere till I got to the Current Cr. Mts. which are a lofty extension of the Clover Valley Mts. that abut on Wells Nevada. There I camped beside the road at a farm house and got some milk for supper. The clouds had been gathering for some days, and that night they let loose.

As long as the water did not get in from underneath I was all right but soon the country was afloat. But as I could not get any wetter I laid there soaked to the skin all night. The next morning I had a time getting over the grade, but putting on my chains I got over and going down the west side I came to a remarkable Ivesia that was new to me. Later I found Brandegee had got it in the Providence mts. Then I went out on the desert again, the "ultima thule" of the region where I had to pay sixty cents a gallon for gasoline. It is a clay country and impassable in muddy times. So I hurried, particularly because it was getting ready for another rain. It was about 40 miles to the Warm Springs, the next station. But I got across the desert just as the first rain came down and got into the gravelly shadeslope slopes. Pretty soon the whole country was afloat, where it almost never rains. I was splashing through a foot of water most of the time, and in the draws was up to the hubs in small rivers, for ten miles. Then I got to the bottom of the country where there was a river a mile wide of rushing mud and water. Lizzie got in up to the bottom of the machine and I saw the jig was up. So I backed up on to a little elevation where the water was only a foot deep, where I was doomed to stay apparently till the storm stopped and the water drained off. Way off on the other side I saw a black speck 2 miles away, and later on saw something moving which I made out with my glasses to be a man. So I started across the river. I got in pretty deep but made it across. I found that he was stuck, and had come over to see if he could help me. So we talked it over and walked the four miles ^{back} to the Springs to get a bed and something to eat. It was a sorry place. The owner was sick with heart asthma. He had some eggs, ham, flour, and coffee. Another man hung up there was a cook, and so between us we got a meal and piled into bed. Whew but I was tired. The next morning we went back. The water had gone and left six inches of mud. We got his machine out of the mud and turned around. Then we went down to mine and found three others stuck behind it that had just come up from having laid out all night in the water farther back. So we all pushed and got them out.

The trip from Warm Spring to Tonopah was good but developed little of interest to me till near Tonopah when I got my Stanleya elata, and Dalea macradenia. There were then four big mountains to cross, but the season was too far advanced to afford any plants of interest. I was glad to get into Owen's valley among the settlements, where a breakdown would not mean anything. But I had no trouble. I settled some interesting ecological points on the way.

I have now been two months steadily at work on my M.S. and am beginning to make headway. I have revised the Portulacaceae, Illecebraceae, Caryophyllaceae, Nymphaeaceae, and am now on Ranunculus and will have it done next week. Today I found you had found two specimens of *R. nivalis* in the Uintas, the first in Utah so far, though I found two on Mt. Haggin (Montana) two years earlier, the first ever seen south of Lat. 55° in British Columbia. You also got some material of what I think is a new *Claytonia* near Mt. Whitney, which I think I shall give a new name later.

Later, I have finished *Ranunculus* and *Thalictrum*. Will take up *Trautvetteria* tomorrow. Prof. Munz and I are going to Pasadena for Thanksgiving. I to my sister's and he to his grandmother's.

They had a bad fire at Berkeley which burnt out the homes of Parish and Hall. Parish lost all his notes and MS. of the flora of the Mojave region which the Carnegie Inst. was about to publish.

Later Dec. 2nd. Well we had a fine time on Thanksgiving, had our dinner in the Park at Pasadena. The Pomona boys trimmed the Hawaiians in the annual game, but I did not care enough for the game to go to it.

His contributions to the Jones family letter (descendants of Publius Vergilius & Lavinia Burton Jones)

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ, Ph.D.
WILLIAM NEWTON, Ph.D.

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

*Could be returned to me when you no longer need them:
The letter is still circulating + takes nearly a year
to make the circuit - mg B.
1965*

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES, A.M.

Nov. 4 1925

Dear Circulars:-

The letter reached me tonight. I will begin writing now and finish when I can. I am just on the upgrade from a serious automobile collision. Two days ago a young man driving very fast side-swiped me at a corner. I was riding a bicycle to my breakfast. He was not looking out for just a second too long, and could not stop. I veered off all I could, but not enough to save me. He ~~smashed~~ ^{smashed} my wheel and I received a deep cut on the angle of the knee, and a badly jammed joint, besides several other minor bruises. Well, he was scared stiff to see what he had done, and thankful that he had ^{saved} not killed me. My veering was all that ~~xxxxxx~~ ^{saved} me. Well I managed to walk back to the college because my joint was numbed. There the college doctor took me in hand and sterilized the wounds. Then I went to work again till noon, but by then my bones had got over the numbness and were ~~2~~ "hoollering" to beat the band. I tried to walk down to lunch and did so with great difficulty. Then I started home, walking, but soon played out and had to be carried home by a friend. I sat by the fire all afternoon and baked the joint, but suffered severely till midnight, then got a little sleep. This morning I hobbled down to breakfast, then the doctor toggled me up again and baked me for twenty minutes, and repeated it in the afternoon. Everything is healing perfectly and I am hoping to get around in a week. Folks have offered to help me but I can manage with effort. This afternoon I drove down to Pomona and took the ~~wrecked~~ wheel to be repaired, but it was too far gone. Well I feel lucky and thankful that at the critical moment I had sense enough to do the only thing that saved my life.

I don't know just what you folks would like me to tell about father and mother. There is a great deal to tell. I think I will add this on a separate

sheet, and write it down at the herbarium where I can take more time.

As totah Monterey reunion, I can add that I was greatly pleased to meet those~~whom~~ I had never seen as well as Burt's girls who had grown up since I was there. Monterey is I guess in the worst part of California, almost as bad as Portalnd, where the air is saturated with moisture and it is always foggy enough to make soup. I nearly froze all the time I was there, The elements conspired to make it disagreeable. Next time let us meet in Yosemite or some place where you dont have to take it for granted that the sun shines. Monterey is one of those overtooted places where the atmosphere is surcharged with tradition of what the old half witted monks did two hundred or more years ago, and where you can see all the old tumble-down places of the far past in their present state of rottenness.

I was interested in the earthquake effects at Santa Barbara. Kete is ~~is~~ right in saying that only the faultily constructed houses fell down. The roads were not disrupted nor bridges thrown down, but the hotel, and Presbyterian church and a few stores were wrecks. Many chimneys were shaken off. I surely would like to have been there. We have quakes here every month, but have to reason them out after they have passed. What I would like is to be in one where you are really tossed about like a cork, and can see the ground sway.

Art. It is fine to think that you may get out our way next year. I hope I may be here then, but am planning a trip to Salt Lake in May to pack up my furniture and ship it here, for I have just bought me a place here to live in next year. I expect to stay in the present house till fall as I had rented it, ^(the other) till then before I bought.

I have spent some time writing a few things and send them along. I wish that the last person who gets it before the letter comes to me will send the thing back to me so that I can include it in what I write about things for Mabel. I surely would like to have you all add what you remember about things in the home life, and what the folks told you about early days and relatives. I remekber much that mother used to tell me about things, and will write them if you care to know.

Well, goodby.

