Frederick Starr Papers

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(57)

Mexico Trip: 1928. No. 3.

NAME Frederick Starr

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MAIL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

"Immobile like a silhouette of stone
He sits upon the ground --
Impervious, invulnerable, as time alone.
His face lost in the folds of a blanket,
His eyes, black and centreless, stare,
Impassively - - - - - - -
Into the nothingness of dusk". p.2

The gist of this is simply that he (the Mexican) believes that the foreigner has been exploiting the Indian, using him as the middle man. He now proposes to take the place of the foreigner and use the newly formed middle-class as his middle man, thus keeping for himself all the contents of the sack of gold -- and -- may it not prove to be as illusive as that other sack which is supposed to lie at the rainbow's end. p.6

(Road-building.) Almost all taxes are collected every two months in Mexico, and the tax on an ordinary auto is some $16. per period of taxation. High!! But, wait a moment yet. There is a special tax on the value as well as the weight of each auto. A special tax on all oil and gasoline consumed. Gasoline in Mexico City has been selling for twenty centavos per litre -- the equivalent of some .40 American money per gallon. Then comes a special tax on each tire, on each repair part, special plate bearing the number of the machine, then for sealing this plate into place. all of which yield something approaching two million pesos monthly, and are in conformity to the laws of the country; and said laws further specify that this money shall be used exclusively for road-building purposes. There has been a contract entered into with a foreign company for the construction of this system of roads, etc., and something less than a million pesos is used by this company per

month for that purpose. The balance simply disappears as if it had never existed. But — there are thousands of fine houses being built in Mexico City, silk dresses are being worn by the new women who appear on the scene and manifestations of luxury among a certain class are most unusual. p.7

The one greatest benefit that has been derived from the years of strife that has existed in Mexico for the past years is the fact that there has been a mixing and commingling of the people, a change of location, and men and women have gone to other parts of the country to live and work and have there amalgamated with the local people in a manner and way that has never been done before — all with a tendency towards forming a homogeneous blood, tongue and customs — a something that has been lacking heretofore. p.8.

Taking as round figures the population of Mexico as being sixteen million, we may say 70% are Indians (i.e. people with less than 1/16 white blood), 20% Mexicans and 10% a heterogeneous population comprising elements from all known races and even nationalities of the world — mainly whites. p.13.

This 20% Mexican has bartered away their rights to the back of gold to the foreigner and while in power politically, his policy was mainly dictated to them -- and they have acted more the middle-man than anything else.

The 10% — foreigner, strictly -- has brought and paid for the sack of gold; he has paid not less than 75% of all taxes paid to the government; he has brought modern civilized methods into the country and has prospered with an open hand to all who would receive. The Mexican has received, accepted and benefitted to a large extent upon his own initiative; the Indian has done the bidding of the white man and being utterly lacking in this initiative, has been contented to be

pushed along; and when the push ceases he stops and again becomes the immobile, passive silhouette of stone.
The 70% of Indian has been content to be pushed; has done the work and burden bearing, the white man's will. -- he has benefitted, almost rib with the openhanded generosity that has been extended him. p.14

By the breaking down of the petty provincial lines that have divided section from section and town and village from town and village and even state from state. By the breaking down of the barriers of caste, the formation of a middle class and by the ability to make at least some show of liberty of expression, for the power of service, higher wages paid, and the return of hundreds of thousands of refugees from various countries, where they have been repatriated for varying lengths of time during the past 12 years -- mainly from the U.S. there they absorbed some of the ideals and ideas of liberty, responsibility and the freedom of thought and action.
Fully 60% of the people of Mexico today wear shoes!! Ten years ago not more than 10%. In the large cities and near the industrial centres fully 50% sleep on beds. Ten years ago, not 5%.
--
The average wage of the laborer was around 0.25 to 0.35 American money daily. Today it is three or four times that amount as are almost all other forms of service as well as the valuation of merchandise. Taxes and imposts have arisen in similar proportion -- but as to whether they are benefitting the nation, or a group of private individuals, is another question entirely ... p.15 - p.16

The Rulers that Be appreciate these things in a general way and appear (on the surface) to be trying with might and main, to give to the masses an opportunity to better themselves, to become independent, self respecting and self supporting; to break

up the cliques that have ruled the country for so long a time and to cause some general dissemination of the potential wealth, both material and mental, back into the hands of the people from whom it was originally derived.

This originated with the thought that as the foreigner was getting on the neck of gold, and using the Mexican as a middleman and the Indian as the workman, the foreigner must be ousted, the Mexican would then be enthroned, a middle-class and as yet a new formed (half-baked) class would be the middleman and the Indian still do the work. Mexico and the Indians for the Mexicans is the real and true meaning of the political war-cry of the day.

The 25% of Mexico, of which the Mexican is the owner, demands full control of the whole. To establish this the foreigner must be punished by confiscation of his created wealth -- by persecution -- by assassination. Legally -- by laws recorded -- if possible; but done at all costs and by any means available. The desire is to obtain quick or immediate possession of this foreign created wealth -- for we must remember that it was all created by the foreigner -- form government cliques, reorganize the system, allow the outs to come in, and thus forming new combinations and new systems to rehabilitate the land.

p. 16.

Basis for a Solution of the Mexican Problem. 5/15.'26.

President Madero was inveigled (let us be charitable and call it that) into placing almost all members of his family into positions of power and trust and all receiving government pay, during his regime. There are known to have been more than 700 members so placed with the result that he was overthrown, as was written on the scroll of fate from the beginning.

p. 3.

(Madero) returning to his native land, he found that through other channels the same propaganda was well under way, more especial-

-ly in this section of the Republic and that these ideas had emanated from centres in New York. He united himself with these socialistic elements and started the revolution that eventuated in the overthrow of the Diaz regime and in the placing of himself and family in powers.
These other Bolshevistic foci that had been started in Mexico originated from the refugees from both Mexico and Russia that had centred themselves in the United States. They held their politico-social meetings in the suburbs of New York City as well as in the headquarters of the infamous I.W.W. in the city of Chicago, where they were presided over by the notorious leader, Bill Haywood. In all these places and among this class of aberrants frank war was declared on the three C's — Control (government), Capital and Clergy -- and these same three C's are their fundamental war cry of this day -- not only in Russia, but in Mexico, as well.
— — In these meetings, John Reed and his most attractive wife, Alma, stand out most prominently among the American elements, and as he was an educated man, a graduate of Harvard, a newspaper correspondent, and had been with Carranza in that capacity for a considerable time, they, together, exerted a great deal of influence in the formation and wording of the now famous Constitution of 1917 of Mexico and the degradation of the time-worn document of 1856, which had been so closely modelled after the constitution of the United States. — — — — —
His wife, Alma, became notorious in certain circles in Mexico City; later went to Yucatan, which was then in the throes of a socialistic birth, and is reputed to have been engaged to marry Felipe Capello Puerto, the leader of the Communists there and who was killed in the de la Huerta revolution of 1924. Since this time Alma has disappeared off the public stage.

p. 4

They were led in all these excesses and abuses -- shown how if you will -- by foreigners, and Americans in the main; Americans legally, but are so prone to say not by birth or blood.

p. 5

(when Control had been destroyed). A strong man was found in Carranza, who obtained the supreme power in Mexico and who ruled on a policy of non-resistance on the one hand and on the other by a system of carefully thought-out agitation against the principal owners of the wealth of the country, the Americans; and this system of non-resistance and agitation has been unique in the measures used in any country; he surrounded himself with various and yet antagonistic groups of unprincipled rascals -- the country was full of the same class, armed and in open revolt against each other (against the central government (if we may be allowed to use that term) and against anyone who had property that was usable, cashable, or convertible; his shrewdness consisted in playing one group against another, the ends against the middle and yet working all the while to unite and solidify a public opinion against the American; he was a snake stinging the bosom of the one who had protected, cared for and warmed him -- Wilson, President of the U.S., who had directly and absolutely placed him, Carranza, in power, maintained him there and supported him in his many and nefarious acts -- acts that had as yet no equal in the history of the Western World. p. 7-8.

-- he is officially declared to have committed suicide by shooting himself in various parts of the body in a little known Indian village, far away from all common routes of communication. $430.000.- American money was paid the doctor who committed the autopsy on his body -- a little steep for the work done and skill involved but "Oh" the report given. p. 8

The present constitution of Mexico is strictly Bolchivik-Socialistic in tendencies and ideals, and as neither capital nor culture were represented in its formation, and as all capital in Mexico is foreign capital, any question that arises between the Mexican and the foreigner is, to say one of capital as against labor; and, as the government is a labor govern-

ment, the clash is already decided against the foreigner and his capital, irrespective of all right and justice.

Carranza made an explicit agreement with the American Govt. as to Mexican government aid, control and management within certain limitations and when the Mexican C.R.O.M. took over the Mexicanized branch of the F.W.W. this agreement was continued and augmented to meet the new conditions and it is an absolute fact that the C.R.O.M. is an authorized branch of the government and holds its own courts and issues its own decrees does the legal authority itself. Its decrees have been obeyed — by force of arms if needed.

Some days before the great national manifestation just passed, it issued an order that no autos, streetcars, etc., should be operated that day. The American Embassador himself asked permission of the proper authorities for permission to use his own automobile; his request was referred to the C.R.O.M. and they issued him a permit, under their own seal and signature that he might use his own car.

On August 1, 1926 the C.R.O.M. leader stated that he would allow private autos to operate that day but not public cars.

Considering the taxes paid, both direct and indirect, it is calculated that to own and operate an auto in Mexico City is one of the real luxuries and one of the most expensive ones known in any city in the world.

Specific cases of the acts and doings of the C.R.O.M. might be cited without limit and they are making it well nigh impossible for any one to exist in a productive way throughout the country; all industry is paralyzed; all tremble for the safety of their investment and all refuse to enter into new productive enterprises. A reign of terrorism, unless one "is in with" the leaders of the organization, who have enriched themselves beyond measure to date.

p. 9

President Calles is once again asserting the law and is carrying through the law that has been on the statute books these many years,

and the sudden freedom given the people then, from the strict applica-
of the laws of Rome over, separate and above those of their OWN COUNTRY,
make them desire most ardently a strict compliance with them and
a resultant separation of church and state, a separation that is really and
valid and not merely in "so-stated" laws that have never been com-
plied with either in fact or fancy.

It is a denying and an attempt at an enforcement of a true separa-
tion of Church and state; a negation of the rights of Rome to send her virile
priest-politicians to Mexico to dominate by either dividing or by fomenting
political troubles throughout Mexico, as they have been in the habit of
doing.

Rome, through direct tithes, division of spoils, direct taxation, confiscation
legally or through the Inquisition, and as receiving fees for her many masses,
forms and ceremonials, and other ignorant-servile-peoples fee, has taken
out of Mexico not less than one hundred billion dollars in gold and silver
coin or bullion since the coming of the Spaniard, 400 years ago.
Today, in spite of the enforcement of the laws, in spite of the impover-
ished condition of the country and people, the Catholics are sending to
Rome more than 90.000.000 of pesos in gold coin as their tribute. This
cannot be denied, for no amount of "passing the buck" or avoiding the
issue will overcome the fact.... Rome is par excellent at these quali-
ties - none better.

p. 10.

The Indian can receive an education. But he remains an Indian,
still, and is just as inert, immobile, impervious and impassive as
ever, and as an Indian, cannot, by his very soul's nature, become
an integral part of the forward and upward march of civilization. As
a being incorporated into the body politics of the nation; as a basis for
the solid and substantial part of the blood of the nation; as a dominant
factor in furnishing vital blood and the mental traits that are part
thereof, Y Ed.

p. 4

(Wilson). His policy towards Mexico increased our national responsibility; disrupted confidence and replaced it with distrust and contempt; substituted courtesy with affrontry and with the vilest of insults. Time and time again He ordered, Czar-like, all Americans out of Mexico; ordered them to abandon "their all" and flee. Caused those without ready cash to sign notes to the U.S. Government for the ready money to pay those His orders, so that their transportation might be paid. They were frequently stranded in their own home-land, oft-times without a cent of money; no means of support and with no manner of maintaining their families. p. 12.

