ENS..WSR..13.

Mexico City,D.F.,
Apartado 538,
September 20,1927.

My dear Mr.Rogers:

"Work them hard; teach them what we can; and then,send them back to the farm"- thus the director of the "Central Agricultural School" in the state of Guanajuato summed up for me the educational theory back of the agricultural schools in Mexico. And the main impression which one carries away from a wisit to the "Escuela Central Agrícola" is that, in at least one of these schools, this common sense, work-a-day, philosophy is actually being put into practice. There are no social or educational "frills" to these "escuelas". Like the rural primary schools, which they are intended to supplement, they have been conceived in all seriousness to meet the exigencies of a very immediate and definite social problem. They represent the third and last link of the new chain of agrarian life which is being forged in Mexico's social revolution. "The partition of landed estates"- "Agricultural Banks"- and "Agricultural Schools"- these are the prosaic, practical, institutional translations of the revolutionary cry for "Tierra y Libertad"!

At the present time there are only four schools of this type in the whole Republic(three more are in the process of construction), but I do not think that their importance in the scheme of things Mexican can be overestimated. In a country where approximately 85% of the population is rural, any plan which looks to the raising of the level of agrarian life

is a plan worthy of the most serious consideration.

The physical equipment of the "Escuela Central Agrícola" in the state of Guanajuato is of the most modern and up-to-date type. The barns,stables, shops, dairies, chicken runs, and pig pens compare favorably with those found in any of the "Agricultural and Mechanical" colleges in the United States. In fact, the director of the school, Ing.Enrique Muris, spent eleven years in the States and received his professional training in the Mississippi "A.& M." college. It should be noted, however, that the organizers of the Mexican agricultural schools have tried to avoid the mistake of imposing bodily the techniques worked out to meet the needs of other lands. "Every effort has been made", Señor Muris will tell you, "not to follow slavishly the models set by the United States or Germany or any other country. What we are seeking to do is to take the 'best that has been said and done' in other lands and adapt it to the agricultural problems of Mexico. The great mistake of Mexico in the past has been that she was always toready, especially in educational matters, to take over the theories of other nations, not realizing that these thories may not, and usually do not, meet the peculiar needs of Mexico".

The administration offices, classrooms, and student quarters are housed in a very large old "hacienda" which has been remodeled for the purpose. Here, again, one is struck with how well the shoe fits. The dormitories are large and airy; the kitchens are outfitted with modern, steam-pressure boilers (also-wonder to behold!- there is an ingenous machine for making

and cooking "tortillas"); the"social halls" and classrooms are comfortable and clean. Convenient to the main building is a beautiful outdoor theater built of concrete and decorated with native tiles. Not far from the theater is a sizable,concrete, outdoor swimming pool and a number of shower baths supplied by an artesian well. The whole property, including the the 1,277 hectares (about 2,300 acres) of irrigated land represents an investment on the part of the federal government of 300,000 pesos, or approximately $150,000. The capacity of the school is 200 hundred students and at the present time the enrollment is 150. The faculty comprises 9 members.

The most interesting aspect of the program for these state agricultural schools is their plan to be entirely self supporting. The one in Guanajuato, for example, although established less than one year ago, is already paying its own way to the estent of 75% of its annual budget of 200,000 pesos. Futhermore, not only is tuition free, but each student participates in the profits of the farm. One half of the student's share is given to him for his expenses while he is in school; the other half is put in the co-operative bank and the whole amount (perhaps three or four hundred pesos) is turned over to him at the end of the three or four year course as a nest egg to start out his career as a farmer.

Theoretically, there are three essential requirements for a boy to enter the school: a. he must be the son of a small land owner (or the son of an "ejiditario-i.e. one who lives in a group holding its land communally); b. he

must have completed at least the four year course of the rural primary school or its equivalent; c. he must be between the ages of 15 and 21. (Of course, at the present time it is both unwise and almost impossible, conditions being what they are in Mexico, to enforce rigidly all of these requirements- especially the last two.) In addition to these requirements the prospective student must also measure up to the test of "being really interested in farming and not afraid to work".

