

## Diaries of General Joseph W. Stilwell (1900–1939, 1945–1946)

### Introduction

These diaries of General Joseph W. Stilwell are those remaining in the Stilwell Papers at the Hoover Archives that had not been placed on the Hoover Archives web site. In addition to chronicling his career and activities up to and following World War II, they offer insights into his developing character, as he matured from a twenty-one-year-old second lieutenant, fresh out of West Point, to a mature four-star general officer. They provide evidence of his early passion for exploring and observing different cultures and people and his innate curiosity, which led to an expanding mind and widespread interests. The entries also reveal his keen sense of humor, his ability to assess the character of others, his command of the English language, his artistic abilities, and his warmth for his family.

The diaries were Stilwell's private writings and notes; he never intended others to see them. Some of the language used in the diaries was commonly accepted during the periods in which they were written; it is not appropriate or valid to apply today's standards to it to draw conclusions about Stilwell's character or views. Writing about some of the language and labels in the diaries, Barbara Tuchman, in her book *Stilwell and the American Experience in China*, makes the following statement, "Lesser vulgarities he used easily and seemingly without pejorative content."

Often the diaries contain short notes and observations made by Stilwell. Some of those entries he incorporated into the daily entries, some he later crossed out, some were simply meant to remind him of something, and some are so cryptic they make no discernible contribution to the diaries' historical significance. In those cases such entries have not been transcribed. When they are of interest or add to the daily entries, however, they have been incorporated into the transcripts.

The diaries were first transcribed several decades ago, when his widow and a daughter-in-law, Bettye Stilwell, manually typed them. The diaries, along with the rest of Stilwell's papers, were deposited at the Hoover Institution in stages from 1951 on. In 1998, my cousin, Deborah Bunce, began entering the manually typed transcriptions into a computer database. When Richard Sousa (senior associate director) and Linda Bernard (deputy archivist) agreed that the diaries should appear on the Hoover Archives web site, I began proofing the computer database text against the original diaries. Lisa Miller (associate archivist) provided the impetus for the project and coordinated formats, scanning of drawings and maps, and integrating the various elements into the final product. Lisa Nguyen (East Asia curator) transcribed and translated the Chinese characters Stilwell used in the diaries. Russell Rader (digital archivist) and Daniel Jarvis (digitization production specialist) did the scanning of the drawings and maps and the integration.

### Principles of Transcription

Stilwell's spelling throughout the diaries was remarkably correct. Distinguishing between his handwritten n's and u's, however, was sometimes difficult, and errors in place names or names of people containing those letters could have made their way into the transcripts. Based on Stilwell's superb spelling elsewhere, then, any such errors must be attributed to the transcriber, not to Stilwell.

In some of the diaries Stilwell included drawings of maps, people, places, and things that interested him. Those drawings have been incorporated into the transcripts, with the exception of partially completed drawings or those not germane to the diaries.

Where Stilwell wrote Chinese characters in the diaries, those characters have been translated using the Wade-Giles convention, which was in use at the time he wrote them.

### SYMBOLS USED IN THE TEXT

\* Indicates Stilwell's use of military unit designations that have been translated into words because the designators are not reproducible online.

\*\*\* Indicates words or sentences redacted. Redactions were made where the words or sentences might negatively affect persons still living or where words or sentences are personal and have no impact on the historical content of the diaries. Redactions were made in the 1935, 1938, and 1946 diaries.

Words written in italics are editorial comments for which explanations were warranted.

### Select Bibliography

Haith, Michael E. "Joseph W. Stilwell as Attaché, 1935–1939: Foundations for Command in the CBI." Thesis submitted to the Temple University Graduate Board, April 1985.

Schaller, Michael. *The U.S. Crusade in China, 1938–1945*. New York: Columbia University Press, 1979.

Tuchman, Barbara. *Stilwell and the American Experience in China, 1911–45*. New York: Macmillan Company, 1970.

-John Easterbrook, 2012

### Copyright Statement

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Please refer all requests to publish excerpts or quotations to the Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford University, Stanford, California, 94305-6010, or to [archives@hoover.stanford.edu](mailto:archives@hoover.stanford.edu). Such requests will be forwarded to the Stilwell family, who owns the rights to the diaries.

