

Frederick Starr Papers

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55 of 57 notebooks

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Mexico: 1928. No. 1



NAME

Frederick Starr

(55)

ADDRESS

5727 - 35th Ave., N.E.

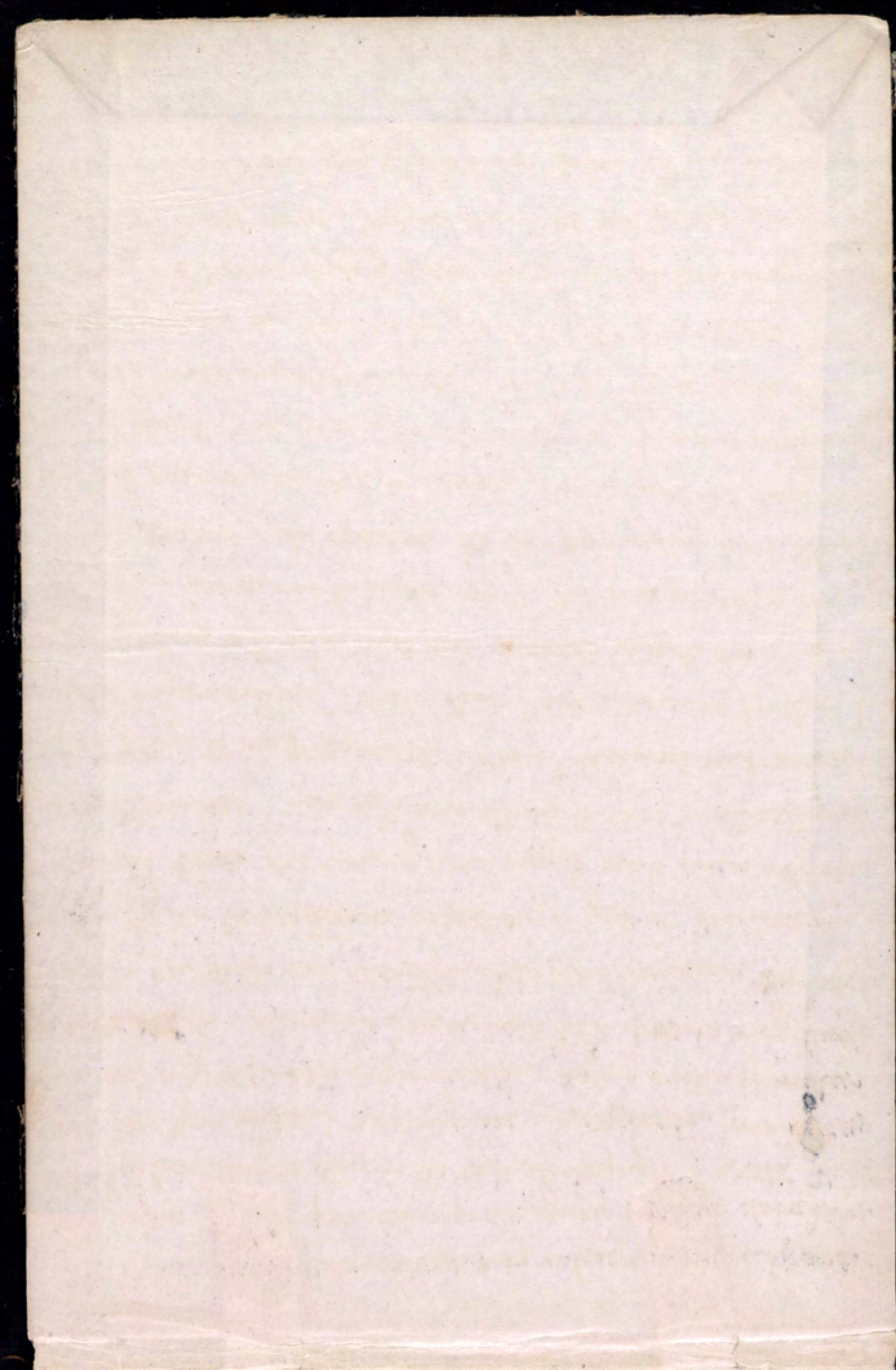
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MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION



May

8th. The war may be over and we may no longer demand passports before we will permit our citizenry to travel abroad; but travel is less simple than in the good old days of my youth. The Mexican government now requires a "certificate" from a consul and a certificate of vaccination. As far as the consular certificate is concerned I assumed that it was a very simple matter and that any identification would answer. So I went to the office this afternoon expecting to get it. The Consul was not there; the young man begged me to come when he was there (say tomorrow) and stated that a birth-certificate would have to be presented! When I declared that a complete impossibility, I stated that I had a passport, which I could bring with me and that it would have to do. —

9th. I had promised to come at 11, but had forgotten my appointment with Edades. So it was really 2 oc. when I was again at the Consulate. The Consul is a new man and I think had never made out one of these certificates before. The passport was adequate, but I must have three photographs. He would stay until 4.30 if necessary. So I hastened to Norris; drove them — they wanted to make delivery at 11 tomorrow am. I spent time at the library and called for and got my photos at 3.50. I had to fill out an application and he had to make out four certificates — had I not a fourth photograph? I had,

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is arranged in approximately 25 horizontal lines.]

but I did not tell him so, but said he had said three and I supposed he meant three. So the one given me, and two of the others really had my photo, while one had to go without. The application and the three were done up in an official envelope addressed to the immigration office at El Paso and sealed - handed to me for delivery. No charge was made. While I was waiting I looked at the summer announcements of the University. Pruneda is President. Federico Gamboa, Cornyn and Ed. Ross are all on the summer faculty. In conversing with the Consul, who is really a decent sort, José Torres E., I mentioned that I knew Pruneda who, it appears, is his friend. He begged me to bear his regards to him and told me that Don Leopoldo Batres is dead. — As regards the vaccination, I don't think of letting Dr. Rachel Hopstad try her internal inoculation on me. I knew she would be delighted to do so but doubted if it would leave external evidence and if she could give me a certificate that would be received by Mexican authorities. So I decided to wait till El Paso and have Fred do the thing in recognized form. — At the last meeting of the Japano-American group at Dr. Gowen's, I was the speaker. I spoke on Ryukyu - especially of the onetime political significance or bearing and incidentally of my trip there. The new Consul was present, Mr. Sakurazuchi and Mr. Honda; also Gowen, Meany, Kincaid, McKenzie, ~~Wright~~ ^{Wright} and myself. At the last meeting when the appointment was given me and after I had accepted

addresses:

- Alfonso Toro . 7^a Calle de Los Heroes , No. 108
R. A. Carhart . Yucatán, 84.
J. B. Iguiniz . Sec. de Relaciones. Archivo.
H. A. Monday . Av. Madero, 2 . Durango, 213
Rector's office - University . Lic. Verdad y Rep. de Guatemala.
Japanese Minister . Leg. 1^a Merida, No. 18. res. 2^a Merida, No. 21.
Lic. Blas Vera = Luis Cabrera = Lucas Rivera . Av. Juárez, 88.
Club de Exploradores . Rep. de Guatemala, 49.
V. L. Parsons , Jalapa 210 . Tel. Roma 4-15-30
L. W. Olmsted . 2^a Reforma, No. 3. Atzacapotzaco. (apartado 693)
Charles R. McKean, 50 Humboldt. Mexico.
Elena Landayeri . 3^a Ciencias, No. 52, Tacubaya.
Ortiz, Ave. de Moctezuma No. 179, Popotla.
Luis Gonzales Oregon . Calle de Niño. No. 9.
Dr. R. Durand Jr.
Otis McAllister . San Ildefonso No. 48. Altos 3.
A. Diaz Nava . 2^a Rio de la Loza, 56. 4. (Texcama).
Dr. A. L. . Avenida Uruguay 170
~~Alberto Best~~ Frances Toor . 2^a Abraham Gonzales, Apt. 10.
Antonieta Rivas . Mesones 42.
Xavier Villaurrutia . Dinaloa 72.
Felipe Teixidor . Depto. de Salubridad . Pension Francis, 1^a de Colón No. 5.
Katherine Terrill . Wichita City Library.
Mrs. Helen E. Tingley . (Regis Hotel).
Rev. Charles David Kepner, Jr.
Hazel E. Fursiott, 219 Fitzhugh Bldg., San Francisco.
José M^a Arreola . Mesquital No. 735. Guadalupe.

Prof. Meany stated that there was a curiosity and desire to meet me in my home and see something of my things. Prof. Gower said if anything of that kind were done it were best to let me pick out some one thing to show as a general view would be quite impossible. I stated that I would fill my appointments here for the 1st - so as not to break the regular procedure, but would be glad if it were desired to have them come to my house, two weeks later on the 15th, in a sort of irregular and informal meeting. This was what was really done and on that night there was 15th a good turnout at my house. The three Japanese and Gower, Meany, Kincaid, McKenji, Griffin, Shank and MacKair, (McKenji's guest and just having here for the U. of C.) eleven of us in all, were present. I hung my towel-banners, made a boy's display of S.S. and took the Tokaido for my layout and descriptions. 19th Mr. Griffin invited Lucy and me for dinner. There were the mother-in-law, wife, and four children. Mrs. G. is a New York (King Hampton) girl. She knows nothing of Japan. I had supposed she was there with him and that some of the children at least were born there. All is subsequent to his Japanese experience. I think the oldest boy is 7. He has moved around - New York, New Haven, Cambridge, and I think Summers in Maine, & a trip across the continent (I think more than one) yet he had his fourth ride on a train lately! I suppose there are many children growing up in that way in these days of automobiles, but it was the first time that such a possibility had occurred to me and it caused me some surprise. Griffin's work in Japan was school work at Nagoya and I think was nine years ago. He came for us and returned us. — On the 29th Oct. Mrs. Parrott and Hal called on me. She brought a letter from Victoria

a. Basave. Ave. Vallarta. No. 1275.

José Rivera Rosas. Lopez Cotilla. 488.

La Oriental. Lopez Cotilla: junto al Hotel Fenix.

Enrique Jiménez D. (Lic.) Priig's Secretary.

Harry M. Shafer. 724 Chamber of Commerce Bldg, Los Angeles.

Enrique Juan Palacios. Anáhuac 5 (Frac. Condese).

D. Lipschitz. 2º Callejón 5 de Mayo, No. 31.

C. Conzette. 2ª de Gomez Farías, 3. Oaxaca.

Paul M. Neilman. Calle Allende 2 Talpam, Apartado 4. Bis.

J. H. Cornyn. Merced Gomez 4, Mixcoac. (Pareda Ramo)

Manuel Gamio. Calle de Sultamarea, No. 44.

J. B. Iguiniz. Calle 27 n. 84. San Pedro de los Pinos, D. F.

Federico Gamboa, El Chopo, num. 68

Carlos Basave del Castillo,

Edades asking me to let him make a portrait of me in oil. The sittings began May 7 and were two hours each. There were eight in all the last one being on the 19th. The portrait is life size representing me seated in a chair. There were no fills made for the occasion. It is myself, as usual. The boy really put a good deal into the work. He begged us to come to an inspection - 30th Sunday - tea on the day after it was done. He and his landlady's son came for us. There were perhaps 20 persons there including various races and colors and ages. Mrs. Garrett and Helen Rhodes were among them. The picture had been framed and was conspicuously displayed and the original was there for direct comparison and judgment. Something was said as to its display at the Bookery, though I did not know of that until later. We had tea and wafers and Cal. and Mrs. G. brought us home. — All of which seems curious to figure in a Mexican trip, but in reality all of these things were concentrated and pushed with a view to my approaching departure. 22d. Lucy went with me to the station and I took 1 p.m. train for Portland. She went for a call on Julia Gailley, who has been really ill as has little Frances. The portrait was on display in the Bookery window as we went by on the electric car. Some days ago I had sent a letter to George C. Howard telling I was going through and suggesting an interview. The letter came back, unclaimed. There were various possibilities of which death, or removal from Portland seemed most probable. As I was to have some hours there I wondered what to do and remembered Hitchman's remarks about the collection of bookplates at the Public Library. Before we reached Portland, I had quite decided upon its examination. Still, I decided to

Book List.

Sala: Marcas de Fuego de las antiguas Bibliotecas	
Iguiniz: Bibliografía de Novelistas Mexicanos	
50 Excursiones por los pintorescos alrededores de la Ciudad de Mexico.	0.50
Guia Roji - Mexico	1.00
Treinta Mil Refranes, Rosendo Filemon Vasquez.	.20
Leyendas y Tradiciones de las Calles de Mexico,	.50
La Iglesia y el Estado en Mexico. Alfonso Toro.	.50
Gomez Morin, Manuel. 1915. (Cuadernos Mexicanos, No. 1.)	
Oneron Oinoma. Porque Cria El Niño Fidencio	.20
Ortíz y et al. Informe Crítico-legal dado al muy ilustre,	.50
Rayoso. En la Corte del Mixado. Docetos japoneses	0.75
Reaz. Nava. Las Flores de Multiplicar.	—
Enrique de Oña y Doníes. El VI Congreso Panamericano.	.50
Vascancelas. La Raza Cosmica.	3.—
Reet. Mangard. Metodo de Dibujo. Tradicim, etc. etc.	—
La Casa del Estudiante Indigena.	—
Monografía de las Escuelas de Pintura al Aire Libre	—
Humberto Tejera. Popocatepetl. (2 copias)	.10
Djed Borquez. El Heroe de Nacoziari.	—
Basauri. La Situación Social Actual -- Indigena --	—
Roberto Montenegro (X.V. and R. Mens). Mascaras Mexicanas	.10
Giron de Pinabete, re. Madero - Chanticles.	—
Las Escuelas al Aire Libre en Mexico.	—
Saenz. Escuelas Federales en San Luis Potosi	—
Morelos: Documentos. 3 vols.	—
Refranero Español. Hernan Nunez, Publ. 1555.	0.80.

see if he were in the telephone book. He was, and we got into touch with him at his house. I had however the new idea in mind and told him to meet me at the library. He would be there in half an hour. Where would he find me - "in the reading room". I went there directly and asked for the reading room. Which one - fiction, periodicals, reference? I told the information lady that if anyone sought me I'd be in reference. There they told me the ex libris were in the art room. So I went there having had that inquiry should be sent after me. The collection was far from what Hitchman's report had led me to expect. They were separately mounted on cards, stamped and numbered on the back, but contained no useful information. They are a mongrel lot, largely commercial, and with many duplicates. They came from various sources and I had occasion to make only a few notes. However I went through the whole lot and was a little surprised at Mr. Howard's not appearing. Inquiring on my way out showed that he had not inquired at any desk. As the information desk they had just called for a boy to act for me at the public phone and I had just given him his directions, when I saw Howard and Don, (teacher of history in Franklin High School) standing just inside the door of the fiction reading room. They had been there some time but had made no inquiry as might have been expected they would. He went with me to a place where I got a quick lunch and then the three of us had a pleasant visit at the Hotel Imperial. At 10 oc. they took me to the station, where I dug out his letter and delivered it to him. He has, of course, given up his office, but not the least attempt was made to send on

Booklist: cont.

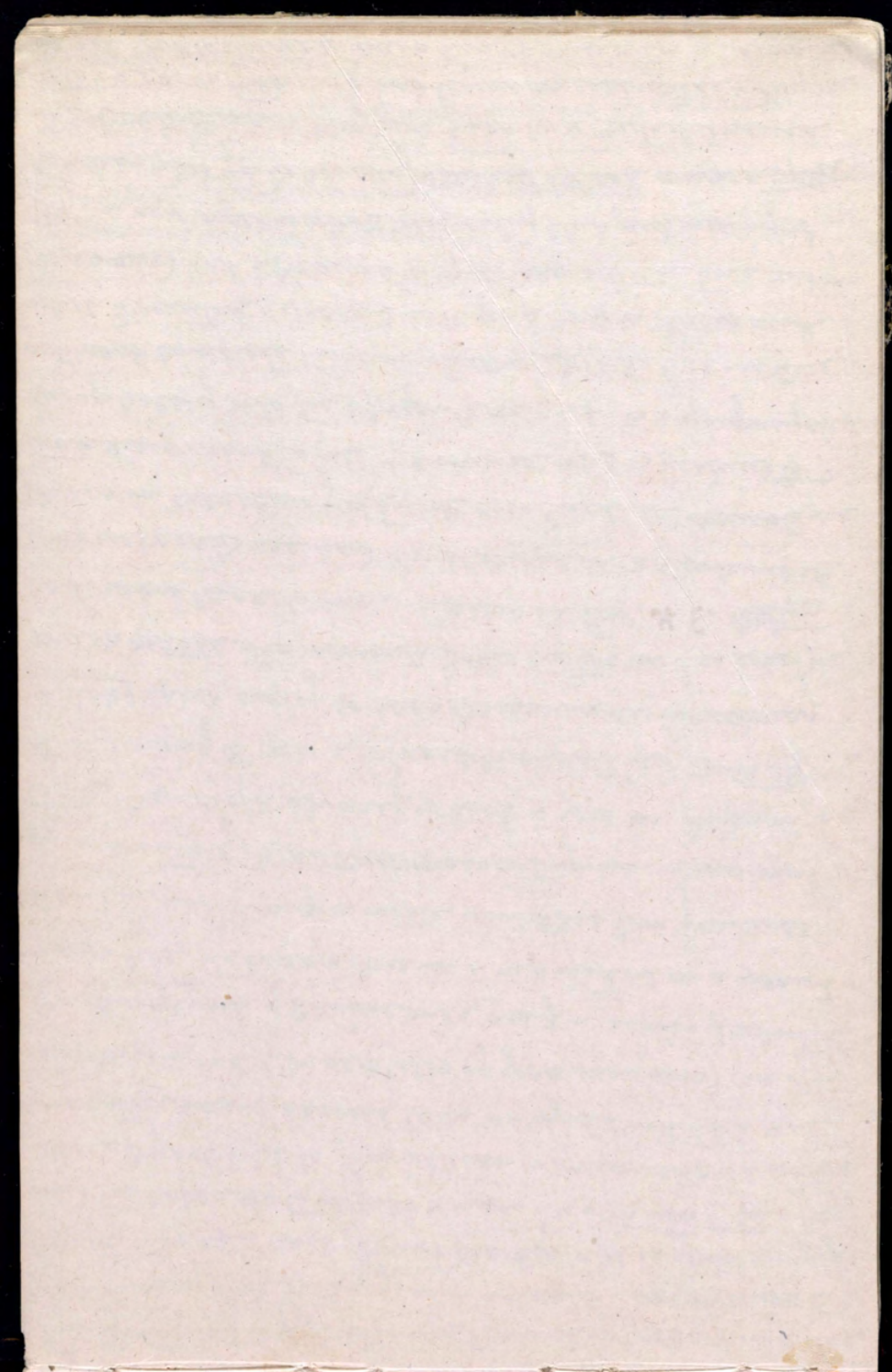
- El sistema de Escuelas Rurales. —
 Piz Casaurane, La Hermana Impura —
 Hierro Menéndez. Cantares Huastecos. Versos de Huapango. 50
 Gonzalo de la Parra. De Como se hizo revolucionario. 50
 Palacios. La Piedra del Escudo Nacional. —
 Vega and ^{Noquera} ~~Palacios~~. Ruinas de Tizatlan, Tlaxcala. —
 Palacios. Yohuelichan y el Tajin. —
 Noquera. Ruinas arqueológicas de Casas Grandes, Chi. —
 Herrera. Representaciones Zomofas. —
 Concesion -- Chichen Itza. —
 Conzatti. Monografía - arbol de Santa Maria de Tub. —
 Alonso Capetillo. La Rebelión sin Cabeza. —
 Manuel J. Rodriguez. La Fuente del daímona Español. —
 M. L. de Terreros. Nociones de Literatura Castellana —
 El asesinato de Carillo Puerto —
 Pinopias, Diosa de Piedra. Fernando Ramirez de Ag. .05
 Herman Robledo. La Matraciguera. .05
 Juan Rico. Yucatan. La huelga de junio. 1.2.
 Federico Wucher. La inmortable guerra. 25
 Javier Ugals. La verdad acerca de la Rebelion. —
 Las Misiones Culturales en 1927 —
 Gabriela Mistral. Lecturas para Mujeres —
 Ignacio Ramirez. Las Sociedades Cooperativas —
 Manual para uso de los -- Cooperativas en Mexico —
 Francisco Bon y Calderon. Estudios Arqueológicos. —
 Joaquin Mardiz Rivas. Cuauhtemoz —
 C. Conzatti. Las Regiones Botanico-geograficas de Mexico —
 " " una Exandición Botánica. —

the letter. I went at once to my berth and the train pulled out at 1 a.m. We went over a cut-off line only in 23^{1/2} hrs for a year, so that the all the stations and buildings are brand new. No conveniences in the way of lunch stations. Dining car barely good but high priced. Tried a new thing to me, an all-day lunch car. A day-coach with a few rear seats reserved. Here a narrow board, hung by metal brackets upon the back of the seat ahead and a limited variety of things served at lunch-counter prices. Neither a great success nor a failure. They tell me it has been done for some time. Some really curious and striking lakes of considerable size up in the very summits. Snow lying in drifts here and there among the firs. Several fine mountains some snow-topped. But on the whole, both yesterday and today heat, dust, and the feel of long and tedious travel. I had thought to go on to San Francisco and then to Berkeley but finding that we went through Berkeley got off there, at 24th 6.36 a.m. I was almost as much surprised over the station as at my last stop. I have the Shattuck station of the Key-line - S.P. so impressed on my mind that I will not think of other stations as natural for the through trains. So I took at C. up to them and left my luggage. For the first time in my experience I then went directly to David Barrows. It was far and roundabout and a hard place to find. It was shut up and no one at home. Both he and Mrs. gone to South America, Carnegie Foundation gesture, and a L.D. at La Paz. So I got breakfast, a shave, looked for Basil Hall at bookstore and then to the University. At

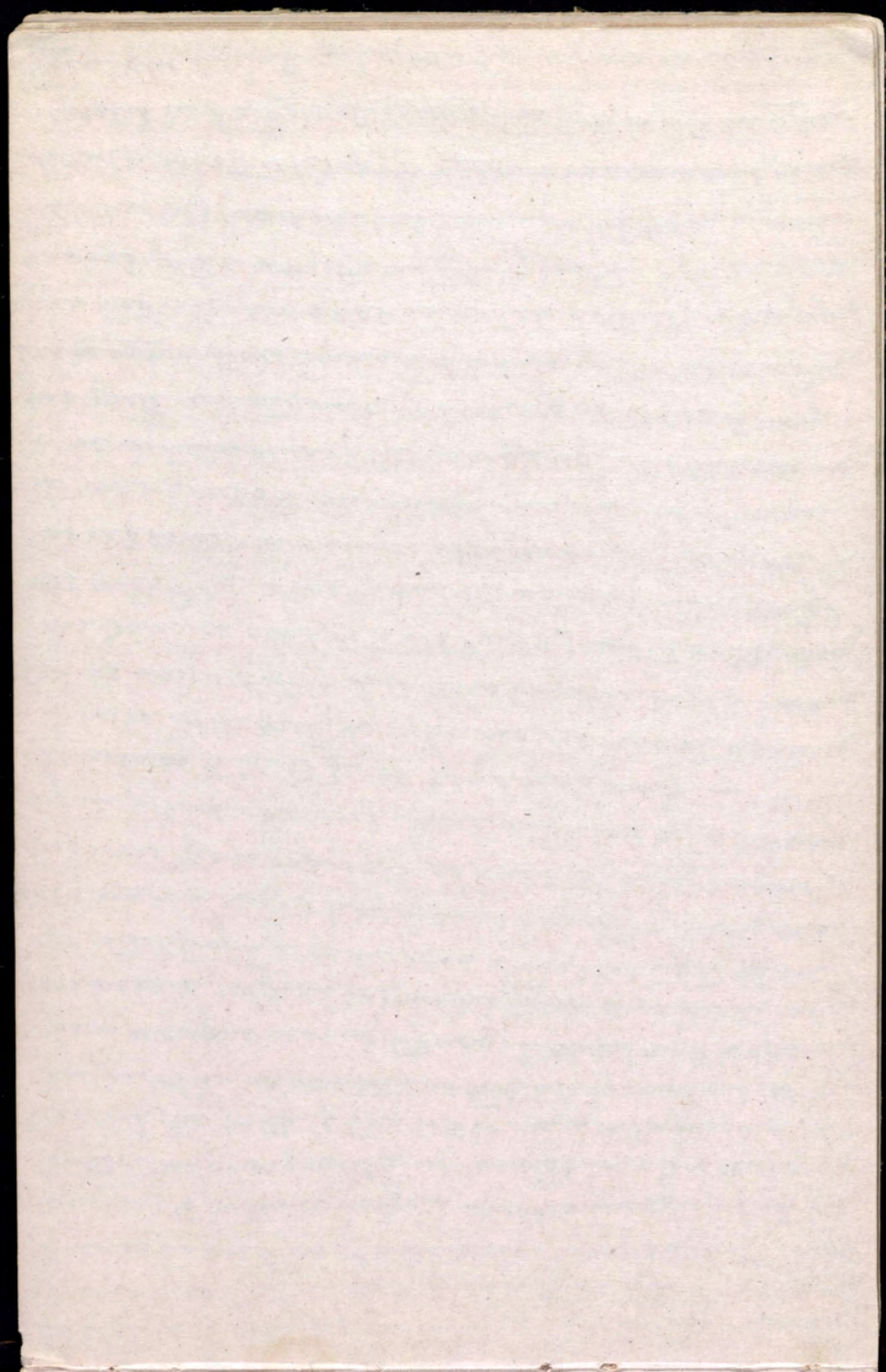
Booklist continued

Ramon Guzman. El Intervencionismo de Mr. Wilson —
Jose Lopez Portillo. La Raza Indigena. —
Humberto Tejera. Francisco A. de Caza. —
Memorias del Genl. V. Huerta. —40

The Anthropology Building found Gifford giving a class
elementary anthropology, and accepted his invitation to
lunch. Louie is east. Found Kroeber and he joined himself
and the Oshencks to Gifford's lunch. I went then to the library
where I first tried to find Mexican numismatic information
— a rather scant harvest. Was delighted with their case
displays — one of book-plates by good designers, one of
bindings, one of Chinese inks, one of a series of mountain
views like etchings done in a new method on a special
tissue, and one of a rather ambitious San Francisco
fine-printing, beautiful book enterprise. I now went up
to the Bancroft Library, which is now on the fourth floor.
Am aiming to get a Pinart bookplate if it exists. Of course
it does exist, ugly; so does Brasseur de Bourbourg
much better. The moment I saw the two as one cover, they
both came back to me. Called on Prof. H. E. Bolton
who welcomed me and remembered that our business
times in Mexican field work coincided. He seems to feel
that the present is full of promise and is inclined to
jump boldly onto the Oregon-Calles cart. To my inquiry about
a Pinart bookplate, he summoned a lady, who took me to see
what I wanted. I hope I shall get a couple (Pinart and
Brasseur) but I presume it will take a little time and ef-
fort. I now walked over to the Faculty Club and met Gifford,
Kroeber and the Oshencks and we all had lunch together.
The Oshencks are but just back from Central America
and back of that they had Peruvian experience. They like
on all but Oshenck says his appreciation of Japan and



its status is greatly increased by these Latin-American experiences. — Kroche makes a to-me startling suggestion. He raises the question whether Calles does not want (has not decided) to continue in office. What has gone before fits with the thought. All other possible aspirants but Obregon having been removed, the battle if there is to be one is rather simple and easy. — While we were still at table a lady came and sat by, whom everyone seemed to know. I believed her to be a friend of Mrs. Schenck. When we had finished Gifford left us and the rest of us chatted together on the porch. I found later that the second lady, was a second lady. I knew the first Mrs. Krocher, who died some years ago. I had not heard that he had married again, which occurred a year and a half or two years ago. She seems to be at least 20 years his junior. — When we broke up the party, the Schencks took me up to their house. On the way we stopped at Miss Christine Price's address. Mrs. Schenck went in to feel the way: saw the mother. It seems that Miss Price is one of the librarians at the University. I had had some curiosity as to her personality and work. If the worst comes to the worst perhaps she can intervene for me in the matter of the bookplates. — At the house we had quite a chatty visit. Mrs. Schenck would like to bring her Japan articles together into a book and we had some talk over that. It seems that the article on Children's magazines has had quite a story. On my telling her that it was my favorite she told me it was first written for the Japan Advertiser; then (perhaps touched up) for Japan; it was commented, perhaps repeated in the Reviewy Reviews; then from it into the Advertiser again. — In June they saw the correspondence of a dante



episode. Saville wrote to the head of archaeological affairs there. He felt he was getting old, wanted now to do a final piece of notable fieldwork, to end in a blaze of glory. Not with a view to material Museum results but for the thing itself. They welcomed his suggestion and made an assignment to him on the same terms as they had made with Kroeber - i.e. that the government should retain all unique pieces, duplicates going to the explorer. Whereupon his rage knew no bounds. He wrote a furious letter, in which it clearly appears that after all the material results were important in his point of view. Schenck says however that it was foolish, because they are very generous and really reserve very few pieces from any exploration. — Mrs. Schenck was anxious to have me read and comment on Bancroft's

. It is in an English translation, but she lent me the original. It is really a remarkable piece of work and bears out my oft felt, sometimes expressed, judgment, that the French really understand the Japanese better than other foreigners do. We had a simple dinner together and then they took me to the Shattuck St. station where I got my luggage and took S.P. to Market St. Then Street Car to Third St. where I arrived at 8.20. Here, no tourist as this train: my fault, I had not looked carefully. No overboard and the standard. This was a blow and I decided to try the chair-car, which I did. We were off at 9 p.m. and had a hot and dusty ride to Los Angeles arriving promptly at 11.55. 25th my surprise Paul Carpenter was not at the train to meet me, the first failure. I was not sure what this might mean. I walked up to the nearest decent looking place

Memo: Ex-libris. Portland Public Library.

Jefferson High School. (Portland)

Anthony Euwer. (Portland).

U.S. Oregon Collection.

Cleveland Public Library. Series: White Coll. Folklore & Travel.
Art Class, Portland.

Rogue River Valley University Club.

Steel Point's Library

Clara Prentiss Sherwin (Noppies?)

Bryn Mawr College.

William D. Tenton. Oregon Col^l

Washington High School

Mildred Maxwell Copper.

Emily G. Seaman. Reminds but restore:

Columbus School for Girls

Rochester Publics. Walter Hubelbus Fund.

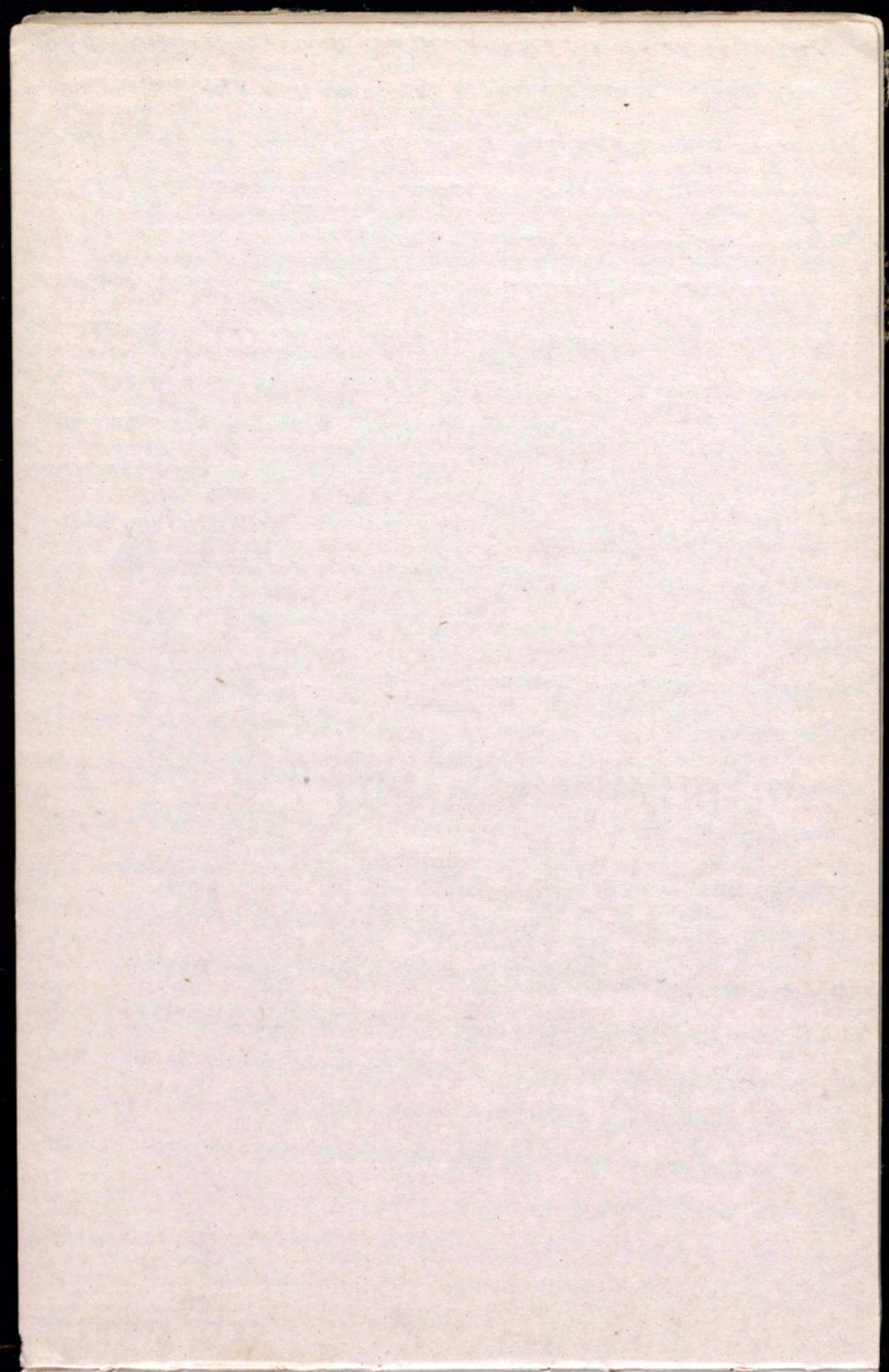
State Library, Salem.

