

I'VE BEEN TO MEXICO



What a traveler saw and
did in a three weeks' trip

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Southern Pacific

FOREWORD

Do you know what an interesting land Mexico is and how easy it is to reach?

H.K. Reynolds, a San Francisco writer, went to Mexico City on Southern Pacific's West Coast of Mexico Route and jotted down his impressions. The account of his trip, exactly as he wrote it, is printed in the following pages.

In this seventh large printing of I'VE BEEN TO MEXICO, we have added an appendix of detailed information about the various points of interest on the West Coast Route, and a description of our new Hotel Playa de Cortés at Guaymas, which had not been completed when Mr. Reynolds made his trip.

Spanish and Mexican words and place names used in this booklet are explained in the pronouncing glossary on pages 37 and 38. General information is on 35 and 36.

F. S. MCGINNIS,
Vice President, Southern Pacific.

CONTENTS

"I'VE BEEN TO MEXICO"	5
WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE	23
HOTEL PLAYA DE CORTES	25
DEEP-SEA FISHING	27
GENERAL INFORMATION	35
HELPFUL MEXICAN WORDS AND HOW TO PRONOUNCE THEM	37



by
H. K. Reynolds

THIS is not supposed to be a guide book. It's just a rambling account of what an average tourist saw and did during his first trip to Mexico.

Naturally I had some ideas about Mexico before I left. They were all wrong. The only Mexico I had seen was Tijuana.

I was in Mexico the better part of three weeks, and had the time of my life. I found the Mexican people extremely courteous and friendly and happy. I can't remember a single unpleasant incident in my trip.

You don't need to know Spanish. There are English-speaking people at most of the hotels, and you can always find a guide who speaks English. In buying things at the native markets, it's a good idea to know *cuanto* (how much?) and the numerals, but these are easily learned.

There are about 16,000,000 people in Mexico, and half of them are pure Indians, direct descendants of the Aztecs, Mayas, Toltecs and other races who ruled Mexico before the Spanish conquest. These people still live pretty much as their ancestors did, grinding corn for *tortillas* on three-legged stone *metates*, weaving *sarapes*, and in general making Mexico the fascinating place it is. Alongside this ancient civilization, a modern Mexico is growing. Hence the contrasts that must impress everyone who goes there.

EVERYTHING in Mexico is unconsciously beautiful. The way a peon wears his *sombrero*, and the careless way he drapes his *sarape*. The way tiles are laid on roofs. The adobe fences. Nothing is prim or symmetrical. Everything blends into its surroundings and seems somehow to *belong* there.

You can point your camera anywhere and have a picture. You have to be careful in some of the smaller towns because the Mexican Government does not want you to



Everything blends into its surroundings

photograph anything that suggests poverty. But there is plenty of photographic material without this.

Hotel accommodations in the small towns are somewhat primitive, if they exist at all. Mexico isn't "geared up" for tourists yet, which is another reason for its charm. In Mazatlan, Guadalajara, Mexico City and several other places, the hotels are quite satisfactory. Never plan a stopover in a small town until you have checked up on the hotel facilities.

You ought to be careful about buying food from the people who come down to meet the trains, or in the markets. If you ever have any doubt about the water, drink bottled water, or the very excellent beer.

The sleeping cars and dining cars on the Southern Pacific lines in Mexico are operated by the Pullman Company. The food is good and trustworthy. Bottled spring water is served free of charge.

I took along a copy of Terry's Guide to Mexico, published by T. Philip Terry of Hingham, Massachusetts. It cost only \$3.50 and certainly proved a good investment. It is crammed with useful information.

WE START

I WENT with a young married couple. We met the Southern Pacific Mexico Pullman at Los Angeles, but it really didn't seem like we were going to a foreign country until the Mexican immigration officials came aboard at Nogales. They looked at our tourist cards and examined our luggage. Our Pullman was then moved across the border to the Mexican side of Nogales.

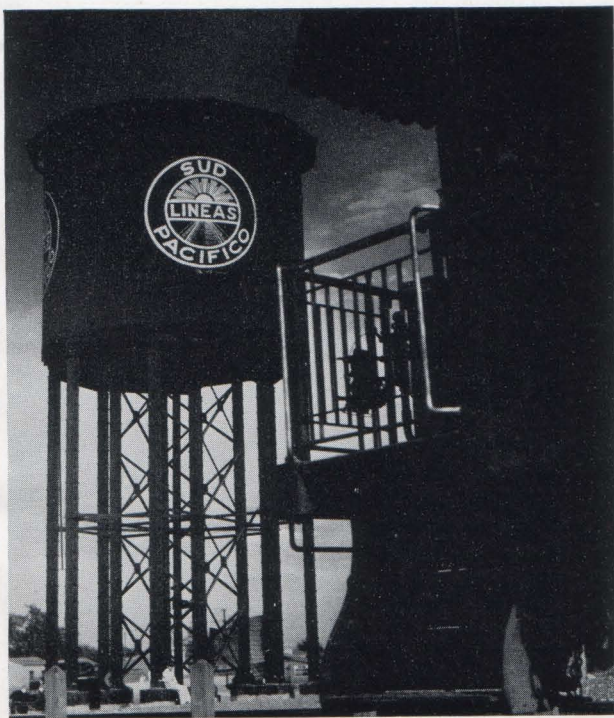
We went over and had our money changed. I had \$40 in cash and the rest in travelers checks. For the \$40, I received a tremendous roll of bills and some silver—total, 141.20 pesos. That was my first practical experience with the “favorable rate of exchange.” I felt like a millionaire!

We found that at first we were inclined to spend this Mexican money very freely. As a peso was worth only 28¢* in our money, we treated it as such at first. Later we found that in Mexico a peso looks as big as a dollar does to us, and sometimes a lot bigger. The 10% rule on tipping is a good one to follow.

ON the Mexican side, our train was made up for the trip down the West Coast Route. Ahead of our Pullman was a modern dining and lounge car. Behind us was a Pullman observation car, and on its end was a red sign with the name *El Costeño*, “The Coaster.” We were on a real train. It had a name and everything!

In the dining car at dinner, we suddenly remembered that we had forgotten to stock up with American cigarettes. Feeling pretty downcast, we tried some Mexican cigarettes and were quite pleasantly surprised to find them excellent. Several Mexican brands (we smoked *Monte Carlo* and *Virginia*) seem to be the same blend as American cigarettes.

*Since this was written, the peso has declined to around 20¢. A U. S. dollar now buys about 5 pesos.



We were on a real train!

At Magdalena, just before sunset, we got our first glimpse of one of the most interesting sights on this West Coast Route—the colorful crowds that meet every train. Tables are set alongside the tracks, and anyone with a few centavos can sit down and eat with the family. Everyone has something to sell. You see women with buckets of coffee and milk, men with trays of pastries which they hold up to the windows. (At night little lamps burn to illuminate the trays.) Children selling peanuts. Peons, wrapped to the eyes in *sarapes*, standing motionless, watching. The world would come to an end, but their expressions wouldn't change. Women using their *rebozos* as slings to hold their babies.

FIRST DAY OUT

ALL day we rolled along through a fertile valley, with a range of blue mountains always at our left, the funniest looking mountains I've ever seen—tops shaped like jigsaw puzzles. We stopped at picturesque towns—San Blas, Guamuchil, Culiacan, La Cruz—and enjoyed every stop. We bought huge quantities of peanuts and oranges for almost nothing. I don't know yet how the vendors understood our Spanish.

Just at sunset we saw the Pacific Ocean, its turquoise water banded with gold where the sun caught the tops of breakers.

There's a line in the time table, "TROPICO DE CANCER," at the 1131 kilometer mark. I watched for the sign that marked our entrance into the Torrid Zone, but got absorbed in eating and missed it.

At about eight o'clock we rolled into Mazatlan, our first stopover point.

MAZATLAN

MAZATLAN is a small town. The guide books give it 30,000. But an old resident told me 20,000 is nearer right. It is a gay town, but its gaiety is mostly behind closed doors, in the approved Mexican fashion. If you're looking for gambling and night life, you won't find



Mazatlan is a tropic seaport



Fringed with tall, graceful cocoanut palms

them here. I mention this because a couple who came down on the train with us expected Mazatlan to be something like Agua Caliente and were disappointed.

Mazatlan is a tropic seaport, and a very beautiful one. It is on a peninsula. On one side is a broad beach fringed with tall, graceful cocoanut palms. On the other side is a wide boulevard edging the sea.

We were there in December and found the climate delightful. In the summer it is considerably warmer, of course, though I was told there is a constant breeze to temper the heat.