Mabel

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES

Howard and Fannie. Perhaps I should add a little about your ideas of the danger to southern California, which some religious fakir has led you to believe is pendent. Christianity has been the prey from the beginning to this kind of fakery. If you will read the 13 chapter of Mark with your eyes wide open you will see that Jesus himself started it by telling a blood-curdling yarn about the end of the world. There he speaks of the stars of heaven shooting criss-cross, falling. Father was a young man when the great meteoric shower, ~~and~~ occurred. And he used to tell us of how the nuts all felt that the end of the world was at hand, and they got out on the house tops and prayed in a frenzy of excitement for the mercy of God on them, etc., etc. But father told me he stood there and watched and saw that none of the big stars fell. But he said it was a wonderful exhibition. Now in Revelation John provides a fertile ground for all sorts of religious fakery. I tried for many years to make head or tail out of the book, and finally came to the conclusion that it is the product of the mind of an old man in his dotage, pure religious bunk. The first chapter of Genesis is another piece of religious humbuggery, put over by the priests to get an unwilling people to accept their priestly system. In every age there have been great fakes worked off on simple minded people in the name of the Lord. From a scientific view point there is not a scintilla of evidence to support any conclusion that California is to have a seismic catastrophe soon. For at least 100,000 years things have remained about as they are now. But the geology of the Mojave desert and Imperial valley show ^{for} that ages past the most stupendous disturbances have occurred, and there is no reason to think that that period is over. I feel sure that in the near future, say 10,000 years or more a volcano will break out in the Salton sink and devastate the whole region. For equally good reasons I feel sure that Salt Lake City will be ruined by a great earthquake. But all talk of this coming soon is pure bunk. And any person who tries to figure out from Revelation or any other book the actual time by some cypher method is going to make himself ridiculous.

There is only one thing for us to do and that is to hew to the line in our conduct toward our fellow men, to find out what is right and to do it though the heavens fall. The first and uppermost thought in my mind from the beginning has been to find out what is right and then to square my conduct to it. Many people first decide what they want and then move heaven and earth to make others think it is the right thing to do, and it always ends in Hell. The destruction of everything worth while.

But after all has been said there seems to be "a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we will." Now I would like to find the way to him. We all think we have found the way but it seldom works.

Maras

4-30-1926

Dear Circulars:-

The welcome letter reached me today. I agreed with several of you that it is the most interesting one yet. Glad to see the photos. Glad also to get the correlative genealogies.

Now as to recent events. I am glad that Art. is to be here this year. I shall make of a special thing to be here if he will let me know ^{when} ~~xxx~~ he is to come. I have been out on various botanizing trips since the reunion. Nothing else takes my time from the regular routine of my work in the herbarium. The most important trip was to Zion Canon the first of April, and back by way of Death valley. There were 54 in the party, and about 10 machines. We stayed two days in the park. One night was caught in a hard rain, and the last day it rained most of the time, but I got through all right. I had two old maids in my party, that is, in my machine. They at once took a special dislike to each other, and scrapped all the time, but were nice to me. This gave me a lot of fun at their expense, and I did not fail to poke fun at them for disliking each other.

This week I took a trip to Santa Maria where Kate used to live. It was soggy all the way from here there, but did not rain. I got a lot of fine botanical specimens. Then I drove over the most beautiful Cuyama Canon road east of there to Maricopa near Bakersfield, about 100 miles. Out on the desert part of the road I was in a hard thunder storm and everything was aflood for a time. Then I got down to Maricopa and struck out for Grapevine spring station on the Ridge route home. I got there about seven in the evening. Soon another terrific rain poured down and soaked things. Next week I am going out on the desert east of Barstow for a week.

I have been in almost perfect health all the time, except for my usual starch indigestion. I see that I am the oldest of the whole Jones line since it started except two, one was 82 years old and the other 83 when he died.

Now, as to incidents of boyhood days.

My angel mother, how the tears fall as I think of her and her devoted

to us all. There was no sacrifice she did not make for us gladly. She was just a little body, never weighed over 90 lbs. But she was pure gold. She had light-blue eyes, a kind of faded blue, very thin brown hair, a blonde. She was the most self forgetting person I ever saw. Never bragged, was always Johnnie on the spot. How I loved her. For years after she was gone I would never think of her without weeping. What a debt of gratitude we all owed to her. As most of you know she was the oldest daughter of grandfather Burton, and was his amanuensis till she was married. As I understand it her mother died in childbirth when her sister Margaret (Cowles) was born. Mother used to tell me of her girlhood at Circleville and Chillicothe Ohio when she used to ride horseback. All I remember about her first marriage is that she said the Dr. Howard ruined his stomach while going through the medical school. Then after he died she came home again and lived while grandfather was at Jefferson as pastor of the church there. Father who was a spruce son of Judge Lynds Jones, one of the two most famous men there. Father evidently took a shine to her and used to call often, but always called for Margaret her sister, who evidently was an attractive woman, and so he visited with both of them. One day he snuck mother by proposing to her instead of Margaret. This was in perfect keeping with mother's self-abnegation. When she asked him why he always asked for Margaret, he replied that he did not care to give himself away. Father was one of the leading young men in the town. As I look back from a distance of three quarters of a century, I can truly say that I never knew two people to get along together so well, I never knew them to quarrel. Father just adored mother, and she was worth it. Affection was and always has continued to be the main thing in the Jones family. Mother always wept when I went away, and so did father. What an inspiration mother always was to me. As I look back at it now I can see that I owe all I ever was to her inspiration. She was so quiet about it that we never realized what she was doing for us at the time. I gladly gave every dollar I had in the world to help the old folks, but I feel now now that I did not do enough.

I suppose most of you can recall things we have done that have passed out of our memories. I remember that because I was the first baby what they used to say of me. Mother told me grandpa Burton used to call me Tom Thumb because I was so small. I do not remember him. I dimly remember grandma Jones as a stout old lady. Aunt Kate (Ensign) was slim and sickly. Aunt Maria I remember as stout and short. She married Fasset. Uncle Lysander was slim and tall, a great talker and joker. His wife Ann was very fat and jolly. Uncle Flavius was a smart alec, like Uncle Charlie, prided himself on his superiority because he was for a time a clerk in Washington. He was a boob in everything. He used to be a spiritualist. I don't know whether you folks remember about father's activity in the old Cong. church at Jefferson or not. It seems that some time in the forties he got interested in music along with the other young folks. The church had a choir of old maids who played dog in the manger. Those were the days when they used to intone the hymns. The minister would give a line and then the choir would sing it. I remember father telling about one day when the minister gave out the line "O for a mansion in the skies etc." The old maids started out "O for a man, O for a man". Then the audience began to grin, and finally snorted. The old maids were scandalized. The young folks began to try to sing in the choir, and this peeved the old maids. So one day they all struck at the last minute and left the minister without a choir. Father evidently was a leader among them, and at once got the young folks together and they went up and sang and displaced the old choir. This I think was the cause of his taking up singing, and caused him to go to New York and learn of Mason and other big men of that time. What a beautiful voice father had, clear as a bell. I shall never forget how he used to sing "He parted in silence, he parted at night. John Anderson my Joe. When you and I were young Maggie, etc." When I was a baby father used to sing me to sleep. Father used to take me to town with him when I was so small he had to lead me by the hand. I well remember how he used to walk too fast for me and lift me up by the hand so that I skipped along. Maria the old mare was just my age, and with Queen made the greatest team I ever saw. Father used to take them out in the woods and haul great ash logs ⁴/₅ feet in diameter, logs that ^{at} two teams of oxen