During the second week of July 1926, a certain general, well-known, and but a short time ago poor, but now in power, and living with the famous sexual expert of Mexico "La Conesa", paid $5000 Cash, for a simple breast-pin for her. p. 13

August 13th. lawyer, he insisted on Snead's being made a member of the board, believing that he might be able to "move" the land. While we were eating I happened to mention Liberia, and he spoke of Reed Paige Clark, who also lives at the University club. I said I was anxious to meet him again, even to the extent of going to the Consulate if necessary. He thereupon proposed having us lunch at dinner and after a little skirmishing over the time, he invited us for tonight — I to meet him at the office at 7. I now went to the Liberia, carrying Basave's books for Senora Velasquez-Bringas. I delivered them & had her give me a receipt for them; made known my desires in dept. publications, bookplates, and photographs, all of which she promised. I told her of my various library visits, to her apparent satisfaction — and she urged me to see the library at Ixtapalapa. I went to Olaguibel's office and got a copy of the last Pulgarcito (having sent mine to Ira). Made a second trip to town in the afternoon. Stopped at the Summer School thinking to see Miss Dorr. I had forgotten that her days

were only Tuesday and Thursday. I saw Federico Jamboa for a minute and had a funny contact with a little old lady named Wright, 90 years old, lively and not deaf. She struck up a conversation in which I was subjected to a considerable inquisition. She has lived variously from Kentucky to Manila. With her was her son a retired army officer, Colonel Edmund Dehon Wright. Why he knows Jack Starr Hunt I do not know unless he is at his horses. He gave the address Liverpool 45 (Eric. 1.10.35 — Vogel) in hope that I might help him find The Other Side, Philadelphia: 1850. It is an English edition of apuntes por la historia de la Guerra dentro de los Estados de Mexico y los Estados del norte. — I now went to the Cesa Unida, where I paid my bill of $24. (failing to take a receipt) and left the fourth volume of Pulgarcito for binding with sample. I also got slips for mailing my new checklist, though I am far from certain that it will be printed. Then I killed time sitting around in the Alameda until near 7 at which time I was at the office to meet Mr. Smead. — He was prompt to his time and we took his auto and went at once to the University Club. Red Paige Clark was waiting us and we were joined by Frazer making a party of four for our table. We had a good dinner and a great talk in which I took too much part. Clark has been a second time in Liberia, covering the Firestone discussions. He thinks on the whole that it is not bad for the Republic. Firestone did not get as favorable terms as he at first expected. Clark has also been recently in other parts of Africa, including Congo Belge - just why, I do not know. He has Buell's work, which it seems is in two large volumes. Clark thinks King has done well and he says there has been no persecution of Howard — a thing I have been afraid of. Howard was much broken by the death of his son, his only one. Clark says he feels sure that he was not drunk at the time of the upset and that he does not understand that the crowd in general

was so. He spoke of Emory Ross with regard. apparently he went on least as far as Bolenge in his Congo work. I found that he feels the necessity of the natives in Liberia as I do. On the whole we seemed more in agreement than I might expect. Mr. Snead told Mr. Frazer more or less of Manuel and the house and as we parted Frazer gave me his card and told me to have the boy deliver it to him in person. Snead's car had been kept waiting and he himself drove me home. —— In the early afternoon I went out to the house, gave 14th. the boy Mr. Frazer's card and told him to go there tomorrow morning, not too early, and to see Mr. Frazer himself. We went together to see Paredes, but he was not at home. We missed him by about ten minutes. The woman insisted on giving me a bag of prickly pigs, all but one of which I turned over to the boy. —— When I got back to town I called on Ringe and gave him Snead's letter. He had already been told of me and of my errand. He told him the situation. He telephoned to the office, which informed him that $136. were to my credit and payable! also that I had $1700. of the 4% guaranteed stock and 1000. full paid of the other. He says that the 136 will be paid, and within a few days. advises my holding on, as Mr. Snead's efforts may make a partial return of the capital greater than could now be realized. Of course, I have had no idea of letting go, but I did want to get my 4%, if others were receiving theirs. One uncertainty, however; he telephoned the Bank of Montreal and they said they have not my certificate. It was sent them on June 6 of last year, I feel sure by registered mail, but was never acknowledged. I believe they might feel a little peeved over my returning it with the suggestion that they were being trifled with — and so had not been disturbed as not hearing from them. Tonight, of course, I have followed up the matter. If it is really lost, I presume the Compania as now organized will issue a new one. —— At 6.30, I went to the Soc. Mex. Geog. y Estad. to hear Mrs. Nuttall's paper on a Botanical Garden as planned in Colonial times. Of course I did not hear her. She had a good

attendance of about 50 – a considerable number of them her lady friends. They insisted on many of us being on the platform. I could have heard her if I had remained where I first placed myself, as she was in good voice. Among people whom I knew were Aguilar, Garcia Gutierrez, Miss Temple, and I think Mrs. Bandelier. ——

15th. I put in the morning at Open Air Schools. Alvaro Obregon in Atlampa was the first to be built. It is of limited garden space. The classrooms back up directly upon already constructed walls and have no walls themselves, a disadvantage. They have carpentry as a special industry and some of the machines are electrically powered. No classes were in progress while I was there, the children being at play – with no adequate playground. There are three groups daily – morning, noon, and night-school. There is a strong and interested parents association, which was to me the chief item of note. The district is a disagreeable one – by and beyond the tracks. I took a Guerrero. San Lazaro camion to get there. It runs directly past the school. I believed the same camion would take me to Valbuena. The teacher confirmed my belief and said I would have to walk 500 metres after leaving the camion. —— The collector insisted on letting me off a little before the actual terminus, at Calzada de Valbuena. I started down the calzada and had gone some distance, when I unluckily asked a soldier, whom I met. He turned me back and started me out on the old road continued. As I passed the camions at the terminus, I was irritated at having lost even that little distance. It was hot, dusty and no one knew anything. I could have taken camion on, but felt too uncertain of their destination. Went out past shops, suggestions of variation, re-until really at the offices of Montezuma Colony. Here a teacher in a primary school could really give me direction. Back to the Calzada by camion and then down it again. Came finally to the school, Domingo Sarmiento. It is in a bosque and has the largest grounds of any. The gardening is pretty well developed, so far as decorative feature is concerned. The classrooms are scattered apparently at random; I could make out no plan of arrangement. It was now 10

late that I feared to miss class work by going to the office. The buildings are apparently of cement, with one side open and curtained. Many of the rooms were mural-painted by Maximo Pacheco. He was not there, though there are unfinished paintings. He is just now helping to complete those at the Secretaria. On the whole I did not like his work as much as I expected; perhaps too much influenced by a vulgar boy, who was twirling his fingers before his nose. This was so conspicuous as to be a constant instigator – and as my greatest delight in these schools is with their refining influence on children surrounded by vulgarity I was disappointed. They have two shifts here, with more than 1000 children in all. There are six years. The office is a rendezvous, effort at pretentiousness. The principal was polite and after all showed me around, as the classes run until one o'clock. They have self government and I met some of the child officers. They have gardening and field work, fruit preservation and silk-worm raising. I saw some children putting up fruit; and the ways of feeding worms. They have a rather large building for physical culture, with no open air feature but close, hot + disagreable in lighting. I saw some girls at calisthenics. There is a fine tank, open air, and I saw the boys swim there. They earn the privilege. The director was head of another nearby school, without open air features and now discontinued. He has an admirable picture-clipping record of the history of both schools. They have a life size bronze bust of Sarmiento, sent by him in recognition of the honor conferred upon him (or by the government of Argentina?) (It was now after one o'c. and I had intended to be at the Dominici School closing at 1. — I found a viga camion, which took me quickly and in unexpectedly short distance to Zocalo, where I took another one to the Escuela — I was still in plenty of time. I met Ross as I went in and he said he should come back soon to join me. Miss Sorhad not yet come. When she did come they were together and she had invited him to lunch.

I already had mine on the arm grey chair. He and I really did lunch together but she was so cumbered with various things that we did not see much of her. He leaves tomorrow night. Has had a good time. Smead said that when he was here before he was much at the University club, where he became obnoxious. He says that he was timid in all his utterances, but quick to commend when rarely he agreed with others. That he did not believe any member would extend courtesies to him this time, or that he had been around there at all. He tells me he is to be with the floating University this year, but likely to drop off for Turkey and Persia. He stated again, what he stated the other day, that he has written twenty-two books. We have had a good time together and I am glad to have seen him. Miss Fox invited me to lunch at 1.30 tomorrow. —— I went to Zante after lunching, where I found nought and went to the Secretaria to see Moises Saenz. He was fortunately there. I told him what schools I had visited and that I wished to visit two more of the free schools of painting. We decided on Tlalpam and Xochimilco and Alfredo Ramos Martinez was notified. We agreed to meet at Churubusco at 8 a.m. I brought up the matter of a set of school children's pictures for exhibition purposes, suggesting 40 of moderate size. I do not know what may come of it. He told me that an Institute is closing at Atlixcan on Saturday. Sunday and expressed a wish that I might see it. He believes someone will go down to make the official closure from the Secretaria and agreed to notify me, if there does. —— I went to ex-Volador to see if Meneses had anything worth while at the Revolucion: nought. Then home: found the boy waiting for me outside; had been there since 9 a.m. and it was now 4 p.m. He went to the offices but Mr. Frazer was not there. He did not ask where his office was, nor when he would be in, nor what were his hours. He merely came to tell me!! I was

tired and hot. I cannot carry him. However I told him as clearly and pleasantly as I could what he should do. To go there tomorrow; to find Mr Frazer's office; to wait until he came; to see him personally. — Of course there had to be an early start for 16th Churubusco at 8. Alfredo Ramos Martinez was prompt and we took electric car to Tlalpam. I think I have never been there before. It is on the footslope of Ajusco, which dominates the place. We walked up through the whole length of the town, hotness tiring even so early in the morning. It must have been one of the finest suburbs of olden time and there are still some fine places. As an artist Ramos every now and then pointed out fine bits for pictures. The school was again a disappointment. Plenty of pictures good, bad and indifferent. The maestro was on hand to show us. No students appeared. An ayudante worked hard to display the pictures. A favorite subject is an old Indian carrier with a conical sombrero. There were many pictures of him, by different students. The best was one by the ayudante. Both his manner, his general appearance, and his oblique eyes impressed me and I came near emphasizing the fact that he resembled the Japanese, and making the generalization that such likenesses are not uncommon. After we left, he told me that the man is a Japanese. When we got back to the station, we took a crosstown camion to same retracing and waiting for a tram. Here we saw the Indian cargador, whose picture I had so repeatedly seen. We waited some time at the Y for a tramtrain, but none came. So we hurried to catch a camion. I presume we used time. Our chauffeur was a veritable devil: we were thankful to reach Xochimilco alive. It was quite a walk through the village — almost to the German Club — in the direction of the gardens, to the school. We found the gate locked and the master gone. Repeated sounding and shaking produced a boy of 12 or 13 who

for us in. Ramos was plainly irritated and I got the impression that the man comes and goes as he pleases. We again looked at a lot of pictures — among which flowers or masks seemed to be favorites. We saw no artists except the boy, who picked out one or two of his own — nothing remarkable. We now walked to the boys' school. I did not tell Ramos I had been there before. We looked at the murals, scenes in Xochimilco. On my expressing a desire to see say a half-dozen of the boys who had really done the painting — one was, with some difficulty found. He showed me what he had done and also his brother's work. This boy was perhaps 12 and his brother about the same. He was far from being an Indian, in fact surely had little Indian blood. More than that both of them are students in the school of painting. These murals have been emphasized as primary school work — not free school of painting. Ramos lays no claim to them. I now insisted on taking him to Riva Palacio, to see Matilde Gomez work. This was entirely new and unknown to him and he gave it hearty commendation. We called Matilde out and introduced her to him. She has made considerable progress on her second wall. She is far from an Indian, of course. I emphasize these points, because both in his writing and conversation he has emphasized the Indian ability and made much of its surpassing the mestizo. He is a little "light" in his judgments however (perhaps the artistic nature) and more than once has emphasized the fact that all children are capable of the same enthusiasm. In fact, both now and the other day, he has stated his intention of going to the U.S. and demonstrating our ability. It was now well after 12. and I hurried back to town (x). ——— In the evening I called on D. Nicolas Lear and Carlos Basave, who live near each other. Lear has been a wonderful worker. He has three rooms devoted

