

Cuparo,
13th Dec. 1914.

My dear Mr. Neame, I am writing you today in the hope that some chance steamer will sail before the boat of our regular line which is down to sail on the 17th. The war has caused some distraction among the various steamship lines plying in these waters, but it seems as though we will soon be free of the enemy's commerce-destructors, if Vice-Admiral Sturdee maintains his wholesale destruction of the sick Kaiser's ironclads. He felt pretty sure when Admiral Von Spee sent two of our old, but large, cruisers to the bottom about six weeks ago. With the foundering of the "Sud Epie" one of our most brilliant sons, the late Dr. Edmund de Verteuil, of considerable repute in France, was lost to the scientific world. You may not have heard of him as he was still quite young, about 30, I think, and had spent most of his professional time in the British Army. When placed on the reserve list, some years ago, he returned home, his native home, opened a practice chiefly in cancer cases and was the first to introduce radium into the colony. He married Dr. Rich's sister who with her two infants mourn his loss. Isn't it frightful to think of the enormous amount of grief & anxiety, bloodshed & waste brought on the world by war, malice & greed of powerful nations whose claim it seems, is to have "all the glories in the sun". If all that has come to light in the writings of her professors, the perpetration of her atrocities and the double-faced dealings of her statesmen & her citizens in friendly foreign countries is a foretaste of German "Kultur" but with the rest of the world if it falls under German domination. Although all the signs point to a long war the allies are winning, slowly but surely.

With this letter were sent you and Mr. Neame three small presents, yours
"a few botanical specimens &
a ruler made of our beautiful hard wood, purple heart, (*Peltogyne paniculata*) of the order Leguminosae. It darkens with age. This wood is used for furniture and is very durable. The tree grows to a height of 70-80 & the girth of the trunk reaches 8 ft. Mrs. Neame's, as you will see is a small hand-painted jar made by our native women from the outer part of a small reed-looking plant found among the undergrowth of our forests. The local name is *Tirite* (French) while the systematic name is *Schinus molle* *Parkeri*, order Carnaceae. The ruler is from me, the leaves from Mrs. Carr & the jar from the children.

The year now so near to a close, has not brought any material change in our daily lives. We continue to find pleasure in our surroundings and friends, animate and inanimate, but the time is coming when we must go away for a change. Mrs. Carr needs a rest & the bracing air of the north, and if things do not go very badly with us in the coming year, we mean to make a strong endeavor to go north ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{find} some quiet country place, where we will be away from city noises and amusements.

Fred is away spending the first few days ^{of his Xmas holidays} with school friends and perhaps will not join us in writing to you, but Gladys is now at her little desk doing her duty to her good friend in peaceful Cambridge.

Tomorrow I leave for Trin on my quarterly visit, to return on Wednesday. As these visits involve a short sea trip I enjoy them very much. From Trin it is very easy to get a view of ^{the} North Eastern coast of Venezuela. On the beach one can always find (as did the Columbus expedition) the warm & exceedingly hard fruit of the Moriche palm of the lowlands surrounding the lower banks of the Orinoco, brought by the currents in that vicinity. These fruit are made into pretty ornaments by the natives of Venezuela & quite a good penny could be turned if there were industrial folk on ^{our} coast. Mr. Rorer keeps me informed of ~~it~~ ^{the} character of whom I am always glad to hear.

Our revised Birds Protection Ordinance is now going through Council & I hope it will pass as it left our hands. The hunters and some of our migrants are the only birds left unprotected notwithstanding Mr. Plessers' attempt, when he was in the Island, to influence the Government against some of our useful wood-peckers, tyrannidae, etc. We are all very glad he has left the Island as he showed his true colors to all his acquaintances who were forced to break off friendly relations with him. He is now with his flocks at Crofton, Penn., and is burdened with his Venezuelan collection of birds which were to have been shipped off in Europe, Germany in particular.

Well, my dear old friend, our little chat must come to a close, but not before wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. In these wishes Mrs. Carr and our little ones join.

With much love, yours as ever
W. J. Carr



Carr, Albert Bonus. 1914. "Carr, Albert B Dec. 13, 1914." *Walter Deane correspondence*

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