could not start. Father would make them slack the tugs a little, then at the signal they would jump whang into the harness and either the harness had to give or the sled would move, and once on the move it was easy to keep it going. Father was up to all the tricks of the woods. He taught me to split wood. You folks may think it is no trick to split wood, But I would be willing to bet that I can split twice as much as any of you can if you don't know the knack of splitting. When I was so little that I could only sit on Maria father used to lift me up and set me on her, and then let her go down to the water without anything to hold or guide her. I would cling to the hair on her shoulder, or mane. She would run out to the plank road, then up near to the bridge and then through the bars down to the creek back of the house. She was a very lively horse. When she got to the water she would stop at once and if I did not hang on tight I would somersault off and land on my head. Then when she had all the water she wanted she would trot back to the barn with me on. Then father would lift me off. My legs were so short that I could not grip her sides at all. If father let the horses loose without me on Maria they would short and pounce and kick all the way down, but with me Maria was more demure. She was a great horse, the most intelligent I ever saw. Father used to drive this team to Ashtabula (12 miles) in a hour. When we moved west father sold ~~much~~ and kept Maria. I used to race her in Iowa and never found any horse that could beat her. She finally got so old and decrepit that Ivan Wheeler shot her to get her out of her misery.

Well, I guess I have used enough space for this time. So good by,

Marcus.

Leslie, please return this to me.

Sup. to H

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES
12-30-1926

Dear Circulars:-

The unusually juicy letter reached me duly. I will add my contribution and send it along in a few days.

I am glad to get the corrections. Mink was the name of Maria's mate, and I think Boston was the musical center instead of New York.

I can hardly realize that the early history of the family must be unknown to the younger ones of the family. I saw Art. the other day and it takes quite an effort to recall that with his gray hairs now, he is the same baby that I saw fall on the rim of the stove and smash his nose and heard his frightful scream. I picked him up and tried to restore his nose. He is the one who used to squall by the hour and wear out our patience when he could not have his own way, till one day when he was making the air impossible the brilliant idea occurred to me to try to get him to howl by the hour. So I offered him a quarter if he would howl without a letup for a quarter of an hour. Well, the minute I said ^{it} he "lit into it" as though he was going to win. After five minutes of raising the roof he began to slow down. Then I told him there was going to be no fudging he must keep it up to standard or lose. Then he set up a new howl, but this did not last as long, but I kept prodding him along till he got thoroughly sick of it and finally quit but I think he won the quarter. That ended his howling for all time. Then the Christmas of 1876 Art. had father buy him a tin horn to give me as my present because I was tutor (tooter) in the college. I have that stowed away among my keepsakes yet.

Mother must have been a good looking woman in her prime, for I remember her telling aunt Mary once in Jefferson about a trip she took east when she was near thirty, visiting possibly in Vermont, when a young man approached her and tried to get acquainted and became quite attentive till he learned that she was married. As I remember her she was slender and short. I guess she never weighed 100 lbs.

I remember she was a typical blonde with very white skin through which the blue veins showed. Her hair was dark brown, a little lighter than father's, and she always combed it straight back and wore it in a bob behind. Every Sunday she used to have father put his head in her lap and she would comb out the dandruff with a fine toothed comb. Then she would take me and do the same. What a pleasure it was to me to have her do it. Often we would get lice at school, and she would crack the lice on the comb with her thumb. She used to wash out my ears and give me a general scrubbing Sundays. Mother almost never sang except little lullabys to the babies.

Father was tall and straight and erect, with a great shock of dark brown hair that mother used to say was hard to comb because it was so thick. Mother's hair never was very thick, soon became thin. Father's always remained thick. His body was covered all over with shaggy black and curled hairs. He always wore a full beard as far back as I remember him. The folks were very social, always had many visitors who were always welcome. In Ohio father used to drive that magnificent team of black mares hitched to the buggy, and took the whole family. He often took us out to Ashtabula to call on aunt Fassett, often to Austinburg, often to uncle Udell's. He was very proud of his team. Maria used to prance up and down all the time he had the reins, and pull on the bit. When mother would hitch her to the buggy alone in single shafts she would poke along and almost need a whip. I remember going home from Ashtabula one rainy night when mother was driving. The buggy was all shut up with curtains. Whenever Maria would come to a pool of water in the road where light was falling on it from some window Maria would carefully turn out around the puddle.

Father was a great talker and a good conversationalist. He always had a fund of information. Many people used to call evenings and sit and visit with the folks. It was in this way that I remember so many things as father told them to his callers. Father was always proud of the things that he had done and of his physical strength. I remember he used to lift very heavy things easily, and at length used to have the backache very much. The great muscles on his arm he used to display. When he tightened up there was a bunch standing up as large as a large apple. I never had such muscles, but I

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

30-XII-32

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY
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MARCUS E. JONES

was muscular, and was the best jumper and runner in college. I remember in Ohio we had a neighbor on the hill west of the Daniels place, Van Deusen, a great hulk of a man, who bought some lumber of father and refused to pay for it. Father went up there one day to get it, with his team. Van Deusen refused to let him through the big gate leading into his back yard and finally put his arms around the gate post and the gate end to hold it. Father took hold of the gate and by sheer force wrenched the gate open from Van Deusen's arms, flung the gate open and stood ready to fight but Van Deusen did not want to get hit by such arms and stood aside and kept his mouth shut, while father loaded up the lumber and drove off. To those who did not know father I imagine it seemed bragging to tell of these things but I knew father could always deliver the goods. Father's knowledge of woodcraft was very great. He knew every kind of wood and every kind of tree as soon as he saw it. He knew every kind of hitch with chain that was made in the woods by loggers to pull logs out from among the trees. It was often quite an art to pull a log out from where it fell. The logs often were four feet thick and very heavy. They were mostly cut in the fall or winter and trimmed off the branches. Then they had to be snaked out to an open place or to the road if there was one before loading them on sleds, and it was no picnic hitching onto them, then the butts would catch on rocks or stumps and stick. This was where father's crack team of horses came in handy. All winter long as soon as there was enough snow on the ground to give good sledding father used to get out early and haul logs from the woods to the mill, and by spring the log yard would be full of logs ready to cut as soon as the spring freshets began. Then when the ice melted and the mill pond got full of water father would start up the mill and run day and night till the last log was sawed. Those were busy days. Father had two saws, the big mulay saw set in a square frame that ran up and down by a long piston rod or sweep going from the side of the big overshot wheel that the water turned below. The log was put on a