Indeed, a boy who was afraid of work would have a rather unhappy time of it,for the daily program is nothing, if not strenous. The agricultural schools, like the rural primary schools, are "escuelas de ación"; the role played by books and theories is of secondary importance as compared with the role assigned to "learning by doing". Accordingly, the student body is divided into two groups. One group spends the morning (the morning begins at 5:00 o'clock) working in the fields,orchards, barns carpenter shops, or whatever. At the same time the second group is attending classes. In the afternoon- vice versa. In this way each boy spends half of his time in contact with the actual practical work of a farm and the complete equipment of the school is constantly in use.

In general, then, the simple purpose of these agricultural schools is to transform benighted Mexican peons into intelligent,self-respecting farmers. Or to put the matter in the words of the director of the Guanajuato school: "We do not hope to perform miracles. But we do hope slowly to transform the life of the 'campesino". We hope to create a youthful farmer- rough

and hard working- a future producer of cereals, meat, vegetables, honey, fruit, milk- all in sufficient quantity to satisfy adequately his new necessities acquired through a simple, practical education".

In this description I have no intention of painting too rosy a picture of the agricultural schools in Mexico. Like almost everything else that is modern and progressive in Mexico these schools are significant only as tendencies. As yet, they are only straws in the wind. What can one school with a capacity of 200 students do to meet the needs of the 10,000 sons of "campesinos" in the state of Gunajuato? What, indeed, are six or seven agricultural schools in the whole Republic over against an ignorant, backward, tradition-bound, rural population of 10,000,000? What, in any case, is the wisdom of teaching the sons of small farmers the uses of the most modern agricultural machinery and the care of pure bred live stock, only to send them back to their poverty stricken villages to practice their art on wooden plows and mangy burros?

No, the agricultural schools have not ushered in a Mexican millenium. Much remains yet to be done; many costly mistakes are yet to be made; failures will have to be surmounted. Above all, if the program of these schools is to be carried out and if they are to take their place as a dynamic force in the life of the nation, those in charge of their destiny will have to conquer the national psychology of "dreaming much and realizing little".

The really significant point, to my mind, about the whole agricultural school movement is simply that it

is a step in the right direction. A short step, a faltering step, or what you will, but, nevertheless, a step. It may be unwise for the government to spend 300,000 pesos for a"model agricultural school" in a country where 65% of the people are illiterate and an even greater per cent ~~is~~ are landless. But, to say the least, this is better than spending 12,000,000 pesos on a still uncompleted, marble and gold theater in the City of Mexico.

.....

Having lived safely through a sixteenth of September, I feel called upon to make a few remarks on the subject of national holidays and how they are celebrated in Mexico. The sixteenth of september is for Mexico what the fourth of July is for the United States. Or, more specifically, it is the celebration in commemoration of the "Grito de Dolores". This is the name which has been given to the famous call to arms raised that fateful September night in 1810 by the village priest, Miguel Hidalgo.- "Viva Neuestra Señora de Guadalupe; viva la Independencia!" (Long live Our Lady of Guadalupe;long live Independence). Just before dawn of September the sixteenth Hidalgo rang the church bell to announce the new movement and so launched a ten years struggle for independence from Spain....

This year the regularly recurring rumors that a new revolution would break out on the night of the great day were apparently taken more seriously than they usually are. The city was filled with soldiers and special guards. The saloons and pulque shops were closed tight from early in the morning. Everyone who entered the great central plaza, or

"Zocalo", was carefully searched for concealed weapons. Motorcycle police and riot cars were stationed everywhere, ready for immediate action.

I went down about 10:00 o'clock with Diego Rivera, the artist, and an American friend. A sight worth seeing! - thousands and thousands of people jammed and packed into the eight or ten square blocks of the plaza; in front, the National Palace, a glow of white radiance; to the left, the great Cathedral, reflecting some of the glory of the Palace and now and again leaping into vivid outline as the soldiers shot off fireworks in the yard or from the towers. As the clock strikes 11:00 the President and the diplomatic corps appear on the balcony. Once again the liberty bell is rung; once again the "Grito" is raised. The bands massed in front of the President's balcony strike up the national anthem; the Cathedral bells peal forth their solemn tones; skyrockets paint the sky red, and green, and blue..... But the people? Well, perhaps it was the lack of pulque and tequila, or, perhaps, it was the so-called "Indian reserve" , but the whole crowd seemed to be curiously diffident, almost servile. To be sure, hats and handkerchiefs were waved in the air and there were a few scattering cheers and "viva Mexico"'s , but,for the most part, the passionate outburst which the books have led one to expect in Latin countries, or, even the noisy, spontaneous enthusiasm of an American crowd, was all conspicuous by its absence.