## 1907

### Guatemala Trip

Left New Orleans

June/20/1907

Belize 6/24/1907

Puerto B. 6/25/1907

Guat. 6/28/1907

S 7/1/07

San Jose 7/2/07

S 7/3/07

Guat. 7/5/07

“ 7/8/07

**Mon Jun 24:** p.m. Gave papers to Decker & blank & tr. to Greely, next a.m. Slept on deck.

**Tues Jun 25:** Off P.B at 3:00 A.M. Went in at 6:00 to pier which was in poor condition. Yellow fever in port, also about tot...soldiers, (lima – artill). Got trunks ashore, saw commandante Monson & got passport and pulled out with Mr. and Mrs. C. at 9:30, raining, on the fast mail, 1 baggage, 1 segunda, 1 prim. Freight ahead got stuck on hill & delayed us 2 hours. Got coffee & doughy bread at engr's shack in rain, (2 dollars). Also got 10 bones changed, (\$20) (Monkey money.) Conductor's story; \$50 or 6 months. Engr. played accordion while the freight was going over the hill in sections. All aboard! Stuck just at the summit but over on 2nd try. Down the other side like lightning. (Xmas used to be engr's on this road). (Game of 8:1 = 12:1 at P.B. Also 3 reales = 4 by baggage clerk (Swiped my ammunition. Remember Mr. Fox) (Ticket to Sanarate – \$75 ÷ 8. Everybody with a wad that weighs a pound. (Yellow fever patient on the train.) Luxuriant vegetation to Santa Inez. Like San. Lunch at Morales in blue rest. – black beans – canned corn beef hash, “bread”, coffee, poached egg – toast – price 5 dollars (40¢). On our way – mangy dogs, poor horses & cows, country open beyond Santa Inez & from Gualan beautiful scenery along Motagua to Zacapa. Hit a donkey & cut his leg. Old man quarantined him in Morales begging a “few dollars.” Gave up lima. Guard out at every station. 4 rags muffti., Guns all seem clean, however and entirely free from rust. Troops have been moved continually for weeks. Lots of American nigs on R.R. The segunda beehive. People selling goo & buns at Gualan. Kid & head protector. Kid & cap – a drinking gourd handle for visor. Nipa roofs and sides down in swamps. Adobe & tile from Gualan. Made up the two hours lost on the hill & boomed into Zacapa only 3 min. late. Pleasant bunch of American trainmen. All American R.R. owned by Keith Gov. only to transfer tr. Has no say about road. Fine hotel at Z. Good supper – meat, soup, coffee, potat, peas, bread, apple sauce. Town ½ mi. away up on hill & full of yellow fever. Also full of troops. No mosquitoes here at hotel. No nets in rooms, but screens on doors. Fine large room, U.S. furniture. Room 10 x 30 x 15. (Old lad at P.B “Not 1¢ more than when I landed 4 years ago & I've worked like hell.” Nobody seems to really get the dough. (Xima's cuenta – ready to get out when got licked in late trouble & knocked him out.)

