

IN GUADALAJARA



Skin Peddler in Guadalajara.

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GUADALAJARA, venerable city of Mexico's west, is one of Mexico's tourist meccas.

Sleepers run from Los Angeles through to Guadalajara. Rails also link the city with the sea at Mazatlan; still another system ties it with Mexico City, with the Gulf of Mexico, and the Texas border. These railways, with the nation's steadily growing net of motor highways, make Guadalajara an active distribution center. Here cheap electric power, ample labor, and abundant raw materials stimulate various industries. These include spinning and knitting mills, candy and cracker works, and shops famous for their beautiful tiles and mosaics.

The arcades that shade the sidewalks before stores facing a plaza shelter many street vendors. A hat peddler walks majestically along with 15 or 20 hats for sale, stacked on his own head, one atop the other, like a pagoda. Another carries a long string of sandals. Some are of straw, others of rawhide, and a few made from old automobile tires cut into soles.

Country peons usually wear baggy white drawers; but custom now decrees that this badge of rural servitude shall not be worn in Guadalajara streets. So, at the edge of the city, "pants shops" are open where trousers may be rented. Just check your drawers there and rent a pair of pants, as impecunious American students may rent evening clothes for a party! Changing sartorial standards, however, are destroying this simple industry.

Indians arrive in the city with baskets of assorted fruits, guavas, gourds, tiny lemons, cactus pears and mangoes. On the pavement they arrange little piles—one kind of fruit here, another there; then they squat down, silently awaiting buyers. If you want fruit, buy it, but don't ask questions.

Toys, candies, soft drinks, postcards, newspapers, pottery, medallions of the saints, small melons white on one side like a fish's belly—everything from mule gear and old tools to carved-wood sticks ending in ornate filigree balls for stirring chocolate—are spread out for sale on the sidewalk.

Good Merchandise in the Stores.

Inside the large stores, of course, is modern merchandise. Some American women, wise in local ways, say that if the stores don't carry the particular hat or gown they wish, clever native women soon make them—copying, if need be, from no more than a picture from an American fashion journal. Most lingerie, dress goods, millinery, soaps, perfume, and jewelry are sold by French merchants. Machinery, hardware, and such heavy goods are usually handled by Germans.

Few Americans are found in retail trade; they, with the British, are more interested in mines, ranches, power plants, railways, or banks.

If you buy any sizable article in a store, the merchant whistles up a

street porter to carry it home for you. Persons of position would lose caste carrying a big parcel through the streets. Porters even carry big bags of silver coin to and from the banks—and for some reason are seldom molested.

"Buy your dead man's bread here," a baker's sign may read around All Souls' day. At that time, some Mexicans believe, the spirits of departed relatives return to dine with their families. The dining table becomes an altar, and some foods are served in strange shapes, such as candy skulls, big and little, with cherries for eyes, ribs and leg bones made of chocolate, or cakes baked in the form of coffins.

Many churches in Mexico were built on sites of ancient Aztec temples, the heads of whose idols were cut off by zealous Spaniards. In some churches fragments of heathen idols are built into the walls. After the conquest, Spain built literally thousands of Mexican churches. They dominate Guadalajara. From here the padres marched, building missions all the way to California.

Devotion of the Peons.

Horses and rebels were housed in some of these churches, with priests and nuns deported during the revolutions. But the faithful carried on. Pious peons came for miles on their knees to the churches. Old women, shouting the chants and 'itanies or counting their beads, crawled to the altars on stiff old knees. Girls knelt with crowns of thorns on their brows, and small boys clutched at the crucifixes.

From Guadalajara out to the suburban church at Zapopan is but a short trip by tramcar; but during an August feast peons hobble out to it on their knees, taking all day. When prayers are over they stage a costume play depicting the Spanish conquest of Jalisco. Then Indian players dress and act the parts of Spanish knights and the local Indian characters of that conflict. In recent years education has been taken away from the church, and the new generation tends to abandon these mimetic dances and dramatic rituals.

The chief edifice in Guadalajara is the cathedral; its twin towers rise over the city, visible for miles. On feast days long strings of lights illuminate the towers, and at Easter the bishop washes the feet of twelve old men, chosen at random from street crowds.

