

ENS..WSR..10.

Mexico City,D.F.,  
Apartado 538,  
August 30,1927.

My dear Mr.Rogers:

The "Confederación Regional Obrera Mexicana"- more familiarly known as the CROM-is generally conceded to be the most powerful and strategically the best placed labor organization in Mexico.The CROM was first organized in Saltillo in 1918,during the Caranza regime,under the leadership of Luis N. Morones(the present Secretary of Commerce,Labor,and Industry), Ricardo Treviño,and J.M.Tristán.At the present time its leaders claim a rank and file membership of over 2,000,000.Although this figure is,perhaps,overestimated by more than half(700,000 is probably much nearer the number actually effectively organized),it is indisputable that the CROM in the ten years of its existence has developed into a real and tangible force that must be reckoned with in the political and economic life of Mexico.

Theoretically,therefore,the gathering of over 3000 accredited delegates to participate in the eighth annual convention of the CROM(August 22-27) should figure as the most important current event of the week.A careful review,however,of the public proceedings of this convention reveals little of immediate and practical significance for the cause of labor in Mexico.

A good half of the time was spent in what would appear to be rather futile protests.Many of these protests-such as those against Gov.Romano of Nayarit,Gov.Jara of Vera Cruz, and Gen.Ortiz of Zacatecas-were quasi-political in nature.In each case it was claimed that the officials in question were enemies

of the cause of organized labor, that they had used force to break strikes, had caused the death or imprisonment of labor leaders etc. After lengthy discussions the cases were usually disposed of by a motion for a request for a federal investigation. It remains to be seen whether or not such investigations will be made or whether or not publicity of this type will have a deterring effect upon the anti-labor activities of the gentlemen in question.

Of a somewhat different type were the charges made by the delegates Tranquilino Tórres and Lombardo Toledano against First Sub-Secretary of Education, Moises Sáenz. Señor Sáenz was reported to have said at the recent Williamstown Institute that "a middle class Protestant group is forming in Mexico which will be the backbone of the nation and the savior of the country". The publication of this statement caused considerable excitement in the convention and gave rise to prolonged debates and outcries against the "spiritual invasion of Mexico by the United States". Spiritual imperialism was held to be "an even more insidious evil than economic imperialism. Wherefore, organized labor was called upon to condemn: the perversion of the soul of Mexico by American jazz music; the pernicious effects of American educational ideals; and the efforts of certain public officials (Sáenz) "to take advantage of the current religious crisis to place the Mexican people under the tutelage of Protestant preachers". In short, the Mexican eagle screamed and the "abominated nordic culture" was politely shown the door.

(This ethnocentric spasm was justified insofar as it is true that Sáenz has been more or less prominent in the work of the Protestant church in Mexico. But it should also be held in mind that Torres and Toledano are known to be personal enemies of Sáenz).

Finally, there were the inevitable protests against the capitalistic "yanquis" for the murder of "comrades Sacco and Vanzetti". Impassioned speeches were made, tears were shed, a telegram was sent to the United States supreme court, and, finally, on the day of the execution a strike for one hour was declared all over the Republic.

So much for protests. The high spots in the rest of the convention may be summarized as follows:

1. A vote of sympathy for the present administration in support of its international and domestic policies. This demonstration of a rapprochement between the present government and the CROM was further strengthened by the attendance of President Calles and Secretary Morones at one of the sessions with the usual accompaniment of gestures of good will and pledges of good faith.

2. A resolution in favor of the CROM undertaking "La Gran Cruzada Pro-Paz"-i.e. a crusade of propaganda and public education to the end of insuring the peaceful transmission of power in the next national elections.

3. A resolution urging on the federal government:

a. A stringent restriction on the number of Mexican laborers permitted to emigrate to the United States.

b.Restriction of the immigration of Asiatics,Turks,Arabians, and Assyrians to Mexico.

c.The creation of a special commission to study the emigration question and the appointment of inspectors to review the passports of workers at the frontier.