One had the feeling that these people simply did not know how to act on an occasion of this sort. There was no real tradition for the thing. And even deeper than this, I

suspect that the root of the matter lies in the fact that, after all, for the man in the street the symbols of Mexican nationality have little or no significance. Compare the soul-stirring participation of the metizos and the indians in such a religious festival as that which I witnessed last week at the shrine of "Los Remedios" with this half-hearted patriotic demonstration and you will see what I mean. Or, consider this: Can you imagine in the United States as many British flags being displayed as American ones on the fourth of July? And yet, apparently for the Mexican this would not seem strange, for on the day of the celebration of his independence from the"hated Spanish tyrant" Spanish flags in the City were quite as prominent as Mexican ones.

A dozen signs, superficial if you like, but, nevertheless convincing, point to the conclusion that the maaning of the whole thing is still only vaguely sensed by the average Mexican citizen.There is no point of reference, as the philosophers would say. Except for a small group of intellectuals in the cities, Mexico still has no history, no racial memory. After a hundred years of freedom, she has yet to achieve her nationhood.

Sincerely yours,

ENS.

P.S. I have not received any of the magazines or papers yet.

Calle Insurgentes 257,
Mexico City, Mexico.

September 25,1927.

Dear Mr. Rogers:

Of course I am not a sociologist but even to the lay mind it seems that the relative importance of things is all askew. Why should all the really important details -- such as straight "A"s in my summer school courses,or my narrow escape from buying a beautiful, old, rosewood commode belonging to Madame Diaz,or a sturdy, young Indian dancer giving me a guitar made from an armadillo --- why,I ask, should matters of such moment be sandwiched in between two agricultural schools or tacked on to the end of a labor convention ?

As further proof that the sociologist has a distorted sense of values, I quote the following conversation.

K. " Did you tell Mr. Rogers about the fiesta at Los Remedios?"

E. " No ."

Not even a"thank you " ,if you please . But as a faithful realist I suppose I must add the next line.

E. " Since you've been wanting to write to Mr. Rogers, why don't you seize this bull by the horns and tell him about the celebration yourself ? "

There you see what influence the environment is having on his speech. But to get back to the point. I should like for my first glimpse of a religious festival in Mexico to go on record as the year's biggest thrill.

We went out to the rather gaudy little church of Los Remedios, housing one of the most famous Virgins in Mexico, very early on

the morning of September the eighth, to watch the arrival of the pilgrims. From the automobile road below, we saw an endless silhouette moving up the gentle slope of the hill. The line dipped to jagged breaks , where the devout or those hoping for a miraculous cure, crawled painfully along a serape-spread path. A path that rolled on for leagues and leagues--- or so it must have seemed to those figures kneeling on the hot hillside and peering ahead to the white cross over the next hill and then the next.

Arrived at the main entrance of the church yard, we found it lined with booths selling pottery,petates(straw mats),toys, drinks (pulque mixed with the red juice of the cactus pear),ear-rings,bracelets,candles and milagros (tiny reproductions of arms, lega, hearts or ' what ails you ') to pin on the robes of the Virgin or the "pobrecito",as the very bloody Christ is familiarly called. At right angles to this road was another way of approach or escape where by common consent the food venders had arranged themselves and their wares. Compared with this passage a sardine can is spacious. To get through here one manouvers around icecream freezers, sidesteps handkerchiefs spread with peanuts, leaps over a pile of blackening peppers only to find himself confronted by a table heaped with raw meat and a faintly smiling goat's head, cooked to a turn--- hair and horns intact. At this point.I might add, one swears immediate and eternal allegiance to the Vegetable Kingdom.

Rather than participating in a fiesta, these intent venders seemed to be part of a well-staged exposition of Mexican life. Here,for example, in a spot three feet square is Exhibit A,Woman Making Tortillas , a demonstration of how two thirds of theMexican

women spend their days.She kneels on the ground behind her flat, stone metate; with her right hand she scoops up some of the softened corn grains and lime water from the unglazed brown jar at her side. Then with a stone roller, she works the 'mais ' to a pulp,fine enough to pat skillfully into a round ,thin pancake. Pat,pat,pat---some women on the beat,some a fraction later,some unconcernedly far behind----the tortilla makers are patting out their homely rythm. Then if a rusty ,tin lid that slants over the charcoal fire is piping hot, the rubbery cakes are placed on it to send off toasty odors ,certain to tempt the ever hungry Mexican.

