

Frederick Starr Papers

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53 of 57 notebooks

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Mexico: (53) 1921. No. 1.



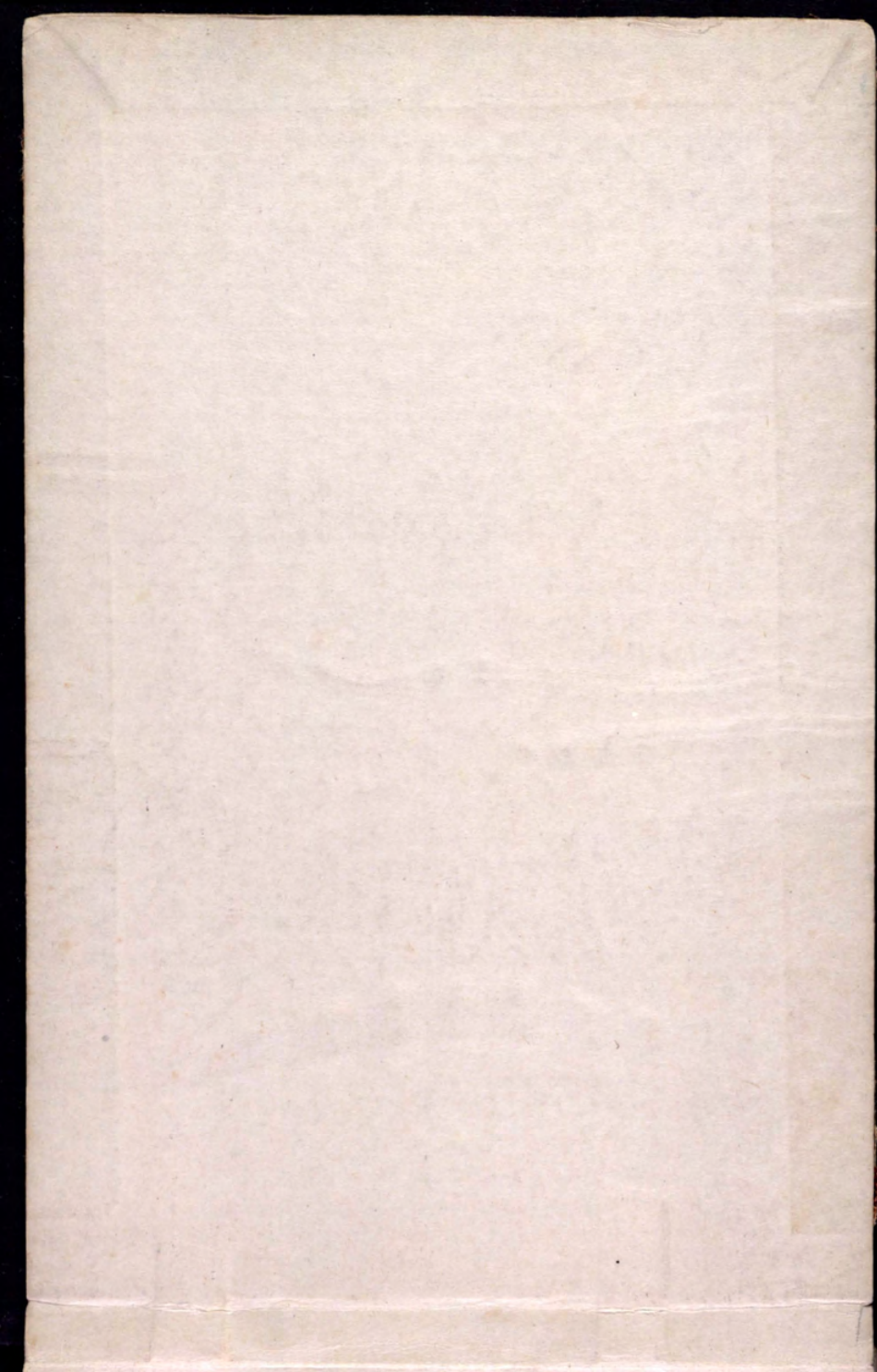
Frederick Starr



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1921.

(1)

Aug. 30. In the way of farewells were two birthday parties. The first at my own house tonight. It was so much of our crowd as are in town, a little eligible. That means that Major Hannan, who has married his nurse instead of Johanna Bonnet, Charlie Myal, and Helen Croxson, were not present. On the other hand Major Bonnet was present, so we had four Bonnets, two Kartrays Judge G., Frank Padden and myself. Henry Blessim, was around twice last week to help me to cleanliness. On Saturday he signed up to play football this season with the Detroit "Tigers". He is to get \$100. a game, with ten games probably assured and possibility of more. Today he came around to finish up his job with me as he was not content or satisfied that I would really do my part room in which he was justified as, notwithstanding my promises I had done practically nothing when he got around at one o'clock. He put in three hours of hard work and left me in the best condition I have been in since. I moved into the house. He did not accept my invitation to stay to the party as he is taking the 8 o'clock train for Detroit. My people came a little slowly, it was after 8.30 when they got around, the Judge being first. He brought a box of chocolates, having changed of late from his old time puddings. If chocolates are like wine, improved by age these were fine. Of course, this was a contribution general to the occasion, not personal. The Major brought me a special box of sweets of his own make, promised from the Evanston party three weeks ago. These I declared I should not give for the crowd as the Judge's box and two of my own, Jenny May, were enough for them. They had quite a lot of stunts - addresses and rhymes. Thea had a paper lantern (miniature) and the best group of a long poem which she lost on the way out. Nell Kartray said it with fervor. Johanna dufted some

meeting, as a knight of the cross of St. Oregon, fastening the insignia, its leather cross, around my neck. Frank Alden made a poem recitation. Judge a rather hypocritical emotional greeting and farewell... I showed quite a lot of my recent Japanese things. Helen Corcoran sent her greetings in a letter to Fred. Mrs. Hartrey at its time produced the birthday cake with its layers arranged in star shape, very pretty and lighted before me. Judge had to leave a little early, being called for. With the cake we had ice cream and lemonade - all good. The Judge was with us until it was done. The rest left at about 11 o'clock, all crowding into the Hartrey car - some crowding too. — During the last few

31st days I have been in several times communication with George Washington Rabnett, advertising man at 20 West Jackson. Tonight he called on me by appointment at 9 o'clock. He is one of a group of Indianapolis, Ind., people who went into Mexican land - back in the days of Rubber plantation empire. He is anxious to unload or to realize. We had quite a long talk. He has had some hope on account of a San Antonio colonization scheme to utilize the Manuel Gonzales Estate in Tamaulipas. This is imminent and a party goes from San Antonio in September 6. to the property. He also knows of a John W. Hall of the City of Mexico who holds out some hope that he can sell it for them. I told him my feeling in regard to chances, but agreed to look somewhat at both parties. —

Sept. 1. Tonight I went to Lock's. Was quite uncertain whether it was the regular Thursday night "or a birthday occasion. When I arrived there was Lawyer Stephens. I was a bit in doubt as I did not know he ever went there, but one may meet anyone at Lock's once. Only when Cole and Mason are

Did man came did I begin to see that it was a reunion
of my "biology class." The Macalaskys, Lewis Frankel
Harry Hyman, were among them. There were about
twenty all told. The dinner was a little queer, gotten
up by Mrs. Margolis who it seems is now "running a
table" at the house. Mrs. Loeb was the only lady in the
party and presided at the largest of four tables. I
was at her right with Cole and Mason next me and
Lewis opposite. I crawled a little when the guests paid
for their dinners but otherwise it went off nicely. Loeb,
Hyman, Lewis, Cole, Mason, were among those who spoke.
I made some kind of a response. Percy Ward and S. Frazer
came late, the latter having returned from work. All in all
it went off nicely, which was fortunate because it
might rather easily have fizzled. Examinations
came on Thursday and Friday and by diligence I
Sept. 2 got my reports in on Friday afternoon. I am
not a bit sure that Ikeda-Ura may not come dur-
ing my absence and I have to have things with
that possibility in mind. This meant a long and de-
tailed communication to Mather upon whom the boy
will have to depend and the leaving of a house key
and a long letter of direction for Ikeda himself.
3¹ And in the morning, just as I reached the dock
with my suitcases in hand the plumber and his boy
came to fix the flush valve! I let them in as I went
out. Who knows if they will close the door right and
if the boy will steal something absolutely value-
less to him but important to me? I was off on
time from 6³ St. Illinois Central station, at
8.45 (9.45 daylight saving time). Train full. Hot,
hot day with some rain before St. Louis. The wait
there from 5.30 to 6.50 - hot, hot, hot. Dirty and dr-
y, when I took the Texas Special (M.K. & T.) but
less bad when off. Full house; a tower, but a lady
above. Pretty hot as we rattle through Okla.

4th. home and Texas. Did some work and began my notebook. Was stopped playing "solitaire". "Against State Law". Is it because of cards, or Sunday? - or both? I read through the book on the old Constitution and found much that interested me. The permanent deputations is quite new to me. We reached San Antonio on time - in fact we were ahead of time often and had to wait at stations until we were due to leave. I thought we were going to do so here but really we were just on time. Fred was there to meet me and Harold Kayton and his wife and Lewis and his father. As the O.G. gentleman put it three autos were at my disposition. Fred soon whizzed me out to Camp Travis where Clara Belle and Mrs. Smith were awaiting me with a good supper that was a midnight meal before we finished it. That is we were there at 11.50. I had to take a look at the sleeping bag, to suit father and took a bath before I went to bed. I was up betimes, 5th (at 6 o'clock) and wrote a letter to Mother and a card to Dr. Schmidt - also a card with all five signatures to Mother, who did not know that I expected to see Fred. I did up Faber to send home by mail. Here they have no frolex over daylight saving time. Old sol is enough for all. Fred and Clara Belle went with me to the station. It is Labor Day and the streets were congested with the parade and the police made us take all sorts of back streets which a little irritated the Major. We reached the station in good season and got my lower berth ticket all right, but found that the train would be an hour late! So Fred drove us out to the Convent of our Lady of the Lake where we saw a really great lotus pond apparently natural, but in fine condition, the blooms being cream colored. There are two or three pavillions on the border, which makes it look as if it is more or less of a resort. We got back in more than season and Fred made some inquiry. While he was gone Lewis Kayton and his mother came out to the auto; they had been waiting to speed me. They had the usual box of Mexican candy. We all now backed in at the mail-express place and put my stuff into my car, thus cutting out the wait in the waiting room and passing through the gates. We had heard that a corpse was coming in to go on with us and it was apparently this and not the mail and express that

determined on waiting. We stood waiting until finally all was done and were off at 11.25 perhaps - about an hour and fifteen minutes late. It was a hot and dusty ride to Laredo. There they still charge 0.65 for the bridge train; they charge also 0.65 for each trunk or checked baggage; hand baggage is examined on the Pullman and as I was already in the Pullman and in full possession they could not browbeat me as they did before into checking them. We had come in as late as we started and we seemed to spend an unnecessary amount of time in backing and switching and making up our train. It was at last just about sunset as we began to cross the bridge we were held there a long time with the examination of passport and baggage but of course the inspection was pleasantly done. As I had my pass I had nothing to do at Laredo (Mex.) except to get a little exchange - \$30 = \$59, which seemed to me rather high. The ticket agent declared it was but 1%!! I went into the buffet car before we started and had some supper. The train left on time, while I was eating, at 7.45. We had a 6th comfortable night of travel and a cooler day than I remember for that run, though dusk in the afternoon of course. I read my third Constitution, the parallel of those of 1859 and 1917. We lost time quite steadily. At San Luis Potosi we found a crowd in the station and then for the first time found that an corpse was that of Bishop Montes de Oca y Obregon. I thought we had left it at Laredo and was much surprised. In the crowd was a big group of clergy, among them no doubt some prelates; there were scores of women in their black dresses and mantillas; and just as we boarded the train to leave after a half hour's stop, a company of soldiers lined up, apparently an escort guard for the corpse. Naturally I recalled various incidents and anecdotes that I had heard in connection with him. He was too much a Spaniard to arouse any great personal devotion, but all had a considerable respect for his learning and dignity. Our second night went well. It was 6. a. m. when we were due. I think 7th it was 9.30 by my watch, when we arrived. And to my surprise we came in at Colonia station instead of Buena Vista. My anxiety last year was no greater than this! I had intended to walk to one of the station hotels, but this floored me. So I took a coach

Books: Madero y después

Conde de Fox. <u>Impresiones de Mexico</u>	}	3.00
Mellardo. <u>Crimenes del Huertismo</u>		
de la Colina. <u>Madero y el Gral Díaz</u>		
Melgarjo. <u>Los Crimenes del Zapatismo</u>		1.00
Armas y Jiman. <u>Prensa y Tribuna revolucionarias</u>		.35
El Primer Jefe	}	.75
Galindo. <u>Un Presidenciable el Gral. D. Pablo Gonzalez</u>		
Bustamante. <u>Bajo el Terror Huertista</u>	}	4.00
Gonzales Blanco. <u>Un Despota y un Dibatador</u>		
" <u>Carranza y la Revolución.</u>		
Usta. <u>Impresiones de guerra</u>		
Oragon. <u>El Desarme del Ejército Federal</u>	}	10.50
maquez. <u>El Quinto Hombres de la Revolución</u>		
Lopez Portillo y Rojas. <u>La Doctrina Monroe.</u>		
Pani. <u>En Camino hacia la Democracia</u>		
Madero. <u>El Partido Nacional Anti-revolucionista</u>	}	4.00
Palomares y Muzquiz. <u>Las Campanas del Norte</u>		
Alvarado. <u>La Traición de Carranza</u>		
Bustamante. <u>Perfiles y Bocetos revolucionarios</u>		
Villa. <u>Manifiesto --- Desconocimiento de Carranza</u>		
Bustamante. <u>De el Ebano a Torreon.</u>	}	.30
Gonzales Blanco. <u>De Porfirio Diaz a Carranza.</u>		
Morales Hesse. <u>El General Pablo Gonzalez.</u>		
Martinez Rojas. <u>El Asesinato - Belisario Dominguez y Gonzalez.</u>		
Santos Chocano; <u>Los Fines de la Revolución Mex.</u>		
De Como vino Huerta y Como se Fue		
La Mano de Alemania en Mexico. <u>Palacios Rojo</u>		
Hesse. <u>El General Pablo Gonzalez.</u>		

and rode to Gante 5, where I found Carhart and left my baggage. I ate an unsatisfactory and expensive breakfast at Sanborn's and got a fair and expensive shave. I now began my dear cam-
ones to Señora Landayuri's, where I found her as home and gave her the chrysanthemum seed. She has had a hard time. The remedies given for her eyes affected her stomach and she had a severe sickness as the result; her daughter Maria's, little daughter, born since my visit, died in July; the little one of Raoul has been ill; and Elena, scarcely arrived in England, had been taken with influenza, followed by pneumonia, and had been long delayed and seriously ill. It is now a long time since a letter has come but she was improving steadily and had gone on to Paris. After talking with her I decided to be her guest again and told her I would return at 6.30. I now took camión to the centre and went to the bookstalls, eating a poor 50 c. comida comida on the way. Found Meneses and after some haggling bought three books from him: then tried Vanegas Arroyo's - still shut; then to the Colonia. Found Señora Vasquez there and Lola - she making paper flowers. They declare that the city is full of bandidos, with numbers of them here. Lola's man was murdered at the dry-tank here in the Colonia, apparently before nine p.m. and for what little value he might have on him. They say everyone shuts themselves in at seven in the evening and keeps close until a.m. Yet there are several new houses here and the places do not look as ruinous as they did my last visit. With the filling up of the city I believe possible that even here there may be development. Paredes is again in detention; his car having hit some woman. As I sat there it rained a little. I waited for the boy to return. He has 2 youn and 5 little rabbits; and he has some birds - chichalo. When he came it began to rain hard and I had to sit and wait until there was a let-up, when he walked with me down to the calzada. Again in town I walked to Vanegas Arroyo but found only the woman and the little girl there. Bought a book on the way to Gante, where I took my baggage and hired a coach for the house. On the street I met Orally, who is getting old. Was home as promised at 6.30. Carmen Encerrada and her mother were around. Carmen really made the ascent of Popocatepetl. They were at the camp two nights, leaving at 2 a.m. in horse, they rode until 4, then took to foot

and were 6 hours in reaching the summit. They returned to the camp. I had noticed a book about Popocatepetl by a Dr. Atl. It seems that he is an artist and was the leader of the party she was with. She asserts that he is not scientific and exact in his statements. I asked her about

ex libris. She did not fully understand me and the ones she has designed are not really ex. libris but printer's marks (publisher's marks) but she righted herself and says she can get some data for me. She suggests that the Marquis de San Francisco is likely to know something in this direction and she offers to introduce me to him at any time. She was anxious to know about McKim's book and I told her the copy, with the picture, was in Prof. Laing's hands for examination. While we keep our

clock here at daylight-saving time it was by sun-time that we ate! So it was 9.10 by the clock when we sat down to dinner, 8th and 9.10 when we sat down to breakfast.