4.A protest against the state of affairs produced by the large numbers of Chinese in Lower California-8,000 out of a total population of 30,000 was the figure given.It was claimed:(a) that the Chinese are lowering the standard of living by underbidding the Mexicans in the labor market;and (b) that inter-marriage between the Chinese and Mexicans is destroying the racial integrity of Mexico(sic!).

5.Of the numerous requests for aid by the various local units of the CROM the one from Vera Cruz may be offered as typical.The representatives from Vera Cruz sought the assistance of the national body for some solution of the difficulties in the sugar producing industry of that state.As proof of their unhappy lot they claimed that 10,000 workers were without jobs and that the production of sugar this year had fallen off 20,000 tons.

It is,of course,difficult for me,without more detailed study of the labor situation in Mexico,to measure the importance of any of the above recited acts of the CROM.However, my present judgement is that,with the possible exception of the problem of the emigration of Mexican laborers to the United States, the convention did not deal with a single problem of really basic significance for the cause of labor as a whole.

But,if,on the other hand,the performance is looked at from the point of view of the past history of labor in Mexico, the fact that 3000 delegates of any kind of a labor organization could meet together in an orderly and peaceful fashion to discuss any kind of a problem in Mexico,is little short of a miracle.It is still in the memory of man that a short generation ago Diaz was dispersing meetings of laborers at the point of the bayonet,meeting strikes with bullets,and imprisoning or in other and more postive ways "quietly removing" labor leaders.In other words,the really significant thing about a meeting like ~~that~~ of the CROM in present day Mexico is the demonstration of the right to the freedom of assembly,and ~~the~~ implication ~~which it has~~ of the growth of the tradition of parliamentary procedure in place of armed violence.

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Enclosed you will find a news-paper clipping announcing the inauguration of a service known as the "Pan-American Information Service".I am unable to find out anything further about this organization or its director,Mr.C.C.Martins.If you run accross any information please pass it along in your next letter.

My work on education and related matters progresses after a fashion.~~However~~,It is only with great difficulty that I am able to stick to my last when so many interesting things are happening that will not happen again for a long time-as,vide the CROM and the present political campaign.However,I have made several advances along the line of battle this week.For example,I have finally located some sources of historial information relative to the development of education between the years 1910 and 1924.Also,

I obtained from my friend, George Wythe, a list of the most important official publications of the various departments of the government. I am now taking steps to be put on the mailing list for these.

In addition to the above I managed to squeeze in two trips into the surrounding country: one to the important mining town of Pachuca in the state of Hidalgo; and one to the nearby Valley of Teotihuacan. The latter was exceedingly interesting not only because it was my first visit to the famous ancient Aztec pyramids, but also because I was able to get considerable insight into the work of the department of education in the preservation and restoration of archaeological ruins in Mexico.

I was very pleased to get John's letter telling me of the possibility that he and his father might be able to drop in on me after the trip to Mr. Crane's date farm in California. I immediately wrote to Mr. Crane extending him an invitation to visit the Mexican post of the Institute. I believe that both he and John will be well repaid for the time and energy necessary to make the trip. And I am equally sure that the advice which they will be able to give me out of their richer experience will be of great assistance in dealing with my <sup>local</sup> ~~own~~ problems.

Sincerely yours,

ENS.

Woods Hole, Mass.  
September 8, 1927

Dear Tyler:

I have your numbers 8 and 9. Continue sending expense accounts in such form and completeness of detail as seem, in your judgment, to meet the situation. When I see you, we can review them for the purpose of reaching a common understanding for the future.

Yesterday a wire came to the New York office asking for four hundred dollars. A check was sent to me for signature. Unfortunately today is Saturday and Monday a holiday, so the best we can do is to have the money telegraphed Tuesday.

Please fix on a regular date and a basic monthly amount. Then money will move along as a matter of course. This is quite important as with a small staff at the office frequently, for days at a time, there is no one immediately available to countersign checks.

As to your questions:

(1) When next in Washington, I will discuss with Dr. Leo S. Rowe, director of the Pan-American Union, the possible utility of your going to the Havana Conference.