to his interests. He has a vast amount of unpublished material of the highest importance. I wanted to see his two papers on Mexican playing cards. Both are ready for publication. He has a number of old cards, in fragmentary condition, found as stiffening in old book-bindings. These he has carefully mounted between micas and they are bound in with his text. He has two plates — one in black and white of cards that were plainly of Mexican origin, with designs showing aztec influence and with title or hint written in in the regular way of codices. These are copied from originals in Spanish archives. The other is in colors, copied from originals or hints of originals — I do not well know. To my surprise he is quite amenable to their publication. The pictures are of the size of the originals. They ought to be reproduced as they stand in full size as to plates, perhaps folded in the middle. The text would be of only a few pages. They should be in somewhat stiff covers, and there ought to be appropriate lettering and design on the front and perhaps on the back. It ought not to be a matter of any great expense to publish these. — He showed me a heart-breaking work. He has a collection of 5000 specimens of copper-plate and wood-cut engravings representing the history of these arts in Mexico through its whole history. It is a wonderful monument of loving and patriotic labor, but he is hopeless of its publication, which will be expensive, of course. — I talked of book-plates. His oldest one is, of course, a Maya time-symbol. He attributes no especial significance to it, but it seems appropriate for a historian's books. The eagle-tiger design may not be Aztec. It is photographed from a carved stone in a Oaxaca church. The bookplate is made from it. He had a disagreeable lot of old bookplates, mostly mere labels, done up in an envelope —

marked - "no enviados a Clark". There were just about twenty and he set a price of $20. - too high, but I took them along to consider. — I found Carlos Basave a man to my taste. He is probably the oldest of the three brothers. He was expecting me and gave me a warm welcome. He could not give me the address of José Rivera Rosas, but he was here yesterday and can be found. It seems he has come to Mexico to do something for the Dept.o de Salubridad. Don Carlos' interest is, as I knew, in books regarding Mexico, of which he has a really great collection. It interested me to find that he has an especial interest in and richness of books relative to the Revolution. He showed me Satanas, which he says is really scarce. Its form is quite different from what I expected and may help me in my search. It is not an especially good thing, either as a novel or history. He binds his pamphlets and brochures (folletos) in volumes and has to consult his card index to locate them. He has a file of several papers, covering the period of the Revolution. I had a good call and was urged to come again at anytime, with telephone announcement, if possible. — I set apart 17th. the morning for the Museo Nacional, intending to find Castillo Ledon, Mena, Mendizabal, and Nuñez Domingo - making a clean sweep. I wasted much time and saw no one but Nuñez. None of the others appeared. The fact that the afternoon was sacred to Obregón's memory scarcely seems an explanation. I had never met Nuñez and at first he was a little stiff and uncertain why I should ask an ex-libris. I demonstrated my claim and he will have some here on Monday, as there are none just now printed. — Once accomplish something, I now hurried to the Biblioteca Nacional. I hoped here to meet Rivas, to secure perhaps an ex-libris of Francisco Dosal, and to secure a copy of the Or-

curso report (excluding the bibliography of the Revolution by Jiménez). I used Moises Saenz's letter and was pleasantly enough received. But the Cincuenta reports are asplada and they do not know of Sousa's ex-libris. However Rivas presented me two of his works and showed me a third (agotado) which contains his ex-libris. This is a strange, but not unique thing. His ex-libris is not separate and intended to mark ownership; it is printed in the book as a sign of authorship. I regret not having that book as it does not occur in his other books given; i.e. Cuauhtémoc: Tragedia and La Musa Morena. He called in and introduced Enrique Fernandez Ledesma, who presented me Con la Sed en los Labios. This is the Enrique whose ex-libris in Biblos No. has been on my question-list. His "ex-libris" appears in this book, as above. I doubt whether it has a separate existence. There is going to be quite a list of these strange things. I will include them in my checklist, but will have to give them a distinguishing mark. Joaquin Mendez Rivas is a younger man that I expected and quite in contrast to his predecessors whom I have known. To reach him I had been piloted by a long and tortuous route to the bottom of a spiral stairway up which I had climbed to find him. He came to the top of this with me, and told me I was to go out of the door at the foot, a rear doorway. I saw that it was propped ajar by a heavy timber and did not like to leave it open as would be necessary. So, believing this idea had only been my convenience, I tried to retrace my way. I found everything deserted — no one in the reading rooms, or the lower offices and hall, while the doors were securely locked. I finally found one man, apparently the only one. He viewed me with some suspicion but took me to the rear door and let me out. —

I now hurried to Miss Toor's. We had a nice lunch and a free talk. I asked her about herself. She was born in Russia, but has lived outside since a young child. She favors the present government but does not consider herself a communist or bolshevik. I think she realizes that she need make no apologies to me, and so incline

to accept her statement. Tina Modotti brought in a lot of her pictures and left them for inspection, staying only a few minutes as she is filling an important order. While she was there we noticed that the volcanes were unusually fine, fairly clean but with a dark ground and fine cloud effects. Her pictures are fine and show a considerable range. She is sensitive and sentimental. The symbols of work appeal to her and she makes hand-studies — the workers hands, her mother's hands, etc. Some of her construction and mechanical pictures I had seen before. They are good and yield artistic effects. Some flower pictures, near range, are curious and unusual. A baby taking mother's milk is a real study — so is the little lad taking relief. Her crowds are good and impressive, and would suit Underwood & U. I have seen few of her portraits, but I suppose the very good one of Morones on Miss Doris's wall is hers. Miss Doris is going to the New York meeting next month, with Chicago on the way to see her mother who happens to be there now. She would like to give some lectures, but she is late to make arrangements. — I stopped at Duval's and got Duell's books, which Red Paige Clark offered to loan me. — In the evening I went to Ezequiela Chavez. He was glad to see me and we had a long talk. He could not help me on educational games, as I had hoped. He is not at present in office. He has been high in the Secretaria since I knew him in the old days. It seems that Vasconcelos's first appointment was under Eulelio Gutierrez, who lasted but two months. As soon as he had this appointment he invited Chavez who was his old teacher to cooperate with him. With Carranza and the new constitution but Secretaria was entirely swept out. The re-establishment was largely through their efforts and with it — in 1925 — Vasconcelos became Secretario and appointed Chavez Rector of the University. He considers Vas. brilliant but impetuous and uncertain; somewhat given to fads. He began the rural school idea and its associated features. Chavez gives no credence whatever to the American citizenship idea, believing

that he would see that it was suicide. The classical publications were a general impulse but did not meet a real and crying need. The Greek translations were none of them very, except Platinus. They were selected as the best from the existing ones. The Platinus he believes will have, by a competent scholar. I have been trying to get information regarding Vasconcelos and was glad to have one from one who had known him so intimately and well. — On Wednesday morning I saw Dr. Hauser, who was to see my workman that afternoon. He told me that he had at last got things in shape and tomorrow would really begin his 3-5 p.m. hours. He asked me to come then and hear the result of his inquiries. So I was there Thursday from 3.15 to 4.15, also on Friday, but no Dr. H. Thursday his helper told me that he believes Dr. really in bad shape and run down. So on Saturday a.m. 19th. I went to the house. He has gone to Cuernavaca until Monday, which means of course that he is in bad shape. — The last two or three days I have been copying the ex-libris list. I am writing the names and data regarding each on slips. It is the only way to get all the notes and minor lists into alphabetic order. Today I caught up with the work and have all slipped, even to Leon's last lot. If José Rivera Rosas gives me any, they and whatever I get from Felipe Teixidor, will make me ready for the printer if I decide to print. It was a less heavy task than I anticipated. — Last evening I found an urgent letter from Moises Saenz: Moises Saenz saluda atentamente a su estimado amigo el Señor Dr. Federico R. Starr y le manifiesta que mañana a las cinco (4.50) de la tarde saldrá el señor Prof. Rafael Ramirez para visitar la Misión Cultural en Atlatlahucan, Edo. de Morelos, por la estación de San Lázaro, regresando probablemente el domingo. Unicamente habrá que pagar el pasaje que es una insignificancia, puesto que el alojamiento y comida se les proporcionara en aquel lugar. México, Agosto 17 de 1928. Of

course the fare was an insignificance. Still for principle, and because I thought all formalities were already gone through with I stopped in and asked Cardenas for my pass. I had forgotten that a written application would be necessary and Cardenas feared the time was too short for the procedure to be gone through. I asked him whether there was any impropriety in myself seeing Noriega and he said none. So there I went. They did not propose to put me in touch as I was neither the day nor the hour for interview. I was persistent and sent in my name. I think he had no recollection of it, but I got in. He's a cold one. I had wanted to thank him anyway for his assistance and now did so and asked for the pass. He told me to be seated and we waited a few minutes — when poor Cardenas came in, plainly sent for. They had a conversation, in which I somewhat felt that Cardenas was being blamed. We then withdrew to his office, where he looked up the bulky correspondence in my case, folded pertinents and sent in the whole mass. On hearing from above, Cardenas drew up a letter of request which I signed and somehow the pass was issued. We upset the routine of the office for nearly two hours and I fear gave Cardenas some personal concern. He was very nice through it all but I would much rather have paid my fare than to have compromised him. —

I now went to the Japanese legation, where I was pleasantly received both by Minister and Secretary. I laid Nakagawa's desires before them and they seemed interested and willing and promised to send me the material in a week or ten days. — At 4.50 I was in my seat. Every seat was taken and no one got off. We were crowded and hot. Our party was of four persons — Ramirez, Beharano and his boy, and myself. Ramirez I knew before — he was on the Texcoco trip. Beharano is a Mexican who lives in New York, where he seems to run the Mexican chamber of Commerce, acts as Educational adviser, and is now developing tours. The boy was born in Mexico but this is his first real experience here. The trip was really a hard one. We were due at Atlatlahucan at 9.09, but were at least a half hour late. We had a rousing reception. The town is Indian and the Presidente and the

officers were down, also various members of the mission, and educational officers of state and district. The band was down in full force and we were received with music and a great volley of confetti. They were amply supplied with lanterns. The way to town was really quite far and quite rough and stony. The Presidente had taken me by the elbow and guided me lighting well. We headed the line and struck such a pace that we had very now and then to wait for the others. We at last entered the village, where fires were lighted and people stood at doorways and gates to see us pass. Two or three little girls gave me bouquets of flowers. At last we reached the old church, a massive 16th. structure, with a monastery attached. The bells pealed. We entered and walked through corridors, with color decorated vaulting, around the patio, full of trees, to the stairs leading up to the second story. As we went up the children of the village were drawn up on both sides. The band was playing. The President and I led the line. The children pressed forward and loaded me with flowers — my arms full. At the same time they deluged me with confetti papers until my face (sweaty as it was) and my clothes were covered and my hair filled. By the time we reached the top of the stairs I was a sight to see. Of course all of this was meant for Ramirez, not for me but the accident of my being in front was responsible for it. Now on the second floor, here we were with the Institute. Those four splendid corridors, around the patio, and the cells of the old monks house the whole outfit. There are about 75 rural teachers here, 5 of the mission, several officials of state and district — probably 90 persons altogether. They have been here a month with classes, work, social mission, etc., etc. This is the end. All room here; all eat here, the table being a cooperative. Expenses have been held at about 0.70 centavos a day. The band supplied us music; there were introductions of all sorts; there were addresses of greeting, etc., etc. We could see that sometime there was to be something to eat at the long table. It came finally along about 11.30. I supposed we were to sleep here and wondered about our

cell. It was well after 12 o'c. when we finally were taken outside to an elderly virgin's. My what a fine, great, high room for an Indian house in such a town. Three good beds — one for Rannie, one for Beharry and the boy, and for me. And a good sleep. Such a splendid cuezomatl

19th Sunday. at our house, with a well built triple thatch, surmounted by another but capped with a rider. They are broader than those of Stapel and better thatched. There are many as good or almost in the town. There is a temascal here too and an horno. We walked through town. It's a fine typical Mexicano town: good enclosing walls, with the 3-house arrangement finely developed, each of the three typical — and with fruit trees and others in the yards. The blood here too is much more in evidence than anticipated. The church has a fine yard well enclosed. We climbed up into the roof and into the tower; saw the bells and heard them and looked out over the landscape. The village is a clump of green, which ends sharply at the borders. Beyond lie fields, but no trees. The number and beauty of the cuezomatls is more evident from here and there are several houses as good as the one where we slept last night. There are fine trees, including some palms in the church yard. There were formerly four fine cardinal-point chapels for Corpus. One of these is still quite perfect. The other less so. At a little distance is a chapel of the three kings which are visited. The church inside is in pretty good condition and the people seem quite devout. The many saints and other figures are all dressed with good garments of trapo. In our walk around we saw some of the works of the mission — cultivated area, basket-ball ground, and a stretch of newly made road, continuing an old road. During the morning they were busy putting their exhibition in order. Dressed skins, inks, sealing wax, soaps in variety, face cream, grass, crayons, preserved fruits, fruit wines, dried bananas, garments, (also garments made by the village women under instigation), &c., &c. I had not fully understood the purpose of this exhibition. It is only incidentally for the village or outsiders — nor is it samples. It is to show the Institute the actual material achievements and is supposed to be complete — the whole product. We ate breakfast at 11. I was quite ready for it. Last night the host

Programa

que se desarrollara en las pistas de clausura del Segundo Instituto Social de Atlatlahucan, Mor.

a las 10 horas.

