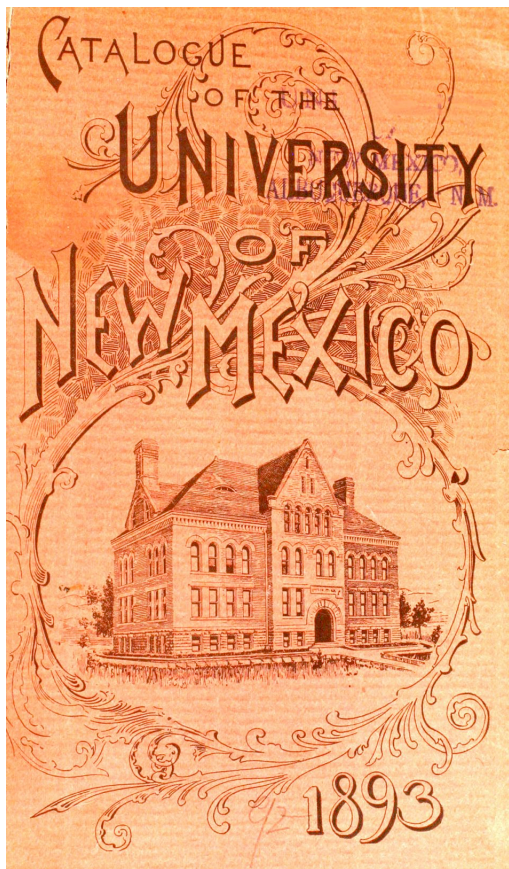


Appendix 1

Excerpts from the 1893 University of New Mexico
Catalogue published in spring 1892



Board of Regents.

— — — — —

HIS EXCELLENCY, W. T. THORNTON,
Governor of the Territory, *Ex-officio*.

HON. AMADO CHAVES,
Superintendent Public Instruction, *Ex-officio*.

HON. HENRY L. WALDO,
Term expires 1893.

HON. MARIANO S. OTERO,
Term expires 1894.

HON. E. S. STOVER,
Term expires 1895.

MR. FRANK W. CLANCY,
Term expires 1896.

HON. G. W. MEYLERT,
Term expires 1897.

— — — — —

Officers.

— — — — —

HON. MARIANO S. OTERO, *President*.

HON. G. W. MEYLERT, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

Faculty.

— — — — —

ELIAS S. STOVER,
President.

GEORGE S. RAMSAY, M. A.,
*Principal of the Normal and Preparatory Departments,
Professor of Mathematics and Civics.*

ALCINDA L. MORROW, M. A.,
*Assistant Principal of Normal Department,
Professor of Education and Spanish.*

MARSHALL R. GAINES, M. A.,
Professor of Latin, Greek, and Natural Sciences.

MARTHA L. TAYLOR, B. A.,
English, Grammar, History, and Geography.

HARRIET E. JENNESS,
Drawing, Delsarte, Penmanship, and Music.

ANDREW GROH,
German and French.

M. CUSTERS,
Custodian.

Outline of Normal Course of Study.

— — — — —

PREPARATORY.

Fall Term—Arithmetic, (Mental), English Grammar, Descriptive Geography, Reading and Spelling, Penmanship.

Winter Term—Arithmetic, English Grammar, Descriptive Geography, Reading and Spelling, Penmanship.

Spring Term—Arithmetic, English Grammar, U. S. History, Reading and Spelling, Penmanship.
English Composition 2 hours a week the whole year.

FRESHMAN.

Fall Term—Arithmetic, (Higher), Rhetoric, Physiology, General History, Drawing.

Winter Term—Algebra, Rhetoric, Zoölogy, General History, Drawing.

Spring Term—Algebra, Rhetoric, Physical Geography, General History, Drawing.
American Literature 3 hours a week the whole year, with Essays; also Herbert Spencer's Philosophy of style.

SOPHOMORE.

Fall Term—Algebra, General History, English Literature, Spanish, Delsarte.

Winter Term—Algebra, General History, English Literature, Spanish, Delsarte.

Spring Term—Algebra, Chemistry, English Literature, Spanish, Delsarte.

Four essays, two orations, and three written discussions, with rhetorical criticism.

JUNIOR.

Fall Term—Geometry, Psychology and School Management, Spanish, Bookkeeping, Music.

Winter Term—Geometry, Civil Government, Spanish, Ethics, Music.

Spring Term—Botany, Methods of Teaching, Spanish, Geology, Music.

Comparative critical study of English authors with work in advanced Rhetoric.

SENIOR.

Fall Term—Physics, History of Education, Spanish, Elocution, and Delsarte.

Winter Term—Physics, Philosophy of Education, Spanish, Elocution and Delsarte.

Spring Term—School Economy, Practice Teaching, Spanish, Music and Delsarte.

Historical English Grammar. Three themes for the year.

Students,



PREPARATORY COURSES.

