TINE EVERHARD

3 DE MAYO NUM. 3
VALLE DE BRAVO. EDO. DE MEX.

Sunday

Darling – You were in Stockholm to-day with the Haynes. They will have told you about what they saw in Valle de Bravo which I think they loved. I had a very warm little from Dorothy, sweetly reminiscent. What was still a cardage dump when they were here is now a garden. Green grass, getting thicker each time after mowing. It soaks up the heavy rains and bursts forth thereafter. I stick little twigs in the ground and after a little while they sprout. The earth here is so generous. Dispatch's tree is now so woolly that I have to search for him among the leaves. This is his time. The grapes are ripe – the tree is heavy with them and he eats and eats. Cookies with grapes are so delicious he says with his funny little noises. But then he takes a peanut and that with a bite of grapes. It's out of this world and he whistles his little heart out. Augustina is coming back to me. You remember her don't you? It seemed like a special blessing this week. I was so sick and there she sat at my bed one morning with her tolla. She will start the 1st of August and I will

to see them work. I wish you were here to witness if you would love it so. I think I revolutionized Valle de Bravo in regard to heating facilities. Found an illustrated ad in Craft Horizons picturing an open fire-stove offered at $ 375.= (some 4,700.- Pesos) sent to the potters district, had it copied for $40.- (pesos) and it is a roaring success. I put one in Juan's room, one in the sewing room. Blanca has three in the dining room, Olivia ordered 2, and so have many others. You would love me when you saw it. It is just a huge refractory-clay pot with a hole in front and a chimney pipe → . It burns little wood at maximum heat. A godsend in the rainy season when everything sets so damp and mildewed. What a comfort a fire is.



Darling, my darling— Meanwhile it has become Tuesday and I have your precious letter about your take-off to Rancheta. Oh how wonderful,