By coming to town and the po. There are men working at the great National Opera House and apparently it is intended to push it through to completion. Many people down below watch the pitting of the great figures upon the dome corners into position. Yesterday I had noticed a colored caricature of the President since 1910, printed on a long strip of card. They were on sale at a single shop so far as I noticed yesterday, and I went and bought where I had seen. It begins with Diaz and passes by de la Barra (who it seems was the "white" president in a way that I had not realized) to Madero and then on - Llave, Huerta, Carbajal, Eulalio Gutierrez, Gorge, Lagos Chazara, Carranza, de la Huerta, Obregon. Today, they are every-where and there is one window on the Avenida de San Francisco, where nought else is displayed. There is a background of mountains with Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, then a cut out of Chapultepec's castle, then a window full of these, but with figures of clay, representing the same grotesques in six pan Madero's signifying at 8 inches perhaps to Don Porfirio in due proportion, arranged in a curving line just back of one of the cards laid flat. Crowds all day were before this looking and it was a study to watch the people. Most of them seemed to find

Books, in general.

Palacios. El Templo de Quetzalcoatl en Teotihuacan.	_____
Gamio. Guia para visitar la Ciudad arqueologica de Teotihu.	_____
" Las excavaciones del Pedregal de San Angel	_____
Boumagnac. Los Criminales en Mexico.	.50
Cubrey de St. Brienc. El Contagio del Asesinato.	.50
Gray, Juffo; La Cuestion del Petroleo.	_____
Batres. Gratos Recuerdos Nacurales	_____
S. Ash. Las artes populares en Mexico: 2 tomos	_____
Reyer. Calendario Azteca.	_____
" un nuevo manual arg. Mex. La Piedra de Sacrificios	_____
" Sobre un antiguo Vaso Mexicano en forma de Cabeza.	_____
" Otro antiguo vaso Mex. en forma de Cabeza; El Tamborin.	_____
" Der 28 tagige Monat der alten Mexikaner.	_____
" Apuntes de arqueologia Mexicana	_____
Rabasa. La Evolucion Historica de Mexico	_____
Quirzot. Monks	1.00
Mena. Novedades arqueologicas.	_____
Lion-Squinniz. Ex. libris de bibliofilos Mex.	1.00
Herrera; Some studies in Plasmogenesis	_____
" Further " " "	_____
Galindo y Villa. Los Yucos.	_____
Leon. Notas de las Lecciones - Biblioteconomia	_____

it amusing but some took it rather somberly. I can hardly believe it will be tolerated as it is as hard on de la Huerta and Obregon as on any of the rest. To take a car to San Jacinto was a work of time and distance (under directions) only to find that I might have taken it at the opera turn, only one block from my starting point. I found Gamio, who is going, as I presumed, to the Eugenie Congress in New York. He cannot get away ~~ago~~ until after the 14th, when they have a banquet at Teotihuacan. He goes by boat and will arrive late. He has shaved his moustache, which I do not find to improve his appearance. He says he has had a fight on his hands and in telling indicated that he associated it with my warning. I did not ask full details but there seems to have been a question of taking over ethnology and anthropology into the University, leaving archaeology only with him and apparently subordinated. He claims to have emerged victoriously. He has finished the printing of his final work on Teotihuacan, which will now soon be issued. They have made great discoveries since I was there and he is anxious to have me see them. I had heard of these from Dra. Landayuri and Carmen Foncerrada, who are anxious to inspect them with me. I told him (as I knew he could not go with me - but had delivered me into the hands of Gomez) that I should wait until after the 15th and should take the ladies, whereupon he dictated a letter to Reggadaz in my favor. I had asked about the Centenario which he declared will be little more than usual. The banquet at Teotihuacan on the 14th is the event and the usual things of the 15th and 16th, with some theatre and some discourses are all worthwhile. He gave me two tickets to a performance given by El Universal for tomorrow night in Teatrodoris. He thinks to visit Washington and Toronto (where he has gained Currell's high favor by a gift of casts) and perhaps Chicago after the Congress. I told him that I want to meet Obregon, Calles, de la Huerta, Alvarado. He says Calles is unwell and has withdrawn to home to get away from the noise and confusion of the celebration. Was

he here to meet the petroleum fellows, or did he dodge them? When I asked about the petroleum matter he asserted that it was purely Presidential(?). Alvarado is no longer in the government, but connected with the Banco de Londres. He suggested that I should meet his own chief, Villareal, Ministro de Agricultura and Fomento and after a vain effort to get him on the phone, declared that we had better go to the Secretaria and make an appointment. So we took a coach and went to the old building, where so often I saw Manuel Fernandez Leal. There was a crowd in the outer waiting room. We got admission to the Private Secretary, who ran us through the inner waiting room where were a lot of reporters and deputies in waiting, to the sanctum. Here we sat waiting until we believed we had run too fast for instead of being in the sanctum sanctum he was coming through the long waiting room! Gamio went to the curtain's for him. He was polite enough and speaks English. He is a rather heavy, thick set man, with abundant black hair, a moustache, a full face: he was dressed in quite pronounced blue. I was introduced and he sat 6 pm. on Monday for a real interview. When we were out, Gamio offered to take me anywhere, but I thanked him, telling him I planned to walk through bookshops, etc. Covadonga had, however, shut up the best places - it and sister and there was not much to do. I took a lunch at Bach's and then went to see Miss Blake. It was after 3. When I arrived, but she had not returned and her little clerk, who was waiting, said she would soon return. I asked her if she knew whether an Abadiano still lived there. She said he did so I went around to the old room. There I found the old greybeard (now 83 or 84) in misery. The poor fellow was making some cloth or other. I sat on the dirty bed. He did not know me but I told him I had known Francisco and Eufemio. Always when I had seen him he seemed absolutely weak-minded. I never saw him as intelligent and connected as now. To my surprise, because others told me last year that Francisco was in an old man's home, he informed me that Francisco died a year ago in Holy Week and that he was

Addresses:

- Manuel Gamio. Plaza Dinamarca 44.
Guillermo Ravelo Meneses. Avenida Niños Héroes, 60.
Federico Gamboa. Ciprés, 63.
Enrique Juan Palacios. 1^a de Industria, 25.
A.M. Ortiz. 2^a Sta Maria.
Herman Supr. Apartado postal 4602.
Abraham Castellanos. Quinta Emilia. Mixcoac —
Av. Oaxaquilla y Calle Sureste.
Epigmenio Velasco. 5^a Santa.
Walter Patterson Thirkield. "
Leopoldo Batres. 30 Calle de Alamo
Solon Gil de Landayuri. 3^a de Cadoba, 77.
Jesus Galindo y Villa. Museo Nacional.
Nicolas Leon. "
Propero Sandoval. Callejon de la Doctora, 42. Tacubaya.
Fernando Ramirez de Aguilar (Jacobo de la Huerta) El Vivero.
J.H. Starr Hunt. 2^a de Liverpool, 19.
Alberto M^a Carreño. 3^a de Tabasco, 68.
Julian Morineau. Londres y Mexico Rte. Bldg.
Tomas Ceron Camargo. Victoria, 97.
Carmen Foncecarrada.
Juan B. Iguiniz.
Luis Cast. Ledon.
Ramon Mena.
Jose Juan Tablada. 408 West 154th St., New York.
Dr. H.A. Monday, 55 Tonala.
A.M. Blake. Ave. 16 de Septiembre, No. 13.

now absolutely alone. He showed me the large portrait (a print - photo or lithograph) on the wall and the painting of his mother. I looked in vain for the little ivory painting portrait of her that used to be their pride. I looked at the few tattered large volumes or pamphlets thinking there might be something I could buy - as I wanted to leave a little money with him. Just then I caught sight of two wooden things hanging on the wall, both old pedagogic - a palmatorium and a paper-milling board. These I took, willingly enough giving him his 0.75 price. Before I left he produced a little paper sack with some marshmallows(?) and offered me one, which I refused as "I had eaten". When I got back, Miss Blake had not yet come, but I sat on a box and waited a few minutes. When she came her establishment was soon in running - her lady secretary, her little clerk. Gamio had told me that Mrs. Nuttall is in England; Miss Blake expects her speedy return, perhaps even before I leave. I asked her of ex libris without getting any special aid. She thinks there were ex libris in General Garcia's collections - which were her great deal. She sold them to the University of Texas (just in time before the present streak of economy hit it) for \$100,000, on which she made 80%. They are to keep it intact with the name and the portrait. She told me considerable about the old Abadiano. She buys things at fancy prices - thus a thread-drawers-case for \$40. and pays him 0.50 daily. He is very precise in the account permitting no mistake in either way. She is merely an almoner in the matter as the money really comes from the landlord! She tells me that he really thinks Francisco is dead, even telling the date, but it was the invention of the "home", who claim that visits from him would be harmful. She says Francisco's absence has worked to the mental improvement of the old man. Apparently he has been a restraint and an unwholesome dominant. I dropped into the Volador, thinking to pick up some books, and to see Aguilar and "Antonio Alzate". But either Covadonga had acted adversely, or the scientific society refuses to discard astronomical time - as it did not then

at 5 o'clock. So I went to Araya, where the men were not - will not be back until Sabado (which after all is tomorrow). And the real bookstores were all closed - so I hied me home arriving at 6:15 and finding no one there. I did not expect to find Setora Landayuri so early, for she was to spend the day with Maria, it being her ~~birth~~ day. I sat on the doorstep an hour during which a Sr. Rivas called. Lefe came to my ship at 7:15. Sr. Landayuri soon after. We dined at 9 and talked of many things, among them the Alessandrobles - Tricino murder which seems to have been a particularly brutal and dreadful affair, perhaps with no political bearings. — To the center where 9th I called at Gante, thinking Kayton might have sent me the timetable I told him to send. Carhart and three others were having a conference so I did not waste any of his time. Called to see J. H. Water Hunt, but he is still "a little unwell" and will not be down today. So came on out to Sta. Maria to see Federico Zamboa. He had already gone to his work - would be back from 1.30 to 3. or at night. So I tried the two bookstores on Relax.

At — I looked at their great stock of Mexicana. It is truly a good one. If I had my card. catalogue I believe I should find much there that I would get - even to linguistics and quadrupana. I dislike to deal with them, however, as I always have the feeling that they are raising prices on me. However I bought a considerable package. At the other place I found a rise and fall of Huerta, Part 1. Though they insisted that the rest was never printed I did not feel sure enough of it to buy. And the really important thing of the morning, I forgot in its place. I went to the Biblioteca Nacional, where I had a talk with Izquierdo, who seemed to be glad to see me. He is working on a bibliography of the Mexican Novel and showed me his "copy". I told him quite fully of my bookplate interests and he declared his desire to assist it. He has written a paper for the publication of the Museum, which I have not seen and which he says he will try to secure for me. I do not remember that I have ever seen Nicolas Loris' third paper; in fact I feel sure I have not. I must try to get it. I know that there are some scattered references, brief notes I believe, in the library's own publication. All of these I must see - get if possible - and digest anyway. He agrees to bring his collection and "many duplicates" for my inspection.

on Tuesday. So I hope to really make some advancement. And why should I not exhibit my Mexican collection at the next annual exhibition? It will help push me to publication. — By the time I finished at these bookstores I thought I would try a simple lunch at a neighboring restaurant, with a view to habituation. It was just a roll with butter (scraped up leanings) and a pint of red wine. If it had been right in price, I should repeat the experiment, but at 1.50 I could only say H.C.L. and never go there again. It was not a 1.50 place. I had now killed time so as not to get to Gamboa's too early. Still to give him a little more chance I dropped in at Ortoliz. He had nothing of interest but his boy came in — who is now 13, nice looking, and very pretty in his kissing of his father's hand. A cronny came in and we got a few expressions, which carried me back to the old shop. He complains bitterly of taxes, and says as others do indeed, that the celebration of the "centenario" is only an excuse for a special levy. He speaks as strongly as Guadalupe Vasquez herself about the constant deeds of violence and the absolute insecurity on the streets. He says deeds of murder for robbery occur everywhere throughout the city and constantly. When, finally, I did arrive at Dr. Gamboa's he had not yet come. It was then 2.15. However the girl means "astronómico." What a nuisance. This double time is: inexcusable here in Mexico, where the variation in day's length is almost nil. I find that I wake every morning just as always — at 7 official — 6 astronómico time. And now one scarcely sees two clocks anywhere that have the same hour. I sat and waited his return. He really seemed glad to see me and regretted that I had breakfasted. A woman was waiting to see him, a common class Guatemalan who is married to a Mexican and is in financial need. He wrote a letter for her to the Guatemalan minister. I went in and sat with him and his sobrina at the table, taking a dulce with them at the end. Then we had a talk together to what I felt was the limit of his time. He realizes the insignificance of Mr. Harding and the dangerousness of Mr. Fall. He thinks Hughes a strong man but with only legal ideas — a cranium full of them. He thinks the appeal of the border states for recognition an influence of little potency, as the

To see me:

Monografías mex. de Arte. No. 1. 4 and later?

(Guangxi) Tablada: works about Japan.

De la Tierra prometida. Escoffie 3. Habana.