Rushing to aid the king of Spain in the Peninsular war went many men of Guadalajara. Legend says money was sent, too, raised by melting gold and silver plate and candlesticks from the cathedral. In gratitude the king gave this church Murillo's great painting, "The Assumption of the Virgin," still hanging in the cathedral though many attempts have been made to buy or purloin it.

Dialogue among those who lounge on Guadalajara plaza benches is spiced with life's problems. One ex-circus man said he was unemployed because of the movies. "The pictures ruined my family," he

sighed. "We worked together as a troupe, playing the fairs and fiestas. I walked the tightrope and threw knives at my wife. Now the crowds prefer the cinema."

Carrying paint box and brushes, a long-haired youth in flowing tie halts for a shoe shine. "He's a miracle painter," says a native of the city. "His is an odd calling. If, for example, you are saved, in a way that seems miraculous, from death in a train wreck, an earthquake, or at the hands of assassins, you call in a miracle painter. You describe your peril and deliverance to him, and he paints a picture of the scene in all its details."

Wounded in the battle of Colaya, General Obregon, later president, had to have an arm amputated. He was photographed on the operating table, and in a book he wrote afterward the picture was reproduced.

Bull-Fighting Loses Popularity.

The bull ring is here, of course; but such sports as boxing, football, and baseball have robbed it of old-time popularity. Despite its continuous appeal to the peon, who glories in its cruel, gory combats, and survival of a few other habits, bull-fighting as a business is on the decline.

Bulls from Spain are still sent to Mexico City, where tourists help support the arena, and some fighting animals are still raised on the West coast ranches for Guadalajara. One of these is the old Rancho San Jose de Conde, in Navarrit, which dates from 1550. It is one of America's oldest ranches. Its output of small, black, savage bulls went on for generations. To perpetuate the fighting instinct, the rule on this ranch was "Kill every bull calf that does not seem to hate men." Such a plan insures a bull ferocious as any wild animal. One young bull on this ranch chased a vaquero up a tree and kept him treed till he nearly died of thirst.

When Cortez conquered Montezuma and founded "New Spain," he had with him one Don Nuno de Guzman, who soon rose to power and grew jealous of his chief. Eager to gain more honors and riches for himself, De Guzman, in 1529, quit the Aztec capital, with picked Spanish troops and many Tlaxcaltecan Indian allies, to explore the unknown regions farther west and north. In their travels, De Guzman and his lieutenant, Cristobal de Onate, came upon a huge Indian stronghold, Nochistlan. Fighting ensued, and nearby the Spaniards built their camp, a cluster of huts. Though moved about later to various neighboring sites, a town was laid out about 1530. It was named for De Guzman's home town in Spain, Guadalajara, from the Moorish Wad-al-hajarah, meaning River of Rocks. From the king of Spain the new town got its coat of arms in 1539; so it was really a white settlement nearly a century before the English landed at Jamestown.

By 1560 Guadalajara had become important. Its chief activity was Indian slave hunting, and the driving of these to work in the gold and silver mines. Vast fortunes were thus amassed, luxurious homes were built; and New Galicia, of which Guadalajara was the capital, then included not only the present state of Jalisco, but much of what is now five or six other Mexican states, reaching up to Sinaloa.

Visit certain old Guadalajara families homes now and you are astonished at the wealth and beauty of heirlooms from colonial days. Hand-made silverware, even table services of gold, heavy Spanish chests bound in leather and copper, miniatures, jewelry, crucifixes and old paintings, guitars, inlaid with pearl, historic weapons, hand-carved tables, and other furniture so heavy that it can be moved only with difficulty. The old hand-made locks on front doors are often so massive that the key itself may be as big and heavy as a common hatchet, say a foot long.

Brown Rabbit Has Large Eyes

Few animals have such large eyes, in proportion to their bodies, as the common brown rabbit. They are large and bulging, enabling the animal to look in all directions at once.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

THE BIGGER THEY ARE, THE SMALLER THEY LOOK TO THEMSELVES

"SHE was so modest, she seemed the most humble woman in the room. With all those people there just thrilled to meet her, she acted as if she were being honored. If I did not know her well I should have thought her shy. But it wasn't that; it was just her extreme modesty. It never seemed to occur to her that they were all waiting for some word from her—the way she kept in the background!"

