

ELOISE BUTLER
20 MURRAY HILL ROAD
MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS
January 11, 1933

Dear Cronies,--

I have been trying in vain for a long time to write to you. The enclosed letter from the aspirant for a position in the wild garden is self-explanatory. Please keep it for me until I see you, for I may wish to show it to Mr. Wirth. I want also to thank you especially, Mrs. Crone, for what you wrote me about the continuance of the wild garden. There's too much of truth in what you say, but I will soon be able to talk with you about the matter in detail. In this time of depression nothing can be done except to hang on by the skin of one's teeth. And what, if there hain't no skin?

I must tell you how much I am pleased with the Crony Xmas package and what a surprise it was. I have found the Magic Slicer a great convenience in preparing salads, the apron just matches a new dress, the Almanac is packed with valuable information, and the lotus seeds came just in time for distribution here, although I have kept some for experiments in Minneapolis. I gave some to one who came to me for advice in starting a large wild flower sanctuary not far from Boston.

Among other gifts I had two books that I would like to share with you-- colored plates of the birds of New England, 86 of them by the noted Fuertes and 2⁺ by Major Allan Brooks who continued the work after Fuertes' death; and a book entitled "WAH'KON-TAH", on the history of the Osage Indians, and written by a native Osage. In it you breath the very air of the western plains.

I hope that you have escaped the prev-

alent flu. We have so far, but I am touching wood! The weather is mild here and sunny for the most part. There has been snow, but it quickly melted away.

Wishing you the Happiest of New Years,

Very truly your friend,

Eloise Butler

Mail Address:
416 5th Ave. So. c/o J.W. Babcock,
Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 29, '32

My dear Mrs. Frazer:

At the request of Mr. Wirth, Superintendent of Parks, of Minneapolis, I am answering your letter to him.

For several years I have been trying in vain to find an understudy for the Native Plant Preserve, as I have fully realized that I would not always be able to "carry on." A year ago I thought I had found the solution of the problem, but was confronted by an impasse which I still hope can be broken down. I recently wrote for advice to my friend Mrs. C.L. Hutchinson, who is director of a large bird and flower sanctuary on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. I am anxiously awaiting her reply, for I greatly rely upon her wisdom. My aims are only to secure the preservation and perpetuity of The Preserve, as well as its helpfulness to students of Botany and lovers of wild life. When these aims are assured, I am ready to fade out of the picture and will promise that not even my ghost will return to haunt the premises.

On the first of October The Preserve is closed until the following April. I realize how valuable your assistance might be, but it would be a waste of time and a needless expense unless you could continue as curator; for my successor would require at least one season's training. Are you willing to accept this position for your life work? My salary is \$60.00 a month from April to October. This is not a year's living wage, but I have been able to get along comfortably with the addition of my teacher's pension. Pardon my brutal frankness. You have a child to care for. You are young. If you are a widow, you may marry again, however firm any present determination not to do so. In that case what would be the fate of the Preserve? The hours are long. The place is open Saturdays and Sundays, because then the general public is most free to visit it. Saturday is my off day. Working by yourself in the woods, far from a telephone, you might not be able to endure the loneliness. Guarding the property from the depredations of the thoughtless or lawless is a disagreeable duty. The park in which the Preserve lies, comprises nearly 700 acres. It has but one police officer and I seldom see him, as his services are usually needed elsewhere. The product of years of experiment may be destroyed at one fell swoop. Through all the years I have practiced rigid economy, the chief outlays, outside of my salary, being the building of the office, fencing and repairs. I have done a man's work on the place, although the Park Commissioners have always readily given me all the help that I have asked for.

Of course my successor, subject to the approval of the Superintendent, would carry out his own ideas as to the proper management of the place, but long usage has given to the public certain rights and privileges.

The office equipment, reference library, photographs, lantern slides, etc. (now my personal property) would be turned over to the Park Commissioners for the use of my successor. From the very first I have kept a "Garden Log" and a card catalogue of the plants both indigenous and introduced. If you and Mr. Wirth come to an agreement, he has suggested that I correspond with you during the winter and inform you more fully of the work.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Eloise Butler