1. Carreras a pie de varios eventos compitiendo alumnos, maestros y vecinos de la Población.
2. Carreras en sacos y en costales.
3. Formación de Pirámides: grupo de vecinos.
4. Adiós de los Volcanes, recitación – grupo de señoritas profesoras.
5. Tabla de calistenica (ejercicios asimétricos), maestros alumnos.
6. Table de ritmica: señoritas profesoras.
7. Football. Profesores y alumnos particulares.

a las 16 horas.

Carreras de cintas. Apadrinarán -- señoritas vecinas --

a las 20 horas.

1. Obertura.
2. Alocución. Sta. Pfa. Guadalupe Lopez.
3. Te vengo a decir adios. Cancion, grupo de maestros.
4. El indito mirando nomás. Poesia por Sta. Prof.a Concepción Villegas.
5. Musica
6. La Gavotte. Bailable grupo de Sta.s Prof.s
7. Perate que trilla. Poesia por la Sta. Pfor.a Carmen Velez.
8. Clavelitos. Canto. Profas. J. de Martinez y Carmen Velez.
9. Despedida. Sr. Prof. Francisco Saldaña.
10. Varita de nardo. Cancion. Señores Alvarado Rodriguez.
11. Del Mundo al infinito. Canto. grupo de Maestros.
12. Disparo de cohetes.
13. La India Mexicana. Bailable. grupo de Maestras
14. Clausura. Prof. Rafael Ramirez.

thing we had were quesedillas. But the two chef d'oeuvres were veritable failures — raised biscuits and a pie, which it took all of a man's strength to cut and which no one could eat. This morning we had a dish that was beautiful to see when brought in and good to eat. It was a combination of frijoles, toasted tortillas, cheese and onions. The eggs rancheros two were good to see and good to eat. We all eat at one long table and the Presidente was always invited to be with us. A rather full program was carried out, in three sections. At 3 p.m. a heavy rain began, which continued until between 11 and 12. This prevented a satisfactory rendering of the second part. We ate lightly in the afternoon; more heartily at about 11. We were told that our train went "at three" and so it was deemed best not to think of bed. The program that was to begin at 20 hours really began at about 24. It continued until between 2 and 3. Just as I began to feel a little concern over the walk and time, we learned that the train was 4.15 instead of 3. There was a good deal of sentiment in the farewell and in the giving of the certificates. Both were pretty serious to most of them. There were three or four women and two or three men who were far from young and the earning of this certificate seems to mean much to them. There were several who insisted on embracing and there were some tears shed. Well as in the evening there was a distribution of the exhibition — a complete clearing out and some walked away with arms full. The Presidente has been in high feather, but has quite a fever tonight. Still he made his speeches in good form. It seems that there are a good many bids for these Institutes and a choice has to be made between towns. This town of San Mateo Atlatlhucan has been very happy in having them here. When the financial report of the cooperative was made, it seems that there was perhaps £ 140. for food supplies due the village. When the Presidente announced that the town had decided to make no collection of this, in appreciation of the work that has been done by the students, there was hearty applause. The whole thing wound up with dancing. At about 3.30 we started. No band, no villagers. But about 20 of the students and 4 girls with

lantern accompanied us. The rain had stopped but there were puddles, slippery mud and wet grass and shrubbery. My lighter did not know his business, carrying the light ahead of me. On this time I made bad work of it and came in a poor last. The train was in and out before 4.15. My timetable showed it due at 4.07 and the whole run until quite near Mexico was made at the times indicated. If we had really not reached the station before 4.15 20th. we would certainly have missed the train. The District officer and another went up to the city with us. On time most of the way we lost a half-hour at Cotitlan and came in at 9.15 instead 8.50. I took chocolate near the station and was at home at 10.30. Did little except odds and ends. Saw Hauser: it was brainfag that took him away so unceremoniously. He is really in bad shape. We decided to put the man at work, who will do it for $85. There are dark hints of all sorts of expensive improvements ahead. I cannot understand them. That the Company is going to make some general improvements that will tax us is easy. But when others talk of cement sidewalks and a raising of the wall by a metre, and other things — under threat — it makes me sick. Especially as such improvements will increase the rental value and the accompanying tax. —— Tuesday I wrote to Sixto Arauz 21st Bassave to try to push proposed events. Went again to the Museum. Went into Leon's class. He had four students. He gave me a good send off to them. I paid him his $20. and he gave me a copy of his Casias and his little apologia. I found Nuñez in and he had his ex libris ready. He would have given me as many as I would. I took three. Neither Mena nor Mendizabal. Had a nice interview with Castillo Ledon. I suggested a News photologue. He asked if there were publications I'd like. I wish I dared ask for the Codices. I am not sure but I'd be more considered if I did. —— In the evening I went to Mesones 42. The women recognized me at once, but told me that Antonietta Rivas and the rest had cleared out. One of them told me I should go to San Miguel (3 blocks) and El Tirolá. I found that

El Pirata is a public dancing hall; it was red-lighted and full of young people. A young man who appeared to be a ticket-man clearly knew whom I wanted, but said none of them were there. He would talk her that I called. The mystery deepens. I do not know what it all amounts to. —— In connection with this I had planned to call on Agustin Aragon, at 69 Capuchinas. This proves to be his office and of course no one was there. I have no idea where his house is. ——

22d. A little discouraged over accumulation I planned to stay mostly at home and to catch up with reading, newspaper file, correspondence, &c. Did go to museum library to make list of publications. Made some headway with reading and caught up with the newspapers. Not back twelve days behind and correspondence shot to pieces — although no letters for several days. Did buy several books, already located at book-stores. Meneses suggests my asking Antonio Alzate for the Concurso. He thinks they will have duplicates. Sounds reasonable. ——

23d. Went out to Mixcoac to see Cornyn. Was astonished at what he has and has laid out. He has the whole series of the Sahagun Aztec material — reprinted in Madrid at the expense of the Mexican government. It is the material written down by his students and then copied and to some degree annotated by Sahagun himself. It is marvellously comprehensive covering an enormous range of subjects. Cornyn's own great discovery, if it is such, is that most of it — even to lists of things is in metre and is to be considered as ritual. He repeatedly scanned passages to show me its trochaic form. He says when errors were made by copyists, or new words were ignorantly introduced this rhythm is broken, but that originally it was perfect. Of course mnemonic advantage would be gained by metrical arrangement. He claims that no lines were necessary or existed in the absolutely original. The one haunting doubt to me is made by his own statement that all Aztec words have a given stress and I wonder whether

the rhythmic or trochaic form could be avoided. This is probably only a display of my ignorance of the whole subject. There are long songs to the gods: one of these, that to Tezcatlipoca, he has translated in full. These are little petitionary, and are mostly attributively descriptive or descriptive. Of course it was from this enormous mass of material that Sahagun selected out the matter printed in his usually known Spanish work. Though these folios are dated back in the early years of the century and dedicated to Porfirio Diaz they were not actually in print until 1919 or later. He showed me also the Florentine Codex, which he could not get as a gift and for which he paid $60. although the person from whom he bought got it for nothing and had no interest in such things. He claims that there are but four copies remaining in the governments hands. It is a marvellous collection of pictures undoubtedly illustrating the text. Gods, daily life, tradition, history, plants, animals, houses, utensils, dress, occupations, all are shown in detail. It is indispensable to every student. So far as the pictures of the gods are concerned Conyn thinks such pictures were before the priest who sang the songs and that the worshipper saw the pictures as the one attribute after the other was mentioned or described. His third exhibit was Guadalupe stuff of which he has much, a large part of it photostat from the Newberry Public Library. He has early versions of the song of Juan Diego, in which not a word is said of the miracle of the roses or of the Bishop. He has later versions where these are introduced, but the original parts remain in metrical form while the additions are not. He has an Aztec will of a woman of Cuauhtitlan, who leaves money for masships but denies the claim of Tepeyac, asserting that what occurred was at Cuauhtitlan and for this her money goes. I was with him more than two hours. — In the evening went to Antonio Alzate in accordance with Meneses suggestion. They have no duplicate but Aguilar undertakes to get me a copy. He derides the idea that it is agotado, asserting that "they" are merely ignorant and don't know

what it is. —— I am getting a little desperate over achievement. 21st Things have fallen behind and many do not materialize. A ray of light in the Secretaría. Most of what I asked Sra. Vilaggas. Bermgas to send me came today. I had written the usual letter of reminder as the eleven days have passed, but to cheer up. I looked over a stock of corridos that I have had my eye on in Tacuba. All were guerreros and most of them relatively recent. Bought 16 at 2 for 5 centavos. Called a moment on Ringe, but he was at a meeting. He told me to write him a written order on the Bank, to deliver my certificate to him. He will send me a check for the amount due. —— To the photo exhibition, which is well worth while. There were many fine exhibits and many beautiful things. They were rather liberal in judgment. There was one grand prize so to say; but a number of first and second prizes. Third prizes were of little worth and an honorable mention was almost worse than no recognition. Tina Modotti did not put out as much as showing as I would like, but had a "first." So did Hugo Brehm, whose views are surely fine. Some of his mountain views greatly pleased me. One artist made a great showing of mountains - splendid things from Ixtaccihuatl, also Popocatepetl, Toluca and others. Was it Hugo Brehm who had a fine Citlaltepetl? One of the specialists Ixtaccihuatl was a summit snow cone crest that was serpent. The Ixtaccihuatl views were surely all of them summit views. Next to the mountain the things that interested me most were bits of old buildings — towers, cupolas, viratas, arches, facades, etc. There were few relatively that aimed at the psychological effects of Miss Modotti's. She had one of the feeding baby, but not the most successful.

— In response to my letter, M. Basave was kind enough to arrange a meeting with José Rivera Rosas. A third gentleman was in the party, all interested in books. Our appointment was for seven and I stayed more than an hour. M. Rivera had his collection with him. They fill a book. They are supposed to be numbered and really are to 81. There are perhaps half as many more put into the blank pages after the book was full. His collection is richly Guadalajara; in fact he has little else. For each one he has carefully written on from what book it was taken — giving some hint as to date and personality. Where possible he has carefully made biographical notes. In some cases, as Pedro Ruiz, these run to many pages. There is much of interest in them. On my stating that I should like to make some notes, he said he meant me to borrow and take home for working at my leisure. In their chit-chat they called my attention to Maldonado and his very early work on political economy here. The two editions were produced. The man was far in advance of his time in advising far-reaching and necessary reforms. It is almost certain that he had little suggestions from outside. M. Basave mentioned Rosas, who called on him in his earlier visit and gave him a copy of his Social Revolution. I begged him to produce it and shown them his dedication. Either M. Basave had laid out several pamphlets that he thought would interest me, or he produced them and gave them to me as they were duplicates. All in all it was a nice occasion ——— A record of my recent 25th letters had result and I lunched with Felipe and Mrs Deinator at Pensin Francaise at 1.30. It turns out that she knows the United States (most of her family living there) and speaks English fairly. He does not. After lunch we got to work at his collection and were steadily at it until 4.15. By that time I had

noted everything not on my lists. I believed they had a later engagements and when I left was somewhat precipitate. It had just begun to rain. I took refuge behind a great tree trunk in the Alameda. The storm was a real dumpour. My protector good for a time finally failed me and I made a run for the handstand. Was as wet as ever I believe - a real drenched rat. A hundred of us were sheltered there and I had to wait until by after 5. before I ventured to leave it. - Saturday, Sunday and Monday morning I worked steadily at ex-libris. Made out slips for all of Rivera Rosas and Peixidor's specimens, made out the copy for the new checklist, and made abstracts of Rivera Rosas biographical. I also listed all known examples of the initials grasps with a view to an article. On Monday I returned Rivera's book to Mr. Basave's house and turned in the copy to the printer. I also wrote Rivera and Peixidor, also Brigham, for photographs of their. There are still two to ask from Aguirre.