A friend said that to me about the conduct of a distinguished author at a large reception given in her honor. More than a distinguished author, she was world renowned for service rendered to her country in times of danger and stress. Indeed she had more than once merited, in authoritative circles, the adjective "great."

However, what surprised me was not this woman's modesty, but my friend's surprise with regard to it. For a very few of the great or distinguished people whom it has been my privilege to meet were haughty or conceited or arrogant. The truly great are always modest, many of them shy. Did not Professor Einstein say the only thing he feared in America were the reporters—whom many a third-rate performer awaits with alacrity?

And the distinguished are usually modest. It seems to me the reason

for this is obvious in that those who have scaled the heights to the larger view see the insignificance of their own part in it all. The bigger they are, the smaller they look to themselves, as the person with very narrow vision can very easily see himself as more important than he is.

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"Street of Lost Bread"

Is Near Belfry in Ghent

The Belfry in Ghent is probably the most historical in this region, and its great bell is known as "The Heart of Ghent." The belfry is 375 feet in height and was erected in 1183 and played an important part in the city's history.

In the early days the feudal lords allowed the burghers to ring the bells to summon the populace to discuss any injustice which they thought they were suffering. It was also a watch tower from which the approach of an enemy was noted.

It is this great bell which Browning immortalized in Roland's famous ride to Ghent. It dates from 1314, but was recast in 1659, and bears the inscription: "My name is Roland. When I toll, there is a fire; when I peal there is a victory."

The citizens of Ghent have thought much of the good things of life, for the streets nearby are named after articles of food—Fish street, Poultry street, Butter street, and, rather tragically, the Street of the Lost Bread.

BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

A MOONLIGHT VISIT

BILLY MINK was just plain mad. He had begun to get that way when he found the trap set at the entrance to one of his favorite holes. But when he found a little fence on each side of the Laughing Brook right across where he was in the habit of running when traveling up and down the Laughing Brook, and in the middle of each little fence an opening with a trap in it, Billy lost his temper completely. He ground his teeth and



"Booh!" Said Billy.

his eyes grew red with rage. You see, he knew that those traps had been set especially for him.

"I despise a trapper," snarled Billy. "Yes, sir, I despise a trapper. It is bad enough to be hunted, but then a fellow does have some show. He knows where the danger is and what to look out for. If he is reasonably smart he can fool the hunter. But traps don't give a fellow any show at all. They are sneaky things. They jump up and grab a fellow without any warning at all. I hate traps and I hate trappers! I wonder if I can find any more traps along the Laughing Brook?"

Billy continued on up to the very beginning of the Laughing Brook, but found no more traps. Then he

curled up in one of his favorite hiding places to rest and think things over. He was strongly tempted to go away from the Laughing Brook altogether. He thought of going down to the Big River for a long visit. He felt sure that if he kept away from the Laughing Brook the trapper would become discouraged and after a while take up his traps. He had just about made up his mind to leave that very night when he happened to remember that while he knew all about those traps, he had friends who didn't know anything about them. "I guess I'll stay around a while and see what happens," muttered Billy.

That night Billy went for another look at those traps. By and by, a little noise caught his quick ears. Instantly he was alert and watchful. There was a rustling of leaves, and then out on an old log full in the moonlight crept a plump form, and sat down. One glance was enough for Billy. Without a sound he slipped up behind the plump form.

"Booh!" said Billy, and when he said that, Bobby Coon almost fell into the Laughing Brook, he was so startled. You see, it was Bobby who had come out on that old log, and at the time he was very busy washing some food. You know, if he can, he always washes his food before eating.

For a minute Bobby lost his temper. But, it was only for a minute. Then, having washed his food to his satisfaction, he began to eat his supper, and at the same time to gossip with Billy Mink. He told Billy all the news of the Green Forest, most of which was no news at all to Billy, for there is little going on that Billy doesn't know. Then Billy told Bobby the news of the Laughing Brook, everything except about the traps and trapper. It was a very pleasant visit they had there together in the moonlight.

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