Discursos.

states are generally despised and ignored. What is Texas compared to a Massachusetts or a Pennsylvania? He thinks the "bloody-hand" catch phrase is influential, especially with Hughes with his strict moral point of view - if Wilson refused to recognize Huerta because of his bloody hands, will not the present man stand less chance. And will recognition if it comes loosen up resources - produce a loan? There is absolute necessity of loans, if any construction is to take place. He met Dr. Dillon three or four times and considers him a mystification. He is very conceited, full of conceit and must ever have the last word. He does not consider him as authoritative in Balkan affairs as generally considered. Believes that he was largely paid by Obregon, with whom he was actually intimate. He claims that the newspaper urgency for recognition is largely paid for - it being estimated that \$4,000,000 have been spent to advance the propaganda. I asked him whether Calles was probably unwell and whether his absence at this time (when Doherney et al were here) was significant. He was not inclined to connect it as much with the petroleum question as with Francisco Villa. He is probably up there, presumably adjusting things. Calles and de la Huerta are unquestionably working together and there is uneasiness in the crowned head. Alvarado is announced as leaving now for Yucatan, where his followers demand his presence and leadership. If not gone, he goes at once. He has not been in the present government. I asked whether he had been with the Banco de Londres. He had not heard of it and appeared to think it unlikely and distinctly undesirable from the viewpoint of the banks. He does not believe that Alfredo Robles Dominguez is in danger of life; he does not think the government would dare make war with him, but he believes that he will be more or less a prisoner from now on. He agreed with me in thinking his last performance a strange and foolish one. He does not seem to know what the matter was to which Father Shannon referred: the act of de la Huerta just before retirement. The dignifying at the Archbishop's Palace did little damage - the door was somewhat damaged. He sees no evidence that it was done by labor and seems really not to have heard the suggestion that the pinests themselves did it - an idea that seemed to him preposterous. — Or was really after 4 official time when I left him and went back to the center, where I visited the big bookshop - Central - where I bought one back the other day. I looked through their revolutionary cuts.

bought a few. The clerk and I got on well together. In a copy of Hernandez on Yagui and Mayo wars, I found a bookplate of Carlos Barajas, for many years Prof. in the school of medicine. It was a rather attractive piece of quaint lettering. Talking with the clerk about bookplates he spoke of Aguirre and his collection. They have helped him - and he has this one of Barajas. I am killing time so as to go to "Antonio Algate." So I get a shave and, at last, after 6 o'clock official go further. I found Aguirre and was welcome. It is as I expected - they use astronomical time. We had a good chat together. I had hoped to attend a monthly meeting but am too late. It comes the first Monday of each month. The Soc. de Geog. holds a weekly meeting - too many surely! it comes on Thursday but this week was on Wednesday because of Coradonga. He was about to write me asking for the earlier Bulletins of the Department. Surely I sent them 1 to 4. I may not have sent 5, thinking it outside their interests. They have no bookplate. The Leopoldo del Rio Sociedad certified no longer exists: it was a mere tool for exploiting and advertising one man and never had serious value. Poor Aguirre worries a little about Antonio Algate when he is gone: he has put in 37 years of the hardest kind of work - devotion really - and he has been almost the only one who has been persistent and continuous. He really keeps the thing in good condition and the library is a veritable monument.

It was now time for me to be home and eating and dressing if I were to attend the Juegos florales at the Teatro Iris. I did indeed ask Sr. Landezuri whether it was likely to begin on time. We hurried dinner by an hour and I ate hurriedly and uneasily, as she opined it would be prompt. My little cannon did its duty and I reached Teatro Iris just on time. It has the luneta and three galleries one above the other. My tickets were luneta tickets and so I found myself among the gentlemen in dress suits. Not everyone wore them, however, and I did not feel lost. I was much interested in one extreme, who sat directly in front of me. He was one of three all in dress suits. His was to the limit: but his face and manner went the limit also. His features are pasty, his face aims at emotional expression, his forehead which is not high is traversed horizontally full breadth by deep wrinkles, his hands are in constant nervous action, he seizes the arm now of one, now of the other companion. One of the

is older than the other two, well groomed, well controlled, rather sharp featured, a face rather cruel after all though showing no emotion: the other one is handsome, dark, well dressed. Both of these are superiors of my peak, but both treat him with a certain deference. I confess to some little feeling of curiosity regarding the two. While we were all there at 9, it was really 9.45 before anything was going on the program. With a musical blast of announcement, the President of the Republic and his party appeared. It included one lady who looked full as old as he if not older and a half-dozen gentlemen, none of whom I recognized. I think Villareal was there in one of the side box compartments, with a party. I understood that the Diplomatic Corps was largely represented. The luneta has a habit of standing, facing the rear entrance, to see and to be seen. In due time the queen appeared, her long train being carried by two pages: she was brought in and seated in state upon her throne. Eighteen maids of honor came each with her male companion and took their seats in a curved line - nine on each side, their gentlemen standing behind their chairs through the evening. When all were seated the program was carried out in detail.

Entrada de la Reina y su Corte de Honor
ótrinq Quarteto

Discurso: Lic. Alejandro Leijano
Quarteto.

Lectura de la poesía lírica - premiada: Antonio Guzmán Aguilera.

Fris.

Lectura del canto épico - premiada. Horacio Zúñiga
Jena.

as the close withdrawal was somewhat formal: the Queen and Court went out first: then the Presidential party: then the common crowd. My trio were wise enough to leave before the Jena ended: few others did, as apparently they wanted to see the formal exits. It was 11.45 when I got out and I was lucky enough to catch a carrion that lost routine and put me down for an entrance to the house at 12.

10⁴ arrived in town I called at Hunt's office. Still sick. Then I hunted up Victoria 97. to call on Camargo. It is a fairly decent horse, apparently

[Faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

with rooms to rent. He was out and the maid could not get any definite information about when he was likely to be in. So I took a camion to Perolillo - one runs from near Camargo's directly there and walked - rather a hot walk - to Vallejo. Señora Vasquez was there; Dolores had apparently taken her flowers into town as she was not there and the table on which she had been working the other day was cleared. The boy was there. He had spent part of the money I gave him to replace one of his birds that died and to get a bath - apparently an unusual luxury for him. I took him and we went to Guadalupe. We took camion and at the end of the route, I found in the park a statue of Francisco J. Madero erected by the newspaper Democracia. It is not a bad piece, in white marble, better than its old neighbor to the Cera Hidalgo. When we walked over to the Pantheon we found it closed - and until 2 p.m. astronomical. This meant more than an hour's stupid wait. Of course we could have climbed up the hill and visited the old familiar scenes, but I confess it was hot for a climb and I was a little disgruntled anyway. When the gate was opened we took the stone cutter in with us and visited the boy's grave. The stone is softer than it should have been and the lettering shows signs of wear. There is not as much, however, to be done as I had thought. There is a crack across the main slab which I think unlikely to cause separation. There are some little separations to be filled and some cleaning. The man undertook to do all necessary for \$4. and I paid the half down. We then took st. car back, the boy leaving me at Vallejo. I had offered to give him a meal at Guadalupe, but he said he was not hungry. We bought some bananas, however, of which he ate three and carried two home with him and I got him a package of the cakes to take home. Back in town I waited again for Antonio Arroya's fiesta to end - it keeps astronomical, of course. And though he was to have been there Saturday, the man was still absent. In Toluca - had telegraphed return on Tuesday. Tried again for Camargo. He had been home at 2.30 but had gone again. So I took camion to St. Francisco's. He really has been in bed for a number of days but was propped up and directing things from home. Mrs. Hunt has had an auto accident, quite serious, since I was here, and

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apuntado postal 2140

he has had influenza. She seems quite well again. Jack is with Excelsior and seems, perhaps, to have found his field. While I was there a Britisher, Watson, much interested and active in organizing a British Chamber of Commerce here came in. Among prominent Americans who are to be here soon are Judge Gary and James W. Gerard. As the latter looking for the Ambassadorship? I should not be surprised; but he will be a bad one for the place. — On the whole not much of a day.

11th Sunday. I finished copying Unity reviews, which I had intended to despatch from San Antonio — and wrote letters and postcards to various. The morning's paper up to a terrific and destructive storm at San Antonio with the loss of 500 lives — apparently mostly Mexicans. On my way to the centre I stopped at Victoria 97. but Camargo was not there. He had left a card — "Whoever you are dear friend who has been seeking me, please leave your address that I may call." This I did not do, but I did write my name on the card. Scarcely had I left when I met the lady of the house who stopped me to ask if I had been there and received the card. She had been to church and was quite gentle. She came running after me to make sure that I had left my address, which I told her I had not, that I might call in the afternoon. I now went to the thief's market where my book man had really had his revolutionary stuff brought down. I overhauled it and found eight pieces for which I gave him his price of £4. without argument. He knew my name, which did a little surprise me and he begged me to take his card and when I needed anything from Chicago to communicate with him. The market was crowded of course. I wandered about for a time looking. There is much less of the old junk than there used to be and much more of cheap stocks of legitimate stuff. Old coins have practically disappeared. The Plaza has undergone many change. Being my knowledge of the country — each seems to me worse. All the true zocalo with the handstand has gone — so the trees that used to shade and the seats where one used to rest. It is bare as today and open. Just now they are indulging an extravagant and foolish fancy. The four metal Pegasus figures that were

upon the Teatro Nacional are being taken down and will be mounted
on four pillars pedestals at the four corners of the Plaza. These
supports are being finished and up on the great marble building
are groups of workmen grappling with the question of getting them
down. Señora Landaguri says it is to cost \$40,000. simple to get
them down. To mount them require special machinery which
was brought from France and after using was neglected and
finally sold for old iron. They have neither adequate machinery
or plan for dismounting and have already destroyed some
fine (glass?) decoration in their work. — I now went to a
barber and then hunted baths, which ultimately I found. In
the search I found a great market, with some important
edifices building close by and Buen Tero. All this is so near
to the San Juan Setram where I used to live that I am shocked
at how little I know of this City, where I have been so much.
And I am daily impressed by the large amount of old buildings
and crowded life behind simple fronts that I ought to know so
well but of which I really know nothing. It has lasted on much
longer and more fully too than I realized. There are still a
lot of nooks and corners, although those I knew and fre-
quented have disappeared. I had eaten simply and now at
about 2.30 went to see if Camacho were in. He was waiting
me and received me with real pleasure. We went into the
little parlor for our visit. He spends some time at the offices of
La Revolucion and contributes articles to it, though they are not
paid for. He is in disfavour with the powers that be, who however
he claims take some of his ideas, though they discard their original
for. He claims that he had practically to flee from Guatemala!
I learned to my surprise that he never knew Manuel Arango
except by correspondence. He claims that it was the Hispano
American University that made him President of Salvador
and that the idea was taken up with avidity until he ran foul
of the United States. He says this was because he set himself
against Knox' policy of dollar diplomacy. The State De.

-partment was sufficiently moved to demand of the Colombian government, whether he was official and whether it stood behind him. They hastened to deny any responsibility for him. Here he has a group of four members of Congress who are trying to secure a consideration of his plans. He considers Calles a man absolutely ignorant and without ideas. His absence is to escape drinking during the celebration. His temperance principles are personally founded, as his kidneys go bad when he drinks - as he will, if opportunity offers. He considers de la Huerta the one who has more ideas than either of the others and the actual ruler today. Obregon he considers shallow, between the other two. He insists that none of the three dares talk except in grand and glittering terms with no real meaning. You can not get them down to the trunk, they insist on dealing superficially with the twigs. Called bolsheviks they do not know what bolshevism is. Nor have they any well-considered plan or purpose. Calles talks much of the common man, to secure votes should he want them. Obregon considers them in harmony - like the santissima trinidad - and following out his figure he considers de la Huerta the Espiritu Santo - when I insisted on completeness, he made Calles el Padre, leaving el Hijo for Obregon. He thinks Alvarado is out and was never of serious consequence: that I have not lost much in not seeing him. Alfredo Robles Dominguez he thinks showed himself tonto and he attributes full value to the story of his being lured across. He does not expect him to be killed but restrained. (Mrs. Hunt met the prisoners being marched through the streets. This was surely an unnecessary humiliation. They were guarded by a large number of soldiers. Alfredo Robles Dominguez went first and faced all without flinching or apparent feeling; Guzman had his collar up and his face down or was plainly feeling disgrace. She says that she thinks Alfredo was under the influence of some opiate or marijuana - and wonders whether the same were true when he fell, for the lure so easily). - It seems that Aracijo's assassination was partly personal partly political. He had a fondness for women and there was some girl matter in it. His head was

clift (from behind?) by a blow of a knife that divided the brain into half - anterior - posteriorly, extending from occiput to nasion.

I have been a little surprised that I have not seen Palacios. He knew I was coming at the 7th, but I have neither seen him nor heard from him. So I decided to look him up. I found him at home. He has been down in Puebla the past week gathering material for an exhibition of popular art to be opened as part of the Centennial on the 19th. He feels very happy over his results and I believe his exhibit will be truly interesting. He claims to find my translation good and it meets the approval of his sister, who has spent years in England and knows English well. She was brought in to meet me. He gave me a copy of his El Templo de Teotihuacan - coatl en Teotihuacan which has lately been published as one of the Monografías del Museo Nacional de Arqueología. Believe my patronage of his Piedra del Sol has been of advantage to him? Anyhow he seems to be more or less in favor with the powers that be. I am wondering how he and Manuel Gamio may hitch. I have never mentioned either to the others nor do I remember ever hearing either speak of the others. I do not think this man will be a successful political manipulator: I hope he has not become so politically enmeshed that he will cease to study. Because he has really studied. When I left here I took camion to center and another to the house as it was now after 6 pm. Official time. It was raining when I got home. Señora Landazuri had been for the day to Tacubaya to see María: it is her Sunday custom. She got home just as I did. Her misfortunes continue. Raoul is ill and has telegraphed for his wife. She and the baby left for Gomez Palacios on the train this morning at 7.35. Elena ought to be home: her place is here. I spent a lot of time hunting a laumony. There are plenty 13th of them in remote parts, but finally ran down one on Victoria, which really seems to be becoming one of my haunts nowadays. Becoming a little uneasy about my invitation for the 14th, I went out to see Gamio at San Jacinto. He was not there, but would be back by 2 oc. from San Juan de Teotihuacan, where he was