CLASSICAL—SENIOR YEAR.

Gaines, Morrell W. Albuquerque

SENIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Gaines, Ruth. Albuquerque

PHILOSOPHICAL.

SENIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Alger, Mabel Albuquerque

Whiteman, Mildred "

Wright, Lydia "

Kempenich, Henry Peralta

Marshall, Fred. D Albuquerque

JUNIOR MIDDLE YEAR.

Bell, Hassie. Albuquerque

Leekley, Gertrude. "

Jenkins, Ellen "

Nettleton, Grace A. "

Stagg, Nellie. "

Walton, Stella. "

Frost, Alfred. "

Griswold, Walter. Cerrillos

Spencer, Arthur. Albuquerque

Thompson, Harry. "

NORMAL COURSE.

JUNIOR YEAR.

Adams, Kate Albuquerque

Buchanan, Bessie "

Hamm, Josie "

James, Mary L. "

Kendrick, Elizabeth. "

Large, Eva Springfield, Mo

Whiteman, Pauline. Albuquerque

Matthes, Fred. A. "

Jenkins, Clarence "

Towne, Frank J. Tucson, Ariz

SOPHOMORE YEAR.

Armstrong, Cora Albuquerque

Bell, Margaret "

Bliss, Inez "

Jenks, Ruth Mary "

Keepers, Lily. "

Lee, Margaret "

Miller, Edna C. "

Gibbons, Florence Reliance, Ariz

Geigoldt, Harry Albuquerque

FRESHMAN YEAR.

Craig, Sammie Albuquerque

Custers, Janette "

Ellis, Charlotte C. "

Ellis, Maude "

Jenks, Marguerite M. L "

Johnson, Maggie. Santa Fe

McIlvain, Fannie Albuquerque

Sterry, Nora J "

Sanchez, Carlos Atrisco

Sanchez, Gabriel. "

Scott, Thomas. Albuquerque

Vaughn, Hugh. "

Whiteman, Fred. "

Zamora, Antonio "

SELECTED STUDIES.

Groh, Mrs. Lindie Albuquerque

Keepers, Tina "

Knight, M. J St. Paul, Minn

McCarrell, Mrs. E. H. Normal, Ill

Rumney, Mrs. Etta A. Albuquerque

Ellis, Guy "

Groh, Andrew "

Kempenich, Eugene. Peralta

Kempenich, Paul "

Ritchie, S. B. Albuquerque

Rose, Nathan J. "

Vaille, H. F Denver, Colo

Van Antwerp, A. L. Albuquerque

PRACTICE CLASS.

Beshore, Mary Marion, Ind

Custers, Ruby. Albuquerque

Davis, Louise "

Ridley, Lizzie. "

Rumford, Mabel. "

Rumford, Ida "

Harms, Eddie. "

Davis, Benjamin. "

Donciana, John. "

Green, Ralph R. "

Appendix 2

Copies of letters from Charlotte Ellis to T.D.A. Cockerell from
the Historical Collections at the University of Colorado

Provided by Robert C. Sivinski. Original acquisition by
Carolyn Dodson



Tijeras, N.M.
Aug. 12, 1914

Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell
Boulder, Colorado.

Dear sir,

I am sending by this mail
a box containing a few plants
of the *Primula Ellisiae* as you
requested. I did not answer
your letter before because I
was not sure whether I was go-
ing to get to the summit of
the Sandias this summer or
not, but got my chance yester-
day. My address is Tijeras
Charlotte C. Ellis

Tijeras N M

Aug. 12, 1914

Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell
Boulder, Colorado

Dear sir,

I am sending by this mail a box containing a few plants of the *Primula Ellisiae* as you requested. I did not answer your letter before because I was not sure whether I was going to get to the summit of the Sandias this summer or not, but got my chance yesterday. My address is Tijeras.

Hastily
Charlotte C. Ellis

522 S. Edith St. Albuquerque, N.M.

Sept. 8, 1914.

Professor J. D. A. Cockrell
Boulder, Colorado.

Dear sir,

I am glad the primroses reached you in good condition. I shall be very much interested to hear how they do. I may have told you that I am experimenting some with it, and other high altitude plants, myself. I have it started in three different places - Cedro Ranger Station, San Francisco and Berkeley. I am always in-

terested in cultivating the wild flowers - we had many varieties at our ranch in the Sandias. The yellow columbine Aquilegia like chrysanthemum that I brought from Arizona was one of the most satisfactory. I never saw it grow so rank and bloom so profusely any where else and it blossomed from June until ^{cut down} killed by the hard frosts.

The beautiful yellow polemonium from the summit did very well under cultivation but I notice that it died out after we left as most of the

other varieties from the top did. If I am around this part of the country ^{next summer} I would like to exchange seeds with you. We haven't the crimson potentilla nor the composite you speak of. I wonder the latter is the same we saw above the head of the Pecos in June one year. If so it is most certainly worth cultivating. I took some roots to our mountain, but something happened to them all one after another. They grew in bogs where we saw them. I'd do anything most, if I could afford it, to get it introduced.

