

July 12, 1950

Dear Mrs. VanPelt:-

For more than a week I have been trying to get everything would up and each day holds more than can be done. I also hoped you might be up as I want to talk to you about the White pictures.

You will recall that at the time that I made the little quick snap shots, that I said that they were only a try out and that if we proceeded with a serious article I would do them with the large camera which is a necessity for this type of work. While I was ill I said that I would print up these small ones, which I have done, but I am so dissatisfied with them that I cannot send them out as representative of my work. Also I do not think that the either the time of year or the time of day was right to do justice to Miss White's place.

There are several questions I do want to ask. Do you have any definite placing of this article? And if so with what magazine? I know the standards demanded by the present day editors and I do not want to submit anything particularly of such a place as Miss White's unless it is properly done. It cannot be done in an hour's time, and would take several days of careful study and planning for proper lighting and composition.

I am well aware of my own delay on this but I was pretty well knocked out for nearly a month. I am due, long past due out on the reservation, and am hoping to get off for a week's trip in a few days and then for a longer trip later. In between I can work on this job if it is sufficiently well lined up. With the present international picture, which changes matters decidedly, and the always present possibility that materials will be rationed again, I must be certain of my ground.

If you are in Santa Fe again soon, please call me up. I hope to get off on this first trip by next Monday for certain, possibly before.

I hope you are having a successful time in Albuquerque,

Very truly yours,

In any community, the interesting places are those which express the "genius loci" in a particular individual fashion. In Santa Fe, New Mexico, such a place is the home of Miss A. E. White.

It was planned for her by a painter, William Henderson, who with his wife, Alice Corbin, ^{the Poet} lived here for many years. ^{Puehallow} It has "grown out of the ground" just as truly as the pueblos of the Indians and the one-storied adobe houses in which most Santa Feans dwell. These may be built in the primitive pueblo manner, or with the later "territorial" development where a wide coping of three or four courses of brick, laid in one of several ingenious patterns, protects the earth walls from eroding and adds decorative finish. Indeed the adobe houses are so much the rule that the occasional conventional sloping-roofed brick or wooden house, reminiscent of middle west or New England, seems incongruous.

Miss White has followed the true tradition of hot countries where water is scarce. On all her acres there is not a foot of conventional lawn, but there are many smoothly swept or raked areas of packed earth or gravel. There is some pavement of native flagstone, and occasional combinations of these materials.

The slopes are taken care of by a series of retaining walls of varying heights built of native stone. The clean strong lines give form and unity to the garden, and the strong shadows they create give the necessary contrast with the stretches of plain light surface. Also furnishing this contrast are the deep embrasures of windows and doors, and the pattern made by the vigas (beams) extending beyond the house walls.

The plantings which complete the picture are mostly of native materials, or those which have so adapted themselves to southwest conditions that they are accepted as natives. The pinon pine (*P. cembroides edulis*) and the Rocky Mountain juniper (*J. scopulorum*) show what natives, transplanted as 12-inch high infants, will do under cultivation in 20 years. These two varieties, along with another juniper (*J. monosperma*), furnish cover for many square miles of surrounding country.

The yucca (*Y. glauca*) and the cactus make bold patterns against the hand-moulded plaster surfaces. Blue spruces are used in the corners of the enclosed garden, and are very wisely used only there. Although natives, they have such a connotation of formality that they often seem quite out of place. The billows of the native chamisa (*Chrysothamnus latisquameus*) with their enchanting silvery foliage soften the picture.

The introduced trees, turned native by their willingness to endure little water, are the Black Locust, Tamarisk and

Tree of Heaven (Ailanthus). There is a long allée of the tamarisk which in late May is very beautiful with the feathery pink bloom.

The native Ponderosa pine appears occasionally in the garden, and the Cottonwood, always welcomed in the southwest for its great spreading canopy of leaves which offer dense and welcome shade.

Chapel-like in outward appearance, the lofty living-room gives beautiful background to many treasures.

Pink Locust in