Frederick Starr Papers

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52 of 57 notebooks

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Mexico Trip: 1920 (52) No 2.

Frederick Starr
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Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.

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Sept. 25. my card and brought back the woman's empty basket and she soon left. He now returned and showed me to Bishop Ruiz. We had to go up two flights of stairs and through some halls (corridors). When finally I was ushered in he did not look in the least natural. No great wonder. He received me kindly, and as soon as we were seated said he believed I had made a mistake and was looking for the Archbishop of Morelia (who is, of course, the man I know). That there are two Ruiz, who is the archbishop of Michoacan and himself, Maximino Ruiz, obispo auxiliar de Mexico. We had, however, a pleasant visit. In his exile he two went first to San Antonio and then to Guatemala where he spent something more than a year. The Archbishop of Michoacan will be here within the next fortnight and he agreed to give him my greetings. When I was ready to leave he insisted on accompanying me to the lower door where we parted most friendly. You may be sure that if I go there again the porters will treat me with distinguished courtesy. It was now quite 7 o'clock and I took my homeward way well. I noticed that the miracle was heavily headlined in the evenings Las Noticias. ——— In the morning I

28th Sunday. went out to Colonia Vallejo. Jonas the boy alone, finishing up some kites. He delivered his stock yesterday to his tienda. He now has an order for a dozen here in the Colonia at a better price 0.24 a dozen. When he had finished and she came back, we went out to deliver the dozen kites and receive the payment. When we came back he had his coffee and bread and dressed himself in his new clothes. Yesterday he exchanged the shirt we bought for another: I hope he collected the difference in value, because there must be a full half-price difference. The new one is black and is still so much too large for him that he had to wear his blouse to keep it from being painfully evident. I asked to see his shoes: they were unspeakable and inconceivable. I did not care, however, to go hunting shoes, till my own is a sufficient trial. So

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I gave her $10. The last shoes cost $.50. I told her to use the rest for material for a shirt. I had now done all his outfitting save a hat. My own preference was for a little cloth one like what he has: he however had his ideas. We rode into town and in Merced we got a palm hat, his own choice for 0.60. It was now quite close to noon and I put him onto the car and dispatched him. I myself was at the Museo Nacional at 11.50. I spent my time in the Sala de monolitos and became a little impatient when 12.20 came without Palacios. However, he appeared at that time and we made an inspection of the Calendar Stone. He showed me the marks that he considered spurious and they maybe so. They certainly are not made with the firmness and certainty of the others. They just spoil his count of 416 made in the space without them. He claimed to find his 416 again in the two pairs of great legs from Tula. Here there are clearly eight ligatures (four in each pair) and if each stands for 52 years he gets the 416 clearly enough. I asked him quite frankly, whom he suspects of having made the spurious marks. He says he purposely made no mention in his paper, but he suspects Abadiano. Abadiano made the plaster reproductions once and he could then have had the opportunity. Of the two conjoining faces in the serpents mouth, he identifies one as the Sun and calls attention to the identity of (a) the ear ornament, (b) the middle forehead mark, here seen in profile; while they are points in the central sun face. The second face is Quetzalcoatl (= Venus?) When he heard of my old photograph, reproduced in my pilgrim, he begged me to examine it carefully and see if the spurious (?) marks are absent or present. I remained with him until 12.30 when I pleaded my dinner engagement. He had an auto waiting and begged me to stop and take a grape-juice with him. This we did at the French place opposite the Hotel Sturbide. While there he spoke of the Chontal purple: he has seen it dyed. It is not a murex: that much is certain. His description coincided absolutely with what I had heard. He spoke of an interest