As there is an abundance of

we were in getting in primroses. We were going up anyway. Mrs. Mor-die, who was one of the party, & who says she knows you, even paid the postage. But now suppose I was getting them for strangers, or suppose I was growing them in my own garden and wanted to sell them could you give me some idea of what I ought to charge? The summit of the mountains is four miles from the ranch.

Remember me kindly to your wife, whom I remember very well.

Yours truly
Charlotte C. Ellis
I shall be very glad when that

Letter is published

522 S. Edith St., Albuquerque, N.M.
Sept. 8, 1914

Professor T. D. A. Cockerell
Boulder, Colorado

Dear sir,

I am glad the primroses reached you in good condition. I shall be very much interested to hear how they do. I may have told you that I am experimenting some with it, and other high altitude plants, myself. I have it started in three different places – Cedro Ranger Station, San Francisco and Berkeley. I am always interested in cultivating the wild flowers – we had many varieties at our ranch in the Sandias. The yellow columbine *Aquilegia chrysantha* that I brought from Arizona was one of the most satisfactory. I never saw it grow so rank and bloom so profusely anywhere else and it blossomed from June until cut down by the hard frosts.

The beautiful yellow polemonium from the summit did very well under cultivation but I notice that it died out after we left as most of the other varieties from the top did. If I am around this part of the country next summer, I would like to exchange seeds with you. We haven't the crimson potentilla nor the composite you speak of. I wonder if the latter is the same we saw above the head of the Pecos in June one year. If so it is most certainly worth cultivating. I took some roots to our mountains, but something happened to them all one after another. They grew in bogs where we saw them. I'd do anything most, if I could afford it, to get it introduced.

No, there is no expense this time, in getting the primroses. We were going up anyway. Mrs. Mordie, who was one of the party, and who says she knows you, even paid the postage. But now suppose I was getting them for strangers, or suppose I was growing them in my own garden and wanted to sell them, could you give me some idea of what I ought to charge? The summit of the mountains is four miles from the ranch.

Remember me kindly to your wife, whom I remember very well.

Yours truly
Charlotte C. Ellis

I shall be very glad when that botany is published.

Springerville, Arizona
July 9, 1915

Professor T. D. A. Cockerell,
Boulder, Colorado.

My dear sir,

Your postal of April 27th was forwarded to me here from the New Mexico State College, and I hasten to tell you that I was very much pleased to hear that *Primula ellisiae* was in flower. I shall be very much interested in hearing how it turns out after being crossed with *Primula auricula*. Are you contemplating a trip to the San Francisco & N

post-office I may have told you that I sent 'primrose-roots' to a lady in San Francisco, and in Berkeley to try, and I must give you instructions to them if you are interested. I asked them both to let me know how the plants were doing. I having heard nothing, the plants may have died.

I hoped to send you some different plants from the Sandias this summer - but was not there long enough to locate them. This summer I am in the White Mountains, on the Little Colorado six miles from Springerville.

Yours truly,
Charlotte C. Ellis

Springerville Arizona
July 9, 1915

Professor T. D. A. Cockerell
Boulder, Colorado

My dear sir,

Your postal of April 27th was forwarded to me here from the New Mexico State College, and I hasten to tell you that I was very much pleased to hear that *Primula Ellisiae* was in flower. I shall be very much interested in hearing how it turns out after being crossed with *Primula auricula*. Are you contemplating a trip to the San Francisco Exposition? I may have told you that I sent primrose roots to a lady in San Francisco and in Berkeley to try and I might give you instructions to them if you are interested. I asked them both to let me know how the plants were doing. I having heard nothing, it is possible the plants may have died.

I'd hoped to send you some different plants from the Sandias this summer, but was not there long enough to locate them. This summer I am in the White Mountains, on the Little Colorado six miles from Springerville.

Yours truly
Charlotte C. Ellis



3925 Umatilla St.
 Denver, Colorado.
 Sept. 18, 1936.

Prof. T. D. A. Cockerell
 Boulder, Colorado.

Dear Professor Cockerell
 I am gathering some Colorado data for youngsters. I want an accurate life-zone list and so I come to you. I have two lists but they are not just alike and neither of them yours.

Will you please tell me the number of Colorado flowers to date. I have an item from "Municipal Facts", 1930, putting the number at 2,989 classified varieties - 385 from timberline up and 500 in the plains - but there must be a larger number now.

This has nothing to do with Colorado, but will you please tell me how I can procure some copies of your leaflet, "A Visit With Grey Owl." I have one

(I took it away from my sister) but I want some more. We were perfectly enthralled with your story and pictures.

