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Est., La California,  
November 17th., 1937.

Dear Marco,

Atlast I have plucked up courage to write to you, I have been damned slack about not answering your letter, but the time has gone like the wind, and before I realized it I was a month and a half behind. I have been having a hell of a time here, a hell of a time, working like a nigger although your Pop says I am doing nothing of the kind, but I have gone down atleast four or five kilos already and am building up hard muscle by the square metre. I had such a hell of a holiday before I came here that I feel that I dont need another one for a couple of years to come. What with seeing you and those marvellous shoots I had and shooting all over the country side, what a hell of a holiday, my golly. What do you think of old Frank going paseando up to Rio, he is, according to reports, crazy about it as he has never been out of the country before, what a hell of a time he will have there wont he, bathing and giving the girls a scare up there etc. I wish he would come up to the T.L. with his Pop, then we would have some fun. Auntie Olga is trying to start a young mens polo Club here comprising of You, Frank, Jimmy and Myself if I can learn to hit a ball by that time, I sincerely dont it, damn it all. I am in the middle of alfalfa cutting now so dont get a chance to get on a horse but I have had spells of it, dipping the cattle, monthly recuentos and moving the cattle from one paddock to the other. By the way what



do you think of the Chancheria tambo cows, it takes a whole p.m. to take them to the Bretes, they make me wild as anything. The peones all pull my leg like hell when I first came here but I can give them tit for tat now, extraordinary chaps you get working dont you, Pedro is about the only one who behaves like a human. He has just taken the stallion back as the Cavanaghs have been asking for him, we have the T.L. percheron stallion here amongst all the cart mares, he is a jolly fine one too, its the one bred out here I think ,not imported.

The only thing I want you to get me from A.& Fitches is a torch, but I am in no particular hurry for it, so any time you are near there and have nothing to do would you do me the favour of buying it, it looks a jolly good torch, rather expensive \$12.75 USC. I dont want to go falling over rocks running after horses, like I did up at Pintus you remember, and if I do fall I dont want it to get wet, this wont as its waterproof? You might get also about a dozen Camp Blanket Pins at five cents each, they are jolly usefull things, the torch is called Vapor-proof Searchlight, Remember I am in no hurry for them and you can bring them out with you and use them also. Ambrosio has not been sacked again, what a devil he is isnt he? I think Don Alberto is a jolly decent fellow he is a jolly decent to me, and always helps me. Old Ernie has gone into Rosario again to see the doctor, he is always complaining about his ailments etc., and your father has gone out



riding, the first time for over a month, old Duke was fat as blazes and didn't like the cinch at all, but soon settled down, so I am left in charge of the office, and have to attend to the odd telephone call, so this is a good opportunity to practise my typing although I have such rotten writing that your father wants me to practise that more, he has given me a colossal book about livestock in Great Britain, I suppose you have seen it, and I am struggling through it, but it is quite interesting.

Marjory went in for the V.T. races on Bruja, the horse Aunt Jo rode last year and didn't do so bad on, but Marjory couldn't do a thing against these experts, and came a bad last in each of the races, Eva Cavanagh won both of them, I think she wins every time. By a ~~sixx~~ stroke of luck the Roberts stopped in on their way down and asked me so of I hopped( your father went up to the Chaco the same p.m. to see Hamilton ~~off~~, and we had a foul journey arriving at the Santa Emilla Estancia, where the Denisons are staying, at 12 p.m. having started off at 2, it had rained all the way, then next a.m. we went to the races, 12 leagues away. It was jolly good fun though, I had never been to V.T. or the races before, there was quite a crowd from B.A. All the Cadmuses were there also the Douglasses, Margaret went in for the races, and came third and fourth respectively, she is looking fine and rode jolly well, is she the latest???? They had a dance the last evening, which I didn't enjoy very much as I found I couldn't dance to save my life, and



caused a commotion banging in to all the old crocks, how they swore, George Daly was in good form, started the evening by singing "Have you ever seen a girl do wee-wee- well, I have??" Que barbaro. George Cadmus got off with all the Murphys, what neaches they are arent they, I remember you telling Franky and I about them, I wish I knew them, pero que vamos a hacer???

The party broke up at five a.m. and I had 12 leagues to my bed a young man called Cutts was taking me home, Unfortunately it started to rain again, so it took us 3 hours to get there, we went in two camioncitos Murray Stallard in one ,and as it was so muddy we took off our trousers, what a sight we looked covered in mud, we got stuck every ten minutes, and to finish off we crashed in to the other camioncito, which had passed out, but these chaps didnt care they just went on lo mas campante. We got there at 9 a.m. and the Roberts started off for home at ten so I had no time for sleep. It certainly was an experience, but on the whole well worth it. I won about \$15.- which went west in a champagne bottle Arturo Kenny rode in most of the races, and won every time, what a marvel the fellow is, it was fine to see the way he managed those ponies.

We have been having extraordinary weather here, and although we are in the middle of November we havent had a single real hot day yet always clouding over and getting pretty cold sometimes.



When your father went North, Hamilton was skinning 12 animals a day there, because of the drought, it hadn't rained since the beginning of the year I don't think, but he has just received a telegraph saying it has rained 90 m.m. so that ought to help some just imagine what it must have been like up there.

I killed an old Ma comadreja a week or two ago and am going to try tanning it like yours, just for an experiment. Have also a big grass-snake skin, which am thinking of making into a hat-band of sorts. I have been riding the Caudillo and Conejo, but that new ~~xxxxxx~~ recado that I have (the one you saw when you were here) has been causing all kinds of trouble, these people can't even make a saddle blast em. The bastos are like iron, and the forks so narrow that nothing much can be done with it, but the chap in Las Rosas fixed it up and it isn't breaking the horses' backs now. What a nuisance it is. Your Mother and Father say they have written to you a few days back so that you ought to be getting them before this arrives, if it ever does. I bet you are getting pretty fed up of this letter, but any way it is a load off my chest, tell me some of your doings up there, there must be plenty of excitement, parties that you have every night etc., and don't swat so much you blighter or beggar (that reminds me of Billy Storey???) Eve is going to have another wee babe soon, don't suppose he will be so wee either. Tess and Jock are still going strong, but there doesn't seem to be much luck with the pups, naughty little Tess.



I have oiled all the polo-sticks several times, saddle-soaped all the harness and have cleaned all the guns, all this during the wet weather. The lawn is looking fine now or atleast better than a few days ago, perhaps by the time you come out it will have been finished, what a job that was meta cart earth here there and every where. Your father got some cardenales to let go here, but half of them died(4 left), we let them go the other day and havent seen much of them, allthouth we can hear them every now and then. I have been taming all the little foals with Pedro, it was jolly good fun to see how they are turning out, we cabresteaded them and handled them all over, they are very tame now, one or two look as if they are going to turn out fine. We cant do much with your little foal from the alazana, which I beleive is yours as it is so mala and always going haraing about, and we cant get near it/.

Well, old pop, I hope you havent given me up for lost, and I hope this letter isnt too boring for words, tell me all the latest went you. What do you think of ~~xxx~~ old Cuff taking over St. George's College, jolly good eh, and I hope he puts them in order again, my brother is supposed to be getting terrible unrully. Your father has been very busy half the time ~~xx~~ he is out of place either at the T.L. or in Rosario. The locusts have left us after putting eggs all over the place, which will be coming out soon Dont forget the good old camping out trips we had, for shant????

yours for ever,

*Red*