no doubt occupied with his preparations. I had gone to tell him that I should call at his home at 4.30. I had really three things to see him about before he leaves. I took lunch at Sanborn's and received my first forwarded mail - a queer lot really including letters from Harpo who crowded himself onto Erwin for Manila! from Fleischer who believed the Bateah collection worth 10000. and from Brother Joseph Dutton enclosing an autobiographic printed letter that hints at a dissolute past and a life of preparation. I went to the house and worked until time to go to Gamio. He was in. I plan to write a note for Science on an archaeological work in Mexico (suggested by my visit to Palacios) and want data relative to his own work; I wanted also to get his article on Vanegas Arroyo, and while I did not get it, I found that there was another one printed at about the same time that is likely to be of more value; I got the invitation, which I am sure would not have "come across" if I had let it rest. I did all this in such short notice, that it was still not time for me to go to the Ministry. So I went home and thereby met two friends of Sr. Landayuri. One was an Engineer, Federico Starre, who was a member of the Constituyente Congress of 1917 and who was and is a warm admirer and supporter of Carranza. He has just received an appointment to prepare an historical sketch of Mexican railways - a thing he seizes with avidity as it will give the opportunity for emphasizing the very important forward movement given by Carranza in the development of railroads. The other was a sobrina of some sort, Srta. Margarita Castañeda, daughter of Ramon Castañeda, rich hacendado of Jalisco: he and she have just returned from Europe. She has spent some years in England. Young and pretty she lost her mother - at the time of her birth? - and was brought up near Sr. Landayuri, of whom she is a great favorite. They saw Elena in Paris and she has struck out a descriptive term for her. She is "monja suelta", which seems to me appropriate. I now left and appeared at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fomento at 6 punctually. The private secretary received me graciously, and sent me at once into the long reception hall, where I was really in lonely grandeur. Many others - individuals and groups came and before the great man himself arrived we were many. He had several with him

who had waited in the ante-room and who now accompanied him into his sanctum. As he passed through the room of course all rose and he bowed to right and left as he passed. That lot was long, but finally were through. A crowd of laboring men and leadership and steering went next and they too were long. The private secretary felt called upon to give me an encouraging word once or twice. I did not hedge waiting for most of them. In fact I felt that I had little right to take time from some of them. I did not like the class that seemed to assume easy access and precedence. They were a low grade of ward politicians. However the only lot that I really grudged immediately preceded me and got in apparently the back way, after the secretary had told me I was next. And he seemed annoyed at them and inveighed against their leader, Dr. Atl. I found this really curious. This Dr. Atl has been popping up in all sorts of ways. I noticed his book on Popocatepetl; then Carmen had told me of him: then I asked Sr. Landaguri, who knows and dislikes him—he is a native of Guadalupe, his real name is Muriello, and Dr. Atl is an assumption, he is a fool; then I found him named in an address by the primer jefe; next touched off by Bustamante in one of his profiles—beginning with the popular judgment that he is a fool and vain and ending by extolling him as an orator, a thinker, a leader. I had by this time had a great interest in him. He must have been quite a fop in his youth and aimed at dress like Oscar Wilde; he was in Europe, where he made no great impression with his pictures; on his return he lived on ^{good} ~~large~~ among and like peons; he is a revolutionist and a soapbox orator, presumably socialistic. Well it was this man to whom my attention had been so variously and repeatedly called, who was now keeping me waiting in my turn. The Secretary sat by me inveighing, but got onto pleasanter themes. Palacin has brought a copy of my Bulletin around to the Ministry. The Secretary therefore launched out at some length upon his own interest in history with an archaeological background. I think Dr. Atl with his two were clocked fully forty minutes. It was 8:40 when I finally was received. And while my reception was

cordial and courteous and I was seated at once on the sofa and he at his place by me, yet after the greeting, two brief interviews were admitted - one of three workmen, who had been sitting beside me in the reception room, and whose conversation had somewhat interested me; they were really in haste as their work was night work. The other was a young man, who had refused to buy in ahead twice, when he had had a chance, and I did not at all begrudge his time. More especially, as I wanted to see the man himself. These two rooms are really rather handsome. The general color effect is green in shades and gold. In the ceiling of the large reception room are painted decorations - supposedly related to agriculture and fomento. Cherubic figures practicing various occupations in gathering fruits and products, sitting dangerously near beehives and playing with goats. In the sanctum besides the portrait of Francisco J. Madero was a great full length portrait of Allende standing. We were also interrupted by a telephone call which was exacting and demanded the production and reading of a list. I suspect it was the matter of the Teotihuacan excursion. At all events it related to distribution of tickets and emphasis upon the fact that none were left, that he himself had had none for personal friends - not even for his daughter, confining his distribution strictly to officials and Congress. In speaking with him I told him something of myself and work as the reason for my visit; that I wanted to see personally - Obregón, de la Huerta, Calles and himself; that I had intended to ask him various questions and to discuss the agrarian matter with him; but as time had been crowded, I refrained; I spoke of his nephew and his discursos of Madero. He ordered his secretary to prepare for me a selection of papers and reports; (he never writes his discursos, but they are taken down as he gives them extempore, by a stenographer); he promises me two letters - one directly to de la Huerta introducing me, the other to to arrange for an interview with Obregón; when I have read the printed matter he will be glad to answer any questions that I may jot down. On the whole it was a pleasant interview and with interruptions I must have been with him a full half-

lover. He is rather a simple, good natured, easy-going man. He has no great depth but is well-meaning. He has a rather easy way of receiving and his hand grasps seems to be hearty and kind. His voice in talking with people is rather low and friendly. He has the title of gral. which probably only means that he has taken active part in revolutionary activities. He is reputed to be bolshevik and his grandstand play is the agrarian problem. When I was through it was 9.15 and I rushed for my car. On the street, I saw Comaigo and some gentlemen walking and conversing: he greeted me as I passed - I should not otherwise have known him. It was 9.40 before 8:40 and I sat down to dinner.

On my way to the library 13th. I stopped at p.o. and Gaute for mail, getting a lot. Found Iguiniz full of excuses. He had ordered the things long but they had not been. So we made a new appointment for next Monday, to avoid the holidays. He presented me two exhibits that he had in duplicate - one of H. Enrique Comarena of Guadalajara, with an Aztec design: the other of J. Mariano Vallarta and Lic. Jorge Vereas (who, it appears, is a connection of the family). He helped me to address my letters to Rufos and Blas Verrea. He showed me copy for a bibliography of 3000 anonymous writings that is ready for the printer. — On the street before I reached the Plaza, I met Baties, who greeted me warmly. I think I never saw him look so well and he was admirably dressed. He has prepared a new folleto of tribute to Don Porfirio and I am to call on him Friday for a copy. He referred to the finds at San Juan de Teotihuacan and insists that the older pyramid is Toltec: he emphasizes the fact that everything in the decoration is marine: the serpents are really lagartos; he was in the lowland with Indians at night and by torch light saw the great lagarto heads with jaws open and great cornillos exposed. This seems to me a rather interesting suggestion: he emphasizes too that the first populations came up from the sea — I had expected to spend time at the library, so I now found myself a little at a loss. Being an exhibit trail I thought I'd go around to Dr.

Leon and see if he had a copy of his third article. He had not yet come to the Museum; so I next asked about Rayer - he comes to his class at 3 p.m. astronomical time; so I asked about Ledon - at 2 o'clock; finally Mena - he is here. So I was shown up to his office, where I found him and two others - Rodriguez who was connected with the "inspection of monuments" and who has been at Columbia University and has lately been in Guerrero pursuing investigations. Mena was plainly much gratified at my call. I told him I would like a note, regarding his work and suggesting what others I should look into. He gave me a leaf announcement of the 400 anniversary of the defence of Tenochtitlan. Two pages of this call to honor Cuauhtemoc, were in Spanish and two in Aztec (speaking it). The junta consisted of Nicolás Rangel, Ramón Mena and Mariano J. Rojas. It proposed uncovering a stone of commemoration at the plaza of Concepción Teguipanca, where the chief was captured. The Indians from all the towns were invited to attend with "ofrendas florales y estandartes con el jeroglífico de su pueblo." The affair took place on August 2, just one month ago, and he says it was a good success. The two talked more or less of the reconstitution of the Department of Public Instruction and the inspection. I cannot but wonder whether Gamio is well advised to be absent just at this time. de Men. digabel came in just here and they opened up a package of the native dresses from the Cholula district. They are to figure in the Exposition of Popular Art. With him I now went up to his department, which I am truly glad exists. He says he has adopted a classification neither purely geographic, or purely linguistic, but cultural. He recognizes first an untouched (unhispanic) group of tribes, Tarahumares, Guicholes, etc. Then Hispano-Sans. Co., Hispano-Azteca, Hispano-Maya, etc. He showed me his ceramics collection which is good and then explained to me his plans for developing and commercializing the indigenous arts and for setting the woman free from the milate to devote herself to this easier and lucrative employment. He showed me in his office, where I met his young apprentice, designs they are developing for the Salavala

were and gave me a copy of his exposición sobre artes y
distintas etnografías which was printed in Acción Agrarista
in January. His work is to be in some way related to the Univer-
sity through an Instituto Nacional de Artes y Monstrales
Etnográficos and the exposición was submitted to the Rector.
His relation with the Museum will continue in the Department
of Ethnography. Mendizabel (Sr. de Mendizabel) has done a
lot of real travel through Indian country, not only in Mexico
but also into and through Central America. He realizes that
Guatemala is still a chore. — I now marked time, rather badly
— until 3pm. astronomical time, when I again appeared at
the Museum. Dr. Beyer had not yet arrived and his classroom
was not open. So I sat to wait. Two American women ap-
peared, members of his class, who recognized me and urged
me in conversation. He came next and was introduced
appearing pleased to meet me and we went to his classroom
(Mena's office also) where the third member of the class ap-
peared — a middle-aged Mexican man, who has been faith-
ful and is now taking his second course. No others appeared
although some twenty were in the class at the beginning and it
seems that there is a young man, who is quite constant. Beyer
nally has made some preparation and he has a good many rather
careful drawings and photographs to accompany his lectures.
He was speaking of the use of metal and of stone among the Aztecs.
His hour did not give any great harvest and nothing new or
particularly suggestive. He appears to expect it written down as
he gives it, so that much ground could not possibly be covered.
As we sat at the table, my name and address hurriedly chalked
down by Mena on a full sheet of paper, lay rather conspicuously
there, just under my hand and upon the upper part of the paper lay
Palacios' Monografía. I tried to slide it so as to cover my name
but in doing so turned Beyer's attention to it. He at once entered into
a rather labored defense, after asking whether I had seen it. He
says that he received the ms. from Palacios and that it became
misplaced and he asked him for another copy intending to
print it. With no further discussion and thanks given under

The expectation that he would receive a second, Palacio pushed the printing through with his childishly querulous explanation. I stayed with them until 3.40 when I excused myself, as I had warned them I should have to do. I found Camargo at home as I had sent him a card that I should come. Nothing of particular interest in our conversation. He mentioned our meeting of last night and stated that his companion was a new acquaintance, I think from outside. He turned over his copy of the exposition that he now has before Congress and also a paper presented before the session - papeo folio upon the subject Se fuerte, y no hagas a otro lo que no quieres para ti - begging me to read both. The latter is addressed to the Mexican nation. I accomplished little on the

14th beyond the San Juan de Teotihuacan excursion. We were to leave at 10 a.m. I was at the station a little before the hour. The crowd was gathering. The Minister's private secretary was much in evidence there, though I am not sure that he went on the excursion as I did not see him after the train started. Gamio was there but much occupied so I did not speak to him until after we were on the ground. I knew the Corpo Diplomatico was out in considerable force - two cars being reserved for them; two cars of the Presidential train were on the train and probably four first class cars. There were few Americans in hand and I did not recognize Grand (Jas. W.) and his party at the time. He came in yesterday and the paper announced that he came as the personal representative of Pres. Harding to attend the celebrations. Today's paper disclaimed the fact - stating that for him to come as Mr. Harding's representative would be much the same as for Candido Aguilar to represent Pres. Obregon in the United States. Judge Gary came in at the same time with him but I am not sure that he was on the excursion. The only person in all the crowd, whom I really knew was Alfonso Herrera, who seemed glad to see me and to whom I attached myself like a leech. He is really well known among the crowd that was out and just before we made our way onto the train he was greeted by the Minister, with whom I also

shook hands as we passed. In the train we sat with two others - one a "D." with a smooth face and a lot of Indian blood, who had never heard of me and the other a Spanish mestizo, with more. Tache, who knew me as soon as my name was mentioned. The D. warmed up and talked almost a constant stream on his intention to write a work upon Mexican psychology emphasizing the fact that the Mexican is the mestizo and that he is a new creature often superior to the original stocks and that his problem is to assert himself over the old stocks so as to produce a homogeneous progressive and aggressive type. The Spaniard, for instance, is religiously so is the Indian in his different way; but the Mexican is not so much so. Our special train did not make specially good time. We stopped at all stations - at Texcoco for a long time. It was 10.30 when we started and it was probably near 12. when we arrived. Here we found three street cars reserved for ladies, several automobiles for distinguished, and a lot of camiones from Mexico each to carry eight persons and number. We got into no. 7. and were given tickets with the number on. It was really not so dusty as such a train of vehicles would lead us to expect. We went directly to the Ciudadela, where a really vast amount of work had been done. All fourteen of the little mounds have been opened until their entire contents were exposed and then upon each a full work of reconstruction had been done. I had been rather prejudiced against it, but I cannot see but what the work has been rather well done. I think there has been little rein to imagination and that original lines have been carefully followed. Of course the rear of the Aztec pyramid is merely protective, to prevent fall and down thrust, as it was actually upon the great front of the Toltec construction. We ascended one of the trio on the front and from it got a good view of the whole group. We then mounted to the top of the Aztec pyramid and looked down and across upon the elaborately decorated, now completely uncovered front of the Toltec pyramid. It is really fine and interesting with its great heads, obsidian eyes in stone and the sea shells both univalve and bivalve, and the splendid stairway. I naturally looked at it with Balthus sup

question in mind. I believe he is right in regard to the simple
heads with gaping mouths and great tusks; but I think the strange-
ly conventionalized squared heads are serpents and the rattle ^{shall}
rattle recurs again and again unmistakably. So the idea that
all here is marine is a mistake. To what degree we are justified
in calling the lagarto marine might be discussed, but for the
purposes of his theory it is allowable. Here at the pyramid, I
met Mrs. Gamio in whose party was Dr. Macmillan. We ex-
changed greetings. It seems that Dr. Macmillan is a homeo-
pathic physician who has practiced here for nineteen years
and who attended my College Club lecture. After descending
from the great pyramid we lined up and in slow procession
passed back of the are before the other to see the carved
work at near range. There was here a lot of grouping
and posing for photographic and moving picture work
in which I was not interested. I inquired for the Belgian
minister but Belgium had no representative. I looked up the
Japanese representative (who I believe is acting minister). He seemed
much pleased to meet me, knowing both my name and my nick-
name and asked when I am at home that he might call
and pay his respects. We now remounted our camiones and
rode to the Museum where we made an inspection of its con-
tents and where many photographs of diplomats and so on
were made. I was rather interested in the four dog-like figures
from a colonial church - candle-holders. Next to them were
two larger ones from another church. It seems to me that they
really raise some interesting questions and I would like to
make an actual comparison along three lines: A) are such
stone dogs in Spanish churches and what is their date; B)
how far as the sculptural details really Indian - and what
comparison can be instituted with the little San Juan two-holed
potters on the one side and with the Indio Brisk on the other; C)
cf. with the Japanese-Chinese Korean dogs. While we were in
here I took occasion to congratulate the Minister upon the im-
mense work done during the year and expressed my general ap-
proval of the reconstruction. Instead of taking our camions to the
gruta Herrera and I walked there and determined to be there in
quad season. There were many seatings outside the gruta,

under awnings for the overflow. We found many of the seating
in the gruta reserved with name cards. When we got to the end
of these, we took two seats. Leaving his coat to reserve his seat, he
excused himself for a few minutes. When he came back he said Mrs.
Garnio invited us to sit at her table. Thither we went. I do not
of course know all who sat there. Those at the end were Gomez at
the very end (which was not intended to be used). To his right Prof.
Herrera, Mrs. Garnio, Reygadas Vertiz (Engineer in Charge), Dr. MacM.,
myself, Dr. Jose Gmo. Salazar, Secretary of the Guatemalan Leg-
ation. On the other side from Gomez—a young Mex. lady, Garnio
two young Mexican ladies. To these three ladies I had been intro-
duced by Dr. MacMillan and Mrs. Garnio at the pyramid, but I
do not at all remember their names. With both my neighbors
I lived on pleasant terms. The great table began just behind
Gomez and swept along the entire side (length) of the cueva. At the
middle on the wall side sat the minister with his more distin-
guished guests. And here at last Dr. MacM. located Judge and
his lady for me. She sat at the very end in a dark corner, where
few of the many flashlights photos could have taken her, while Mr.
Gerald sat to her left, which placed him with his back toward
us. They were as far away from the host as they could be and
still at the same table. She seemed to me an essentially
vulgar creature; for him the Doctor had nought but words
of criticism. He had a "rat's mouth" and "^{weasel} ~~beady~~ eyes". He was far
from as vigorous as his portraits and looked to me as if he
were a broken-down creature. She believed that they plainly
showed dissatisfaction with their table-portion. Our menus
were photographs and bore above some view of the ruins and
below

Dezihucan

1821. Septiembre 1921

Almuerzo Campesino
organizado por la Se-
cretaria de Agricultura
y Fomento para con-
memorar el Centenario
de la Consumacion de la
Independencia de Mexico.