Remember me kindly to Mrs Cockerell

Yours most sincerely,
 Charlotte C. Ellis

3925 Umatilla St.
 Denver, Colorado
 Sept. 18, 1936

Prof. T.D.A. Cockerell
 Boulder, Colorado

Dear Professor Cockerell

I am gathering some Colorado data for youngsters. I want an accurate Life-zone list and so I come to you. I have two lists but they are not just alike and neither of them yours.

Will you please tell me the number of Colorado flowers to date. I have an item from "Municipal Facts", 1930, putting the number at 2,989 classified varieties - 385 from timberline up and 500 in the plains - but there must be a larger number now.

This has nothing to do with Colorado, but will you please tell me how I can procure several copies of leaflet, "A Visit With Grey Owl." I have one (I took it away from my sister) but I want some more. We were perfectly enthralled with your story and pictures.

Remember me kindly to Mrs. Cockerell.

Yours most sincerely,
 Charlotte C. Ellis

Appendix 3

Copies of correspondence to and from Charlotte Ellis of historical importance to this paper

COOPERATIVE EXTENSION WORK IN
AGRICULTURE AND HOME ECONOMICS
STATE OF NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE
AND MECHANIC ARTS, UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE AND
COUNTIES COOPERATING

EXTENSION SERVICE

STATE COLLEGE, NEW MEXICO

February 25, 1930.

Mr. C. C. Ellis,
808 E. 18th. Avenue,
Denver, Colorado.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of February 21 in regard to Governmental activities in the eradication of loco has been received. The Government has done a great deal of work in an effort to find some suitable means of eradicating this plant and are at present experimenting with several insects which feed upon the plants and lay their eggs in the seed pods. Up to the present the results have not been especially encouraging.

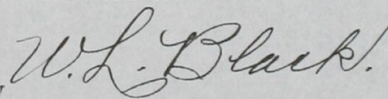
There are no statistics regarding the amount of damage done by the plant in 1929.

The best method of ridding a pasture of loco is to simply grub it out. This is a rather large undertaking as it must be grubbed each year for four or five consecutive years. If the loco is in patches it may be eradicated by spraying with a solution of Calcium Chlorate, 1 pound to each gallon of water. The best time to do this spraying is when the plants are in flower.

Yours truly,

EXTENSION SERVICE

By



W. L. Black,
Extension Animal Husbandman.

WLB:RHR

252 Lincoln Street

Denver 9, Colorado

April 10, 1954

Mr. William MacLeod Raine

Dear Mr. Raine:

I thank you for consenting to autograph your book, Famous Sheriffs and Western Outlaws for my nephew, Jon Keller. I would have sent the book immediately, but was not able to get to the postoffice, after phoning you.

The book belonged to Mr. James Carruthers and had been stored since his death in 1939. He was ninety three when he died. Jim lived in Tombstone in the days you depict in the Helldorado chapter. He had a butcher shop, also some prospect holes. He was a Scotchman and seemed very well liked, though he never drank or gambled with the other men. "Because it cost too much and I was saving to send for Jean." Jean was the girl he left behind.

When I was a small girl we (the Ellis family) lived at Pederal Peak for four years. The Carruthers at the time had a butcher shop in San Pedro, New Mexico (and some mines, of course) and Jim used to take the long trip down to Monteceno (?) to buy beef cattle of Jose (?) Pera. Pera owned the Turkey Track brand. The brand which spread from the animal's shoulder to its flank.

Jim knew many of the people we knew--the Berzas and some of their relatives, the Spence brothers at Penos Well, people at Antelope Springs, Estancia, Stinking Springs and so on--and yet, since Jim took the route that passed on the other side of Pederal, we

did not meet until several years later, when we were living in Albuquerque and they were still in San Pedro. Then our families became life-long friends.

I read your Famous Sheriffs along with some others of your books, ~~and~~, since his eyes were failing, after he came to Denver. He had many comments as I read and my niece took down his remarks and later we scribbled them in the margins of the book.

Jim spoke many times of the authenticity of the book and thought you must have lived in Tombstone at the time, but could not remember you. He remarked that you never mentioned special horses that some of your heroes rode. I told him that it would have made the book too bulky.

We (Ellis') knew Pat Garrett very well. He would stay all night with us when he was on his way from White Oaks to Las Vegas, or wherever he was bound from or to. To little me he seemed very refined. He dressed better than most of the men of the plains and was very soft-spoken and well-spoken. He and my father liked to talk antelope hunting. Once Mr. Garrett brought his Spanish-America wife and baby, Elizabeth. The baby was blind. Later, I believe, Elizabeth became a singer.

I'd better stop now before I go on and on. Even so, I see by the clock that I am not going to get your book mailed until Monday.