We stayed at the Belmar, located on the boulevard fronting the sea. It's probably the only hotel in the world with ramps (instead of stairs) leading to the upper rooms. Its lobby and dining room walls are decorated with beautiful hand-made tiles. Flowers everywhere.

I hope you have the luck we did, and see one of those dances at the Belmar, attended by the youth and beauty of Mazatlan. I recommend a ride in one of the funny little two-wheeled carts they call *arañas*. The rate is only 1.50 pesos a half hour, and you get a very intimate view of Mazatlan jogging along that way.

DEEP SEA FISHING

On the second day, we hired a power boat (6 pesos an hour for the boat—as many can go as the boat will hold) and cruised around the harbor. The boatmen gave us trolling lines, so we tried our hands at deep sea fishing. Didn't have to wait long. Got a bite almost immediately and hauled in a silvery fish about 18 inches



I recommend a ride in an araña

long. It was too late in the afternoon for real fishing, but I didn't mind. I was afraid that a really big fish might hook on, and I wouldn't know what to do.

We saw a big sea turtle, but he dove before we could catch him. Then we cruised over to Cocoanut Isle and had the satisfaction of seeing a man climb a tall palm to bring us down a green cocoanut. He hacked off the end with his *machete* and we drank the milk. Then and only then did I know I was in the tropics! His charge for this was 30 centavos, I think.

There is a spirit of spontaneous fun and good humor in Mazatlan that utterly won my heart. Every once in a while a little band would come marching down the street. No uniforms—just peons dressed in any old thing, with battered brass horns, clarinets, guitars, but playing with great spirit. *Mariachis*, they are called, and I challenge you to find anything like them in America.

Once, in a bar, we were serenaded by two Mexicans with guitars. They played awhile and then walked away. They didn't want money—they just felt like singing.

Our train came and we had to leave Mazatlan. For another day we rolled along, stopping at Rosario, Ruiz and many other funny little towns, with always the crowds to meet us. We never tired of them.

That night we went through the *barrancas*. This is said to be the most magnificent scenery on any railroad line in Mexico. We knew we would see it by daylight on our return trip, so we didn't worry about missing it. Next morning we awoke in Guadalajara.

GUADALAJARA

GUADALAJARA claims to have the finest climate in the world, and I don't doubt it. The morning was chilly, but the warm sun soon dispelled the chill. The air was wonderful (Guadalajara is over 5,000 feet above the sea). For four months during the summer (end of May

to end of September) rain falls for an hour or two every day—just enough to settle the dust and keep the flowers going. But in the winter the sun shines all day long.

This is the second largest city in Mexico, and seems to have several good hotels. We stayed at the Imperial and found it all right. You don't exactly sink luxuriously into the beds, but you don't mind that.

My most vivid memory is the poinsettias. The stalks were over ten feet high and the blooms at least a foot across. In the residential district along the *Avenida Lafayette*, we saw many homes partially covered with vines ablaze with flowers—purple, orange, yellow. They are called *tabachines*, or “fire trees.”

THE MARKET

WITH beautiful churches on every side, we preferred the markets. I make no apologies for this. If you go to Mexico to see churches, you will see little else. There are hundreds of them, and each has a beauty and history of its own. But I preferred the markets and the people.

And the burros—I nearly forgot the burros. You see them everywhere and you'll be fascinated by them. They are very small, with tremendously big ears. And they can carry loads of any size. Sometimes the owner rides, sitting way back over the hind legs with his feet sticking out. But usually he walks behind with a load almost as big as the burro's.

Well, we walked down *Calle Pedro Moreno* and the first block was almost filled with hats. Then came a stretch of fabrics, then stockings. And at the end of the street was the market proper: stalls simply stacked with baskets of all kinds; stalls selling nothing but *huaraches* (sandals), some of them with soles made of old auto tires; stacks of sugar cane, which seems to function as the Mexican chewing gum; piles of peanuts, oranges,



We preferred the markets

pottery. And always the peons with big *sombreros* on their heads, *sarapes* around their shoulders and *huaraches* on their feet, the women with their babies, the burros and the dogs.

POTTERY AND GLASS

GUADALAJARA is a good place for hand-made pottery and glassware. Tlaquepaque (it *can* be pronounced) and Tonalá are right outside the city. And the glass works are inside the city.

We drove out to Tlaquepaque and watched the Indian craftsmen painting designs on tiles and pots and dishes. One of them took a lump of clay and whirled it into a beautiful vase on a wheel worked by foot power. He shaped it swiftly with his fingers while we watched agog. Another made us a little burro out of clay.

We bought some pottery, of course. We couldn't resist it. The prices were ridiculously low. The ash trays shaped like *sombreros* make good, inexpensive presents. Then we went to the glass works and watched the workmen whirl blobs of red hot glass into beautiful plates and fluted bottles. We bought some of that, too. The colors were irresistible—blue, amber, amethyst. It is called "bubble glass" because it has bubbles in it.

THE FAIR

THE Mexicans love fairs and festivals. Before you go, you should by all means check up and see what fiestas will be held while you are there.

Our first night we visited the Jalisco State Fair (Guadalajara is the capital of Jalisco). All the beautiful things produced in the state were on display, as well as various industrial products. I was most impressed with the furniture. Some of it was beautifully polished hardwood, in modernistic designs. And some was elaborately carved. There was a gorgeous saddle with tooled leather, and silver ornaments. It made my mouth water.



I nearly forgot the burros



While we watched agog

The price was 200 pesos, and the only thing that held me back was that I haven't a horse.

The second night, we took the train to Mexico City.

MEXICO CITY

THEY don't call it "Mexico City" down there. They call it simply "Mexico."

I got up early next morning to find the train speeding along on a brown, flat plain surrounded by mountains. We passed great fields of *maguey*, the giant century plant from which *pulque*, the Mexican wine, is made . . . fields fenced with adobe walls . . . I can't remember seeing a wire fence in all Mexico . . . a lone peon in a red *sarape* standing motionless in a field . . . oxen drawing a wooden plow . . . the station.

Cargadores carried our bags to a dilapidated taxi and we rode to our hotel.

Mexico City is something of a paradox. It is in the Torrid Zone. But it is 7,440 feet above the sea. The heat of the tropic sun is tempered by the altitude, so they, too, claim the finest climate in the world. Nor do I doubt it. I didn't wear an overcoat all the time I was there, nor was I ever uncomfortably warm. There is a daily rain of one or two hours in the summer, but no rain at all in winter.

The population of Mexico City is over 1,000,000, so it covers a lot of territory. But most of the good stores and hotels and restaurants are in a small area.

I will never forget my first meal at Sanborns. It is the only place in Mexico that serves real American food.

We visited the *puestos*, or markets where the Indians bring their handiwork in from the neighboring states



The Sunday parade of the Charros

and sell it on the streets. We drove out the magnificent *Paseo de la Reforma* and wandered through Chapultepec Park, and saw Chapultepec Castle, where Maximilian and Carlotta lived. We visited the Don Quixote Fountain, on which the story of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza is told in more than 400 tiles. We saw the Cathedral, the National Theater, and lots of other buildings. But none impressed us quite as much as the rather dingy building that houses the Department of Education. The walls of its patio are covered with heroic frescoes by Diego Rivera.

Don't miss the *Portales Santa Domingo*, a street lined with men sitting at typewriters. For a few cents they will write a letter or a petition for an illiterate peon.

On Sunday, we drove out to Chapultepec Park to see the Sunday parade of the *Charros*, gentleman riders from the best families in Mexico, clothed in the traditional style of Mexican *Caballeros* and mounted on superb horses. I photographed one of them, while an obliging policeman stopped the traffic for me.

THE BULL FIGHT

LIKE all dutiful tourists, we saw a bull fight. The grace and skill of the fighters was beautiful to watch, especially the placing of the *banderillas* in the bull's back.

If you go to a bull fight, be sure to get seats on the shady side (*sombra*). The sunny side corresponds to the bleachers at a baseball game, only more strenuous. There is lots of horseplay and you are liable to be included in it.

EATING AND DRINKING

I'M no epicure, so my experience with the restaurants and bars in Mexico City was pretty sketchy. Mac's place, a little hole in the wall between Sanborns and the Ritz Hotel, serves a world-famous cocktail. I think it's made of brandy and port wine, and it's a real experience.

There are plenty of good restaurants. Two of the best “foreign” restaurants are Paolo’s and Prendes. At the latter, a friend introduced us to a delicacy that tried our courage somewhat, but actually was very good. Ask for *Gusanos de Maguey*—maguey worms!