Menu

	Sopa de Tortilla
Cerveza	arroz a la Mexicana
Pulque	Tortilla de Huevos
Cuerado	Barbacoa y salsa
	boracha
Licores	Mole de Guajalote
	Frijoles refritos
Cognac	Tuta-Sulce-Cape

There was a deal of photographic. There are from our mouth of the cave was are of the earliest and prints (mounted) of it were on sale before the breakfast was ended. Quick work! Salazar brought a copy for himself and one for me. On the back of mine are written — Recuerdos del día que estuvimos en Teotihuacan sintiendo las bellas palpitaciones del alma mexicano. José Gmo. Salazar.

al Prof. Starr sabio, entusiasta amigo de México
Con el afecto de M. Gamio.
Frances Macmillan.

As we had gone from the Museum on our way to the gruta we had stopped in a paillin, crowded, to have cerveza or cognac. After the breakfast ended many stopped again there, where music was being played outside and some sort of dancing with. We had had a good deal of music in the gruta. There was an orchestra in charros suits, who really looked well and played well. There had been some vocal pieces, among them some of the most popular of the day. And there was a ninta playing. Before the coffee the Minister made a few remarks in which he stated that it had been decided to excavate the pyramid of the moon. We now remounted our cannon and rode to the subterraneos, where the "Dr." and another went to see, while Herrera and others sat and waited. Apparently a little at a loss, when they returned we rode back to the Museum, but then turning back we ran to the station where we secured our hats — although the fourth man was not

our train companion coming, though he had been with us all the time in the car. The "Dr." was as voluble as ever. Herrera begs me to come and see him and his work. Dr. Jesus de Leon is dead; Francisco Belmar is diseased in the brain and does not know anyone. Before we separated the Dr. gave me his card which I pocketed without looking at it. He had a good run home making no stops: left Teotihuacan at 5.30. So I was probably at home at 7. There was quite a heavy rain during the train ride but it had stopped before the station. Production of the Dr's card called forth an expression from Dra. Landazuri. It reads - Doctor José Sierrob, Diputado al Congreso de la Union. He is a radical revolutionist, was Governor of Guanajuato under Carranza's regime. "Ask Mary Blake" about him - show her his card without saying anything and see what she will say!" At the house I found a copy of Carlos Diaz Dufo's La Cuestion del Patrolo, sent at my suggestion for review in the American journal of Sociology. There was distributed to all of us today what Gamio calls a monograph. It is entitled: Secretaria de Agricultura y Fomento Guia para visitar la Ciudad Arqueologica de Teotihuacan por Manuel Gamio Director de Antropologia Obsequio del Comité Ejecutivo de la Comision Organizadora de las Fiestas del Centenario. I think he could have made a better piece of work.

15th. The national holidays are on. Señora Landazuri wanted me home for dinner at 2.30 official, so I made a rather prompt start. I had four things to do - get mail, pay for birth, settle balance on grave and see Vanegas Arroyo. But the holidays were against me. I found the office at quite short and Carhart had not been in for mail. My birth I settled. I found the streets crowded. The booths on the north side of the Alameda were continuous and I have never seen them more lively. Had I more time I'd take up Mexican toys again. The traditions still persist. The streets were thronged with children who were forming on San Francisco for their parade. This has been children's week and every day's program has been published. The Plaza was full of people and all the tramlines

had specials to bring children in and take them out. The stores and public buildings were decorated with the tres colores. It was slow and difficult progress on San Francisco either ^{or} ~~on foot~~ ^{or} in the road. I had intended to stop for Manuelito but decided that if not in the children's parade he was probably in the center. So I took a camión direct to Guadalupe. Here too there was plenty of animation. I was interested in seeing that the silver votos seem to be as varied and of the same types as before. The stoneworker was not in as I passed and so I walked down to the grave. He seems to have done a fair job, but there is no question that the stone is too soft. He cleared away all the remaining vine that was growing around the grave which I hoped he would not do as I rather liked it. When I was back at the shop the man had not yet come. I sat and waited I think a full hour for his return when I paid him and that matter is settled. Took camión back to town and went to Vanegas Arroyo's. The man has not yet come. I gave another chance to Gante and then tried to get a camión home. In vain. All the streets are full of vehicles and all full. Camiones, coaches, taxis, automobiles. Of course the coaches are largely occupied by very poor people in family parties. And the helpers - chauffeurs and porters on the fine equippages are a funny lot that quite spoil any suggestion of elegance. Our guests at lunch were Benobriso, Ramon Castañeda and his daughter Margarita. He may be rich and has had the benefit of travel, but he has had a calamity affecting his sight and is hard of hearing. They are only just back from Europe but he is already planning a trip around the world in which the Hawaiian islands seems to cut a large figure. He knows of San Francisco but apparently has never heard of Seattle and found it hard to grasp the idea of the State of Washington. We had a beautiful and excellent repast of course - and Srta. Landayon comes to play.

The host. I was really dead tired of the streets and crowd and stayed at home. In fact at dusk I lay down and slept and went to bed at 10.30. The noise of the grito came before I really slept and must have been even unusual. I foresaw that not 16th much could be accomplished today. I have read both Camacho's prospecto and his paper for the juegos florales of the Universidad. I did not get through them until 11. I again tried Gante, in vain: also Vaneegas Arroyo. Went out to Colonia Vallejo where I found Bra. Vasquez alone. The others had gone into town. I left word for the boy to meet me before the Cathedral in the morning at 7. to go to Puebla with me. I dropped into the Sagrario, where a service was in progress. Every seat was full. The crowd on the street are as great and as gay - as aimless and as clean dressed, as I have ever seen on the 16th. I do not think there was any real procession as the great one is to be on the 27th this year. - the date of the successful ending of the Revolution. Through it all, Turbide is getting much more publicity than has been usual. I killed time so as not to get to Baties too early, but found them at table. Dinner I unluckily accepted and had to be served from suppers as they were on their last meat. Salvador and his wife were there, Senora Baties, perhaps a daughter, and a daughter of Dr. Sologuren, who to my great surprise, recognized me and remembered me at once. She is really a very beautiful woman though far from young of course - it was more than twenty years ago that I was there. Dr. Sologuren has been dead for some years. Senor Baties produced his memorial, which bears the name - Gratos Recuerdos Nacionales and gave me three copies. He read it aloud to me. It is a brief statement of the grandeur of Don Porfirio's achievement. He has one passage of pointed comparison in it, which he seems to think particularly fine. He claims still to know interesting and desirable archaeological sites as good as untouched. He is anxious to find a buyer for an aquarelle and I have promised to put him in touch with Mason. He naturally reminisced much in regard to Don Porfirio. He finds three great elements of greatness in him:

an extraordinary degree of common sense, virtues equal to all test, a profound knowledge of men. He spoke of his new battle, which he actually expected to destroy him. Four powerful influences were against him - the Minister, Chavero, Balle, Loubat. Their case had been laid before the President ere Bates returned. He went to him - spoke of their personal friendships - declared himself ready to abide by any decision without whimpers. The old man stopped him, asked no question, received no statement, but told him to have, to tell no one that he had been to see him, and to keep his mouth closed, begging in no controversy, regardless of what any one might say. He remained in undisturbed possession of the fields. He said, as if it greatly delighted him - that Señor Díaz never told the truth. That no one knew from his words either what his idea was or what he would do. That he was a sphinx.

He spoke of a time when Antonio García Cubas had some soldiers excavating at San Juan de los Rios, Can. He (Bates) believed they were incompetent diggers who were doing damage and so told the old man. After hearing him, he went to the phone - "remove every soldier from San Juan de los Rios - every soldier." García Cubas knew nothing of all until he found his force gone. This was told in connection with a general onslaught upon the present reconstruction which he considers grotesque and fan-tastic, though he claims to have only friendly personal feelings for Gamio.

In speaking of the new regime, I asked him about Calles? "Calles, Calles, why he will kill this other man, of course!" He then went on to remark that Obregón is a sick man, reputed to have heart disease. I ventured to recall that de la Huerta, when I was here was reputed to be also sick. "Yes - he had appendicitis" and from the way he spoke I believed that the assumption, which I have made that the malady ceased with his leaving office was warranted. I do not know, but I believe that de la Huerta as Secretary of Hacienda has been continuously well.

I took street car back to the p.o. to see if I were on the list. I got off in the beginning of a downpour, that marooned me in the building with many hundreds of others. It first came down in a sheet, that we watched from inside through the big doors. But suddenly a wind from the west drove it in with such force that it sprayed the entire interior where we were and the guards hurried to shut the doors against the drive. When it was over streets and even stretches of sidewalk were flooded. I had to

navigate with care to get through on the sidewalk to San Francisco. When I got to Victoria, there was a ~~street~~ where there was a pool so deep and wide that crowds gathered to see automobiles, camions and coaches make the passage where they went through water to the axles and threw up splashes that made standing on either side as they passed impossible. The waves they caused lapped up onto and over the sidewalks so that one had to bide his time and make a dash between vehicles if he should get by fairly dry-shod. The papers next day spoke of the storm as an aguarero of exceptional fury.

I found Camargo at home and we had a long talk. His project has been read and order printed. He is anxious to have it translated into English and issued in book form. He thinks we find ourselves in the same condition as Mexico was with relation to us, by England coming to a 1:7 basis. He believes we will be driven to the same or suffer. (Would it not be curious if the two nations now enter on a double competition - the one to maintain the greatest navy, the other the lowest ratio?!) He gave me several views of San Juan de Teotihuacan, which he thinks might serve me for a magazine article. They are panoramics made by a photographer, who accompanied him there two years ago. With another camera in his hand he appears in ~~the~~ picture. He does not realize (a) that the panorama form does not well lend itself to a page; (b) that there is little variety in the pictures so that only one is really usable in such an article; and (c) all his pictures do not show the San Juan of today, giving neither the modern discoveries or the extensive reconstructions. From here, I

took camion for home and at the cruzada Napoles. Merida had an astonishing accident. A car came from the left on the track: it was clearly in its rights and on the track before we arrived: we never slackened our speed and seemed resolved to hit it squarely in its midst; just as we hit it full force indeed, we seemed to make the least adverse to the right. It received our blow and dragged us - because of this slight swerve, wedging us against the signal pole to the right, bending it somewhat. We were hurled with violence, the glass was smashed, our right fore-wheel torn off, the left mangled, the whole front damaged. The man had his face badly cut & bleeding, another had an eye badly blackened. I was sitting just behind the drivers seat on the right. I was thrown against the man across, or he against me. My right knee was bruised and on the knee of my trousers was a stain, which looked like red paint, but which I took to be blood - it coinciding exactly

in position with my injured knee. As soon as all came to a stop, street-car and camion - The second man on the left, in an access of fury with doubled fists was showering blows and abuse upon the unlucky chauffeur as if he had not enough before. As soon as we piled out the battle began. The chauffeur tried to put the motorists into blame, insisting that we should have crossed. He took them to the front of the car to show where the mark of a blow would be found if true, there was naught there. Whether they eventually found of course, there was naught there. Whether they eventually found the real mark where we hit the middle of the cab I don't know, but it must have been there. However I did not want to be summoned as a witness to the jugs, so I beat it and walked home. When I got there I at once looked at my knee: it was bruised and swollen but no sign of blood on it or on the drawers. I am not sure the stairs is blood. I may have been thrown with force against the opposite wall which may have had some rusty paint: if it is blood it must have come from my neighbor.