Robt. John Welch. M.R.S.A. (Prof. & arch)

From the Batai books of Charles Mason Kerney,

Anna Cosgrave. 1899 (hand)

Hotel Morris and took a room at 1.50. Telephoning Shamus
mail waited me at his office, would come at once for it - girl
talking as Mr. Carpenter was not there. As she probably was
kept waiting by me, I decided to invite her to lunch, as a slight
compensation. However, when I got there, Paul had just come in.
He was sorry not to have met me, but a business prevented.
My letters were from Bryan and Miss Percival. He wrote
from train; had gone east. She wrote that her mother has
died and she is trying to dispose of the home. Could not see
me Saturday, but would wait until 1 before going to lunch with
me intention of treating me to a fine grade of enchiladas.
It was now 1.05 and I knew Paul planned to lunch me
so I telephoned my regrets. He told me Mr. Dixy has built
a fine new home out in the country and by telephone he
arranged with him for our afternoon. We then walked over
to the Rankersheim hotel where we ate lunch. Coming back
to the office, we were taken up by Mr. Dixy. We drove out
to San Marino to see the new Huntington library and
gallery. On the way we stopped at Charles F. Humm's to
express our respects. Had a pleasant visit, though Paul
seemed to find our friend failing. At the library we found
a curious situation. Ampley guarded, no one gets in save by
appointments. You sign a blank asking for a card and it
takes a month or more before actual admission. Only 100
a day are permitted. A rather prolonged negotiation by Paul
finally gained me a ticket, while they had to wait for me ask-
side. This did not conduce to my pleasure. I took a hasty
look through the one building only. It was a synopsis



series only - a selection of books from the Gutenberg 42-line bible in, portraits of authors, autographs - these in the main hall, a collection of choice European climates, and a room full of Italian religious paintings. The other building contains masterpieces of painting and sculpture but I did not try to see it. The buildings are finely located on a terrace with a view - not well displayed today. Rejoining my waiting friends we drove directly to the office leaving Paul there from 4.30 to 5.30 while we took a drive. Getting him as appointed we drove out to Mr. Bixby's beautiful home, quite in the country with a lovely view and with flowers. Here we were welcomed by Mrs. Bixby and the little daughter who was a mere baby when I was with them before. I was delighted at her perfect and fine development, because I remembered that they had had some question as to marriage, which had been decided as the physicians assertion that there was no reason why not. A few minutes later we met the little boy, 2 1/2 years old, born since my visit. Poor little chap: he ought to have twice his present height when grown - but twice his present height will not make him as tall as his father, and he has his father's face to a dot - and his big head is already disproportionate and will be gigantic for his little body. He seems a good little creature and happy, with no evidence of anything the matter with his mind. We had a good visit leaving so that Mr. Bixby deposited me at my hotel at 10 p.m. Paul went up and visited with me till midnight, when we bid each other goodbye. - Varenno

5

odds and ends in the morning filled up to train time.
26th There are two trains on at 10 due at El Paso at
9.45 a.m. The other at 10.02 due 12.15 noon. I had known of
but one which I supposed left at 10 and arrived at 12.15.
It seemed that the tourist is on the 10.02. Every berth on it
sold. Then I thought to take the 10.02. and reach El Paso
sooner. All berths sold. I finally got one of two berths left on
the Standard and was off at 10.02. It is the same hot, dusty,
tiring ride. I really know of none worse. We suffered the entire
day, but things were not so bad next morning. From Seattle
travel has been disagreeable - hot, dusty, tiring. I have looked
a little at the country. Have read Sibler's Liberia, Greene's Occu-
ped Haiti and written reviews of both, and also Rau's book.
Otherwise nothing. Rarely have I been so stupid and dull
on any journey. We finally reached El Paso at 12.15 on

27th Sunday. Fred and Clara Bell and Preston were down to
meet me. Almost at once he told me that an interesting family
event is due about July 10. Also that they are transferred
to San Francisco. This he feels happy over as it is an advance
and about the summit. The exact time of leaving depends
upon the Department, but will be somewhere between Sep-
tember 1 and December 1. We had lunch promptly on
reaching the house, meeting Mrs. Smith and Fred there.
Clara Bell is becoming quite proud and affectionate regarding
Frederick, who at twelve is in the junior high school and
more than usually proficient in swimming, horseback riding,
and baseball. He is a boy scout and takes much interest in its
activities. Preston is still a tyrant and rules all, pleasantly
if they will, unpleasantly if it must be. Fred proposed

Transfer:

Spirits turpentine; 1 teaspoon } mix.

Tincture green soap. " }

and two cupsful of water: mix well and bottle.

Shake when used.

Soft brush: apply solution over whole surface, wetting well.

remove excess, by gentle application of blotter

Drop onto the final paper; rub firmly with a spoon for a
half minute: look out for air bubbles.

attending to the vaccination at once and I believe did a
thorough job and gave me four certificates. Seeing Frederick
and Reaton getting ready for a swim, led to our going also. They
have a beautiful tank, with dressing room, showerbath, spring-
board, high-diving platform, graduated water depth and all
quite a number, young and old and both sexes were there. I
had a most refreshing swim, the first one for a long, long
time. Fred is really a beautiful swimmer and father had
him go through a lot of pretty dives. The maid had been let
go after dinner and we had a cold supper. We then went
as a complete family for a drive. The chief points - were the
municipal auto camp, which is the most elaborate I have
ever seen, with one-room and several-room cottages for tourists.
We then went to the amusement park, where we sat and
chatted while the two children took in various sports, Fred
being in tender charge of the little one. There was
28th nothing particular in the morning. (Omitted yesterday. On
arrival, I tried to secure my Pullman to make sure of it. The
American S.P. agent looked at my telegram from Honigs, in
which all the details of my pass were given, but refused to sell
without the pass itself. He reserved lower 11. Car 1. or said he
did. In the afternoon, after vaccination and before swim,
Fred drove me across to Juarez, where we just caught the
ticket agent and got my pass. We then went again to the S.P.
office, where the other ticket agent refused to sell before tomorrow.
Fred, Clara Bell and Reaton took me to my train. When I pre-
sented myself, with the pass, to the agent (first seen) he refused to
sell me the berth, as it had to be done at Juarez. I was really
much vexed - as that might have been told me just as well, at

Coins:

	1920.	1921.	1922.	1923.	1924.	1925.	1926.	1927.	1928	
1c.	X	X	X	X	X	0	X	X	X	.09
2c.	X	X	0	0	X	X	X	X	X	14
5c.	X	X	0	0	X	X	X	X	X	.45
10c.	0	0	0	0	X	X	X	X	0	90
20c.	X	X	0	0	0	X	X	X	X	1.80
50c.	X	X	0	0	0	X	0	0	0	4.50
1p	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	0	900

16.92

= 8.46

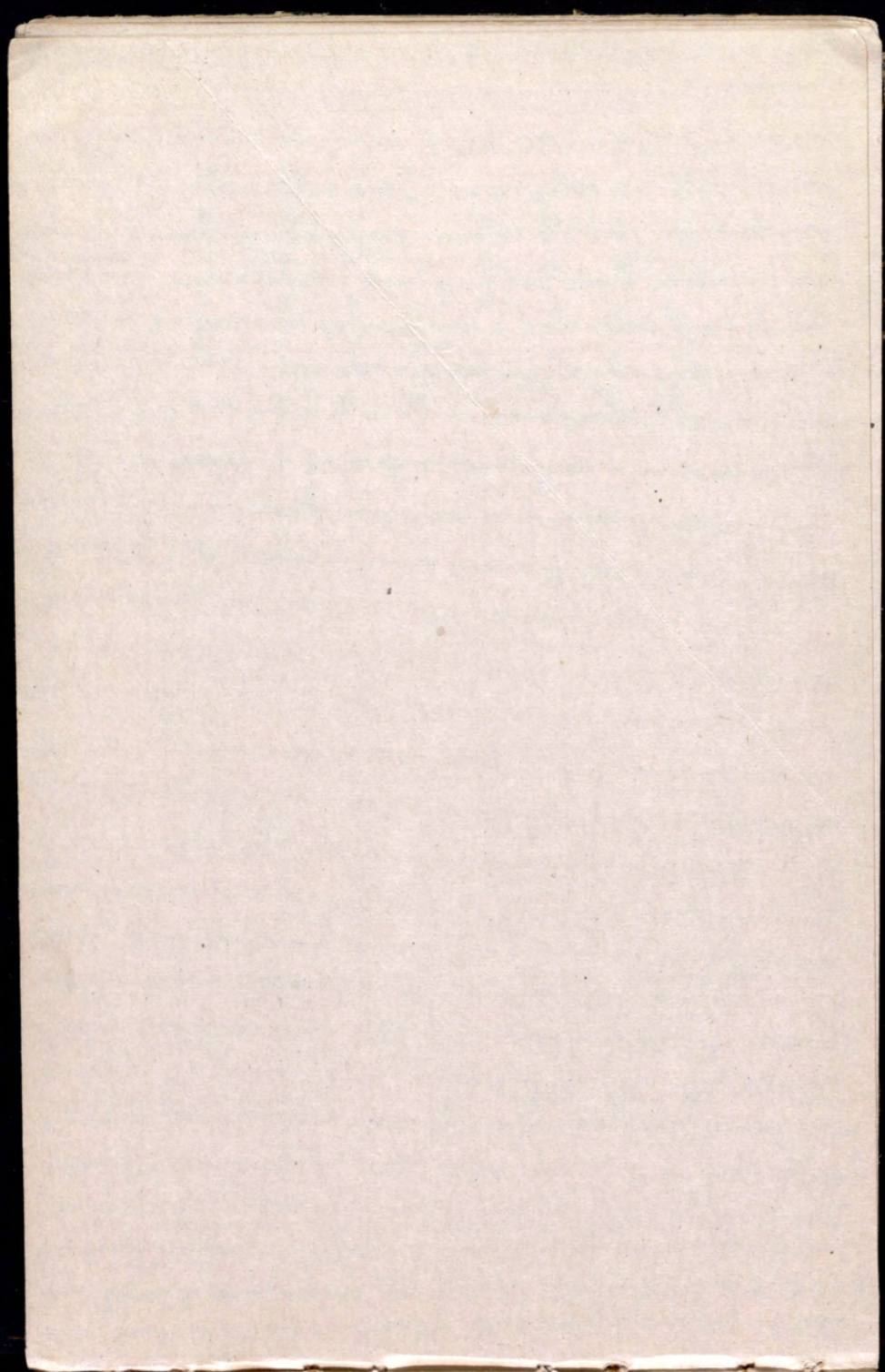
coppers

10c. X X

20c. X 0

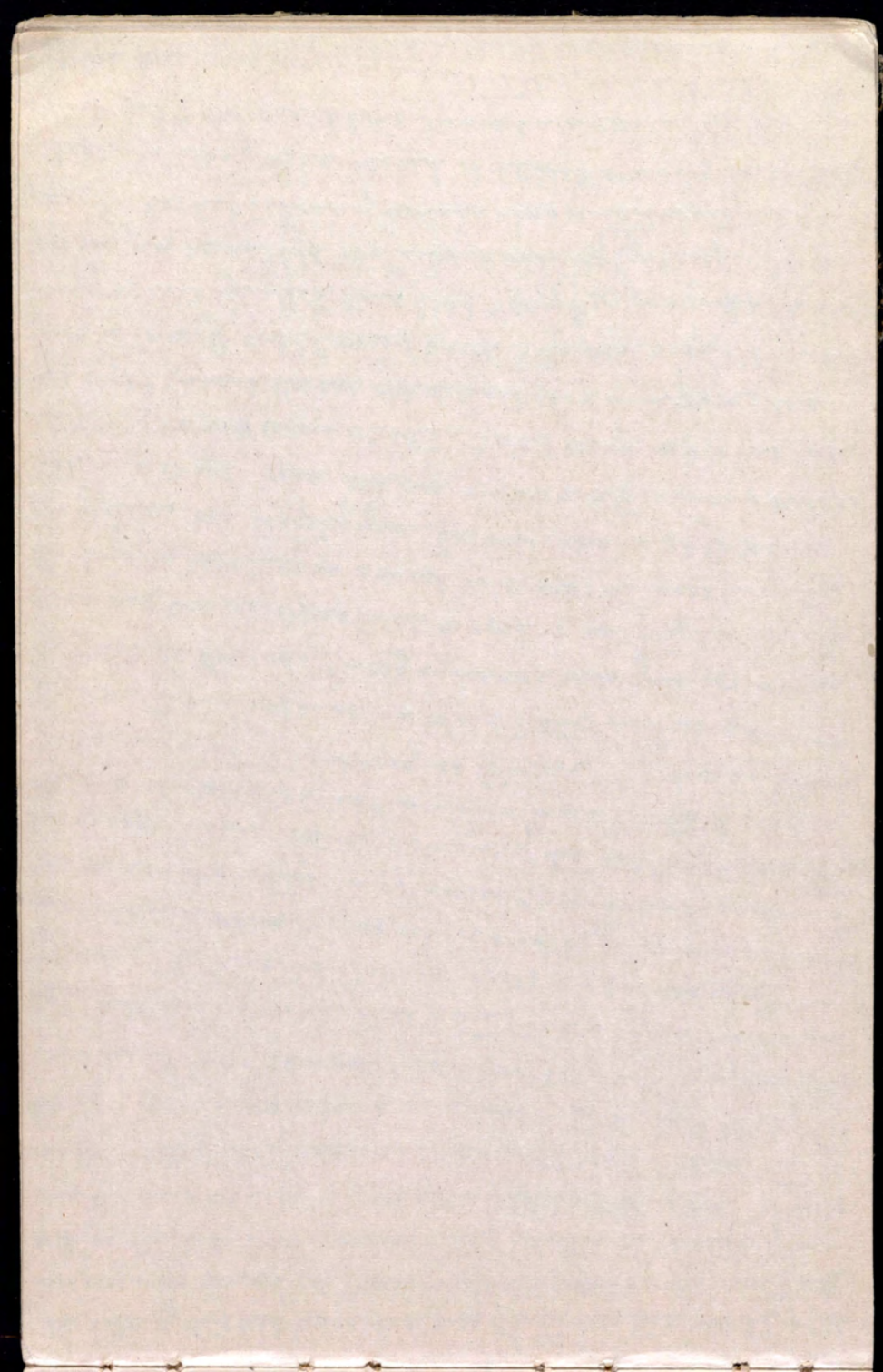
2p

my first demand yesterday. Fred was even angrier than I and wasted some words. He went onto the car then and I took my berth with my baggage. He bade me goodbye. I gave the Immigration officer his precious documents, getting mine back after it was stamped. I had to pay fare, 0.60 gold to Juarez. The vaccination was done by a woman with a male assistant. He swabbed the arm and she did the operation. Fred would have been wild if he could have seen it; he had been extremely particular in his washing of mine. Of course, I escaped. It seemed hardly due to the certificate which the man barely looked at and returned; it seemed to depend on my age, for which he inquired and the moment he declared it, she said the operation was not necessary. Now, what did that mean. The customs inspection was easy and the satchels were sealed with yellow strips. I had no trouble whatever over the berth ticket. We left El Paso at 12.40. Theoretically it was two hours later, when we pulled away from Juarez. Really it was less, as I believe we went out on Central Time. Customs officers came through again at the zone limit and broke the strips and ~~made~~ a second examination. This made no difference to us but led to a scene and excitement at the other end of our car. There was a noisy altercation there between the officer and a Mexican. Apparently the man refused to open something and it was broken open. They took out a firepiece of silk and some other things which were seized, put into a bag, and sealed. (Perhaps this was part of a wide-spread smuggling, under direction of the President's own Chief of Staff, with false orders from the executive department, to transmit, as government documents, which was brought to light a day or two after



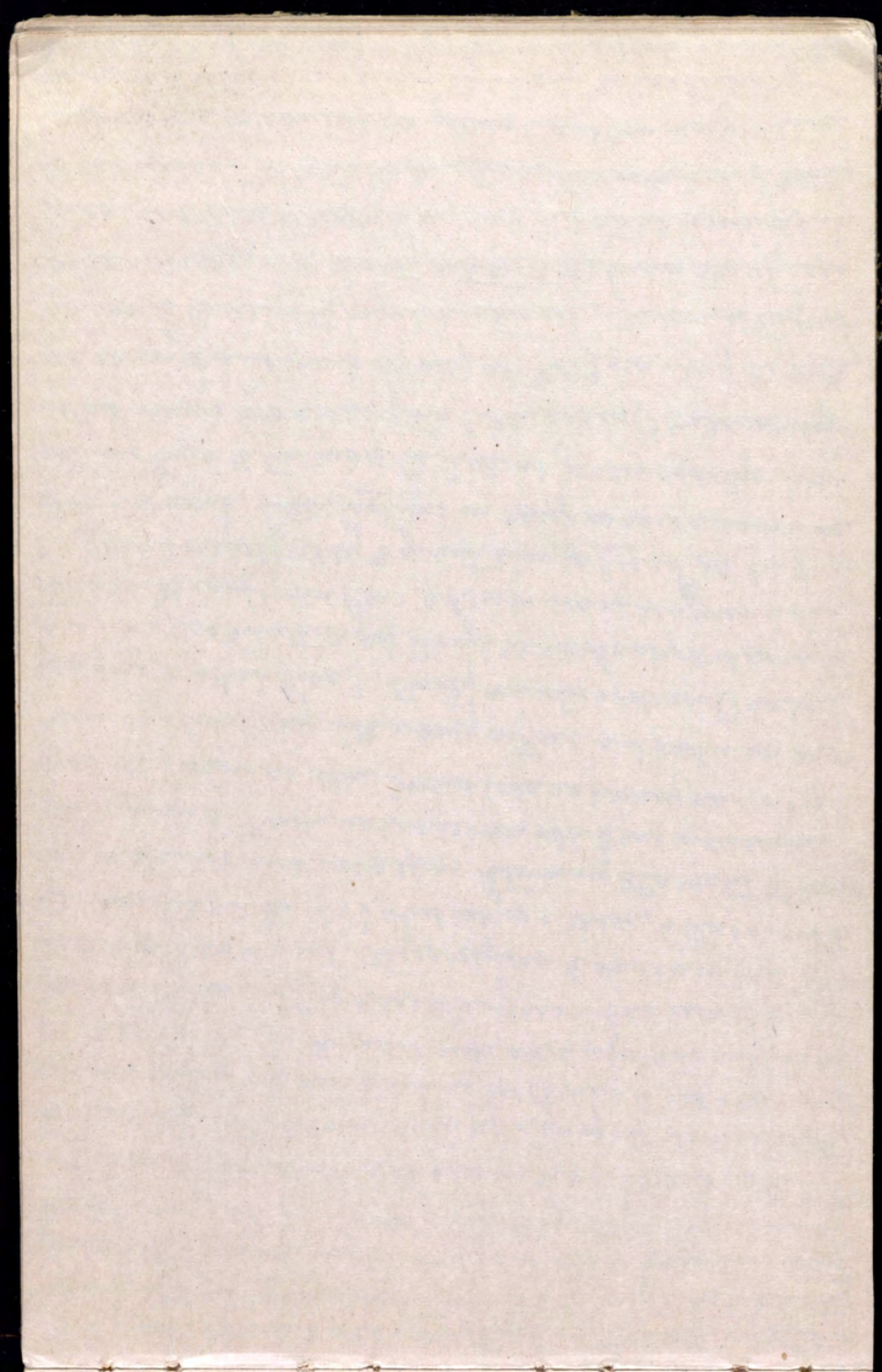
The bulk of this had been done over the Laredo line and the great seizure was made at Monterrey. The papers were quite full of it on the 31st. I am wondering whether the discovery on our train was not the first leak, that led to the other. I never realized that Zacatecas was so far south and that all the towns of my acquaintance are really in the last third of the journey. It was the usual hot desert ride. Then, from Aguas

29. Calientes greener and better. There has been less change
30. than I anticipated. More overhalls and less "cotones"; there are still the station crowds, sellers and beggars. Specialties are much as of old though the quantes at Salamanca seem to be disappearing. Little was made of the eating stations, though the one at San Juan del Rio seems to retain both character and popularity. I tried only at Torreon, where the Pullman conductor himself sent me past the station dining-room to a Hotel de France. Prices on the car have gone up. I am sure my preserved pigs used to cost 0.40; they are now 1.10. El tajito de Nochistongo is much as it was: the great maquey plantations are largely gone. We now come in at Colonia Station and we were almost an hour late, arriving perhaps at 7:30. I do not know whether I was surprised or not, to be met by Mr. Carhart. He has not decided on a room for me. We took a taxi to Hotel Cosmos, which is on San Juan Salvan directly behind Gante 5. Here I had to pay \$6. for a night! He now left me, as he had left Mrs. Carhart waiting (for supper, I suppose?). He had told me of several nice restaurants, one of which, on Lopez, we had passed. He had said it was a German Restaurant and I decided to try it. I found it a large place, bare-looking. - Casual there were so many small tables, none used but one, where the proprietor, bald, bearded, Texan was chatting with the

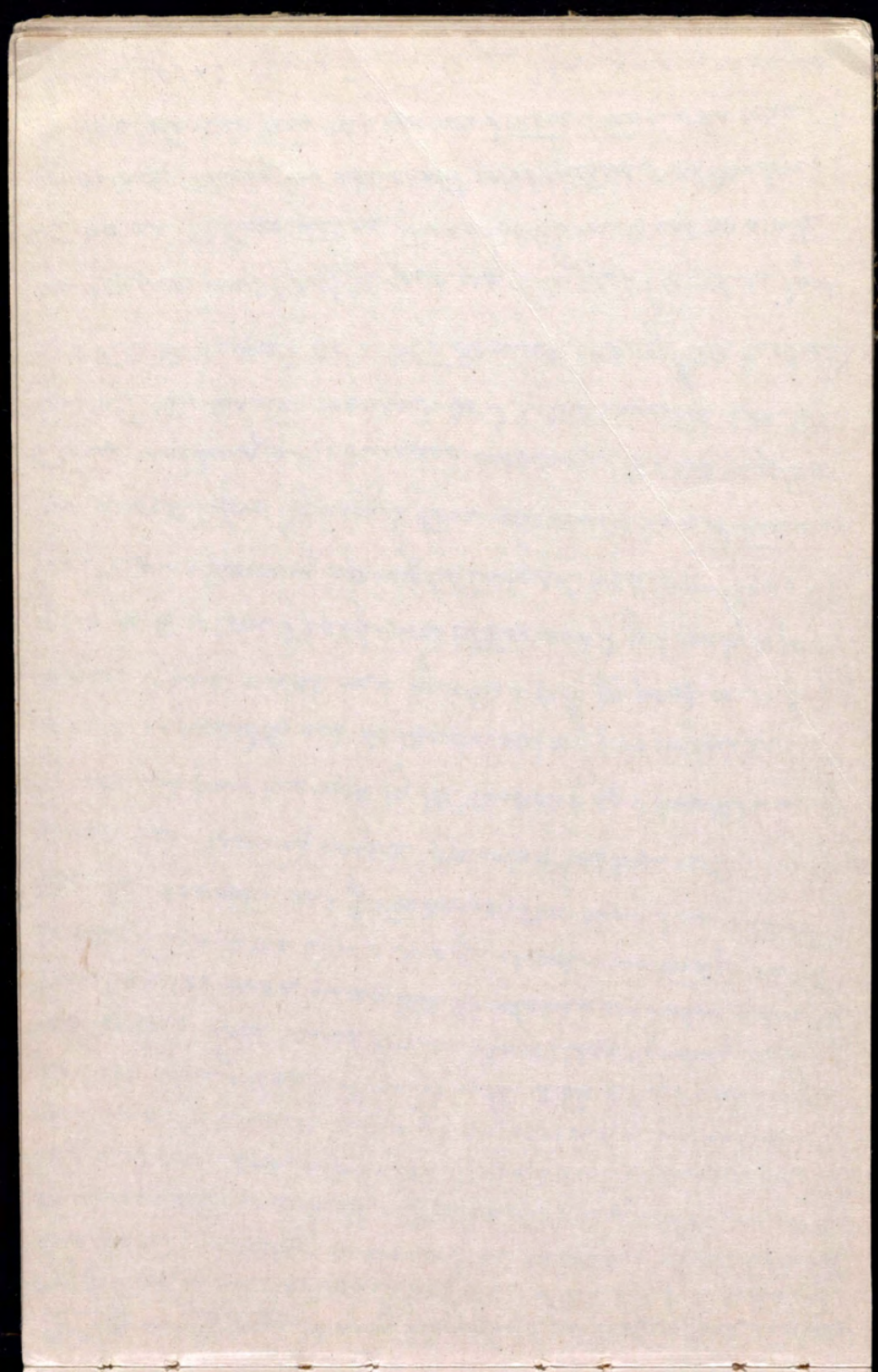


only guest. I found it was a vegetarian restaurant, and that it not only sold no drinks, permitted none to be brought. The whole thing somewhat aroused my curiosity and will be looked into later. Before going to bed I did some overhauling and writing.

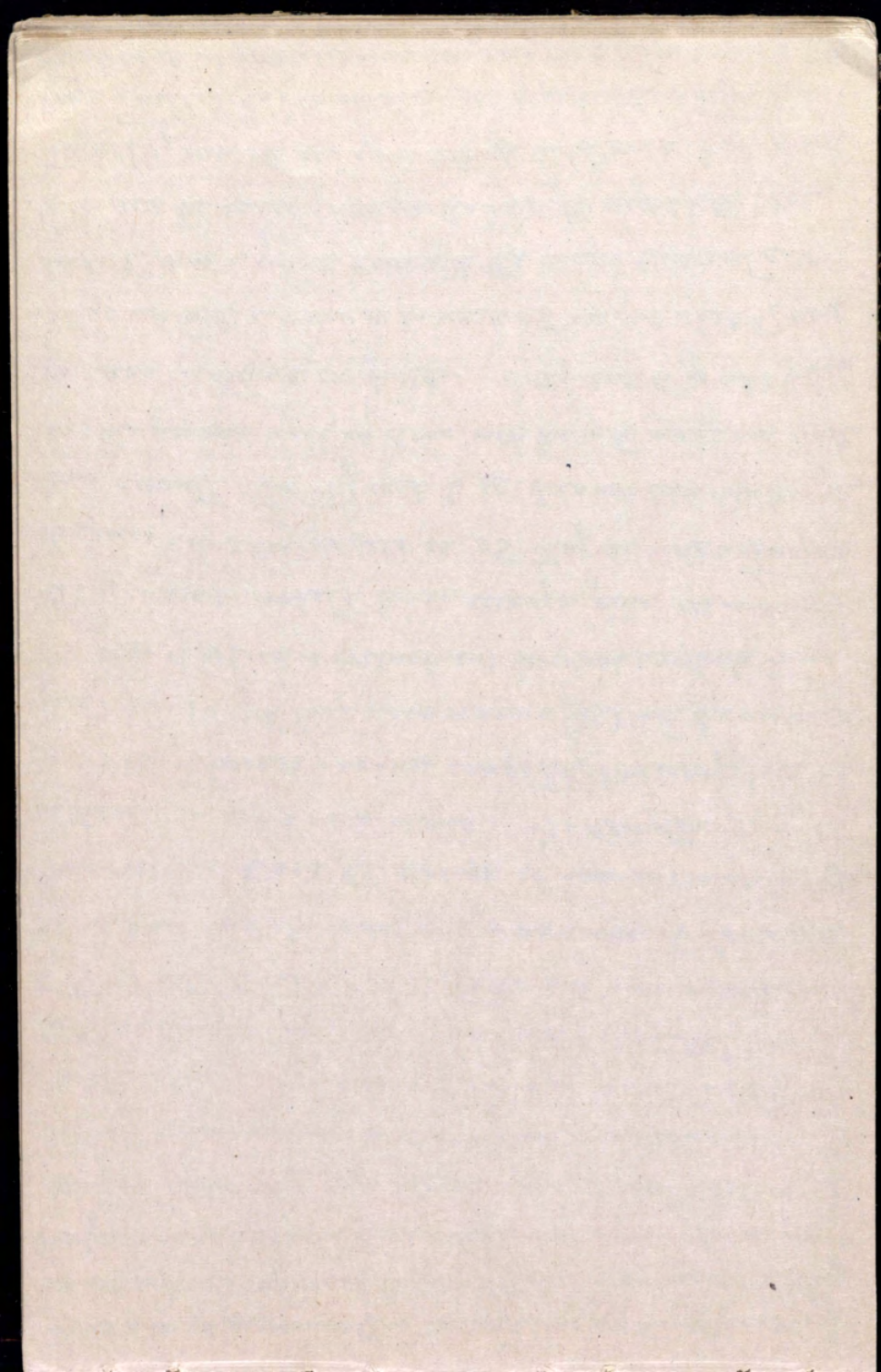
31st I copied the first of three lists of reviews for unity and wrote the corresponding letter to Mrs. Johnson before going out. Took chocolate and pan dulce and then called on Mr. Carhart to ask about room. He had had Homelas make some inquiries and had a few possibilities listed: Homelas himself has a room he will rent me unless it is too far out - Atzacapotzalco. He would be in town to talk over the matter. So I went out for a shave, to the p.o., and to buy postcards and newspapers. Returning to Carhart's, Mr. Homelas soon appeared. The rooms he had been able to find in the centre were all viviendas, where I would have no privacy, no air. His room was large, airy, with a lovely outlook and freshness. How far was it, what time? Twenty minutes by stair. (I doubt if it is even less than thirty feet). Though he stood ready to show me the others, which ranged from \$100. to \$30. for one in San Juan Cihuan, I declared myself ready to go with him, for his at 25. So to Apizaco we went. Either Los Reyes or Apizaco cars answer. We took Los Reyes to the end of the line at Jardin Hidalgo. We walked around two sides of the little garden (I don't know why not across it, and found ourselves at No. 9, corner of the garden, two storied house, with zaguan entrance. The room is the front corner and looks out directly onto the little garden. The Atzacapotzalco cars come directly to my door and stand in my sight. So do camiones. (So later do sometimes the Los Reyes cars). Nothing could be more convenient for getting to and from here for the time. The room has been his office and library. He has hundreds of books touching on many subjects and divides into two chief classes



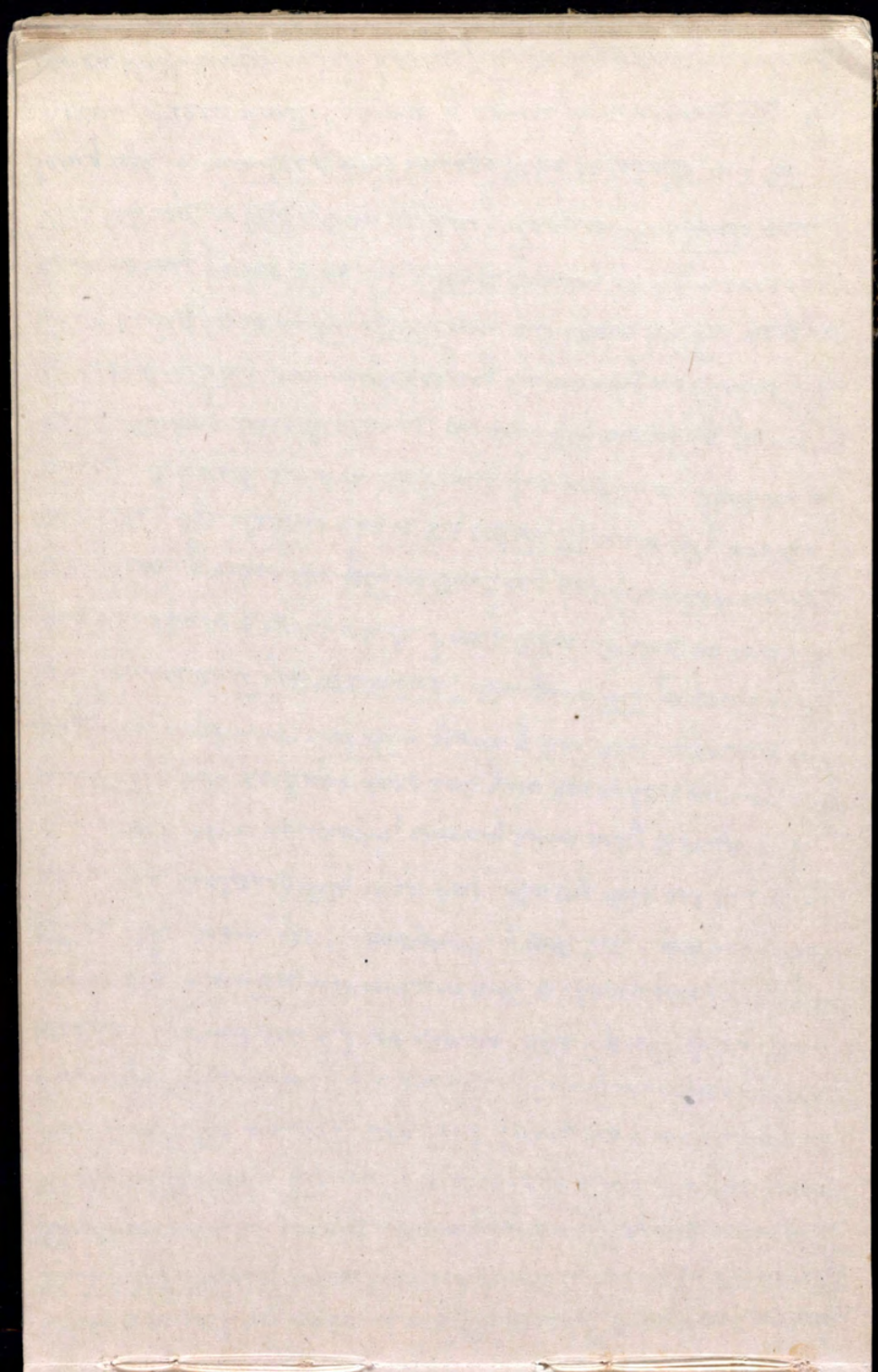
Biblia and profana. Among his profana are history, art, archaeol-
ogy, fiction, &c. &c. The room had to be cleaned art, but the table
was cleared, a couple of chairs and bed rigged up, a small table with
drinking water at bedhead, and a waste basket and a hook for my
hat and coat soon provided. I had the writing table set at the
open veranda windows and got my look out on nature and life
as I sit at my table. There is good electric light and I might
easily have done much worse. The resident family consist of
Mr. Homelas and a queer little lad, who has somewhat a humped
back. There was a marriage about a month ago, which
took the daughter out of the house. They showed me the photo of
a not bad-looking couple. Homelas had been rather grudging-
ly excused from his work by Mr. Carhart, so I hustled him off
as soon as possible and its done and boy put my place in
shape. I had made out quite a list for post-cards, largely
of people to whom I half-owed letters and I got ready 16 for
mailing - cleaning up my letter-book well. — It was fully
one o'clock before I finished these and settled down. I then went
to town mailing all. I needed exchange but had forgotten
how late the siesta occurred. So I killed time till 2.30 till 3.
and then in despair let a tobacco merchant change \$20. He cheated
me of course - at least he gave me only just \$41. while I got
\$42.40 at El Paso station. This enabled me to eat at a rather
good place, taking an absurd salad afterward at Sanborn's.
It was late and there was no crowd there; those who were
all Mexicans. Going to the Plaza I found many changes.