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ing Indian celebration at Salina Cruz on From his
description it was graceful and attractive. He now took me
on to Cordoba 77, where I had just twenty minutes to change and
get to Liverpool 19. I took carriage of course and made my ap-
pointment. Mrs. Starr Hunt is under the weather, a cold caught
at my lecture yesterday. We were four at table – Jh., Mrs., Jack and
I. The dinner was quite an elegance. We went out into the garden afte-
ward and sat there chatting. Jack it seems is quite fond of pets. He brought
back with him from Oaxaca two fawns: the male died and is buried
in the garden: the other was brought out for inspection. We talked of
many things, but her most interesting story was about the mummy. It
seems there was an American doctor here. On one occasion, when he
was getting ready to leave the country some people were waiting in his
waiting room and saw the carpenter closing some cases. Asking what was
in them they were told pottery. The carpenter being absent for a few minute
they curiously lifted the cover to look in and saw a human foot – then
the other and filled with horror hastened out to denounce the matter
to the police who at once seized the thing, which proved to be a female
human body, desiccated, in a glass case. The story at once gained
ground that she was some unfortunate victim of his, whom the
Doctor had at some time made way with. However, the story finally
came out that she was a woman whose husband had adored her. On
her death she was buried as usual, but some time after she had been
disinterred perhaps for purposes of removal: that the body was found
mummified, though the two sides of the face were in very different
conditions, as a dip of water had fallen to decay and shrunken
on the one side. However finding the body thus the husband kept it by
him in his house, dressing and adorning it and putting it in a
glass case. When he died, he left the lovelic to his son, who
fell into hard times and took the thing from town to town as an
object of show for money. Taken ill he passed into Dr. S. hands who
healed him. Having no money to pay his bill so he turned the curio,
his own mother's mummy, to the Dr. in lieu of cash. The story with
a gruesome picture appeared in the newspaper. I thought
perhaps I could get the books I have decided to buy and went
from here by carriage to the centre, but everything was shut and I
had my trip for my pains. I was back about 5:30 and did some

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work before my hostess and the maids appeared. — Palacios had
27th telephoned for an appointment and we had said anytime before
8.30 a.m. When, then, a gentleman was announced I naturally sup-
posed it to be him. It proved, however, to be Rosendo Sandoval, who
came to present me a map of the Distrito Federal; it is dated 1899
and was in part his work so that his name appears upon it. He
had already eaten, but sat by, while we were eating: after which he
took his leave. Palacios came shortly after, bringing me an auto-
graphed copy of his Calendario paper. — I was now free and left for
town with a long list to care for as I may leave tonight, if there is
an extra car, though hoping there will not be one to spoil my
engagement at Mr. Lewis'. My first errand was to the railway
offices to see Cardenas. He was very nice and says there is almost
sure to be an extra car on Wednesday and not sooner, which seem-
ed me well as fitting actually with my already-made plans.
I now went over to Hauser's, where I gave him the October check,
paid him $20. for Mrs Vasquez as a gift; and left a check to be
cashed for money in hand. I got my linoing from Carhart, which
suits me all right and is cheap enough at $2.00 Next to the
National Library which seems to me in better condition than ever
before. after taking a look around it I called on Juan B. Iguiniz,
the assistant-director. He already had a caller but was delighted
to see me. He at once called my attention to my portrait in their
publication on writers upon the history of Jalisco. He also present-
ed me a copy of his little book on El Escudo de Armas Mexica-
nos and would have given me a copy of the other but I told him,
I already had one. Asking him about Biblos, a number of which
lay upon his desk, he told me it is a weekly. I mentioned that
he has published some book-plate data in it. He agreed to make
up a set for me. He has a collection of Mexican exlibris, numbering
some two-hundred and offered to supply me some of which he has
duplicates. all in all we had an agreeable visit. I now
went to Vanegas Arroyo's, where I found only four of the same designs
on hand. He added to this a great lot, which apparently he believes
I do not possess, including a new Guadalupe miracle, and
a great lot of calaveras; also the verses of the late Jochtli, pub-
lished on the occasion of the death of Don Antonio Vanegas Ar-