I was up unnecessarily early and when I got down 17th for conveyance was too early for either camions or tranvies. Cook I could have had. After waiting long at Merida, I walked slowly to the turn and then around it up to the Cordoba cruzada. Coches I could have had three or four of them and at this hour they clearly drive a fair non-competitive business. Waiting there I caught what I believe to have been the really first camion - a first street-car apparently being in sight as I did so. The driver had not yet picked up his crew and did his own collecting. He dropped me at the Zocalo at 6.30 and I had an hour half to wait before the appointed time. At 7 the boy had not come: I waited until 7.15, but no boy. I believed then that she had sent him directly to the station - as she had seemed inclined to do - so that I had had to emphatically repeat my direction - "in front of the Cathedral; there we will take the car." At 7.15 I took the tram-way and was at the station before 7.20. I found Reygadas there, going to the pyramids. I took chocolate and pan which at 0.10 was high priced. No sign of the boy anywhere and I waited along in seeking him that found the tram filled before I got on. Reygadas coming in told me there would be a car on behind as far as Texcoco, so we went out and got into it as soon as it was unlocked. We sat together with comfort as this car was at no time half-full. Chatted and looked over the newspapers. In the current Revista de Revistas is an article by Dr. Beyer on the symbols of the stars. At Texcoco we dismounted and went into the other car which had lightened up somewhat but was full through to Puebla. I found a seat with a strange feminine youth man who was going to Nanacamilpa, though he lives in Mexico. When he got off, I had

alone only for a station or so, a passenger through to Puebla then
sharing my seat. Ryggadas come back to say farewell before he
got off. We had beautiful view of Sotacichuath, though with some
clouds. In fact the entire day there were more or less of cloud im-
bankments. Of Popocatepetl we had no actual view. We were 55
minutes late at Puebla, where we arrived at 3pm. The station
is in bad condition, but apparently undergoing repair. I got a much
needed shave at a barbershop across the way and then went to
my much. mndorm Hotel de los Estaceros, where I hired a
room in the second patio at \$1.00, one in the first patio being at
\$1.50. Leaving my packet I walked down to find Alfaro 19. They have
a perfect system now of their names & numbers!! Streets are
numbered — avenues e. & w, cross them, also numbered.
Two streets ^{ave} ~~16 de Septiembre~~ and Calle de ~~la~~ ^{San} ~~Antonio~~ still re-
tain the old names. I walked until I felt sure I was near my place
when I asked a little boy in a zaguan (or doorway) where Alfaro was. He
was stupid and did not know! Before I had gone 30 yards I was
assisted by Sofia whom I met. With her I turned back into the very
place where I had inquired of the boy. She led me back through a
crowded vivienda place. She has a room in the third patio. Lola was
not home had gone to a Teatro with a friend. She is now 14 and taller
than Sofia. She is not attending school, having failed to pass. It is clear
that her child-stupidity was real and not merely temporary. She
has had small-pox but is not badly marked. Sofia's mother came
in and greeted me. She lives in the first patio. From here I went
to the center. The Plaza growth is fine. I never fully appreciated it
and the years improve it. I looked in vain for my dear old Cagadas
for chocolate and pan tostado. It has probably been gone long ago
and I think a rather fine building occupies its place. I also
looked for the reservata: but no sign of it remains. If Don Anselmo
still lives he would be a man of at least 74 or 75. Quite near, I
thought I would go around and see the Instituto Metodista. The
church and the old plant are there, but it is now only a normal
school for girls. I did not trouble the Directors, but finding that
Valderrama was at the head of the boys school I walked out
to it. The girl said it was five blocks straight and then inquired.
It was really about ten blocks and is at the very edge of the city.
It is called El Colegio de Toledo and has fine grounds enclosed
in a rather high wall - railing and a pretentious building. A janitor

to my surprise recognized me at once - it must be at least six-
teen years since he has seen me and, as Valderrama was away,
showed me around. They really have a fine plant. The grounds are
ample, well planted, and suitable to games, etc. The building
houses 86 boarders at present. I looked at the classrooms,
the dining room, bath room with two tubs and eight showers,
and the dormitories. At meals they sit, ten at a table with a head of
each. The boys bring the food from the kitchen, pass it out over a counter,
and place it on the table; the head serves. The place is in pretty good
condition save for the bedrooms which are badly cared for. I did not
ack to see any teachers, but passing young Valderrama's room
allowed myself to be left there and had a little visit with him. He
is the mesa who was for a time in Chicago and whom I had
known there. If I had seen the old janitor again I meant to ask
him about Daniel Moreno. On my way out I saw three boys
playing a game of marbles on a diagram scratched in the ground.
The diagram gives the name - culebra. Two boys remained after
the others and I chatted with them. They are new boys, here only
two months, from Durango, the only ones from there: the father
of one was comerciante, of the other mesa: both of course
Methodist. I now walked back to town, where I found the toro
business in full swing; they are as good as new and cost only 0.20
as against the old 0.12. Reposos too are cheap here - two rings of
glasses, the large ones 0.10, half the price in Mexico. Though there
were showers, I sat around in the Plaza until about 9 o'clock
when I went to the hotel and to bed. I began to think I had been
foolish in sticking to my old place. It has not only been broken: it
has been looted. There are no keys, the locks have all been taken
off and carried away; asked about her electric light the woman
had said "they had robbed them of them." Nevertheless, I went to sleep
at once and without dreams. Then suddenly awaked by a
loud pounding at my door. I thought at first of fire or police
but rose & hurried to the door: then I believed it some related per-
son trying to make an arrangement and rather angrily said I
had not wished any companion; but it seemed it was my peso
that was wanted; the cuarto had not been paid! Then I was furioso.
However I had the peso at hand and passed it out. I had been awakened
and it was another matter before I got to sleep again. I thought
over all the foolishness - and really danger - in sleeping there.
Of course they keep no guest book. Whether there was any one

else there was doubtful, but if so, their quality was such that they would and could easily kill a man for less than I had on me. In this connection I began to think of Fleischer's collection and the risks it is running of theft! And then it came back to me that I had seen that collection - with Harro - in 1919! What a queer thing are the lapses of my memory! However, then I fell to sleep again and slept peacefully enough until my usual waking time.

18th Sunday. I wrote up my notebook to date. Then I walked down to Alfaro 14, where I found Sofia and Lola expecting me. She is really a slow-minded, uninteresting child. She seems to be well-intentioned, but surely not viva. I stayed only a few minutes. If I had had anything less than a 10 p. gold piece I had intended to give her something. I supposed I would get it changed at the Hotel (though I doubt it could have been done) but the midnight demand for payment had stripped me of all but Two 10 p. pieces - insufficient copper to pay my chocolate. So Lola got none. I was not sure where I should get my chocolate and so got my 10 changed at a bookstore that happened to be open. I could just as well have waited for I did take my chocolate at a decent place and it cost 0.75 so they could not have grumbled. I had pan tostado with it (sprinkling my own sugar) in memory of La Casa Dorada and also a glass of milk. I then took a final walk around. I am more than impressed by the persistence of the old time toys and I wish I had time and money to make a serious collection and to pay the freight and duty. The subject would work up well and has not been touched I think except by myself. The displays at the Alameda and at the markets in Mexico had aroused me. Here I was further impressed. I sat in the Plaza which is a fine by day as at night, though in this rainy season a little too shady in the early morning. I crossed over to the Cathedral where an impressive service was in session, with a host of priests. I bought three Texas and some dulces for my train lunch and some flattened preserved Duraznos to carry home. (These in lieu of the white canotes of Puebla). Then I walked to the station. It is an actual wreck. I can hardly think that it is being taken down for reconstruction. It looks as if it had been burnt or wantonly destroyed. I do not know. We were off about on time at 11.35. We had lost 18 minutes before Texcoco. Ixtaccihuatl was just again with a curtain of scattered clouds hanging above it. Sun.

set was imminent about at Pyramides, after a driving rain
that lasted a half hour and left drifting, tall and, black cloud
masses in the west. Then the sun dropped, splendid, behind
a mountain line — which suggests a crater and the
glory behind it seemed to give a crater filled with molten gold with
a pall of black cloud above. We lost time at Texcoco and after
and reached Mexico at 7.05 instead of 6.20. Here we came back
to official time so it was 8.05 — and it was past 8.30 when I
finally reached the house. Oh yes — at the station the white
camotes were offered and I bought a box of them. Found a
card from J. H. Starr Hunt — "Dear Dr. Starr: There are to be
floats on Sunday and if you care to come to the office perhaps
at 10.30 h.o. you will find us there and glad to see you". In
the envelope he had written "We are also arranging a
luncheon at the University Club on Monday at 1.30 h.o.
for our Scholarship Committee to which you are cordially invited."
Sorry we have missed the floats. The illumination of the Plaza
tonight was brilliant. The Palace was brilliantly done and
the Cathedral has a completely new illumination: it is touched
up by reflected lights from below and in part so as to be brought
out in detail, while a few red lights in the towers and one
or two fable lines of small lights here and there along the
horizontal lines of construction give modest brightness. I am
not quite sure whether I like it much or whether I do not
like it at all. In my run from canon to canon, I en-
countered Camargo with two ladies. — I pushed mother

194 a little and was at the National Library at about ten o'clock.
It was not open and thinking it was due to astronomic time I waited
around the entrance, reading my big handful of mail, for a full
hour. Then I began an investigation, which ran the porter down
at a back-door entrance. The library does not open on Monday (!)
nor was I going in the office. So a morning lost. I dropped in
on Hull. For the first time in his life he greeted me by name. He is
as disagreeable in general attitude as ever but seemed to make
a real effort to be pleasant. He told his story of his visit to Wash-
ington in an amusing fashion. He and Mrs. Hull had been at
New York and were on their way to Atlanta. Decided to stop
at Washington and see the town. Bryan sent him an invi-
tation to call and see him. He brusquely refused. Some are

Instituto Metodista Mexicano de Puebla. Colegio de Toledo

Al sur de la ciudad en terrenos que pertenecieron al Rancho de Toledo. Edificio tiene una superficie de 2100 metros cuadrados -- al aire libre por sus cuatro costados. Los terrenos miden una superficie de 3000 metros cuadrados. 17 salones de clase. Hay dormitorios para uno, dos, tres, o mas alumnos. El comedor es muy amplio, pues tiene capacidad por 200 alumnos; su piso es en mosaico y cuenta con doce puertas y ventanas. Hay baños de vapor, de agua tibia y de regadera -- los educandos -- pueden bañarse diariamente si así les place. -- Hay un departamento especial de lavabos de porcelana, con surtidores de agua permanente. Los baños, el cuarto de los lavabos, el vestíbulo y el comedor tienen piso de mosaico, y en los patios -- existen unos bebederos sanitarios, en donde los alumnos toman agua sin tazas ni jarros, evitando así el peligro de un contagio. Todos los dormitorios están en los pisos superiores; en tanto que los salones de clase, la cocina, el comedor y los baños quedan en los departamentos de abajo. -- nuestro internado es el primero de la República, en todos sentidos. --

Escuelas:

Kindergarten

Escuela Primaria: six years.

Escuela Secundaria: two years; preparatory to Normal & Comercio

Escuela Normal: four years. To prepare teachers: Prep. to Co. Inst.

~~Escuela~~ de Comercio: two years.

Academia de Mexico.

a specialty is made of English classes and of physical culture societies. Alumni Association: Mendelssohn Club (piano); Opfer Mozart (singing); Tennison Club (primary); Shakespeare Club (secondary); Epworth League; Liebo Melcher Camp.

Biblioteca, ocupa un lugar amplio y bien ventilado y cuenta con mas ~~que~~ de mil volumenes. Año escolar: dos semestres - Enero 2 a Junio 30; julio 2 a Noviembre 26.
(Proyecto de 1917-1918).

whose name I did not catch but seems to have been a personal friend (and probably in the State Dept.) called on him and told him he had taken a two days vacation, for the first time in long, to devote to showing him around. He told him, he ought to do no such thing but to keep at business. Hence he stuck. He asked him to go and see Bryan - but he flatly refused. As they were walking they came to a certain building and L. said I want to show you a model of the greatest warship, we are about to construct and they went in. They passed through a room full of waiting people, through a door - there were face to face with William Jennings. He was warmly greeted and asked to sit down, to which he replied that he had no business to transact with him and that he did not care to have anything to do with him: that he knew him well long ago when they had worked together - though he (B) did not remember; that he had no wish to see him now and had made no request for an interview, which indeed he did not want. Mr. Bryan replied, that he had been driven to resort to a little diplomatic trickery to secure his presence but that he wanted to consult him. Hull replied, there was no advantage in doing so as their points of view were diametrically apart. However among other things, Mr. Bryan asked him if he realized what force would be necessary to conquer Mexico. To which he replied ten thousand. Whereupon Mr. Bryan exclaimed - "I have given the matter very serious thought and it will take 500,000." Hull developed his view by saying that 100,000 were ample; taken a town, leave one or two Americans in charge; recruit the townsfolk and go on: in this way soon the whole would be conquered. Mr. B. urged him to meet the President, to take a lunch or dinner together with them. This he flatly refused saying there was no man whom he would so little wish to meet. When they left, his friend took him into another room where they found Vice-Pres. Marshall, sitting back in his chair, with his feet on a table, making

frequent efforts to spit his tobacco juice into a spittoon
that he usually missed. Here he seems to have had an ex-
citing interview and to have succeeded in expropriating and
mouthing the U.S. Among other things Marshall said that Co-
mercants had no right in the country anyway; that they
were there only to exploit it and were a constant irritation.
He asked Hull why he did not leave his affairs and in the
hands of the Consul and come back to the state and get
a job. Hull replied by a general attack on the Consul who
were regularly incorrupt and worse; asked when he would
realize as his business left in the hands - next year (oh no)
the next? three years? five; the Vice Pres. becoming the
what more probable each time but plainly making no
promise short of eight or ten years. And what percentage
of salvage might he expect? And where and how could
he be guaranteed in the states the \$2500. a month
absolutely necessary to maintain his present scheme
of outlay. They became somewhat abusive and his
companion, shocked and scandalized finally dragged
him away. All this was well told and probably had
some foundation. I rather regret that he did not meet
the head of the government himself. He then indulged
in some general observations - among them the fallacy of
the idea that the Americans in Mexico were exploiting
the Mexicans; that the exploitation was quite on the
other side; that it continued usually until the
American was picked clean. He asserts graft at
every turn; the Co. cannot unload cars now waiting
and for days until they had paid graft - say \$5 a car;
that the thing is true of loading as well. That it would
be tolerable if only Oregon had to be palm-crossed, no
matter ^{at} what price; but it had to be done on the way
down or there were constant delays, crossings, inter-
ruptions. He repeatedly spoke of the moratorium! There
is nothing doing so far as the company is concerned and
no prospect of any payments in the near future. No

do they get any definite satisfaction as to their status legally; unsettled questions are constantly adding uncertainty. I received a letter from Palacios this morning. Instead of sending me invitation to the popular art exposition as Perpetuo, he said they were given out by the Dept. of Relations; that there would be a second inauguration - so to say general - and that he should be there the entire day of Maite 20, and would go through the collections with me then. This left scant time for action. So I now went to Starr Hunt and asked him to ask for a ticket for me. It seems he really has no connection with the Department and he sent my card by the office messenger to ask for a ticket. I told him I accepted his invitation to lunch as a return for this favor and that I hoped he would bring the invitation with him thither. I myself now went to the Minister of Fomento's quarters and asked for the Secretary Particular. He was not there, would come soon, please sit down in the waiting room, which I did. An hour passed. I could wait no longer. I insisted on seeing some sub. He knew all about it; there had been delay because of the fiestas; they would be attended to now promptly. If I will come at noon tomorrow they will be ready. This was really as good as I expected. It was now, however, very near the hour of the lunch and I went thither as rapidly as possible, trying to locate the University Club on the Paseo instead of on Bucarelli, which of course made me ten minutes late. Starr Hunt was telephoning as I got there. The company in general were at the table; Rider came late - as usual. We were ~~the~~ all told. Hunt, Rhoads, Teale, Holloway, Osuna, Rider,

Cook and Gerard. Rhoads sat next to me and was an interesting neighbor; he has been in Mexico much of the time since 1882; is interested in genealogy and knows our family; has studied the Calendar Stone; walks - walked yesterday to Taluca, doing it for pleasure and exercise; his real headquarters are Los Angeles, where he is a partner of a son of Garfield. Teale had Gerard in charge; he is an engineer; left a little early, because Gerard had to do

