CASA MARÍA
SAN GERMAN, PUERTO RICO

Emnil de.

Clearing up my desk preparing to leave Casa Maria,
and put my hand on your last letter.
So I decided not to play it down until it
was answered.
So many times I have answered it; in my
mind, then gone on to do some needed thing.
At least, it seemed to be necessary and keeps
me busy; too busy to talk to my friends.

Yesterday about two a group of thirteen students,
boys and girls and their art teacher Mrs. Castile,
came up into the patio and loggia and front terrace.
Soon they were all busy and quietly sketching
some corner or arch of facade, and painting
it with or from their little boxes of water colors.
A few of the sketches were good, some more
attractive as to color. But all enjoyed their work,
and I wished I were working with them. They have only
This winter has gone by very quickly and very happily. Aside from Harry's few day attack of frost, we have been well, and my little attacks of fever.

He has had only two dinner parties and too often morning teas for some new faculty women.

By the way, the faculty is a small group of interesting folk, including refugees from Spain, France, Austria, and Germany, and the old ones you know.

I am so sorry to hear of your painful arm and shoulders. Ted Edward could cure it, I know, but it would not stay cured if you go back to a cold house— I hope the warm weather will help. Can you keep a piece of flannel on your back between your shoulders? That is where the trouble originates.

Carol Morgan spent two nights with us this week. She is gathering material to make a small book on Latin America. She looks just as young as ever.

I must not forget your most important family event—Donald's wedding. I hope you are
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Sorry to find your new daughter as satisfactory as you have your adopted son. Margaret's husband is still very ill, as she surely ought to be.

By the way, Dr. Galasso spoke very much of Helen and her work recently. He and his brilliant wife spent the night with us the week we arrived in Puerto Rico. He enjoyed them both very much.

He is sailing for home May 15th and so the house is rather upset. Half packed, half dismantled.

Harry spends his mornings sitting in the sun on some Alba trying to systematize the work of his seven men. He is building a few walls, some steps connecting a series of gardens on the hill top. It will be a lovely place when
finished.

There has been no rain for about a month, indeed, I think we have had about three rainy afternoons since our arrival.

Everything was burning up with heat, and dying with thirst. Day after day we have watched clouds gather over the mountains, grow black and threat-ringing, then sail away toward Mayaguez, and the sun come out hot and dry.

But this afternoon, the blessed rain came. A great, heavy rain. Filling the patio, pulsing down the roadsides. A sound not rain.

And tonight another little shower.

Now things will grow. Tom, Ray and I can tires plant with safety.

I'm longing to see the defiance in our home garden. Some are already in blossom.

Give our best to Bill. I hope the calves are fat and shining and bring in many dollars.

April 20, 1941

Love, Mary.