**Wed June 26:** Left Zacapa at 7:00 A.M. with a bunch of gens. & 1 capt. who clanked in and out continually. Poor slob had hay fever & blew on a towel. One tin spur, 1 saber, 1 revolver, muy fierce. A bunch of sols. in Zacapa guarding against an invasion from Salvador. Fine new blds., hotel, station, offices, round house, machine shoe, etc. Water tank. This town is to be the main cheese on the line. From Zacapa to El Rancho track traverses a large plain varying from 1 mile to 6 or 7, full of cactus & mesquite some cattle, pigs, etc. Houses are all 'dobe with tile or thatch roof. Fences made of cactus. (Snakes, brown & white, hanging plastered on trees yesterday. Lizards in Zac. plain). Beautiful scenery with mts. both sides. From El Rancho road climbs the mts. (900 ft. in 6 mi. and 4000 ft. to the capital.) Many bridges all very heavy, built by Baltimore B.C. & (Phoenix B. Co. old ones.) End of run at present in Sanarate, where we arrived at 2 P.M. – Girl at Habanos with velvet, (blue) doublet, hot but happy. All loads carried on heads. Lots of pigs, with forked sticks on to prevent jumping. Saw a calf, scared by train, jump thru a barbed wire fence – strands not 18" apart. Girl with pink stockings & hod carrier's shoes, old. Got mangoes, 4 for a real (1 cent) at El Jicaro. Large & good. White cross in tile on red roof. Delayed by derailed flat car, but they dumped 2 loads of stone, transferred us & we came through on the flats. Came to Hotel Italia & for \$1 gold got lunch, supper, bed & breakfast. Good chow – coffee syrup diluted with hot water, tortillas, small potatoes, chicken, beef etc. (Soup.) Bummed around all P.M. & talked with the RR engineer, (Thompson, Minn). Here since 95, just going home after 18 yrs. away. Saw start of road from P.B. when they recruited by false information in New O. & sent them to die in the swamps. Shacks with sick 3 in under water. A shipload of lumber for coffins. Hellish. Host played accordion mgmif. Snakes – coral and barba maria, green with cooper belly, sure death. In Honduras Jailan Mts. unexplored full of snakes & mt. lions, leopard etc. No one ever thru. Animals in one place used to kill off & eat carriers to capital. Ruins at Copan, cols (100' long) granite. (See Mr. Knight at Los Quebrados for jade found in the mines.) Major Burke this 15000 gold mine. Lemon land in Cal. \$400 to 800 acre, here land 25 ¢ an acre lemons grow wild. Why not here? Ans: Leland, special agent (you know) others now. (all tales r & l). – German says that in Germany Limburger cheese is good when it leaps. – Chicken with side-whiskers. No political talk here. – Few streams – in Honduras, many & good water. – These boys good marchers – 30 m. per day for 12 days. – Rises in Motagua R. carried out big bridge – water up over rails – many places along track. H<sub>2</sub>O sometimes covers. Sanarate to Fiscal (60 m.m. \$5 for mules.) 48 miles from San. To Guat.

**Thurs June 27:** Left Sanarate at 6:45 on mules & horse. C. & Mrs. C. & yo & Germ. Gr. Long hard hill about an hour out with grand view back to mts. this side of El Rancho. Hot rocky trail up & down hill till noon. Country very much broken up in pine woods most of the time. Stopped at shack for grub and had tortillas, frijoles & scrambled eggs and coffee. Also a green mango. Road in afternoon much better than in the morning. Bestras had to be spurred continually. In P.M. got on the edge of thunderstorm, but it soon cleared. At 4:30 got into Fiscal at an Italian restaurant. Usual chow & chocolate. Hombres with mules got fly about feed for bestias and it would have been a joy to paste them. Mr. Shaw & wife at the hotel. Drank 4 "chibola" is cider champs. and ate 4 mangos besides chow. No bad effects visible in the morning. C. telegraphed (for diligencia to come out in morning), at 5 P.M. and there was no answer at all. This to go 15 mi. (All the lines monopolized by gov. in movements of troops.)