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-royo, who is apparently the grandson of the house and the father of the man who has lately been waiting on me and whom I assume to be D. Blas. There is a brother, named Antonio (Jr.) who is a queer sort of a fellow. In wrapping up my bundles, they have been using copies of Mensudencias (periodico dependiente del Pueblo). The two numbers I have seen are Tomo 1. 5 and Tomo 1 Oct. 13. 1919 and Oct. 27. These are truly laid in the old style of the house. I do not know that it lives, or whether he gave me a series, but it is interesting. I now humbled my pride sufficiently to go to Porrua's and ask the books re Revolution seen the other day. Some of them were not available (indeed) and the price asked was as before. However I took them as I ought to have done the other day. A difference of 50 (US.) on seven or eight books is not enough to fuss over. Now well loaded down, I went to the National Palace and found the Archivo. Yesterday - when walking at the bookstalls I had found Luis Gonzales Obregón and we had exchanged greetings and he had urged me to call. The archives are ~~high up~~ in a corner and his office is high up as well. I was taken in charge and guided to his lair. The poor man is almost blind; he has cataracts; they are developing and he plans operation when they have matured; meantime he dictates what he has to write and signs, quite mechanically, what documents need signing. He was greatly pleased really at my calling and begs me to write him sometimes. He put me in charge of a girl to see me "passed out"; I had to get a written pass, stating the number of my packages, at the desk near the door. Just to see what would happen, I did not make any display of my pass. As I got to the great gate I passed the soldier at the inside, but just after I had passed he called out and the soldier near the outside advanced to inspect me. I merely handed the pass and no real examination or counting of packages was done, but it is a suggestion to me for the future. One should be wary of carrying packages in with him. I had agreed to take lunch with Sra. Landazuri with the purpose of visiting her daughter at Tacubaya. I had put in a pretty strenuous morning and had felt

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the heats unusually. Probably I would have been wise to eat lightly. I did not and before we left I knew that my stomach was out of order. We took electric car to Tacubaya and alighted close by the medical office (homoepathic) of her son in law. This gentleman is a nephew of Rosendo Sandoval. The daughter is named Maria Landazuri de Sandoval. We saw the Dr. for a few minutes and then walked on. We stopped at a property of Sra. L. It was the property built by her sister with reference to her crazy English husband. She promised him he should never be sent to a manicomio and so built this place somewhat on the plan of our house at Colonia Vallejo. He occupied one half, she the other and there was a common patio and zaguan. The lady and her husband are now both dead. Mrs. Landazuri rents to two parties. She talks now of developing it for an aggregation. She, Elena, Maria and the children will all live there and among the "cuartos" are some for "the Professors" including Miss Baker and myself. Whether she ever thought of such a development independently or not I don't know. She first spoke of it after I described my original plan regarding Colonia Vallejo and in connection with it. I am afraid it would again be a madhouse. We now walked on to the home. Mrs. Landazuri has been much disturbed over the illness of the smaller child. He is really seriously ill and I did not see him. The older child is her adoration and is really pretty and winsome. He is Raoul, 4 years; the little one Alberto, with a years and ten months. They have a comfortable home and a fine large space of land. Here I was really deadly sick and had to seek relief and take some bicarbonate! The largest heliotrope I ever saw covers the side of the house, way up to the top of the second story. It was loaded with bloom and shed fragrance. We were home before six and I lay down to rest, preliminary to my dinner party. I made a break with my carmen service and reached Leirs' at 8.15 (a quarter of an hour late). The company numbered 10 and were waiting. Mr. and Mrs. Leirs of course, Dunkerly, Dr. Monroe, Mme. Monroe (his mother), Mrs. Conway, Wright, Miss Mac , Mr. & Mrs. Rice and myself. Dr. Monroe is a brother of Paul S. Monroe of Teachers College.

