

Mexico City, Thursday.
Jan. 23/58

Dear family -

I write your father today, and send that our news I hoped was good news, and that your mother is getting on well. It will take a lot of patience for convalescence after a long operation is slow and tedious.

I just came home after a trip down town to see the doctor. You would hardly know Mexico City these days. There has been more snow - and more severe cold than they have had in the memory of any one living here - so the papers say. As I came home today Pops and the sleeping woman and Agnes were to be seen from every direction covered with snow to their knees, and an icy wind blowing. You see only a few poor souls in the street without an overcoat, something I have never seen before.

It has been cold, for Mexico City, for several weeks but it really started last Friday with a heavy rain in the valley which continued for 54 hours without interruption. On the mountains, and the alto plains of course it was snow. We went to Carravaca last Friday afternoon, and

as soon as we got into the house, I went to bed with the gripper. Salador & Sunday were awful dogs and in spite of the big fire places the house was cold and every body shivered - the only difference was that I shivered in bed with fever, and the others in the living room. To top it all we were without current for 12 hours as the heavy snow in the mountains broke down over two lines between Mexico City and Cuernavaca.

When we returned to Mexico City the highway had 6 to 8 inches of snow on it still, and it was like driving thru Switzerland in winter, with the high mountains completely covered. Every patch of ground was covered. For us at home of course to see the ground entirely covered is no novelty - but for the people here it was like a wonderland.

In Mexico City & Cuernavaca the night temperatures fell to 6° to 9° below zero (Celsius) every night and we have had no glimpse of sun - except for an hour or so yesterday.

The polo field on the Reforma was covered with snow,
as well as many parts of the Lomas, and the Chapultepec
Park looked like Central Park in New York during a big
snow storm. Roads were blocked for days in every
direction except to Cuernavaca and the direction of
Acapulco.

We even have difficulty in keeping our little
"Chicken Coop" in Mexico City; worse so far. The
weather men says the worst is over but I see no
signs of it.

Wm. Connelley was coming here for the formal
opening of Tinguambula this last Monday, but when
he got to New Orleans Sunday night by air,
he could not go farther, & returned to Washington.
He was terribly disappointed for I had looked
forward to a good visit with him, since he
took on his new job in the Bank, he practically
never comes to Mexico and a young Columbian
named Franco who is a very fine fellow comes
here for Connelley.

Worin is well. I seem to be a job and have
so many of his miseries, but when I see what
is happening to so many of our friends here, my
patience is reinforced. That reason spends
most of his time in Acapulco and is just back
here for a week but the doctors let him go to
the office only several hours a day, and the rest
of forenoon he has to go to his Acapulco house
for a long stay. Brewster seems has not been
well, and just made a trip to the Ochsner Clinic
in New Orleans again where they told him there is
nothing wrong with his heart, and it is case
a pressure on a nerve. He is going to Curacao
this week and for the first time in months.
Ed Cannon left hurriedly for the Ochsner Clinic
a week ago panicky because he felt so
miserable. I can't continue the list - but it
is incredible how many of our old friends
are sort of breaking up.

My mornings are fine, but about 2 p.m. every day the malarious fever strikes me and keeps me unshapely until 5 or 6 p.m. and then leaves me flat for the evening as it is so exhausting. My men however think it is losing intensity. The doctor says in another two months it should be well under control. It is a strange malady. He lost about 12 pounds, and will have to do something about my wardrobe!

We are supposed to go to Cuernavaca tomorrow for the week end but unless the sun shows its face tomorrow morning, I shall be in favor of staying in town for we can keep the house here more comfortable than in Cuernavaca.

The Marys left by train Tuesday morning for Berlin. The whole family went. Jean is to go to Grammar school there for some months and then to Mass. Tech. Annette is to be married to a Frenchman here immediately after Easter - he is about 12

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years older than she. Margaret is well but overworked,
and Christine is really not well - she can't take
changes in altitude without considerable inconvenience.

There is much that I would like to write or
talk over with you, about Mexico, and our own
Country, and the rest of the world. There is
so much that we can't begin to write - so
I have written you this gasping note.

Marion joins in much love to you &
John, and the children, and to your mother &
father and all the family. Our special love
to your mother, Always fondly yours,

Grace

My best love to Bertham when you talk with him.
Tell me about your visit to the Foundation
lectures.