**Fri June 28:** Up at 5:20 and waited for diligencia till 7:30 but nothing doing. Meanwhile a horse stepped on a little chicken & the baby went out to play with it. Same kid took a glass of wine every night. Bestias got spurred for fair to-day. Met dil. 2 hrs. out, but sent them back, looked like a light spr. wag. Got a drink of frescos (pineapple cider) about a league out of G. and then went in by the gully. (Washerwomen running with baskets.) Stopped & examined by the guard. Look like Rn. Buscared around and left Mrs. C. at 45 A del Galfo & I went to Gran Hotel & got chow, meat after meat. Walked around with C. & got carriage & took Mrs. C out to La Ref. Town full of soldiers. Every courtyard packed. Pretty drive south (store named "Pajaras de la Noche" & Volcau de Santa Maria. RB with bottles of aguardiente flying out of a paint volcano.). Back by way of Guarda Viejo and along ridge into town. Nigger got fly and tried to get his tip by boosting, so I made him soak down & get a bill. Looks funny to see a big landeau in these cobbled streets – gutter in middle. (Got 13 – 1 for dough). Started for paseo but shops closed & rain began. Chowd & read La Republica – famous for what isn't in it. Not a word of political news. Went & heard band in square – beautiful plaza, fine music. Back to bed. (Hombs. watching in plaza, back & forth. Here had heard nothing about recent fuss. Much more known in E.U. Got a good construction for the mint from J.D. In exch. for lost ground. W somebody wants to make good S. & uses any ambitious little snake to that end. So, the movements are kept confused and things are purposely disturbed by M, Zelaya being the tool. Presumably acting as policeman. M. sticks troops on Guat. border, thus dividing Guat. forces who must face Honduran border & Zelaya. As soon as latter attacks urged on by M. latter has good case (already prepared by b-ache about conditions with U.S.) and says "Here I must stop this" – and walks in, never to step out again. From gobbling Guat., it's not far to gobbling the others. M. looks as if she had played it fair to the world, gets credit for making peace and realizes her dream. Z. is stepped on for good although he may be the fig. head. and M. is mistress of C. A. This construct explains everything & no other can. M. keeps things in a ferment on purpose. Meanwhile Nic's. ministers are thick with M. auth. and between the two C.A. has no rest. – As for G. itself, of course, Tompo's construction is O.K. "Once in, stay" – Means, strong hand, kept friendly & well fed. – and the collections keep up. Old woman at Fiscal with latest news about 2 holdups. lima – thou in one case. (Pol. at Zacapa – is a bird – gets a criminal & doesn't even send him to jail – if sure of guilt, beats him for awhile and pretty soon he's – . Runs his outfit for fair. – Saw place where explosion took place – nothing touched since, guarded by soldiers. Stones thrown out in street too near sidewalk & got only ½ the street. 3 suspects (prisoners) committed suicide lately. J.D.'s story about Hunter (Am. Min.) and Fitzgerald. Latter spoke about H's taking dough from His nibs, and H's son & somehow shot him (back of head). Have been few min. from the U.S. who have not taken dough. Notorious here & the natives sometimes taunt Americans with it. – (In 1871. Church party ousted & Liberals in Antes the church got a 1/10 of all produce & it was a good job. Success of liberals shut it off & since then they have tried to get back in. Now D. Az. formerly so liberal, married a young wife, ardent Cath. & in power of the priests. Therefore D. has been changed around & will do what he can to put the Ch. party back where it was. Therefore his mixing so willingly here.

**Sat June 29:** Dia de S. Pedro of S. Paul. Fiesta & stores closed. Up & bath & chocolate. At 8:30 was starting out when Lee C. came in with J.D. Old one eyed veteran of 28 yrs. down here. Went up to plaza & saw troops inspected. (Little kid with inspecting officer.) One co. from each fort each day comes in for inspection. Guns (ref. Rem) all clean and bright. Met Gen. Morales



& Gen. Medal. latter M. de Hacienda of Honduras, former Hond. gen. Back and to Am. Club where D. gave me 20 day card. Read papers and then back for alumerzo – (Macaroni, soup, cold sans., tongue, & beef & beans, 2 fried eggs, bread & butter; hot sans.. & bloody corn bread, Hot mutton and boiled potatoes, Beef steak & sliced potatoes, pancake & honey, chocolate.) Census of 1840 is still given as latest. None others given out by gov. although they are taken. (See Antes.) Slept from alumarzo to comida (Soup, pig's ft. & worms, beefsteak & pot, ice cream cake, & chocolate). Walked around & went to cinematograpfo. Once scene "Zapato estrecho." (Lad & thunder mug) "Se necesita noduzas secas." (Pending su-su) Powdering the baby and their own face. (Eyed by many.) \$10 per hour for horse, \$15 for wagon. Hotel \$18 per. (A loud dinner party in the next room – cage of monkeys.) Have seen 2 case of elephantiasis – both in legs, old man & woman.