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Mrs. Conway was clearly the emphasis of the set. She is British of some kind and her husband is the head of the electric lines. Rice has been a good deal in South America and has considerable to say of Argentina; I think he is just settling here. Mrs Conway knows Federico Gamboa and introduced him as conversationistic topic in getting under weigh. I sat at Mrs. Lewis' right with Mr. Conway next. It was Miss birthday and Mr. Lewis had a birthday cake for her, which was 16 - candled very discreetly. It was cut and served at the proper time. The dinner was an elegant affair and went off nicely, though I knew quite well that Mrs Conway was disappointed in the guest of honor. She later claimed to have laid herself out to the utmost with disappointing result. She lived once in Monterrey; later in Vancouver; they have been back here for some time. Mr Conway was dining with Obregón and a party of eight. He came to us about 10 30. He wants to introduce me to Dr. Dillon. Now I had heard of this man several times, but failed to identify. Mrs. Landaguri saw him at Irwin's diggings. He is however the Dillon - author of Russian and Peace Conference books. He is now in Mexico. He is with Obregón on all occasions - walking, in dining at dinners - and is believed to be advising and directing. He is I suppose a Britisher; it is asserted that he is an intimate friend of Doheney's. All of which is more than interesting and may mean anything. When Conway mentioned that he was coming to meet me, Dillon expressed an interest and Conway asked if I was open to a luncheon engagement? We agreed upon Wednesday noon at 1.15 at the University Club. The party at bridge broke up about 11. but at Lewis' urging, I stayed and we fine visited until 12. Then the Conway's brought me home in their car. It seems he is a cousin of Sir Martin Conway. —

28th. Cardenas told me quite clearly yesterday that there would surely be no extra car until Wednesday, but quite surely then. This has suited me absolutely. This morning he telephoned that the extra car would go out tonight and that he had arranged accommodation for me. Also the lunch tomorrow seems to me important. So I telephoned repeating! and saying I would call. This I did: I explained the case to him and he

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was very nice. I will be pretty sure to have anything that may be released tomorrow, but I presume I shall pay the price of a day-coach for my luncheon! He told me to see the ticket agent on my way down; that he had already spoken to me to-day; naturally, I found quite a different reception from before and if there is a chance I believe I will have it. I was now merely killing time. I went to Hauser's to get my cash and say "good-bye." Went to the bookstore to get Tablada's book on Hiroshigue. It is the first number of a series of Monografias Japonesas, which I suspect has been an absolute failure. Anyway, the clerk plainly had never heard of the book, though it is announced in their (Bonnet's) catalogue; it was printed in 1914 and so has had time to be known. The author is a friend of Raoul Landazuri's. I now walked out to Heroes, where at 1 p.m. I was to meet Mrs. Landazuri. It is another relational group for Elena's benefit. Antonio Rivas Mercado (3a de Heroes, 45) is an architect of fame. He carried the Juarez Theatre at Guanajuato through and is the creator of the Monument of the Independence. His father was brother of Mrs. Landazuri's mother, so they are cousins. He had an unhappy marital experience, the wife still lives but they are separated - perhaps divorced. Her daughter Antonia is married to an American, Blair. He is interested in the cotton of the Torreon district with the Maderos (Evaristo). They are only just home - Mrs. Blair having made her first trip up into that region, where he spends most of his time. She has been away three weeks. Mrs. L. seized the opportunity, for it seems Mrs. Blair "adores" Elena and so invited us on for lunch. Don Antonio, Mrs. Blair and Blair (of course) - all talk English. They have a fine home and we had a good meal. I was a welcome guest and I believe they were really glad to have me there. There is a little baby boy just walking - named Donald Antonio. Blair's name is Albert and he was a student at Morgan Park Academy. Mrs. Blair I believe attended school somewhere near New York. We stayed visiting until almost 5 p.m. which considering that they had been travelling must have been some little infliction. In the evening, just as we finished dinner, Palacios came for a final word and to give me a corrected copy of his