Interesting as all this might be, I could not rest until I reached the churchyard where the dances were going endlessly on. Then I would not go so far as to say that I rested. More distraught than a four year old at a three ring circus, I ebbed from one of the seven circles of dancers to another.Each group, repres ènting a different village, had been dancing since one o'clock of that morning for the glory of its "pueblo " and the Virgin. Not so gruesomely thrilling,perhaps , as the Indian dancers described by Mr. Lawrence in his Mornings in Mexico, there was,nevertheless, the same intentness,concentration,lightness and certainty in the efficacy of the dance, Efficacy for what,was the mystery. Not for growing corn,not for gentle rains nor for gentle deer, not for the return of the priests. For what then? " Well ," you are answered dreamily by a little boy who is trying to steal your pocketbook, "quien sabe? "

The costumes, if they may be dignified as such,were pitiful, gorgeous and comical. Every dancer wore a crown of gay plumes,banked with thin little bells and trailing Christmas tree tinsel, but there all homogeneity ended. Some came dressed in close-fitting suits of

buckskin like North American Indians, others came in clean,blue overalls but the majority wore sack blouses,silken skirts reaching to the knee and colored cotton stockings. Mens' legs at best(i.e disguised in twentieth century models) are amusing but wavering Indian legs,skirted above by pink silk and disappearing into white tennis shoes banded with gold paint--- well, they are undoubtedly one of the reasons why girls leave home.

I stood on the side lines and surreptitiously practised the steps. The figures are ritualistic and as such are secretive. Dancers will not pose for pictures , will not give their right names (though politely enough they will give one a very pretty alias*) and will certainly instruct no one in the steps. They were simple,however, and I carried away many of them in my head or in my notebook. While the rhythms of the guitars,their only musical accompaniment, I can recall at will by humming an elegant ditty,learned long before I was acquainted with any beverage other than milk,which runs like this," I like coffee,I like tea, I like the boys and the boys like me etc."

Turning at last from the dances, I joined a small group of pilgrims as they entered the church and with them worked my way up to the alter. But there where souls seemed so naked,where one was stretched with a tenseness entirely free from our pompous solemnity and where a feeling,breathing belief rebuked me as an alien spirit, I could not stay. My unawed spirit wanted to flee from incense and mournful monotones, back to a particular one of those seven charmed circles with its "heathen" Aztec leader. This chieftain was beautiful and aloof---disclaiming any Catholic allegiance---and danced at such fiestas,so he told me, only be-

cause he had a 'geas' upon him and must.

It pleased me to believe this romantic tale and his make-up, certainly, did not give the lie to his words. It seemed quite possible that he might harbour deep,deep beyond his own volition a heroditage of hate against the Spaniards who had destroyed an Aztec temple on this very spot where he now danced. Perhaps he in turn longed to destroy,rather than dance for, the very ugly,wooden doll now holding the center of the stage within the flower-decked church.

The story of the rise and fall of the Virgin of Los Remedios reads like an Horatio Alger concoction. This Virgin ,like all famous ones in Mexico, was discovered by an humble Indian. From her resting place in a maguey plant,he carried her to his home where he carefully locked her in a strong,wooden chest. But from this stronghold she easily escaped and returned to her former retreat in the heart of a pulque plant. This having occured several times, the image was rightly enough declared miraculous. Once again she was moved but in this case to a shrine of her own where she dwelt in the heart of a solid silver maguey.

From this vantage point her prestige grew apace. Even her unsuccessful escapade with the Spanish troops in the War for Independence of 1810 did not seriously damage her reputation ---- those were troublous days at best and a twelve inch general might easily get mixed up with the wrong side. But her exalted rank and uniform counted for nothing when she fell into the hands of an equally great and somewhat more mobile Mexican general. By this officer she was brought to shame; her rank

stripped from her ,her sash torn and she herself reviled as a "Gauchipina " (one born in Spain). To add to her humiliation orders were given for her deportation to Spain and her passport duly signed. Only after the Spaniards had solemnly promised she shou should not be allowed to influence politics in Mexico, was she permitted to remain. Long ago, though, this misadventure into the ranks of the Gauchipins has been forgiven and Mexican allegiance to the Virgin unquestioning---- all save that of the proud Aztec dancer.