**Sun June 30:** Up at 6:00 and out at 6:50 and walked to Guarda Viejo via Ridge R. (Cantina – El Paraiso de Santa Elena.) Kid scared to act as guide. Came back to cemetery on road – edge of arroyo – 1:30 with Ridge R. Very muddy. Cemetery very pretty & well laid out – prettily trimmed cedars. Then walked north along outskirts of town to Cabrera's Palace of Minerva where there was a cuartel & bunch of soldiers. No one allowed in & no pictures to be taken. (Men were under arms.) Then came back through center of town past fiesta outfit where I took a picture and two lads standing there got out in the street & began to pose after I had the camera back in the case. Beautiful big pears but caras – 12 reals each, (10 cts). Also large grapes & mangos. Toy balloons & squealing sausages. On down through big market – smells, stinks & odors – principally old meat. Everything imaginable in little booths. Thing occupies entire block. Past bunches of kids gambling, throwing a bone & hitting medias. (Wheelbarrow with ox heads & hoofs.) All kids from 12 up are soldiers & have guns. They certainly live in a military atmos. (Today is Corpus Christi – flag on church with Viva Jesus on it.) (3 dogs in col. & she-dog ahead waiting.) P.M. got buggy from Schuman & the sq. head had to have his money 1st. (Croaked about pay for his diligence which got out 2 hours late.) It rained as soon as we'd gotten to the old church and I was just getting ready to get some views & it rained like hell. The streets are hellish and to drive in them would make an angel weep or curse. I cursed. The God damned fool of a driver I had picked out every rock and every hole in the street and made connections every time and as a consequence our course looked like that of a drunken snake. I had to yank the reins out of his hands several times & every time we turned around, but even then he managed to very nearly upset the outfit 5 or 6 times. Went out north a ways on a dirt road. (Examined by guard) and soon turned back and went down to La Reforma past some cavalry sentinels and back to G. Viejo and out 7<sup>th</sup> Ave. Had to stop and wait for a bunch of infantry & artillery from a cuartel to pass to their grub. Infantry in trying to form & let the art. pass (art. had finished their chow.) got all balled up and had to be pushed into place. Don't seem to know much about drill although they can march OK. Back to hotel and a nap.

**Mon July 1:** Did not wake up from nap anoche until 9:30 so was out of chow and slept right on through. Out and got some souvenirs, coins, belt, spoons, postals. Back & to A.C. & Hotel. Packed & pd. bill. (I'll laugh, I'll laugh if I look at him! Down to sta. with a cargador (10+) and started at last. Country is flat for awhile, s. of Guat. and then we crossed some deep arroyos. Climbed up and went thro' the mts between 2 volcanoes. V. de Fuego to the west. 40 miles from San Jose we came out and got a full sweep. Moran, 3 PM. (15 miles). Laguna 3:20 p.m. Amatitlan 4:00 P.M. and back to get a full sweeping view to the Pacific. One of the prettiest I

every saw. Then we wound around & around down to Escuintla where we arrived at 6 P.M. Two Spanish girls & duena on train, one a peach. Went to R.R. Hotel & got a room & chow. Started around town with a boy but it was too dark so after buying a flag I came back. Highest alt. was nearly 5000 ft. (Bunches of women at station with baskets of stuff to sell, dead fish, dirty candy, eggs, "pinaples", tortillas, oranges, meat, etc. etc. Flat south of G. full of corn and cattle, on volcanic slopes, lots of sugar. Farther down, corn again.

**Tues July 2:** Up and around RR yards and around town – up in church with kids. Got a couple of pictures. Market crowded. About 10 million mangos. Talked with guard on outpost at "Temple of Minerva." Back to hotel with kid. (7 mangos for a real.) (Kids in church tower with dog – "no debe nada.") Escuintla is a town of about 2500. Streets paved better than those of G. Church (ruins) on highest point gives great view N – but south there is too much foliage. Cuartel south of church & a good hospital northwest part of town. Altogether quite a place. Lots of fruit and corn. Houses stone and adobe mostly w of RR. Chowd & went to Sta. Out at 12:30. Straight track about whole way to San Jose. Arr. 3:30. Hot box – same as yesterday. (Drunks at Naranjo – funny positions.) In the dump for fair – headache – jaw swelled -- bitten all over – sunstroke. Don't feel like doing much – C's curses on it. Hopped off at Union H. and turned in, ready to kick the bucket. Rested and went down to pier. Big surf rolling in. Good pier – but no protection from the sea. Steamers have to lie well out and lighters transfer the cargo. New buildings going up along beach. The town of San Jose seems to consist of only one street lined with grog shops. Lots of drunken soldiers bumming around. Got talking to the chief carpenter on the new hotel & walked back to hotel with him. Had chow. (2 laughing niggers opp. God dam em. By the way, lad asked too much the other day & bartender soaked him.) Pleasant German couple running the hotel (their tough trip from Nicaragua. Refused food & shelter. People afterwards robbed & raped.) Went down and watched surf awhile after chow and then came back and got changed to room with mosquito net. Bugs biting hard. (When I get back to Nashville Tennessee.)