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Calendar & time article

29th Quite in uncertainty as to what might be in store for me I packed all my stuff so as to leave at a moments notice. I did not expect to get it all into the two suitcases but I did so, though the result was heavy and "busting". I then wrote at my notes to fill the time until I could find out about my tickets. I was at the office at 11.45; told to return "at 12." When I got back there was a real mob trying to secure accommodations. The agent said — not yet; wait a minute and I let the mob get through — most of them getting nothing, others taking the reservations made. Then a telephone call and I was given lower 8 — a very good berth. I'm sorry for the other who would have used it but greatly relieved so far as I myself am concerned. From here I walked out to the University Club. I tried to see something of the Commercial Museum, but they were just closing. I judge, however, by the glimpse I secured that the idea of arrangement and display for educational purposes is better than I have seen in any institution of the country. I did not see any reason why I should go to the Consulate to see if my passport was all right but something J. L. Stan Hunt had said had unsettled me a bit. I saw the assistant consul who assured me I was all right and then went to the University Club. Here I found my host waiting for us. The rest of the party came soon — Mr. Lewis, Mr. , and Dr. Dillon. Doctor Dillon is just about as Senera Landazuri had described him — little, old, just about my age. He wears a full beard but trimmed and is gray. He does not at all remind me of a hotel hop — which I had expected. I gave him a copy of my Lecture Place Names and answered a few questions he asked about languages, but we soon gave him the floor and he talked almost continuously — garrulous, self-centred. His two chief stories were long drawn out. When he was with Olnegon in the South, they were to take a steamer; after eating, he had withdrawn to read and write; presently, when he looked for the party it was gone — the steamer was disappearing: he told people he must catch it and after some grumbling and saying — "If he wanted you, he would have taken you" — he succeeded in getting them to hurry after in a small boat, from which he yelled and gesticulated all to no effect, the steamer went. He tried in vain to interest officials, British consul, business men — to get connection by wireless. After spending

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apparently hours he learned that the steamer was in sight - returning for him. It was a good story, vastly detailed to insignificant trifles - of "I said" and "he said" and I felt - and they assured me "if I'd been wanted I'd have been taken"; but I don't believe he is so sound and sensible as I had expected. It seems his absence was observed when they were about to eat. Obregon inquired for him. Someone tried to say he must have jumped overboard, but they put about and secured him. Somewhat similar was an experience on the way to Tlaxcala. Arrived at Apizaco they dismounted and took coffee, &c. He lost his crowd there and on coming out onto the platform found the train pulling out. He ran and caught the rear platform: here he found himself locked out and it was sometime before he could get in. This was not his car, nor were his companions to be seen. As a fact he was still on the Vera Cruz train. His satchel, money, all were on the private car and now behind! He pleaded to stop the train but not until station - a long way. Then a search for some conveyance; at last a team and back to Apizaco. No one there and the agent doubtful whether they had gone to Tlaxcala. A furious effort to secure transportation to Tlaxcala - no avail; no auto, no special, no nothing - but General Aguilar is coming in, in search of Obregon! He will know and anyway you may go with him. Aguilar appears; is appealed to; knows little more than they. Just then Obregon and party reappear; have been to an hacienda six or seven miles away, now back and ready to go to Tlaxcala; grand reunion - go to Tlaxcala, where entertained by the Governor. While he goes into the fullest possible details of what he says and they say, I suspect really that he has little if any hold on the language. I should think too that he'd be ashamed to tell of just such incidents, where if anything he figures as a careless and thoughtless traveller. Mrs. Dillon and his Russian (lady) secretary are going up on the same car with me. They have the stateroom.