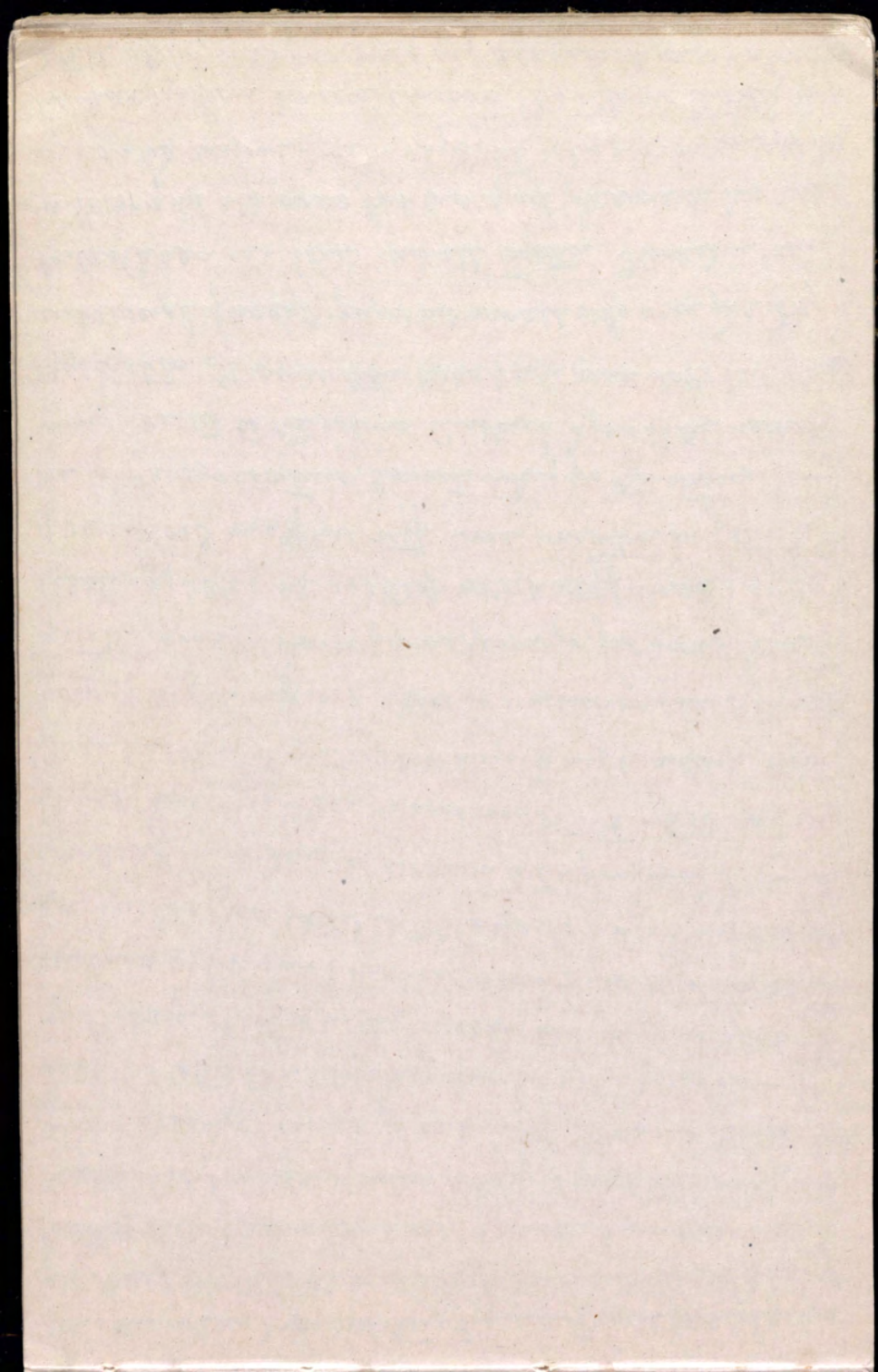
There are no longer seats in the middle, nor the old freedom of movement and business. It is more an ornamental planting. The four pegasus from the unlucky Teatro are at the four corners, springing from quadrangular, tapering, columns. The old monument-figure showing water levels has been removed, to the corner of the plaza, just to the left of the Cathedral entrance (viewing from before the Cathedral) going to its old site, to see the bookstalls and to get a jamaica I found all swept away and a monument to Las Casas. I was relieved to see the old sign at Antonio Vanezas Corrajo's although the doors were closed. The old system of jamaica and other refrescos has gone completely. Now everywhere one finds stands with large glass vessels filled with their refrescos the color of which is evident and in which ice floats. There are jamaica, orchata, limon, naranja, pina all served in slenderer & smaller glasses at .05. They are more watery and less definite than they used to be. I do not like the change and the person selling does not have to make the drink for each customer, as of old. I decided to go out to Colonia Valljo and took a camion so marked to be just what the mark meant. It is a quick run with the usual democratic contact and the spice of danger. As I thought might be the case they really run into and quite through the Colonias. I got off sooner than I needed, as I could have got off just a short block from the house. I found in vain and was about ready to go



when a small boy assured me they were in, to keep on knocking. This I did. Finally when I had sat down to camp on the ~~door~~ the old woman appeared. She is very lame. They have given up the larger better room to pigeons and occupy only the back rear one. A cat, two well kept dog, and 20 pigeons are there housed. She says the house needs a door and the roof some repairs. Lola was not around and did not appear: she is pretty lame. The boy is big, nineteen, and working with a shoemaker, learning the trade. She spoke quite buoyantly of both, till I gave her a lead — when she declared they were bad. The boy does not live at home but at a neighbor's, coming home only to sleep. Lola maltreats her, perhaps does not give her what money I supplied. She wept now and then spoke of her own sufferings and her licencia to get treatment. She gave the pigeons twelve big handfuls of corn, while I was there. I have no objection to her using what she gets as she likes, but I cannot increase the dole. She claims she is 80, which I fear is 15 years too much. A fourth lives in the house, her sobrina. I told her to have the boy come to see me on Sunday morning giving very exact directions and emphasizing the morning as I had no intention of being home in the afternoon, and I gave her \$1. half for her and half for his fares. I took caution at the marketplace. The Coloniza is better than holding its own. The streets are being kept, a number of new houses have been built, and the house where I rented a room is again in good condition. Peredes still lives in his house, though the woman is dead;



Was she, when I was last there? — I must be a little care-
ful. I had forgotten the heat and altitude and find both more af-
fecting than I had remembered. Of course, I am older and
heavier; but, however, I must not try to move too rapidly. —
June 1. I copied and got off no. 2. wrote letters and postals. Got
out a bit later than yesterday. Lunched at the good place of
yesterday, which is really Mexican and high-class though with
an inconspicuous entrance on San Juan de Letran, between
p.o. and Madero. Called at Mr. Carhart's and got my first for-
warding (including a decisive letter from Vera). I hunted
Sneed and Miss Blake without result. Then to El Volador.
There has been a gradual change to my knowledge, but
now it is all different. There is a much greater aggregation
of stalls, even narrower passage ways; few ground layouts;
relatively little junk and cheap market stuff. Crowded stacks
of cheap and shabby new stuff. Some concentration of kind. On
the whole less exciting, less interesting for the stranger and
more adapted to the native. And here I found the old book
aggregation. Of course there have been some stalls here always,
and several of recent years; but now all who were ejected by
de las Casas are here and all together. I looked in vain
for most of the old faces, but last of all, I came on Meneses.
He was the only one I recognized, the only person except Mr.
Carhart, whom I have known. He tells me Overton is
still alive and gave me his address. He says Salvador



Batres is dead, died before his father, which was news and a shock. I did not want to leave until Antonio Algate should open. Again I had forgotten how late things are. I thought it opens at 5 and was there about 4.30. I borrowed a juggado chair and sat waiting. Its hour is 6 and the charge did not come much ahead. It was not my old friend Rafael Aguilar. He still lives but is attending some meetings in the United States. The one I met was . after a little visit

with him I walked up to the street behind the Cathedral. It was to see if Antonio Varegas were open. As before. One whom I asked told me it is really no more. Taking that street I took supper (Ceviche, 60 + vino, 50) where I took sweet bread and vino tinto last night. Then to home. —

2d. Copied and sent No. III. Pretty nearly a cleared deck. I still have to finish one book brought from home and to prepare Filipino Folklore for the London Congress. Otherwise all is Mexico. There is no good place for chocolate near. I walked some distance yesterday to find one. Today I took another direction and was served in a pulqueria, a disreputable looking place. The dueño was outside and saw me searching. On my way back he noticed that I could eat inside. I entered with doubt. A typical pulqueria — mixture of many things. There was a gay showing of piled up glassware, behind his service counter. Pulque is the one thing expected. Some tinsel and colored paper decorations. The

Junio 2 - 1928.

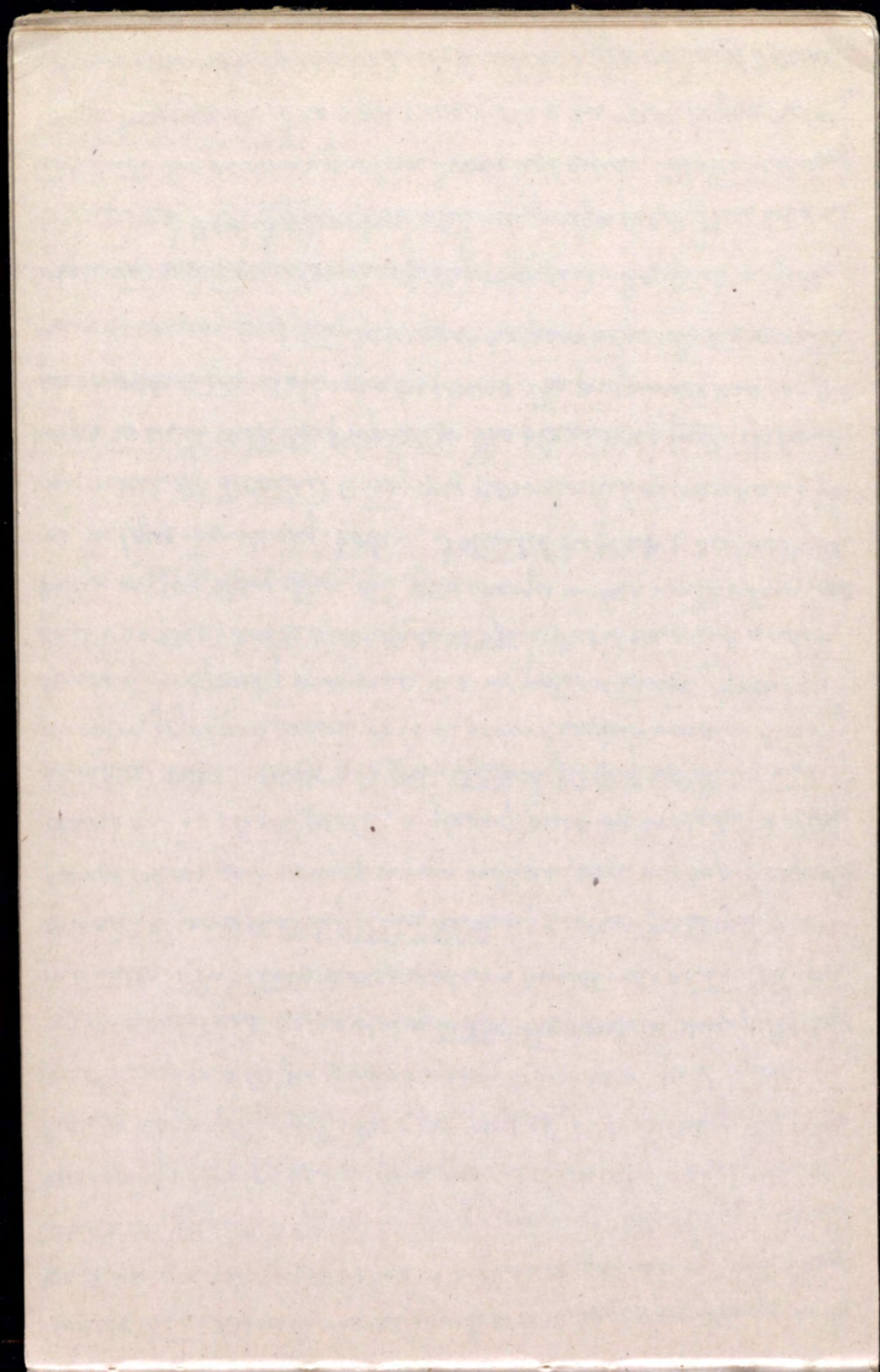
Precio a la Carta

Comida corrida al Pl.

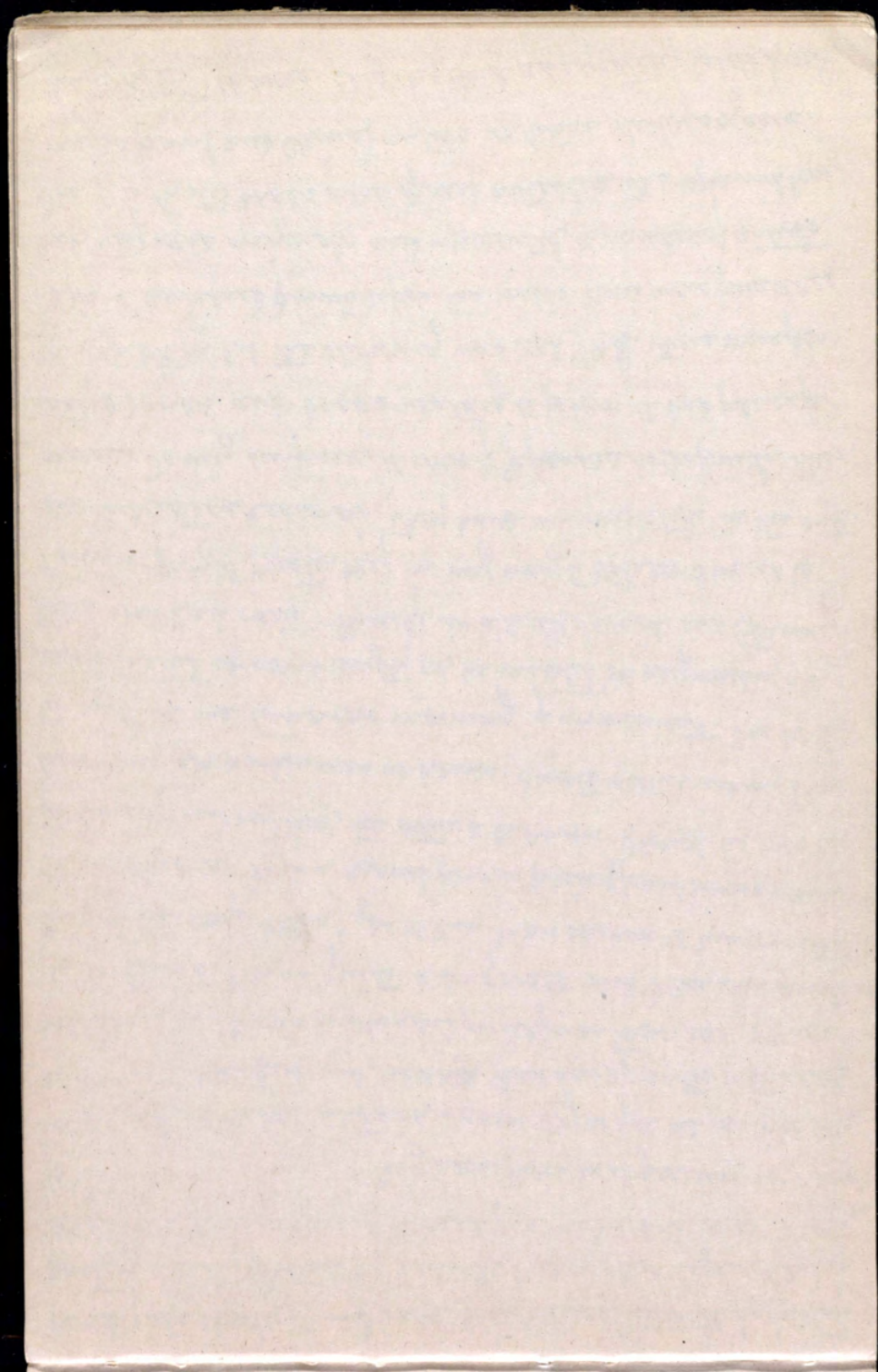
- | | |
|---|-----|
| 1. Pan y mantequilla | 15c |
| 2. Ensalada mixta, veg. y fruta | 25 |
| 3. Sopa de Cebada, <u>o</u> | 25 |
| Sopa de Frambuesa | 25 |
| 4. 1 Huevo frito en pan <u>o</u> | 25 |
| 1 Huevo tibio | 20 |
| 5. Ejotes guisados <u>o</u> | 35 |
| Pastel de Ejotes mais fres. | 35 |
| 6. Postre | 15 |
| 7. Leche, Postum, Te, Café <u>o</u> Limonade gas. | 15 |

En este Restaurant
no se sirven
Comidas de Carnes, peces o aves
ni se expenden
bebidas alcoholicas
ni se permite consumirlas

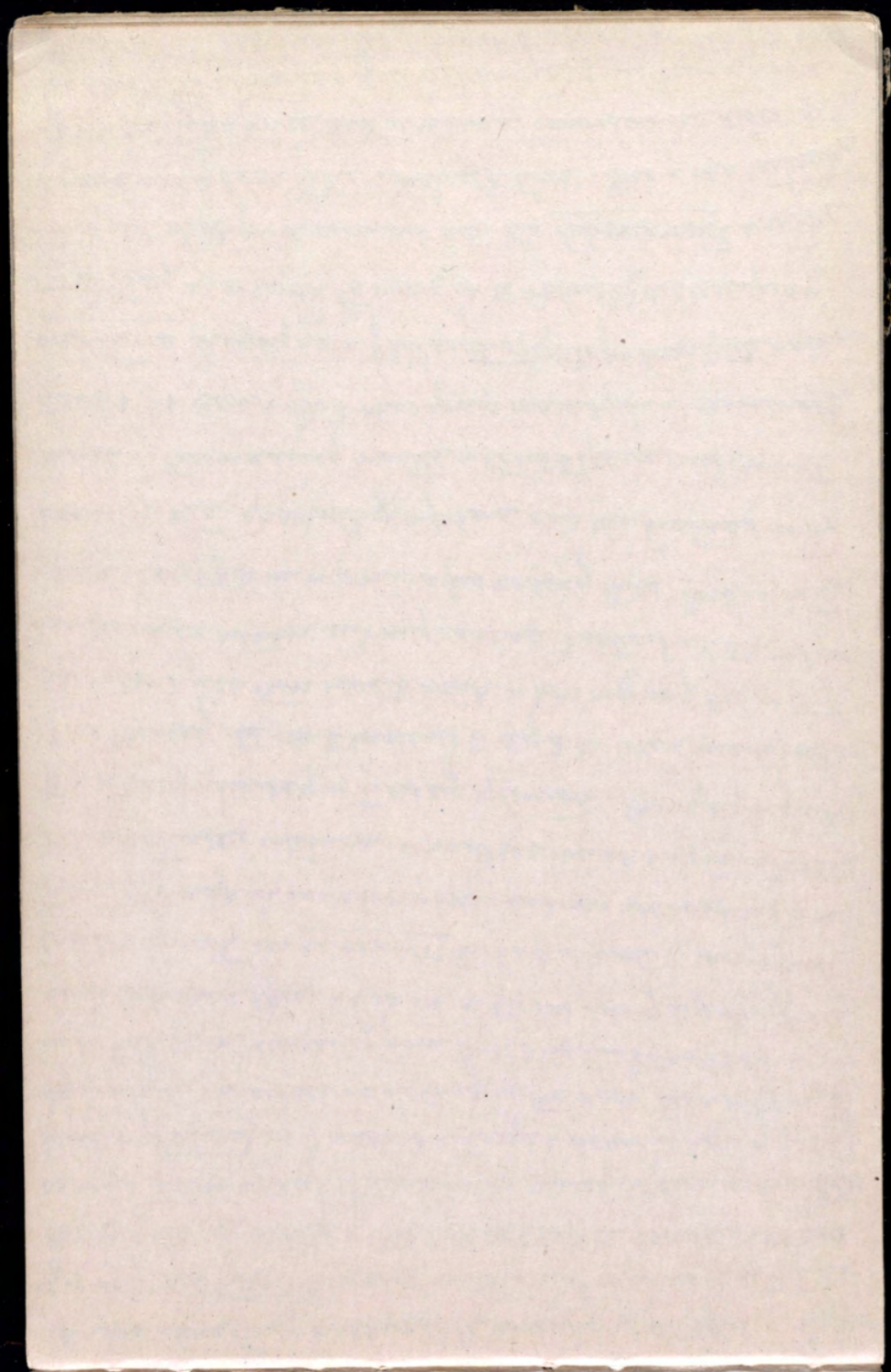
walls streaked with the national colors, some paintings on the wall - one a curious scene of a picnic gambling, with horses, chairs, blanket spread on the ground and players lying upon it & playing upon it. There was also a hideously naked woman, lying at length, with shoes on her feet, but nothing else. This was a separate painting. I sat down on a bench, before what could not be called a table. The woman cheerfully took my order. In a little a decent clean small red & white cloth was spread; a corresponding clean napkin; a clean plate with four panes dulces, just brought in from outside, then my cup of chocolate served on a clean plate, a glass of milk on its plate; a clean tumbler and a clean and wonderful flask of water - artistic in color, form and lustre. It is a never ceasing wonder - their sense of propriety in service to a respected stranger. Yesterday I paid 0.60 in a dulce and helado shop - but it was not a whit better in any way than the 0.50 charged in this uninviting looking, pulque-smelling, hole. I started out at 1.30 and got my mail off. Decided to try my German Restaurant and fee boys to chat with the proprietor. The place was full. At least 100 people there. All was business. The proprietor and his German woman and two Mexican helpers were at the counter while the waiter-girls were fully occupied. I ordered a full dinner at \$1.- I think I was the only foreign guest. There was one table with two persons of whom I was not sure. All the rest surely were Mexicans. I do not know when the rush began, but the crowd was not much reduced when I left, although I saw



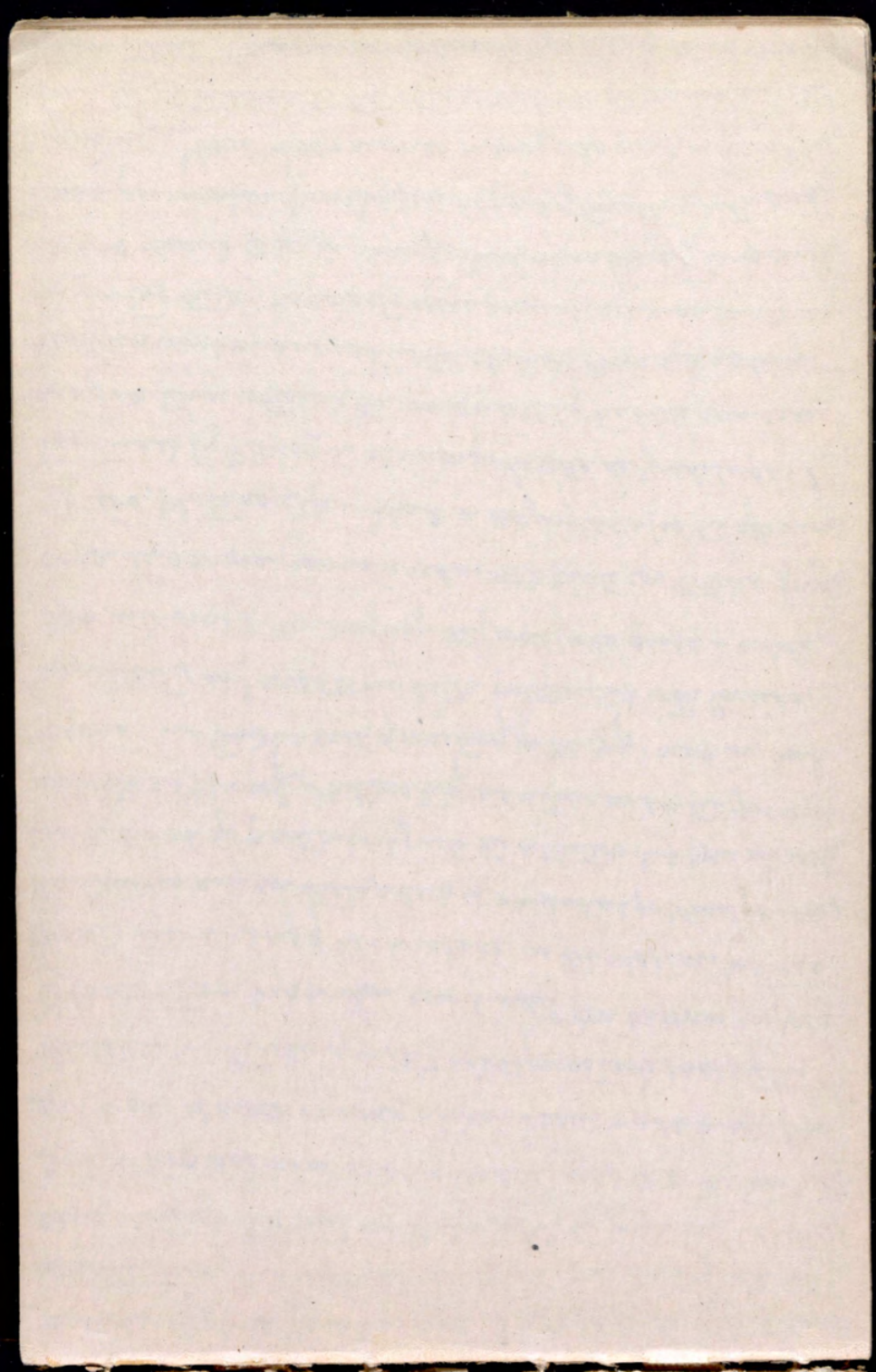
perely ate slowly. — I have been much interested in the posters widely posted by the Anti-Imperialist Liga, whose slogan is Yankees out of Nicaragua and whose chapter name is República del Salvador, Altos 94. I must try to get the various places and they have sent out, although their news from the field is little reliable. — I was now headed for Alfonso Tori, 108 7^a Calle de los Heroes. It was quite a long walk and there was sprinkling on the way. When I got there I was shown to his room the he was not in. It is a second floor, a pair of front rooms — one for library and writing, the other a bedroom. Though he was not his younger brother was at home. I wrote a letter asking him to call on me tomorrow morning if convenient. The brother and I chatted at some length as he insisted on my waiting as there was hard rain. Finally, in a huff I went. — (Funny how we forget. Yesterday on my way to Volador I went to the Biblioteca Nacional. They have an exhibition in the ante-room. To my surprise it was of Japanese color prints, illustrated books and books relating to Japan. A bad place for an exhibition but the showing was not bad. There were perhaps a hundred prints upon the walls. None were fine class but they were originals and represented a number of artists. The illustrated books were opened on tables. The Spanish books on Japan (and China) on two or three shelves against the wall. All were clearly and adequately labelled and



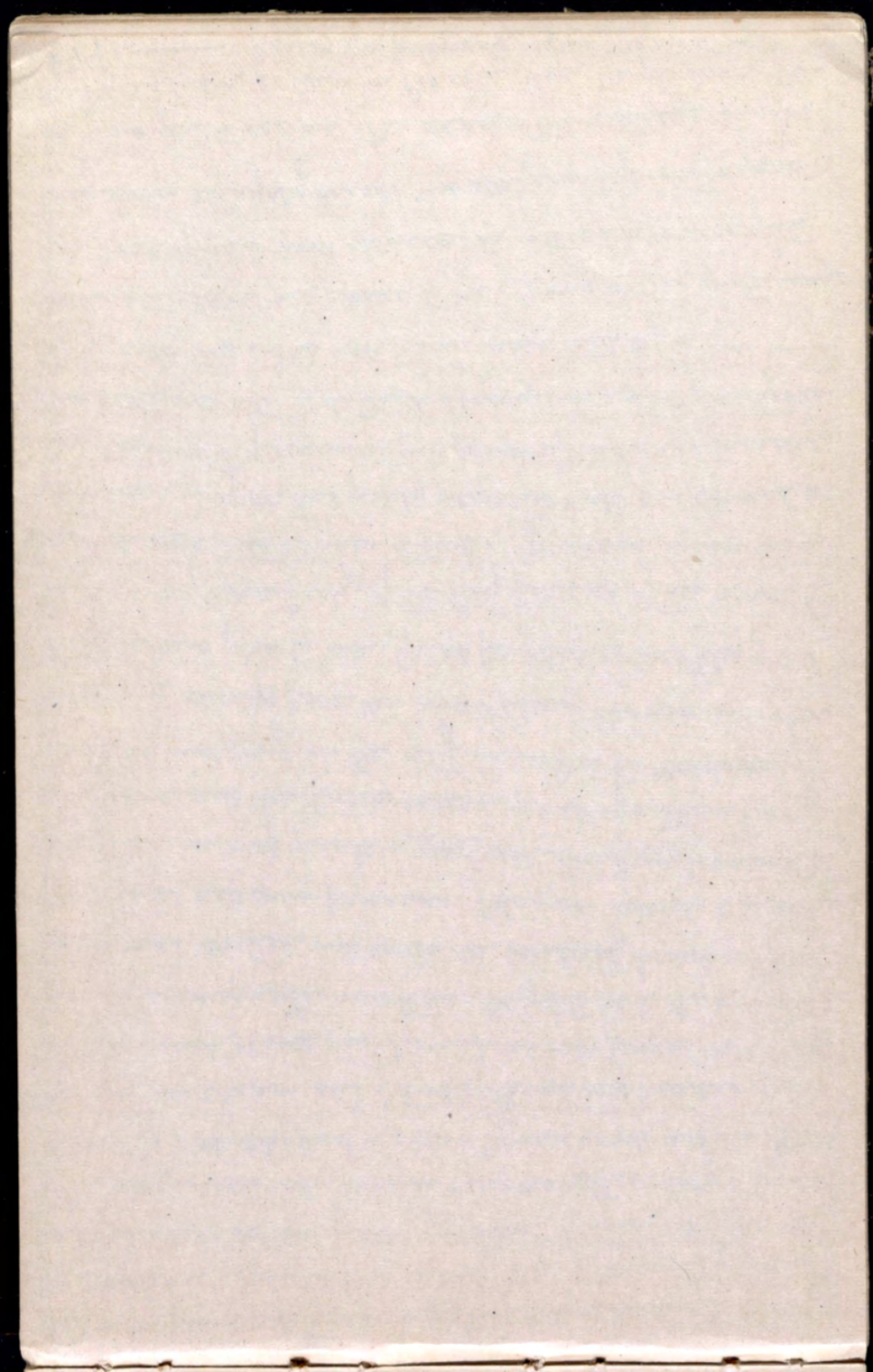
it was attracting a reasonable amount of attention. Igim-
iz is no longer there. They gave me his new address, in the Ar-
chivo of the Secretaria of Foreign Relations) — I saw that Heras
seemed to run through to the Avenida Juarez (it becomes Humboldt
before it gets there) so I walked straight down in hope of finding
Igimiz. A caretaker was sitting at the door. Saturday p.m., he
will not be in. Usually from 11-1. 3-6. — I was now near
Luis Cabrera's office. He is on a second floor of a patio office
building with an ascensor. He has a suite of four or five
rooms. Though in he was very busy and was not supposed to be
there Saturday afternoon. He would see me at any time I chose
to name for Monday or Tuesday afternoon. On my saying at
3. on Monday, the clerk hastened to say 3.30. which means proba-
bly that I will then have to wait. — On my way down to
San Juan de Lirio and my carline I noticed a little reading
room. I dropped in and found a few reading there. It is an enter-
prise of the Spanish group here and the pictures and
much of the reading matter related to Spain and Spanish
things. It seems that this group maintain a considerable
santuario, largely as a philanthropy. As for their little reading-
room, they are soon to move it to Republica del Uruguay.
— I just stepped for a moment into the Liberia (Lirio). Here
I have only been there at siesta time. It is a characteristic
German enterprise and carries a considerable stock of
books and pictures of varied sources. — Thence home.
32. At the last moment I forgot supper, nor did I go out



