

Wed. Sept 6 '67

Box 3434

Cde - 32020

Manquindo Don y magnífica Ruth,

Estoy en Cuernavaca at last. No puedo
creerlo que estoy aquí.

Irene has a beautiful home behind
a high wall with a gate to be opened and
shut as the car goes in and out. There are
several levels of garden - a patio - a
pool - one of 3000, they say, in Cuernavaca.
A family of servants came with the house
when they bought it - 2 women and 2 men.
None of them speaks English. I don't always
understand them - but how pleased I am
when they understand me.

All of Cuernavaca seems a garden - mosaic-
color. The places we dine about 2:30
are behind high walls - in beautiful gardens -
well swept lawns - waiters in spotless white
hoses with concern. All is peaceful, unhurried,
usually soft music in background.

Mexico must be experienced. It can't be
described. Coming in, as we did, by car -
sets the background and mood. The
things I will remember are the little shelters
built of woven sticks where people will
bundles wait by the road side for endless
buses - a crowd of people walking
down a side road toward a church yard
carrying a bright blue wooden coffin on
their shoulders. It pitched from side
to side - up and down. I couldn't help
but see above the roofs inside
the endless number of burros carrying
bundles or ridden by men - well
back on the rump. Women walk behind

The people seem as though from
endless ages in the past - same
way of life and customs. I didn't
see the dirt and poverty - only a
people who know how to be happy with
nothing. There was no look of distress
or sadness on their faces - In the
cities you do see mini skirts and
more modern ways - but I do believe
it will take a long time to spoil these
people with "things".

I am having a tough time of altitude sickness
(6,000 ft) but I have learned how
to deal with it from N.C. experience.
Sal Hydration - B12 shots and a day
in bed.

I am sorry I can't stay longer this
time. Will leave sometime next week.

But I will surely be back.

Our experience crossing the border is a
story in itself. Irene went out of the
country in a Cadillac and returned in a
Ford LTD. We just missed the bridge at Brownsville -
and were told to go back and cross at
Raynosa. This confused the gate people -
much warning of arms - first Spaniards and
Irene was taken back up long stairs to get
the most especially. Then at the U.S. gate
I was a problem - not having left home with
papers in Spanish. So I had to prove I was
a U.S. citizen. We felt like international
spies. At Raynosa Irene was missing
her car paper - and it took $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours

you all the red tape. It seems there
is a black market in ears and
she was suspected of being one of them.
I have never been better. I sat in a
table in the only spot of shade. One
little brown man in an official cap
came up to chat - not too successful -
but I knew he was friendly -
at last we were permitted to leave -
with many - "bien suerte" and
smiles. We were cleared of suspicion.
Gene is 48 tho. she looks much younger
she both have a frail look - and I
can't imagine any one taking us
for crooks. So - you might say -
I have been to Mexico twice.

x x x

Gene just phoned to say the Ford
people report some sort of timer on
her new car is broken and they
must send back to the States for
it. One of the problems of a foreign
land.

Hope all is well with you. Your interesting
letter arrived the morning we left. ☺
Do we ever know when we have found
the "grail"? When you get home again
and put together all the bits and
pieces - you will know it was there.
Love

Larry M -

Here it is cool - about 70° average.

Mrs L. Main
Box 5434
Daytona Beach - Fla. - U.S.A.

Mrs Mrs D. St. John
Via Aurelio Sapi 70
Roma
Italia

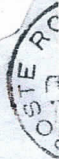
CORREO AEREO

5/10 - Sunday

PAR
AVION



APPLICARE
IL NUMERO
DI CODICE



Wed. Sept 10, '67
Box 3434

Maguindo Don y Maguinda Ruth, Cde - 32020

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