That is, I should like to believe in his abnegation, but then I know he,too, bends a willing knee to the cold,tiled floor;he, too,gazes estatically heavenward and mumbles his inchoate prayers before that sightless,wooden doll which is Nuestra Señora de Los Remedios.

Best wishes to you and John for a pleasant trip.

Keith

P.S. It's a cruel world. I have since found out that my "proud Aztec" is a bus driver .

INTERVIEW.

Novo, Salvador,
9/25/27.

A Mexican Intellectual Comes to Tea.

The character of every man is in large part determined by the gossip of his fellow men. Gossip surrounds us and sets us off like a frame on a picture. As a case in point, consider my friend Salvador Novo. Some of the things which one hears about Señor Novo are interesting, some amusing, and some scandalous. Let me illustrate, seriatim: Interesting- that the young man is in the way of being something of a genius; still in his early twenties he has published a book of sophisticated essays interlarded with bits of modernistic verse; without ever having been out of Mexico, (save one rather hurried trip to an educational conference in Honolulu) he speaks almost perfect English, not bad French, and a respectable amount of German; he has read very widely in the literature of modern Europe, gives lectures on the modern drama, and is assistant editor of a sporadic but brilliant magazine devoted to the study of Mexican art. Amusing- that although a student and a member of the intelligentsia, Don Salvador vigorously protests his lack of interest in the social problems of his own country- indeed, he is likely to be a bit scornful of all things Mexican; that he is not even curious about the geography of his own country- he will tell you that he has never been to Vera Cruz, to Yucatan, or even to that famous winter resort, Cuernavaca, scarcely three hours by automobile from Mexico City. Scandalous- that the gentleman is what is known in Mexico as a

"jotito"- i.e. that he has rather unusual interests in the members of his own sex. In short, he is reputed to be a "fairy".

In his ordinary everyday life Señor Novo graces an important post in the "Secretaría de Educación". Or, to be more specific, he is in charge of the department of printing and publications. Through his hands must pass all of the numerous official reports, bulletins, books of propaganda, text books, and whatnot published by the Secretariat of Education. Not an easy job, this. A man must have good judgement, some literary talent, abundant tact for keeping peace with the heads of the various departments of the Secretariat, and a not inconsiderable technical knowledge of the art of printing and publishing. From all reports Señor Novo is such a man.

But that is not all. In addition to this, the chief of the editorial department has the virtue of being exceedingly kind and polite to the inquisitive foreigners who annually descend upon Mexico to make investigations and do research. He is very happy to put himself and his assistants at your disposal. You have only to ask and you shall receive gratis any or all of the publications of the department, lovely fat books of statistics, dignified official reports, beautiful slim phamplets with colored plates illustrating Mexico's latest educational experiments, and, not least of all, a grey little modest volume entitled: "Ensayos",by Salvador Novo.

I know that this is true, for , of all these things I have both asked and received. We have become very friendly, Novo and I. We meet each other at parties and in restaurants. Occasionally I drop in his office for a cigarette and a copy of some new report of the department..... So it is quite natural, you see,

that Don Salvador should be here in my apartment this afternoon for tea.

There he sits in the big chair by the desk slightly lounging in a comfortable sort of fashion. Even though he is seated one can easily tell that he is rather tall for a Mexican- a good six feet. Rather heavy, too, -say 180 pounds- and, despite his youth, already showing signs of settling slightly in the middle. An interesting, boyishly round, face. His skin, not dark in any case, seems of almost Nordic whiteness against the black hair combed sleekly back from his high forehead. His rather studious air is accentuated when on occasion he puts on his large, shell-rim, glasses to look at a book which I have handed him. Inconspicuously well dressed, he might be mistaken for a Harvard professor of English, but never for a bond-salesman.