Yours sincerely,

(Miss) Charlotte G. Ellis

Balsam Park
Sandia Park, N. M.
June 26, 1929

Dear Uncle George:

I must right down and tell you all about the trip I have just had. Paul and I had to go and look for a calf. That does not sound as if there could be much to write about, does it? But wait--

Paul thought we would probably find the calf somewhere around Madera, which is about four miles from here, so accordingly after we had our chores all done we set off. It was still cool and I did so enjoy the trip across the mountains. The horses felt frisky and full of mischief, the birds were rustling in the bushes and singing in the trees, Vesta kept jumping little cotton-tails, and Pat, the colt, ran now ahead now behind, shying at everything he could find to shy at.

It was dry and not in Madera, however; but then it always has been dry and always will be, I suppose. The springs are so low it takes six days to fill the reservoir. The principal topics of conversation among the Madera Mexicans is the dryness and the water question. "Muy poco agua." "Muy seco." "Mal negocio." --How little rain there was, how very dry it was, when it rained last; how they heard it had rained in Algodones or some other place many miles away; how it had looked like rain one day last month. Garcia told us rained two whole days about four years ago.

We rode up to Garcia's house and asked him if he had seen our calf. He said he had not but invited us in and said he would ask some of the other Mexicans around there. We hated to take the time to go in but Garcia was so insistant, and so eager to have us see his little hime and meet his family we could not refuse without offending him. We told him we would come in for a minute, but the minute lengthened into an hour or more, for before we knew what she was up to Mrs. Garcia was busily getting dinner for us. "Don't forget that we have been invited to the ranger's camp for dinner," I whispered Paul.

"I know, but I can't help it," he said.

Senora Garcia was was a very fat woman, but rather pretty --not as dark as most of the Mexicans. She wore a tan organdy dress, trimmed with long sweeps of wavy braid and tinsel, the latter from some Christmas tree, no doubt. When she prepared the meal, Daniel and Paul discussed the weather conditions

and stock and I looked around. There was an iron bed in the room which looked as if it had never been used, and two pallets on the floor, which looked very much used. There was a table in the corner on which were a few knic-nacs--a few photographs in frames, a box of face powder and a gaudy bottle. On the walls, among many cheap pictures of saints and madonnas were some of the oddest decorations I ever saw. There was a small case, for one thing, something like a specimen case with graded shelves, and on these shelves were--guess! You couldn't ever--cheap, bright-colored candy. O.K., the front had been fastened pink mosquito netting. Across from that was a square of fancy calico in a frame, and over that a magazine picture. But the strangest decoration of all was a scalp lock of golden hair. I never in my life saw more beautiful hair. I wonder where it came from. It had two fancy back-combs stuck in it one above the other. There were a great many home made rugs on the floor. The floor was adobe and was in splendid condition. Every thing was very clean and tidy. Paul asked Garcia if they slept on the floor and he said no they kept that for looks, none of them liked to sleep in a bed.

There were two cute little children playing on one of the pallets, one a tiny girl of about three and a boy a little older. Many other children drifted in while we sat there. One a small boy wearing a pair of black velvet pants, a little girl in a pink gingham dress, trimmed with quantities of cheap lace, and wearing a white pique bonnet. Then there was a little girl in a red silk dress. The Mader Mexicans are very poor, indeed, often not able to buy coffee or sugar, and I often wonder where they get such nice clothes for the women and children to dress up in. Perhaps the "best clothes" are handed down from generation, and only used on very state occasions, such as this, for instance. This was evidently a dress review parade.

We went over to see Filipita Baros Trujillo Guiterrez, and her little Carlota, who was named for me. Filipita had evidently heard we were coming for she was dressed up, too, in a white silk dress trimmed in colored wools. She had a nice little mud house, and it was as clean as two hands could make it. I must describe her floor covering, for she had innumerable rugs. One was quite a large one. The foundation was canvas, and had figures cut from many kinds of material and appliqued on--scraps of Navejo blanket, brussels carpet, corduroy, velvet, velveteen. Another rug was made of circles, in layers, each layer smaller than the one below it. It reminded one of a huge penwiper. It was pretty but I'd want it where no one would stumble over it.

Carlota was a winsome little girl with the tightest of little pig-tails over each ear, and the brightest of orange dresses on her little self. A kitten appeared in the doorway as we sat there--the blackest and thinnest kitten I believe I ever saw. An unforgettable cat. Its hair was wiry and stuck out all over, making it look exactly like our smallest separator brush.

A pair of swallows had a nestful of youngsters directly over my head. They noticed right away that there were strangers in the house, and would feed their babies no more while we were there, but sat on picture frames and watched our every movement. One sat on the frame of a very good print of Sichel's Madonna, which was very well framed.

The Garcias gave us quite a spread. Goat meat, eggs, hot cakes, goat cheese, coffee. I couldn't eat very much, for the meat was tough, the were made of flour and water only, and the cheese had been an axle grease box.