26th. Sunday. Taking dinner at Sanborn's, I went out to the Colonia. No work done yet. The boy not yet placed. He has seen Mr. Frazer and went to two jefes. One of them agrees to take him as 3d assistant. He goes to him tomorrow. Dolia Luis' husband (who was lying down) went out to notify Paredes of my presence. The boy was cleaning up. Paredes came and we then went to his house visiting and eating figs. He is older than I believed and is quite gray. His wife died years ago. She was not as much his senior as I always supposed. ___ After my errand to Basave and

27th the printer I went to the Secretaria. Wanted to see Reygadas but he was not in. Saw Olaguibel and showed him that I now had all Pulgarito. Call on Rafael Ramirez to get printed matter regarding Cooperativas. He made some reference to Elena Landazuri, whereupon I produced and delivered her card of introduction. Better late than never. I believe he would have loved

me more if I had produced it sooner — In the evening I called on the Hausers. Had a nice little visit. Suggested pushing the worker somewhat. (He calls for materials money Friday.) I asked advice about Puebla. He suggests my seeing Ventoza and Sarmiento. I found that I had Sarmiento already on my list and that he is the pollelre Lettres. I added Mariano Lopez Ruiz to my lists, from Puebla. Mrs. Hauser advised me to see Taylor, Presbyterian missionary at Oaxaca, as perhaps helpful. I took occasion to bring up D. Salmons. Conservative in comment but on the whole much as I expected —. I was up and away 28th early. Train at 7.30 and on time at Puebla, or nearly so. Got a good lunch at a place fronting towards the station but paid more at $1.- than I should. The Hausers had recommended Hotel Venezia and I really meant to go there but thought I'd walk past the old place and see if it is functioning. Before I got to the corner however I noticed a Casa de Huespedes, La Estrella, and thought I'd look at its rooms, ending with my taking one. Leaving my stuff I did walk past the old place. I believe it is run as a rooming place, and it has been fixed up since my last eventful stay there. I now walked down through town. I think it better kept up than Mexico. The Methodist girls' school is at the old place and their new church is quite a fine affair replacing the old burned one. The market building is since my last visit into the City. It is a large affair. The stalls and sections are in groups. There are good stocks of local toys yet to be had. The pottery displays are wonderful and impressive, with glass as a minor. Of course vegetable and fruits are wonderful. I was surprised and delighted to find a stock of remedios as extensive and varied as any of the past could have been. I walked to and sat in the Plaza. The growth has been solid and prodigious, until it is almost too dense. The Portales are not as crowded with stalls as they used to be, but onyx is still a specialty and the stocks of duelas are not especially attractive with the old preponderance of sweet potato and the characteristic dry as dust earthy looking preserves. — I finally ran down the Colegio and inquired for Sarmiento. He

would come at 5. As it was already after 4, I proposed to wait for him but was rather pushed out to look for him at his residence. It was none too easily found and I was not cordially welcomed when at 4.35 I found him. Not especially hearty at first, he gradually warmed as he showed me his work. His folklore lecture is completely exploded. It was what I was especially seeking. His great work on hunting is still unpublished, but seems really to be an important study. It is at least a remarkable piece of analysis, is illustrated with a mass of curious pictures, and lists a bibliography of more than 300 works consulted. It has brought him into contact with and drawn out autographed copies of books by Theodore Roosevelt and W.T. Hornaday in the U.S. and eight hunters of England and other lands. His work on versification of the Spanish language he claims calls attention to a remarkable discovery. It is a long poetical production with a marked rhythm, which he indicates by a mode of writing symbols. He had now to go to a five o'c. appointment, but insisted on showing me various buildings on the way. It was raining and we went umbrella-d. First to the nearby church. Tiles and interior decoration; then to an interior of a building [illegible] tiled. To churches for old altar work, onyx, tile base lines, paintings &c., &c. all were worth while but we were racing against time and I did not even learn the names. There are more than 250 buildings left of the redfronts with inlaid opaque tiling. He left me at the house of his appointment, which itself has a good tile decoration. — I now decided to really look for Ventosa, at the tile and lozafatica of . 5 Cia, 906 Peninsula 2. It might easily be overlooked from outside but proved extensive and interesting. They make a large range of tiles and potteries of talavera impulse. There are set pieces for fireplaces, combinations, the for inserting in patterns etc. There are many designs some old, others new. I rather liked the Don Quijote Renaissance pieces. Ventosa was not there; comes in the mornings. I left one of my lists in lieu of a card. The man in charge insisted on knowing when I would be back and whereas seemed to think Ventosa would call on Friday night. On my way to

my room, I found a more pretentious title and [illegible] poetry on the street running from the station and near it. I ate and settled down for the night, finally playing solitaire. Col Darniento appeared. He had a bound volume of papers by Palacios, who is his warm friend, among them my translation, which he wanted autographed. He got to going on his versification and told how his invention, taught for many years was presented as new before the Soc. Mex. Geog. & Estad. and how Palacios in a burst of anger and friendly loyalty stamped the pretender as a thief and plagiarist. This focussed my already impression that this discovery and Conyn's resemble each other and I asked him if he knew Conyn. Then came a bursh. No: he had never met Conyn, but the editor of the Mexican Magazine came to the hotel to interview him and they went fully into the discovery. He then went back to Mexico and in the magazine Conyn's discovery was soon heralded. Darniento says it applies also to English. This raises all the doubt I had when I thought it applied only to Aztec. Was there intentional versification in the Aztecs, when they made mere lists of objects or of numbers. Is the rhythmical, metrical, form available in any language. Anyhow these gentlemen have given Darniento no recognition. Just what he said about the editor's work in Mexico I do not know, but I think he claims that he used Darniento here without recognition or payment. All of which is interesting. Between Miss Blake and Darniento, the Editor looks like a thief, and the question whether Conyn is a receiver of stolen property seems raise-able. Darniento remained more than an hour and we had an interesting visit — I was 29th away at 6.30. The old hot, dusty, tiring, but beautiful ride all day. The old dinner at the Chinaman's in Torreon. Not much development evident. Some towns like Lerdo seem to have grown and less Indian. At Esta a considerable quantity of blocks and masses of ore ready for shipment. At a town before entering the canyon was a neat announce-

Marcelina Jacinto.
Amalia Martinez.
Cecilia Sánchez.
Eustolia López.

ments at a [illegible] — En la Canada todos somos socialistas cafeteros." Just what was meant by la Canada I do not know. We were overrun by hotel runners as we neared Oaxaca. One was especially persistent. We arrived at 6.30 and I walked up — a mistake; it is persistency accompanied me. I took him at a barbershop. He was waiting when I was through. I let him show me rooms but we came to no agreement. I found Hotel Francia and took room there. Mrs. Hauser had urged me to find and use Taylor (Presbyn.) Do after dinner I went to Templo. native pastor (M.E. South.) in charge. Taylor gone to San Angel. Taken to — Lady — Miss Doctor? She has a girls' home. They came from outside, live with her and go to school in town. Among them four Zapotec girls, who did not know Spanish when they came. I had them summoned. They know or are related to some of the boys at the Casa del Estudiante Indigena — It was arranged 30th that the Pastor would show me around. He was prompt to the time set - nine a.m. We went first to the Normal School. It was discontinued for a time and has not been running long as it's present run. It suffered somewhat from the earthquake. I think the Director said there are eighteen students. The building is of stone and around patios, two stories high. Equipment poor enough though the Director seemed to consider it adequate and up to date. Paints portraits of Don Porfirio — one the commencement of the school the other as governor of the state. All the governors are displayed in the assembly room, which is not bad, though far from as fine as the Director felt. Here was a portrait of my old friend Martin Gregorio. We now went to the Institute, which has a better building. Director Pardo was not there, but the Museum was opened for our inspection. It was a sad scene of neglect and abandonment - all bad, but archaeology in pitiful evidence — Have inquired for Francisco Leon, receiving varying reports - death and removal from the city. Here I insisted on pinning our guide down and learned that he still lives and in the city - on Calle

de Hidalgo. I now began to be taken there and we really found him. They kicked him out, after 30 years service; he seems to have no resources. He is now 65 years of age and somewhat hard of hearing. Is bitter naturally and has cumbatly to lead. I asked if he had kept up interest and done aught of late years. He replied by calling attention to four paintings on the walls. They were native designs, Zapotec, of the four ages. They were well done but the interesting thing is that it is remapan lacquer method. A curious idea but worked out well. Once interested and understanding it, we were ready to see three other pieces, two small violins (like Paracas work) which were covered with fine lacquer and decorated with Indian designs (one floral, the other more religious or ceremonial. The other was a larger piece a round table or stand top, with a ceremonial and calendric device. I invited him to the hotel in the evening if he felt so inclined. — Having had such success here, I decided to call on Prof. Corgatti, though greatly doubting whether he would at all remember me. It was a long way and we took carriage. To my surprise he remembered me well — Prof. Starr of the University of Chicago. He was greatly pleased at our call and recalled that we were on Monte Alban together, which I had completely forgotten. He referred to it as one of his most delightful memories. He is quite well and active; a handsome well preserved man. His better ear is his left one so we got on swimmingly. He still teaches Botany in the Institute, but is also an Inspector of Federal schools. We had a good visit and he gave us both copies of three of his late publications. — His house suffered somewhat from the quake. We saw Taylor's house which is really a wreck, the reason why he has gone to San Angel. Many houses showed signs of damage. The greatest however was to be seen as we walked down one street where a row of arches were the

Enrique Ventosa: Po Martínez y Cía, 2ª Poniente 906.

progress and where many of the horses were actually destroyed. — we took carriage back to the centre where we separated and I sat for some time in the Plaza. The town is smaller than I remembered it. I had forgotten that the Cathedral was central. This is still a hotel — Hotel Alameda — where I stopped last time. My persistent runner lied about this last night saying there was none there. I would have gone to it — but am well satisfied with Hotel Francia, at $4 per room and three meals a day. — went to the market which is neatly arranged. Did not find pottery: perhaps was too late, as there was much vacant space. I was looking for pineapples and their odour was sweetly redolent. Bought one trimmed for 0.30. Oh for the old days! Got Jorge to clean it with, as no clasp knife where I asked. Not bad, but claret would have been better, and it needed nothing. —— At home reading most of the afternoon, much of which was rainy. Francisco Lion called in the evening, bringing a little writing dated 1910 — relating to the pen paintings we did. He says he came near to being executed in the Revolution, but went into no details. These must however have been live days down here in the south. —— I thought the train left at 8. It really leaves at 7.05 & I had to make a rather early start. Nothing of special interest. Hot and dusty of course, but today it was as bad between Tehuacan and Sepeaca as anywhere. More people kept their windows open than I remember, but all came down with a bang there, where I believe we encountered a hot wind sand storm. Here last time at Sepeaca and came in at 8.25, instead of 8. I took my room at da Estrella. Half expected Ventosa, but he did not come. —— Went to his place Sept. 1. after breakfast and watched him at work until near train time. They use thin paper stencils to paint the outline designs on sets of tiles. These designs are then worked out with the brush

which is what Ventosa does. He indicates where thick and solid color shall be applied which is done by another man. All complicated pieces are skeletonized in notebooks which are ruled to squares, each representing a tile. Before they are baked each tile is numbered on the back to correspond to numbers in the skeletonized drawing. When I went to the station I stopped in at the second factory, the one near the station. While they do many tile combinations, I think they do much more artistically crockery and go in very heavily for plaques. They do a good deal of simple tiles with mexican types and life scenes. Among their large plaques are many designs — some of American Indians, some of Mexicans and several Aztec designs. I did not care for most of them but there were one or two that were fine — cooper pieces, &c. — Train at 11.05 and caught up with all the reading I had taken with me for the trip. A little late in reaching Mexico, at 5.40. I expected to find Ringe's check — nothing doing. Dropped in at Hamer's to borrow $10. to get through Sunday with — and ate at Sanborn's. —

2d. Sunday, and my birthday: 70 years old. After a quiet and busy morning at home took lunch in town and went out to the Casa de Alvarado for tea. She is getting ready for New York. Will probably leave on the 11th. She was rather pleased at the birthday and says we are twins. We had a long talk about Blom. It seems that she has encouraged him from the start and that he calls her his adopted aunt. It seems he left home after a disagreement as to his future. Had hard times, even probably selling on the streets. Walked twice for the old people. She encourages his archaeological

Memo: re Games (educational, re.)