**Wed July 3:** Nothing doing in the mule line, so finally decided to check baggage to Escuintla, ride up to Obero & hike through. Walked around town, out west to edge of town & up track to Peñate. (Butchering in public square). Just caught train and rode up to Obero Junction where branch runs off to Iztapa (port). Stayed on to Naranjo and then looked for mules but nothing doing. (Eyed by Americans on train.) (Parrot on pig.) Finally started with Old Catarl for guide & he turned out all right. The road is an average country road as far as Santa Maria, although sometimes it is pretty well grown up with weeds. Above Santa Maria it was not so good and we had bum walking for the last seven miles, especially above Mauricio, where the water had eased the used for a river bed and in consequence there were deep gullies. It began to rain ½ hour below Mauricio & we got properly soaked by it but pushed on, Old Catarl guarding the camera. Bought a piece of canvas for 3 dollars and came on in. Coming into town got off into a path that came out below the cuartel a block west of the hotel. Got my bag & a good bath and chow and quinine and feel OK. Don Pablo promises to get a mule, although there are none to be had. The army swipes them all. (Trouble getting clothes dry.) (My bath in the cistern.) (Drinking water & kerosene – also diluted cow drops.) Trying day – hard hiking and everything turning out wrong in the way of transportation. Mañana THE 4TH.

**July Fourth:** (Kill the s.o.b. in charge of freight at S. Made me go around.) The Glorious Fourth is hell. Don Pablo buscando a mule at 9 o'clock came in & saw it would be on hand at 10. Got my valise forwarded (14 to 1 for 10 dollars from pasaj). Got mule at last and after almuerzo started (11). (Get lamp for Don Pablo.) Road was pretty fierce all the way up the hill past San Pedro & Medio Monte (latter is a sugar finca with stone bld. on l. of road on hill. Had to wade 6 times, & besides crossed 2 stone bridges so you can see there is lots of water. Left 30 pesos for 3 days' mule hire at Hotel R.R. Road was shut in all along so could get no good pictures. Lots of corn and sugar grown here. Above ½ Monte road was terrible to Baliñ (*Paliñ*). After Baliñ it was a good level dirt road. Got held up by the guard (a drunken *tienente* at Baliñ). Indios along road seem scared to death. Power (water) at Baliñ generates electric light for Guatemala. Good level road from Baliñ on. Poor old Lazzie pretty tired. Were followed by a thunder storm through the Baliñ valley but got to Amatillan ahead of it. At Hotel Centro hombre said 5 pesos for sacate! (a wagon load). Therefore 3 pesos for sacate 2 for propri. Got chow for mule and wrote while waiting for mine. (The usual *ratito*.) Curses on Guat. it's too far from New York & Y. This is the Fourth and the only way I've celebrated is by cursing loudly every pig dog and other s.o.b. in G. Lazzie is pretty deaf today. Let him ride awhile & gents. thought I was crazy. (Talkative *mozo* & *camerero*. German father, Guat mother.) Landlord stole 2 pesos off me, telling Loz I'd given them.

**Fri July 5:** Soak the slobs in the station at Amatillan. (Get out of here.) Patron & his 2 dollar steal didn't work. (At La Via, Snake Hotel.) (Lad with flour sack trousers, kids with machates longer than themselves.) (Indios & their forms & *pas* enflexion. Kid on back and load on head.) Got started at 7:30 after checking bag (wait for monkey to eat his breakfast) and climbed up the hills beyond Amatillan. Pretty view looking back – it's a league out. Then on down into La Via, a fair sized town with a little stream running through. Got some coffee (50¢) from a woman; she almost fell dead when I gave her 2:00. Went on another league into Villalobos, a bunch of native shacks with a stream of good water. Then it is a hard climb and finally a good level road into Guatemala. My mule is slow as mud and I had to use the spur continually. That & Lazzie's catarrh and everything else almost drove me crazy. Then coming into town, of course the damn mule had to bray and bray, just when I didn't want him to. Dug him OK. To Mesón San Aguetin & got mule fixed and then to hotel, viewed by all. Got a room & a bath & Lazzie came with the suitcase so I dressed and got lunch. Waiter slapped me on the back. (Why don't you say adios? Quite a bootlick around here.) Note from Christmas for a call. Bought 2 ponchos & 2 prs. curtains. \$400.00. Also bags etc. & saw about films. (13 to 1 here for dough.) Got canvas & rope for bundle of ponchos. Down & saw Lee C. Has had fever three days – pretty sick. Not seen Cabby yet. Gen. Drummond there too. Chowd and saw Lazzie, back & b-ached with Shaws for an hr & got permission to go down on construction train – good. – Shaw's tale of yellow fever smell and his examination of dead man. Also invitation into house containing small pox. Says I look like "Hawkshaw". (engineer who was here.) That may explain why I've been greeted like a long lost bro. – Only 13 miles to do on railroad. (Quarantine at Morales. 5 d. going down. Says Combs was OK. Hunter was the lad that gave the States such a rep.