Appendix 4

Photographs, notebook entries, and selected poems



Balsam Park LS Ranch house





Julia, Paul, George

Charlotte



Charlotte and sweetpeas



Charlotte and Julia



Paul and Charlotte



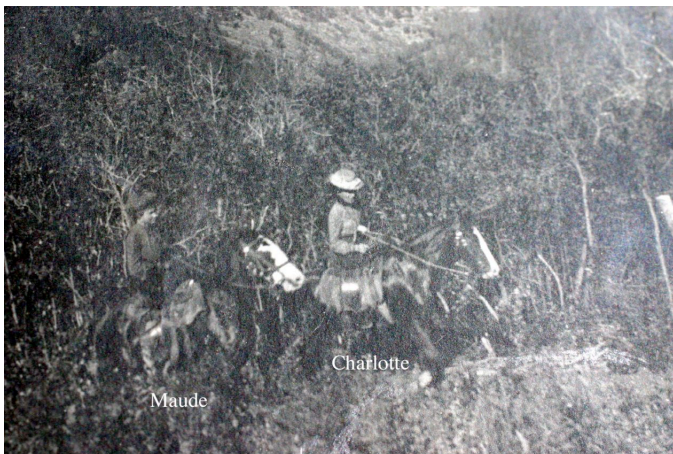
Charlotte and tray



Charlotte at ease



Charlotte rural delivery on Tom six miles from home



“Mettlesome steed of mine merrily prancing
Satin smooth skin ashine, black eyes adancing”



Augie and Frank

Aug. 12, 1940

Here I am
at the New York World's Fair

I have arrived a little too early. I didn't know it, though until I was told. The gate to the driveway was open so I strolled into the grounds of the British Building. I was wandering around inspecting the English grass, shrubs and flowers when an English guard hurried over to me and asked me to leave until opening time, which would be in fifteen minutes.

So I stood outside and conversed with him through the bars of the gate. He was one of the guards who saved the British Building from being bombed this summer.

I am now sitting in front of a rockery and pool near the gate. It is elliptical and about 4 + 9 feet in diameter. Near center is baby on a frog statue. Shrubby balsam-like tree about 3 ft. spreading, one graceful branch hangs over pool by statue. In foreground ground pine, then small golden rod, lavender asters. Plenty of grass not too many rocks. Little blue flowers at tall stem, juniper like a weeping willow in center. Then

right flat rocks interspersed with tall grasses.

Evets Park
Conference
Grounds
June 1941

Christian Youth Movement Conference
Notes from talks given by speakers

Speed up agriculture. Field for trained agriculturalists.

Interdependence

We should depend on each other and help each other. Collective behavior. (There is where Plant to Profit Movement would come in. b. b. E.)

More and more training. It is going to be hard after the war on the individual with nothing but a strong back

The golden occupational years are between 25-40. So be ready.

Leadership

Great need of leadership

1. Unions. There will always be unions
They need exceptional leaders

2. Field of Public Relationship

On the Plane AL 33609

August 12, 1941

9:00 a.m.

103
9:30
from port to port
funny. Sound of motor gets dimmer and disappears these feet.
look for how and a bag
Baba in night

9:30 Out over the water, over the keys. It is a cloudy day. From Miami we could look up and see a mottled sky. From here 10,000 feet up, the clouds to the left look like huge tufts of cotton pulled from their bolls. They appeared to be standing upright - one an ice-blue ruffled ice-king. They are marvelously beautiful, ephemeral, unreal. There was sufficient shadow to make these clouds stand apart. "We might play hide and seek among them," one girl said. There are natural-looking clouds in the far distance, boiling clouds below. Waves look like frozen ruffles. White caps like foam flecks of foam.

9:45 Serving little cakes and orange juice. Whoops! Struck a rut. Easy to write on an airplane. We are traveling 80 miles an hour. I close my eyes and feel as if we were at a standstill with motor running. Once in awhile, we dip a little. My ears are

Wed 13, 1941

106

Started at 12:00 in the 416 33609

12:15 out over the water

No clouds except in the distance seemed as if we were at a standstill. Ears acting all right
Can't tell where sea ends and sky begins
Lonely and cool

12:25 The clouds in distance are now closer and look like huge puffs of smoke from a locomotive. Ears are opening and closing. Water ice-blue, ruffled
Long tufts of "cotton" all over it now. No one had soap, nor needs one

12:35 Clouds below a little larger, stuff like whipped egg dotted here and there floating island. We rock up and down ever so slightly. I can tell by the clouds above just enough to give a pleasant sensation
The rocking (up and down motion of the point of the plane makes the motor-bulges look as if they were heaving. Now the plane is going perfectly steady. The rocking was pleasant.

12:45 Over many puffy clouds now. Not so huge and stand-buffy as those we saw

107 yesterday
1:00

Getting cooler. Some shutting off air holes
Man coming through with tomato and orange
juice. Man next to me complains of cold feet.
Vallet brings someone robe for him to wrap them in
Water getting green. See the keys. Many dif-
ferent colors of water and islands. Bridges, roads
colors - greens, purples, creams, browns, ultra marine
Date of rocks, reefs, shoals look black. Water blue-green
now, reddish yellow-green - lime? Some reefs
look like roads. Water now deep blue to purple
streaked with green. Orange juice served.