THOSE AZTEC NAMES

ANYONE who looks at a map of Mexico or reads about it very much will soon bog down on the long Aztec names that abound in the region around Mexico City. They are mostly consonants and are really formidable to look at — *Xochimilco*, *Ixtaccíhuatl*, *Azcapotzalco*, *Tlalnepantla* and *Tlapizabua*, to mention a few.

But it really isn’t so bad. Spanish is a very soft language, so the Mexicans have beaten all the Aztec names into pronounceable Spanish. *Xochimilco*, for example, is pronounced “So-chee-MEEL-co.”

TRIPS OUTSIDE THE CITY

A WEEK in Mexico City goes by like a shot. We wanted to see Taxco, Cuernavaca, Xochimilco, Oaxaca, Puebla, the Pyramids, San Angel. We combined the first three in a one-day trip, and we saw the pyramids. And our time was up. We could have spent several days in Cuernavaca alone. That’s the trouble with Mexico. Life proceeds slowly and pleasantly there, and if you rush frantically around with a guide book in one hand and a camera in the other, you really miss the point.

XOCHIMILCO

WE left Mexico City early one morning and arrived in Xochimilco after about 45 minutes’ ride on a paved highway. Xochimilco is like no other place in Mexico. It is a group of small islands surrounded by tall, graceful poplar trees. The islands once were rafts covered



We saw a bull fight



Xochimilco is a very beautiful experience

with earth, upon which the Indians grew vegetables and flowers, which they transported to the city markets in canoes. (At that time, Mexico City was like Venice.)

Through the years, the rafts became rooted to the bottom of the lake, and now you can glide through them in a boat propelled by a small boy, and it's a very beautiful and restful experience. You should go on Sunday when the Mexicans are out with their best girls, and there is music.

Leaving Xochimilco, we climbed up about 3,000 feet, where we obtained a wonderful view of Ixtaccíhuatl and Popocatepetl, the snow-capped mountains that guard the Valley of Mexico. Ixtaccíhuatl, "The Sleeping Lady," actually looks very much like a reclining woman. The legend is that she was Popo's sweetheart. She died, and now Popo stands guard over her body.

CUERNAVACA

THIS is the week-end retreat for residents of Mexico City. It's less than three hours away by paved highway. We stood on the balcony of the Cortéz Palace, a fascinating old building, and obtained a wonderful view of Ixtaccíhuatl and Popocatepetl, rising behind the beautiful Cuernavaca Valley. On the wall behind us were more frescoes by Rivera, a gift from the late Ambassador Morrow, who lived in Cuernavaca.

TAXCO

ABOUT two hours from Cuernavaca, we passed an old mining aqueduct, rounded a curve, and there was Taxco.

There is something about this town. It is built on a

hillside, and no attempt has been made to make the hill conform to the town—quite the reverse. The streets are narrow, cobbled, steep and winding. It is a jewel of a place, and the Mexicans know it. They've made it a national monument and won't allow any new construction there without government approval.

Seen from above, with its rough, red-tiled roofs and the patios filled with flowers, Taxco is so picturesque it looks unreal, like a moving picture set.

The Spaniards mined their first silver in Taxco. Jose de la Borda made his fortune here and expressed his gratitude by building Taxco on the site of a little Indian village. He built the cathedral too, and it is beautiful.

THE PYRAMIDS

THE trip to the Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan took about half a day. A short distance from the heart of Mexico City, we came abruptly upon the Church of the Virgin of Guadalupe, the most famous shrine in all Mexico. On December 12 every year, the greatest religious festival in Mexico takes place here. Thousands of Indians make the pilgrimage to Guadalupe.

We crossed the ancient causeway that spans Lake Texcoco (dry now), and we passed an old Indian riding on his burro. I stopped to take his picture, while our driver questioned him. We found he had made a trip to the market with a load of hay, sold it for 50 centavos, and



And there was Taxco



I stopped to take his picture

was on his way home again. We gave him another 50, making his total income one peso for the day's work.

Soon we were driving through *maguey* plantations. These great, cactus-like plants are exceedingly graceful and a very common sight in the Valley of Mexico. No story about Mexico is complete without a word about the *maguey* plant and the part it plays in Mexican life. The moving picture "Thunder Over Mexico" had this plant for its central theme. This is the story of the *maguey*, as I gleaned it from various sources—

IN colder climates, the *maguey* blooms at such rare intervals that it is known as the century plant. But in the Valley of Mexico, where it is cultivated intensively, it blooms in from seven to nine years. If allowed to bloom, it shoots up a tall central stalk which bears flowers for awhile. Then the entire plant dies.

But just before this stalk appears, the Mexicans cut the heart out of the plant, making a bowl-shaped depression. Into this bowl, the pent-up juices of the plant pour. This juice is called *aguamiel*, and has a sweet taste.

It is collected twice a day during the bearing season (four or five months) and taken to the hacienda, where it is allowed to ferment for several days. The clear *aguamiel* turns to a thin, milky liquid. This is *pulque*, and is about as alcoholic as beer. It is shipped to Mexico City and consumed in enormous quantities by the poorer people. I tasted some. It has a very strange taste, but isn't half bad. After the *maguey* plant ceases to bear, it dies, and is dried and used for fuel. *Maguey* fibre is used for making matting, baskets, etc.

To the right of the highway on the way to the pyramids is Acolman, one of the most interesting buildings I saw

in Mexico. It's an ancient monastery, begun in 1539, and is built like a fortress. Its beauty lies in its simplicity, I think. There is little of the ornate decoration you see on most Mexican cathedrals and churches.

WE turned a corner, and ahead of us, down a long, tree-lined road, was the Pyramid of the Sun, and to the left of it was the Pyramid of the Moon. Now I was brought up to associate pyramids with Egypt. But I can vouch for the fact that there are two whopping big ones right outside of Mexico City. I climbed to the top of the Pyramid of the Sun, just to make sure it was real, and it was some job in that rarified atmosphere.

The pyramids must have been the central monuments in a big collection of monuments. All around the big pyramids are little mounds that haven't been excavated yet. They are supposed to have represented the planets.

To the right of the Pyramid of the Sun is the Temple of Quetzalcoatl—a great, rectangular depression in the ground. It was a sort of amphitheater. The mound that held the sacrificial stone is still in the center, and at one end is the temple. If you have a vivid imagination, you can see the priests surrounding their victim on the sacrificial stone, holding his heart triumphantly up to the sun.

If you visit the National Museum, as we did afterwards, you'll get a better idea of the sort of Indians who ruled Mexico before the conquest. They were builders on a tremendous scale.

HOW TO DICKER

AT the better stores in Mexico, prices are generally fixed. But in the markets, dickering is expected. The Indians enjoy it. I was a little timid about this at first, but soon caught on. For example, I see a *sarape* that I want. I ask the Indian how much. He says "twenty pesos." I look pained, I shrug my shoulders. He says something in Spanish that I take to mean, "There's an



The Pyramid of the Sun

awful lot of work on this. I worked my fingers to the bone. At twenty pesos I lose much money. But what will you give me for it?" I nonchalantly offer twelve pesos. He looks pained and shrugs *his* shoulders. I walk away—ten, twelve, fourteen steps. He calls me back. I pay him twelve pesos and take the *sarape*.

HOMeward BOUND

WE left Mexico City with a guilty sense of many things not done and many places not seen. But all of us were resolved to return again some day.

In Guadalajara I went shopping for *sarapes* and discovered two magnificent ones of the Oaxaca type, with the Aztec calendar design. Those *sarapes* almost got the best of me. I'd have bought a dozen if I had the money. The prices range from 12 and 15 pesos for the small ones to 30 or 40 and more for the big ones. They're hand woven and often take two weeks or more to make.

THE BARRANCAS

WE left Guadalajara at noon. Not far outside the city we began to notice fields of what looked like *maguey*, only smaller. We found that *tequila* is made from this plant—*tequila* being the most powerful drink in Mexico, if not in the world. And soon we reached the little town of Tequila, center of the industry. Lots of the passengers bought little wooden barrels of tequila (2.50 pesos) from the vendors, but I was afraid they wouldn't let us bring it into the United States. Later I found that every passenger is allowed to bring in one gallon of liquor, duty free.

At Tequila, we began the descent through the *Barrancas*, the wildest, most jumbled-up stretch of country I've ever seen. All afternoon we wound in and out along a steep mountainside. Far below us were valleys patched with green fields and cloud shadows, dotted with haciendas. Across the valleys were great, sheer cliffs and



The wildest country I've ever seen



He wanted 27 pesos

flat-topped mesas, all thrown together in apparent confusion, softened by a bluish haze.