Juegos de los Niños en las Escuelas y Colegios. Santos Hernandez
Madrid: Saturnino Calleja.

Pasatiempos: para el hogar. Barcelona, Editorial Montaña

Bonnets: Catalogo ilustrado (de cuadros especialmente).

Los Exploradores del Polo.

Los Insurgentes. Garcia Cubas.

Lotería Universal: Banderas

Pachee Azteca.

Varieties of Oca: Mexican, German } 15.

Varieties of Ajote: Mexican 2.

studies and gave him some advice as to method. He has not been entirely happy in the Carnegie connection, as Morley is exacting and wants everything done in his way. Still there was no rupture and both Merriam and Morley will take him back, if he likes. He was glad of the invitation to Tulane, where William Gates was at the head of things. Gates had difficulties. He was supposed to sell his books complete to the University. He did not play fair and they had difficulty in making him produce. They put him out and he wrote a bitter screed against Blom, whom he claimed worked against him. In this he even dug up the quarrel between the boy and his father that led to his leaving home. Gates went to his Maryland place where he raises poultry and is believed to have abandoned American studies. I did not know that he was the real founder of the Maya Society. I knew from himself that he is bitter and angry at the whole bunch. Mrs. Nuttall has visited Blom at New Orleans. At the same time his mother came from Denmark to spend several months with him. This seems to have been largely as a reply to Gates raking up of family squabbles. I find that Hermann Beyer is with Blom. It is I believe a good chance for him to work with appreciation. I hope so. I saw Blom's book — Temples and Tribes, in two volumes. I wish he had not buried the scientific results in a narrative.

Mrs. Nuttall was a little disturbed over criticisms growing out of the Santa Barbara lecture. Donnpocit is "the Carol's wife", whose identity I have never investigated. I am reported as having made a bitter attack on American residents — which I am quite sure I did not do. She wonders if Martin is "Percy Martin, whom I believe she knows and who may have

been in journalism here. I had never thought of that before, but it is likely enough. She thinks Valenzuela a likely "presidencial"; he is now on his way back from Spain where he has been ambassador. She says it is said that the President went to see Doral, immediately on hearing of the assassination. T. to him "do what you like with me; kill me - execute me" - but within twenty four hours after I am dead you will be so also." ——

I have read the President's message. It does not seem to me to great a document as it is judged. I cannot believe that, caudillage is past; nor can I feel that he is wise, or patriotic to leave November 30. Nor do I think it wisdom to throw down the bars so suddenly. Amnesty is a good thing, but there would be a lively time, if all exiles were to return and the church were given too great a chance. I fear that the future will judge his act as premature. Of course it is certain that he did not want to continue; that he was anxious to get out. This may be in part due to real principles and the desire to be consistent with the off-repeated statement of no re-election; it may be in part due to Morrow's "friendship", which is likely to become more and more difficult; it may be in part, that he sees serious difficulties ahead; I believe it is largely due to fear — I began by thinking him recklessly brave; I begin to think there is a large element of cowardice in his make up. —— I continued my celebration by going to Olmsted to dinner. Had a good visit but did most of the talking. This is partly due to his indistinct enunciation. I find him hard to hear. I think he told me he is 73. —— I am getting into the 3d whirl of closing out my trip. Try to do many little things and accomplish little that shows. My printer was to have proof of my checklist ready. Nothing had been done, except to make a typewritten consecutive list in place of my slips. Promises

Escuela de verano: attendance.

1921.	67
1922.	103
1923.	343
1924.	457
1925.	373
1926.	316
1927.	191
1928.	276
	2126

Ave.: 266.

proof tomorrow evening. I lunched up the Germain house at Chapultepec and Indigenous. good food but entirely a la carte, which disappointed me. Called on Iquiniz who was out of town. Decided to look up Eprem Rebolledo. Found that he is Private Secretary to Estrada. He was glad to see me. Asked about Manuel. I brought up the matter of the publications. He went with me at once to the custodian and put in my request and claim. He suggested that I should meet the Secretary, who receives Wednesdays and Fridays. All in all a pleasant interview. — In the afternoon (5 pm) I called to see Moises Saenz. To offer congratulations, to ask about educational games, to suggest an interview with the President. I found Olaguibel in the interpice. He told me Mr Saenz has spoken about the exhibition. When I saw him he advised me to see Jenkins, Secretary of the Summer School about games and gave me a card to him. He took my suggestion of an "interview" pleasantly enough but said that the President was especially pressed at present and a man who could not well control his time. That he was obliged to see him tomorrow and would try to make some arrangement. I told him I had seen Olaguibel and understood that the exhibition was satisfactory. He suggested that I should find Olaguibel in the building now and perhaps might well go over the matter with him. I stepped there but suggested that he might prefer a morning hour and we agreed on 10 tomorrow. — To Antonio Alzate. Found Aguilar somewhat crestfallen. He found Concurso nowhere though he tried several places. He gave me the address of Garcia Cruz, whose sheet regarding the Calendar alone interests me. He also tells me of an educational game by Garcia Cubas, published by Munguia. — Started out with 10.11.12 o'clock items. At 10 with Olaguibel, with whom I went over the material on hand and laid out a plan of between

30 and 40 fairly good. I really had a depleted stock to select from. There has been a heavy draft lately on their material and it was not easy to get as many as I wanted of the size to suit me. A new Pulgarcito is out and it is mostly devoted to exhibiting, past or in the near future. —— I was on my way to see Reigadas, to find out the status of the four special publications. He was not in but just before I got to the office I met Palacios, who called me by name. He understood that the books had just come in and suggested that we go to Nava to look at them. We did so, but were premature. One only has been sent in and an error has been made in the binding of it, that called for correction. All were to have been done in August. Had a good chat with Palacios, who really seemed glad to see me — now by camino to Maseranas, where I found Johnd. Jenkins. He was polite and showed me what he has, but it is beside the mark. It is outdoor games and sports that he is studying. In connection with games of the Aztecs he had a good picture of patolli, but nothing more. —— I called on Reigs in the afternoon. He has neither money or certificate. He found at the office that the Bank has collected — acting immediately on his stirring up the matter. He believes they have forwarded the dividend, and probably the certificate to Seattle. This means commission and exchange and no use until I reach Seattle! Very inconvenient and rather irritating. He will find out the exact status and inform me tomorrow. —— So I went to Hauser and drew a check, which counting as $136. I had not meant to do till near departure. — Then to the printer; they are beside themselves. I believe it as hard for them as for Chicago printers. Only half the proof done: the rest tomorrow evening! — I decided then to go and say good bye to Frances Torr. Walking through Chapultepec I saw a lot of maya words scraped on a window

Moises Saenz saluda atentamente a su estimado amigo el señor Dr. Federico R. Starr y le manifiesta que el señor Presidente tendrá gusto en hablar con el Dr. Starr el próximo sabado, 8 de septiembre, durante la visita que hará al Parque Lira, Escuela "Etic" (a dos cuadras de la parada Cartagena, en Tacubaya, D.F.) a las once de la mañana, por lo que le ruega asistir

Mexico, 4 de Septiembre de 1928

it proved to be Mariachi, a little restaurant. It was decorated in pale green and with Indian designs (much more appetizing than Maya). I dropped in to see what they do. It was not a meal time but two a la carte lists were supplied, one of Maya dishes the other of an ordinary restaurants. I tried a cup of chocolate, a kind of chicken-quesadilla and a kind of thick tortilla which perhaps contained meat — all true Maya. The keeper is a man from Merida. I was rather delighted to find this folklore so near to Frances Toor and hoped she did not know it. I decided to invite her and Tina Modotti to eat "pavo" there tomorrow noon. I arrived at her rooms she was not there. As I hunted up Miss Modotti. Found her with her hair down and with a young Mexican visitor, who had just had an operation on his eye and was bandaged enormously. He was a sad-looking subject and object. While I was there another young man came in, possibly an American. I begged her to tell Miss Toor I had been and to say goodbye for me. She said she desired to take a photograph of me. As I was leaving I told her I wanted them both to eat with me tomorrow noon at Mariachi and we agreed to go there at 1 — and I would give my setting at 12.30. —— At 11 I went to 5th ave Iguiniz. Found him in rather nice mood. I relieved him at once of responsibility about the books willingness of my visit with Rebolledo. He has just learned that Rebolledo has an exhibition which he has. He is willing to let me illustrate his bookplates, but suggests it is better to have the cuts made directly instead from photographs. It will surely be better. He gave me a copy of Mena's synopsis of which he seems to have a number. When I told him my experience re Concursos he believed he could supply me but not immediately as he has just moved and his books are packed. —— To Abraham Gonzales. Frances Toor gone to Pachuca — "very sorry." I received the invitation to Tina Modotti. She had her sitting and made at least a dozen exposures, all of them with my hat on. We found the Maya turkey good and added to it

a Maya lamale. On the whole we had a good time. She spoke of her (first?) husband as having been a Mexican "but he is not here" She is 32 and believes she looks younger. Since we spoke of it I have not been sure. We had a good time. — To the printer in the evening. We were all nearly distracted but I looked over all the proofs and stayed by it until done. — Had called on Efren Rebolledo before to see when I should see the minister. His time is 6-8. Got an ex-tip's. — Got around at 7.30 and had a pleasant interview with Genaro Estrada. He's not at all what I expected. About 40, stout and round faced - smooth shaved. Not at all a difficult man to approach. We had a pleasant interview. He has approved my dole of books and he gave me two of his own books Pero Galin, which he autographed - and Crucero. — Laid out an extensive program 6th for the day, but did not feel like it. Last night I consulted Homeless about games and got more than pro mot services. Some books he lent were interesting though not quite to the point. Cesar produced the game of flays that I saw in Bonnet's window. I did not see it. To Bonnet's nothing of the Exploradores and nothing new; Murguia's, got unmounted Garcia Cubas' Los Mexicanos. At the literes woman near the University found a lot of Mexican and German ocas and picked up the flays, and packed. Aztec (not educational but very curious and interesting. — Saw Snead and begged him to have statement ready before I leave. Saw Hauser and broached the possibility of a heavy demand tomorrow. We shall see. —

7th. I went to town and got my berth. Change in arrangements. We go out at 6.30 p.m. instead of 8.50 a.m. This required a change in plan and I bought for Sunday night, 16th, instead of Monday a.m. 17th. Unfortunately I did not inquire about time of arrival in El Paso. I left the game diagrams at the printers for mounting. Thence to the Museum to take farewell of Castillo Ledon who goes to Mexico. Found a raft of people with him. Among them Nuñez y Dominguez and