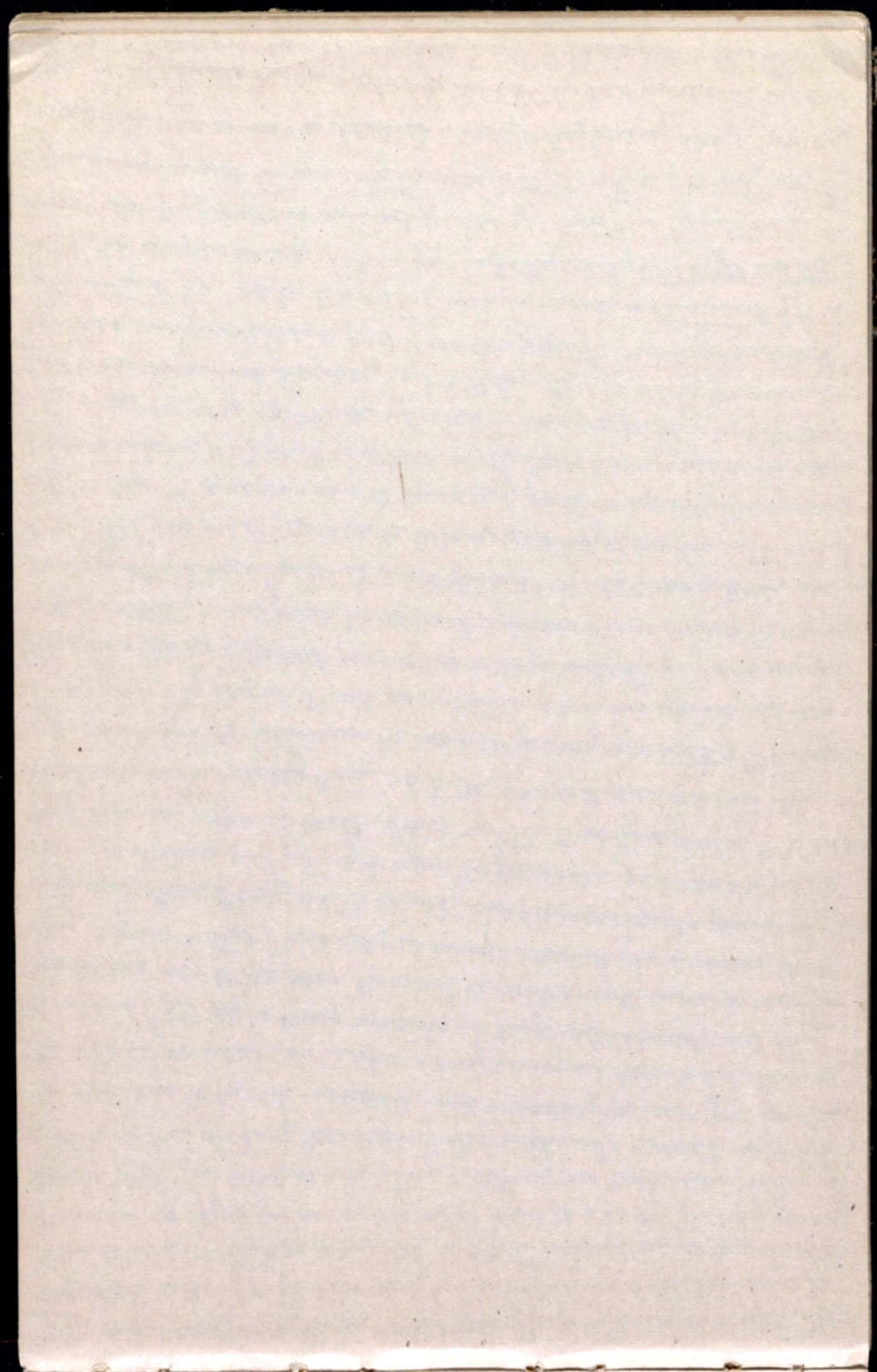
anywhere for breakfast this am. I had considerable to do and expected the boy and half expected Alfonso Toro. The boy did not come although I waited until almost 2 to give him a chance. Señor Toro did come and we had a good talk. The two brothers look almost exactly alike. I have made a careless mistake in thinking that I had Alfonso Toro's backplate: it is Carlos Toro, his brother, now dead? Don Alfonso proposes to send me a copy of his new book on the relations between the Church and the State, which is somewhat political & polemic. We did not go particularly into the situation, but from his brother as well as himself, I believe they are active under the present regime. — Tired at last of waiting for the boy, I went in, and as directly as I could to my little restaurant with Comida @ 60¢ and vino @ .50. They do pretty well for the price — colds, sopa de arroz, carne asada, mole prieto con tortilla, frijoles refritos, plátano, café. I had a dozen plans for the afternoon but ended by taking a cancion for La Virgen de Guadalupe. I sat for a time watching the women selling the little corn-cakes and then went in and sat in the church. There are no longer any votos there. No priests were present: one man in ordinary dress seemed to be in charge. There was a blaze of large candles, and a fair number of worshippers in front of the altar with candles burning. I have never seen so many, who went on their knees from the entrance to the altar-rail — men, women and children. There were announcements outside of some great



day in the future and two preparatory days were sung, of which this was one. I felt too tired and hot to go to Manuel's grave as I had intended, so took camion to town. I decided to take a torta compuesta with me home, but was rather early to have a choice. I foolishly tried a place I knew would not do. Next to me an ice-cream and I took with me two bocaditos that did not much please me. I found at our garden that there is a torta compuesta man there. So quite as in the evening have read, written, and eaten the bocaditos, I went out and got a torta and some bananas. I do not intend to be really irregular in my meals — must not — but I can, between the pulqueria and the tortee-maker, get along with one hearty meal at midday in the city. — Did the Municipal building always have the inset tiling. I do not remember it. It seems fine to me. Great panels of colored tiles giving the Arms of Vera Cruz, of the City of Mexico, of the Nation, &c. I must look into them in detail. Grotesque, under these portales and upon this finely decorated wall are official announcements of unidentified persons found dead (usually from violence) with a detailed description and two ghastly photos of each one. I do not remember that before. — On the streetcar one spoke to me. It was Drostz quite changed, but I recognised him at once. He is thinner, wears a quite long, rather straggly beard, and his game eye is even game-r. He was glad to see me. The address Meneses gave is his business address. He lives in Popotla, Ave. Mactoyuma, no. 179. — I tried my pulqueria again this morning for choice



4th. late. very much the same but familiarity breeds contempt. The chocolate and milk just as good, but no napskin and the sweet bread were served on their paper, and no plate under the glass of milk. I made no effort for an early start, but left at 1.30. This the quick lunch place on San Juan de los Rios: plainly an American place with a strange mixture of Mexican. Full lunch at \$1. not bad, not extra. It appears to be the standard price nowadays for such foreign places. Called a moment on Carhart: my account shows a balance of about \$85. He is busy making up his final accounts; will turn his books over to Hauber. No mail. He invites me to dinner for next day. I found that I had not put on my intended clean collar. Raeg told me where to buy. Still Anita and the man inside grumbled over my insistence on getting in before 4; found one and was away for my Cabrera appointment. I did not try to get there until 3.45 but I believe he was really there at 3.30. Was well received and had a good 40 minutes interview. He has a large crayon portrait of Carranza on the wall. Of course I had no picture of him in my mind, but Don Luis was totally different from what I had anticipated. Of medium height, rather stout, round faced, black bearded, he showed no sign of the nervous energy I had been inclined to attribute to him. He keeps entirely out of politics and practices law. He thus views things from the outside and with calm. It is necessary to beware of partisan people. There is much of personalism and partisan bias, a blindness to any good on the opposite side. He does not think all is bad in any group. He believes there has been some real progress, and will be. But it is due to increased contact and movement, part of word activity - and it is a mistake to attribute it too readily to any one man, or group, or statement of policy. He advises me to read the papers pretty widely and to get into the movement. He promises interest and suggestion from time to time. - From him I went to Equimí. The archive is on the ground floor. I found him in and was welcomed. He left the library about two years ago: he seems to be comfortably situated. Has increased his exhibition collection. Since my last visit he has published his book.



topography of Nordestas. He will bring his collection tomorrow: please come. — Then to Jeane's 18 to see Dr. Atte's collection. Looked for it in vain upstairs. Downstairs in a beer-hall: it is to be here, mainly. The newspaper notice announced it for June 4-14 and I had thought there might be an advantage in a first-day inspection. To fill up time until 11.30, I dropped in to Butch's for a salad and glass of white wine. Even so I reached Expositor too early, just at 18.0. I sat at the reading-room tables, until 19.0. The hour for the meeting was 18.30. No one had yet come. They gathered slowly. The Santana was to have been used but connection impossible. The meeting was opened at 19.50, when I suppose Beltran read a paper on Pesca. There were to be two other papers but I left when the one was finished. The Asistencia amounted to 25 or 26 persons, 5 women. The book record was open. Date, time, and program were written beforehand and the Asistencia signed below. The Society really occupies much more space than I realized. I had never before been in the hall for meetings. — after my morning's letter writing I went out for my 5th chocolate to the place of my first attempt of three days ago. After sitting down, I found I had left my money on my table. As I gave my order, I stated the predicament. It made no difference: whatever other ideas they hold regarding us, our money record appears good. — Into our little garden there comes a swarm of school boys and girls with an Indian girl and perhaps a man in charge. They swarm into the benches and proceed to draw the iron band stand. Perhaps 16-20, three or four times as many girls as boys. The Indian girl speaks fair English: she comes from a school in Tacuba, where some of the teachers are American. I look at the drawings, some of which were really pretty good —

windy, dusty and hot. I started out about 1 o'clock and went to the city, mailed my stuff out and tried Butch's (Lewis) place for his 4th lunch. He is an American mulatto and is really doing

Liga Impulsora del Arte Nacional (LIDAN)

Tiempos de exponer pinturas ---- ?

De ninguna manera. La gente no se interesa por cuestiones que son casi abstractas. ¿Que es una pintura? Si no va precedida de exhibición de un herradero literario, es un enigma.

Lo que interesa es un par de medias de seda - la repartición de parcelas que producen hongos políticos en vez de mayores de maíz - o saber con precisión quien va a ser el nuevo mandatario para rendirle homenaje y tener aseguradas las tortillas, y algo más.

Sin embargo, como el mundo está lleno de contradicciones - y México es un centro de concentración y yo soy mexicano hasta más allá de lo creíble - hago una exposición de pinturas en medio de esta obscuridad intelectual en que adormecida yace nuestra urbe ind. española - más española que india, por desgracia.

Es necesario hacer algo - aunque sea exposiciones. Y para mayor falta de lógica con el ambiente, ella va complicada con elementos de carácter puramente técnico.

La Exposición. - Está compuesta de algunas estampas al estencil en negro y en color, de algunos dibujos y de una serie de paisajes pintados con diversos procedimientos, fruto de largos años de rebús quedas, y que constituyen, en el arte de la pintura, la renovación técnica más completa desde la invención de la pintura al óleo.

Los dibujos son simples anotaciones.

Las estampas al estencil son obras muy especiales, quizás únicas en su género, y de una carácter puramente decorativo.

Las pinturas son vigorosas expresiones plásticas que no tienen más fin que darme gusto a mí, y darme gusto a los demás - a los demás que aman la fuerza y la grandeza de lo naturaliza, y que estén exentos de prejuicios literarios o escriturarios acabados en romo.

a good business. Of course he caters to all, but his patronage is perhaps half-and-half. His ideas and cooking are American but way above the usual cheap places. I must somehow make an arrangement for the sisters. It is plainly in general until 4. I wasted a lot of time. At 3. I looked for Cardenas but he comes at 3.30. I thought Dr. AFB would be so interested in getting started that I find him at his exhibition and early. It was full 4 before it was open and he himself was not there. He has broken away from oils, which he appears to despise. He had a good many landscapes in acque-cera, which I rather like; his portrait in AFB. colors was much to my taste. In fact, I have rarely seen a painting that made so deep an impression upon me. It was a strange arrangement, but the colors were superb and the effect deep. His stencil-stamps seem to be taking well. There were two series - a smaller, landscapes; a larger figures, nude, the sexless enough to go into any young-persons boudoir. The landscapes were at P2. - the others at P5. A considerable sale has been made already of copies. There was a fair attendance of viewers. I left a note for him, to call myself to him, as he probably has completely forgotten me. — I went then to the Foreign Office. Squin had his collection there and I went through it rather carefully, with my checklist and notes in hand. We made an addition of just about 40 to my list, about equally divided between old labels and modern pictorials. In the latter the harvest was far from my anticipation. Either there are not as many having plates made as I supposed, or he has not followed them up so closely. He still has some unmounted that I shall have to go through before I can feel that I have exhausted his material. He gave me three new to my collection: one old, Ysidro Garcia Carrasquez

Los Procedimientos. — Donde diversos caracteres, y tienden todos a simplificar la técnica pictórica y a separar al pintor de esa cosa abominable que se llama "la pintura al óleo." Los clasifico de la siguiente manera: Resinoplastia, Art. Colores, Acqua-Cora y Proceso X. (En un folleto especial, que está a disposición del público, doy una explicación esquemática de estos diversos procedimientos y el costo de las obras).

Las Estampas. — Están hechos con el sistema de reproducción que los chinos inventaron hace algunos millares de años. Los franceses llaman a ese sistema Pochoir, nosotros llamamos Patron y en Estados Unidos Stencil. He adoptado desde hace tiempo este último nombre porque me parece el más adecuado.

Con el stencil pueden hacerse estampas por centenares, del carácter de las de la exposición, o ilustraciones de libros por millas, como las que hice en "Las Artes Populares en México" y en las "Iglesias de México," ilustraciones de las cuales exhibo algunos ejemplares. Es un procedimiento simple y rápido que permite expresiones muy sintéticas.

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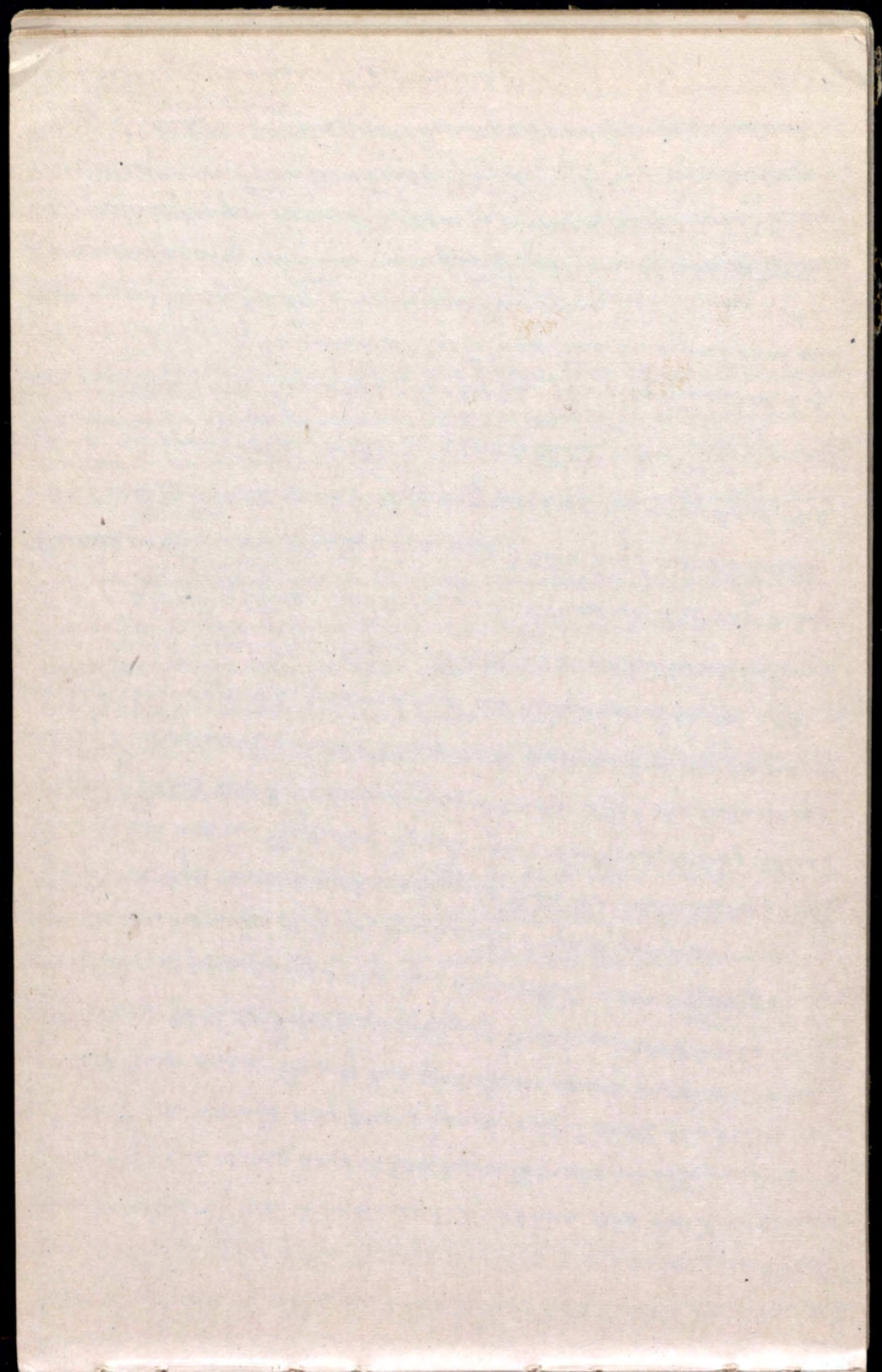
Pintar... es cosa bella. En México se pinta mucho y bien — muy bien — mejor que en cualquiera otra parte. Hecho mi cuarto a espadas después de una quietud casi milenaria.

México, D.F., 4 de junio de 1928.

Sr. AFE.

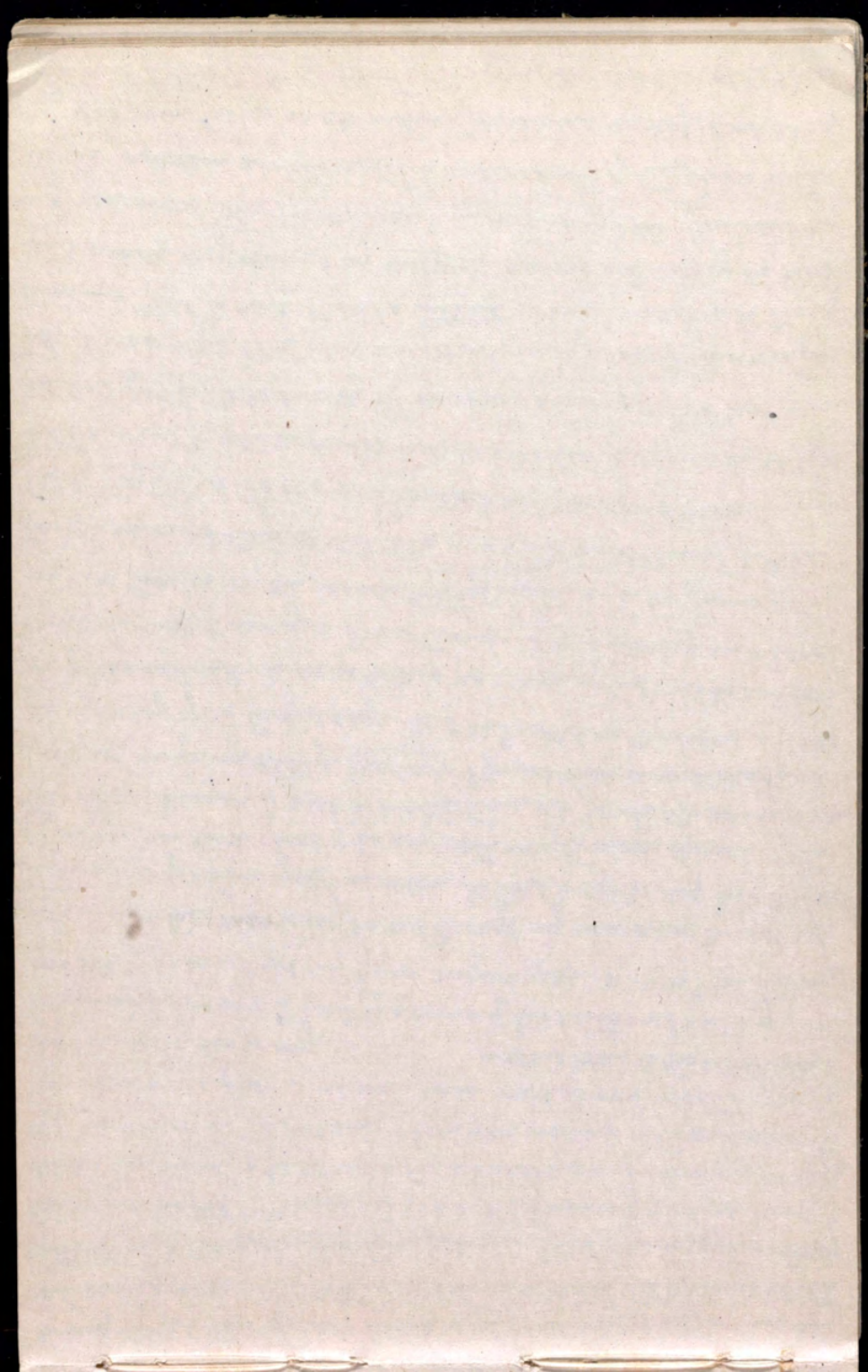
two modern - Salvador Novo and José Cordero Franco. He also
had the book by Sala on book-bands that I had asked for - and
his Bibliography of the Novelists. They are uniform and both
are printed by the Department. I find now that I did not know
of No. 1 of this series, and I shall have to make another appeal. On
his part he wants my photograph and I shall send him one
of my best ones. One of his girl clerks came around to show
me a very brilliant little picture of Indians. Apparently it is
printed on paper and she had mounted it on a heavy card
block and varnished it. Unluckily I left my thumb mark on
the lower left corner not realizing that the varnish was wet.
She asked me in English if I did not want one, as they have
many. I told her I did, but I don't know what she meant ex-
actly. Perhaps she means to mount and varnish one for me -
or did she mean to give me one as they were. I know not -
anyway I went off without. To tell the truth I think I stayed
to just closing time, 6 o'clock. — I now went to my 0.60
Cienal, with 0.60 white wine, and I took my time as I did
not care to repeat last night's long wait at the Sociedad Mexi-
cana de Geografía, Historia y Etnadioloxía. Is Carrero dead?

Anyhow the little President of today had plainly never heard of
me. , that
of the Antonio Alzate was there and greeted me and
impressed upon the President and the young
I was somebody and there by rights. I got there at about 7.45 and
the meeting began soon. The room is a much more agreeable
meeting room than Antonio Alzate's and the crimson drapery,
from gilded supports are rather good and formal. The President,
Secretary, reader of the evening, and sat at

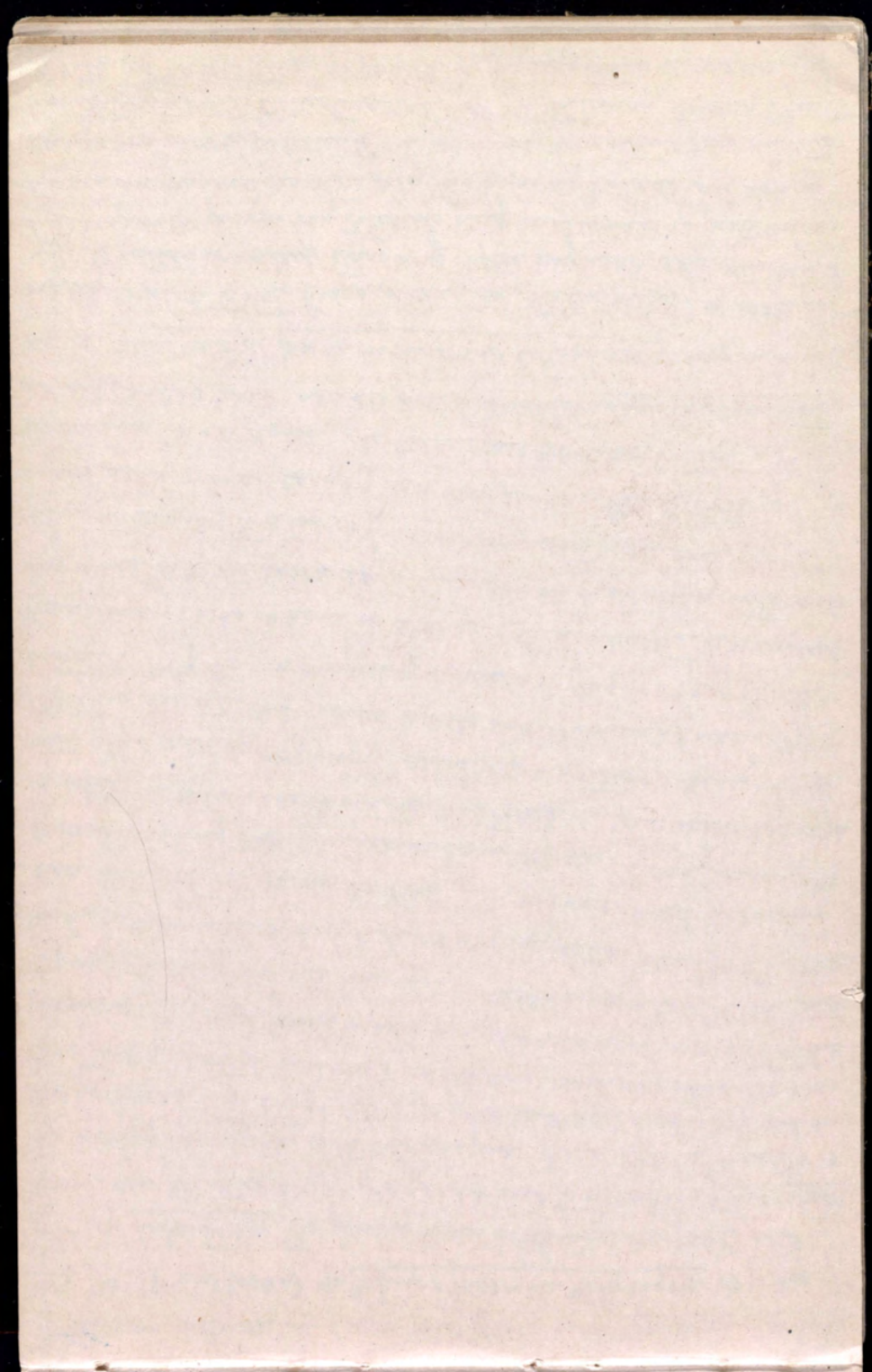


a long table; the speaker stood in a speaker's box as he read his rather long paper. I liked this much more than the Antonio Alzeto, sitting at a table. The Quintencia signed. There was a rather stormy business ^{discussion} before the paper, the meaning of which I lost. Near the close of the session, the Secretary announced my presence as an honor to the society, which was received with applause. I was not sure just what was said or what was expected of me. At the close the young ^{walked down to the street with} me, and proposes to lend me some of his historical writings. It was 9.30 before I got my tram, and just after 10, when I reached home.

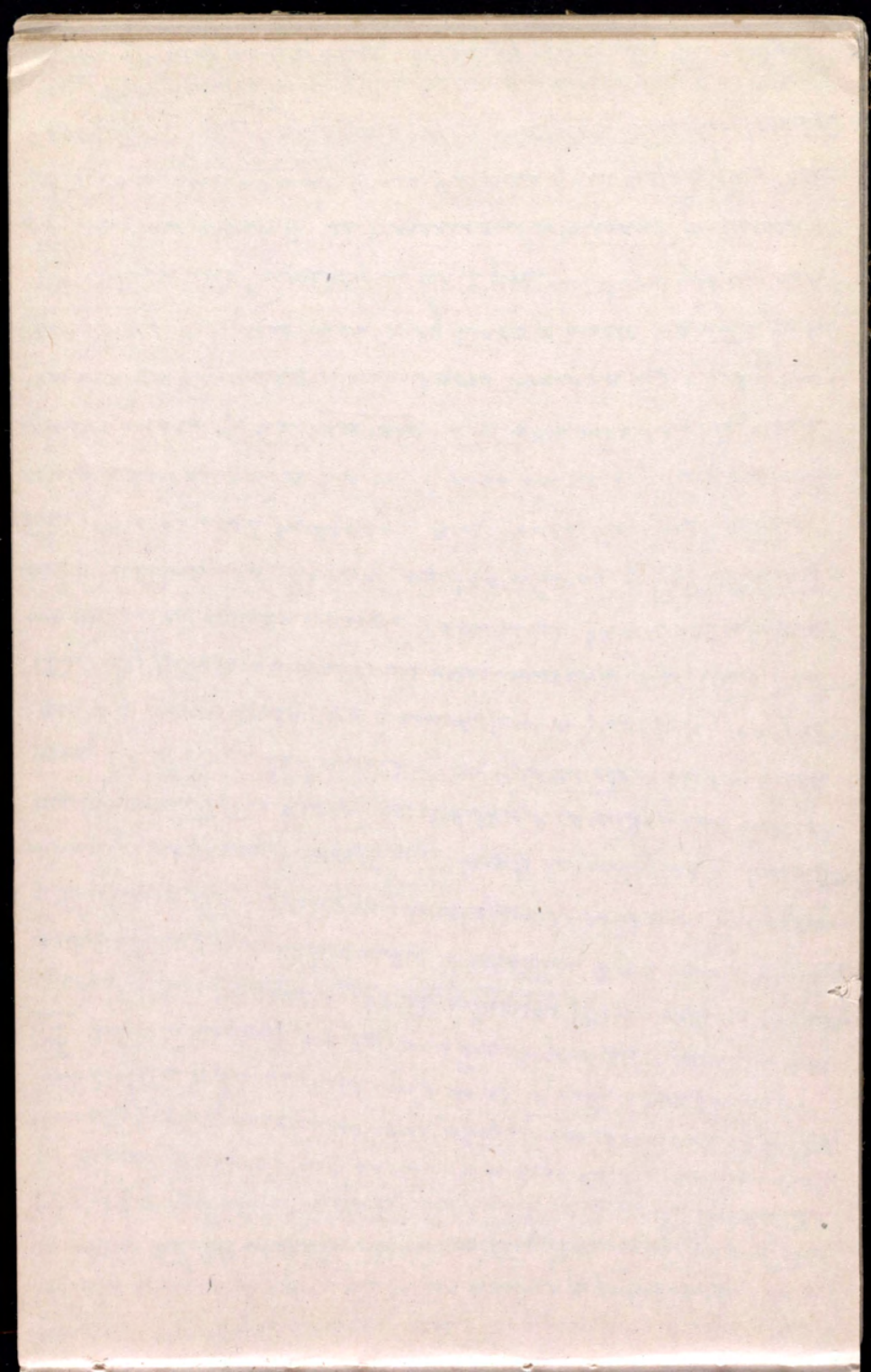
6th — In the morning I went through my memoranda defining collection and got them quite in order. It was a cooler day than any we have had an dull much of the day, with an afternoon shower. After the p.o. and lunch I put in a little time at Gaute's, reading newspapers. In going through Excelsior I found that Jack Starr Hunt has charge of the English page. At 3.30 I called on Cardenas and had a pleasant call. He says there is no place, which need be cut out on account of danger. I mentioned Co Sol's report of an attack on two trains on the Laredo through route, in E. de Guaymas. He emphasized the fact that these were station robberies instead. Still they tore up tracks and wrecked at least a freight train. — I then went to Starr Hunt's desk. He was not in: comes in at 9 p.m. He had quite the best desk in an office of many, and at least one helper who was there at a small adjoining desk. I left a note for him. — Then to the Biblioteca ^{Papadakis} ~~Publica~~, where I looked up Dr. Thayer and made my request for Bibles: he promises to supply the missing numbers tomorrow. They have rearranged the illustrated books in the Japanese exhibition, which now consists of the prints on the walls, air tables, each with a Japanese dwarf plant at corner and a lay out of illustrated books, and the books about