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heavy carriage made of squared logs bolted together. On the end of this next the saw was a block crossing it on which the logs rested while being sawed, dogs made of heavy spikes bent at right angles near the end were attached to this block on a movable slide. The other end of the carriage had a similar block with dogs. The dogs were driven into the ends of the logs to hold them while being sawed. The slides were worked by a ratchet arrangement so that they could be moved so many inches or fractions of an inch at a time. Then the saw was started going and the carriage moved up toward the saw till it began to cut then it was fed up against the saw just as the power would allow, so as to keep the saw cutting. When the saw got to the far end of the log it was stopped just before it cut through so that there would be a little shoulder left to hold the piece on the log till all the pieces were cut. Each time the saw cut all through it was run back to the starting end and the log shifted so as to make a new cut or board or ~~xxx~~ slab. The first cut was called a slab. Generally when this cut was made father would flip the slab off and then turn the log over a quarter turn each till the four sides were cut and parallel, then he would cut the log into boards, planks, or scantlings as the orders for lumber required. Then when the last cut was off the ~~xxxx~~ dogs would be sprung loose and the whole log rolled off onto the board way. Then father would put a new log on the carriage and while it was being cut he would flip off the boards from the cut log and go along with the adze and trim off the stubbs at the end. The other saw father had was a circular saw called a buzzsaw. This was run by a turbine wheel at the bottom of a penstock. This was used to cut slabs and odd parts of lumber into lath and stove wood. This job was will's and mine. We had great fun at it. I used to take odd bits of lath and let them drop down on the swiftly moving teeth when they would be jerked out of our hands and sent flying across the mill against the wall with a bang. We would aim at certain places and see how ~~xxxx~~ close we could come. You will see that the time was short when the mill could run at all, for there was no water to run it except in the spring. Father had a large lot of lumber piled up in the spring and would sell it all summer long as trade wanted it. He also sawed lumber for others, who brought logs to him.

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES

I-5-1928

Dear Circulars:-

The big budget came today just on the eve of my leaving for Mexico.

I am glad to get all the news and to see the photos.

Fannie I was particularly glad to read what you say about the recovery of the boy, and to add my own opinion that my own experience leads me to think that in some way God really does answer prayer, and that it is our own dumbness that prevents our getting more help along those lines. Just now there is so much confusion about the method that we never can be sure that our way will do for the other person. I am sure that our theology is all bunk, and must be scrapped, and in due time order will come out of the chaos, but I do not expect a sane theology to come in my day. And without a sane theology I do not see how the young can get the benefits obtainable by a really spiritual life.

I am going to start for Cape St. Lucas by boat on Jan 10th. I intend spending a month in that vicinity botanizing, mostly in the mountains. From there I go by boat across the gulf to Mazatlan. Then I take the R.R. for Tepic and Compostela an old town near by. There I take burros and go two days' ride into the mountains where I will meet a friend who is running a gold mine. There we will take guns and burros and go out into the Tropical jungle and prospect and botanize. Then I expect to return to Compostela, and probably will go to Guadalajara and Lake Chapala. Then I will return and stop off at Culiacan, Topolobampo, San Blas, Hermosillo and Magdalena and wind up at Nogales about April 1st. Much depends on how my money holds out. It is going to be a rather dangerous and strenuous trip. But I think I shall enjoy it.

So I will say good by and love to all.

Yours,

M. E. Jones

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES

8-11-1928

Dear Circulars:-

I got the letter yesterday when I was up to see Carrie.

I am particularly interested in Ethel's note about healing. If I were to tell you the details of how I was snatched from death about 15 years ago when I was dying of neurasthenia you would open your eyes. But I will pass that over now. I realize that our religious beliefs are the most sensitive spots, and we get angry very quickly when they are stepped on. In fact our experiences are such a bundle of so-called absurdities that most folks will not even listen to a recital of them. Most people who read the Bible get very weary of the continual recital of miracles, I admit I am tired of them. But I am going to tell you of a miracle that occurred in my family. You know that we scientists are practical agnostics, we must be shown. Well, when Howard was 6 years old he and Rhoddy McDonald found some coffee grounds that had been thrown out and they ate them. The next morning Howard broke out with a terrific attack of scarlatina and was very sick with it for six weeks, but got well finally. Some months after that Mildred was born, and had scarlatina all over. The skin all peeled off the third day and left her body all covered with sores exuding yellow pus, particularly the eyes. I doctored her for some weeks but could get no results. Then called in a doctor and no results. By that time Mildred's eyes were in very bad shape, being drawn up and getting disfigured. This led Anna to get frantic. We had a dear neighbor Mrs. Nock who was a Christian scientist, and she would come in every day and ask about the baby, and when she got the news used to sigh and say how she wished we were only Scientist and then the baby would get well. So one day Anna asked me if I would object to having a healer come in and try her hand. I said No of course not but she can't expect me to believe in their bunk about healing. So the next day Mrs. Smith, their best healer, came in and sat by the baby who was not 6 months old, apparently in prayer, for 15 minutes. Then she got up and left.

The next morning Mildred was perfectly well, & well I was shaken up to the bottom. So Anna blew herself for a \$4. leather bound Mrs Eddy bible, and we began to study it. I hung on for half a day, and threw it down as utterly stupid rot, but Anna hung on for a month before she gave it up. You know that Mother died that fall. You know that it broke father's heart and that he died the next fall. The boys telegraphed me in Mexico to come right home as father was dying, that was in the summer. So I hurried over 3000 miles of travel to get to him. And when I got there I found he did not have diabetes as the doctor said, but was just drinking too much cold water. So I stopped that and gave him hot water and cured him at once. Then I decided that nothing but a change of environment would help father, and so took him to Salt Lake. I decided that since there was nothing the matter with father but grief if I could get his mind off from mother he should get well. This was a typical case for Mrs. Smith, and so I called her in at once to treat father. She treated him for a month and made him steadily worse till he died. But she cured Mildred. I don't take any stock in the panaceas broached by faith healers. But I know that Faith brought me out of the jaws of death. I have lost most of my religious beliefs, believing most of Christianity pure bunk, but after all "what shall we do with him who was called Christ". So I take off my hat and listen respectfully to all the tales of healing, and wish I could get an intelligent concept of how it is done. Don't blame me for not accepting your solution, for I know more than you do about it and you don't know anything about it even if you think you do. But all the same these marvels occur all around us. I simply stand aghast and wonder how it is done. Every solution ever offered is to me pure bunk. You think you know all about Christ and God, and Heaven if there is any. I have spent 50 years with my Bible on my lap and I know everything in it from cover to cover, and now my eyes are open. It is a cheap way to say I am ~~hiaz~~ biased. I have gone through Hell for it. No one has more honestly sought the truth than I have, or will continue to seek the truth so long as I live. I have the demonstration of my belief in the fact that I am alive and the oldest and the most healthy of you all. I feel that God in some way has done it, but who or what God is I don't know. Well, So much for this explosion.