Mena both of whom followed me out. Nuñez made an appointment with me for Monday. I did not understand why, though something was said about ethnographic photographs. He introduced me to Mena, which we both denied necessary. On my way out I met Mendizabal and had an exchange with him. I think Castillo Lerdon, Mendizabal and Palacios are all going to New York. Mrs. Nuttall and Francis Too also. So too I think Reygadas. There is so much enthusiasm over the matter that I regret my indifference. It would have been easy to go and still get home before present date - October 1. After lunch I went to see the bookdealer Bucarelli. Seven of the fifty-five volumes are damaged - are badly. He finally agreed to take $150. instead of 200. and delivered them at Gante 5 at 4 o'clock, when and when we made immediate payment. I went to Mr Conway's office, having a pleasant little visit and getting his Englishman. His other little book, of which he is reprinting an edition of only 50 copies will be out next week and I probably can take my copy along with me. — On the way home, I secured the registry package at the p.o. I had thought it would be from Belaemes, or from Novo. It was from Palacios and only the one book, his contribution to the Congress. — I took a rather late supper at the Spanish Restaurant (not remarkable) and called at Federico Gamboa's. He had gone to the theatre, so I made a farewell call on Carlos Basave and his books. My returned book and letter had been promptly received by Rivera Rosas. — Inés at Parque 5th Lira in good season. It is a lovely enclosed woods, with a fine avenue of approach up to the buildings of Escuela Etc. In front there is quite a pretentious marble-paved and enclosed space. There was a lively scene. 20 kindergartens altogether. Some reporter said thousands of children. There were certainly hundreds. Most of them were merely motley and suitably dressed

but there were a good many fantasies and gay getups. There were boys in charro and a lot of little girls in Mexican colors and what is here considered native dress. There were afterward to dance a Mexican dance. Several little fellows were traffic police and took themselves seriously. There were many child vehicles elaborately gotten up and decorated. The occupants were made up to match. Among these was a jinricksha, with a little lady within and a little lad for kurumaya — both equally elegantly gotten up in silks. One small boy in a flowery car, which he had much difficulty to control, was supposed to be a Chinaman and had a pigtail, thin moustache and the scholar's beard. Movie cameramen, newspaper photographers, &c. were much in evidence. A reporter appeared, very much in evidence, whom I correctly identified at once as Jacobo Dalevuelta. At little tables scattered thickly through the grove children were occupied at all the kindergarten occupations — even to asea. A double line of police (?) in kaki had been drawn up ready for the Presidential party to pass through, and the movie-camera and battery of newspaper photographers were ready to take as they should come. All were posed, however; the party marched off and at once made the inspection of the children in the grove. I hurried over and passed such acquaintances as Rafael Ramirez and Alfonso Pruneda until I was close to Puig, Saenz, and the President. Saenz motioned me to come up and told me to keep close by and use my opportunity, at the same time introducing me. I received a hearty hand shake and kept close by him through the inspection and then when the party were seated in the set line of chairs, I was only the fourth away so that I could plainly see all that he did. Of course we had no set or formal conversation but we exchanged comments as the things the children

were doing. He was dressed in a simple brown business suit. His hair was plastered down over a rather elaborately drawn transverse part behind and the usual part extending from it forward. He is not bald, but his black hair begins to show traces of gray. His moustache is full and heavy; otherwise his face is smooth. His features are rather large, the nose prominent, the chin less strong than anticipated. He is rather emotional and was plainly touched very now and again by some child or some happening. Of course, I have long disliked the picture I have of him. It was never a good likeness. He is far from as severe and stern as it indicates. I have for some time believed that he is not really as firm and decided a character as supposed. I believe that much of that is a cover to an actually rather weak and even vacillating nature — in other words it is a defence. I am sure that I have been correct in thinking him a tired man anxious to be at — and really scared. Olmsted thinks there is a strange element of sex in his present impulses and that a woman is waiting until he is through. After the inspection we took seats and the little program was carried out. It was prettily done. Dances, music and singing, the little white doves with messages around their necks, who came fluttering up to us to have the messages taken from them. Finally the giving of the flags. When the national hymn had been sung the President's immediate party went to their auto and were away — Calles, Puig, Saenz and I went to the auto with them and had a handshake and polite word of adieu. — D. Puig and I made some progress. When I bade him goodbye stating that I was leaving Sunday — he said "but you will be at the stadium?" "Yes". "Oh I shall see you there; we will not say goodbye now". Which leaves me a little

uncertain, what to do. —— after lunch at Sanborn's I went
way out to 1ª de Atlixco, num. 8 A. & went for Ing. Angel
Garcia Conde and his Calendar-time sheet. Not there: saw
his sister. Left addresses. Who knows if anyone will?——
Then for a final visit to the Casa del Estudiante Indigena.
Corona and Flores both there and attentive. Corona saw me at
the Parque Lira and was duly impressed. Boys gathered around
and I talked too much. Gave the Zapotec boys the names of
the girls I saw at Oaxaca. I feel a good deal of doubt
about the Casa. I expressed too much of it and sentimentalized
unduly. —— I half expected Garcia Conde last night or
9ª F. Sunday this morning. Nothing doing. Out to Colonia Vall-
ejo. I cannot see that the man's work shows for much but
the whitewash. The inside cracks are about as before. Mrs. Vas-
quez was in bad condition and querulous. I regret that after
years of abstention, during which I think I never threw anything
at her, I let loose. She wanted to know if I looked up the girl.
I told her I did not and that I did not look for Lupita, nor wanted
to do so. She says the girl is now large and is not with Lupita. I ask
what she was doing: "se fue con el calle". The boy has not
been working: "goes tomorrow". Quien sabe? It was an unhappy
interview altogether. She was alone when I came and door
stuck answering. The woman and her husband came back
while I was there. She had been selling her tortillas. ——
I saw notices of a Nitin Cultural; anarchists and trabajadores
at Lopez num. 8. It was announced for 4. I was there too
early and the meeting did not begin until 5.35. A fair
audience for the room. Largely a one-man affair. Music
and a dance on the program. The main player appeared
three times — a speech in workers dress with the red flag, a
speech in his white collar suit, and participation in dancing.

no great enthusiasm, but he is a rather impassioned speaker. He does not know when to stop, and begins again, when he has said his say. I did not stay quite through, leaving at 7.—— Found a card on tablespace Olmsted. Came and eat mushrooms. Went at once. Found a house full. The daughter, Mrs. Lewis there; also a Mr. & Mrs. Wilson, daughter & son. They were married in Seattle by Mark Matthews, Mrs. Th. as witness. Have lived in this country long, largely in Michoacan. All had eaten, although no mushrooms. These were put on to cook at my arrival. When their party left us, I went out and ate. Telephone message: Wilsons smashed their car; Mrs. Wilson badly cut in head, boy badly cut, little girl slightly injured. Mrs. Lee and the daughter went to see if they could help. I waited (typed) till they were back. Two pretty badly injured, not at home and being cared for. It was now 11, when I started home.——

10th. At Museum at 10. Nuñez at once took me to the curator of Ethnology, where I looked through a dreary lot of photos of Indians, mostly without any data. The old man is an Engineer, named Enrique. I believe Castillo. I don't thought these were what I wanted for my news radio. nothing of interest. — To Kauser's. With him to Bible Society agents who gave me two good boxes and sent his man — used to packing books to help me. He took the whole burden and my Blair and Robertson are ready. Kauser arranged for his man to take the other box to Atzcapotzalco. Came all right and I put my pile into it. A small overflow of four books. I hoped it would be just the other way, but these can go into the third piece already reorganized as necessary — with the same material. I believe I shall be fairly conveniently fixed — Inquired about my train.

I get in on the train that leaves here at 8.50 a.m. of Monday! In other words the sleeper loses twelve hours, as compared with the other train, coming in as part of it at the end. New arrangement, due to revolutionary attacks!

— I called on Federico Gamboa in the evening. I waited until 8.45 to give him a chance to get away if he had an engagement out. He was not in: was expected at 9, when he was due to cenar. So I sat and waited. It was considerably after nine when he came. Had been to a lecture at the University Nacional and came quite enthused. He invited me to supper, which I expected and accepted. There had been the odor of roast lamb and he suggested it and mint-sauce. When I found, however, that he was not going to take that, I voted to accompany him. Unlucky decision. He takes condensed milk of Celaya, boiled milk and a pan. I cannot endure condensed milk of any kind and the boiled milk was the stringy kind that I particularly dislike. The combination disagreed with me as it appeared next day. We had a good talk. He has no certainty regarding the future. He does not think Aaron Saenz a strong or likely candidate. From what he said I believe the brothers are quite unlike and that Aaron shows little if any Indian. Topete he considers out of question. He is a nonentity and has had his fall, presumably a final one. Perhaps the two that look strongest now are Portes Gil and Amaro. He has never seen Portes Gil and knows little of him. He himself does not care for Amaro, nor does he see why the Catholics should favor him. Not that he voices or is in touch with the Catholics. After his candidacy for them they have never done aught for him and he does not claim to know their policies. Since his return from Cuba he has aimed to keep out of politics and intends to do so. He desires his last days to be quiet and untroubled. It is true that while he lived in Cipres, his niece (sister-in-law) came nearly agitated and scared to tell him that three rough looking men at the door desired to see him. When they were shown in and he

asked their errand they told him the represented the railroad men. They considered him able and popular and had come to ask him to stand as their candidate for senator. To which he replied that he was not averse. They then said the only difficulty was the financing of the campaign: it would take a deal of money. Dn Jose Don Federico chose that time to reply that if they desired his candidacy and were well financed, well and good, but that if they looked to him to finance the campaign there was nothing doing. The matter ended with the are interview. He was interested in my meeting Calles, whom he has never met also in my experience at Relaciones. He asked what books Estrada gave me and said that the poems, is the last book he has issued. We parted with considerable sentiment and a warm embrace and I believe he considers me a real friend. —— Cesar raided my bookcover an. I had laid 11 Pts in the books. I saw Servicio about shipping my stuff and they had my box away before I was home in the afternoon. Looking at Dambois I had baked ham with an egg fluff. I don't think the ham hurt me but the soufflé, yes. Gambod's diet and it together really upset my stomach and I lay down exhausted all the afternoon. I intended going to Moises Saenz' lecture at the Preparatoria at 8, but Manuel came with a long tale of a contract. The matter of employment has ground along until he has passed medical tests and been approved. His contract (in triplicate) needs a firma. They asked father: none. Mother: she refuses to go as she has no suitable dress. So it is up to me. Though unwell and just ready for the lecture, I took him to Hausers, as I cannot understand the boy and wanted to be sure that I knew what he said. Mr and Mrs. Hausers had gone out for dinner. The boy had not eaten and we hunted a place - the ymca restaurant. I revolted at the thought and left all they offered, but ordered garbanza soup, costillas, and ensalada. It was only by a desperate effort that I forced it down. We then went back to D. Hausers. No one there. So we talked the matter over at length. I then told him to be at the corner of

Humboldt at nine a.m. and we would have a talk with Hauser and that I would probably go to sign with him. It was now too late for the lecture and we separated and I went home in pain. Had a sleepless night of suffering: was, oh so sick. Got up at 12½. 7.30 worse ash and had the most dreadfully vomitation in twenty years. Nought to compare with it since my worst fever in the Congo. And what did not come up, went down, until I hope I was empty. And strengthless and without energy — and things that must be done. First the boy at 9. and I had made up my mind to go with him to his place before bombing Hauser. This was because The boy believed his man was "Ecossais" — like Mr Frazer. I thought he spoke English, we'd find what was what. However he was no English speaker. He was a little upset by my appearance as the scene but I signed the triplicate contract "conciliator", while the boy was sent off for assignment as 3e ayudante. His name appears on the documents as Manuel Guerrero y Gonzales, which was a new one on me. I suppose the name is that of the man to whom he is due. The man in the office was entirely polite and kind. Outside the railing were a crowd of men seeking work. I can see that there is difficulty in finding it — We had walked from Humboldt-nuevo Mexico. Usually it would have been nought. We passed the printers on the way. Had we walked slowly I had gone faster than inclined, not to betray my condition. But I dragged myself back to the printers. I had no expectation that the work would be ready but claimed it and wanted the moral effect of my inquiry. Promised without fail for tomorrow. Will see. Send bill with it. — To 170 Uruguay to see D. A.M. not there; left a Fiji catalogue, which I hope he'll examine and understand. Doubt about counts. — To Ring's office: too busy to see me, appointment for 3 p.m. I have a letter from Bank of Montreal, sent to Seattle and forwarded, enclosing two receipts to be signed, when they will collect and affix income tax stamps, and remit balance. This tax is 6% and will reduce my 136. more than 8.-

My only errand with Ringe was to find out whether he has my certificate. He was to write me, the day I last saw him about this, but failed to do so. To Sanborn's and tried toast and tea; the first taste was all; nothing doing. Intimately we avoided a scene, though for a moment it looked doubtful. Decided on nothing more today. Home and lie down, until obliged to get up for Ringe at 3.— He was pleasant; tells me to pay no attention to the Bank notice, they have not collected, only made demand. He had two receipts ready, will receive check made to my order from the C. It will cover the amount left after income tax. Has no doubt the Bank will surrender certificate and we decided to turn it in to Snead and let future payments be credited to my running account. — Saw Hauser. Box went yesterday. We could not finish up affairs as I wished, because they had not turned in their account and statement. Manuel had been around to see him: would need work uniform. Hauser had been to Colma. Do regret over his man whom he says really did nought but whitewash the roof-line! (Pretty good pay at $85). He like none of him. Lola spoke of a local mason whom she agreed to bring this afternoon. I was in no condition to wait and went home and laid down. Ordered boy to come out to tell me what he needed. I was not sleeping. He must have come about 4:30, but they bade him return as I was sleeping. I was getting assuming at his non-appearance when about 7, Homelas appeared (though I was apparently as deep in sleep as ever) and repeated it. Probably at 7:30, he came. Needs a cap, overalls, blouse, — total $15. Before we had that trousers under weigh Mr. Olmsted came: to write me to a "welsh rarebit". Think of it: the thought nearly upset me then and there. I gave the boy what he needed. Steeled myself to the effort, which was little short of crazy and went with him. All were sympathetic with my condition, but could not have imagined the reality. Mrs. Lee wanted to give

me a dose of oil. I told her I was sure there was nothing left in it to act on. She doubled my evening. I believe I have had a temperature of 105° during the day. Olmsted is a skelly rarebit man. I'd like to try again sometime. As it was I took one piece of toast smeared and afterwards one guayava. Only by the slowest and most cautious advances was a catastrophe averted — and I went to the closet immediately before eating. There was no pleasure in it; I was sick as I ate and sick after. I stayed only a little while and then went straight to bed. —