50. Holloway is President of the Mexican Railway Co.,
therefor an Englishman; a golf enthusiast; not hostile to
labor unionism per se, but considers it a mischief here; Taking
his employees - they merely support their official organization and
have no funds left for general improvement of membership;
he insists that the high wages have been no help to labor -
The men having nothing more to show for it than in the old
days and live just as close to the margin; one result is
that they have ~~three~~ women at different points along the
line, instead of one in Mexico: this one is a legal wife, the
two in other places, priest marriages; all his efforts to
encourage saving comes to naught - what is the use when
they will be certain to have it taken from them through
some legal pretext as soon as they are known to have it;
If not directly, by impositions upon the society or bank. -
Osuna, once a minister (?) of education and a governor of
Tamaulipas; talks English, of course. Rider with the Trust
Co. Cook, who is President of the Committee, in the Methodist
work, head of the American School: a new man here,
giving up the Superintendency of Hardon (Texas) schools for
the job. Gerard - and here is a funny thing: R. Macmillan
was mistaken and the man and woman we saw at Aco-
tahuacan were not the Gerard; he is a much better looking
younger and more vigorous man; he said he was glad to
meet me as he had heard much of me; he thinks Silesia
belongs to Germany and that it will be a dreadful blunder
if the French succeed in giving any of it to Poland. He re-
alizes that Germany on the whole is making more advance
than other countries and says she stands a chance of getting all
of the world's money. The plans of the Committee were somewhat
discussed. They include securing free scholarships from Ameri-
can institutions for Mexican students; exchange students
from America to come here, especially for summer quarters.
- given railroad transportation from the border and free tuition;
American Professors to come for a year - transportation from
border - a moderate salary. The Committee wants to have

found to help the Mexican students, who in accepting it make certain pledges - including the return here: the sum they talk of is \$3000. (which as Cook said, might be \$30000.) Gerard said it will be easy to raise the \$30000 in New York among the interests (Guysenheims, etc.) and stated if they would give him a precisely formulated statement of their plan he'd guarantee to raise it without difficulty. Perhaps, anyway he made a much better impression on me than I expected. It was rather strange that in a little group of ten American and other gentlemen - three should be members of the Starr family! Mr. Hunt did not have the invitation. The man had made no report. He agreed to meet me at the office at 4.45 to learn results. So I went to Antonio Vazquez Arroyo's. The man has returned; "no delata venier." So I waited thirty-five minutes, until 4.35 and then had to cannon to Hunt's office. He there but no invitation and no man! So we waited. At 4.55 he appeared and I disappeared. It was really 5.10 when I arrived at the Exposition. The President had already come. The place was full. No more than entered I found Carmen Fancerrala. Then I learned that Dr. Atl was to lecture, the cause of her presence. Together we looked through the exhibits. They are mostly on the upper floor, though some were in side rooms downstairs. The main room downstairs was set with little tables for refreshment - very pretty and dainty; the rear middle downstairs was given up to Indian and country girls in gay native costume and to some jarabe dancers: on a kind of elevated top was instrumental music - popular in character; there was singing too. All in all it was a nice affair. Carmen introduced me to Antonio de la Peña (Tapatio), the Marquis of San Francisco, Dr. Atl, Dr. Atl's brother, Minister Pani. Dr. Atl is baldheaded and bearded, an unnatural distribution; he had some disgusto and the conferencia was off; he had a copy or two of his book on popular art and it seems he has been one of three to get up this exhibit, among which three Talacueros does not figure, altho he has done a lot of the collec-

-ting. In fact I have been suspecting that he did not try to get my ticket, for fear of straining his connection. I believe it would strengthen it. We saw nothing of him. Dr. Atl promised us each a copy of the book; he is flighty and was darting about frantically from thing to thing; a dozen times he told us, he was about to bring them, please to wait where we were. Where we were was at one of the little tables, where by this time all were sitting and where we were served with pomegranate refresco, chocolate in big bowl-cups and tamales. I took only the refresco. I had introduced Carmen to Dr. Salazar (Guatemalan) who was then and to Minister Villarreal. I took the opportunity to remind him of the letters and so on and he promised them by noon tomorrow. He introduced his wife, who was so little and young that I had taken her for his daughter. Carmen had an appointment for seven and had to leave. At the request of Dr. Atl, I remained where I was - he would bring the books soon. After she left, for the first time I saw Palacios. He appeared delighted to see me, agreed to show me in detail all tomorrow. After he was gone, I saw Dr. Atl apparently ready to leave and asked him if he were going. No, I return at once with the books: wait till I return. I waited until well after 7 o'clock, when I tired and left. Seeing Palacios on my way out, I told him to please take charge of the books, when Dr. Atl should appear, and hold them until tomorrow, when I would get them. — I now took Carmen for a last try at Vanegas Arroyo's. Here was the man. He really received me with warmth and satisfaction. I told him at once what I wanted and asked whether he knew and had the articles by Garrison and ; apparently he had never heard of them; he told me, however, what took the joy out of life - that a book was appearing, this very day, by Dr. Atl, in which was much about "the horse"; this really was a crushing blow and I now wait with anxiety to see just how much he has done. As for my man he agreed to bring together all the new things of the year and portraits of his father and himself and the like - all for day after tomorrow. And I believe he will; he is well enthused. And so home feeling that something was done even if two hours and a half were definitely thrown away. 20th. But all that was nothing, fall of last time. last

night a Mr. Sefrers appeared with a nice invitation from the Rotary Club to be their luncheon guest today at their weekly meeting. The President is Teale, who is on the Scholarship Committee. I did not want to accept, but also did not like to refuse, so accepted. Well, I staid out of course with the library. Again it seemed not open. After waiting a few minutes, I hunted up the portero. It will not open today. We are in vacations. From the 15 to 20. "¿quién sabe the 21?" I reminded him of his statement yesterday: urged that Sefrers must be there; nothing doing. Hoped to save something, he took me to the Museum. Leon? not come today. We are in vacations. Still I believed Menas might be there. He had been; had just left; portero ran out onto the street and looked wildly for him - but gone. So to the Ministry. Met the private secretary himself in the elevator. The holidays have interfered: at least a part will be ready tomorrow! Now near 1 o'clock. Official: my invitation had not indicated official, or astronomical. So I dropped in to advise Mr. Slane Hunt anyway for my engagement and to have him find out. Official time, so I hurried to the place - Sylvain's old restaurant. Here gathered a strange agglomeration. It seems that in the Rotary Club there is only one man of a kind - one lawyer, one doctor, one engineer, etc. It is also a distinctly international body. Teale is an engineer; Lic. A. Garguá Galindo is second V.P. Van Zandt is first V.P., a Bruckhaus is Secretary and a McDaniel, lieutenant arms. Mrs. Landauer had told me of Garguá Galindo, who is a chess expert (who has a chess library and a room devoted to chess-matters) and head of Mexican Theosophy. Dr. Monday was talkative and friendly. He appears enthusiastically an Obregón man. Says "it is the best government we can ask." He claims to be well acquainted with him; has operated upon him; was invited to make his American trip with him. At that time Obregón was a Carranza general and the Dr. said - but I am your enemy; I do not approve Carranza; I am always against him." Whereupon the General replied - "but you are enough of a politician to know that that does not count." Monday has been in the north of Mexico and has an archaeological

collection. He invited me to set a time to be his guest and see
his stuff. The club is strong on uplift. There were about 25 present.
I spoke on the Centre of the World. A senator from Washington was
present and spoke briefly after I was through. Again free I
went to the Exposición of Arte Popular, in accordance with Pal-
acio's letter: "El Martes, 20, se celebre otra segunda man-
ifestación que podría yo llamar general. Yo estaré presente
todo el día en el local (Avenida Juárez 85) y tendré
sumo gusto en recibir a los que a cualquier hora y mostras-
se la Exposición." Arrived, I found the place shut. No one
knocking brought the portero. Not open: unknown open: not
know any Palacios; encargado is Montenegro; no books here;
everything locked up - no key. Oh well! what is the use? So
I finally decided to make the suggested visit to his house.
Found the Sra. and baby; pursued by sister. He is sure to be
at the Exposición at 4! But I was not so sure as to be satis-
fied and am dead tired of them all, so to home I go. After a
little writing a desperate resolve to go to Leon's anyway; to
the corner for cancion. The toros just finished. No cancion
(except loaded), no cocher, no autos - none free or with com-
pletely loaded; and tram cars loaded. Wait a half-hour
with no result. Sudden resolve to go to Salazar, near by,
71 Jalapa as his card shows. Apparently the Legation; brightly
illuminated, decorated, Mex. flag; young man in strict seamy
coach & plant away; signs of quiet within "St. Salazar in?" St.
Salazar does not live here; he lives in the Hotel Asto. I a-
bandon hope and go home. Find Carmen Encarnada visiting la
Sra. She has my copy of St. Ail's book!! Her own also. She kept
at him today, till he took her to the stock and gave them. Or else
they are held up for not having been properly registered. - This
morning, as I was leaving Mr. Hunt's office I met Jack who had
received a letter from Niven begging him to steer me thereto see
his newest remarkable find. Rhoads, who met me on the street ^{only}
a few minutes before had spoken to me of the same things and
believed I ought to see them. I doubt Niven; I believe in fabrics.

21st. We were a half hour late at breakfast, sitting down at 9.45
by our official. Before we were through Daniel Moreno came.
He was here yesterday morning also, for my inspection. Señora Land-
zurri has set her heart upon his taking Manuel's place. I presume
the boy really deserves much credit. He is a protégé of Belénas. She
took him up when he was a little newsboy and encouraged him
to an education, herself teaching him French. He has been
an industrious reader, with rather special interest in Chemistry.
He has picked up some photography. He has relatives who are
devout Catholics and have been dead set against his reaction
against the church. He got to Puebla finally and to Colegio
de Toledo where he seems to have made an excellent record.
He did manual work to keep himself there and recently has
been in charge of some classwork. He has had some rounds
down there, as pressure has been put on him to drive him
into the theological school and religious work. We heard
roundaboutly from Mrs. his friend, that he had trouble over
not being allowed disciplinary powers with his students.
He says there was no trouble, but he has just left them and
is looking for something to do, to improve his condition. He
has talked some about going to the states to work in some
kind of factory, which it seems are best developed in Boston
and Chicago. With 7000000 out of employment and wages
falling and living high and the Ku Klux Klan abroad, it seems
to me hardly a wise plan. Yesterday she had him copy for
me the address at the grave of Carranza given by Dolas.
I was rather disappointed in it, though it was a bold tribute
to pay at the time, which is of course the basis of my inter-
est in it. Today he was showing us some of his photos, made
with a vest-pocket kodak. Mrs. Landazuri was anxious
that he make one of me, which he did. In fact he made two
different ones of me, and one of Señora. The boy is unques-
tionably a boy of considerable parts and of character: that
he has some strength is shown by his staunch refusal
to be driven either into Catholic or Protestant fanaticism.
Of course, there is no chance whatever of my taking on

any Mexican helper. Work, finances and inclination are all against it. I hurried now to the library and, for a wonder found it open, with Dgüiny there, and his collection and duplicates in hand. I had a really interesting time. He had 85 new ones as against my old combination list of 94. I copied the names of all that were new to me. We must still expect to find quite a lot more though he emphasized the difficulty of collecting here and the scanty field; he says his collection represents years of labor with a specimen only now and again. He pastes his collection into a good volume. As he has quite a lot of loose when he gets to pasting he groups somewhat on a page. He did not have Maciel, which I have seen in books as a stall in Volador - a label only, but a rather neat one. Dr. Leon has two new ones since I last knew him, one for his Medicæ, the other a double header, with eagle and tiger-warrior heads. If I carry through my idea of printing I shall make practically only a check-list, with illustrations and some detail information only in two directions - (a) old pictorial, (b) Astec designs. There would be a few additional of personal interest or as representing little groups as (a) rubber stamp, (b) initialed signatures. He was generous with duplicates giving me 17 or 18. Among them was one of the San Francisco Cement, which I thought was the missing one but it was a duplicate. Another was the black Riva Palacios. I have it now in four colors. Well satisfied here I now went to the Museo where I penetrated to Dr. Leon's quarters only to find that he is out of town, has been gone about a week, will return at week end. To Vanegas Arroyo, where I found that Don Blas was making up my pile. He had portraits of his father, himself and his nephew: founder - press manager, business manager. He had the prints partly ready, all would be ready at 6 o'clock. To the Fomento, where the Sec. part. was on the street: ushered into the reception room, where I was forgotten; suddenly seen by the portero, my name went in came back with nota - No vino hoy el general y por eso no firmo sus cartas. If I were here for a season it would be all right. I now hurried to San Jacinto to see Gomez but he was gone. (I think I saw him come



from the Ministry as I got back. After a payoff at Sanborn's I decided to see Niven. He was as usual voluble. He remains friends with Mena, working in complete harmony. He was bitter about Gamio whose constant references, before and behind him, to his "factory" has got well under the old gentleman's skin. He goes every Saturday to his excavations, which continue to yield the most astonishing things. Just now they are paintings on cornpition and on stone. There are geometrical designs and figures. The colors are red and brown, with green common or constant for eyes. These he considers all as fragments of walls, which have for the most part been hurled down in ruin perhaps by water torrents and the fragments covered with mud or earth. He shows a piece of earth that had been in contact with the painted face of such a fragment which bears a transfer of colors. The first impression made, especially by the figures is unfavorable. They are startlingly fresh, whereas the geometrical designs are largely faded. I cannot see why the torrents that swept the mud over the fragments did not carry away the last vestige. Again I cannot understand why so often a figure or a design is so well adjusted to the size and form of the fragment. This, like the freshness, is mostly true of the figures. Yet to fabricate this whole business would be extremely difficult. He has large pieces unremoved which he desires the Museum to take away whole. As I understood him at least one of these seems to be standing in its original position. The last point that worries me about these things is the character of the figures. They are far from as well done as the painted house at Teotihuacan. I suppose the answer is that they are of the archaic culture. The second great specialty of the house is moulds and fillings. These are in variety and multitude. He says - "Of course, I have a factory but the factory was theirs". This may of course be true. The question is - is it true? He is as much offended at the suggestion that he fills original moulds and bakes, as at that of complete fabrication throughout. He says Gamio never fails to indulge in pleasantie's greeting anything that he has not appeared before derisively. When he brought Quinton to see the things, he exchanged glances and nudges and

winks over the pieces; he was pleased to consider opuscula. He showed me a collection he sold to a Mr. Gould (New York divorcee). There was a middle man, American, who brought her to him and who is to get half. The price was \$4000. and has been half paid. She was at his diggings and worked with a dor digging up for herself a stone (?) figure. This seems to me suspicious, as I do not remember that such figures are found by himself there. She brought her photographer with her, who took several photographs of her in the diggings. She has become suspicious, perhaps through gamblers kind services, and has quarreled with the middle man; she was irritated too over the slowness of governmental red tape release and after he had all packed and inspected insisted on attending to that business herself. The result is that the collection stands waiting her pleas. and in a special case. I looked it over and it seems to me to be ornamento caro: to which he would reply that it had to be if he gave 50% commission. I think it would be so after the commission were paid! Meantime he understands that she is talking about him as a faker and is not paying the balance. He is talking of taking legal steps if he can prove that she is spreading false reports. Had I not had experience at Detroit, I should feel safer about the old man. As it is the resemblance between him and Lopez is to me remarkable. He seems to be fully imbued with the three culture idea. He finds his characteristic culture near the surface, the Toltec or Tzotzil culture below, and under all the archaic - with the figure-faces "all Mongolian." He suggests making the University a present of a little synoptic collection showing this idea. Among his recent visitors was a niece of A. P. Maudsley, who came at request of her uncle to see what she had and what he was doing, as she wanted a judgment - apparently due to rumors and reports. Whereupon I brought up Mrs. Nuttall. That reminds me speaking of Mr. Maudsley, has Mrs. Nuttall seen the paintings? You remember her daughter married a nephew of Maudsley. He had not remembered it and it came quite suddenly home.