I went to Mexico as I had planned, on Jan. 12th. and was gone till the middle

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POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

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MARCUS E. JONES

of March. I went to Cape St. Lucas by boat to a town called San Jose del Cabo
14 miles east of the Cape. There I landed in the surf on a steep and ~~rain~~-swept
wind
shore in boats, and was carried bodily out on the shoulders of a boatman. Then I
had to go three miles in an auto (a rattle-trap Ford) to the town, an old and
quaint Mexican one where I had to pay tax on my baggage. Then I was piloted to
the only hotel in town, a new one just started, where I got a big room sharing it
with others, and real Mexican meals consisting of tortillas, beans, not butter,
burnt coffee and either eggs in some form or jerked beef so hard that you have
to get a new set of teeth to eat it. You can either eat this or go without just
as you like. The coffee is execrable. Well, I spent a fine week botanizing there
till I was stopped by the police demanding my permit to work. I tried to bluff
them but could not make it work. Two years ago the despicable Calles President of
Mexico got a law passed to censure all us foreigners if we worked in Mexico. So I
had to go 125 miles north to the capitol to see the Governor and get a permit.
this took three weeks. Then I had to wait a week for my drivers to come up by stage.
Then I went over to Todos Santos on the Pacific Coast and spent a delightful week
then back to La Paz the capitol. Then down to Miraflores 90 miles south where I
hired moscos to take me up the Laguna mts. by saddle animals. Well, I had not been
on a horse for 5 years except two days the year before, and I found my pants got
awfully thin, and the weather was baking hot for it was right under the Tropic of
Cancer and the sun right overhead. After a while in going down a steep pitch on
the trail my saddle turned and let me off on a rock on my hip, and the mule
kicked himself loose. Well, I was lamed by the fall, and the seat of my anatomy
felt as though it had had a mustard plaster on it. So I walked till they swapped
off my mule for a better one. Then I got on again and tried to ride on the sore
spots, but it was a continuous Hell till I got off again and walked till my feet
got so sore that I could not walk. Then I rode on the sore spots some more. O
it was a picnic (for the devil if there is any). By night I was dead tired and
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rolled up in my blankets and tried to find a spot to lie on that was not sore.
It was midnight before I found one. The next morning I got up and looked around
the Vegetable paradise. It was a peach. I was crazy till 4 p.m. getting the plant
Then we started home. I had as a companion a Prof. of Zoology from Prague Checko-
Slovakia/. He was all in, also, but we got home the next day, with all our stuff
in good shape. Then the Prof. had to get back at once to La Paz to take the boat
home to Europe, which was to go the same day. We had to wait two days for our aut.
Then when we got there the boat was delayed two days and so was ready to start
in an hour, but my friend could not pack up in that time, and so had to wait a
month for the next boat. Two days after that my boat came along and I got my 14
bundles on the boat and in a week was at San Pedro. There I landed my stuff with-
out inspection. Since then I spent 5 weeks at Berkeley examining the Bradgsee
material and identifying my plants. Then I drove home after visiting the girls,
and then struck out for Salt Lake, going by Tonopah and returning by Las Vegas
and Searchlight where I saw Ed. Since then I have had my nose on the grindstone,
getting my Mexican sets ready for distribution. Am going to spend Sunday at Idyll
wild up in the San Jacinto mts.

So here is good luck and happiness to all.

Mason

POMONA COLLEGE

CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ, PH.D.
WILLIAM NEWTON, PH.D.

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES, A.M.

11-6-1929.

Dear Circulars:-

The letter came today, and I sit down at once to write my part.

I see that I shall have to make a very humble apology for any bragging that I made in my last letter. The rest of you have outdistanced me so much that I am not even in it at all. I might have known that you would do me up but, now that it is done, I can only take a back seat. I don't know how far or how fast your cars have or can run, but mine went three thousand miles in a flying visit to Arizona the last of September, botanizing. I got some 6000 specimens and about 600 species, and one new genus of ferns. I am at the task of naming up and describing the new species found on the trip, and making notes of specially interesting ones. I hope to be through this week, and intend to loaf for a week or two before finishing my map of western Mexico. I also have a few things to do about the house. I have to complete repainting, and making a thorough housecleaning. Every once in three or four years I feel compelled to clean house, and in fact, I find I ought to dig out the weeds in the garden oftener than that. Southern California weeds have no sense any way. The worst they do is to grow in my bulb bed, and I have not yet found a way to get the devil grass out without digging up my bulbs. I shall have to educate my Watsonias to wait till I get the grass out before they start.

My schedule of work is a little different from George's. The children do not wake me up in the morning, but I have two alarm clocks do it for me. Then I get up and dress and Lizzie and I go over to the tennis field and I play an hour from 6 to 7 a.m. with men about forty years younger than I. Then I go to breakfast, and then to the P.O. and then home and read the paper. Then to the Herbarium and work till noon. After lunch I go back to work if I feel like it, or I go home and lie down an hour, and then back to work. I generally

am pretty well petered out early in the afternoon. But I get in four or five hours a day pretty well. My work is exacting, and has to be done just so or not at all. So when I am off color I quit till I can pull myself together. When I was young I worked 16 hours a day for ~~22~~ 16 years, but my old machine wont stand the gaff now.

I do not know just where I left off in my last letter, but I think I had ~~so~~ not completed my work on the Mexican plants. I went to Berkeley Calif. to compare some of my plants with those of Brandegee there, and I spent a delightful five weeks there, and incidentally saw the girls. Then I returned to Claremont and published my last Contributions to Western Botany (No.15), 160 pages. Then I struck out for Salt Lake City by way of Flagstaff Ariz. I hoped to find the flora in good shape, but everything was dried up. I was caught in a high wind that blew the top off my machine. Then I visited the Grand Canon, and from there went to Flagstaff, and drove forty miles farther east to the old crater formed by the fall of a great meteor half a mile wide. Then back to Flagstaff and then to Lee's Ferry bridge. Then to the Kaibab, and Zion, and home ^(Salt Lake) by way of the Arrowhead trail. I spent a few days visiting, and then went west to Truckee and south to Tahoe, expecting to find Mildred there, but found Mabel instead. Then I drove south to Mono Lake and Tioga Pass and Yosemite and then home by way of Bakersfield. It was beastly hot. I spent the rest of the summer here, except for short trips into the mountains. We had the hottest long spell ever known in California this summer. Now it is delightful fall weather, no frost, or rain so far.

I have become quite a football fan. I go to all the games except when they charge \$2.00 a game, then I stay at home. Pomona has the best team ever this year, and so far have mopped the Earth with all the other teams. Our coaches have not been loafing on the job as much as usual. Last year they had made such an atmosphere of adulation that folks seemed to think they could do no wrong. In mid season I got very sore at their inefficiency and publicly blew on them and showed just where they were neglecting the team. This scared them and since then they have been on the job more. I think that college athletics is rotten to the core. If all the dirty work done by the coaches was known

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

Please Helen Clipping to me

DEPARTMENT OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ, Ph.D.
WILLIAM NEWTON, Ph.D.

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES, A.M.

to the public there would be a big howl. We used to think that Oxy was the worst, but now Pomona is almost as bad. I am glad that a beginning has been made in cleaning up the colleges. I have no sympathy with the ban on professionalism, it is all snobbery, but we should have some kind of a standard for college athletics and adhere to it.

I am glad to see the pictures of the folks, even if I don't know any of them. The legend on one of them says that one is Burt, but I don't recognize him. If getting married changes a man so I would be too scared to try it for fear I would not know myself, and would have to be introduced by my new wife.