I have some difficulty in getting my guest "started". Perhaps he is still a little self-conscious of his English; perhaps my garbled Spanish is confusing; or, maybe, he wants to be drawn out a bit, prefering to pose a while as the slightly-bored-with-life man of the world. I enquire of the success of his efforts, recently reported in the newspapers, to start a "little theater " movement in Mexico. He smiles slowly and replies that the group did not show up when they promised to, and shrugs his shoulders as if to say, " what can you expect of these Mexicans?"

We talk of the commercial theater in Mexico.

"Why", I ask, " do not more foreign artists and theatrical companies come to Mexico?"

"Some do. But never more than once if they are wise. In Mexico everything happens only once. Even Pavlowa could

not draw a crowd on her second tour. What is true of the theater is also true of other things- Maderoismo, Carancismo, Obregonismo- once and they were done! Diaz was the only man ~~that~~ who was ever able to repeat in Mexico."

The conversation drifts to music. As a feeler I lead off with: "I am beginning to believe that the reputation ~~that~~ Mexico has for being a musical nation is a myth. One misses,for example, any great choral organizations in the city."

My friend likes this for he answers with:"It is a myth. We have never produced any great musical artists in Mexico. We do not create music. We only listen and imitate, and both of these rather badly."

"But don't you think ~~that~~ there is a genuine musical expression on the part of the indigenous population of Mexico?"

"Oh, yes. But it is a primitive sort of music lacking both distinction and intellectual interest."

Now it is senor Novo's turn to question.

"Why are you so enthusiastic in your interest in the Mexican Indians? I hate them myself. And imagine talking to that man Ramírez!"- this just after I have related my success of the morning in getting some data on the culture of the Tarahumare Indians from Señor Rafael Ramirez, one of Novo's colleagues in the Secretariat. I explain in my defense that my business here is to study the problems of modern Mexico, and that the Indians seem to be one of them. And besides, I add, the work of the rural schools with the Indians is interesting. I try to illustrate my point by describing my recent visit to some of the schools in the state of Guanajuato.

But Señor Novo is not to be convinced. "I can't understand",he says," your getting any sport out of that sort of thing. I never make any trips in Mexico when I can help it. Once I went to Puebla with Saenz (Sub-Secretary of Education). It was only a few hours by automobile, but we had to stop off and visit one of those so-called cultural missions. Stupid business. And after we got to Puebla, tired and dirty, imagine! we had to inspect some night school and stand around while they sang the national anthem. No more of that for me- especially along with one of the important officials like Saenz. There are too many ceremonies; and the stuff you have to eat! well!..... "

Sentiments such as these expressed by the heads of one of the departments of the "Secretaría de Educación" are too good to lose. I angle for more with: "What do you think of the "Casa del Indio" (the school for Indians which the government has established in Mexico City) ?

First another shrug of the shoulders and then: "Oh, it does very well as a sort of Indian zoo. After you educate an Indian, you know, he never wants to go back to his "pueblo". He only wants to stay in the city and wear a high silk hat."

Now we are fairly launched into shop talk. If only the Señor will gossip about his own department perhaps I will be repaid for my investment in tea and sandwiches. The Señor will and does.

"And one who is interested in education in Mexico should certainly know the history of the editorial department in the Secretaría. There is the case of Vasconcellos, for example. (José Vasconcellos was the minister of education during the

Obregon regime). Vasconcellos, the poor man, wanted to uplift the common people. He wanted to spread among the peasantry a knowledge of the 'best that had been said and done in the world'. The common people must read bigger and better books. But what books? Why, obviously, the classic books! So what did Vasconcellos do but publish in Spanish translations thousands and thousands of copies of Plato's "Dialogues", Homer's "Illiad and Odyssey", Goethe's,"Faust", Euripides' "Tragedies", several volumes of Tagore, and God only knows what else! And these were all to be distributed free for the asking. Did any body read them? Oh no, but the complete set in its nice green binding was very decorative and the names of the authors imposing, so you will find them all over South America and in the 'best homes of Mexico City' gathering dust in the parlors. They lend such an air of culture and refinement to the home, you know."

Here, Don Salvador stopped to light one of his American made cigarettes ("Mexican cigarettes are awful, aren't they?") before continuing.

"Well we have still got thousands of Vasconcellos' uplifters in the store room of the Secretariat. It gives the rats something to think about. And we still hand out sets to aspiring young men. But many a time I have dropped into the book store near the Secretariat to find that these same young men had just been there and sold the complete set without even taking the wrapping paper off of the package".