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Mr. Obregon gave them both an autographed photograph this morning. They go to Brussels. He stays here in order to make a setting with Obregon through the northern states, speaking at various places including Guaymas and El Paso. I believe that Dillon will then leave Mexico and overtake Mrs. Dillon at Brussels. He says quite emphatically that he considers Obregon a really great man. I am told that he (D) is writing a series of articles for the Saturday Evening Post. We had a good lunch and an agreeable time. Did not hurry, but immediately we finished he begged to be excused as he had an engagement. The fact that Mrs. Dillon was leaving would have been ample excuse but I think he left the impression with us that the engagement was with Obregon. By the way things are not altogether lovely. Obregon and de la Huerta have had some differences; they had a pretty hot interview Monday over the Sundays demonstration and incendiary speeches from the Palace balconies. There are various troubles within the Cabinet. Salvador Alvarado is slated to go. The man who will be Obregon's ~~secretary~~ Minister of Hacienda is decided but as yet secret. Obregon is afraid of two of Plutarco Elias Calles, who as war minister is building up a personal army. Personally, I have for some time wished that Obregon was in power. De la Huerta is surely a weak man, with no policy and with no wish to put any temporary policy into operation; he is afraid of many things, including strikes. We were together from 1.15 to 3 and I was glad of the opportunity. I now went home and did finals: Senora Landazuri, who is in legal troubles had to see her lawyer. She came back about 4.30 or 5 and we visited together until 6.15 when I took taxi to my train. It was full but the comfort of a Pullman was great. I had as "upper" a grain man from Houston, Texas, who had made his first trip and was enthusiastic. Major Burr (Asst. Military Attache of our Legation and Mrs. Burr were on board. She was one of my hearers at Mrs. Harper's — the one who had told me Mrs. Nuttall was to have triumphans to-

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-gether. She introduced me to the Major and Brigadier General Ryan who was down to see them off. He seemed glad to meet me and devoted the remaining time to talking with me. He is in Mexico in oil, but has been in the U.S. and was at Fort Sheridan. He knows Obregon and thinks him considerable of a man. He knew him on the border and claims some credit for the trip into the U.S. made by Obregon, which he thinks was important to him - opening his eyes to some things in the situation which he had not realized before. He thinks Obregon has no real reason to fear Calles, whom he does not consider bold or aggressive. Also on the train was Mr. Rider, who was on his way to San Luis Potosi and who talked with me well on into the evening. We were off at 7 sharp and had a good run. We were at no time really behind and we reached the end of our journey just to the dot. Rider bid us good-bye before leaving. I had some visit with the Burrs, with my upper, and with a young fellow Albert D. Bryant, a zinc buyer from Waldo, New Mexico. Their factory is there and among their workers are Cochiteños. He likes Cochiteños best of the Pueblos. He knows both John Dixon and Cyrus Dixon both of whom still live. Both yellow fever and bubonic plague are in Tampico. Stringent U.S. quarantine went in on the 28th. Vaccination is enforced also. All are temperatured with thermometer under tongue. I came near trouble as I had no evidence that I had been in Mexico City. Appealed to the Major who vouched for me. Due to the excitement in this direction they forgot my vaccination evidence. I think I was the only one who did not show mark or receive vaccine! We wasted the time from 6.35 (or whatever it was) until 9 with formalities. It was after 9 when we reached the Laredo Station. Our train left at 9.30 and kept on time. I had a sitting in the Pullman; just a comfortable one full: I had no companion. The Burrs alone of my acquaintance went on to San Antonio, where we arrived at 4 p.m. No one was there to meet me and I believed my letter had not been received. Thought of going on by the 7 p.m. but