There is nothing new here except the female dresses. They are getting so short that they won't do for bibs, and the girls have taken to not wearing stockings, because (as they say) they cost so much. This gives us an assortment of skinny and fat legs covered with varying lengths of black hairs and red hairs on them, except when they get so long they have to shave them off. I don't think we have any corner on this kind of females, and so it leads me to say that for pure unadulterated sociological female idiots America leads the world.

Recently I had a talk with our Prof. of Psychology (Miss Ayre) on Fundamentals. I was trying to lay the foundation for what I consider a great discovery, and she broke in saying that she thought I was trying to get her mad. I told her I did not care whether she got mad or not I was trying to get her to see a certain fact which to me was of the utmost importance, and that fact was that the development of all nature has been along the line of self-determination, and not direction from an outside force. In other words the Creator if there is one has given to each organism the power of choice, and this has determined evolution through the ages. In human life the most pertinent fact is the evidence of free will in all individuals, and this accounts for the stupid forms we see everywhere in nature. On no other line can we account for

the persistence of abortive organs, the desert turtle, the desert palms, the degeneration of snakes, the tails of peacocks and magpies, and a thousand other effete forms. There is no use in trying to argue that these are adaptations to environment, for they are not.

Well, Theodore has gone. I felt some years ago that he was not for long in this world. He looked to me as aging very rapidly. I always felt a kindly interest in him. He always seemed to try to be fair. There was no person in the world for whom I felt so great a hatred as I did for Phil. He was a plain nut. He was at the bottom of all the dirt that was done to Mother. He was a snob. He used to aggravate Will and me till we were furious, with his insulting ways. One day in the long ago, I don't remember when it was, I made up my mind that when I got grown, if he ever got off any of his insulting remarks I would beat his head off. Well, the next day after Mother was buried I was in town and he came over to the sidewalk where I was standing and began to argue with me about the wrongs the Burtons had done to Mother, and tried to justify himself and in the course of the conversation he got off his usual snar. My. How that did incense me. I was roaring mad in a moment, and I turned to him and told him what I had always intended doing to him. He shut up as tight as a clam and turned and left me. I would have enjoyed smearing the sidewalk with him. About two years ago I got a letter from him, saying that he was getting old and he understood that I felt hard toward him, and he wanted to straighten it out. I told him in very plain terms that they owed us about \$4000 and I would be very glad to see the money. He wrote back a very insulting letter which I never answered. You know Phil. was a tightwad. A dios.

Malcolm

Nov 6/29

12 6 1930

Claremont Calif.

Dear Circulars;

When I got home from Mexico yesterday I found the circular letter with my mail. I don't know how long it has been here.

I had not heard of Hiram's death. This will make Margaret rather lonesome.

Glad to get all the news. I don't recognize that old duffer with his wife in one of the pictures trying to pass himself off for Burt. He looks like some prosperous real estate agent. If marriage makes such an improvement in a person I might be persuaded to risk it again.

Prof. Cory of Texas is an intimate friend of mine. I am planning to go there again in April for another visit. Will go to San Antonio this time. So give me your address folks so I can hunt you up.

After I wrote my letter in the last circular I returned to Calif. and in a month after that took a trip to Flagstaff and then north by the Grand Canyon bridge, and ruined three new Goodyear tires in 60 miles. Then on to Salt Lake City through the Kaibab, then west to Elko Nevada and then north to Owyhee Idaho and Mountain Home and west to Aberdeen and north to Bickleton Wash. where a friend lives. Then back with her to Le Grande Oregon and the Wallowa mts. then Baker City. Then south to Steinkilmt. and Winnemucca, then west to Tahoe where I saw Mildred for a day, then home by the Sacramento valley and Bakersfield. Then a short stay at home till Sept. 8th when I took steamer for Cape St. Lucas. Then up the peninsula to Todos Santos and the Laguna mts. on the hardest trip I ever took in my life mule-back. Then back and over to La Paz, then by steamer to Loreto on the gulf and then up the Sierra Gigante, then back to Loreto and by steamer to Guaymas. Then to Guadalajara by way of Mazatlan. Then home by way of Nogales, getting here yesterday. I plan going to Salt Lake ^{for the holidays} ~~for the holidays~~ the back here and at work till June when I plan going to the Trinity river region Calif for a month. Then to the

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Wallowa mts. again. Then home and to Mexico the following January. I am as
 hale and hearty as an ox. Will be eighty in another year if I dont get run
 over by an auto, Then I will be a bird.

So a dies folks.

M. arcus.

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY
PHILIP A. MUNZ

HONORARY CURATOR OF BOTANY
MARCUS E. JONES

June 1 1931

Dear Circulars:-

The letter is here and duly read, and so I am going to add my mite.

Art. as to the parts of my auto that are the same as the original I am sure that the steering wheel is the same. It has now gone only 210,000 miles, but is getting its second wind and can now go faster than it did when I bought it 15 years ago. I make due allowance for the climate of Oregon when Burt brags about how he can beat me in a race: It rains so much there that all things get much extended unduly. But talk about rain Oregon is a back number to Texas. One forenoon it rained ten inches at Rock Springs, and all the dry washes became rivers. One dry wash at Sycamore creek had a river 200 yards wide and four feet deep in the middle, and Texas people insisted on crossing it, getting stuck in the middle and being hauled out by chains. Fifty cars were hung up there three days and I was held up there a day before I dared cross. The Fords were the only cars that got across on their own power, up to the time I made it. It surely looked dangerous but I threw my car into Ruxtell and sailed in on low. There was a bad quicksand at the start, and when I walked slowly into it people yelled to speed up or I would get stuck. But Lizzie did not get excited but walked right through. Then ~~the~~ current struck her and she was washed down stream a bit, but she kept a snorting and slowly walked right out on the other side amidst the wild yells of the waiting throng. I did not dare stop to receive the applause for fear they all might want Lizzie, so I let her cough on the run and never stopped till I got to Del Rio. I was in Texas 12 days and got rained on 10 days. I had lots of ignition trouble and burned out two generators etc, and had my radiator blow up once but such trifles are to be expected when you have a wife who never gets her feet wet in California, but suddenly finds herself in Texas. They act like cats when they get their feet wet. But ----- well, now I shall have to begin on my move-

ments. After getting back from Mexico I spent my time till April 10 on my Mexican plants, and did not get half done before the time came for the promised Texan trip. Then Lizzie and I started out and got to Yuma the first day. That night a short developed in my ignition and all unbeknown to me burnt out the battery in the night. The next day I got a new battery and got to Phoenix. The next day to Tucson, and the next to San Simon where I spent a day with a friend and botanized on the Azucar mts. Then to Deming where I took dinner the next day and got caught in a terrific storm of rain and hail out on the desert to the east. All other cars hung up but I paddled along till my ignition got wet and Lizzie took a rest. Then she dried out after half an hour and went on. The hail was four inches on the ground and it was so cold I shook all over, but I got to Anthony below Las Cruces and got warmed up and dried out. Next day I drove through El Paso and east to Kent. The raid had been general and at Fort Hancock had undermined a store till it fell down. I was also half frozen at Kent and had to take a cottage there for the small sum of \$3 for the night. That day I burnt out my generator. The next day I got to Sheffield after driving on the battery 70 miles and burning out another generator. The roads were very greasy and hard to negotiate. After leaving Kent I found the flora getting very fine and I loaded up with specimens. Then I went to Sonora and stayed a day, then on the Kerrville and San Antonio in the rain all day, and on the way I got another great mass of Specimens, and had to stay over two days to dry out. It was a treat to see the Tybers and the Alamo.

