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A Diary of Mexican Adventures
(A. L. Harvey)

June 20, 1925 - All day long I have been riding the Texas heat and cotton fields, little villages, with a large public well in the center of the main street, red and blue flowers hanging their color along the track, relieving the monotony of evergreen landscape, and always cotton growing, cotton growing - there thru my car window, cinders - but two dozen specimens of assorted humanity, where the Texas cotton...
with me. I am the only Negro in the car. Of course being in Texas I am not allowed to forget my color. Last night at supper in the diner a white South 
erner left the table because he didn't care to sit opposite me. Neither did I care to sit opposite him. He was very uncivil. But 
in the sleeping car there has been no such hostility shown to me, nothing except 
scanty smiles and disapprobation. I have been talking to a citizen of the world, a 
real cosmopolitan. He seems to have been everywhere from Tokyo to T
Conductor. His baggage
was now cleared. He came
from a Paris hotel. He
is very friendly. Today
I had lunch with him
and he did not get up
from the table. The
man last night was
not very broad-minded
and lives in Texas. (He
knew this.)

Last night a fat old Jew
informed me that she
had known at once that
she was a Russian. I did
not believe her. But
since we are best
friends and are always
judged to be honest
discrimination and
Sucession from Egypt to Russia.

We are nearing San Antonio. There shall answer one of my early days and shall be Mexican or else they will not allow a bachelor to ascend the train as a long one. I know enough Spanish to ask for a "cama" in English. I have just heard that the rebels have attacked Ancueta. Sando and that the railroad line to Mexico City has been cut. Well, I can't go back to Cleveland and shall have to go on. Maybe they will be adventures again.

Well, I am in Mexico. I came over this morning in a manancient carriage, to find a skinny horse, but the driver could speak English and only charged me $2.50. One auto would have had $10.00. And I am in luck—both kinds of luck, good and bad. There is a train for Mexico in the morning. The first for a week of more. With two luxurious Pullmans out. That's the good luck. But also that I have only sixty cents and a Pullman cost $5.00 and my hotel bill is six for the night. So
I guess it's the day coaches
for me. I'll catch a sleeper
in the station tonight. I
might make in a berth
but then I'd have to stand
all the way to the city after
paying the custom fee.
You'd think all take a
trip coach. Fuss and
fuss. Perhaps it's good luck to
kill four the bandits attack
our train, the Pullman
will be rolled first and
so don't be among the rich
ones, if we were all there
nothing to lose, too!
The hotel in which
I'm staying is not half
bad according to Mexican
standards. Of course it's

far from the being the
Ritz-Carlton, but then I
couldn't stop there anyhow
for I was Blood. But
here nothing is feared
from me. Among my
own people, for instance
Laredo is a dark-skinned
city and Mexico is a brown
mansion of the. Don you alone
than for feeling of ‘gringo’
invasion with its attendant
terrors of color hatred?
Out in the market square
before my hotel a little
yuen was singing something
in the music of a big mandolin
in the play about the
soldados Mexicanos and
the Americans. I couldn't
understand it but I knew
We are singing to the glory of Mexico. The cause for forever induced to see no sign of the revolution now waking the country, except that there are many soldiers carrying great hickory in their shirts pockets, and the first van-guard of beggars that one meets, they all say all Mexicans are begging on the corner. The revolutions have made so many poor, broken on the wheel of the freedom they are seeking.

Near Laredo is certainly a musical town. During the day I have heard everything from street songs played on
a mandolin to "The Mistletoe" scene from all Travers, played by the city band. And now that it is bed time all the players pianos and victrolas in the vicinity seem to be having a contest as to which can outplay the others. Of course the soloists are running full blast and doing great business being just across the Rio Grande from dry old Texas. They look exactly like the ones we used to see in the old movie thrillers from Tuesdays. There were even one called "Last Chance" just before the bridge...
Heading back to the exhibiton be reached.

All the minors in town under 12 seem to follow the profession of bootblack. They are so numerous that they work in pairs, one to each foot. And they are tough little fellows, too, sitting on the park benches smoking cigarettes with a great air of savoir-faire.

My hotel room has two bars at the window and a great gate made of wooden palings at the door opening to the yard. When one is locked in at bedtime it seems quite
like a jail house. It is too hot to sleep with closed doors, Therefore
the gate.
A giant government hydroplane has been circling about all day;
guarding Uncle Sam's borders. One can see the towers of the
very powerful wireless
that the army has erected
in Laredo; it towers high
above the plains of the
Texas city, even at the
difficult towers above Paris.
And Paris has nothing
on the two Laredos when it
comes to stars, for tonight
the sky is filled with
those lovely jewels which
Opening nightwear upon her velvet gown. High above the Red Gravde, above the two cities, above the two countries are they, sparkling and glowing, and the big star is winking and twinkling at us as if he were laughing at my liltleness at the little of all men with their schemes of hatred and war and their eternal bickerings.

July 22 - Saltillo. Dam glad I did not get a Pullman for riding hereracelss has been delightful. Every body is so free and unconventional. In the Pullman one must wear one's toloos.
and there are screens on the windows. Here one wears whatever one chooses and the "ventanas" are full of protruding heads. A worthy foster child, aqua de limones y cerveza (beer) which is quite good.