The following day we were meeting old friends again—La Cruz, nestling in its valley by the river, Culiacan, San Blas. That night we stopped at Navojoa, and I found another source of beautiful *sarapes*—in blue, white, black and brown designs. I dickered with an Indian who wanted 27 pesos for one. I offered 20. He came down to 22. He won.

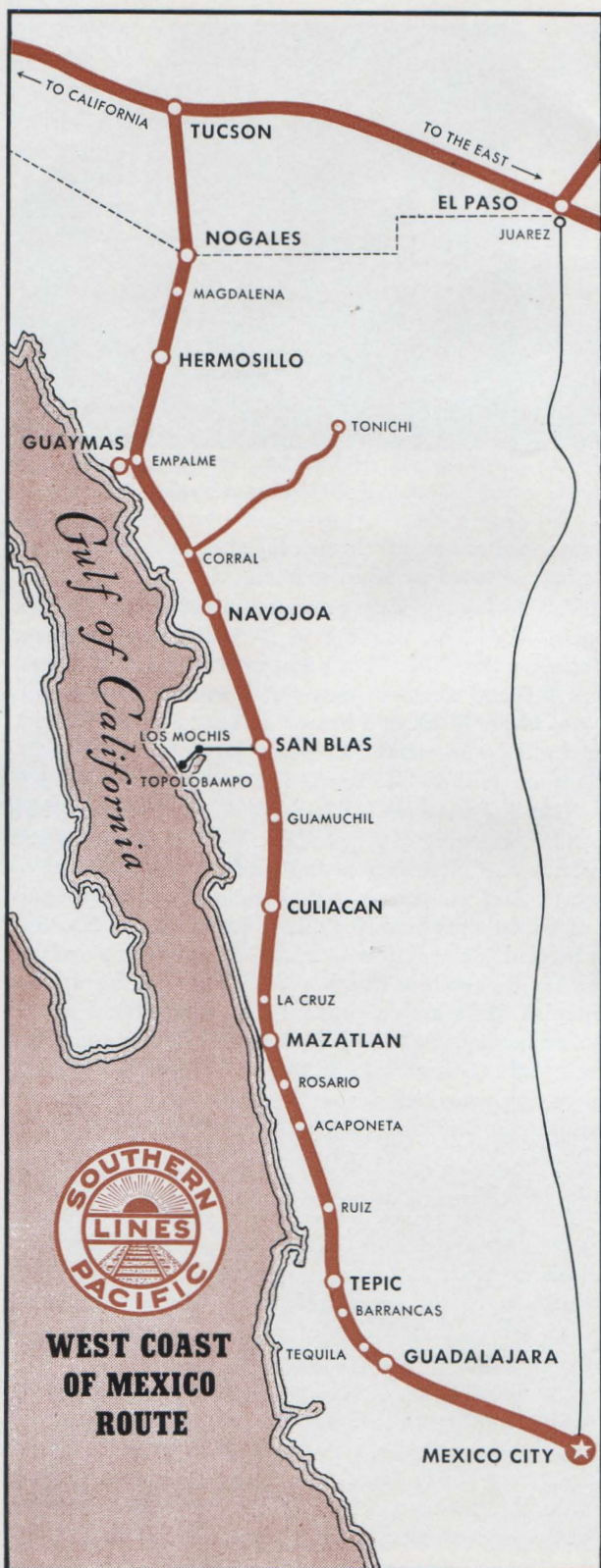
Next day we were in Nogales, on the Mexican side, and in something of a quandary. We had shipped some pottery and glassware to the border, which we had to locate. And we weren't quite sure of the customs regulations. In situations like this, a knowledge of Spanish is helpful. But a fellow like Eddie Carrillo is priceless. He works for the Southern Pacific, and he speaks Spanish like a native, plus English with a touch of the Scandinavian. He knows the border routine, and I unreservedly recommend him to you. If there is any hitch in getting your stuff across the border and through the customs at Nogales, just yell for Eddie. He'll fix it, I know.

WHAT DID IT COST

EXCLUSIVE of rail and Pullman fare and the souvenirs I bought, my actual living expenses for three weeks in Mexico were a little over \$100 in our money, and I didn't skimp. This includes meals on the train and all other meals, hotels, taxis, sightseeing trips, etc.

The West Coast Route trains serve a good special plate luncheon and dinner for 4.50 pesos (94¢). In Mexico City you can get a very good dinner at Sanborns' for 4 pesos (84¢). Beer costs from 50 centavos (11¢) a bottle, highballs 1 peso (21¢), Mexican cigarettes (packages of twenty) from 20 centavos (5¢) up.

END OF "I'VE BEEN TO MEXICO"





Southern Pacific's
**WEST COAST
OF MEXICO
ROUTE**

SOUTHERN PACIFIC's West Coast of Mexico Route is the newest and in many respects the most interesting rail line to Mexico City. It was finished in 1927 when Southern Pacific engineers succeeded in piercing the forbidding Barrancas (gorges) of Nayarit, completing the line to Guadalajara, where it joined the National Railways of Mexico to Mexico City.

The West Coast Route begins at Tucson, Arizona, on the main line of Southern Pacific's SUNSET ROUTE (New Orleans-Los Angeles-San Francisco) and GOLDEN STATE ROUTE (Chicago-Los Angeles). Crossing the international border at Nogales, it passes through the great cactus forests of Sonora, then through rich agricultural districts growing, first, semi-tropical products such as oranges, limes and pomegranates and changing gradually to the products of the real tropics: bananas, cocoanuts, mangos. South of Mazatlan, the line climbs the slope of the Sierra Madre, beginning near Tepic the final ascent through the Barrancas, a region of awesome grandeur, and leveling off on the high plateau where Guadalajara lies. From Guadalajara, Mexico City is an overnight trip.

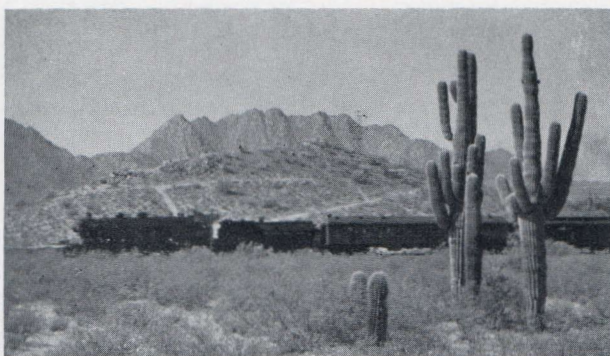
THROUGH PULLMANS

The principal train on the West Coast Route, *El Costeño* (The Coaster), carries the same type of air-conditioned Pullmans as trains in this country. There is through Pullman service between Los Angeles and Mexico City. (Passengers from the eastern United States meet this Pullman at Tucson.) *El Costeño* carries an air-conditioned cafe-lounge car serving meals. Bottled spring water is provided free of charge.

Following is a detailed description of Southern Pacific's West Coast of Mexico Route:

TUCSON

(Population 63,000. Elevation 2,386 feet.) Tucson is the oldest and second largest city in Arizona. Starting as a rough frontier town, it has grown into a modern,



The towering sahuaro cactus

well-ordered metropolis. Luxurious resort hotels and nearby guest ranches provide fine accommodations for the great numbers of vacationists who come here to enjoy the warm winter climate.

Tucson is reached by Southern Pacific's famous *Sunset Limited* and *Argonaut* from New Orleans and California and the *Golden State Limited* and *Californian* from Chicago and California.

Leaving Tucson, the West Coast of Mexico Route cuts south through vivid desert country distinguished by the towering sahuaro cactus, past the ancient *Tumacacori Mission*, to Nogales, Arizona, which is separated from Nogales, Mexico, only by a wire fence.

NOGALES

(Population 12,000. Elevation 3,863 feet.) An attractive border city, Nogales is the West Coast Route traveler's first introduction to Mexico. The Southern Pacific Pullman from America is here moved across the border and coupled into our Mexican train, *El Costeño*.

Customs formalities are brief and courteous. Passengers are requested to open their hand baggage when the car reaches Nogales. Inspectors pass through the train and examine the luggage. The time required for examination permits passengers to leave the train and have their money exchanged at the money changing offices in the Nogales station. It is advisable to exchange only enough money to carry you to Mexico City, as the rate of exchange is more favorable in the interior than at the border.

A representative of the Southern Pacific is always on duty at Nogales to assist passengers through the customs.