(2) The office will subscribe for the publications you desire.

(3) When in Washington I will secure the Department of Commerce material.

As to the minutes covering interviews, I suggest giving more of the atmosphere and also adding a bit about the "who's who" of the man being interviewed. This latter may seem unnecessary to you, but at this end we need to be able to relate each person to the general picture.

Try each week to improve the quality of your report. This, of course, does not mean heftiness. What I have in mind is a well-knit, informative, entertaining letter that you will be proud of and that I can have published or can show to people interested in the Institute.

At Dartmouth I saw Merriam and the other members of the Social Science Research Council. My impression is that the Council is still a long way from finding itself.

Cordial greetings to you and Keith.

P.S. Returning photos herewith.

Mexico City,D.F.,  
Apartado 538,  
September 10,1927.

My dear Mr.Rogers:

The sixth annual convention of the "Partido Laborista Mexicano" found itself between three devils and the deep blue sea. In this unhappy predicament, the leaders, uncertain of their prowess as swimmers, chose to take their chances with one of the devils. All of which,being interpreted, means simply that since the party was either unwilling or unable to embark on the sea of politics with its own candidate at the helm,- possibly either Gasca or Morones- it perforce had to climb on the bandwagon with one of the candidates already in the field, i.e. Obregon, Serrano, or Gomez.Obregon was selected as the lesser of the last three mentioned evils. Forcing the convention to swallow the Obregon pill was no easy job. In fact, the powers behind the scenes only succeeded in getting it down by virtue of some of the most finished political manouvering that it has been my pleasure to witness. But Before relating the details of this nose-holding process,it is perhaps appropriate to recall here a few facts relative to the history and the present position of the Mexican Labor Party.

The "Partido Laborista Mexicano", now six years of age, was born in Zacatecas "out of the GROM by Morones". The immediate occasion for a new political party was the parlous state of affairs into which the republic had fallen during the last days of Carranza's regime. An election was in the offing



and it was feared that Carranza was about to attempt the old Diaz trick of imposing his own candidate(Bonillas) upon the nation. To combat this move and in order to put into power a man more sympathetic to the social program of labor and the revolution, the leaders of the CROM in 1920 launched the "Partido Laborista Mexicano" and forthwith came out in support of Alvaro Obregon.

The opening paragraphs of the Partido's charter state clearly that the "Partido Laborista" was formed by the CROM as an instrument to achieve its ideas- an arm, not an aim. Although some pretence is still made that the CROM and the "Partido Laborista Mexicano" are separate and distinct organizations and that the CROM, as such, does not enter into the field of politics, the leaders and the rank and file membership of both organizations are practically the same. The fact is now recognized everywhere that the Partido is completely subordinate to the CROM and exists for the sole purpose of fighting in the political field for the ideals of organized labor.

The distinguishing characteristic of the party is the fact that it is the only political party in Mexico organized around a program instead of a man. Almost every other political group has been of an ephemeral, spasmodic type, called into being to meet some temporary political crisis. The Labor Party, after six years, still has- in Morones, Gasca, Treviño, Salcedo, and Tole- dano- practically the same leaders with which it started, and has throughout its existence been rather consistent in seeking to carry into effect the social program set forth in the 1917 con-

stitution.

Futhermore, it should be noted that the party has been very successful in placing its men in strategic positions in the government. In addition to Morones (now Secretary of Labor, Industry, and Commerce) and Luis L. Leon (until recently Secretary of Agriculture) in the federal cabinet, there are eight members in the chamber of deputies and two in the senate; 50% of the "Town Council" in Mexico City is "laborista"; there are a number of labor governors; and, finally, many labor men have been appointed to important federal posts, as, for example, Celestino Gasca, Director of the National Factories and Chief of the Government purchasing Department, and Eduardo Moneda, in charge of the Government Printing Shops. In short, whereas it is perhaps an overstatement to say that the government of Calles is a "labor" government, it is entirely accurate to state that labor has never in the entire history of Mexico been more advantageously placed politically, than it is at the present writing.