No one has a wrap of any kind. You wear
any kind of head-gear you wish, or no head gear
About half the women are wearing slacks. No one
gets sick. Not expected to I suppose. No spitons,
nothing to use unless the paper sacks in the coop
in front of each seat. No parachutes, no life
preservers.

Many colors. Midnight blue, green, blue
streaked with green. Some places looks like
a Juncipers fly plague streaked with color
Tiny islands, yellows and greens. Islands

edged with yellow as though a road ran all around. Water cobins - egg blue in distance.

Bailing clouds below. Panorama of colors.

Plane jiggly. Big jog that time

Over mainland. Beautiful farm lands

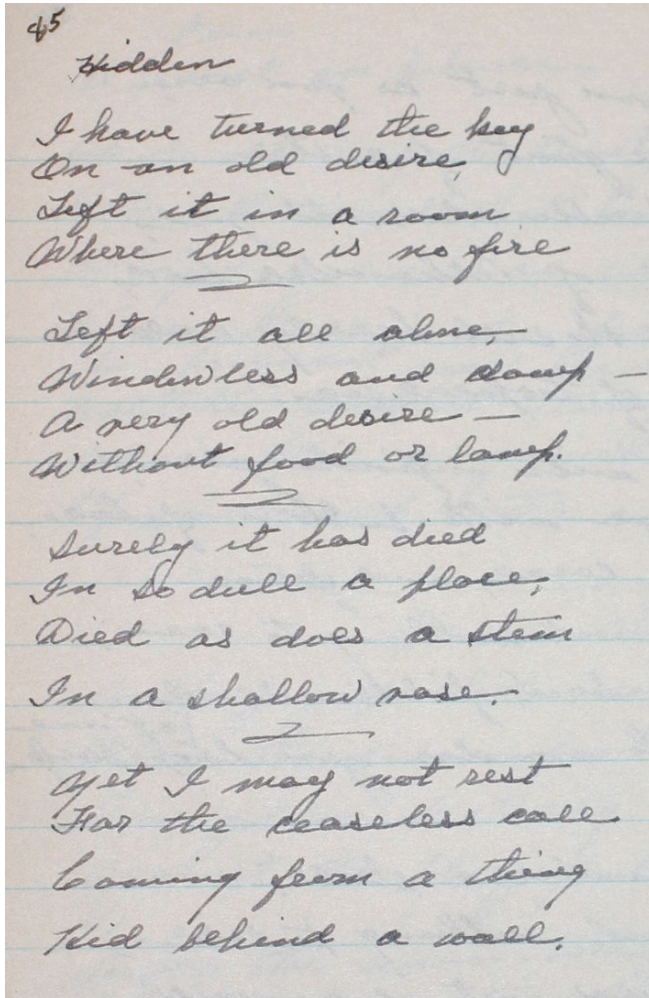
1:25. Stewarts says for us to fasten our belts. Coming down swiftly. Stewart says for us to keep our seats until the captain has gone through.

We sit in suspense watch the little door in front. The door opens. A tall handsome young fellow in blue uniform steps out and hurries down the aisle. We leave

The Keys.

Key Largo 2 + 30 miles. Limestone and coral
The keys extend in a sweeping curve to Key West more than a hundred miles out into the gulf. About $\frac{1}{2}$ consists of old coral reef. The southern portion was at one time a single limestone formation.

Selected Poems



Hidden

I have turned the key
On an old desire
Left it in a room
Where there is no fire

Left it all alone
Windowless and damp
A very old desire
Without food or lamp.

Surely it has died
In so dull a place
Died as does a stem
In a shallow vase

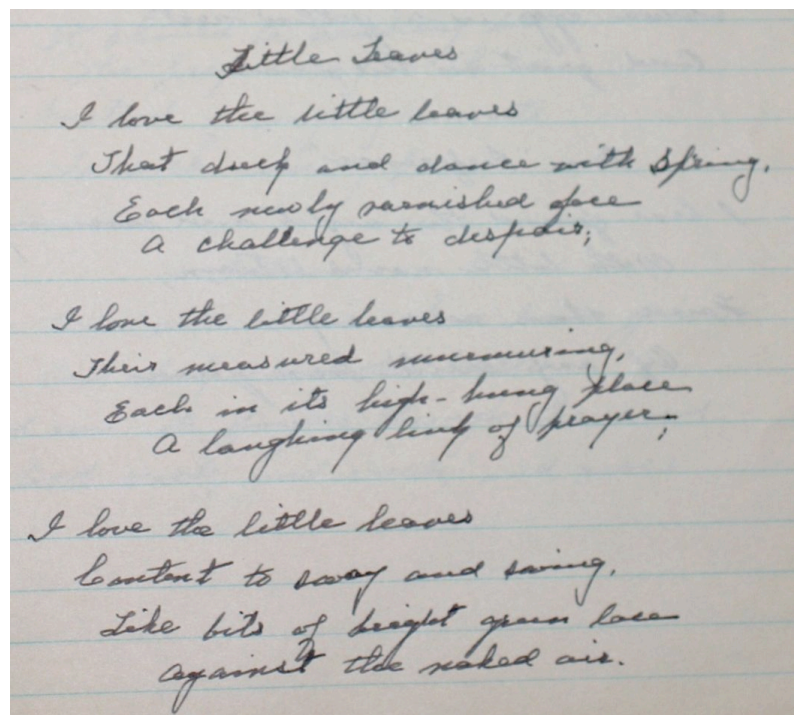
Yet I may not rest
For the ceaseless call
Coming from a thing
Hid behind a wall.