Being the first train from Laredo to come into the coach has been crowded and they carry two Pullmans. I read a book in my car and been full of tears and human beings call the long trip. There are only seats enough for the majority, so the majority set on the floor or on a suit case if they have one. Everyone is kind and humorous.
kind and courteous. They share their food with one another, their sitting room, and their new papers. There is a shy young kid in the coach, dressed quite American. All day long she and one gentleman who fled the prevailing dryness of the states and is now completely drunk on a bottle of tequila, have been making merry. The gentleman from the states knowing several verses of the "Blue" which he sings with great gusto. 

It is sunset and my car window frames a Maxfield Parrish painting. Mexico's great jagged mountains are bathed in a yellow wine and honey light. They are some old peaks far in
the background that have
wrapped a purple veil
about themselves, and sit
huddled like Indians, silent.
But here in the foreground
sunset tints added colors
of crimson and amber and
gold, change these dull
gray mountains, these
red, rugged mountains
into Andes hills, the dream
mountains of childhood.
Only God could paint
such a picture, and only
Mexico could be the canvas.

July 23—This morning
clouds hung stiff and cold. The
train was crossing an arid
plateau, bare and vast.
Meeting the jagged mountains
at the horizon far away,
calm, cold. I can see my
breath. The man next to
me is reading a paper in Arabic. He says he is an
Arabian. I am hungry and
cold. Humanity arising from
suit-case and alike is making
its scanty toilet. There is
a fat and slightly stupid child
in the back who is an
greedy as a pig. At the wayside
eating house yesterday, where
one eats alone can for $1.50,
he was not satisfied with
devouring one good meal, but
must needs till his thermos
bottle with coffee, and carry all
the remaining bread on the
table back to his coach. But
she is quite religious, too, and
stands up every so often to
cross herself and say her
prayers. At such times he
shares his seat with an
old lady who had none.
This morning at Xangas
I saw a most glorious,
seagull. Old, but grand and
tall and majestic. He wore
his cloak the king might
wear a rose, and begged for
pennies with an innocent dig-

There are so many
seagulls in Mexico but do not
forget this one soon—
their old recaller of Arabian
Night.

Today I met the "sky young
kid." I happened to mention
Sotoca and he said in good
English, too, "Why that's my
Home." He's Luke Henkle, son
of the very rich German-Mex-
ican family of Sotoca who
own the town, almost. That
is the street railway and the
Brewery and the Lighting
Plant, and much more.
He, Luis, could not buy a Pullman either, this not from lack of money, commo
but because they were all sold. He is quite friendly and tells me a great deal in
his Prep school English. We bought a cheese and ate it to-
gather.

We arrived at San Luis Potosi at 12:30, six hours late. Here all kinds of ex-
citement ensued. A drunken man attempted to take a seat
away from an old lady, for
a general, who of course
would have any seat in the
coach, it being war times.
But when the general finally
arrived he did not take the
woman's seat, but very cour-
seously sat down in the aisle.
The noise, and the crowd, which
filled the coach like cardinals. Now can, so got on a young lady's nerves that she had a fit. Of course this caused much excitement. But finally the train pulled out, loaded to the platform for Mexico the City. We are due to arrive at 6:00 but can not possible make it before 12: midnight or maybe tomorrow and another night in this coach; well, I don't know what I have given up my seat to a foolish woman and the deck is almost too crowded to admit another bettor. There is a most striking blond across the car, beautiful but big and slightly coarse and oh so "Won't you make a divorce at me " style. She had s-
Ready drawn four men to her side, including the general, who treat her to bear every time she understands. She tries so hard to be cute, but she's too old and too big. It's like a cow trying to be a calf. Her maid waits upon her as if she were a bridegroom and she cares for her shivering little dog—poor hairless. With so many men around she gets little attention.

There is a carload of soldiers attached to our train and a little boy soldier rides on the platform of our coach. He cannot be over sixteen and yet he drinks his beer with the best of them. He is mouth is soft but his eyes are already stern. Chrysoerol...
The future will find in this little kid another Diego Camaraza, Oregon?

Right. There is no gas and two oil lights are burning thinly.

It is cold. Both ends of the car are in darkness. One can not come in contact without stumbling over sleeping children. This is chasing her cat with me. We each taking turns at watching a nap or sleep. You would not think homey. He manners are too good. He has been talking to one of the poorest Indian women in the coach and with her we shared our chips. Beacken's milk and a sort of stickey candy that one buys here in boxes. He's a nice kid. But all the Mexicans I've met have been kind, friendly, jolly, etc., etc.
to be a national virtue—this friendliness to strangers and this courteous friendliness to one another that is seen in all Mexican rail
way trains.

At one o’clock Luis is sleeping in his seat and I am trying to sleep in the aisle. At two o’clock I get up to stretch and relieve myself. At
three o’clock someone sees a pale white glow against the sky; it is Mexico City light. Immediately the car disintegrates. Everyone wakes up and
pulls their clothing, women pull their dresses down from high shelves where they have been for two days and almost two nights.