



on board S.S. Havana  
Oct 6<sup>th</sup> 1930

Dear Mother -

This afternoon about 5, 6, 7 or 8 we land in N.Y. after an agreeable and uneventful 6 day trip. The sea has been neither calm nor rough - the passengers have been neither obnoxious nor, with a few exceptions, intriguing. The food neither too good nor bad, and I have been neither seasick nor have I felt the theoretical beneficial effects of sea life.

Havana was a surprise. So much so that I forgot to send you a postcard of it. It is has much glitter and show, broad avenues, handsome houses, and a sea promenade like Nice or Naples, with even more color than Mediterranean cities. Veracruz too presents a finer appearance than I had expected from the many unflattering description I have heard of it. The humidity and heat are frightful. The natives look haggard and exhausted - so I ~~suppose~~ suppose too the visitors were in a too depressed mood to see the town at all.

Madge has, I suppose written you of the

rail trip from Veracruz to the City. It is most spectacular - the next time you come to Mexico you must take that trip.

Just before leaving Mexico, Gertrude had a birthday party; it started in the morning and lasted all day. Too many ~~men~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~party~~ were drunk, but Gertrude was the only one ill from the effects. In the evening we heard a very good Spanish musical comedy company, in which was starred a certain, P. Clark Larra, a "contraband" son of an American in Mazamilla and childhood friend of Gertrude; he was a news boy there and had been sent to Europe to study singing by the State.

I am excited about getting back to civilisation for a while but especially about seeing you, which I hope, will be in a few days after I land. There are certain things which must be done in N.Y. before I go on to Woodbury. There are so many things to talk about that I will leave them until I see you.

The two nicest people on board are Mrs Sheldon Whitehouse, whose husband is now Minister to Guatemala, and Baron Lejeune, a most amusing Frenchman. Both of them know every body in Paris - some of them friends of mine. It makes me more homesick for France than I ever could be for New York.

With much love  
Scho