**Sat July 6:** Got up at 5:30 and arranged baggage. Choc. at 6:15-30. Lazzie feeding his face at 6:30 & mule not ready. Mad. Got off finally at 7 & G. d. m. again brayed all the way to Guarda Viejo. Turned off on to Mixco road & passed all the Indios coming in. (Also several kiss me a\_\_ surly cusses.) Got to Mixco at 9:15 (3 leagues). Beautiful view of the valley from hotel top



of hill. Got 4 eggs & 3 cups of chocolate, & gave m. and Laz rest. Then on up hill (nearly 2 hrs. to top from which a good view of the V de A is obtained. The old road crosses the carretera just beyond the top. Went on through San Lucas and then on over the hill & into Santa Lucia where the guard held us up & went to get someone who was able to read. On down the long, long hill & then into La Antigua. Hill must be over 3 miles long. Bunch of Indios were going in opp. direction. (Lad with pig on back, kids, lad with 2 loads of charcoal on horse & one on self. Umbrellas with them.) (Kid drinking – sh – out of pitcher & other kid yelling “shut up”.) La Antigua is a big town. Landlord after asking all the known questions informed me that it had 15000 population but that’s too much. G. D. mule had to bray coming in. (Guard being posted, carry bayonets.) Hotel almost in next county. Today Lazzie was treasurer and I’d point out the kids & he’d play Santa Claus to the extent of 1 real or ½ real. The old cuss paid out 1 peso tonight. (You know what for.) Gave me a vivid description of the affair. Silent supper with the 2 guys. Last night it was 11 leagues to Escuintla, this A.M. 6 and 1 league out. A lad said it was 14!

**Sun July 7:** Started at 6:15 and went out between coffee fincas to Ciudad Vieja, (1 league) a small town, perhaps 300 or 400 with the usual plaza, church, and cuartel. A good road to 1 mile NE of Olotenango where it was cut up somewhat. Olotenango is a town on Agua’s slope, mostly shacks with 1 street of good shops & houses. The road down and across the river is fierce. Apparently at times the bed of a stream. The guard in town and at the stream did not stop us for a wonder. Same way at Ciudad Viejo. On down west of the river, road bad for 50 & 100 yd. stretches. Road got worse and worse and after a mile or so from Olotenango was very bad for 2 hrs. (11 o’clock). Wagons could not go over the road above the fincas about 2 ½ leagues from Oloten. From half way down the mt. the road got steadily worse & worse. Every bit as bad as Esc. –road. Stopped at finca for chow 4 leagues from Escuintla. Old German tried to get me to drink. Files and the deer. Dogs drinking blood. All very friendly (Dog is good friend. Hetsital very good friend. Thank you very much.) 10 dogs in the shack. Black & white pig & 4 little black pigs. (Other pig interfered & mother came a-running.) Saw many pretty birds today. From finca got into a river bed & was up against it to know if it was a road or not, but it was. Frightful road into Escuintla where we arrived at 4 P.M. 9 hours coming. Met Destarae in st. – glad hand. Got bath & found had left mosquito bar in Antigua, but thankful to have gotten in after such .... roads. Had a swearing match with myself all day. Lazzie pretty stiff – can hardly walk but a rest will fix him up.