Leaving Nogales, *El Costeño* climbs through wild, rocky country to Encina and Casita and then enters the valley of the Magdalena River, passing Magdalena, a rich mining and agricultural town. Then into the great desert of northern Sonora, with its forests of organ cacti, so named because they resemble pipe organs. The tips of these cacti are favorite resting places for the enormous black buzzards (*Zopilotes*) of Mexico.

The line then descends gradually to Hermosillo.

HERMOSILLO

(Population 30,000. Elevation 693 feet.) Capital of the state of Sonora, Hermosillo's name ("Little Beauty") is well deserved. It is the prosperous center of a rich agricultural district growing figs, pomegranates, oranges, limes and other semi-tropical products. Its *Parque Madero*, with many sub-tropical trees and plants, is a favorite promenade, alive with activity as the evening hour approaches.

EMPALME

The next principal stop, Empalme, is of interest mainly because it is the junction for Guaymas, six miles westward. Connecting trains make the short trip. During certain seasons, a through, set-out Pullman is operated on *El Costeño* between Tucson and Guaymas, so that passengers may leave or board the Pullman at Guaymas at a convenient hour.

GUAYMAS

(Population 9,000. Elevation 6 feet.) Situated on the Gulf of California in a setting of brilliantly colored mountains, Guaymas is a friendly, interesting Mexican town famous for its gorgeous sunsets. It has acquired new interest for American vacationists since Southern Pacific built its new Hotel Playa de Cortés in 1936 on Bacochibampo Bay, four miles northeast of Guaymas.

HOTEL PLAYA DE CORTES

HOTEL PLAYA DE CORTÉS is unique among the resorts of the world. Planned originally as a modern hotel for the sportsmen who come to enjoy the summer Marlin fishing in the Gulf of California, Playa de Cortés soon attracted others as well—people who liked the idea of a desert resort by the sea.

Now the hotel is open from November 1 to the middle of July and has a large and loyal clientele. In the summer, from April to July, the sportsmen come to match their skill against the Marlin and Sailfish, and it is a



Hotel Playa de Cortés is a desert resort by the sea

poor season when hotel guests catch less than 400! In winter, people come to enjoy the warm sunshine and sports of a desert resort, plus the fun of fishing for Totuava. (Totuava are found *only* in the Gulf of California, average 80 pounds in weight and will give any fisherman a real tussle.)

Hotel Playa de Cortés is especially popular with vacationists wintering in southern Arizona. An easy overnight trip from Tucson, the hotel's ocean setting is a stimulating change from the Arizona country.

In building Hotel Playa de Cortés, Southern Pacific spared no expense to make it a thoroughly modern and beautiful resort. Every room has a private bath, electric light, electric heat (which is almost never used) and furniture hand-carved from Mexican cedar, mahogany and ebony. Every room is outside.

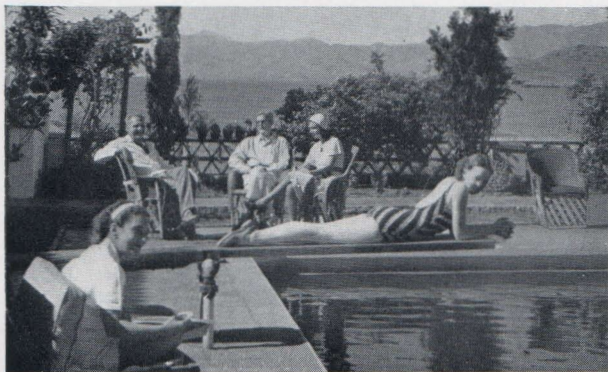
While deep-sea fishing is the principal sport, there are many other diversions. You can swim in the magnificent outdoor, tiled swimming pool, set in a sunny patio bright with tropical flowers and plants. You can ride horseback through the desert and by the sea. (Excellent horses are provided from the hotel's own ranch. Guides accompany each party for no extra charge.) There are two tennis courts and a badminton court.

The cuisine of Hotel Playa de Cortés is excellent. Most of the food served is brought in from the United States. Some is grown under careful supervision on the hotel's own ranch. Purified bottled water is served free of charge at all times and is used for all cooking. The delicious sea foods of the Gulf of California are featured on every menu.

The hotel offers long distance telephone service, telegraph service (from Guaymas) and excellent laundry service at reasonable prices. Barber and hairdresser by appointment. There is a good doctor in Guaymas and a drug store with reliable prescription service.

The hotel accommodates 60 guests in its rooms and four detached bungalows. Rates and reservations may be secured from any S. P. agent or any travel agent.

To get to Hotel Playa de Cortés, take Southern Pacific's West Coast of Mexico Route from Tucson to Empalme or Guaymas, where taxis meet all trains. Taxi



The Hotel's luxurious swimming pool



All the furniture is handmade

charges are nominal. During the hotel season a through Pullman operates between Tucson and Guaymas.

FISHING AND HUNTING

The Gulf of California in the vicinity of Hotel Playa de Cortés is considered one of the three finest places in the world for Marlin and Sailfish. It is the only place in the world where Totuava are caught.

The hotel operates six Elco cruisers especially constructed for big game fishing. They are 30 feet long with 9-foot beam, powered with Chrysler Ace Marine 6-cylinder engines, with a speed of 19 to 21 miles per hour. Each has two fishing chairs with adjustable foot rests and removable backs, Elco bait ice box, portable awning, fish box with sea drain, small galley, two rubber-lined rod holders at stern, outriggers and emergency outboard motor.

The hotel also operates four Chriscraft fishing



He got his Marlin!

launches, each 25 feet long and equipped with 2 swivel chairs with rod sockets, awning, refrigerator, outriggers and bait ice box.

All boats carry a crew of two boatmen, one of whom is an experienced fishing guide. For Marlin and Sailfish, twelve baits (flying fish shipped in ice from Los Angeles) are supplied free for each boat.

Rates for these boats are reasonable and will be supplied upon request. Rates include bait, ice, bottled water and light tackle. Marlin and Sailfish tackle may be rented from the hotel for a nominal amount.

The hotel will make arrangements for fishing licenses at actual cost, which is 4 pesos (about 80c) per month.

Hunting trips may be arranged from the Hotel to many points, including Ciudad Obregon, 80 miles south of Guaymas. Here many varieties of ducks are plentiful, as well as geese, quail, doves, cranes, snipe, deer, wild pig, ocelot and puma. Information on hunting in Mexico will be furnished upon request.

Following are a few of the varieties of fish caught in the Gulf of California near Hotel Playa de Cortés (Mexican names in parentheses) :

SUMMER

<i>April 1 to October 1</i>	<i>Average Weight</i>
MARLIN* (<i>Pez Espada</i>)	180 lbs.
SAILFISH (<i>Pez Vela</i>)	90 "
Albacore (<i>Albacora</i>)	15 "
Bonito (<i>Bonito</i>)	8 "
Dolphin (<i>Dorado</i>)	20 "
Giant Ray (<i>Manta Raya</i>)	1500 "
Moonfish (<i>Palometa</i>)	20 "
Needle Fish (<i>Agujon</i>)	7 "
Red Snapper (<i>Huachinango</i>)	5 "
Rock Bass (<i>Cabrilla</i>)	15 "
Rooster Fish (<i>Gallo</i>)	20 "
Shark (<i>Tiburón</i>)	250 "
Skipjack (<i>Barrilete</i>)	5 "
Spanish Mackerel (<i>Sierra</i>)	3 "
Trigger Fish (<i>Pez Puerco</i>)	2 "
Tuna (<i>Atun</i>)	50 "
Yellowtail (<i>Jurel</i>)	15 "

WINTER

<i>October 1 to April 1</i>	
TOTUAVA (<i>Totuava</i>)	80 "
Bull Fish (<i>Toro</i>)	14 "
Jewfish (<i>Mero</i>)	250 "
Pompano (<i>Pompano</i>)	3 "
Red Snapper (<i>Huachinango</i>)	5 "
Rock Bass (<i>Cabrilla</i>)	15 "
Silver Sea Trout (<i>Corbina</i>)	8 "
Spanish Mackerel (<i>Sierra</i>)	3 "
Spotted Rock Bass (<i>Bayá</i>)	40 "
Yellowtail (<i>Jurel</i>)	15 "
Giant Ray, Shark, etc.	

*Record Marlin caught in Gulf of California by a guest of Hotel Playa de Cortés weighed 526 pounds.



Sarape weaver, Navojoa

From Empalme, your train continues south through a fertile valley inhabited by the Yaqui Indians to . . .