13th Did not get up until nearly 8.30. Went to my morning chocolate with aversion. Tried to eat, but failed and as for drinking either the chocolate or milk — impossible. Many be called with the little boy to inquire as to my condition. I was lying down when she called. Lay till noon — then to town, weary and with lassitudes. To Jina Modotti's to see the proofs and say good bye. One is clearly better than the rest. Frances Toor left last night for the Congress. Lot of pet and worry at the end. Jina will send me an enlargement from the preferred negatives and expressed satisfaction at taking me. — To Hauser's. No actual bill yet. Express paid to Laredo $23.+ and deposit required is 165 making a total of more than 188. I had hoped there would be a little balance on my Compania check. It had come in. Instead of 128. it was 73.74 !! — income taxes unpaid on all old payments! Doesn't it beat all? Hauser was well impressed with Lola's mason and hired him. Leaving a carpenter make the door. Ive had to leave final settlement till tomorrow. Called on Smead. The little book from Conway was there. It looks interesting. A facsimile of the only known copy of the first edition, in the British museum. Also a letter from Ringe, enclosing my certificate. This I left with Smead taking a receipt. But no statement of amounts due on account of Colonia property. However, notwithstanding all the shrinkages and demands, and unpleasantnesses, both Colonia and Compania matters are in better condition than at any time for years. He promis-

-es to send on the statement soon. I fear the demand will be rather large but once paid we will be nearer where we are — To Danbo's where with great difficulty and by going very slowly, I warmed down some toast and one cup of tea; broke down totally on a parfait cafe which I believed would go. Home then, lying down or dozing at nothing until late. The work came from the printer. The checklist runs to 11pp. instead of eight. The price was ₱ 50. for 300 copies!! Not high really, but he said it would not overrun 25 or 30. I have enough it would. Too late to go in my boxes (could not anyway). Dam going to have an awkward handbaggage. — Better and necessarily so as 14th it is the last serviceable day. And wonderful wonders met and did the full program. To see Hauser. He had Prof. Ockerman of Northwestern (Garrick) as guest. No report from Seminoro, so he called them up. Their charge is ₱ 4. reasonable enough. I already applied 73.74 yesterday! Now paid the balance and drew a check for ₱ 105. so as to have a little in my hands for expenses. I hated to add the ₱5. but thought I'd have to. Had I known exchange ₱100. would have been enough. I left two packages of printing (500 writeups: 150 zyklg. and two packages San Pedro tops per guarding. He is really good — considering that I not only have no claim, but that I must shock him as a host of prints. — To Danbo's where I really ate (about 11 a.m.) strawberries, coffee + biscuits, and little K. The biscuits went bad; I dared rock but was too late. Went to the printer and paid. — Called in Cardenas for farewell, thanks, and return of unused Urcuyan pass. A pleasant little interview. — Home and lying down. About ½ oc. to magain. Saw the Japanese Minister. They have "not finished" gathering Nakagawa's material, but promise faithfully to mail it to him. Otherwise a pleasant interview. — At 5 o'clock, to the Secretaria. Found Moises Saenz and had a good farewell.

I had decided to say nothing about tickets for the morrow. So I said thanks, expressed appreciation, asked pilfering up of the pur archaeological books and said goodbye. He asked what arrange-ments I had made for the morrow. I replied none. He then kindly gave me the full equipment A. Stadium — invitation-program, tarjeta de circulacion, and formal and personal assignment to seat 32 in the Presidencial Tribuna. B. Palacio. ticket to the balcony, with advice to get there early, not later than 10 p. —— I ate at the place on Opera, but neither enjoyed it especially nor did it do me any good. I think I was awake all night, tho I awoke from strangely carpeted dreams, almost nightmares at 6.45, hearing gun-salutes; while I had intended to be 15th up at 6. —— I dropped in for a minute at Olmsteds on my way home last night to show him our outfit, as we had had a little joking over Dr. Puig and his statement that we would see each other at the stadium. I had no idea what time it would take to get to the stadium on such an occasion and left the house at 7 — unduly early as it proved. The street car was running as usual and not crowded. And Roma-Pidal camions were plenty and not full. I was at the entrance a full hour ahead of time. The building is due to Vasconcelos and an appeal for nicle contributions. It is the design of Dr. Rivas so I have two interests in it. Children and teachers in school groups were dribbling in. Olaguibel was there to help and di-rect. I waited some time before going to the Presidencial Tribu-na and only one was there ahead of me. It was really an ad-vantageous position. The President and his Cabinet had a line of large arm chairs. The Tribuna was on both sides and behind these and had between 100 and 200 numbered seats. A block of seats at one side were Diplomatic Corps. I had a seat in the second row on the other side. It was a very desirable seat. The two rows directly behind the Presidents line were as good as nothing: further back would have done, due to rise. It

was among these seats, well back that Rhinelander Mrs. P. sat
I greeted him and the shock was great when no turning me to
Mrs. P. he said, you will remember her at Mt. Baldy! The only
other person whom I really recognized was Salvador Novo, whom
I took pains to greet on account of failure to see him the last
time in Subsecretario. The Residential Party came in very
close to 9.30. My three aquaintances in the Cabinet were all
there but I had no chance to greet any. Estrada was at
my end of the line and on a level with me. There were but two
or three between and I almost decided to go and greet him.
The others were beyond the President. The Estadio was full:
it is said that many with tickets were turned away. The
program was nicely carried through. I liked best the club
drill (clavos). The technical school boys with their hammers
and anvils were well trained. The maypoles were 18 in number
and there were 50 girls in "Mexican Indian" dress to each:
their butterfly dancing, and their weaving of the ribbons were
pretty. All went without a hitch and the program came to an
end ah about 1. The Residential Party descended to present
the flags to the schools participating and ascended again.
Of course all stood at the National Hymn. Either my desires
acted or there was not as vigorous choral participation as
was to be expected or desired. The crowd dispersed rather quick-
ly and without much confusion. I had to wait almost no time
to get a camion, though all filled instantly, when once ready.
as I was coming down, I saw some one in the crowd with a
wide smile of greeting and a hearty wave. We could not reach
but exchanged greetings. Almost at once I realized it was
Heilman but the crowd had surged me on and I could not
easily return. I could have switched to him if I had thought
a little faster. — I had eaten only a sweet pan on my way in. I
now took a real meal at Sanborn's and then home, where I sat
in the afternoon and early evening. Took an 8 p.m. supper at
Sanborn's and walked with the crowd to the Plaza and Palacio.

Every man entering the plaza was searched thoroughly for weapons. I was in the Palace at a little after 9. Commoners people like myself were seated in a long and fine room, until the Ambassadors and their parties were in and located. I tried in vain to break in and meet some of the people I wanted. It was a show to see the different groups as they went by. The Japanese party were in full force, gentlemen and ladies, and all greeted me and shook hands as they passed. Save that I expected to get in without, I should have asked to join them as I had depended upon the Minister to introduce me to the Belgian representative. It was after 10.30 when we were let in and took what balconies were left. It was an interesting sight. The front of the Palace was fully illuminated with great batteries of reflected lights. The open space is still more than I realized and was crowded with the usual crowd. At the sight of the President, the girls, and the flag, the shouting, waving of arms and enthusiasm was great. Still the view from the crowd and in it, of the facade and the function is quite as interesting and I think I like it better. The reflection in our faces took away both effect and enjoyment. Church bells were not rung; nor was the beautiful Cathedral illumination made. Hoodlumism is directed and the old abandon is largely gone. A band of pipers and drummers, marches around the Plaza and through the adjacent streets, vigorously active. Thousands of hoodlums fall in behind them and tail along - but the noise of the leaders evoke individual outbursts. It's rather a clever handling of the problem. There were here and there "rough lines" but nothing like and gentle compared to the old. A relatively new development is the autos full of young men & women. Most are open and generally two or three noisy, exhibited, painted and daubed girls are perched on the very back of the vehicle, where they make the boldest of displays. These groups have usually been drinking, are smoking, yelling, and fooling. There were formerly such loads in hacks and carriages, but the auto seems better to lend to brazen display. Again there was no real difficulty in getting a carriage and I was home by 12.30. — Sept. 16th Sunday. Fixed of course there would be a procession. I told Hallam

mosquito frame and my clean shirt to Hauser's and left, staying good bye to him and Mrs. and the great. — Then to Vallejo. found a full force working at the house (spite of Sunday and National Holiday) The old woman was now possessed of the notion that as soon as the house is fixed I will throw her on the street! She complained that Manuel is not working; two days idle. I asked why? She replied he was floja, does not want to work. Lola intended by saying there is no work the 15 and 16 at the shop, which of course is true. The old woman is as ever. Still I am afraid the boy is lazy. — I fear that he benefit only the eyeballs. He got no blusa and I saw no cap. He did however buy a pair of trousers for which I saw no need and which I can not see as connected with his work. When Lola suggested that he still needed a blusa (and cap.?) I said well, he is now earning and can buy what he needs. — I do not know why he disappeared, but he did and I did not feel like waiting his reappearance. So the ragamuffin prince was sent to the Lancian with me. Lola asked if he (M.) should not accompany me to the station. It would be a convenience but I refused as I do not want to be delayed waiting for him. — Back to town, where I sat some time in the Alameda half expecting to see a procession. Finally looked at an official program and found that none is due. There were exercises at the Independence Monument at 10 a.m. that I might well have gone to! So homeward and played solitaire and packed between times until 5 when all was ready. Cesar was not around. I managed my clumsy extra package in addition to the two old, well-filled, and heavy pieces, to the street car. To my surprise (for I had intended to take taxi or line carabao) I got them all from car to train with no great difficulty. Was at the station at 5.35 but the train was ready and I had a cargador help me in. We were away happily on time at 6.30. I believe

17th. We lay some time at Dapucao. Leon was the first station I noticed on the days ride. We reached Aguas Calientes at about 1 and stopped till night. I walked up to the centre, stopping at Presbyterian mission on the way. Mexicans in charge. Took a fine bath at the house where my first was in 1894 and my last probably about 1900. Caught up with schedule for reading and writing.

18th. We may have gotten away at about midnight. However that may be we were five hours late when morning came and kept about that 5½ to 4½ right through to Juarez. Hot and dusty all the way. Arriving at 19th. 3.25 instead of 11.25. Usually would have spent an hour in getting across, but Fred and Preston were on hand with the autos and we went across in fine shape. No trouble with customs, though the Mexican man asked a tip and was well pleased with 15 cents! Had a big glass of dark before we left. To the house, where they are all packed ready for flitting. They leave on October 1. The autos will be full — Fred and Clara Bell, Mrs. Smith, the two children, and a Mexican female servant, if they can get her out. I took a good bath and we ate together. Mrs. Smith and Preston went with us to the station, where I took the Sunset Limited, stand. and sleeper. Away at 6.45 p.m. Of course another hot, dusty and tiring ride. Reaching Los Angeles at 5 p.m. 20th and out at 6.10. And the heat and dust continued. Yesterday was the hottest September day on record for 20 years. And we had it through to Seattle. We were late 22nd at Portland, arriving at 10.15 instead of 8.35. Missed connection and had to wait for the 1 o'c. train. Telegraphed Lucy and telephoned George Harvard. He came down to the station and took me in his car to lunch inviting two other old Cowans to lunch with us. The 1 o'c. train was on time throughout reaching Seattle at 7.15 p.m. where Lucy was at the Union Station to meet me. Six days and one hour on train in such heat! Just four months to the day on the trip.