To return to the question before the house: "How did it come to pass that the "Partido Laborista Mexicano", the best organized political party in Mexico, and above all the party which, both in the person of its alter ego the CRÔM and in its own right, has been for six years the loudest in defense of the revolutionary principles of "sufragio efectivo y no reelección", should endorse the candidacy of Alvaro Obregon- the only man in the field seeking reelection?"

The whole trick was turned with as neat a twist of the wrist as that with which any Republican candidate

might be nominated in our own beloved land. I did not start attending the meetings until Wednesday, the third day of the convention. The early part of the week was taken up with the usual routine of seating the delegates, hearing reports on the status of the party in the various states, and repeating most of the "protests" made in the CROM convention of the previous week. By Wednesday morning the delegates were beginning to exhibit signs of restlessness and evidence of their desire to get down to the main question.

However, the "central committee" had no intention of letting the "companeros" get out of hand by permitting a free-for-all discussion of presidential candidates from the floor. All this was adroitly side tracked by forcing the convention to act first on a "dictamen" of the executive committee. The proposition put by the executive committee was, briefly: That the convention go on record as approving the reform of articles 82 and 83 of the 1917 federal constitution. In other words the committee proposed to sieze the bull by the tail instead of by the horns, for it is articles 82 and 83 which embody the famous "no-reelection" clauses. If the convention could be made to approve a change in these articles then, obviously, they could have their cake and eat it too- i.e. they could save the face of their sacred principles and yet nominate Obregon. Or, at least, so it would appear.

But the rank and file, not slow to grasp the implications of this move on the part of the leaders, was in no

mood to acquiesce without a fight. First the pill must be painted pink and sugar coated. This process took the better part of two days. Finally, by Friday noon, after much careful manipulating of speakers, the dose was ready- the stage was set. Now enters Ricardo Treviño, retiring secretary of the party, popular leader and spellbinder par excellence: "Companeros....we must face the realities of the present situation....we are compromising with our principles, if compromise we must, only as a temporary measure....unfortunately, Mexico has not yet trained up enough leaders.... we are fighting for principles not men....whatever happens, we must keep intact the party discipline...." and so on for an hour or more. A glorious speech! Just how glorious you may judge when I tell you that before Treviño began talking the majority was undoubtedly against the "dictamen"- by the time he was two-thirds through the convention could scarcely contain itself until the end, so anxious were they, one and all, to vote for the resolution. And besides they were hungry. Immediately after the vote, amid cheers and a wild scattering of leaflets bearing the sign "Obregon Es El Hombre"(Obregon Is the Man), the convention adjourned for dinner. The timing was perfect.

For the rest-it was a mere matter of form. In the afternoon there was some rather half-hearted discussion of the various presidential candidates now in the field. But the result was a foregone conclusion. Obregon would be nominated- and nominated he was!

From the above recital you can see that, as Roberto Haberman once said, politicians in Mexico are like politicians in any other place, except that in Mexico they talk Spanish.

Enclosed you will find my second monthly financial statement. From my experience during the last two months and so far as I am able to judge my possible future expenses, it appears that the work of the Institute can be carried on in Mexico for something around \$400.00 a month. Barring any unusual expenses, such as a particularly costly trip, sickness etc., this amount will, I believe, cover all ordinary costs of living and traveling, in addition to allowing me to build up in time a reserve fund for emergencies. If this is satisfactory, I wish that you would give instructions in the office to have this amount forwarded to me so as to reach me on the first day of each month.

For the current month, however, I will have to ask for additional funds to the extent of \$250.00. There are two reasons for this request. First: the few trips which I have taken into the country have shown me that it is absolutely necessary to buy a complete and rather special type of outfit. This will have to include such things as a corduroy suit, boots, blankets, knap-sack, mosquito net, medical kit, inflatable pillow, ...and, above all, a good camera. Traveling in Mexico, even on the best railroads is very like camping in more civilized parts of the world and both comfort and health demand suitable equipment. Obviously a camera will be indispensable in my work. In the second place: for the reasons which I have cited in a previous letter, I have thought it wise to take an unfurnished apartment. So far we have progressed very nicely in getting ourselves comfortably settled. However, there are a

number of things which we still need which I cannot see my way clear to purchase out of my regular budget.