NAVOJOA

(Population 2,500. Elevation 125 feet.) Situated on the left bank of the Mayo River. The Mayo Indians who live here are noted for their excellent baskets and hand-woven *sarapes* (blankets) patterned with vegetable dyes that do not fade. The Indians meet every train and offer their blankets for sale. It is well to remember that the price is higher when the train pulls in, but drops abruptly as the train leaves.

South of Navojoa, the train enters the state of Sinaloa and passes through . . .

SAN BLAS

A small town on the left bank of the Fuerte River, junction for Los Mochis (a popular winter resort with a considerable American colony) and Topolobampo, on the coast.

From San Blas, you proceed onward through a region that rapidly grows more tropical, as you can readily see from the exotic products offered for sale by the Indians at the railroad stations, to . . .

CULIACAN

(Population 21,000. Elevation 118 feet.) Capital of the state of Sinaloa, Culiacan is situated on the left bank of the Culiacan River. In the lower part of the city, alongside the river, is the attractive *Jardin Rosales*, a beautiful park containing many tropical trees, flowers and birds.

Three hours south of Culiacan you cross the Tropic of Cancer and enter the Torrid Zone, speeding on to the

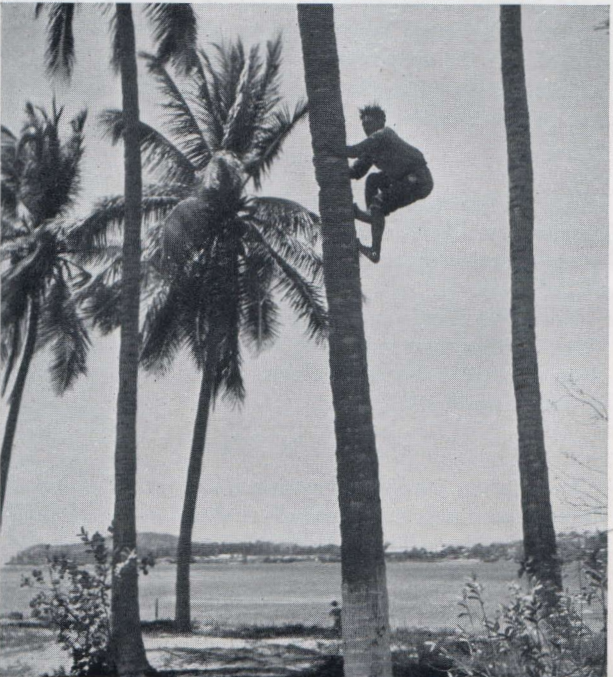
West Coast Route's halfway point, a city of rare charm and one of the favorite stopover points . . .

MAZATLAN

(Population 31,000. Elevation 3 feet.) A delightful tropical seaport on a peninsula overlooking the waters of Olas Altas Bay, Mazatlan has many of the outward characteristics of a South Sea Island village. On one side of the peninsula is a beach fringed with tall coconut palms sheltering thatched huts. Here many "South Sea Island" moving pictures have been filmed. In direct contrast, on the other side of the peninsula, is a broad boulevard lined with substantial buildings. One of these, the famous *Belmar Hotel*, is a thoroughly charming place to stay, with flower-filled patios, ramps instead of stairs and brilliantly tiled corridors. Another Mazatlan hotel is the *Central*.

Life in Mazatlan moves at a very leisurely pace. Though there are many automobiles, you will probably get more fun out of jogging through the cobbled streets in an *araña*, a rickety, two-wheeled cart whose name means "spider." You will enjoy strolling through the markets, where brilliant tropical birds and articles made of coconut shells and alligator hide are for sale, and where at any moment a little band of *mariachis* is liable to come marching along, serenading everyone in sight.

You should drive out Olas Altas Boulevard, along the water, where little rocky perches called *gloriettas* have been built so people can admire the view. The



Coconut Isle, Mazatlan



Tepic is a city of dreams

cathedral, plaza and observatory (wonderful panorama of the city) are well worth visiting, and you will also want to hire a boat and cruise out to Cocoonut Isle, or try your hand at deep-sea fishing.

The next important city is . . .

TEPIC

(Population 18,000. Elevation 3,186 feet.) Capital of the primitive state of Nayarit and one of the most picturesque cities in Mexico, Tepic is situated on a broad plain at the base of the extinct volcano of *Sangangüey*. It has changed but little since Cortés occupied it in 1524. Many of its streets and balconied houses and certain of its customs recall the time of the *Conquistadores*. Tepic is a city of dreams, living in a romantic past.

THE BARRANCAS

Leaving Tepic, your train enters the *Sierra of Nayarit*, speeding through tunnels and over gorges in whose depths mad rivers roar and churn on their way to the sea. The scenery ranks with the finest in the Americas. The 62 miles of track between Tepic and La Quemada cost \$14,000,000 and represent the sustained work of thousands of men for four years. Fifteen miles of the track rest on ties of solid ebony. The scenery grows wilder and wilder as you pass through Compostela and past an old lava flow from the extinct volcano of San Pedro, to *Ixtlan*. Here you enter the *Barrancas*, one of the grandest, most awe-inspiring stretches of scenery in the world. Your train edges a mountainside, a thousand feet below the rim and 1,500 feet above the bottom of the gorge, twisting and turning, climbing steadily, and



Vistas of impressive majesty

revealing at every turn a limitless vista of impressive majesty. Of this region, the Jesuit Father Jose Ortega wrote in 1754:

It is so wild and frightful to behold that its ruggedness, even more than the arrows of its warlike inhabitants, took away the courage of the conquerors, because not only the ridges and the valleys appear inaccessible, but the extended range of towering mountain peaks confused even the eye.

Leaving the *Barrancas*, you continue to climb, enter the state of Jalisco and reach the high Mexican plateau. The air becomes crisper with the increase in altitude, and you pass through . . .

TEQUILA

A small town noted for what its name implies—the drink *tequila*, which is made here. Approaching and leaving the town, you see great fields of the small, blue cactus-like plant from which this fiery drink is made. Vendors at the station sell small wooden barrels of *tequila* as souvenirs.

A short distance beyond Tequila, you reach the terminal of Southern Pacific's West Coast Route . . .

GUADALAJARA

(Population 180,000. Elevation 5,200 feet.) Capital of the state of Jalisco and the second largest city in the Republic, Guadalajara is overnight from Mexico City via the National Railways of Mexico. Next to Mexico City, it is unquestionably the cleanest and brightest of Mexican cities.

Guadalajara bears such titles as "Pearl of the Occident" and "Dresden of Mexico." It is noted for its handicrafts. In small, dark factories, Indian workmen blow and fashion the famous bubble glass now so prized in America. In other factories, principally in the suburb of San Pedro Tlaquepaque, is created beautiful pottery.

Here you can also watch Indians weaving *sarapes* and carving furniture of native Mexican hardwoods.

The street markets display an endless variety of treasure: pottery, glassware, leather goods, mats, baskets—everything, almost, that you can think of. The crowds are great fun to mingle with as they haggle endlessly and good-naturedly over prices.

The climate of Guadalajara is practically perfect. Between September and June, the air is exceptionally dry. April and May are a trifle warm but the rest of the year is delightful. The nights are always cool, and the clear air of these high altitudes is strangely invigorating.

Forty miles east of Guadalajara is the popular resort district of *Lake Chapala*, while five miles southwest of the city is a spectacular gorge, 2,000 feet deep, called the *Barranca de Oblatos*.

Guadalajara will richly repay a stopover of several days. It has several good hotels (*Fenix, Imperial, Roma, Frances*). From Guadalajara, night trains speed to . . .

MEXICO CITY

(Population 1,218,000. Elevation 7,434 feet). The correct name for Mexico City is Mexico, D. F. (*Distrito Federal* or Federal District, corresponding to our Washington, D. C.). It is the capital and largest city of the Republic of Mexico, just as it was once the capital of Montezuma's empire.

A city of magnificent parks, public buildings and monuments, Mexico City is a strange combination of ancient and modern civilizations. On the busy sidewalks, well-dressed men and women mingle with Indians clad in cotton pajamas, bright *sarapes* and sandals. Clanging traffic signals look down on crowded Indian markets, where everything is displayed right on the street in *puestos*, or stalls. Shining shop fronts are only a few blocks from where the burro trains come in from nearby Indian villages.



