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Letter from Hubert Creekmore to Mittie Horton and Hiram Hubert Creekmore (undated)

Hubert Creekmore

Mittie Horton Creekmore

Hiram Hubert Creekmore

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MEXICO, D. F.

Wednesday Morning.

Dear Folks:

I'll try to catch up on my trip before going out to see the City. In Orizaba I had a two-hour ride all over the place for 5 pesos, or \$1.00 to you. The driver could not say more than five English words and as I knew more Spanish than that, we carried on in that language. However, after saying something was "my hermosa" or "bonito" and where to go next, we had to drop the subject as neither could make much contact. He drove me out into the mountain jungles, past rows of banana thatched huts, surrounded by dogs, through solid forests of banana trees with coffee bushes filling the space between them. We found little villages with a weedy plaza and a church in ruins; went to

a canyon with a beautiful cascade,
to a point of land with a beautiful
view of the Volcano Orizaba. It was
a cloudless morning and the mountain,
snowcovered half way down, seemed
to go up to an enormous height
(actually over 18,000 ft.) ~~Back~~ The
woods were filled with orchid-
ribbed trees, like ours have
moss, on the coast, but none were
blooming.

In the town we drove by the
market — not very interesting — the
Alameda park, some churches, and
in one I went into the Sacristy to
see the old murals (1794) and a huge
elony chest inlaid with pearl from
the time of Philip II of Spain. It
was almost as long as our living
room and about waist high — not
beautiful, but impressive. I went
by the school, too, where a fresco
by Rivera (?) is in the courtyard
— significant because most of



MEXICO, D. F.

the Revolution have been born in
Orizaba -

I got a train with so-called
pullman at 10:45 AM and besides
four other passengers found Diego
Rivera, the famous artist, on it with
his wife. He had grizzly hair, a
fat stomach, a blue work shirt,
blue corduroy trousers and greasy
black brogans. She is rather pretty,
with elaborate earrings and necklace,
purple silk plaited in her hair a
red jacket with yellow design all
over it, purple shirt with green
bands, and wide white calico
ruffle, and a black rebozo to top it
all. I sat by them on the observation
platform. They held hands, waved
at workmen, chattered, brought
all kinds of things to eat - once he
came in with an armload of bread
and they already had baskets of figs

mangoes, bananas, stalks of orchids (also
in her hair) and much else. They
ate tortillas, frijoles, etc for lunch
and at ~~one~~ once went into a siesta.

I took a picture of this from the
rear, ~~but~~ but with the train, the light,
my excitement — I opened the camera
without winding the film — I suppose
I got nothing. I could have talked
with them, but knew of nothing to
say worth breaking in for. They
spoke about me — I could under-
stand that much, — and she smiled
encouragingly several times — but
I did not do anything. I guess I'm
sorry now.

The train ride was amazing.
It seemed to go straight up, and
after hours, you found yourself on
a mountain peak above a town
you thought miles away. We could
see Orizaba most of the way. Dogs
would follow the train at a gallop
for miles — people appeared almost
anywhere you might look — even
cows grazing on upright slopes.



MEXICO, D. F.

I don't care much for the City. It reminded me of New Orleans at once when I drove from the hotel. I have a big room with 2 beds, 2 closets, bath, balcony over a park — really a small apartment, as a kitchen was also there in an empty closet — 8 pesos — not even \$2.00. The hotel is full of Americans, and there's no such thing as a cab for 50 pesos. There were letters from Selma here, and one from my friends, who left Monday for Acapulco, asking me to join them. They have their own house, and I think I'll go there tomorrow.

Last night I went to the Palace of Fine Arts to a concert by the E. S. Coolidge Quartet which is giving 6 concerts here. The au-

dience looked just like Carnegie
Hall, and some faces even looked
very familiar. The glass curtain
was showing + was even more ugly
than the rest of the building.

I must go now and
see what's here to see - will
write later -

Love -

Herbert -