

Road 4, Colonia del Valle

D.F. Mexico.

Monday, Aug. 18th 1930

Dear Mother -

Again in disgrace for **not** having written to you for as long, and as ever I have no excuses except that my continual round of idle pleasures makes me lazier and lazier. It was a surprise to me last Thursday evening when I came home to my old witer guardian, Doña Trinidad Coria Parra at 15 Calle de la Vera Cruz, Taxco to find Madge sitting on the doorstep. Gertrude and the children had gone to Cuernavaca, because the cooks in Mexico had been fired, and Madge traveled on in a car full of peons to Taxco. She had a pleasant time there as Natalie Scott was very nice to her, altho they are extremely different types. We swam, rode horse back and enjoyed the Maria fiesta which was on at the time. There was the grandest "castillo" that I have ever seen. a castillo is a set piece of fire works which goes off in sections, causing special hilarity when a rocket shoots at the wrong angle, burning its way into the crowd. There is a musical accompaniment rendered by a scrubby Indian band, turning popular melodies into ungodly thumping discords. There are daylight castillos too - elaborate bamboo constructions built up on forty- or more-foot poles, from which are hung baskets of paper flowers, animals and dolls of colored paper, crowns, crosses, balloons etc, all of which explode, spin about, shoot up in the air, or perform some other unexpected trick. On Sunday morning, Natalie and Madge drove my car to Iquala in the "tierra caliente", and in the afternoon I drove with Madge to Cuernavaca where we picked up Gertrude and Dorothy and we all came on to the city as I had to come up on business anyway.

Beloit thinks that I told you of the President's visit to Taxco two weeks before that. He came on Saturday the second of August. The whole town was

a maze of triumphal arches, floral festoons and paper flags and many many Indian bands, with a proportionally large number of discords. A group of "us Americans" were on a balcony in the plaza, and as he passed he bowed to us each extremely graciously which much impressed the towns folks. Señor Ortiz Pascual Rubio was to have passed the night in the new house of Moises Saenz, the Secretary of Charities and brother of Aaron Saenz who is the Sec. of Public Education. Workmen had been falling over each other for days and nights trying to get the house finished on time, but the President sniffing the freshness of it decided to stay elsewhere, to the great chagrin of Moises. He decided however that we should all make merry in spite of Ortiz Pascual - so his house and wine cellar was opened for the benefit of his American friends. I have dined there several times since, and am enjoying intimacy with the political party in power.

My time for leaving Mexico is almost at hand - and it seems so foolish to move on when I could do so much more work here now when I am just getting the "feel" of the country. I must decide at once if I am going to stay three or four months longer. It seems much the same thing to do as there is no knowing whether I will ever be back again. Perhaps in four months more I would have enough material for a series of sketches on Mexico which could be published in book form. I could perhaps ^{be allowed to use} have my Fellowship in Mexico instead of the Far East: and dash up to New York & Woodbury for a short while soon, I am waiting for an inspiration - and am giving myself two more days of grace.

It is too bad you cannot come to live in Taxco - you would enjoy the quantities of flowers and the perfect temperature. The rains have been all