Your letter of September 3rd came this morning just as I was putting the finishing touches to this report. I feel that it is wise to continue sending in rather detailed expense accounts for the next six months or so. In this way we will be able to build up a body of facts which will not only be valuable in fixing the Mexican budget, but also should be of some service in estimating the expenses of the new men as they are added to the corps.

One or two other little matters: You forgot to enclose the pictures in your letter. So far as I have been able to discover the mails are safe at the present time so that you can send Bruce's stuff along at your convenience. Will there be anyone in the central office while you are in Europe?

Sincerely yours,

ENS.

ENS..WSR..12.

Mexico City,D.F.,  
Apartado 538,  
September 15,1927.

My dear Mr.Rogers:

That very wise man, Balthasar Gracian, said somewhere in his, The Art of Worldly Wisdom; "It is a sign of a noble heart dowered with patience never to be in a hurry." As I reflect over this statement and the experiences of my trip last week in the state of Guanajuato, I am forced to the logically inescapable conclusion that all Mexicans are possessed of hearts of gold,for surely their cup runneth over with patience, and "hurry" is a word unknown and unsung.

Do I seem to state a doubtful truism- one of those hoary myths that all travelers in Mexico dearly love to fatten in the telling? Well,so be it. But reserve your final judgement while I try in a recital of some of the little incidents and adventures of the journey to prove the point.At the same time perhaps I can picture for you something of the ups and downs of travel in Mexico and even, perchance, throw a little light on the character of the ever delightful, surprising, lovable, irritating Mexican.

"It" begins with one's efforts to find out what time the train leaves. You would think, offhand, that this important bit of information could be easily and quickly obtained. But, no, the whole affair is shrouded in mystery. The night before our departure I phone the American newspaper woman, Mrs.Stevenson, who has arranged for me to go on the trip. -Can she tell me at what station and at what time the

train will leave? Well, no, not exactly. Señor Ramirez (the "Jefe" of the Rural Schools who is conducting the excursion) was not quite sure- perhaps 8:30 A.M., or maybe it was 9:30. As for the station- "Quien sabe"? The best thing to do is to split the difference and come to her house, say, at 9:00 o'clock. -Good! I will make my plans accordingly. But the next morning just as I am sitting down to my breakfast Mrs. S. appears in great excitement. Now it seems that the train leaves at 9:10. Señor Ramirez is waiting at the station with his daughter. We have only fifteen minutes to make it.... With a regretful glance at the untouched eggs and bacon on my plate, I grab my blankets and tooth brush in one hand and a piece of toast in the other. A breath taking trip in what passes for a taxicab in Mexico, and we arrive at the station only to find that, after all, the train starts at 9:35!"

A day on a Mexican train consists quite simply of two things: stopping and eating. No station is too small not to merit a stop of at least ten minutes. And whether the station be small or large, the stop short or long, for every Mexican on the train there is always the time, the place, and the appetite to eat. It is the custom of the country. Much to his surprise the foreigner, too, soon finds himself leaning out the window with the rest and shouting and haggling with the vendors- especially if the said foreigner has had only a dry piece of toast for breakfast. Enchilladas, tortillas, frijoles, pollo (chicken), higos (figs), platinas (yes! bananas),



tamales, arroz (rice), huevos (eggs), dulces (sweets that taste like condensed milk), café con leche (milk with a little coffee in it), limonada-- these are a few of the things that one amuses one stomach with to while away the time. And if, by any chance, a Mexican tires of eating- perish the thought!- then the ritual of riding on trains demands the purchase of all sorts of other playthings. At Queretaro it is opals (ten or twelve little ones for only a peso) ; at Prieto- baskets; at San Juan del Rio- lariats Salamanca- doll furniture cleverly woven out of reeds; at Mariscal- perhaps pottery, or sarapes, or grotesque Indian toys. For one's few remaining centavos there are always and everywhere the beggars. Old beggars, young beggars, crippled beggars, blind beggars- some sing, some dance, some play guitars, and some simply beg.