Little Leaves

I love the little leaves
That duck and dance with spring,
Each newly varnished face
A challenge to despair;

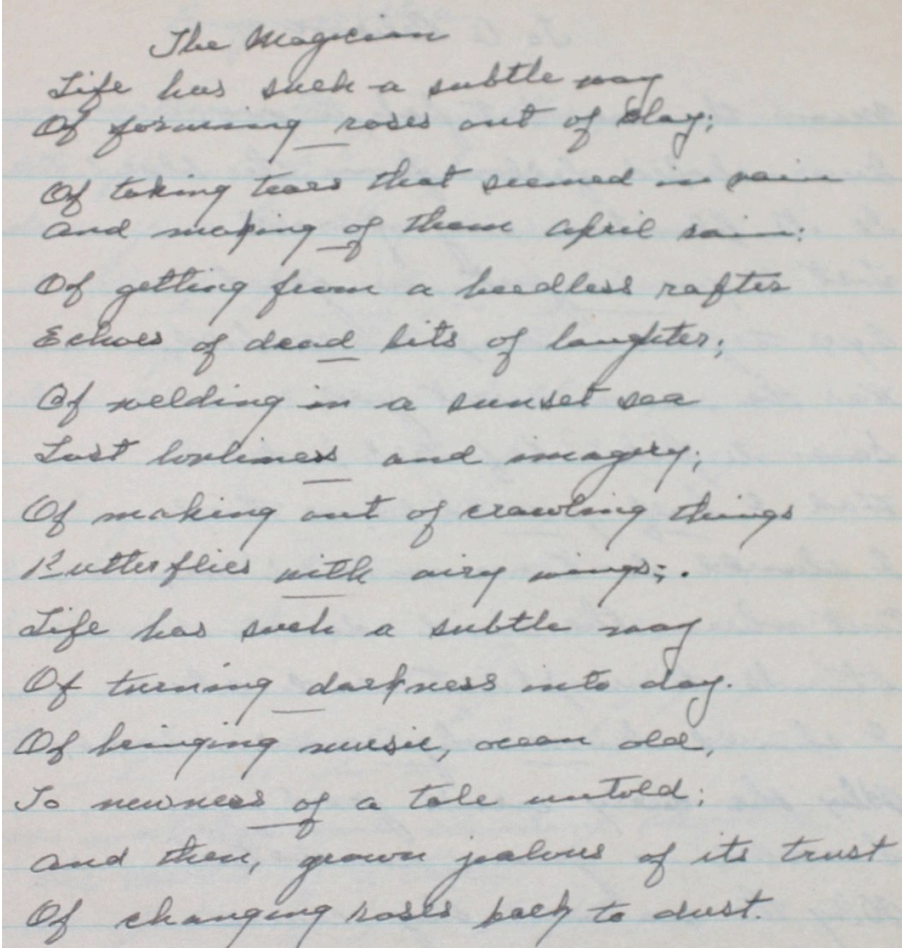
I love the little leaves
Their measured murmuring
Each in its high-hung place
A laughing link of prayer

I love the little leaves
Content to sway and swing,
Like bits of bright green lace
Against the naked air.



The Magician

Life has such a subtle way
Of forming roses out of clay;
Of taking tears that seemed in vain
And making of them April rain;
Of getting from a heedless rafter
Echoes of dead bits of laughter;
Of welding in a sunset sea
Lost loveliness and imagery;
Of making out of crawling things
Butterflies with airy wings.
Life has such a subtle way
Of turning darkness into day.
Of bringing music, ocean old
To newness of a tale untold;
And then, grown jealous of its trust
Of changing roses back to dust.



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Folly

The moon has made me weary
With its silver and its song.
Such ardor is an old thing
Is wrong, all wrong.

It should be limping silently
Across a leaden sky
Or grumbling at the cloud-hills
The wind piles high.

It should be teaching little moons
The proper way to shine
Instead of singing sonnets
To each adoring pine.

Folly

The moon has made me weary
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