Then I drove to Eagle Pass through Uvalde, getting down off the Edwards plateau west of San Antonio and into the mesquit region. This was a very interesting region to me because of the many species not hitherto seen by me. I really should have gone to Laredo and Brownsville, but I thought it was too far out of my beat. The rain still hampered me every day. Then I decided to go back to Sonora Texas across country through Uvalde, but I got off the road at Carriso Springs and went on the main highway toward San Antonio, and when I discovered this I decided to go on ^{to} the Pearsall and cut across the country to Uvalde. This accidental detour got me a lot of new things that I had not seen, and so was satisfactory, and I finally got to Uvalde late that night. The next morning we had a terrific rain and

POMONA COLLEGE
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1-01-31

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BOTANY
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and I had to stay over day and ry out over a fire which took half a day. Then they told me I could not cross the Nueces river toward Rock Springs and would have to go back to Eagle Pass and Del Rio and around that way. So I started out that way and found myself at night hung up at Sycamore creek. I found that the ~~xxx~~ clearance of the Fords is higher than other cars which enables them to cross deeper water than other cars. Well I reached Del Rio duly and then Sonora by the round about way. Then my work was done and nothing to do but get back home, which I did just a month after I left in April. Since then I have been hard at work on the Texan plants and will get done this week. Then two weeks work on other things and I am off on the Mendocino region for a month. I dont expect to get farther north than Grant's Pass, but may change my mind at the last minute.

I come back tired out and have not yet got rested up from the trip. I suppose that my old machine (not Lizzie) will slip a cog before long, but why think you are old till nature tells you so. I know my inhibitions better than anyone else does or ever will.

I confess that I am absolutely lost in the maze of the new generation. The babies all look nice to me, but I dont know whether their names are Jones, Smith or Brown.

School will soon be out here, and then everybody will be gone but me. I will be here all summer ^{back} after I get bek from the north except for a short trip to Berkeley in the fall.

Well hre is a merry A Dios to you all.

Yours,

Marcus

Claremont Calif.

Nov. 19-1931.

Dear Circulars;

Well, the letter was here on my return from a flying trip to Salt Lake.

The way you folks slander my only wife is scandalous. I call her Lizzie because that is the name she came to me with. Lizzie is so much like dizzy that it seems appropriate. Now for Burt. to say that he expected me to roll down hill backwards, was terrible. But cut down your hills~~es~~, they are too high any way. You know that water makes things swell, that is probably the reason for Butt's exaggerations, water is Oregon's right bower.

Now to get back to Earth again. Burt's folks know about my trip north in July. I did the impossible, had three ladies with me on the first part of the trip. It was only 104 degrees at Bakersfield when I went through on July 3rd. and it never let up below 100 for two weeks, and at Cloverdale was 117 degrees. Brigham Young used to say that Mormonism could furnish the biggest liars on Earth, but California can furnish the worst heat. They say a man died once and went where he belonged, but he came from Imperial valley. So after a while he sent back for his blankets. But all the same we have the finest women but not the handsomest, Utah excels in that, the best fruit, the brainiest men, and in fact it is the only state where a white man should live, but I am compelled to admit that Oregon is a good second to California, in fact would be all right if it were not for California. But when it comes to bigness Texas takes the cake. By the way you Texas folks may see me again in April Next. I am planning going to Laredo, Brownsville and Corpus Christi.

Now to take a second hitch on events I will say that by previous arrangement I went north in July with three ladies of our botanical coterie to explore the Mendocino~~d~~ region. When we got to Mendocino I went in the hotel to breakfast, and the proprietor took me for a tramp and directed me to the counter instead of a table. Then the ladies all came in and I bolted for them and sat

down by them and began to talk to them. It so happened that one of the ladies was the man's school teacher when he was a boy, she is an old maid and rather stuck on me if such a thing is possible. So in conversation later when I was out he told them how he took me for a tramp. Miss Hoak (the old maid) replied "He may go on outings like a tramp but he has a ten-story mind". This greatly tickled the other ladies, and they told it me on the side afterwards. Now my Lizzie may look like an dilapidated old horse but she has a ten-story stride.

Now, this is the third attempt to get back into stride. From Cloverdale I drove over the mountains on a beautiful corkscrew road to the Geysers, which are not geysers but steam vents. Some boobys have put down half a dozen six inch wells 400 feet or so through a lava formation and released steam forming there at a pressure of 400 degrees or more. The result is a series of gigantic steam columns roaring like a fog horn. Then I went back to Cloverdale and found my lady friends there waiting for me. So after lunch we struck out for Mendocino, and stopped at a camp on the way, and the next day got there and stayed three days botanizing around and got many interesting things. Then on to Ft. Bragg where we did the same things and went up the Noyo river 30 miles after a rare fern that Miss Hoak said grew on the rocks there, but we did not find it though we got other things of interest. Then on to Rockport and then across the mountains to Hale's camp near the Redwood highway. Then to Alton near Eureka. Where in a little box canon I found the first tuft of the fern growing high up on a tree. When I finally found it the ladies danced a jig around me while I climbed up a moss covered tree to get it. It is one of the rare instances in the cold climates where a fern grows on trees. This is a common thing in the Tropics. Then we drove on to Eureka. This was the northern limit the ladies had set on their part of the journey. So they left me there and I went on to Redding up the magnificent Trinity river region. Then over to Shasta ^{and} on to Portland where I had a fine time with Burt and his folks. You know I am from Missouri when it comes to women, but Burt really seems to have found an angel, but I suppose his reply would be the same as my Mormon friend in Salt Lake who has an angel wife. I said to him Hanson where can I get a woman like your wife? His reply was "There aint no such ani-

mal! After having a very fine time with the folks I drove on east over the magnificent Columbia highway to Arlington, where I crossed the river and went north to Bickleton where my old friend Cora (Mrs. Gotfredson) lives. I got her to go a long with me to La Grande where her folks live where we picked up her sister Lenore and drove on to Baker City and then north 65 miles to Cornucopia an old mining town high up on the Wallowas. We netanized there two days and then returned. I then struck south from Arlington to Mitchell and then west to Bend, and then down to Crater Lake and across to Medford and Grant's pass and Crescent City, and then down the Coast home. I got a great load of fine things. Then in Sept. Two of the ladies and I took another trip through Arizona to Silver City New Mexico and the Pinos Altos mts. and back home. I got a fine lot of specomens on that trip also. Since then I have had my hands full labeling and naming them, but I hope to get done by the first of the year, when I intend to go to Berkeliy for three weeks. Then I shall print my next Contributions, a fair sized book and hope to get it done before April when I am booked for the trip to Texas. Now I have got my itinerary off my chest.

I have been perfectly well ever since my last Contribution to the circle but I am getting so acclimated to California that I decided not to go to Utah again in the cold weather for fear of catching cold. So I struck out Nov. 10th on Pickwick stage. It rained the day I left here and kept it up all the way to Cedar City where it turned to snow from there in. Then it snowed twice while I was there and the streets were sloppy all the time. Weather could not have been worse. This is the pay I get for trying to dodge Pluvius.