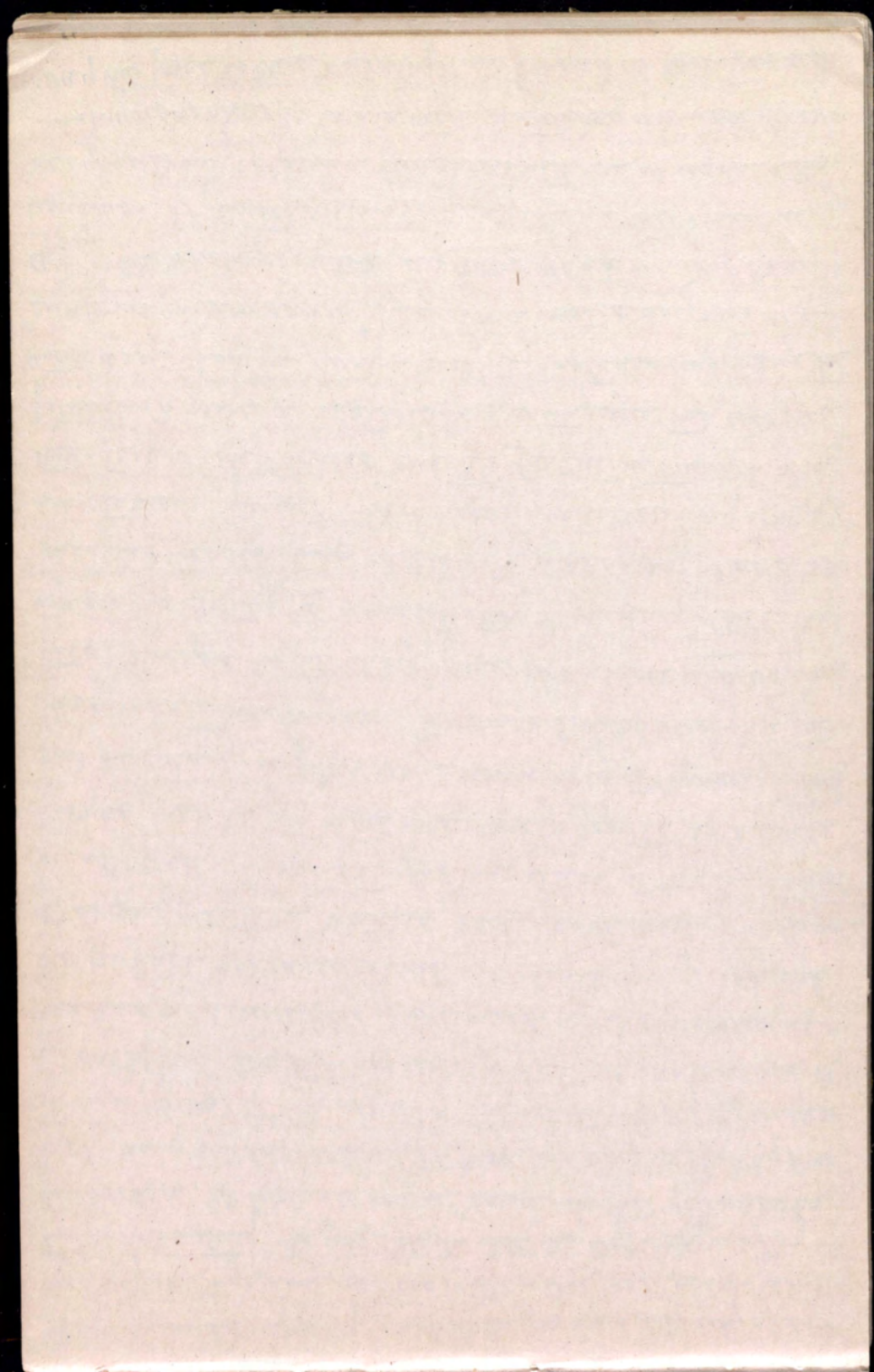
Japan on shelves. — I was now quite near República del Salvador No. 94 and looked up Manos fuera de Nicaragua. It is the f. of Libertador. The young man in charge was polite and gave me the two recent placards and to numbers of Libertador, dealing especially with Nicaragua. I see that the Director is Diego Rivera, but do not think it was he that I met. They had a meeting of protest on May 4, which they claim was attended by 5000 persons. Carleton Beals made an address and his photograph so doing appears in the issue. — After an helados I took steam to Luis Moya and hunted up 49, the J.W.C.A. asked for the American Director, Miss. Curtis, who was about to have a Board meeting but gave me the time between. Elena Landagueri is little in town: she is with the Secretaría de Educacion. At present she goes out to organize schools for maestros. While we were talking a little lady came in, who was introduced to me as "Prof. Starr". "Of the University of Chicago?" She is wife of Paul Harriman, who is here in charge of Ford interests. He was speaking of me only the other day. — At the vegetarian restaurant there were only ten tables prepared for guests, only three occupied including mine, each by but one person. Hardly their real business is at noon. The large blond german, I think he is named Carlos Sonn, handed me a booklet. Diets Fundamentales de la Dieta Natural por la Hermandad Rosacruz. How far he is really related to the Occasside, Cal., Fellowship, I do not know. 7th. A rather unsatisfactory day. After my notebook for the day, I began to go over my Filipino stuff and worked up quite an enthusiasm for working steadily, as soon as I should have some cut paper. Wrote a letter to the Japanese minister about the little exhibition at the Biblioteca Nacional. After lunch, I went to Santos to kill as much time as possible by looking through newspapers and



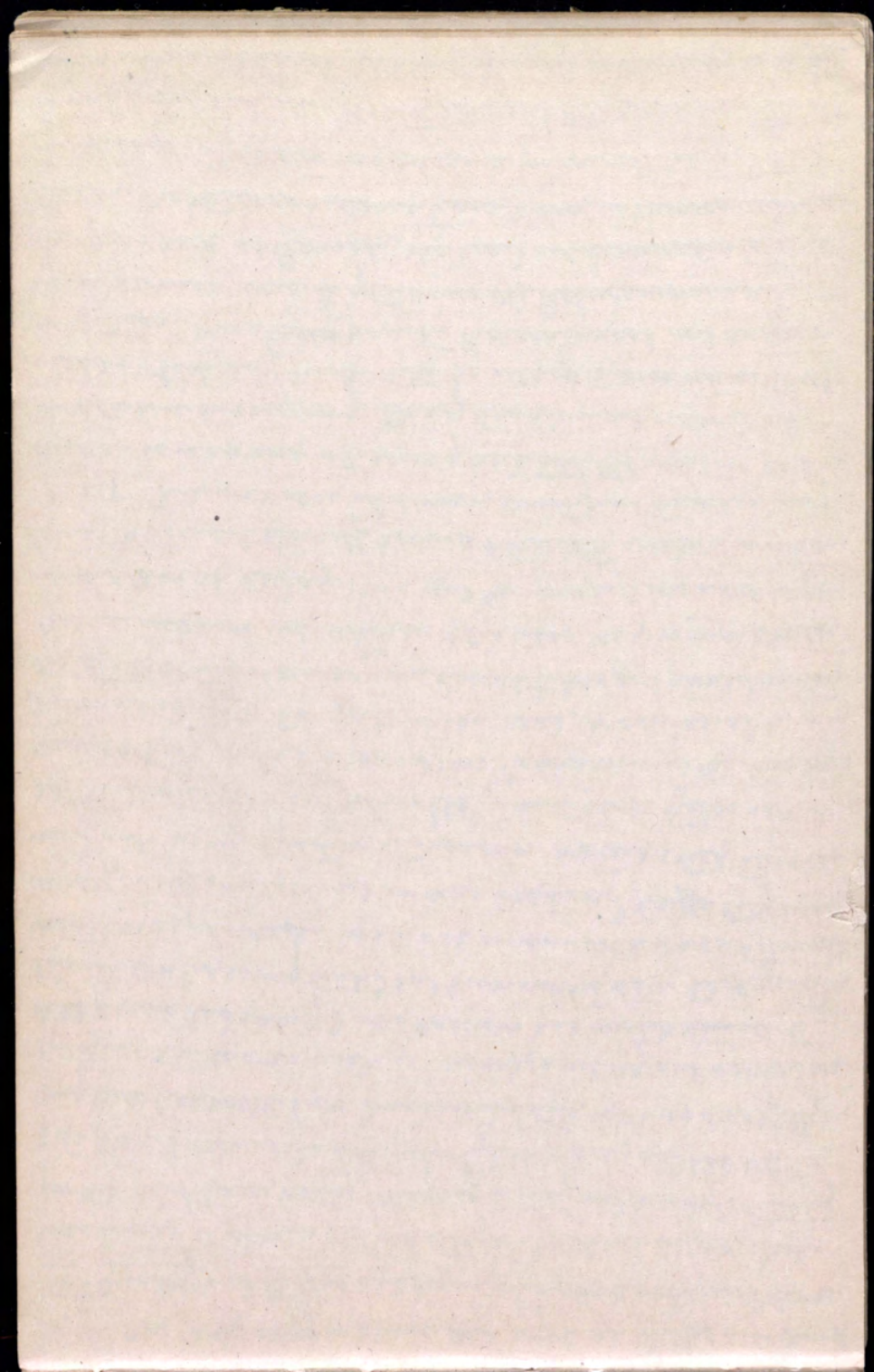
found Dr. Mondaj's address. Waited there from about 3 till after 4. Nothing doing. Then out on the street waiting for paper-shops to open. Re-visited the Art exhibition. Again waiting. Then realize for first time a holiday and abandon efforts. Did find Starra at the Biblioteca Nacional and filled out Biblos: only lack the one number - 16. An unsatisfactory meal and home, where I worked steadily at Biblos, until after 11 o'clock. — Kept right on at it, with interruptions for 8th letters to Barave, Monday and Tues. A good letter from him and a copy of his Church and State in Mexico, promised the other day. Worked steadily at Biblos until it was time to go to town. Afternoon, getting mail and reading my newspapers I started out. Cut paper arranged at place in Motolinia. Would be ready at 6. Went to the University. The Rector on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 12 to 13. As I heard it on Guatemala I saw a great cloud of brown dust like a smoke from a great fire. It drifted steadily toward us until we were involved. Hot, wind, dust — and such a phenomenon I am sure I have never before seen in Mexico. Then to the Secretariat of Public Instruction. It is a great building — three stories, two great patios, much subdivision of labor. I spent an hour getting my first impressions of the murals. The Minister has the same hours as Pineda. — I now looked up the Club of Exploradores. They are open only twice a week: tonight, out of question and Tuesday — at 8 pm. — I now got my cut papers and went to the vegetarian restaurant for lunch. — at 7.30 to Cine Benavente to see the film of the History of the Mex Revolution. The house was full. The film itself disappointed me. It consisted only of celebrations — and battles of no scenic interest and poorly done. Soldiers repairing the railroad



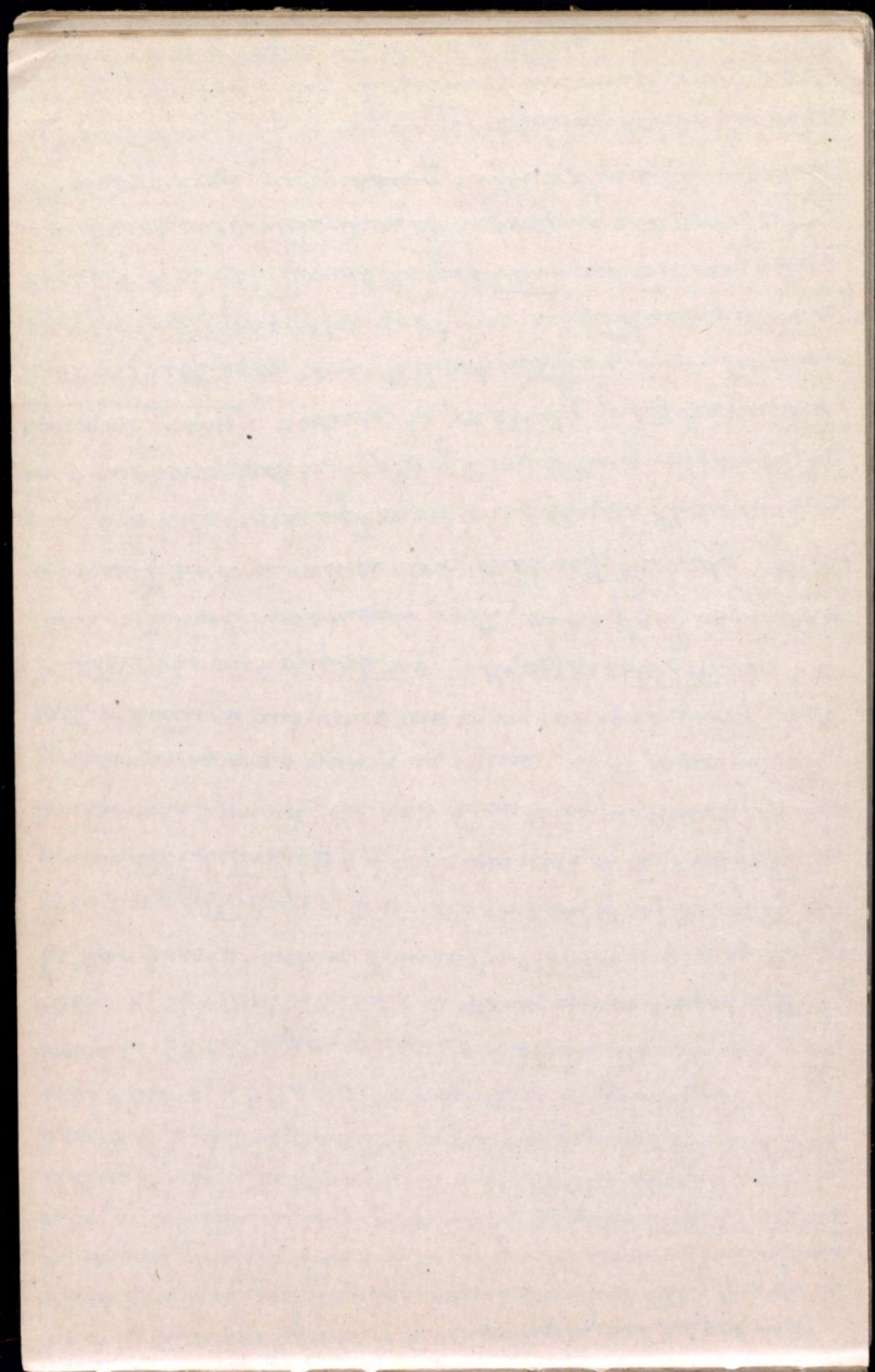
after Huerta's defeat of Pascual Orozco was the only clear and interesting piece in this latter. The reaction was more than interesting. The film starts with the diff. Diaz meeting at the border. It includes several scenes in the 1910 celebration, including the dedication of the Monicónio General. Why pick it out from all the events of that month. Every appearance of Don Porfirio elicited applause: the first appearance of Madero, organizing his government called for applause - no further appearance did. When Carranza appeared and congratulated Madero, there was the most notable outburst of all. Desperate effort was made to parade Pascual Orozco, but he left them cold; so did Zapata, so did Villa and Huerta. The film came down only to Carranza and Obregon entering Mexico. Carranza I failed to recognize in this; Obregon as the chief figure at one point salutes. There was absolutely no demonstration regarding either. No one but the old man called forth a second applause at any time. June 7, our holiday of yesterday was, it seems the day when Madero entered the City in triumph. The film first gave a destructive earthquake that took place that day. Then the entry - and the captions emphasize the "curious coincidence". — For a wasted day this one Qth is the worst yet. Letters and Pablo all the morning. At my luncheon, at Butch's, Luis Cabrera came in with some one. He greeted me; plans a luncheon with me at his daughter's. — Museo Nacional; no one there, Saturday afternoon. Anyway the force is there mornings. So I looked at baskets and



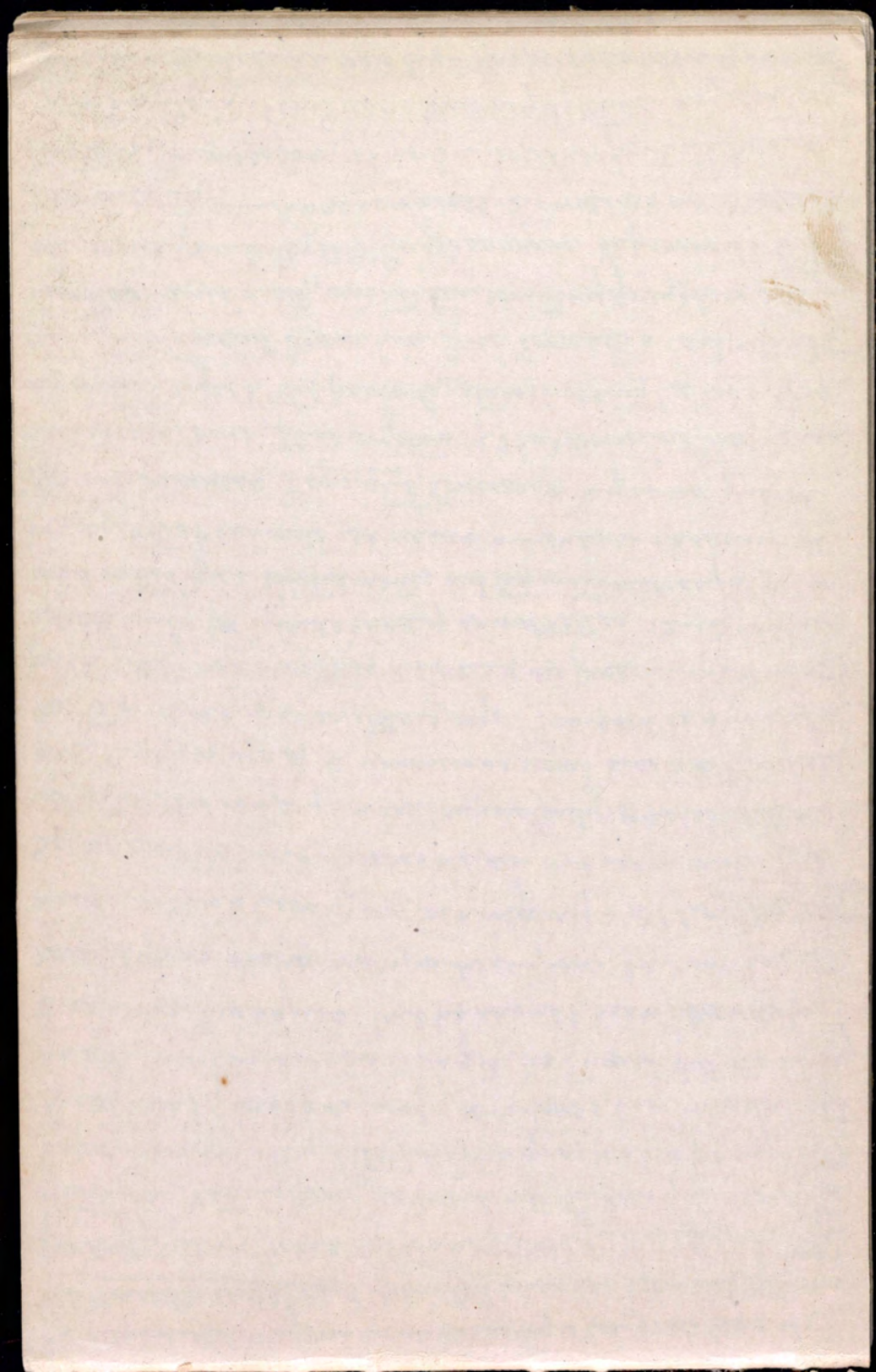
after an early supper home and work at Biblos — Finish-
10th Sunday. at Biblos and began serious work on Filipino folklore.
was invited to dinner at Carhart's for "about one o'clock". I am
for the first time, really studying the City and carrying something
of its plan. I depended upon Qualtrici too closely and had both a
long and hot walk before I reached Carhart's, but was dreadfully
late — 1.30. He was rather anxiously waiting and informed me
that plans had changed. The Hausers had invited them all to
dinner. On learning that I had been invited there the Hausers in-
vitation expanded. So we took a car and went straight
away. I was surprised at their location. I thought they were
way out in the direction of Coyocacan. Instead of that, they are
at Nuevo Mexico and Humboldt — the Atzacapotzales car in
passes there. Here we found Mrs. Carhart and the two boys.
I wondered as to the girl: is she dead, or non-seeable, or in
the states? The older boy, is he Robert?, has just finished at the
American School, a dissertation of his class. He goes soon to enter
some class at Chicago; Mrs. and the younger leave a few days
later; Mr. Carhart himself leaves at the 30th, which clears them
all out. There was also at dinner, Smith from the school at
Puebla. He is up here with some of their athletes, who took part in
a race here this morning. One of them came out victor in his
class — which may mean that he will go to some international
competition. This is ~~Pacheco~~ from the Pachuca School, and another
mission woman were in after dinner. The Pachuca woman knew
me years back at Pachuca; she heard me in my radio talk in
Spanish. The other has heard me twice — once in Mexico and once
in Chicago. The victor was brought in for congratulation. I think
Smith brought eleven up with him and they went home this after-
noon. Hausen showed me his office and his library. He is the



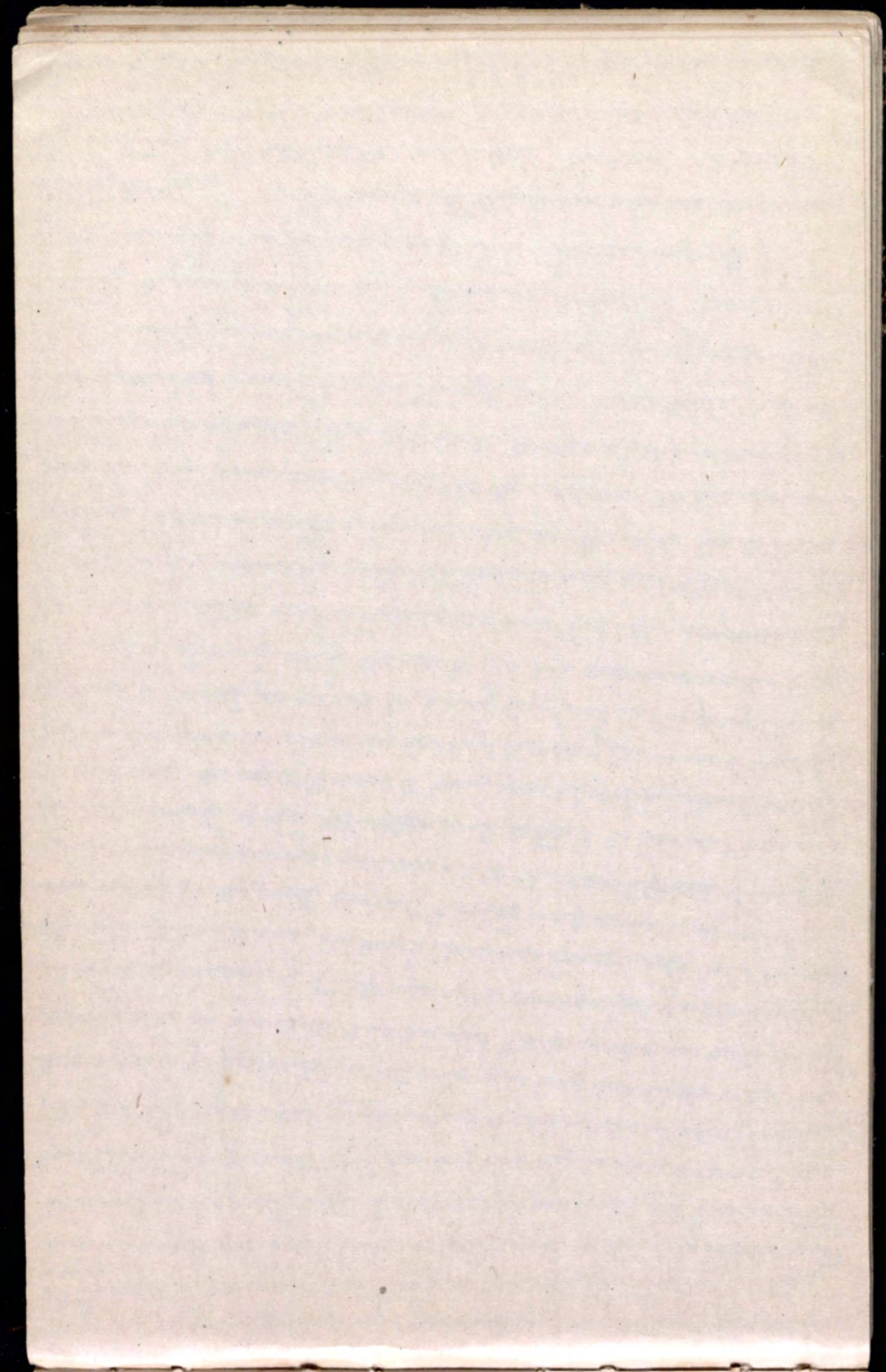
head of the school, which is the Union Theological School, with which Howland and Wallace have been connected. This now in these new quarters. I do not know if all the schoolwork is done here, or whether there is a dormitory department. I think the entire equipment may be in this one building. — I left at about 4 and took car for Federico Gamboa's. Went to the old address, 63 Cipres. No longer there. Fortunately not a long walk to 68 El Chopo, where I found him in and had a good visit. He is much interested in the Summer School, with which he has been associated since the start. He is much delighted over an anthology of his writings soon to appear in the U.S. under the editorship of a Prof. of Spanish in the University of Southern California. He has been to the Revolution film and his response was much as mine. He keeps in touch with meetings and juries and so on but apparently keeps distinctly out of politics. He apparently thinks the educational movement's worth, and a flash in the pan. I believe he is in rather close touch with Pruneda. He appears to hate Indianization, which he asserts he discusses in a book on which he has long been working — apparently his opus magnum; I believe he was truly glad to see me and hopes I will soon come to lunch with him. — It was now not too early for supper and I wore out patience and the latter looking for a restaurant. No good then — and took only a cheese sandwich and a beer. Then straight home and worked at Filipino Folklore and reading, until bedtime. — Father 11th prided myself on my day's program, which took me to town in the morning, filled the afternoon and was to bring me on home at last. But, "the best laid plans". I worked at Filipino



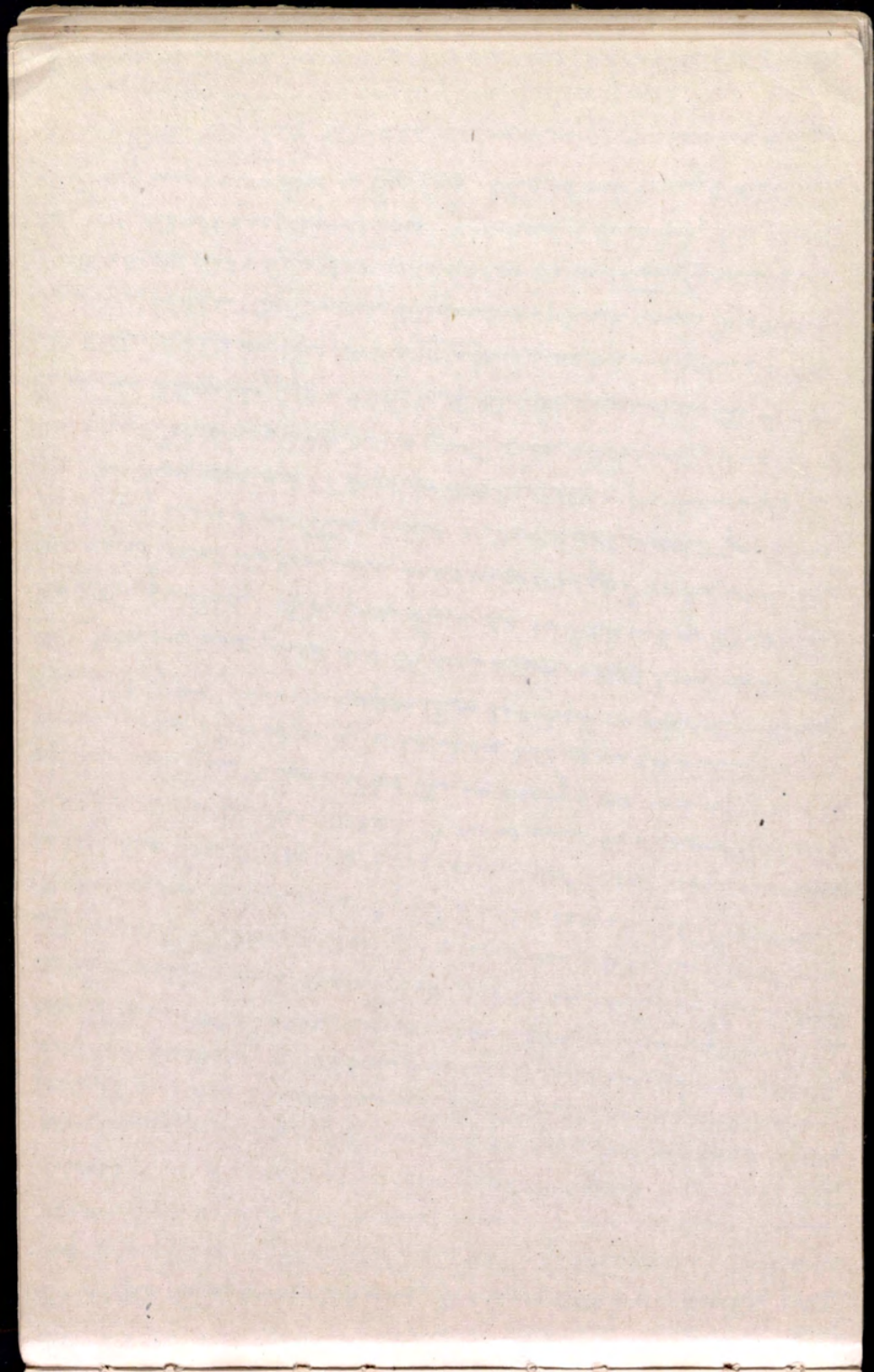
to eleven until 10. Then went directly to the Zocalo. Was at
the Museo Nacional at 11. Galindo? - has not been with Museum
for some years: Mena left town Saturday; Castillo led on - this
afternoon. Nothing doing, so I went into the Hall of the Monoliths.
Before I was really interested, the guard called for my ticket.
Never heard of it before - only 10 centavos, but I was irritated
and disinclined even to pay it. So I went into the library
to see the Marquis: but he has not been Librarian for
several years. The new man, in three years, I did not ask to
meet. As I was leaving - a last inquiry - Sr. Leon: Don ^{Diego} Leon?
Si, Senor. So I went up to his old den and had a rather good
visit. We are about of an age. He feels lonely; is the last of the old
force - others dead. He works, works, works, because he is afraid
not to - must keep at something, or go. I suspect he is more at his
post of duty than any other member of the force. — It was still
a little early, for Pruned's hour of consultation, 12-13, but he
was in his office. Printed notice and the intermediary alike an-
nounced that he would not receive anyone, on account of
official business. I insisted, however, on my name going in
and was received. I had forgotten, if I had remembered, that he has
a physical defect that prevents natural walking. We had a good
enough interview. I gave him José Torres E's card; referred to
Leopoldo Baines' death, and told him something of my plans and of
my desire for a letter to Sr. Puig Casauranc. He promised to send
me the letter. — It was now about 12. I walked to P.O., lunch at
Butch's, bought papers, got mail and read at quite. I believe it
was hardly 2, when I abandoned my afternoon program, took
street-car straight and lay down, perhaps from 2.30 or 3.