though with a different slant from what I had in mind. He believes Mrs. Nuttall has been converted and is now his supporter. Before she left for England she came in and looked over his stock and purchased a number of figures from him. This, of course, is just what she would do, if she wanted to show Mr. Maciel. I say what was going on in the direction of fabrication - of which she certainly had no doubt when we last talked of him. And the recent visitor may easily have been merely getting her own views deepened. However I had an interesting visit and the old man is surely a shrewd and interesting one. He tells me that on September 30, it is certain that the Ministry of Public Instruction will be reestablished with Vasconcelos as head and that the inspection will be transferred to it; that Rodriguez (whom I met at Mendez's) will be the inspector and that this will all pass from Gamio's hands. Why does the man abuse himself for a mere Eugenio's Congress. Does he perhaps think it is well to have a "last" which? \$1000. for a month's pleasure is not bad. Of course something of Anthropology and Ethnology will be left him, but his big graft has come from Archaeology and with this taken out it is going to be somewhat difficult to maintain an enthusiastic support. From here I went home and worked a while. Then to town. I went to the Central Bookstore, where I hoped they'd work off a Barajas bookplate for me. This they did not do but bought down a lot of the doctor's books to see if I cared to buy any one of them for the bookplate. I took Geinot's Monks at \$1.00 which I believe will be worth reading. Then to Valador where I found in the five volume work only two of the Maciel bookplates in fair condition. These two we cut out and I paid 0.50. I now went to Antonio Vanegas Arroyo's though I believed their hora to be astronomical and it was not yet 6. I sat a little while. D. Alt came in with an armful of his books and left their copy with the old lady. I greeted him as he was there and he worked at once to know if I had received my copy. The young men, head of the press, came in and we exchanged some conversation. Don Blas finally came and was nice; he had a lot of pieces ready - also the three photographs. He

gave me a great envelope full of the allos. He refused any pay. He told me that his father began with a capital of only ten pesos (\$10) at the end of forty years work left a fortune of \$100,000. to the heirs. He still has some pieces to supply and a newspaper notice with some biographical data relative to his father. I meant only to have him supply the year's gift, but he seems to be making up a complete bundle. Now home for a last time, where I found a copy of Rabara's book and a nice letter accompanying it.

22nd He breakfasted early on account of my intention of going to the American Colony's Playground affair. My reason was that the President of the Republic was to be present. We really were too early so that after going to the p.o. I got a shave and a shine (both necessary) on my way there. The populace were thick outside the grounds looking in at the unusual sight. (I hope that it will really prove a playground and not be kept shut up and unused). There were delays in receipt of apparatus and in final trucking up so serious, that the suggestion of an eight days postponement was officially suggested. Workmen were working all night in order to finish up. Of course many were there whom I knew and I had to meet many whom I did not want to meet. I was nice too to several of both classes, which I really did not mean to be, but I did feel dreadfully out of place. Two only were dressed and high-tailed: Dummerlin our charge, who proves to be the ruin, which at Teotihuacan, I thought Gerard and Gerard himself. I did not speak to either. Jacobs (who is a retainer) was in charge and greeted me warmly, introducing me to Mrs. J. and daughter. Cook and Teale were there and greeted. Mr. & Mrs. Howland - I was mean enough to lead her on when she spoke of her pleasure at my address last year and particularly remembering what I told her of my brother in Connecticut; I said I was not quite sure which of my brothers it was. When I really explained, she was so set back that I was ashamed. And I did as badly with Mrs. Wallace - both Dr. & Mrs. greeting me. She invited me and I refused - and yet I had just forced Dr. Monday (and Mrs. M.) to define a dinner for me tomorrow. Mr. & Mrs. Lewis were there. So were a lot of Y.M.C.A. people - Williamson, Taylor, and a new trio. I was ugly to them too and drove Taylor to send me tickets to their performance. Jack Hunt was there: and an impossible En.

glish woman of thirty years standing in the country, who waits for the boat and who added the final irritation. She may well leave me out but if she introduces me it will probably be disagreeable stuff. I did not want to meet her; it was she that asked - but it was plain that she had no more idea as to who or what I was than Adam had. President Obregon did not appear. Among ourselves it was passed around that there had been a misunderstanding between him and the Presidente Municipal. Officially, it was announced that he regretted his inability but that owing to his many quehaceres it was not possible. Oh yes - Rider was there also: so was Carhart who told me that there was a registered letter for me. It was my ~~Expone~~ ^{Expone} Parsley. I went around and got it. Then I took carmen for San Jacinto. In the last block, as we whirled along, I thought I recognized Gomez walking toward town. I came near hailing him but did not. I hurried however to the office. Here there was consternation. He had just left to go to my place! and some occurred to the street thinking to sight him. However, of course they were too late. Raygadas was there and took me in charge. He will not be at Teotihuacan on Sunday as he has to see the minister. But everything will be done for us. He urges an early mounting of the train as it will be full. We ought to be a half hour ahead. He advised us not to trouble to take lunch as it will be there for us. He took me into the offices where I looked at the maps display. Here Arreda came to pay his respects: I had not seen him for many years. ^{also came in, and} ^{these} to show me synoptical charts or diagrams on which the facts regarding the different Indian populations are displayed. My own data are incorporated and as parts from the entire material, but not even a parenthetical reference is made to me. However, I had a pleasant enough time though missing Gomez. Back in town, I dropped in to the Ministry of Fomento to see if the letters had been signed. I got into the Secretary's office, where the assistant began to show me a heap of type-written matter being prepared for me - copies of various discursos - all of which when complete would be sent me. All very good but no sign of the letters. So I asked if they were ready, were they signed, and urged the shortness of my time. Here I produced some excellent

and the secretary particular himself became involved. After a moment or so of uncertainty, it was suggested that perhaps I would sit down, while the letters were written - and signed them and instantly. In other words not a thing had been done. The young man who wrote them had not before met me, nor had much about me, so it seems that "señor Don Frederick Stars, distinguido periodista norteamericano que ha venido a tomar informaciones para la prensa de su país" is the portador of the letters. With these really in possession, I went around to Fern Hunt's to see if we could make any telephonic advance. So far as de la Huerta is concerned, he may be in his office this afternoon. Gen. Trevino seems to say that I may see him in the morning between 10 and 11. Nothing very sure. After a parfait at Lamborn's (and by the way Mrs. S. was there this morning and was, it seems, at my address last year.) I took street car for Santa Maria and got around to Federico Gumbao's just as he sat down to lunch, as I intended. I sat at table with them (at first he alone, then with his sister, then with his son), taking dulce when it came along. He feels pretty anxious over the outlook. He quoted Obregon in a speech at Cordoba as saying that "he did not care if they made mistakes, that that showed their good will; they would make their mistakes and then rectify them later." Of course it is a bragg statement. Few things in their crisis are so unimportant that mistakes will be easily rectified. On the contrary, many things are so important that a mistake made now can never be rectified. I have been wondering, what will be the outcome of mistakes made now in the agrarian settlements or in the petroleum problem. This government in its inexperience and lack of training is making mistakes daily - which cannot be rectified. As regards the petroleum matter he feels much as I do; the secrecy observed is suspicious and ground for serious anxiety; the reports that the magnates went home feeling happy and the sudden rise of five points in valors increase the feeling. I asked about Takaki: he was in Japan and wrote several Japanese books; it was during his time and he was not a diplomat there; during Carranza's time he was minister to Ecuador; he now lives in New York where he writes for various journals and has a book store. He

would surely be reached through the Pictorial Review to which he is a regular contributor. Jose J. Tablada is his name. I asked about Obregon's not living in the castle. It is true that he does not. His residence is in the rock but not in the castle. He knows of no superstition in the matter though there may be. He says Huerta never lived there either. He is vastly interested and occupied at present with the geographical Congress which opens on the 27th and to which he says he shall send me an invitation. He spoke of several recent works of interest. Two are by Mariano Cuevas:

Cartas y otros Documentos meditos de Hernan Cortes, Sevilla. 1915.

Historia de la Iglesia en Mexico. 5 vols. 1921 - Mexico.

He spoke also of Jose Partillo y Rojas, Elevacion y Caida de D. Porfirio Diaz. He says in the latter part he is quite bitter, apparently due to the "persecution" to which he was subjected. He declares his intention, if the Congreso Geog. permits, of seeing me off on the 28th - which I should consider an empty promise save that he did see me to the steamer in Havana. I now took direct transportation to the Yucalo - whence I walked to the University looking for Vasconcelos, missing him they said by a little his hours being once a day: to the Museo, where Beyer was not. Then finally at 4 pm. to the Palacio to see if de la Huerta were receiving. Found a very young man at a table in the rather handsome waiting room of red and gold. He did not know whether the Minister was coming, he thought so. I sat down to see: others began to come in and wait. No one seemed to know whether he was coming or not, though occasional ones were passing around by the balcony. Time passed: 5 o'clock came and many were waiting. I noticed now that they were being listed, so I gave in my name and card, though on the list I was far down. 6 o'clock and 7 o'clock and we now learned he was there, had been since 4.30. I suggested that I had better see the Secretario particular: no hay, this is a coorreda affair. 7.30 8 o'clock. Many had been in: many still waited in hope. The young man went around advising many to return tomorrow. As he did not do so to me, I lingered on. Finally when almost no one remained, he advised me to come tomorrow. Then I broke. I told him, I should not come tomorrow. That

he might give my letter to Mr. de la Huerta, but I should not re-
turn. He suggested then that I should wait while the Minister
read it - which I did; he then told me to go in. I found the Min-
ister standing at the long table, against the table. He had his hand
constantly against his abdomen and I wondered if he might still
have twinges of appendicitis. He is far more Indian than I expected
and his face is far weaker than the caricatures and portraits I
have seen would indicate; there is little of the long lip and bull-
dog muzzle. I explained too fully about myself and read him.
I asked if he spoke English and he said no - then offered at another
interview to have one. I told him it was unnecessary as I could
understand all and could make myself understood. I told
him that I had hoped to have a real interview with some de-
tail, but that it was new late and he was tired as was I, and
I should not detain him long. That if he were willing to name
a later occasion, I could come again. He answered that he
had received me willingly, but that he did not like interviews. It
is now from discourtesy, but I do not like to give publicity to my
ideas. My mode is different. I work *ocultamente, en secreto,*
abajo del suelo, como una tortuga. I think he is wise. I am
sure I do not misjudge the man in saying that he has no i-
deas and that he realizes he would betray the fact if he were
to submit to a formal interview. While brief my interview was
really interesting. It was worth the waiting for. It was however
8.30 when I met him and I barely reached home at 9. I found
that Taylor had kept his promise and that an invitation and
tickets were waiting me for the Y.M.C.A. affair on Saturday -
23^d. Gomez had a hard time yesterday. He really went to the house
seeking me and several times telephoned. He phoned again after
my return and after much difficulty ^{made} him understand
that he could see me before 9.30. Of course he did not, but at 9.40
until when I waited he appeared to learn my desires various.
He delayed me only a few minutes. I had planned to be at the
Palace promptly at 10. but it was 10.40 ere I got there.
General Treviño had gone out with the President ten minutes

before. He would soon return. Again the waiting, this time in the Presidential waiting-room with the large portraits. The officer in charge gave way to another who sat at a small table. To him I ventured to make known my errand and he told me he was only ushering guests to the President, that the General's room was other. However I waited until one who seemed interested assured me that the General had gone to Pachuca and would surely not be back until afternoon. Again I consulted the table officer who advised me to take my letter directly to the President's Private Secretary, Torreblanca. This is the man to whom Villarruel had said he should send me - it was the sub-secretario particular, who had addressed Treviño. Accordingly I went to the Secretary's office. Waiting some time, the portero tipped me to his identity, when he came out into the hall a moment I laid my case before him, giving him letter and card. He soon came out and returned both - the letter was not addressed to him. In vain I told him that I knew it quite well, but that the General had gone out of town and that the usher advised delivery to him. He was inflexible: I must come to him through Treviño. Of course, I walked away dissatisfied. However there was still time to see Vasconcelos. So I walked, through drizzle, to the University arriving at 12.20. The Rector had been and gone; to my grumbling, they assured me that his hour was "once a doce", not "once a dos". It was now raining quite hard and I waited till a lull when I went to the Museum. Here I found Mena: of course he had made no note. With him was a rather old man, an artist, who painted copies of some of the earlier wall-paintings of San Juan de Tepetitlan, now disappeared. Before I left him, Luis Garcia came in - an architect and draughtsman, who has been interested in archaeology and done some work. The young fellow who was there before was Porfirio Aguirre. These two and Garrido and Tovar had all been his pupils. Born in Vera Cruz, Mena has always had a special fancy for the Tolmaceos, whom he says they have the most notable tendency to art of any of the tribes. He gave me his latest Niven monograph. They pull together:

Ramon Mena : b. Cordoba, 1874.

For twelve years Conservador del Depart. de Arqueología.
Used to give instruction.

Porfirio Aguirre : ayudante. Speaks Mexicanos & Mixtec : sometimes
has studied at Columbia.

Papers in the Anales Soc. Cient. "Antonio Alzate".

Boletín : Soc. geog. y Estadística.

Anales del Museo.

monografías : Novedades Arqueológicas. Chihuahuitlán, etc.

Los Totonacos (ready to print)

special section in Museo is his work

art tendency : Buddhist parallels.

Papavotla and Jacartan : centres.

Has studied the mongolian types : ref. Chinese secretary.

Pic. Conquest. Mixtures of races, types and cultures.

Asked to list those whom I ought to mention, he gave :

Enrique Juan Palacios

Luis Garcia

Porfirio Aguirre.

Manuel Gamio

Miguel de Mendizabel

Andres Molina Enriquez

Nicolas Leon

Francisco Belmarz

Herrmann Beyers.

Jose Tobar : sculptor, who utilizes Aztec suggestions.

On my way out I chanced to ask for Herrmann Beyers. He was in the library and they showed me in to where he was copying some designs from manuscripts. He is in this country purely for archaeological work and study. He spends far more than he gains, depending upon his wife's fortune for his deficit. He finds a great deal of jealousy of course. Has had his trials with Mena and with Palacios. He thinks the Palacios business was to be used in the nature of an appeal to Villarreal, the way in which the Mexican is despised and underrated.

Birthday-group party 1.
 George W. Robnett, 2.
 Locb. birthday party 2 -
 domestic questions 3.
 Illinois Central + 3.
 Texas law: 4.
 San Antonio 4-17.
 Fred Wright 4
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 Camp Travis 4.
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Federico Sparra. 21.
Margarita Castañeda. 21. 33.