I never had such a delightful time on a vist to Salt Lake as I had this time. Everybody was so cordial and so happy. I was called on to talk Sunday morning and evening at the ^{Church} ~~Murphy~~ and then at the University where I went to visit one of the professors. I hoped to get back home without catching cold but am about ~~sixekahet~~ sickabed right now with one. My mentor here ordered me to bed for 24 hours, but a child can lead a horse to water but all creation cant make him drink. I am now sampling grip tablets. It surely seems good

to get out of the slush and snow into the land of sunshine and flowers. The more I see of California the more I love it.

I agree with those who speak enthusiastically about all the fine photos of children in this budget. It does not look as though the Joneses are liable to run out soon.

We are just now having a fine time with the weather prophets. All the chipmunks, and other wild animals predict a wet and hard winter, and Scripps Institute predicts a dry one. Just now we have twice as much rain as last year at this time. Since it is the proper time for a wet year I am betting on the chipmunks. I used to be a weather prophet, but the weather would not play the game as I wanted it to and so we split. Now to be sure of not getting in wrong I am going to wait till April before I predict about the weather in January. One thing is sure and that is that we are going to have a fine citrus crop. O I forgot an important item. In Sept. my barn burned down and I lost by it about \$700. Then the old maid who lives next door presented me a bill for \$15 for repairs of her fence burnt at the time. I then presented her a bill for \$500 damages for her uprooting some of my rare plants in repairing the fence, and am still waiting for her to come through. If any of you have a recipe for compelling women to come through please send it to me at once. She is a kind of she-devil who is mad because I ignore her. I often tell women to go to the devil when they get too fresh with me, but I don't know how to handle those already there.

Well, a dios todos.

M. Jones

6-14-1932.

Dear Circulars:-

The letter reached me this morning. I am glad Mabel left in that letter about the "Professor". It was a school essay of Lenore Headley that her sister Cora copied and sent me to read, and it accidentally got left in. Lenore would not let me see it for fear of offending me, but I got it ~~any~~ way. I thought it rather cute as a descriptive piece. Nobody ever offends me by any expression of individual opinion about me. I feel that it is our right to our own opinions, and to express them. I never failed to be able to fight my own battles when necessary.

I had just got to Berkeley where I was to study Mexican botany in the herbarium there for a month when I got Louise's telegram that Carrie was gone. So I took the first buss for Pasadena and got there an hour or so before the funeral. Everything was so lovely and in such good taste. Garrie was my chum till she married. She and mother were so much alike. The last two or three years of her life were not much to her. I felt three years ago that she was to go, and each time I saw her I wondered if it would be the last. One of the greatest penalties we have to suffer is to live long and see those we love pass on into the great unknown. Each one leaves a gap that never can be filled to us. But it is Nature's way. The last few years the way people treat me leads me to think that I am getting old and feeble. But in this they are in part in error. I know that the time is not far off now. Some days I wonder if it is at hand. I have been annoyed by the way I have not reacted since my last Texas trip. I am constantly tired and pepleless. So I am experimenting to see if I can remedy it. If not then the end will not be far off. Mentally I am the same as ever, but I know the old machine I live in is going wrong before long. I have a horror of my mind going first.

Taking up the thread of my life again, let me say that in April I drove from here to Corpus Christi Texas and botanized in various places on the way.

Then I went north to San Antonio and stayed three days at the Bee Exp. Station

with Mr. Parks botanizing all the time. Then we drove to the museum and spent an hour there, and then went straight through and up the Medina river and over to Kerrville, and then to Rock Springs and Sonora where I left Prof Cory who had joined me there en the way down. Had I been alone I would surely not have passed the folks up without seeing them, but our itinerary made it impossible to take any time off to visit. The main object of my trip was to explore southwestern Texas along the border. I also drove 82 miles into Mexico at Laredo as far as the Sabino river. It was a very strenuous trip and the weather was beastly all the time, but I got a lot of fine things just the same. I had a bad fall, slipped on some frog-spittle on some flat rocks that upset me for three days, and made me feel that I had rheumatism in one jammed knee. Then at Corpus Christi I slept in a buggy bed and got some kind of an infection from the bed-bug bites that festered and swelled up for a month. Then when I got home I came down with the grip, and when I knocked that out, lumbago got me and crippled me so that I could move only with the greatest difficulty and pain. The doctor said it was from some strain, but I knew it was nothing but rheumatism. So I began to chew oranges half a dozen at a time and knocked it out in three days. But it surely was no picnic. Since then I have been trying to recruit but with poor success. Yesterday I began taking a liver tonic and now feel more like a fighting cock ^{than} ~~and~~ I have. I expect to have my nose on the grindstone for four to six months before I get my last Mexican sets off and my Contributions No. 18 printed. I promised to write the life of Mrs. Brandegee some two years ago and have been having trouble getting the data I want. So the other day I took a trip by auto to San Diego, a fruitless one, and then last week took another to Ramona and Cuayamaca Lake for data and got some. So now I am going to finish the article. Mrs. Brandegee was the greatest woman botanist that ever lived, and she was an intimate friend of mine, and I am the last of the "Old Guard". So the botanical world insists that I write her life. My contributions No. 18 will be a big number, and may be my last. There will be over 60 new species of plants described in it.

While I was at Berkeley Prof. Setchell insisted that I write out my autobiography while there. He would not take no for an answer. I spent ten days at

Digitized by the Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

it and got it done. I promised ^{Me}bel some years ago that I would write my biog. but after getting to my 13th. year I got cold feet and have done nothing on it since, but always said to myself that I would begin again, but you have to be in the mood. My work is such that I am pretty well tired out when night comes, and I don't feel like writing. The part I dictated at Berkeley covers about 250 pages. I expect to get a copy of it when transcribed, and shall then correct and expand it to suit till I am satisfied with it. My botanical life has been about as strenuous as my boyhood days were, and I have done an immense amount of work. My publications and articles are over 200 in number. I am saying this just to let you know that there will be a record of my life available if I happen to slip off.

I note what you folks say about my Lizzie. She is still in the ring. I would like a new Model A, but do not expect to get one. For I can spend the money for one in better ways.

I hope you folks will speed this letter up. There is no use in holding it to write at some later date.

I am glad to learn of the new arrivals, and to see the ⁶photos.

As to Art's remark about the end of the financial depression. I can inform him that it is over. it is now just a matter of adjustment. Let the banks get the idea that it is at an end and have them begin to loan out our money and everything will be lovely and the goose hang high. The whole thing was created by the banks in the first place. Then if they want the recovery to be quick let them remonetize silver. Now if things do not come out as I say, it will be the worse for the things. These are my orders. It is just like the weather. Folks often ask me what kind of a day it is going to be tomorrow. I tell them, but the weather is so ornery sometimes that she either does not get my order in time or deliberately ignores it. So it is the worse for the weather.

Art. There is a friend of mine in Honolulu Prof. St. John. He will be glad to meet you.

Well, goodbye to all.

Maer