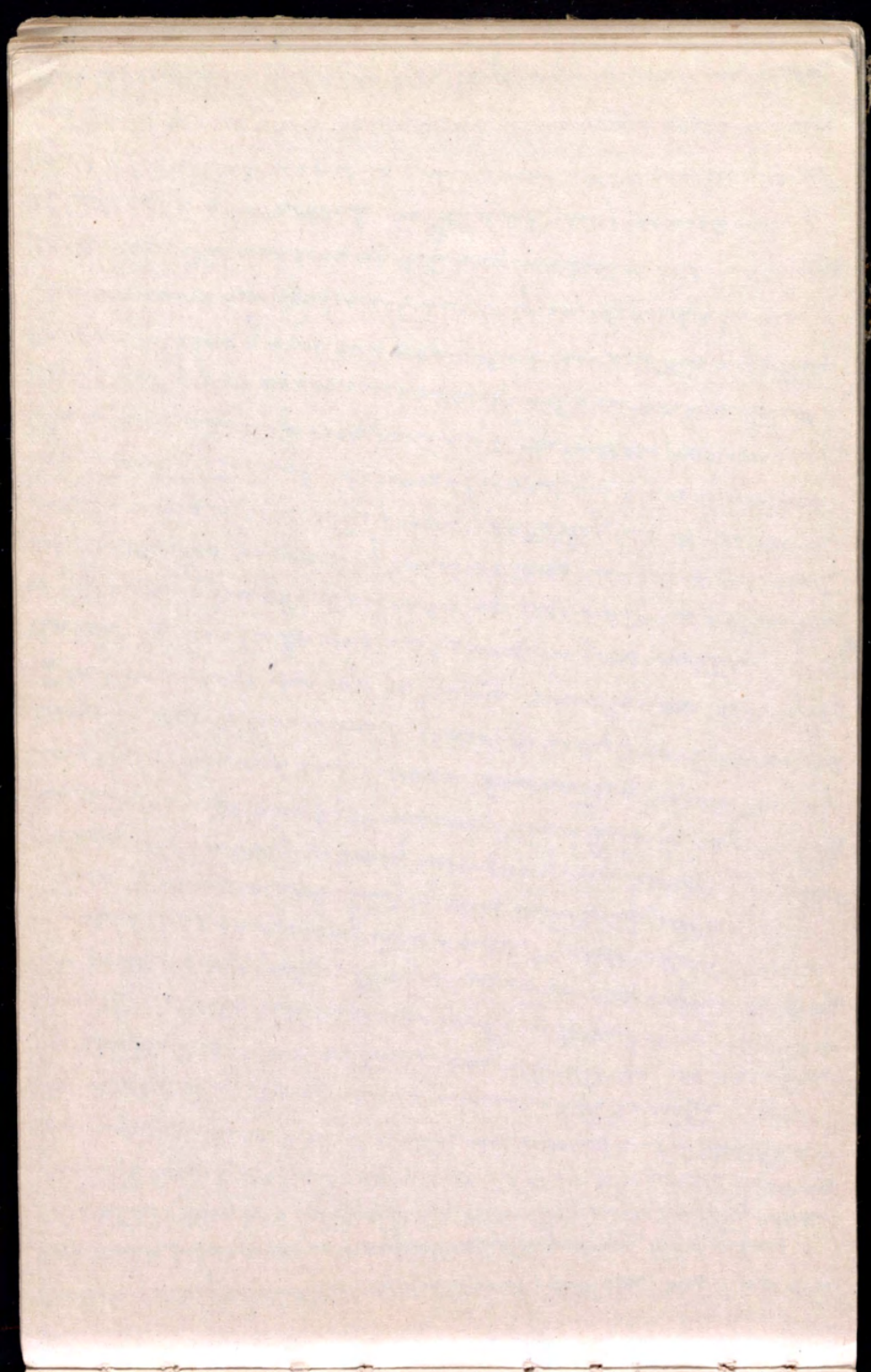
until 5, when I got up and finished my day's stint of folklore.
12th. I did my two weekly letters and some others. Filipino Folklore
then dragged and I did not a half-day. A rather long siesta and
evening pretty late. I dropped in again at the Art exhibition
and this time found Dr. Art himself. Surely he speaks more English
than he did before. His great portrait is gone - sold and taken yesterday.
Two more large portraits in art. color are here, but neither make the
impression on me that the other did. There is also an auto-portrait
- I think Aguacera, of Dr. Art against a background of a blue volcano.
When he placed me, through Carmen Encerrada and my own
remarks, he was quite cordial. Invites me to come and see him;
he is home mornings; address - all Erickson telephone. I asked if
he has a photo of the art. volcano auto-portrait. He has and promises
to send one. He expects now to have an exhibition in New York City
late in the year and plainly has high hopes of it. — About 5:15
I went to Gante, so as not to delay Carhart in his going to Union
Church gathering at 6. He was to join me and show me the way.
He was not there and things looked deserted. A young man was
in the outer room. He said Mr. Carhart was not there; would not
return. I said - curious, I supposed he was to guide me to Union
Church. The young man gave me the address, 50 Humboldt, and
as there was ample time I walked. It was a hot and tiring walk
and I doubled the distance through error. I was there just at
6. A ruddy young man was just making himself presentable
outside, before going in. V. L. Parsons, Adventist, Irish by birth,
in the country here for five years. I introduced myself to the
pastor, McKean, a new comer. Williamson and his son came.
Then others. Mrs. Carhart came alone; Carhart had gone for
me. Fortunately the young man told him I had been and gone.
There was a devotional meeting at 6:15 largely unattended: the



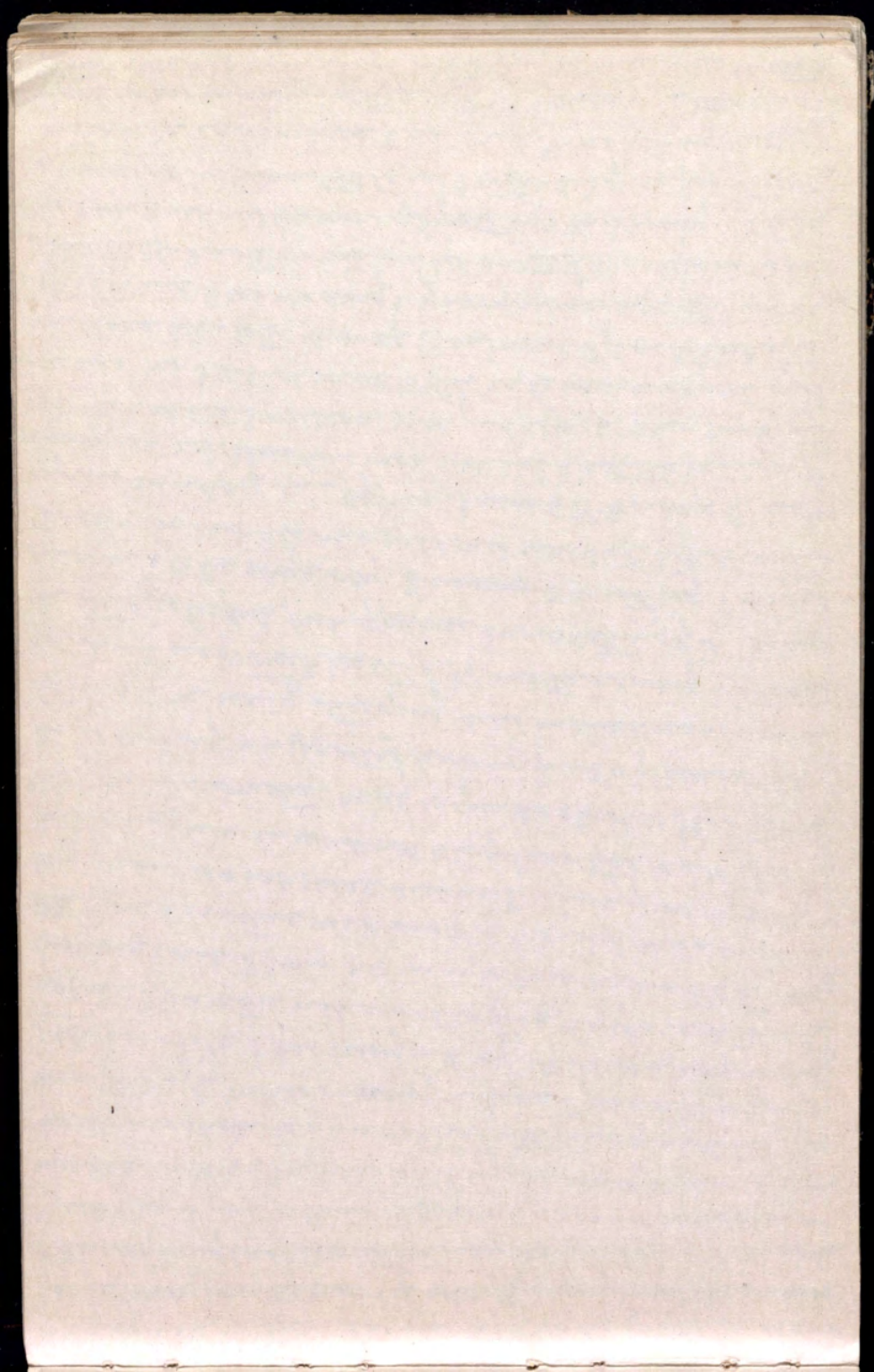
eating was to be at 6.30 - was somewhat late. There were about
50 people there, somewhat more. It seems that it is a monthly gather-
ing of religious workers. After the eating, there was a religious ser-
vice. Then Bishop Miller spoke for an hour. The exercises were
closed by a prayer by the Episcopal Bishop (?). He gave an extem-
poraneous, at least self-formulated, prayer, but the band-blessing
formal and high-church enough. Between the eating and service,
a great basket of violets was presented to Mr. Carhart and a fortune
pen to each - Mr. and Mrs. Hauser. Strangers, including myself, were
introduced, Hauser caring for me. I thanked them for their hospital-
ity and the evident welcome - then claiming to be the oldest there
in Mexican experience, I greeted and welcomed all. There was
really but one to dispute my claim - and it appeared he came as
I did in 1894. Those whom I knew were the Hausers, Carharts,
Williamson and Miss Curtis. The speaking was done at 9 and the
room was cleared for games. These had no great attraction for
me, so I left - In desperation I pushed on steadily into my
13th folklore work, and did 1 1/2 days' stint, so that I am up to date.
No letter of introduction from Premeda, so I did not go to find the
Ministro. And the program once disarranged I let the whole thing
go. I only started for town about 3. Took lunch, went to garage - no
mail. Then decided to look for Mrs. Nuttall. Great changes in
the way. Colonias many, some quite nice, others not. Arrived at
Casa de Alvarado, left a note with the little servant, as the Señora
not there. While waiting at the parada, came running the l. s. She
was mistaken: Señora in the garden - please come. Mr. N. had
really been out: the old servant let her in and then he went out;
the girl did not see the return. We had a long visit. She said the
notice of my being here in Excelsoir. She plans going to the Ameri-
cans in New York, to make a swan-song. She has two things
to lay before them - the cult of her lifetime of work. Make what you
can of them: 1) the descent of the sun, sacrifice to the soil,



The two season year, Southern: b) the pole star, revolution, four season year, quarters, colors (cf. China), northern. She is full of her sun-deseent business - May festival, the groom, the dancing & celebration. She has interested the Ministry of Education: they have printed her ideas and have ordered teachers to celebrate. She shows me papers, where the celebration is described and illustrated in the celebration where she was present - with Minister Moron. Re-established it will continue. She feels that she has accomplished something that will be permanent. — I found some interest in her politics suggestions. Oregon will never occupy the chair again — will be killed, if necessary. Labor is split. Moones called the baker's strike to demonstrate that he still controls things there - this to Oregon. He is piling up money and making income-producing investments that will amply maintain him in Paris; he may place further — as likely to be sent on a mission. Find between Moones, Oregon, Oregon, Calles, Calles-Moones. Calles not likely to make serious effort to continue. Keep your eye on Amaro, Minister of War. He is the day horse. He has built up a real army, in good condition. Is cautious, is preparing himself to meet the requirements of high position. Amaro only advanced, is favored by conservatives. All quiet, but when the proper moment comes, the proper opportunity, he will act. Will not be precipitate. — I asked about Morrow. She thinks they expect him to be nominated for vice-president. The Embassy people say, he would really just as soon return and finish a career here. Probably however his being sent here was with reference to the other thing. She considers him, kind, well-meaning, an idealist, almost a dreamer. She wonders at the way in which he and that criminal Calles have hobnobbed. The President really seems to be very fond of him. As to his public achievement - Mexican lawyers tell her it will be real, when the laws have been changed. So far this has not taken place. What has been done has been outside the law.



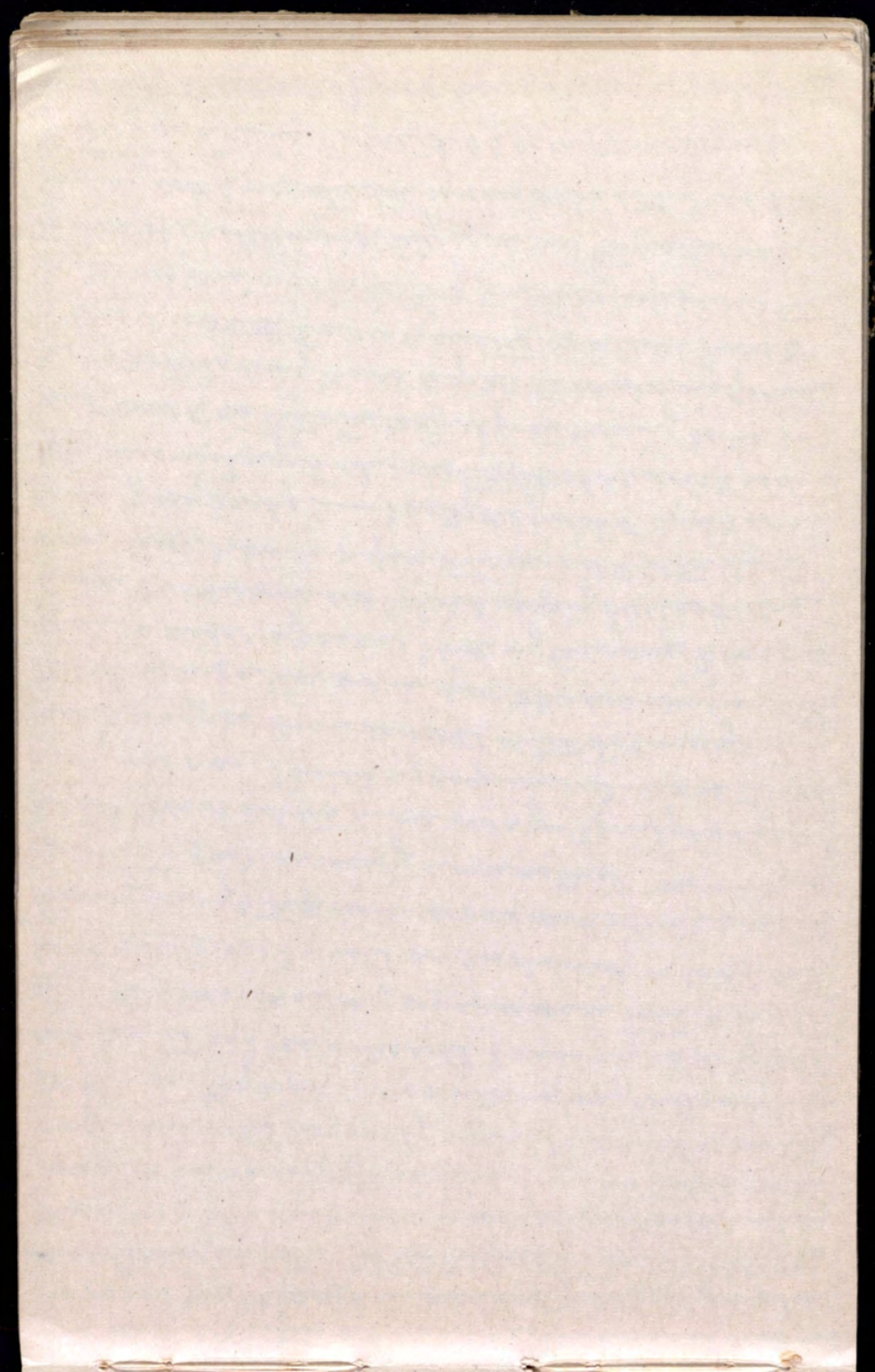
at any time, under new administrations, the questions will arise again. Only when the laws are actually changed can it be considered that anything has been settled. — She wants me to come when I feel like it. She will invite people to meet me at luncheon or supper. — When I referred to Dr. Ruiz, it seems that she does not really know him. Her connection with the Department has been through Moises Saenz. — Before I got out to breakfast 14th and while I was busy with my folkwork, two young fellows appeared, one rather neat and attractive, the other a rather sad looking case. I brought them in, without an idea who they were. The more attractive one proved to be Manuel. He is a sensitive boy and does not speak distinctly. I have great difficulty in hearing him. He went out to Copacan that Sunday, hunting me, the grandmother being confused as to what I had told her. He is working for a zapatero, learning. Goes to night school and seems to be really studying. He showed me his enrolment card, with his portrait, his studies, and the names of his teachers. He studies English, but of course knows nothing of it. I believe he wants to be somebody, to amount to something. I was glad to see him but his visit saddened me. I told him to come again Sunday. — ^{Apr 4th} I went to Dr. Monday's office. His hours are 4-6. I saw there was a real line of patients waiting and I told the girl that I would come back just before 6. When I was outside we met but I did not speak to him as he was already late and I would see him later anyway. Then I went to Jack Blackburn's office, where I sat reading my newspapers for more than an hour. I finally left a note for him and left at 5:35. Met him on the hall as I went out and we exchanged greetings. He is looking well and is a big fellow. He told me that he had thought his office, from its location, might be a convenience to me when I was in town and to please make it so. — When I got back to Dr. Monday's he ~~told~~ almost ~~threw~~ we had quite a visit. I told him the three chief objects of



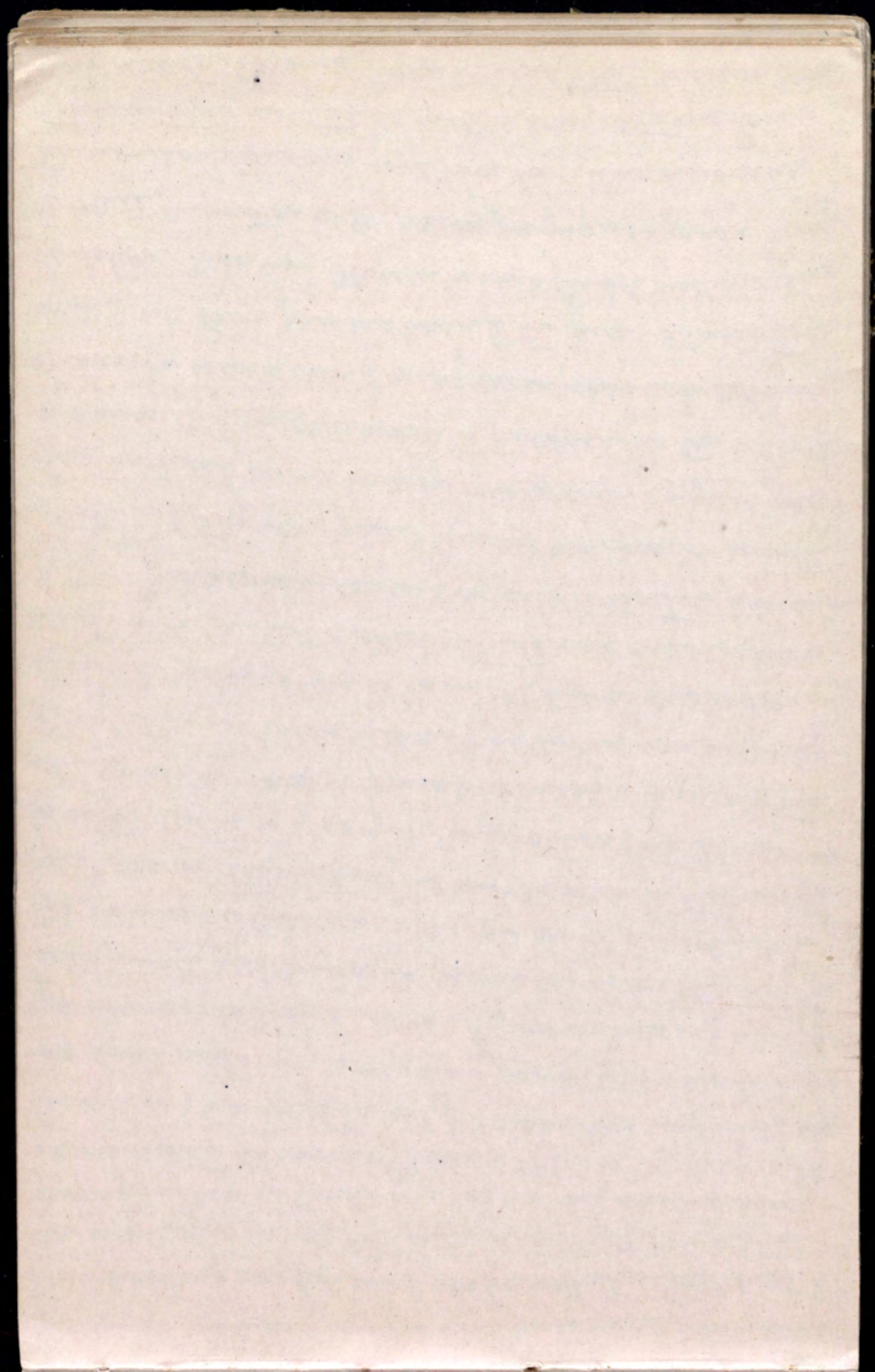
my present journey. He was interested. Insists that Russia has been very close to Mexico, has supplied money and directed policies. He claims personal inside information. His sweetheart sister was the Russian Minister's querida. He begged me to see a Mr. Olmedo this very night; he is my near neighbor, not more than three or four blocks away. He can tell me many things, especially about the Hearst documents. Come tomorrow for breakfast at 8 o'clock and spend the day taking dinner. He would place everything at my disposition, books, documents, scrapbooks, autographs and particularly some articles that he had written down and of which I could make such use as I liked. — He gave me Olmedo's address. I doubted the exactness of his location and should not have been surprised if it had been a mile away. As a matter of fact it is only a couple of blocks away, though the people I asked did not know any such street. It begins at the garden and on my side and my streetcars run right by it. He has a Mexican wife. He has been living in the country almost continuously since 1880. He was born at Guadalupe and was related to the billards of Cayuga, in fact was named for one of them. He was busy writing when I went in and we agreed that I should come Saturday at 4 p.m. He knows Nicolas Leon well, whom he insists hearing speak of me often. He knew Maude, Lay and Mrs. M. and young Maudeley and plainly does not like their English stuck-up-ness. In fact he thinks young Maudeley courted what he got. He knew Bowditch, who it seems once had part in administering the Wadsworth Estate. He tells me, that Dr. Nicolas Leon has married again. He did not go much into affairs, but came near going of into Nicaragua on which he seems to feel pretty keenly. He says it never began in Nicaragua but was altogether Mexican, and he seems to think Mr. Coolidge has acted advisedly in the matter. — I left the house at 7 a.m. 15th and should have been in good season at 213 Durango. We had three stops due to electric fantasies, but even so I

Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana

was there a little after 8. I think he has married since I last visit-
ed him and Mrs. Monday is an American. The little girl, five and half
was watching out for me. We had breakfast almost immediately. The
Dr. put his papers and scrapbooks at my disposition. He went of
course to his morning office service. I read his two papers and
made some notes. They really occupied me until he came home
for dinner. They rather disappointed me, being neither so definite
or so pointed as I had anticipated. I made a good many notes
though there was not much of significance in them. He is in the
habit of fiesta and I insisted upon his observing it. I put in that
time by looking through his scrapbooks, which contain a good deal
of interesting and exceedingly diverse material. Mrs. Monday is
a good hostess and the dinner was a quite purely Mexican and
a very good one. I decided my day should end when the Dr. went
back to his office. As we reached the street it was really raining.
He summoned a taxi and we drove to Madero-Danguan station,
where he made his office and I took my tramway. It was quite
5 when I reached home and I finished copying Filipino Folklore
before dark. I plan the preface tomorrow and to get the Progress
paper off my hands. — I really did finish it. Sent it as first
16th class mail, registered — and stopped at Hausser's to paste it
shut. Went to the Biblioteca Nacional for the missing No. 160 of
Biblos. Nothing doing. Itarra says all the bound copies of volume
14 lack it and that there are no surtos. After lunch I went to
Gante and found a fat forwarding from Lucy; so fat indeed that
the envelope had been completely open and the P.O. had made a
genuine work of reconstruction, so remarkable that I sent it on
to Lucy as a curio. I expected it to be so. No. 1. came in bad
condition, numbers 2 & 3 progressively worse: in my last letter



I warned her that 4 would be a complete wreck. Fortunately I think nothing was lost and it was the most interesting lot yet. I now went home for my 4 o'clock appointment with Mr. Olmsted. I was mistaken in thinking he had married a native woman - at all events the woman I took to be his is not. He referred to his wife and his daughter and, if I understood him aright, she has eleven children. He was ready enough to talk but I did not get so much as I hoped. He is a lawyer and has had a large contact with legal Mexicans. He was unexpectedly kind in his attitude to Calles, who has done something, while his predecessor did nothing. He says the man in the oracles is on top and he is glad of it. The condition of the laboring man - the common man in general - is much improved by the Revolution. He holds that the Diaz regime was properly assailed. He says there is no doubt that the Kerach documents were authentic. Their contents were common knowledge. The labored evidence of Harvard authorities to demonstrate that they were frauds because poor Spanish and with grammatical errors, he says was considered a great joke by Mexicans, as such errors are evidence in the other direction. He says a man of consequence, whom he knows well, walked with Pani from his home to the office, 55 minutes conversation. That Pani told him he had a fund of millions at his absolute disposition for purposes of foreign propaganda. He says the man saw him and gave him the entire conversation that same day and that he wrote it down at the time. Pani is now Minister to France. Was he sent there because Mon-

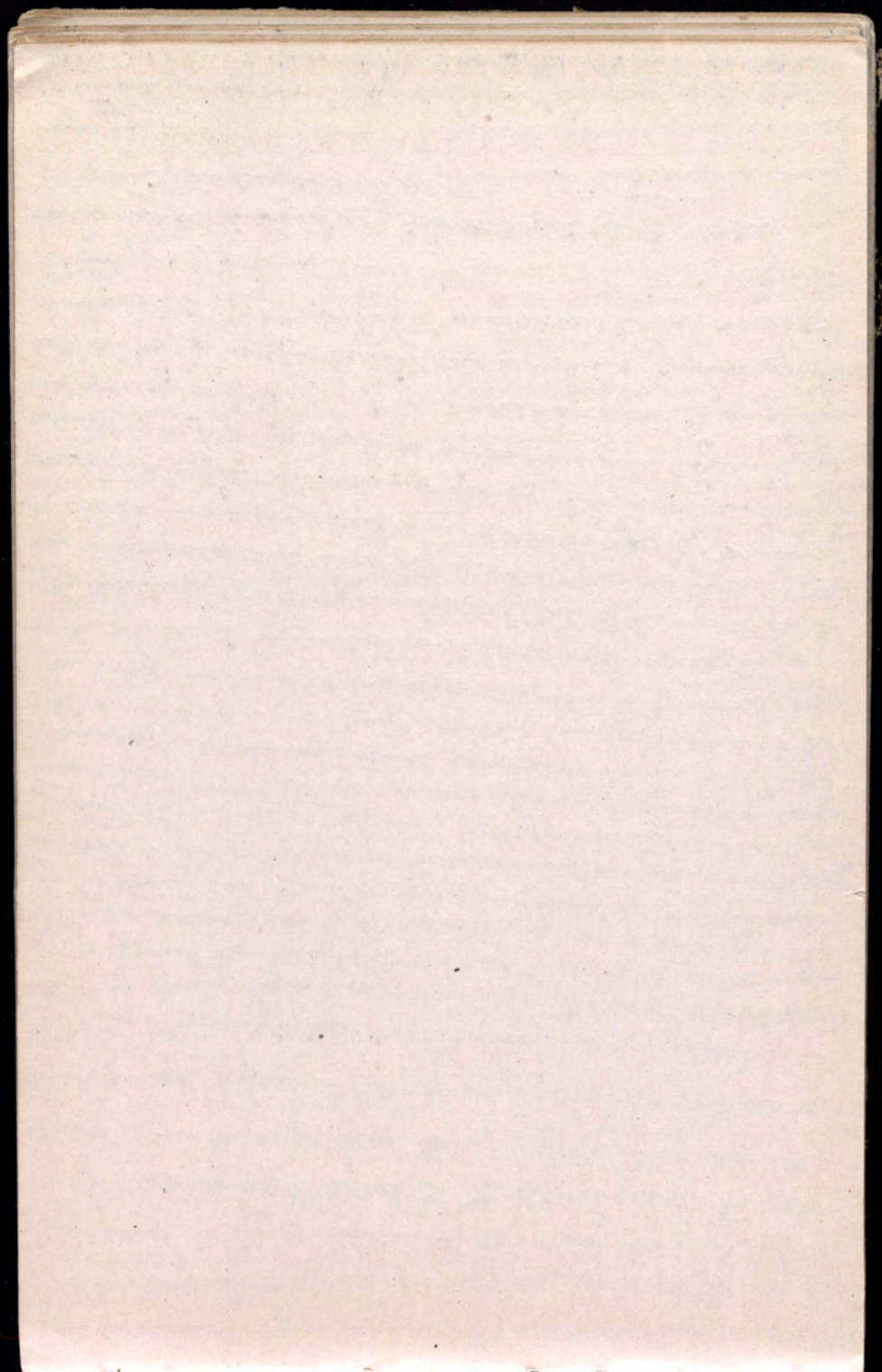


nes considered him "reactionary". I so understood him to state.

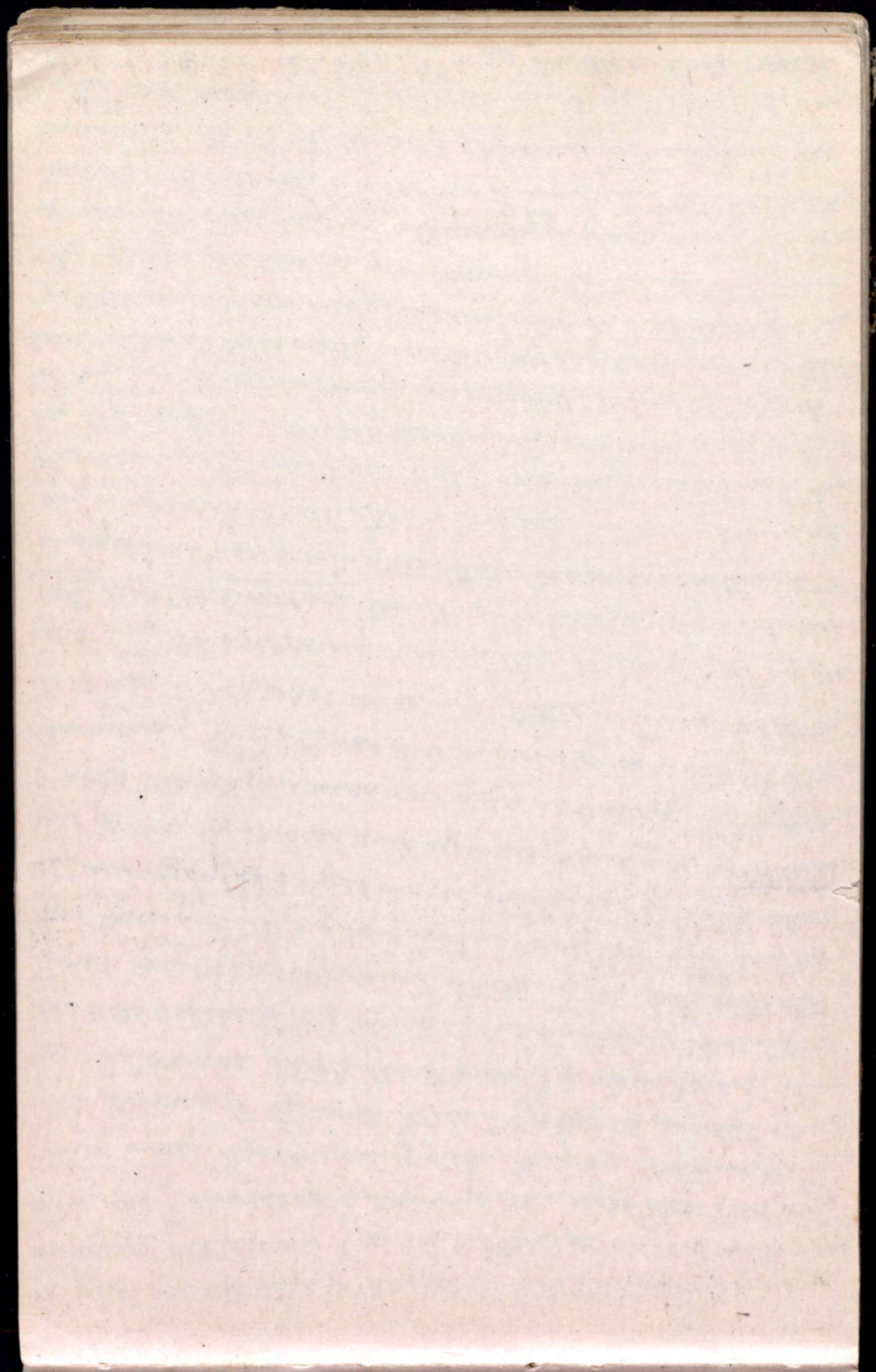
Not long ago Dr. Munday and I brought Gov. Hay to his house. He offered some whiskey which Hay refused. To Olmsted's surprise and disgust Dr. M. did the same - "The hypocrite." We took a mint toddy together; I did not know that drink before. I stayed an hour and a half and he was a little aggrieved over the shortness of my visit.