National Opera House, Mexico City

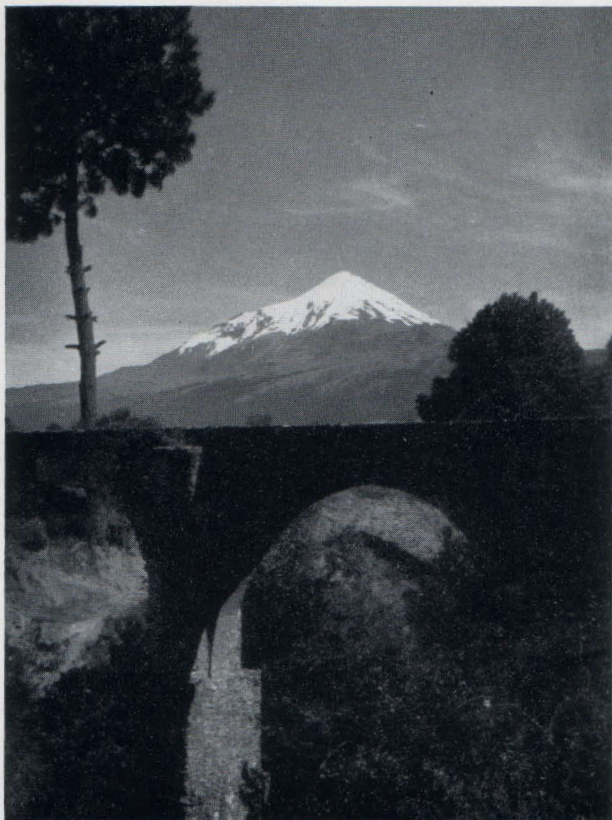
As you would expect in a city of its size, Mexico City has many excellent hotels.

It is impossible to list here all the attractions of the city. You will want to see Chapultepec Park and the broad boulevard that leads to it, the famous *Paseo de la Reforma*. You'll visit the National Opera House with its amazing glass curtain, the National Museum with its archaeological treasures, the *Zócalo*, or main plaza, the floating gardens of Xochimilco (go on a Sunday), Sanborn's House of Tiles, the Church of Guadalupe (greatest shrine in Mexico).

The setting of Mexico's capital is impressive, indeed. Standing guard over it are the great snow-capped peaks of *Popocatepetl* (17,794 feet) and *Ixtaccíhuatl* (16,200 feet). The clean, blue sky is almost always dotted with enormous cloud masses, which one photographer called "the most beautiful cloud effects in the world."

Most travelers make Mexico City their headquarters for sidetrips to the Pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, Xochimilco, Oaxaca, Puebla, Cuernavaca, Taxco, Uruapan, Morelia, Patzcuaro, etc.

The Southern Pacific ticket office in Mexico City (Avenida 5 de Mayo 32) is always at the service of our passengers. This office will be glad to secure for you a guest card to the Country Club if you play golf.



GENERAL INFORMATION

CLIMATE. The climate of Mexico is either tropical or semi-tropical. On the high plateaus, the climate varies but little from summer to winter, the days being warm and the nights cool. On the West Coast, the summers are tropical.

In general, winter is the dry season and summer the rainy season all over Mexico. In the rainy season (June to October), rain is apt to fall any day and generally takes the form of sudden showers that pass quickly, leaving clear skies. In the dry season (November to May), rain seldom falls at all.

TOURIST CARD. U. S. citizens entering Mexico on pleasure trips of six months or less are considered tourists, and should apply to the nearest Mexican Consulate in the United States for a Tourist Card. A fee of \$1.00, U. S. Currency, is charged for the issuance of each Tourist Card by Mexican Consuls. In cases of emergency, or where Mexican Consul is not available at point of origin of trip, Tourist Card may be secured from Mexican Immigration Inspector aboard train on arrival at Nogales, Arizona. Visa of Tourist Cards by the Mexican Immigration authorities at Nogales is required before departure for the south. This is done by the Mexican officials passing through the train. The same procedure is followed at El Paso.

PASSPORTS. Citizens of the United States entering Mexico are not required to have passports, but must present Tourist Cards (see above). Canadian citizens must have a passport and Tourist Card, but no visa is necessary. Citizens of all other countries residing in the U. S. must have a passport properly visaed by the Mexican Consul nearest their residence. If not residents of the U. S., they must in addition post a bond of 750 pesos with Mexican immigration authorities at the border before entering Mexico.

ENTERING VIA NOGALES. Only Pullman cars are taken into Mexico, and passengers should remain in them until the crossing and customs inspection are effected. Day coaches do not cross the border, and coach passengers walk across the line. Baggage is removed from the baggage car on the American side and taken to baggage room, Nogales, Arizona, and passengers must make their own arrangements for transfer to Customs House on the Mexican side. Porters are available at the station, whose charge is 75 cents each for trunks, and 25 cents each for hand baggage, U. S. Currency. Hand baggage aboard Pullman cars will remain on cars for inspection by both U. S. and Mexican Customs. The procedure is reversed, of course, when returning to the U. S. through Nogales, except that baggage, northbound, is also inspected by Mexican officials on account of the Mexican export tax.

CUSTOMS AT NOGALES. In entering Mexico, baggage is examined by Mexican customs officials. Pullman car passengers should unlock hand baggage on reaching Nogales and throw them open as the Customs Inspector reaches their seats in the car. Trunks and other baggage handled under check are examined at the Customs House in Nogales, Mexico, right at the station, and passengers must go to the Customs House with their keys ready to open their trunks when their turn comes. Trunks and other checked baggage via Nogales should be checked to Nogales, Arizona, southbound; northbound to Nogales, Sonora, Mexico. After examination of trunks by customs officials, north or southbound, they must be rechecked.

ENTERING VIA EL PASO. As in entering Mexico via Nogales, Mexican customs inspectors inspect hand baggage in the Pullman cars. This is done while crossing from El Paso to Juarez, Mexico. Trunks taken into Mexico via El Paso should be checked to Juarez. They are carried across in the train from El Paso to Juarez, where they are taken out of the baggage car and inspected in the Mexican customs house. Returning to the United States through El Paso, baggage should be checked to El Paso, Texas. Checked baggage is inspected at Juarez by Mexican officials on account of the export tax, and then brought on to El Paso, where U. S. customs inspectors make inspection right at the El Paso station and then baggage is rechecked.

Procedure of entry, customs, etc., at Laredo, Eagle Pass, Naco, and other gateways is virtually the same as described in the foregoing for El Paso and Nogales.

NOTE: Regulations at the border are subject to minor changes on short notice.

MONEY. At the time this booklet went to press, the rate of exchange was approximately 5 pesos for one dollar. American money may be exchanged at money changing offices in the station at Juarez and at Nogales, Mexico. Travelers checks are accepted in Mexico at important points where they are understood but they cannot always be cashed in the smaller towns.

MEXICAN PURCHASES. Upon their return to the United States, tourists must declare all purchases made in Mexico, and the statement must be made prior to, or at the time baggage is examined. If purchases of value are made, it is wise to get a receipt or invoice for articles bought.

U. S. Customs regulations permit returning tourists, residents of U. S. A., to bring into this country, free of duty, 50 cigars or 300 cigarettes, and not in excess of one gallon of liquors, beers or wines, and other articles purchased in Mexico for personal use up to a total value of \$100, U. S. Currency.

VACCINATION. Tourists returning to the U. S. are not usually required to present vaccination certificates, but may be required to show scar or other proof of recent vaccination.

LANGUAGE. The English-speaking visitor will have little, if any, difficulty in getting about Mexico. In all the larger towns and cities Mexicans who speak English may be found at the principal hotels, shops, etc.

CLOTHING. For the cities of the Mexican plateau warm clothing suitable for spring or fall wear in the United States is satisfactory at all seasons, while light clothing is more suitable for the coastal territory. On account of the elevation of Mexico City, a light overcoat is needed at night or in the early morning even in the summer time, while a heavier coat is needed in the winter months.

PRICES. Prices in Mexico are very moderate and with the favorable rate of exchange, travel in Mexico is very inexpensive. Exclusive of railway costs, you can get about comfortably in Mexico for from six to seven dollars a day, U. S. money, and in the smaller towns even less. If you remain long in one place, the costs are proportionately lower.

POSTAGE. From Mexico to the United States, regular letters 10 centavos, air mail 40 centavos, postcards 4 centavos.

HELPFUL MEXICAN WORDS

You don't have to know Spanish to travel in Mexico, but you will find it helpful to know a few words. The following are selected at random. You will pick up many more as you travel. Remember that you pronounce every syllable in Spanish, and that the accent is usually on the next to the last syllable. The phonetic English pronunciation follows each Spanish word, in parentheses. Syllables in CAPITAL LETTERS are accented.