At 6:30 we arrive at Celaya. Of course, during the day there have been various and sundry reports that we would arrive at 4:30, 5:00, and 6:00, but in such rumors the wise take little stock. Two federal school inspectors are waiting on the platform to meet us. One is a good looking young six-footer dressed in boots, corduroy pants, a heavy gray flannel shirt, a huge Stetson hat, and, most important of all, a 44 Colt automatic prominently displayed in a decorative leather holder attached to a wide leather belt studded with cartridges. The other, our host, Carlos García, is a middle-aged "typical Mexican", i.e. a mestizo with the characteristic black, shiny suit, tan button shoes, black curly hair and moustache, large dark eyes and brown skin, and the usual significant bulge on

his right hip.

A jitney conveys us through the narrow, bumpy, cobble-stone, streets to the home of Señor García. The fact that his home also serves for his office probably accounts for the large department of health posters tacked on the wall of the patio. One of these signs announces under the picture of a blind boy: "Ciego-porque sus padres no se guardan contra gonorrhea!" (Blind- because his parents did not guard against gonorrhea). The other in dramatic fashion portrays an unhappy family which apparently did not take the proper precautions against syphilis.

The house, like its owner, is typical of Mexico's middle class. You enter directly into a large, open, brick-paved space filled with potted plants, parrots, and canary birds. One side of this patio is the wall of the house next door; around the other side and at the back are arranged the various rooms. These, also, are floored with vivid, red tezontle (volcanic rock). There is the usual assortment of rooms- parlor, bed rooms, kitchen, dining room, but, of course, no bath. The furniture is remarkable chiefly for its total lack of comfort. The chairs are spindly-legged affairs, hard and uninviting. The beds- but the less said about the beds, the better. To be sure, most middle class, Mexican homes boast at least one very grand brass bed which is likely to be more or less comfortable. For the most part, however, the rock of Gibraltar is as soft as wind blown thistle-down as compared with the ordinary Mexican bed. And the pillows!-

well, it is little wonder that the Mexicans are sometimes called stiff-necked and stubborn.

After a short rest, we were taken to see the town. Celaya, next to Leon, is the largest "pueblo" in the state of Guanajuato. The last census (1921) gives a population of 860,364 for the state, of whom, 24,035 live in Celaya. The place is generally known about the Republic for three things: in it is found the famous church of "Neuestra Señora del Carmen"; here Obregon lost his arm in the great battle in which Villa was finally defeated; and here are manufactured the famous Celaya dulces (sweets). In more recent years the town has become something of a center for agricultural developments. In 1923 the federal government established in it one of the five agricultural banks in the Republic, and last year saw the founding of the "Escuela Central Agrícola" (Central Agricultural School).

The natural beauty of Celaya, which it shares with practically all the plateau pueblos, has been considerably enhanced by the improvements- sidewalks, electric street lights, parks, etc.-of the last city administration. To walk, as we did after supper, in the soft, star-lit, Mexican night, round and round the little central plaza while the local band played "Perigrina" (The Wanderer), and "Donde Estas Corazón" (Where is Thy Heart) - was the very joy of life itself... That is, it was for the first twenty times around- after that one's boots began to be a bit heavy. However, even leaden boots and a stomach reminding me that it was not accustomed to warm beer and chile for supper, could not spoil my interest in the many

odd ways of Saturday night in a Mexican small town. The iron railing in the center of the walk around the plaza enforcing the very formal segregation of the sexes- the young men all making the circuit in one direction and the girls in the other; the blanket enveloped peons with their huge sombreros- sitting in sombre dignity on the benches, or huddled half asleep on the curbstone; on the far edge of the plaza the many vendors of fruit, bright colored drinks, "cigarros", and trinkets of all sorts- mostly women, stoically squatting on the ground with their wares spread out before them on a bit of black cloth.....