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asked if a reservation had been made for me on Lowman's train at 7 - San Antonio to St. Louis. There had. So I felt sure the letter had come and thought something might have prevented Harold's coming down. So I looked him up. It was a long way to his house. No one at home; he would come at six. So I said I would wait on the porch. Mrs. Kayton (he married a widow with a 12 yr. daughter) and the girl came. Mrs. K. did not seem to know my name and it was evident (and natural) that I made a bad impression - so I decided a mistake had been made somewhere. It was after 6 and I decided to wait no longer. It was plain that I was not expected. So I gave the black girl my card and went to take the street car. While I waited Mrs. Kayton came running. Was I Frederick Blair of the U. of C.? Harold would be greatly disappointed. Would I wait? Wouldn't I take dinner? I really felt it not fair to take her without warning and I thanked and refused. Couldn't she take me down in her car? No I could not trouble her and so I boarded the street car and was off. It was too late for the 7 o'clock train. I believed the agent had lied about the reservation for tomorrow. In town I got a shave, which made me feel and look better. Decided not to inflict myself without warning on Dr. Bliem. I had noticed two decent looking Spanish Hotels with baños on my way up and decided to patronize one of them for the night. The drug-clerk telephoned for me to Dr. Bliem. I was in town; stopping at one of the Spanish houses; if he had time would like to visit with him. In trying to locate the house we got so tangled that I finally told him to meet me at the station at 8 and I would guide him. I now hurried thither; found my memory entirely at fault. The Spanish houses were some distance from the station. Located a little hotel near, where I got a decent room in the annex, for 1.00. The boy brought my stuff and I settled. It is the OK. (I hope it is, but don't

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got out work. Then ate at the station – then walk. Hurry over at 8 sharp. No Dr. Quiem there but Harold and Mrs. and their car. I had purposely left no directions for them, but Dr. had telephoned direct and told them he was to meet me at 8. We now waited for him. It was fully 8.30 when he got around – having had a puncture! We all went over to my room where we had a little visit, but where they would not permit me to remain. It was perhaps 9.30 when we broke camp and I rode out with them to their home, arranging to divide my time tomorrow. We took a drive through Brackenridge Park on the way. It has some unusual features. It is largely a natural woodland; there is an old stone quarry which is utilized for a lily pond and a Japanese tea-house; there is an illuminated fernal tone-star that is quite effective; there are free burros for children's riding; there are piles of fire wood for free fires for cooking picnic dinners and stone tables for the meals; there is a low, broad, stone-columned affair where Mexican cooking is served; and there is a "zoo." All of these but the latter show up well by night. There is a lovely outlook point above the quarry, which is effective with the night lighting. We were home at about 10 and they let me work out then take a hot bath before I went to bed, which I did at about 12 o'clock. Harold 2d has really been very busy over an important deal. They are buying out all competitors and the final business was done yesterday. This, the end of the month and the end of the week all coming together were some excuse for his not understanding my letter, for he says he expected me this morning. After breakfast I rode down with him to his place of business, where I met his various helpers, saw his plant and was shown something of his work which is poster-advertising. His father backs him and is President of the company; he is Vice-President; there are certain stock-holders for prestige and influence

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but they two hold the majority stock. We called on his father who is the Bell Jewelry Co. - apparently a successful concern. At 10.30 we were at a Hotel where we were to meet Dr. at 10.30 - 10.45. He really came at 10.50 and I was tiered over to him until 2 p.m. We attended to some affairs - ticket, berth, telegrams - and then rode. We visited the Alamo and San Fernando Church both in Torrin and both being preserved. We then called on two refugees:

a) Gral. Lic. Pablo A. de la Garza, at 140 North St. He has come from Yucatan. He is quite a large, stout, man, with mustache ~~beard~~, well dressed, and quite genteel. When troubles came on he found himself left with but nine faithful soldiers against 1500. These were at a forking of roads and he succeeded in getting around and on down to Campeche(?) where he was lucky enough to get a boat away before the pursuers came; at Progreso, however, he had a hard time. Both the Ward Line and the American Consul taking advantage of his situation, that he was in danger of life and liberty, and bled him. He has been well treated in this country since here. I do not know with just what faction he pulled. He is not limited to Yucatan, but has been governor of some of the central states.

b) Gral. Candido Aguilar, at 109 ~~190~~ Groveland. He is living in a neat little bungalow, apparently rented outright; he maintains some state - apparently an interpreter and a soldierly guard. He himself is a young, harmless, out of a fellow, with a soft smooth face, a little moustache and a simple and somewhat impulsive manner. He seems to have taken things rather seriously and once or twice his emotions seemed evident. He has no intention of remaining indefinitely. "After things have calmed down somewhat" he hopes to return. I think he was rather gratified at my call. We now rode to the Dr's. house, where I met his wife and daughter. We had a pleasant luncheon together. Afterward we took a drive through the Park and so on. A pretty feature is the presence of two or three fords through brooks. The quarry and "300" in the blaze of noon.

