

TIME EVERHARD · TEXTILES · 3 DE MAYO No. 3 · VALLE DE BRAVO · EDO. DE MEXICO



also solving an urgent problem, the cream,
soapy lip stick. Darling it just embarrasses
me to think how you with so many demands
on you, can think up so much at short
notice. I always seem to be lacking in
my actions. Burr came with his secretary
plus her child at very short notice and
that after only a week and the 2nd of May.
All I could give him for you was a little
wood jacket, may be for a chilly summer
evening. I am not sure whether it will fit
you. I just just gave it away to someone
I have something else for you in the mail
but it wasn't yet ready. anyhow I loved
Burr's visit and I think he too fell in
love with Valle de Bravo. I talked about
getting Nancy here for a vacation.
Some friends from Morelia, who had rented
the small house adjoining the Racine's
out in your neighborhood, where the Racine's
used to live. The Morelia couple invited
us all for lunch, so Burr could see the
little place, which can be rented for 250-
Pesos a week or a week-end, completely
furnished, with that beautiful view.
What a darling person Burr is. I knew
him so little, and never realized he was
that wonderful. Antoinette must be very
proud of him. My friends too were enchanted
with him. Of course, we talked no end about
you and Dr. Dorr. The way as well as the sad
happenings. He has a kind but clear and
analytic mind and a most charming
person.

Everything is quiet once more. The Fiesta
houses have died down and the houses of
people left. The workers have had their vacation
and so many extra holidays. So how be here
to work a little harder to catch up - if we are will.

And now it's Monday - lunchtime already.
 The man who climbed over the wall yesterday was to-day
 fired by the headman directing the construction. It is not exactly
 the way I wished - since fired or not, he can still climb over
 the wall - but the boss was outraged and did not wish to
 keep him on. So we shall make the wall a little higher. Of
 course they tell me I should put broken glass on it - but I
 loath that.

The new workshop is all installed. It was a job, dismantling
 the looms and putting them together again bit by bit. But
 now all done, what a joy. Roomy, airy, good light
 and clean. I now have room for more looms, if
 needed. The shop - where eventually I hope some person
 who loves to sell will be located - is taking shape. They
 are now working on the roof and they better hurry because
 the rains have already made some appearance. Brrr.
 To change the subject, have you heard from Paul Roche
 lately. Some chatterbox of a woman called on me last week
 and states that Paul had left Clarissa with 4 children
 in England (Redding, of all places) and that he was living
 in New York, having fallen for another woman. It is not quite alte
 scheckte, doch, es ist einummer neu. Those things will happen
 of course, but it made me very sad and I keep hoping it
 isn't true. I just read a book written by him, "Vessel of dishonor"



May while the construction is going on and on. It seems endless. In June it will be a year since I started and there is still a lot to be done.

I have seen very little of the Padres lately and it will get less and less because of their forthcoming ordainment. I miss them personally as well as in connection with the work. Hernan used to help me a great deal, transporting my weeds to Xochimilco for finishing and taking care of so many necessary purchases.

Now things are fitting up, and I shall just have to get after things myself. So the first thing is a car, I shall get after that next week. You know darling every thing is fine, if only I weren't so alone with it all, with the sometimes suffocating feeling that I can't move in any direction. And it seems to be getting worse instead of better. I must not lose faith. Some day some one must fall out of heaven who would be interested in this type of life and benefit by it. What if I would die to-morrow. No one to leave it to. The whole thing would just fall to pieces. Not one of the many workers with sufficient interest and/or intelligence to carry on. I wish I had a son or a daughter for that matter. During long given up hope ever finding that five-legged sheep of a husband.

I am just aching to get to Villa Serena - if only for a few days. My favorite niece is getting married in June - in Holland. She will live in Malta, marrying her professor while studying there for 2 years to get her dentist - bill. She begged me to come for her

Wedding - and I would adore to be there - but, can't ^{IV}
Can't Can't... I'm sure I do something wrong
because it isn't normal that I barely left the house
since mid-November, when I came back from my
trip with Mameel and Vernon. Rubbish. I shouldn't
say all that. It's still my baby - and I love it, no matter
how demanding. It's now 10:00 p.m. We had a funny
experience this afternoon. It was the Belador's day off. I
was alone with the girl - Jovita, who had fallen asleep on
the porch. Suddenly there was that man - one of the helpers in
the construction, who had climbed over the wall. I don't
know what his intentions were, but they didn't seem appealing,
or else ~~she~~ might have knocked at the front-door, as is
the normal way. Borso did not attack him, as he refused
him as one of the plores. I was just in the workshop and
hearing some startling noises, made my appearance. I
asked him for whom he was looking and how he got in. He
said that the door was open and that he was looking
for the Belador to borrow some money. I showed him out
fast - was actually quite amused that I succeeded - and
then calmed down the frightened maid, promising her that
anyone who climbed over the wall would receive a well
deserving bullet. I am really no good as a he-boman darling
and I am scared stiff of that 38-caliber pistol I have, but as long
as people know that I have one - it helps.