In the morning we are up at seven-thirty. A dash of cold water on one's face from the well in the patio, a steaming cup of "café con leche" with a sweet roll for ballast, and we are ready to start on our journey. First we are to visit a rural school. The roads, it seems, are "muy malo" due to the recent rains, so we are to go by train. A little less than an hour's ride brings us to a wide place in the road called Sarabia. One railroad station, a few dozen adobe houses, a mixed assortment of sleepy burros, and the regular number of flea-bitten, mangy dogs- this is Sarabia. Or rather this was Sarabia, for now something new is blossoming under the Sarabian sun. A stone's throw from the station in the center of what is still partly a mosquito infested swamp stands, in striking contrast to the other buildings round about, a bright new white washed structure. This is the rural school- the first one ever built in Sarabia. A middle-aged Mexican woman- the "professora"- descends from the ladder on which she has been working putting the finishing touches to a decorative reed arch, to show us the building. There is

only one small room, as yet unfurnished, but, even so, the place does not seem bare for on all four walls are painted a series of unusually good pictures. This type of pseudo-fresco work is found in many of the schools. The subjects, as in this case, are patriotic in nature- portraits of the national heroes and paintings of dramatic historical events. The school, which when completed will have another room equal in size with the present one (about 15 x 24), is expected to accommodate 150 students, including the adults in the night school. Another ~~very~~ interesting fact about the building is that it was planned and built very largely through the efforts of the military authorities attached to a local garrison- truly a new role for Mexican army officers.

By this time the presence of the "Jefe" of the rural schools and the "Americanos" has been noised about the village. When we sit down to breakfast in the house of the school mistress a goodly quota of the town's population is crowded around the door and into the room to keep us company. If you have never had a breakfast of steak, frijoles, eggs, black coffee, and beer, in a two room adobe hut, with a dirt floor, thatched roof, and plenty of flies- then "you aint seen nothing yet". And when added to this you are serenaded during the meal by the local "ochestra"(consisting of a mouth organ, a guitar, and two decrepit violins) - ah! that is paradise enow! But, somehow, one dos'nt mind. It's all in the game. Everyone is very jolly; and, strangely enough, the worse the food looks, the better it tastes.

Breakfast over, we climb into an ancient, sea-going Victoria to which are hitched five mules. For the next two hours and a half we learn what the Mexicans mean when they say that the roads are "muy malo". But at last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, a little battered and bruised from the jolting, and spattered here and there with mud, we arrive at our next stop. This time it is somebody's ranch. A number of the folk from the surrounding country side- men, women, and children- are gathered for the occasion. Now begins the strenuous ritual of Mexican hospitality. First, we all sit down for a half hour or so very gravely and politely facing each other on two rows of wooden benches- the women at one end of the porch and the men at the other. In a very interesting fashion we ask after each other's health, discuss the weather, the state of the roads, and how pretty the mountains are.

Suddenly the party brightened up and took on new life, for two of the señoritas appeared from somewhere bearing a large bottle of "Tequila". (Tequila is a sort of Mexican whiskey produced by distillation from a species of maguey or Cactaceae. And I, for one, can rise in the meeting and testify with all my heart that it has a "kick" in it which, by comparison, makes even the products of Chicago bootleggers taste like soda-pop.) A few rounds of this and the men began to sing, the girls to giggle, and even the old ladies to smile and spank the babies out of sheer good spirits. An hour passed in this fashion and then dinner was announced. Not just an ordinary dinner, but really serious eating- a whole barbecued pig, stacks of tortillas, huge bowls of rice, and, of course, frijoles and beer. After dinner

there was more singing. Then: "Will the Americano be so kind as to sing an American song- a sad one?" So, in as sad and doleful manner possible, I sang- "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown". What else could one sing after four "copitas" of Tequila?