At 7 o'clock I went down town for my supper. It was raining when I left home. I was back just a little after 9. - 9.15 perhaps. The electric lights were on in the zaglan, but went out on my way up and so did those in the streets and I could get none in my room for a few minutes. This is hardly worth mention, but at the same time there was an earthquake of intensity 6-7 felt in the greater part of the city. People were terrified and rushed into the streets, fine crowds were frightened, buildings were cracked and some actual damage was done. Excesses had I think more than two columns regarding it. We felt nothing but I am wondering if our failing lights were related to it. — The people in the house felt it. — I stayed at home until noon waiting for

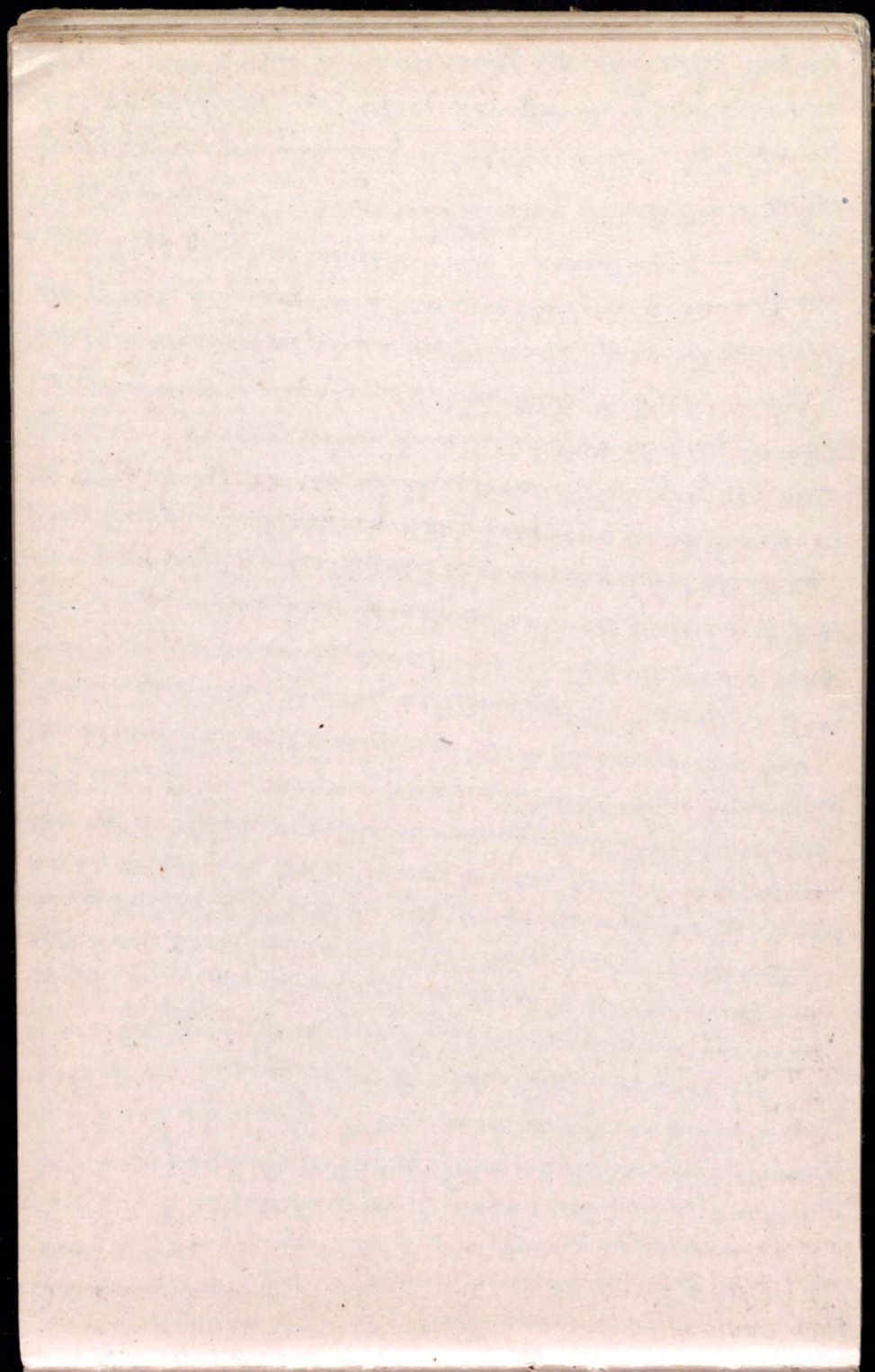
17th March. He did not come, which irritated me somewhat. I am sure I made it clear that he was to come and in the morning of course he may be afraid; or my deafness may be a bar — I found him difficult to hear; or he may be ill, he was complaining a trouble on his chest, which might be related to his work, lending over. But I do not at all know the reason. It can no longer be that he misunderstands where to find me. I finished my Filippine folklore work, copying the Santos A and B. stories. Went to the city for a mole-de-quajalote lunch at Butch's. On my way back stopped and had a good visit with Oorty. Found him in quite fine surroundings. His wife's brother and his family are in the same house with him. Got enough of much interest because of deafness — I do not hear him well. But we recalled old times and I did most of the talking. — The papers are



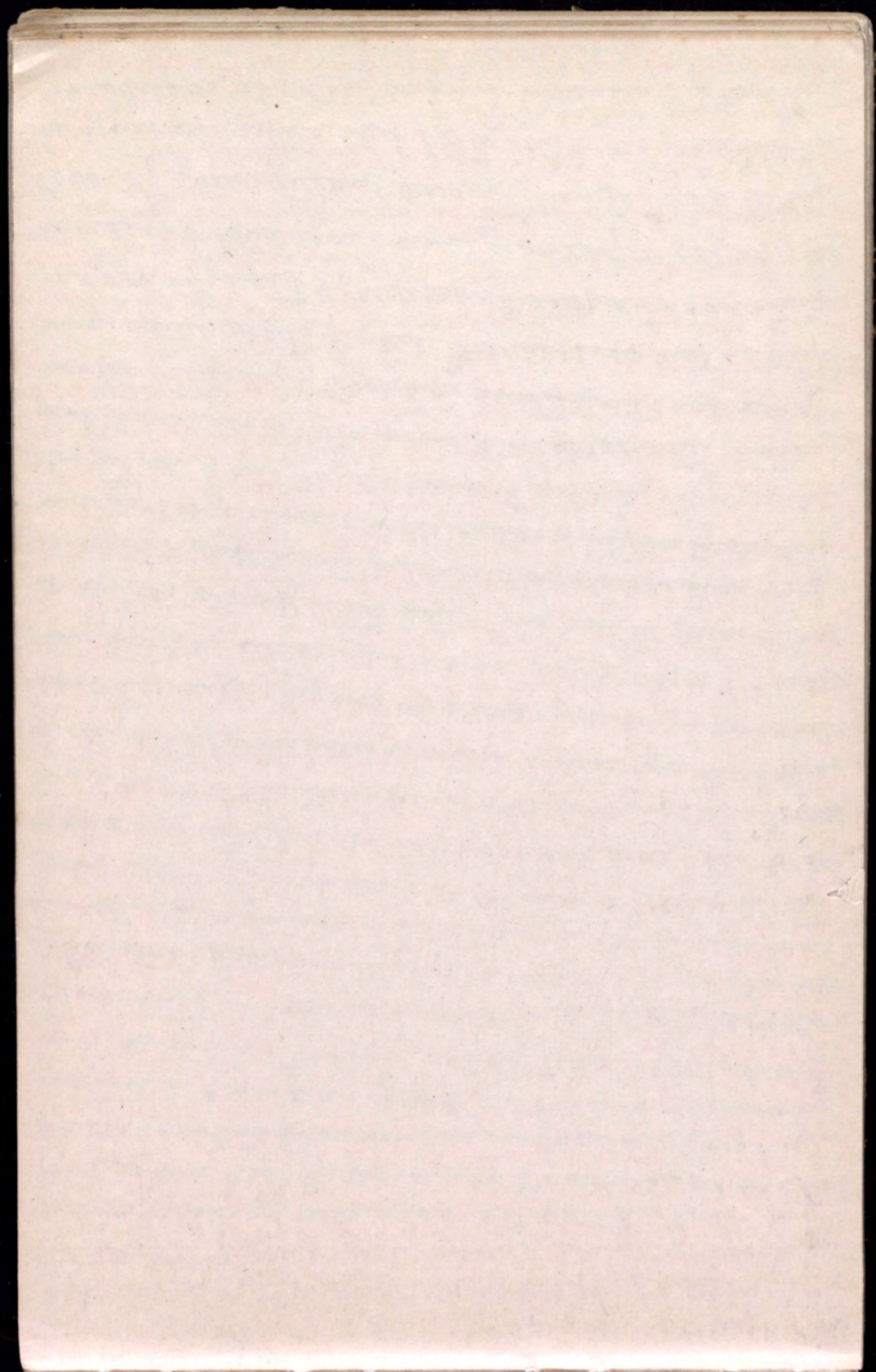
still full of Saturday earthquake. It was the severest felt here
for years. The newspapers have pages on it and pictures of the
damage. The focus is, of course, in Oaxaca and the reports from
there are of considerable damage. Nine eight shocks are re-
ported today. I felt none of them. They are continuing and
will continue to the south. Much is made of the fact that a medi-
cine in Oaxaca predicts it with precision days ahead. —
At 3.30 I spoke for Mrs. Hauser before the Current Events Club.
about 16 ladies were present. I talked of the Chinese situation.
Mrs. Manderville, mother of Paul and Maurice, introduced her-
self and was glad to meet me. A shibet and cakes were served
and for me, by special arrangement, a fine ahhuacatl salad.
I broke the plate, which was rather awkward! — The second
exhibition of ZIDAN was due for installation on the 15th. I dropped
in to see it, but what remain of Dr. Att's pictures was all there
was. — This morning while writing I believe I felt one, per-
19th caps two temblores. Would not be sure; it may be only my
chagrin at not feeling the others. The papers continue to
report a serious situation in Oaxaca. — Manuel came in
this morning. I wish I knew what to do for him or with him. He says
he did not come Sunday because his grandmother was ill. I
believe his zapatero work is school work. I presume it pays
him nothing. He is neatly dressed, today in a dark coat and white
fresh laundered trousers. I understood him that he bought these
two years ago when he was working. I took him with me
on noon to town and we ate at my 60 place there. I believe
that he wanted me to take him to a movie. I don't know what
he does want. I told him I'd come out to the Colonia on
Saturday. His school is at Republica de Argentina and
San delonso. — While I was away a call from



Paul M. Keilman, U.C. 20. He left a card: "very sorry to have missed you. Will try again before the end of the week." I understood here to say Harriman. His card bore no address or information. — Tired of waiting for Arnesen's introduction, I wrote him 20th, a jogging letter Saturday. Today a letter from him by messenger and marked urgente. It enclosed a fair letter to the Minister. I stayed in town from 12.30 to 8 pm. Nothing especial, but I went to see El Jorila. Rather poor stuff — not up in mystery or interest to what notices in both countries had led me to expect. — 21st. Have been having bad nights. Mosquitoes dreadful little things that fly right into the eyes. No sleep at night so that I spent much time lying down. Unwell besides. No vigor and no joy in life. Wrote letters, went to town, nothing of interest or importance. 22nd Went to town staying from 11 am. until 10 pm. Went to the Secretaria. Was well enough received. In the second room the Private Secretary, Jimenez, seated me and the Minister would see me in a few minutes. Some ladies were hustled through by one of the girl clerks. They stayed long. The Private Secretary at last comes apologetic — the Minister has been exceptional busy, he leaves tonight for the States; begs that he may secure me in his place. So I stated my desires, which he promises to meet fully. We shall see. In conversation, I mentioned several of the younger men, I wished to meet among them Novo. He is here — and followed an introduction and a few minutes conversation. Didn't not to feel piqued; the ladies were still in the inner office when I left (or if they had left it was by a private exit. — I spent time eating, newspapering, book-hunting. Decided to call on Luis Gonzalez Obregon, who lives on his own street, No. 9. It was now 5 pm. The portero told me he was not at home but would be at 7. I now strolled to the old stand of the escribientes. They are



there in full force, but what a change - all have type-writers. I sat around in the garden, which I much like. The portales of the escribanos, the Municipal Treasury, the school of medicine and the old church make a fine and interesting border and there is more such life as one used to see on the old Plaza than I have seen this time elsewhere. — I went now to my dinner and then 7.30 made an effort to see Don Luis. A woman this time, he will not be home until after 8. I let loose, about by-
ing reporteros. — I now went over to the Club de Exploradores, which was what has really kept me down tonight. They have a suite of three rooms; a small anteroom, a rather large dining room, and a smaller inner office. It was not yet 8 o'clock but the rooms were lighted and a few young people were there. By 8 o'clock there were fully 50. They were as a whole younger than I expected, only a half dozen could be called middle-aged. There were about 4:1 males: females. There was no nonsense, nor horse-play, though no one seemed to be in charge. About 8.15 perhaps 30 chairs were set in two facing lines, near the piano and a competent drill-master practiced those who chose in singing. Here too it was almost a male chorus - only 4 or 5 girls. This stopped at 9 and they all began to go home. They come here just for an hour in their rooms, to meet each other, to talk over the excursions, to get their printed matter, and to sing. I was really greatly pleased. I already knew that the Club was not originated by Mexicans, I had hoped it was. Quite by accident I came upon a printed account of an ascent of Mt. Popo. by a Venezuelan (Meridan!) named Tejera. It seems he went up with a Club party. And in his account I found considerable about the Club and its founder Otis MacAllister, an American (?), at least a Hawaiian man. I rather hoped

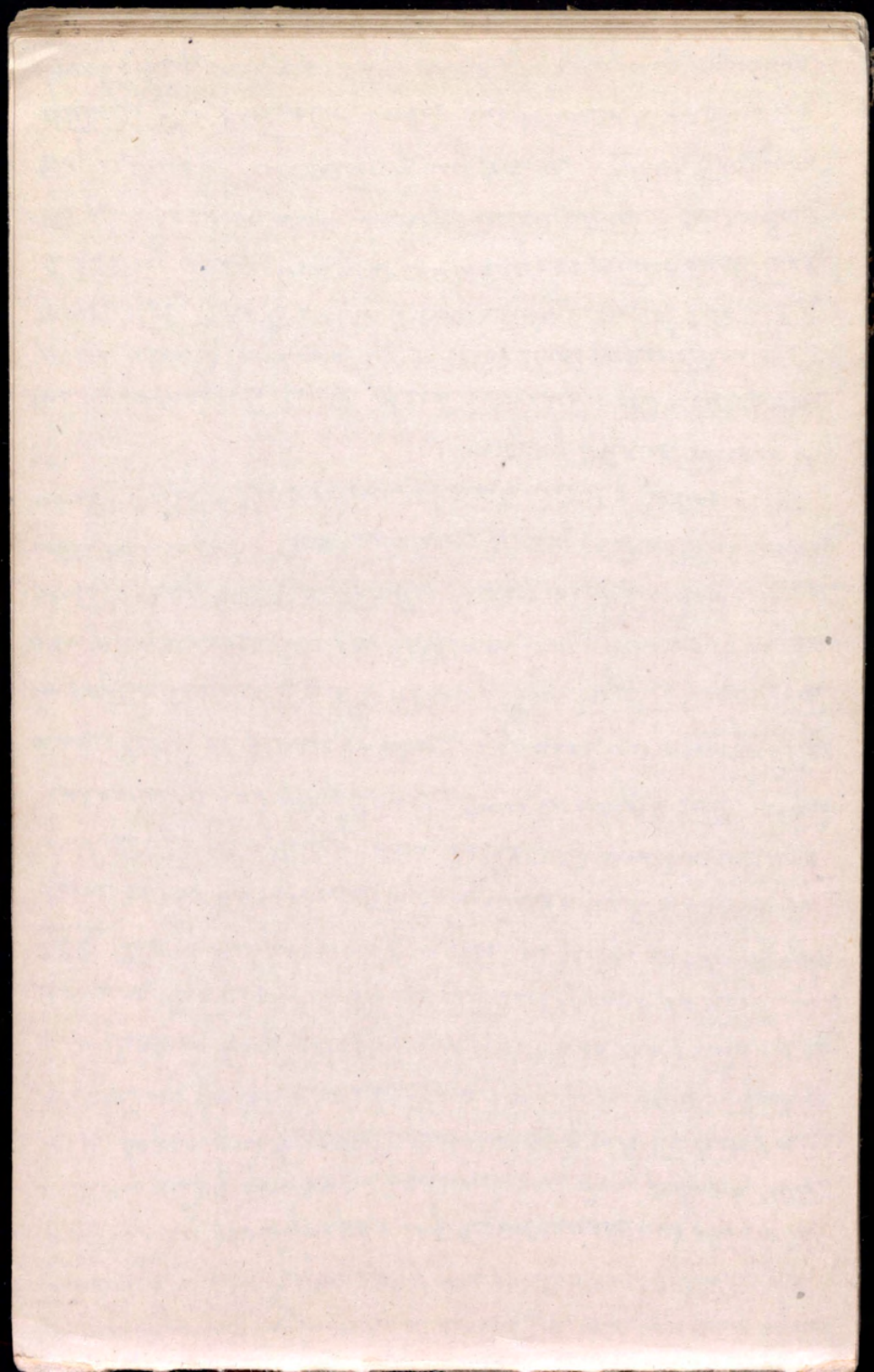


he would come in, but he did not. He is a teacher of English and lives on San Ildefonso. The rooms are decorated with a good many photographs — of the volcanoes and other notable scenery and of groups on excursions. They print a little 4 pp. paper and they were just mailing out the list of excursions for far ahead. There have been plenty of teachers of English in this unhappy land, but which one of them all has done a thing so real in appeal and benefit as this? —

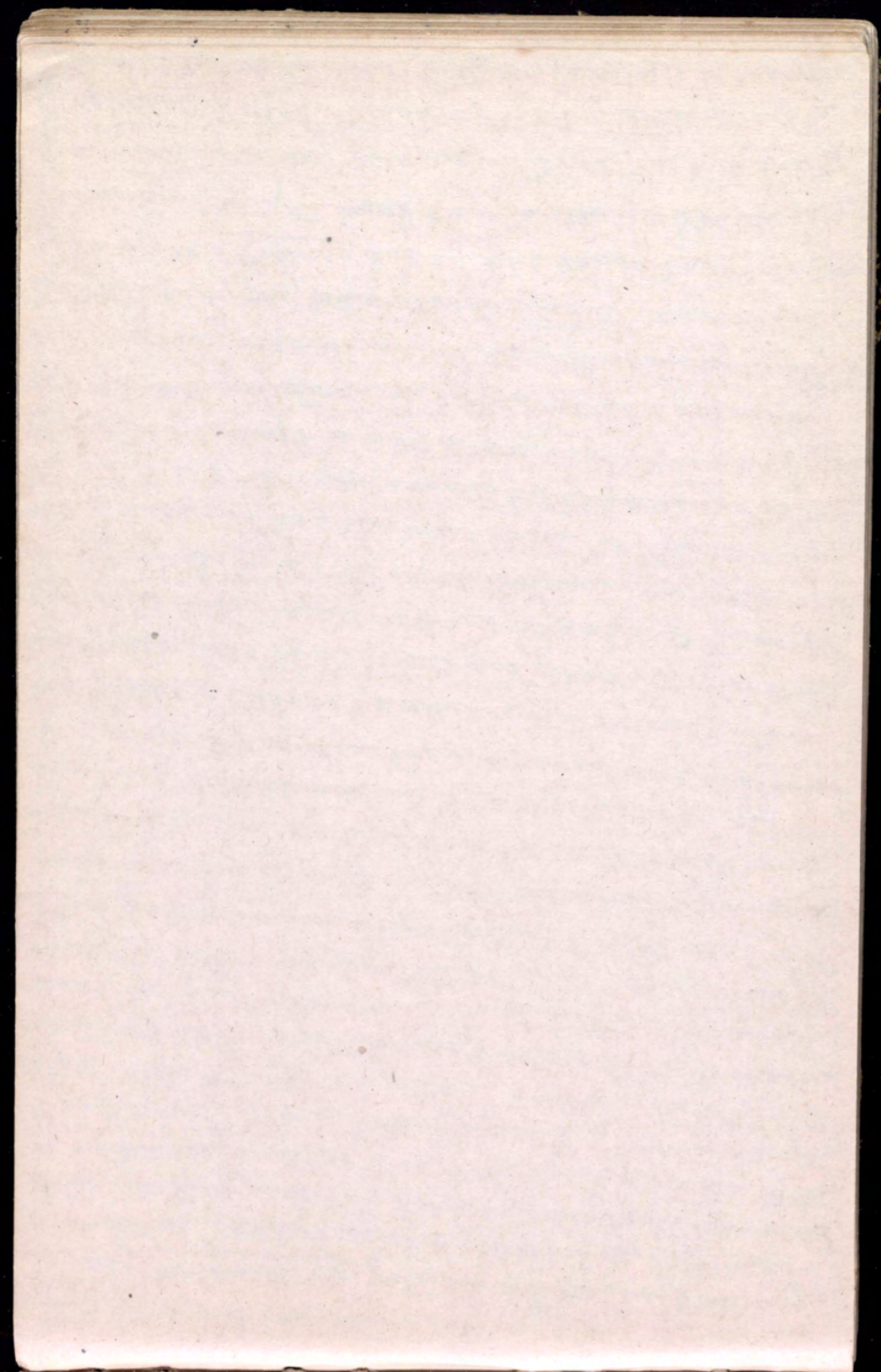
23^d The worst possible of nights: no sleep until daylight drove away the mosquitos. It required a real exercise of will to do anything. Have decided the condition today is malaria. I had forgotten it. Drove myself to town. Got quinine. Called on Hauser for advice in general, and re mosquiteras in particular. We went to allencia Lane together seeking the San Juan market. The poor old place, once famous, is in complete decay. Health authorities have sealed the doors. There will be nought of San Juan here. (If only I had watched announcements, I might have known where to find it. Baños

). I'm sorry to have missed it.

We went next to Gaute, where they furnished a little wire frame devised (or made up) by Miss Ayres for protection against mosquitos. Then to a store to buy netting — 1 m. for 2.50, rather high. My energy was now completely exhausted and I took the first car for home. Dra. Homelas stretched the centre of my netting to the centre of my frame. I went to bed soon after 8. The protector worked and between a real night's rest (the first for many) and a fair dosing of quinine

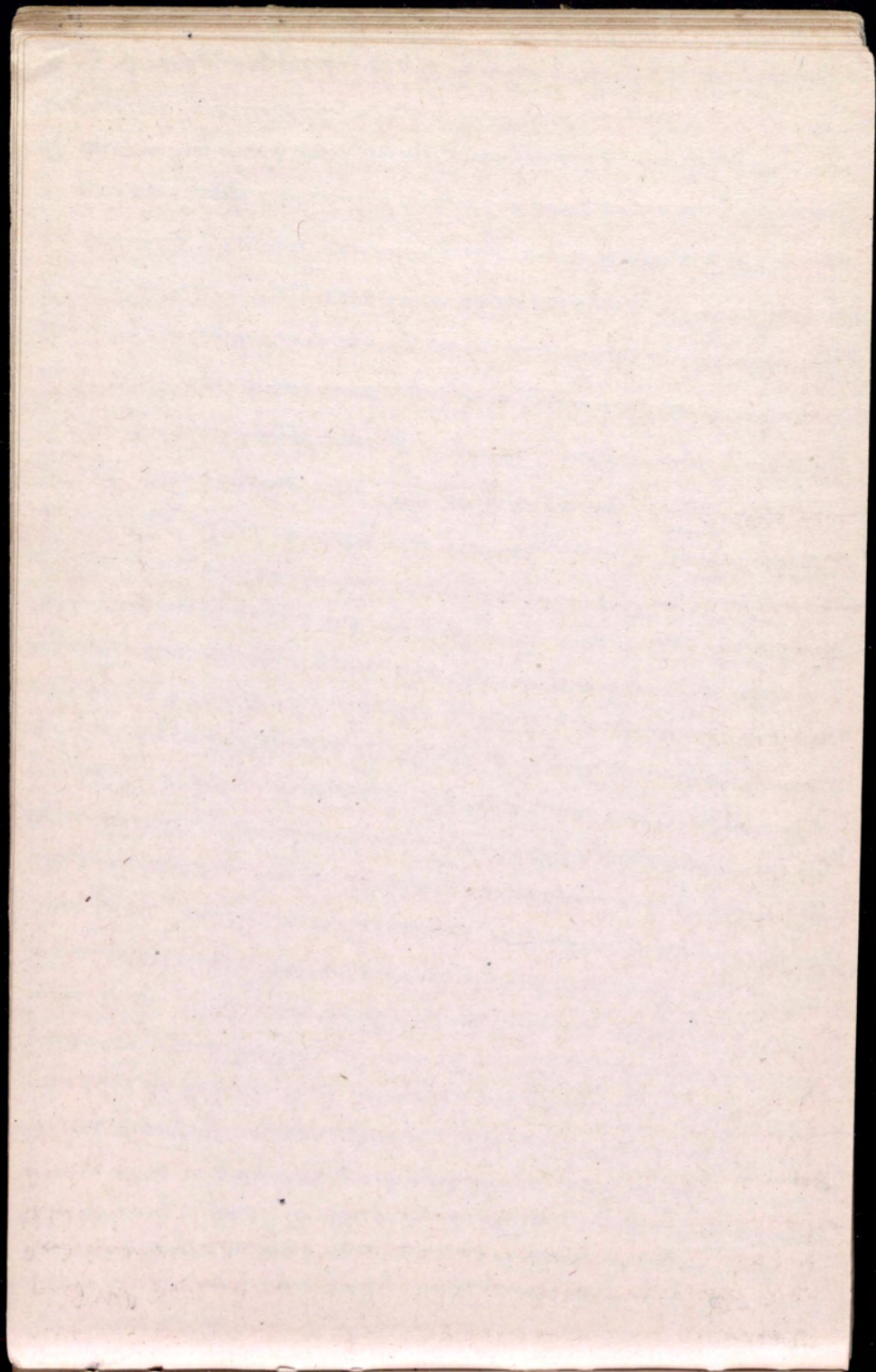


24th, I rose with more spirit and energy than for some time.
Sunday: San Juan's Day. Yesterday in desperation, I wrote my
first article. Today I copied it and got it off. I am afraid it
is too late to be usable. I had two quite definite determinations
in mind - one somehow to see San Juan celebrations, the other
to go to Colonia Valljo. Neither was achieved. At my morning
plate I saw that the Chinese were to celebrate the Nationalist
victory at the Committee rooms, 8 Soleros at 13. It was deary
reach so after mailing my letters, eating lunch. I went directly
there. They have a room on the third floor. The Portrait and last will
of Sun Yat Sen are above the platform - with the present heroes'
portraits flanking. Various portraits, documents, announcements
&c - and the two flags were upon the walls. A white rayed
sun on a dull blue ground is the one; this as a
dull red flag is the other. There had been a great burn-
ing of fire-crackers at the entrance and a crowd of idlers
with police was there. I went straight up and was warmly
welcomed. Each male comers hat was taken at the door,
and checked. There were about 150 there - men, women, child-
ren. Much more than half were Chinese but there were also
mexicans and one negro (probably British Antillean). There were
two others who might be called Nordic, neither of them an oppor-
tunit credit to our stock. One of them was quiet and unobtru-
sive, the other was a pusher, a little inclined to be noisy and
ever conspicuous, both driftwood certainly. We were each
given a pack of Charros and all were supplied with packets
of strong liquor and given a printed broadside with a sketch
of nationalistic effort. Photographs were taken - one of the
Committee at the desk, with Sun's portrait in background

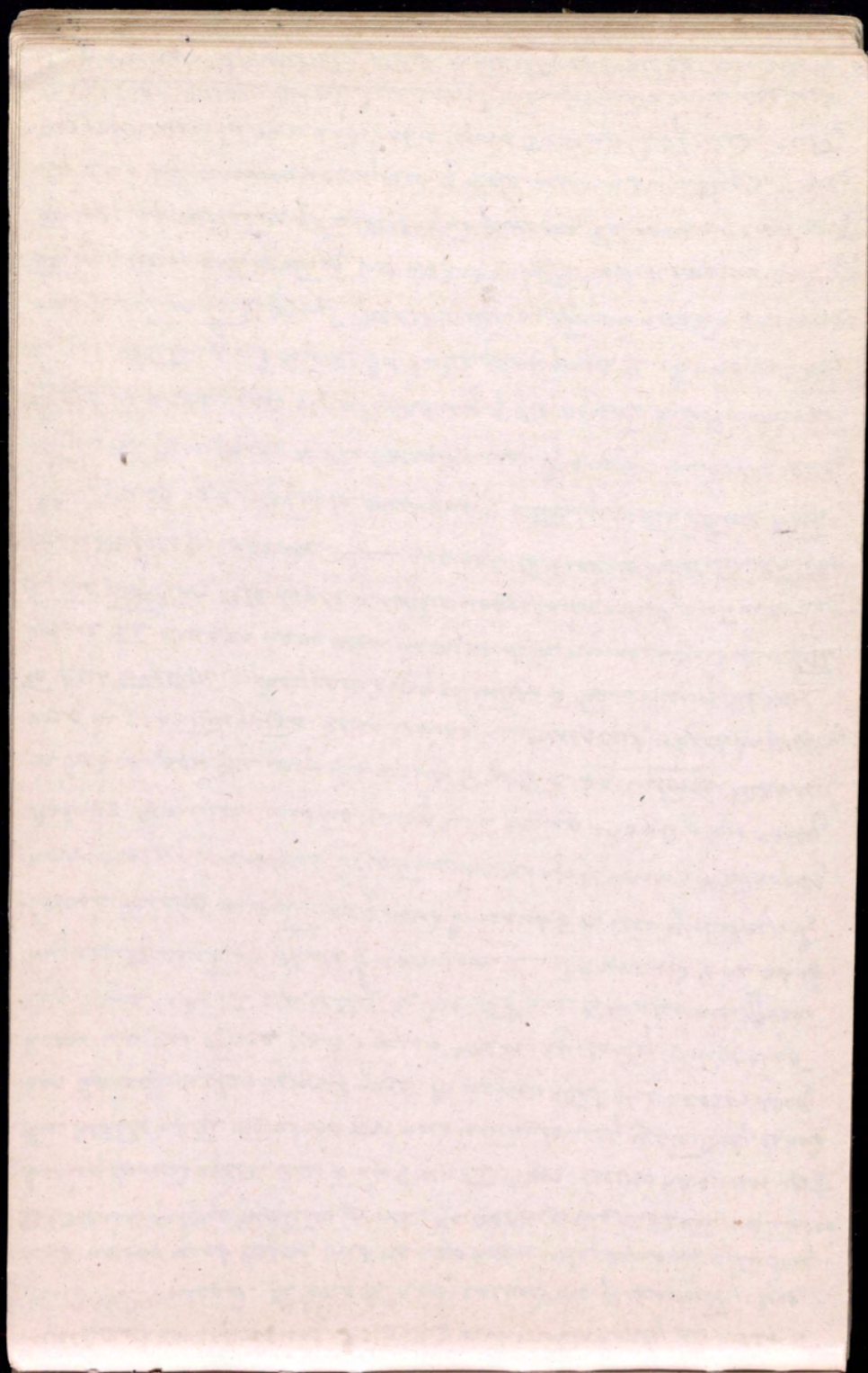


and one of the crowd. There were on sale in a remarkable short time. I am painfully conscious in that of the audience. The act program was now carried through. It began by all rising and paying respect to the portrait, while repeating ^(?) the testament. There were a number of act addresses, two of which needed translation, though given apparently in Chinese. I believed one of these was by a Siamese and perhaps in his own tongue. Two of the speakers have done their best to replace an original dentition with gold. I had not thought of the Chinese as doing this, but these would have done credit to Igorot or Japanese. A trio now gave instrumental music, responding to an encore. Then we were now set — one on the platform for ladies. We were most beautifully served — biscuits and cakes, french pastries, cream puffs, strawberry shortcakes, apples, &c., &c. and any quantity of beer, aquas gaseosas, &c. Topping off with champagne. The popping of corks stimulated activities and warts were abundant and noisily given. The crowd was thinning when I took my leave. — I did not feel quite like either the Colonia or San Juan, so sat in the Alameda and watched the trade in paletas, which is lively and general. — In yesterday's Universal is this choice bit: Esta en Mexico un antropologo de la Universidad de Columbia. Ayer, por la mañana, el señor Rector de la Universidad Nacional recibió la visita del doctor Frederick Starr, antropólogo norteamericano de la Universidad de Columbia, N.Y. El doctor Starr ha visitado en otras ocasiones a México, en viajes de estudio y en esta ocasión viene con el propósito de observar algunos aspectos sociales actuales, sobre los que tiene interés." Of course my visit was June 11, not June 22. The Columbia designation is, after all, a rather hard blow. —

25th I rather expected today to be a let down, but I felt rather

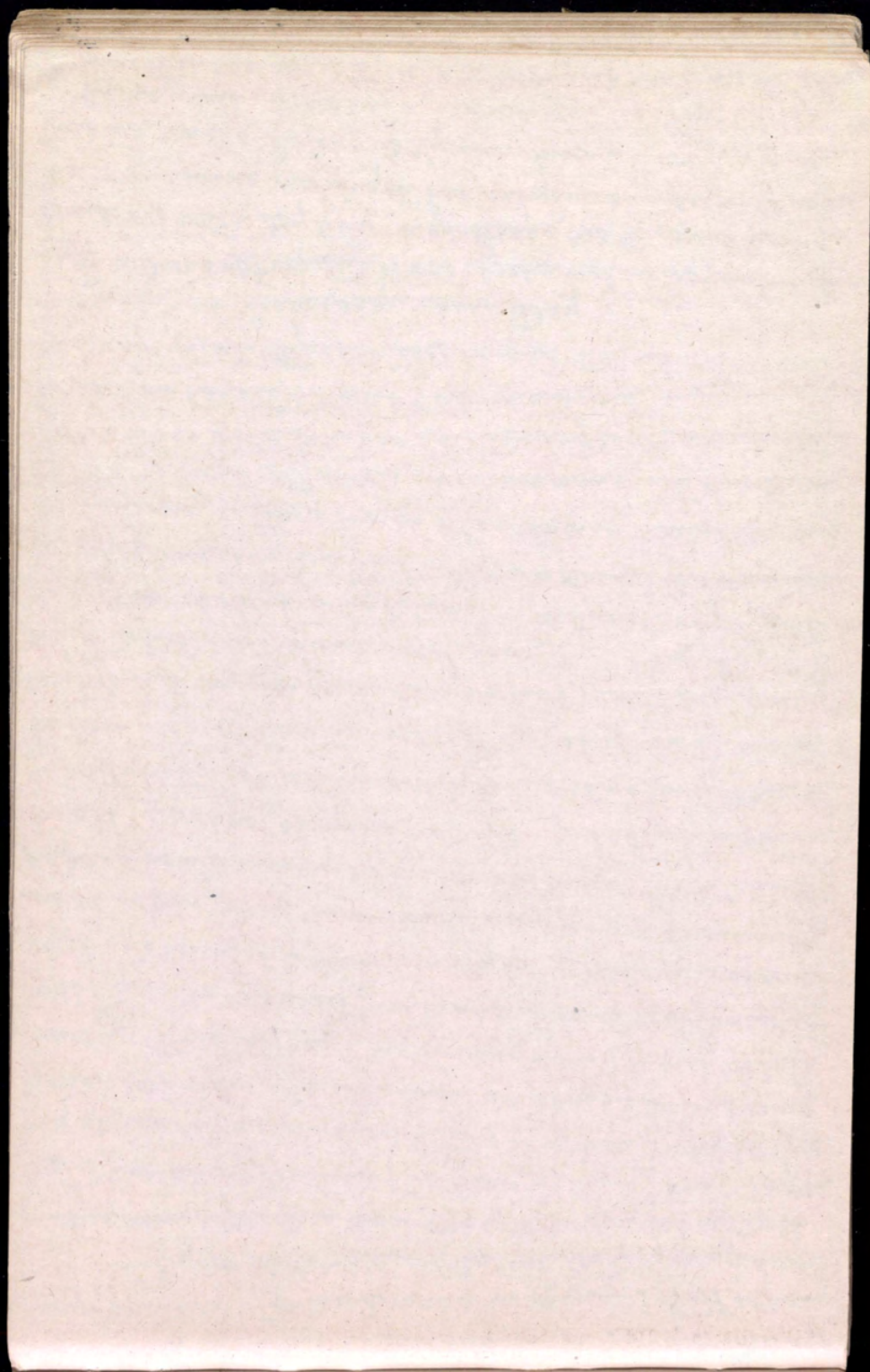


well and enterprising. I started out rather early in order to find Mr. Smead. He was in and received me pleasantly. We had never met before but he has been very kind in attending to Colonia Vallej's matters for me. He assures me that the matter is being looked after and is up to date. Mrs. Lewis has been up to the States after the children and returns only yesterday. She had her house, while she was gone. It seems that she has her desk here in the office and comes down regularly. I will find her here at 12 usually. He invited me to make the office my headquarters while I am here. — I promised to be at Colonia Vallej's on Saturday, and I meant to be here yesterday. I now really went out. This time it was a full house. Mrs. Siquez, Dolores, Manuel, and the young man primo. The old lady is really in bad shape. She says she wants to go to a sanatorio. Manuel was in zapatos rotos. He is having new ones cut, which he proposes to put together. They called my attention to the corner of the roof where the cracks have been increased in number and in depth by the tremor. All in all a rather depressing visit, with indefinite possibilities for expense. — Decided to look up MacCallister. San Ildefonso is a notable example of settling - better I think than either the Mineria or the Opera House. Of course the appearance might be produced by a grading of the streets, but I believe it is a real settling. I think I'd better photograph it. It was just 2:00 but I fortunately found MacCallister neither in siesta or classwork. He was busy with writing, but we had a little visit. He was much pleased at my appreciation of the Club and gave me the issues of their monthly and the announcement of their summer outings. He made no reference to Harvard, but seems to know California and the Sierra Club. — When I emerged, the afternoon rain was just beginning. I found the start of the Atlixapoyulco canchales is

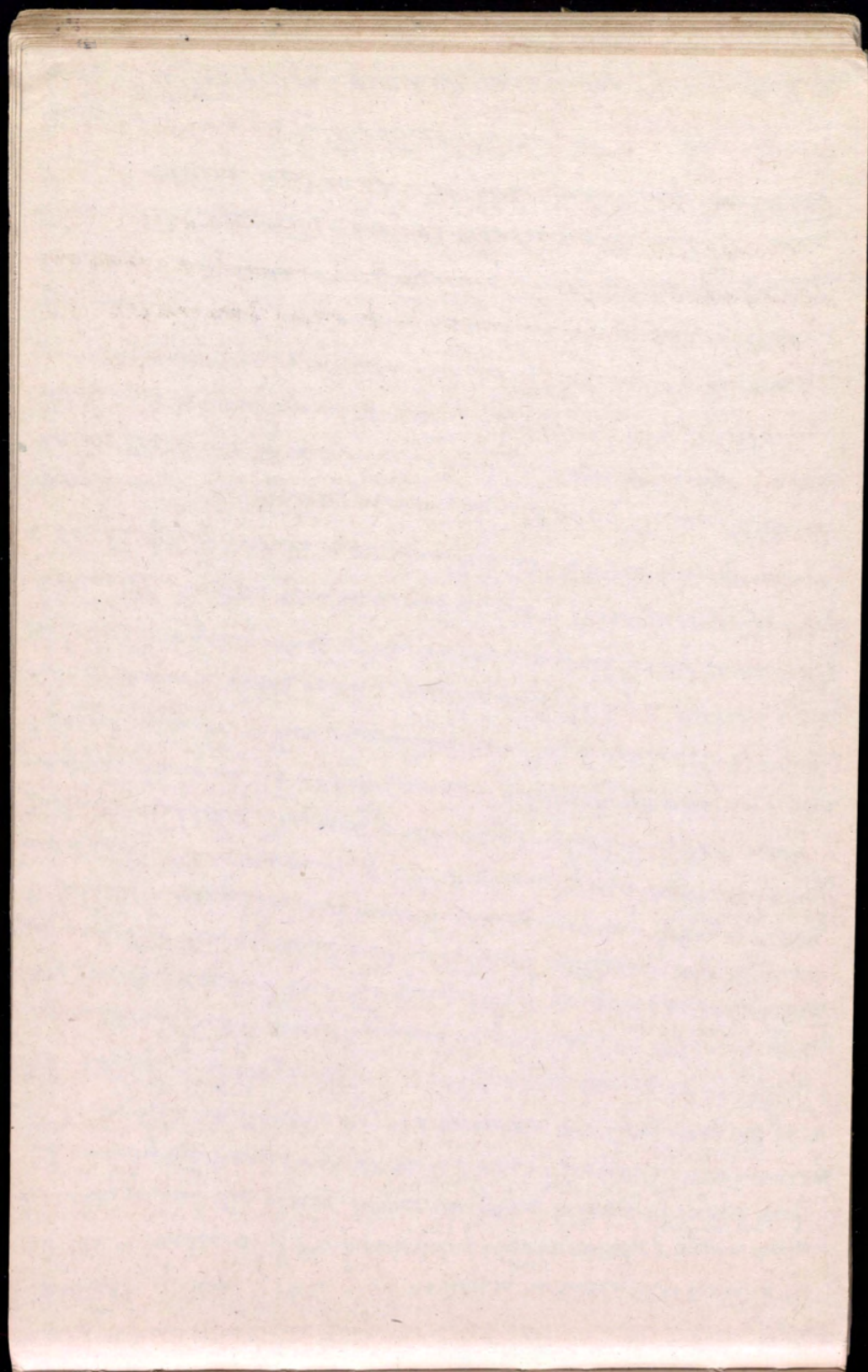


night at his house and the terminus just at nine. It was a heavy downpour that lasted most of the way. — I stayed at home now until just about 6 and then took Los Rios car, just as another rain began. Here too it was a downpour and again it lasted just about the time of the run. This time I took supper at my usual restaurant and timed it slow. Then I walked to Luis Gonzales Obregón's where I arrived at about 8.20 and found him at home. He had a visitor whose name I missed. We had a good visit. He had heard from Toros of our visit. He was reminiscient and wanted to see how many of my modern authors remain — four (or five). Querrero, Rabasa, Gamboa and himself. Rabasa has lost his sight, more so than Gonzales Obregón himself. In fact he was not so bad as I expected. I asked him whether he attributes as much importance to 1915 as Gomez-Morin. He had not read or known the book; seemed not to know the author; believed 1915 was not so vastly important; indeed seemed not to think it had any special significance. As to Diego Nava, he did not know anything of him. He himself brought up the matter of bookplates and I told him of my planned new check-list. He gave me a great bunch of his own for exchange purposes. His Maya-inscription plate was never even printed — only proofs — and never used. It had no special significance or meaning, a purely hap-hazard bit was that reproduced. — The convenient Atzacapotzalc's car took me almost from his door! — The let-down came today

26th and was not expected. It was in fact a real disappointment. I did my two Tuesday letters in good shape, but then spent most of the remaining morning at bed. Had no inclination for eating but tried two places — Butch and Olympia. Once is enough for it. There was no mail. I made a search for Miss Poor, who had written that she hoped to see me soon and give me the ad.



