TINE EVERHARD
Textiles

VALLE DE BRAVO, EDO. DE MEXICO
3 DE MAYO NUM. 3

Wednesday

Darling, darling —
Mother of The Bare Feet,

Thank God — and you, for your letter to-day — and all is well. All worries forgotten. A photograph from him in front of me (yes, he is beautiful — what a face, what determination.) I pictured you in your room in Kastell Ord Waldman, the precious time all by yourself. How right that you did not call Haushe — as sweet as she is, but you would have been tied up in dates — and questioning — and advice on your health and smothering, and all you need is just to be yourself and alone for those short spells that are granted to you. I do understand it so thoroughly. That is one thing I have, in the evenings. When all the people have gone — then there is just Ernestina clapping tortillas in her kitchen, Dippy and the dogs, and a fire, and plenty of work to do — but peace. The week-ends are usually crowded, plenty of calls, although I never invite and hardly ever go out myself, but they come and that's alright. But so often when I think of all the illusions and strain you endure my heart aches and I wish I could share some of this peace with you. It is not without pain, but

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then life cannot be without.
without sacrifice there can be no
reward. You have had a painful and it seems
too agonizing battle to bring your Boat Feet to
light — but you Did. Without the peace
you paid they would not have been born.
Yes, God is good. I too, so often desperate,
have wondered why all the injustice, but one
cannot live with that. One must believe in
one's work or be lost. They have stolen my
money — the battle with Soberanes is lost.
There is no justice in that, but when I see
the workshop with the young men and what
is produced and what I now sell I have to
believe in its Lord and shall carry on.
They (Soberanes) even had the nerve to praise
me as a bona fide painter, and that I was
doing good work but they cheerfully stole
that the money had already been applied
as a fine. There is no logic nor reasoning
which will avail. Five trips to Mexico during
the last few weeks. I do not wish to talk about
it anymore. I only want to work and
make up for all the debts I had to engage in.
But it's alright darling. We'll do it — God
willing.
August has passed — and Mother is well her
precious Boat Feet almost ready to be landed.
I feel rich to-day and full of strength and
hope. Thank you darling for being what you are.

T.