Leaving the ranch we next rode over to the village of Cortazar to inspect one of the state industrial schools. Many schools of this type are now being inaugurated throughout the Republic. Entirely self supporting, it receives no funds either from the state or federal government. Tuition is free and the students are given a certain per cent of the profits. These schools are really small factories. The children are taught weaving, shoe making, printing, manual training, and the raising and care of live stock. In addition to these trades they are given a certain amount of instruction in the "three R's". Despite the lack of adequate space ( the school is located in an old abandoned house) and the paucity of equipment, the eighty odd students all seemed to be very happy and busy and the whole enterprise a thriving success.

We are still some 30 or 40 kilometers from home, and that over the worse roads possible to imagine. And, although we have it on our program to visit the agricultural school in Celaya before our train leaves at 11 P.M. for Mexico City, one doesn't hurry. Be patient! Tomorrow will be another day. So we listen to the school band play, "Valencia", and "That's My Baby", <sup>while we</sup> and eat a large glass of what is called ice

cream. Next, we pay a visit to the "ayuntamiento"(city hall). In due course, however, after much shaking of hands ( a ceremony religiously observed in Mexico), just as the sun is sinking behind the distant mountains we all pile into a truck and start for Celaya. Every one is in high spirits- Tequila stays with you a long time. Somewhere along the road we have picked up a mud bespattered young Mexican whom we recognized to be one of the members of the "orchestra" at Sarabia. (I afterwards learned that he was also one of the local rural school masters). Now he tunes up his trusty violin and for what seems the hundredth time that day we sing the current popular rage, "Donde Estas Corazón" . After a few miles of this the American Señor is again asked to sing. This time I undertake to teach them, "Darling Clementine", in English.

As you may well imagine, the result was screamingly funny. Indeed, it was so funny that, just as we reached the refrain, "Thou art lost and gone forever, Darling Clementine", the driver of the truck turned around to join in the new game. Oh prophetic words! for in the next instant- crash! bang! splosh!- and we were in the ditch.

Luckily, no one is hurt. We scramble out and take stock of the situation. We argue and joke. Thank God! the violin is not mashed. What to do? Undeniably the car is in the ditch- and, worse still, in a ditch filled with a foot and a half of soft mud and water. A long discussion ensues, the end result of which is the profound conclusion that we must get the car out of the ditch. Ropes and chains appear from under the



front seat. We pull and grunt; we call upon the Virgin Mary; according to our nationality, we sprinkle the road with "Damns" <sup>or</sup> and "Carambas"- but all to no avail. We wipe the mud out of our eyes and agree with the driver that "the car does not wish to move". Another long conference from which it develops that, the Virgin Mary having failed us, we must send for some Oxen. Meanwhile, we spread our blankets in the middle of the road and sit down to wait.

Could anyone picture a more laughable, a more thoroughly ridiculous <sup>situation</sup>? Ten o'clock at night, 15 kilometers from any sort of a pueblo- here we sit for two hours huddled in our blankets to keep warm: the Jefe of the Rural Schools, his flapper daughter ( for some strange reason she is dressed for the occasion in high-heel satin slippers, silk stockings, and a very modish black satin dress), two automobile mechanics, one wandering minstrel, a lady newspaper correspondent from Washington, and one embryonic student of the "problems of Modern Mexico" . Could anything be more incongruous than to find yourself in the middle of the night listening to a rural school master in a ragged coat playing a Schubert serenade? and then topping this off with an impassioned and dramatic recitation of a long poem all about how Christ died to save the world?.....

One could go on and on in this fashion. To really do justice to this one trip would require, I am sure, a small book. I could describe the rest of our trip home that night in an ox cart, the big supper which awaited us when we arrived at 2 A.M., the visit to the agricultural school the next day, the unique discomforts of riding all night in Mexican

trains without "los sleepings" and they sometimes call Pullmans. But, perhaps I have made my point: "Travel does broaden one, you know, especially in Mexico".

Sincerely yours,

ENS.