-dress, 2^a de Abraham Gonzales, Apt. 10. I made a quite foolish
spectacle of myself. She gave no house number and there is no
house number 10. I tried several of the viviendas and believe
I really found the place. Some children became interested and
led me by the hand from place to place. Of course I was handicap-
ped. Is she an American, or a German, or what? Does she go by
the name of Dor, or W ; is she Señora or Señorita?
When to all this I could answer no questions as to her appearance,
age, build, face — I laid the ground for a neighborhood suspicion
— added to the general and intentional attitude of Mexico, never
to betray a neighbor and never to aid in running down a person
"wanted". The west side of 2^a Abraham Gonzales has but a single
2-storied building. The rest is not only unimproved, but most
unpromising in its appearance. Perhaps it was No. 22, where
I found interior, rather unusually aired and broadened, with a
succession of single rooms opening onto the area and all glorify-
ly white, or gray-white. All the rooms were really alike except
actually No. 10. Here there was a kind of passageway, into perhaps
a suite of two rooms & so. From this people were moving their
goods, either altogether away — or into one of the single rooms
across the area. Here I really saw the people — the man & a woman,
helped and a woman apparently a foreigner. They denied all
knowledge, however, of anyone I could describe. In the front
corner here as I came in, I found an English woman. She was
deaf and we made an interesting couple in our efforts to com-
municate. She rather insisted that the people in No. 10 were
there I wanted and said that she bought things from her store.
 anyhow it was an interesting glimpse at vivienda life, and
here were two foreign women at least living in unexpected sur-



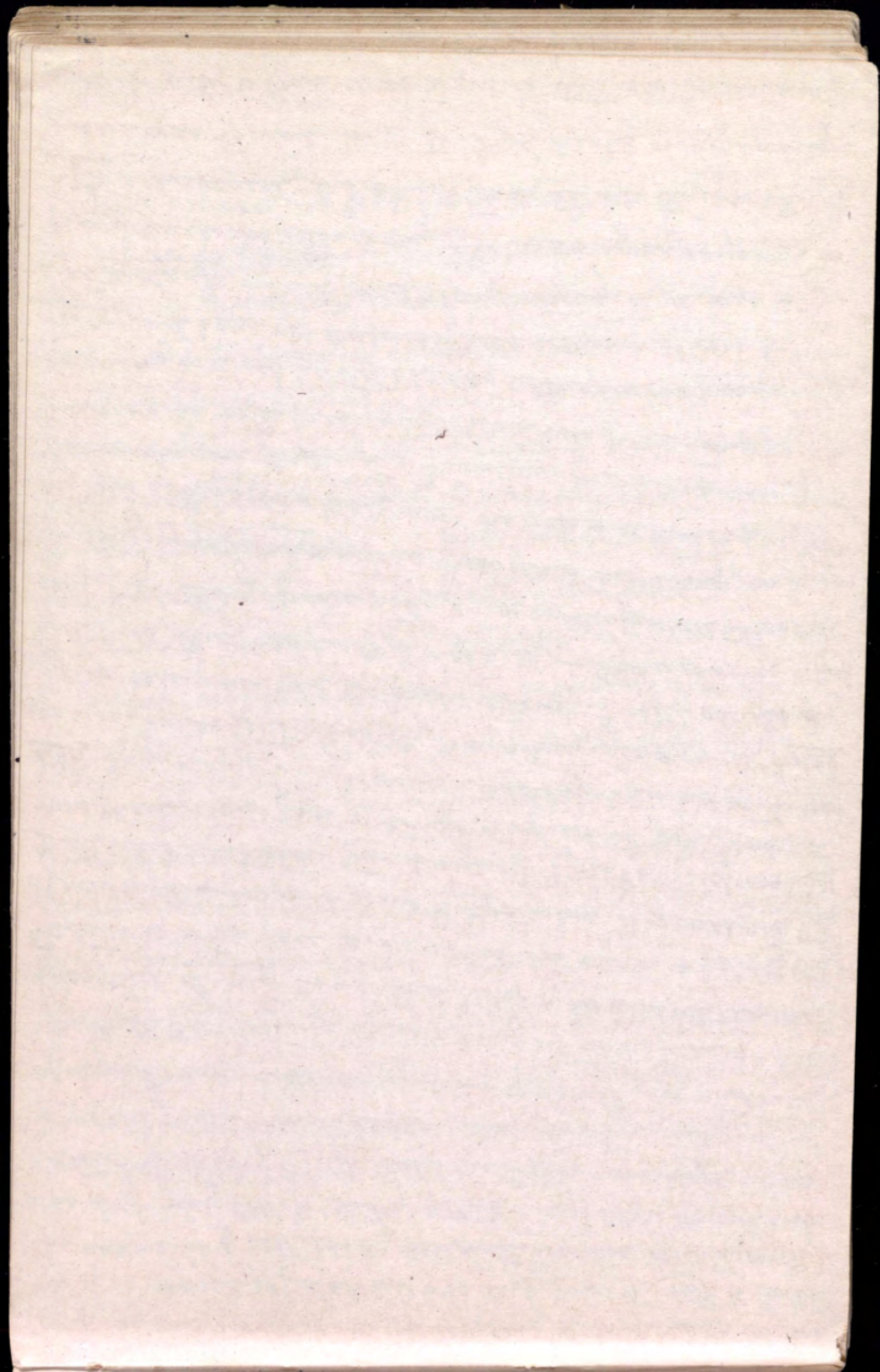
roundings. I think at No 13. a foreign woman lives in iriunda.
They said she was an Italian, but who knows. Her letter spoke
as if Paul Radin is here. The wonder begins to grow on me whether
she is not a Jew by rights. — Russian or German? This night ex-
plain too her relation to Diego Rivera. At all events I failed to
locate her recognizably. We shall see. — I was now near the
Secretario de Relaciones and dropped in to see if perchance Gini-
miz had his scultors there. No: pasado mañana. The girl who
speaks English and promised me a picture, says she had it but
took it home: will bring it and leave it with Gini-miz. I think
she told me she was born in the States but am not sure. Gini-miz
seemed to feel that I had been neglecting my job, when I admit-
ted that I had made no additions to my collection's collection —
At dusk I had quite a call from Mr. Olmsted. His daughter and
her children are now here on a visit. He urges me to drop in at
anytime, best when there is something to eat. He was in a rather
critical mood regarding the Ambassador. Was not sure that
he has not produced a worse situation than he found. I think
he may have just been reading the notice of Harvard giving
him a L.L.D. in connection with which the University's president
made some such remark as this: "he has produced order,
where he found confusion." He seems to think I'm lying down on
my job as I have not been around to the Embassy yet. —
27th. A hard day. I read up my accumulated papers and clipped them
and spent the balance of the morning lying down. Caught a sharp
pain across my chest, that lasted more than the day. In town I
bought more quinine pills and called on Hauser, who promised
to send someone out to see Mrs. Vasquez Sunday and gave me some-
thing to rub on my chest. Said goodbye to Larkins who leaves
Friday am. Went to the L.D. & A. exhibition. It should be the

June 23, 1928

Dear Sir:

I was pleased with getting your note of the 18th in regard to my Sistema de Aritmetica Azcatlan , about which you saw good reference in Biblos (of the Ministry of Education). The whole system, though limited to elementary arithmetic could not be displayed to you in a single meeting, of course, and it is not sure whether you would like it or not. Notwithstanding, it is evident that you would surely catch a glimpse at once sufficient to develop by yourself something alike. But, for that or any other purpose, perhaps it may serve as well to look somewhat meditatively at my synopsis of the Multiplication, which I was able to publish; only so as to secure the originality of the geometrical device, which is the one applied all through the study. You may easily see that there is simply something never thought of before seriously in the special branch of pedagogy; involving besides the rhythmical law which governs the aggregation of elementary numbers. I take pleasure in sending you a copy of the Xochiquetzalco -- the synopsis referred to. If it may gratify your intelligence and interest you any more, further, I will be glad to meet you over there in your place in atzacapotzaco upon your summons. Very truly yours,
A. Diaz-N.

third, the second) for some reason dropping out. It should have been
one of ceramica popular and was due from the 1st to the 25th.
The new one is of retratos by Senorita Cordelia Urzeta and
was due yesterday. It really opened today. She is a pupil and
devoted admirer of Dr. Atl. There are twelve main pieces - five
in pastel and seven in esquisa-cera. There are also some in
crazeon? one of which was perhaps my favorite. The artist runs
heavily to profiles. The largest and most pretentious piece is a portrait
of her father, Chorator. As a portrait I liked it, but I did not like either
the lettering or the make up. There was also a portrait of Dr. Atl. which
I found good - I went for my Bibles binding. It is much better than
I intended, much better than it deserved. It cost \$6. which was much
more than I would have authorized, though not high for the work. —
28th. I am behind in my reading and partly for that and partly be-
cause I anticipated a bad day I lay out an easy program. I could
have done much more as I felt pretty well. I really caught up
with Toro, which has dragged frightfully. — Otherwise it was a lousy
day. P.O. - nothing; Gante - nothing, save another farewell to Garhart;
Iziumiz, by appointment, nothing, offices closed. And nothing from Jimen-
ez and nothing from Diaz Nava. The latter is the author of the New
American System of Arithmetic "Izizatzin". I wrote him asking an
interview. He wrote back an English letter that it took them some days
to write, in which he stated he was sending me his flors de multipli-
-car, which I am not supposed to have seen but which is in Home-
-las' profanes and with which I have wrestled. Three days have
passed since his letter came. — Discouraging days with no
29th achievement. I did finish Toro - the only thing worth while.
There was no mail at Gante; I got cheated on my exchange;
went early to town so as to find Dr. Atl at 170 Uruguay.



I did not find him but the experience was almost as romantic
as my finding the Abadianos in what was left of San Francisco.
The place is the great patio of some old convent. It is neglected
and falling into ruins. Going up stairs I found a space piled
in by boards at an end; here he lives, or works? He has an el-
ectric bell but there was no response. Up here on this second
floor, a corridor runs around the four sides. I walked down
to some men at work, passing two chained coyotes thatting-
led and snarled as I passed them. The men were working
at plaster: casting of designs various. When I went down, I
looked at the other men at work. They were stone cutters
and were cutting figures and ornamental stone wall, some
of ancient Indian types, others colonial. There was an ac-
tual zoo there - dogs, foxes, various mammals in cages, a
black monkey, some bird (macaw among them) etc, etc. There
was here a great wooden door carved completely over with
a variety of designs. In other words the D^r has here a
school of popular art, with a dozen or so Indian workers
(or artists). This is a piece of his versatility entirely
new to me. Curious and haphazard like most of his things.
He has so many irons in the fire that most of them are
cold from neglect. — From here it can direct to the
printer's for my envelopes. Nothing doing — When I got
home I found that Prof. Diaz-Nava had been around and
left a copy of his "flores de multiplicar". Sorry to have
missed him. — After reading a while, I went to town
again at 6.30 and took dinner at my native place,

July 1 d. 1928

Dear Sir:

Referring to your letter of the 30th ulto. I beg to advise you as follows:

Firstly, you are very kind in taking any interest at all into my modest personality: then, inasmuch as my Stigotzian System of Arithmetic remains unedited because of my lack of resources; inasmuch as the study and development of said System meant for me a comparatively heavy loss which I hoped to recover from same; inasmuch as in order to secure any rights to the benefit due me for the publishing or teaching of it in any way, I ought not to give it out freely, and inasmuch as the teaching of it under the circumstances amount to a sort of initiation;

In consequence of the above, the only way I see to comply with your desire for further knowledge about the System is under the following conditions:

I will make known to you the original CODIX I made up by hand illustrating the System, consisting of about twenty plates ^{colored} in color or ink, and let you take a copy of each of the plates, also of the leaflets with the text explaining them. And I will also explain to you "viva voce" the said text.

It is understood that the explanatory teaching of the System will be in the Spanish language. - I will give you a session each week, when I will leave with you a plate of the CODIX in order that you may take a copy drawing of the same; and during the session I will dictate to you the text belonging to the corresponding part of the plate, as belonging to the course of study.

just to feel that I was doing something. Was home at about
9, and did some real reading. — Spent in some real work
30th on Diaz, have and have mastered his flowers. I did not
believe I ever should. My trip to town was aimless and fruit-
less. While I was gone Heilman came again. Too bad.
Do not expect afternoon letters but there was one from Agus-
tin Basave. It came without postage as it seems he is
Consul for Uruguay at Guadalajara. He told me of a collector
of bookplates, to whom I wrote. I hope something may
come of it. — The quietest of all days was Election Day,
July 1. Sunday. The city was patrolled, drinking places were shut,
all carrying of weapons was forbidden. Drinks were not to be served
at restaurants. I read Best-Maugard and El V. Congreso Panam-
ericano. Went to town from 3-6. Nothing doing, nothing to do.
I suppose people went to the polls. It is a permissible offense not to
do so. People who voted for President, and legally all had to do so,
must perforce have voted for Alvaro Obregon as there was no other
registered candidate. He must therefore have been elected at
a legal election, duly and quietly carried through, by a unanimous
vote. What an auspicious initiation of a grand and splendid
administration! — I had the Libertador and wrote an anti-
2d cle for bill, which I presume he cannot use. Went to town
in the morning. Had little result anywhere. My envelopes were
to be ready Saturday - they had not been put in the printer's hands.
I exchanged one of the P50. qds that I got the other day into P5.
pieces: it has been in the nature of a white elephant. I got a
copy of last Thursday's Excelsior, which I wanted for various con-
tents. No mail at Gaute, which worried me - is it a broken envelope

When you have finished the copy you will be free to demand as many sessions more as you may deem convenient. I will be able to wait upon you at your residence in the morning, say at ten o'clock.

In case of any circumstance intervening to prevent either you or me from continuing at the hour fixed, we may agree upon any other hour convenient for both, or else the agreement will become automatically cancelled as from that occurrence.

It is besides strictly agreed upon by you that you will keep this teaching and copy of the CODEx strictly personal, with no right to communicate or publish it.

If agreeable to all circumstances as above stated, you will pay me \$5.00 FIVE PESOS each session.

In case you accept my proposition as above, please sign at foot of the attached copy of this letter, advising date you wish to take the first session. Otherwise, please return both sheets to

Yours very truly,

Conforme. 1^a Sesional
dia - - - - -

A. Diaz-N.

Firma.

July 3. 1928

My dear Sir:

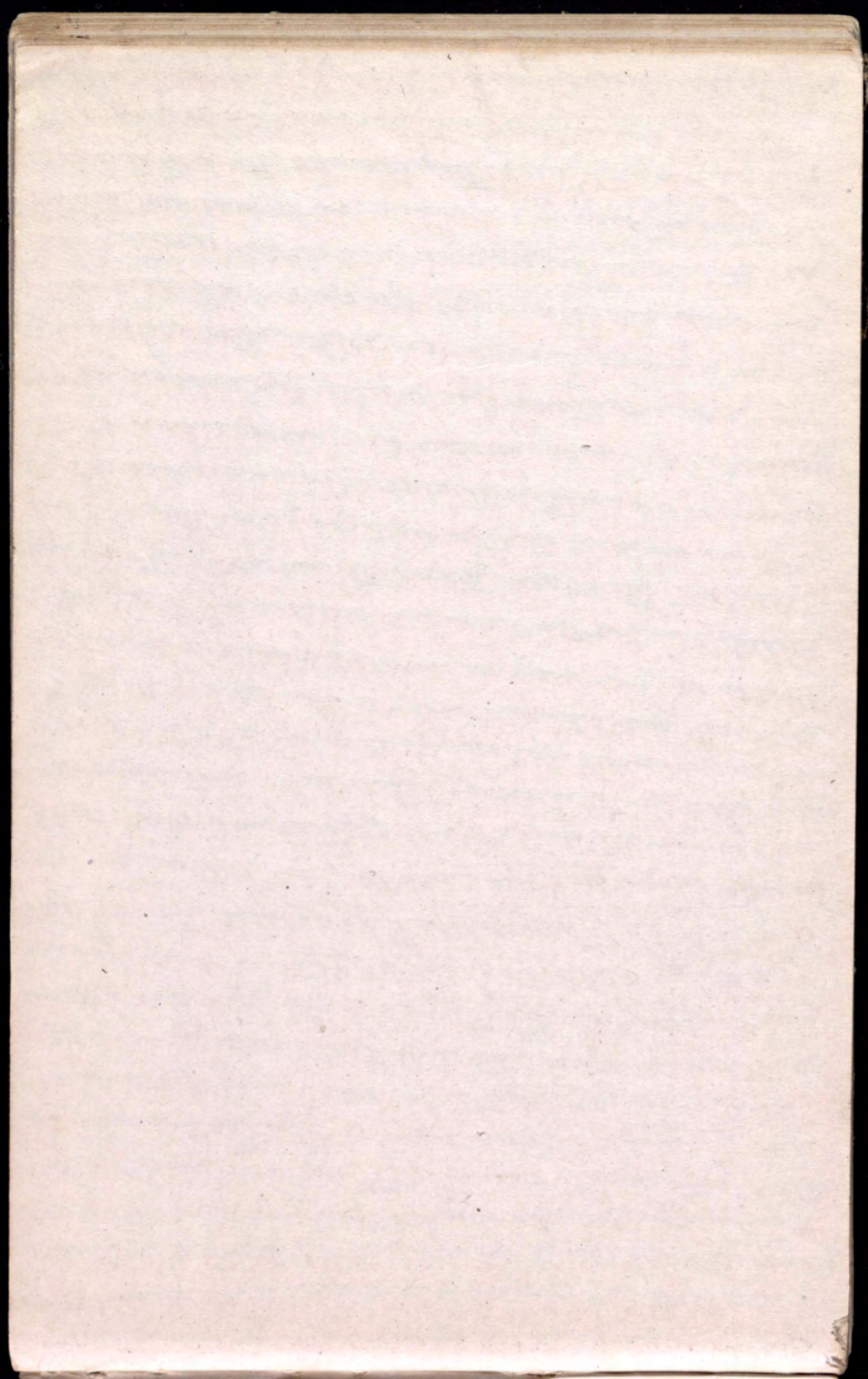
I have your letter of July 2 and second copy of the same, both of which I am returning herewith as you ask. I am not a teacher of arithmetic, nor am I especially interested in the subject. I am interested in everything Mexican - both Spanish Mexican and English. The name of your system attracted my attention and aroused my curiosity. I had no intention of making

or an assaulted train? Letter from Miss Torr regretting my bad
luck of the other day. Noted my answer at it, that she might see
just why I called her address blind. Met Jack Stern. Think who
suggests a lunch or tea at Danko's at my convenience and
telephone. It was lunchtime then, but I did not suggest it. And
so at home. — I went out again at 4.30. To quite for a last
chance and found a forwarding; in good condition, envelope rein-
forced. Picked up a Vasconcelos La Raza Comica. Took dinner
and then to the monthly meeting of Sociedad Cientifica "Antonio
Alzate". Curiously in my mail was a letter from Miss Green
who went quite fully into the Mexican delegation at Chicago
and West Baden. There was one woman Esperanza Velasco Brin-
gles, who is a Yucatecan and the foremost woman lawyer in Mexico
they say. She is politically in accord with Calles and is in charge
of library work in Mexico. She is very charming and brilliant but
not a librarian. Mendez Rivas, director of the National library was
also in the party. I liked him very much indeed. We had friends in
common among them Juan Palacios, who may have crossed your
path also. Aguilar y Santillan of the Antonio Alzate library was
the dearest of them all. It did me's heart good merely to see him.
Then there were Diaz Mercado, Tobias Chavez, and Heliodoro Valle of
different government libraries. I feel that the latter was not a Mexi-
can, perhaps he is from South America. --- Señora Malvido —
a niece of Calles — who took her library training in the Saint
Louis Library School and who is engaged in children's library
work in Cleveland, also attended the conference. It was really
fascinating to see the meeting of the scholarly Mexican librarians
and the librarians of our country who pride themselves on their
business ability. Aguilar was home and seemed glad to see me.
The meeting had two papers. one by

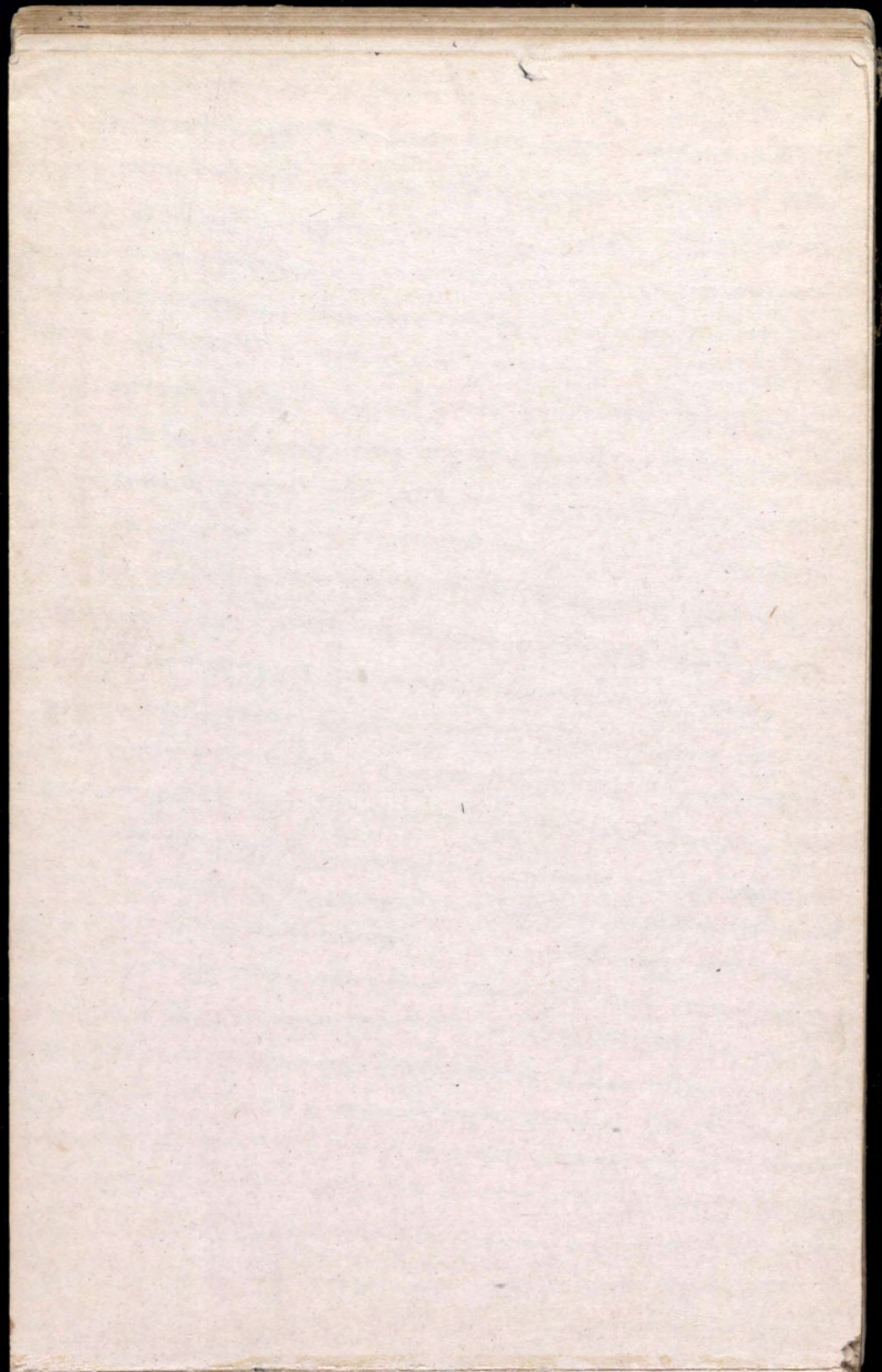
in the

any professional use of it, or deriving any personal benefit therefrom.
But, as the work of a Mexican, with perhaps an Aztec idea involved, it
seemed to me of interest. I am sorry that I have put you to so much
trouble. I trust that you may eventually be able to make your
work known in such way as you desire and that it may recompense
you for your trouble and study. Very truly yours.

transition from aquatic to land life; the other by Aguilar, a report
of his mission. There was a large attendance, so perhaps, among
whom I understood Esperanza Velazquez Bringes and Heliodoro Salas.
We must have begun punctually. At all events we were through
and I was at home by 9.15 p.m. — A letter from Diego Nava dated
3d. what a situation! It contains possibilities of disgust. As a
measure of defense I have copied the correspondence. If he is
really crazy and believes that I am trying to rob him things
may happen. I wonder whether after all Luis Gonzales Obregon
knew of him. He said not, but added "probably crazy". And if, as I
have expected, he is Indian, his suspicion is likely to be deep
and malignant. — At about 2.45 I got around to Frances
Toor's. No. 10. is on the top floor of a nicely old brick building of some
four or five stories, which ought to go down in the next lively temblor.
Alas for those of the top floor when it does. Upon the door opening I saw
a table full of people just ending their lunch with a black black coffee.
It gave the impression of a bohemian group, but it was not so like.
Nivan as at first appeared. Here were Miss Toor, Carleton Beals,
and his father and mother, Dr. Lipschitz, Miss Doherty, Tina Modetti
and Hubert C. Hering. I did not catch the names and believed this
was a daily, perhaps tri-daily table gathering. I believe however
that it is extraordinary and probably gotten up for the benefit of
Mr. Hering. When I did get his name, I insisted on making him out
to be his own father which was rather embarrassing to me. His
father died eight years ago. He seems to have reached town
only yesterday and his seminar opens on Friday. The table was
set with Mexican wares common and brilliant. The party were
smoking their after dinner cigarettes and I took a cup of their
black coffee. Specimens of Tina Modetti's work were on the
walls and drawings, which I assume were Rivera's sketches.



Tops, pottery and other things in native art were in case
on shelves. Miss Toor is a blond, with a particularly ineffective
"bob". She has had a hard struggle with folkways, but now has ex-
-port from the Department. She is giving instruction in the Sum-
-mer school. Gina Modotto is a slender brunette, rather attractive.
Lipschitz of course is a Jew and he and Miss Soherly are Press people.
He lives in Callejon de S. de Mayo, which must be near my restaurant.
The Reds parents seem to be pretty radical and come from Berkeley.
Mention of A.P.S. was the waving of a red rag to the bull. I think I
shall like the son, though I have had my doubts. All in all, it
was an interesting group and I was rather fortunate to happen in
upon it. They all take themselves seriously and I am certainly in sym-
-pathy with the things they are doing, although I do not well know
what the Press people are doing. — I received a double letter
from Elena Dandazuri; post-dated June 4 at Tacubaya, the
next July 3 (of course not) from Tlaxcala. She is to be out there a
month. She sent me five cards of introduction, one of them to Man-
-el Gamio. I was greatly surprised to find that he is in Mexico
and after my visit went to Dinamara. 4. Though I pounded vigor-
-ously at the door I had no response. So I went over and sat in
the Pases for a while. Then back and pounding. A gentleman ap-
-peared. He plainly never heard of Señor Gamio. While he went to
see if he could find anything, I looked again at Elena's letter,
which fortunately I had with me. The number is 44, not 4! Of
course I made my apologies. At 44 I found him. He has a family
of four nice children - three of them surely since my last visit.
He told me quite frankly and fully of the trouble. In the beginning
he had the sympathy and backing of the president. When he found
things unsatisfactory he went to the President with his story and
seems to have been encouraged to kick. When things got hot
the President asked him, why he did not drive him out. About



then he rolled his faces and prepared documents laying them
before the President. The President visibly cooled and Garrio felt
it was time to get out of politics. It was then, in order to prevent
conclusions by the public, that he put out his letter of explanation
of his course. He then went to Washington. He might have gone
into the ~~Embassy~~ but refused. Since then he has done archaeolo-
gical work, lecturing, and just now a research for the Social
Science Research on the Mexican Dominions in the U.S. He gave
me a copy of his preliminary report which he is to present at
Barnmouth in August. Without annexes (which are probably
more voluminous, it runs to 110 type-written pages. I met Mrs.
Garrio, who is a great friend of Elena's, and am to take lunch
with them Friday at 1. — Got out just in time for a drenching rain
fortunately got a streetcar. Got off where the crowd did, and
never for an instant realized that I was at San Juan de los
Rios and 16 de Septiembre! Sheltered and then took supper at Venezia
and so home, to avoid plodding through puddles. —
4th. I went to town early and called on Cardenas; he was pleasant
but asked me to make a formal written application for the press.
Went to Junta where they told me I had had a letter and that Mr. Hon-
las had taken it. Dropped in at the portraits exhibition and found
D. Alf. there. Exchanged a few words with him. Took lunch at
Madrid considerably to my disappointment. I had copied and
sent my second article, on Nicaragua, Habana-Am. Imperial-
ism. — Went home to write my application and to get my letter.
Mr. Honelas did not show up, unusual. — Took up mail
out Dilla and Cardenas. Found Jimenez's letter at last, and the
invitation for the Summer school opening. Deciding to use
it and Miss Landayuri's card at once, I went to the Secretary.