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day are less picturesque than in the night. I was delivered to Harold at 2 p.m. He deserted his car down town and picked up the Superintendent and the Company car. Combining business with pleasure we now took a 25 or 30 mile drive into the country to see the three Missions — San Juan, San Jose (Concepcion) and San Francisco — and to measure the "board" just bought from the competitor company. The missions date back as far as 1701. The two are ruins only and unused; the third has three sisters living there and conducting a school for Mexican children. After this visit we stopped at the "Horn house", a remarkable aggregation of horns, heads, etc. is here, where we had "a cold drink". By fast driving we were home at 5.45 the hour set. Things had gone awry and the little wife was hurried and flurried and "Fanny" burned up the biscuits that were to have gone with the suggested honey. Father and mother were invited and present; and father brought with him some Mexican pecan-candy to eat on the train. He watches the time and worries. Still the dinner was a good one and went off nicely, though she did not fully enjoy it. We went in her car to the station — Father, Harold, She and I and they saw me onto the train with five minutes to spare. The train left on time, at 7 p.m. sharp. There were few on the sleeper. We had no in-
3d. cidents of the way; just plugged along through Texas
— reaching Little Rock at night. Arrived at St. Louis
4th on time at 6.58 Ate there and bought a good Harvey
box-lunch (for 60 cents) which proved ok. Took day coach
(smoker) and had room and comfort — double seat all
the way (on shady side all day) and reached Chicago
almost on time at about 4.50 Arthur M. Lewis was
there to meet me. Home and mail; then together, taxi,
to Woodlawn Cafe, where we ate dinner together and
talked over the lecture program. He walked home
with me and we visited. Too late, found in my mail, the

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invitation from the Trustees to our annual "home-coming dinner." It is a little too bad. In the same mail was announcement of another raise in my salary to $4000. beginning October 1. This very welcome. Especially as in the same mail a letter from Hanzo that he has been discharged.

H

Bp. Ariz. 1.
miracle 1
Colonia Vallejo 1.
Manuelito 1.
Museo nacional 2.
Palacios 2. 8
J. L. Starr Hunt. 3.
Rosendo Sandoval 4.
map. 4
M. Cardenas. 4. 7.
Biblioteca nacional 4
gante 5. 4. 8
Ignacio. 4
ex-libris. 4
Biblos 4
antonio Vanegas. 4.
books. 5
gonzales Obregon. 5.
Dolores gil de Landazuri. 5-6. 8. 11.
Tacubaya. 5.
Dr. Sandoval. 6.
Herbert P. Lewis 6. 9.
Conway 7. 9.
Dr. Dillon 7. 9-11
Tabiado. 8.
Antonio Rivas Mercado. 8.
Mr. & Mrs. Blair. 8.
Railway management: 4. 7. 9.
Commercial Museum. 9.
University Club - 9
Obregon. 10. 11. 12
politics. 11.
Major Burr. 11.
General Ryan 12.
Ryder 12.
albert Bryant 12.
Cochiti. 12.
quarantine & inspection 12.
San Antonio 13-16.
Kaufman. 13. 14. 15. 16.
Dr. Bliem 14. 15.
park. 14.
missions. 15. 16.
Pablo A. de la Garza. 15.
Candido Aguilar 15.
"Romances" 16.
Chicago 16.
Arthur M. Lewis. 16.