FOOD AND DRINK

Bacon—*tocino* (toh-SEE-noh)
 Beans—*frijoles* (free-HOLE-es)
 Beer—*cerveza* (sir-VAY-sah)
 Bread—*pan* (pahn)
 Toasted—*tostado* (tohs-TAH-doh)
 Butter—*mantequilla* (mahn-tay-KEY-yah)
 Chicken—*pollo* (POH-yoh)
 Chocolate—*chocolate* (cho-co-LAH-tay)
 Coffee—*café* (cah-FAY)
 Eggs—*huevos* (WAY-vohs)
 Scrambled—*revueltos* (ray-VWEL-tose)
 Fried—*fritos* (FREE-tose)
 Boiled—*cocidos* (coh-SEE-dose)
 Hard—*duros* (DOO-rohs)
 Soft—*tibios* (TEE-bee-ose)
 Cheese—*queso* (KAY-soh)
 Fish—*pescado* (pes-CAH-doh)
 Before it is caught a fish is *pez*—pronounced *pace*
 Ham—*jamón* (hah-MOAN)
 Milk—*leche* (LAY-chay)
 Potatoes—*papas* (PAH-pahs)
 Pulque (POOL-keh)
 Mexican wine made from the *magu*ey plant
 Sugar—*azúcar* (ah-SOO-car)
 Tea—*te* (tay)
 Hot—*caliente* (cah-lee-EN-tay)
 Cold—*frio* (FREE-oh)
 Tequila (tay-KEE-lah)
 Mexican brandy
 Tortilla (tor-TEE-yah)
 Pancake made of cornmeal
 Sandwich—as in English
 Water—*agua* (AH-gwah)
 Wine—*vino* (VEE-noh)

NUMERALS

One—*uno* (OO-noh)
 Two—*dos* (dose)
 Three—*tres* (trace)
 Four—*cuatro* (KWAT-roh)
 Five—*cinco* (SEEN-koh)
 Six—*seis* (sace)
 Seven—*siete* (see-EH-tay)
 Eight—*ocho* (OH-cho)
 Nine—*nueve* (noo-EH-vay)

Ten—*diez* (DEE-ess)
 Eleven—*once* (OWN-say)
 Twelve—*doce* (DOE-say)
 Thirteen—*trece* (TRAY-say)
 Fourteen—*catorce* (ca-TOHR-say)
 Fifteen—*quince* (KEEN-say)
 Sixteen—*diez y seis* (y is pronounced as ee in see)
 Seventeen—*diez y siete*
 Eighteen—*diez y ocho*
 Nineteen—*diez y nueve*
 Twenty—*veinte* (VAIN-tee)
 Twenty-one—*veinte y uno*, etc.
 Thirty—*treinta* (TRAIN-tah)
 Forty—*cuarenta* (kwa-REN-tah)
 Fifty—*cincuenta* (sin-KWEN-tah)
 Sixty—*sesenta* (say-SEN-tah)
 Seventy—*setenta* (say-TEN-tah)
 Eighty—*ochenta* (oh-CHEN-tah)
 Ninety—*noventa* (no-VEN-tah)
 Hundred—*ciento* (see-EN-toh) or *cien* (see-EN)

WORDS AND PHRASES

How much? *cuanto* (KWAN-toh)
 Too expensive—*muy caro* (moo-ee CAR-oh)
 I want—*quiero* (kee-AIR-oh)
 I don't want—*no quiero*
 I don't have —*no tengo* (no TENG-oh)
 More—*mas* (mahs)
 Good—*bueno* (boo-AY-noh)
 Please—*por favor* (poor fah-VORE)
 Thank you—*gracias* (GRAH-see-us)
 (The Mexican people are very courteous. It is a good idea to learn the word *gracias* first and thank everyone who does you a favor or a service, no matter how small.)
 Don't mention it—*de nada* (day NAH-da).
 Another—*otro* (OH-troh)
 Peso (unit of money) PAY-soh
 Centavo (unit of money) sen-TAH-voh

Good morning—*buenos dias* (BWAY-nohs DEE-ahs)
 Good bye—*adiós* (ah-dee-ose)
 Have you? *tiene usted* (tee-AY-nay-oos-TED)
 Where is? *donde está* (DOHN-day-es-TAH)
 Monday—*lunes* (LOO-nace)
 Tuesday—*martes* (MAR-tace)
 Wednesday—*miércoles* (mee-AIR-cohlace)
 Thursday—*jueves* (WAY-vace)
 Friday—*viernes* (vee-AIR-nace)
 Saturday—*sábado* (SAH-ba-doh)
 Sunday—*domingo* (doh-MEEN-go)

PLACE NAMES

Cuernavaca (kwair-nah-VAH-cah)
Culiacan (coo-lee-ah-CAHN)
Guadalajara (wah-dah-la-HAH-ra)
Guadalupe (wah-dah-LOO-pay)
Guaymas (GWY-mas)
Hermosillo (air-moh-SEE-yoh)
Ixtaccíhuatl (iss-tah-SEE-watl)
Jalisco (hah-LEES-coh)
Mazatlan (mah-zaht-LAHN)
Navojoa (nah-voh-HOE-ah)
Nogales (no-GAH-les)
Oaxaca (wah-HAH-cah)
Playa de Cortés (PLY-ah day Cor-TEZ)
Popocatepetl (poh-poh-cat-TEH-petl)
Quetzalcoatl (ket-zahl-KWAH-tl)
Puebla (poo-EH-blah)
San Angel (sahn ahn-HELL)
San Blas (leave the *d* and *t* off "sand blast")
Taxco (TASS-coh)
Teotihuacan (tay-oh-tee-wah-CAHN)
Tepic (teh-PEEK)
Tlaquepaque (tlah-kay-PAH-kay)
Uruapan (oo-roo-AH-pan)
Xochimilco (so-chee-MEEL-coh)

MISCELLANEOUS

Araña (ah-RAHN-yah)—Two-wheeled carriage
Banderillas (ban-der-EE-yahs)—Darts used in bull fights
Barrancas (ba-RANK-cahs)—Gorges
Caballeros (cah-bah-YAIR-ose)—Gentlemen
Charros (CHAR-rose)—Gentlemen riders
Huraches (wah-RAH-ches)—Sandals

Machete (mah-SHAY-teh)—Big knife
Maguey (mah-GAY)—Century plant
Mariachi (mah-ree-AH-chee)—Musician
Metate (may-TAH-tay)—Stone on which corn is ground
Peón (pay-OWN)—Mexican peasant
Puesto (poo-ESS-toh)—Stall
Rebozo (ray-BOH-soh)—Shawl
Sarape (sah-RAP-pe)—blanket
Sombrero (som-BRAY-roh)—Hat
Zopilotes (so-pee-LOH-tace)—Buzzards

TRAVEL TERMS

All aboard—*vámonos* (VAH-moan-ose)
 And y (ee)
 Arrive—*llega* (YAY-gah)
 Baggage—*equipaje* (ay-kee-PAH-hay)
 Baggage man—*guarda-equipajes* (GAR-dah ay-kee-PAH-hace)
 Between—*entre* (EN-tray)
 Porters—*cargadores* (car-gah-DOOR-ace)
 Conductor—*conductor* (cohn-duke-TORE)
 Daily—*diario* (dee-AH-ree-o)
 Dining car—*coche comedor* (COH-chay coh-may-DOR)
El Costeño (El Cos-TEN-yoh) West Coast Route train
 Express car—*carro de express* (CAH-roh day EX-press)
 From—*de* (day)
 Hotel—*hotel* (oh-TEL)
 Hour—*hora* (OH-roh)
 Kilometer—*kilómetro* (kee-LOH-may-troh) About $\frac{5}{8}$ of a mile
 Leave—*sale* (SAH-lay)
 Locomotive—*máquina* (MAH-kee-nah) or *locomotora* (loh-co-mo-TOH-rah)
 Mail car—*carro de correos* (CAH-roh-day coh-RAY-ose)
 Passengers—*pasajeros* (pah-sah-HAIR-ose)
 Railroad—*ferrocarril* (fair-roh-car-REEL)
 Sleeping car—*coche dormitorio* (COH-chay door-mi-TOH-ree-oh)
 Station—*estación* (es-tah-see-OWN)
 Tickets—*boletos* (boh-LAY-tose)
 Ticket agent—*agente de boletos* (ah-GEN-tay day boh-LAY-tose)
 Train—*tren* (train)
 To or from—*para* (PAH-rah)

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