I call to mind that E.A.Ross in his book on Mexico was very critical of Vasconcellos' efforts to introduce the peons to Plato and Goethe. Señor Novo does not know the

sociological Mr.Ross, but agrees that "el tiene razón "(i.e. that he was just in his criticism).

"The most amusing part of the whole thing", he goes on to say, " I only discovered recently. In checking over some reports what did I find but that of a certain two volume work Vasconcellos had printed 300,000 copies of the second volume and only 150,000 copies of the first volume! What we are going to do with a 150,000 copies of the second volume of Plotinus' philosophy, I don't know." .....

"Won't you have another cup of tea, Senor Nove?"

.....

Outline for a study of:

"Current Tendencies in Mexican Education"

(The Work of the Federal Gov.)

I. The Problem of Education in Mexico.

1. The social background.
2. Illiteracy.
3. Racial heterogeity and the cultural incorporation of the indigenous population.
4. The development of the national consciousness.

II. The History of Education in Mexico.

1. The civilization of the pre-conquest period.
2. Education during the Spanish domination.
3. The period of Independence-to Diaz.
4. The Diaz regime.
5. The social revolution and the modern period.

III. What Mexico Is Doing to Solve Its Educational Problem.

1. The rural school movement.
   a. The "raison d'etre" and history of the movement.
   b. Statistics and description of the accomplishments to date of the movement.
   c. Case studies of rural schools-illustrated with photograph
   d. Critical comment.

2. The cultural missions and the normal schools.
   a. The "doctrine" and history of the missions.
   b. Statistics and description of work of missions.
   c. A case study of a mission-illustrated.
   d. Critical comment.

   e. The work of the normal schools.

3. The industrial and technical schools.
   a.
   b.
   c.

4. The state agricultural schools.
   a. Relation of the schools to the land problem.
   b. Agricultural schools now established-their work.
   c. A case study-illustrated.
   d. Critical comment.

5. Primary and secondary education in the Federal District.
   a.
   b.
   c.

6.The National University.

7.Special projects and experiments.
a.The "Casa del Indio".
b.The "Escuela del Verano".
c.The Open Air Painting Schools.
d."Las Escuelas del Aire Libre".
e.The radio station.

8.The financial side of the educational problem.
a.Cost of the work of the federal government.
b.Comparative expenditures in other periods.
c.
d.

9.The administration of public education.
a.The "Secretaría de Educación Pública" and its work.
b.Leaders in the educational world- a series of literary sketches illustrated with portraits.

IV.Restatement and Summary. Residual Problems.

1.State education and its relation to the educational program of the federal government.
2.The Catholic Church and its relation to the modern educational movement in Mexico-. A statement of facts and attitudes.
3.What price the Indian?
4.Education and social adjustment.The problem of the rising standard of living.
5.Educational evolution and political revolution in Mexico.

V.Selected,Annotated Bibliography.

VI. Maps.

Memorandum of Progress Made to Date in Study of Education.

1. Have received copies and read most of the recent publications and current reports of the Secretaría.

2. Have made contacts with the following people in the field of education: Ignacio Ramirez, Carlos Basauri, Mrs. C.R. James, Tomás Montaño, Salvador Novo, Luis Sánchez Pontón, Alfonso Pruneda, and Fernandez Esperón.

3. Have been on two trips conducted by Señor Ramirez: one to the state of Tlaxcala where we visited two rural schools and the Xocoyucan Normal School and one to the state of Guanajuato where we visited a rural school at Sarabia, an industrial school at Cortazar, and an agricultural school at Celaya.

4. Have visited the "Casa del Indio".

5. Visited a number of the classes and lectures at the "Escuela del Verano".

Memorandum of Requests to Make of the Department of Education

1. Assistance in meeting heads of departments and leaders in the field of education.

2. A card of identification (with photograph) and a genral letter of introduction stating the nature of my investigations. Also, special letters where these will be of value.

3. Advice and suggestions for planning a trip of inspection and observation around the Republic. Especially, at the present time to the West coast.

4. Assistance in getting historical materials on the development of education in Mexico.

5. Permission to accompany one of the Cultural Missions- if possible to the state of Chiapas.

6. Critical advice and comments on the report on "Current Tendencies in Mexican Education" when it is finished.