**Mon July 8:** Gob awoke at 5:30. Of course they forgot to wake me, and just had time to arrange accts. and get aboard. Hard pull up to Paliñ. Stopped at Concepción, a finca with station, prin. for stock, I guess. Also San Fernando & Medio Monte. At Paliñ at 8:00 A.M. Indian women selling stuff – nothing but 1 orange to eat – traded for 2 peaches. Thro. valley to Amatillan, more women selling stuff. At Laguna passed down train. On to Moran where I finally got 4 pesos for a 5 peso bill – grabbed a chicken sandwich (bum) and 2 oranges. Yelled to the women to hand over 2 reales to the girl and just hopped the train again. Suppose they are fighting about it yet. Moran is a town of about 4 or 500 a few miles up the plain from the lake. After leaving the town a mile or so, the climb up the mountain begins. Winding back & forth with beautiful views of Agua & other mountains until the top is reached, 7 miles from Guatemala. From there the ground is nearly level. Passed Eureka which seems to consist of 2 boxcars & a siding. Got into Guat at 11 and rode up on st. car. Usual delays getting started. To

hotel and changed clothes. Got chow and got films also few more postals. Saw Shaw about riding down on constr. train. Also got curtains for Mrs. Nolan. Tired as hell. Ate too damn much almuerzo & nougat & slept awhile during P.M. Went up after comida & heard the band play. They certainly can tear it up. Sick as a dog & tired from yesterday – headache. Offer from \_\_\_ to be a \_\_\_ in the G. A. Fine business. Best news & scoops etc.

**Tues July 9:** Woke up early sick & did not go on constr. train going at 1 P.M. Saw inspection in Plaza and Chimorra is going to get passport. Got clean clothes at last. ½ bucket of P. Washing red out. ... P.M. went down and waited around for 2 ½ hrs. for Shaw's train & when it came, we went out nearly a mile! and got covered with cinders coming in. Rare treat & me with chills. Saw Johnson, Am. Stable & arranged about mules & by that time was getting pretty sick. Down to U.S. Hotel twice to get passport but Cris not there and of course Val. did not send my films. The SOB's. To bed after chow, dizzy as hell. Office refused to send money. I'd have to come for it. (Job getting lemo.) (Talk with Drummond at U.S. Hotel.) Cris up later & paid up. (2 A.M. grand flushing match.)

**Wed July 10:** Moso & mules here on time! Sent 'em back till 8 A.M. Still doped. Dubbed around till 9 & at 9:30 the mules came and we got them off. At 10 I managed to extract my 60 plunks & at 10:30 after getting Cris to send my p.p. to Z., started. Called at Val's and got films. Held up twice for p. port going out of town. Through Menocal at 11 and El Chato at 1. Got to Italian Haven of Rest at Fiscal at 1:15. Eggs, chocolate and lemmo. Passed road to Valencia about 5 miles from city. On to Agua Caliente, arrived 5:00 P.M.. 2 hrs. 45 min. It rained most of the way and at times in a downpour, but I had my poncho on. Passed many pretty birds but had a hard time admiring them. (Supposed to be 10 leagues to the city but I don't believe it). Mail came through at 5:30 with a rush, about 50 mules all on a trot & a bunch of guys shoving them. Felt better tonight. (Lemo, choc., eggs, milk 30¢.) Two women & chimps arrived 6:30. Threshed around for 2 hrs. after I'd turned in – "Moochis grassius". (6 yrs. in country.)

**Thurs July 11:** Woke at 5:00 and went out. Got started finally at 6. More bum Spanish on part of Mericana, also "wheesky" joker (?) Got up the hill by the old trail. south of Carretera to El Gato where Carretera joins again, at 6:30 – beautiful view. On up to San Antonio, a good sized town in the hollow, 7:15. Then to Sabana Larga, just before dip down to Platanos, (9:15). River rather swollen, but crossed OK. & got to Sanarate at 10:45 O.K. Ciotte says better keep mules with me on down country. Hard to get them between successive towns on this side. Got baggage fixed up for Zacapa, where I'm due day after tomorrow. Weighed 150 lbs. in Sanarate! After cleaning out and sick spell and nothing to eat for 2 ½ days. Slept all P.M. Dopy. Ciotte played the evergreen & at comida there was a grand discussion with one of the "cut-throats" who turns out to be a Cuban under U.S. protection. Lad says Spain sold out to the U.S. in 98. All Central America thinks so. G. D. mozo fumed & stewed till 8:00 P.M. about more pay and finally the young lad is going to get mules & go with me tomorrow. I'm glad to lose the bellyaching stiff. (No PISTO.)

**Fri July 12:** Turned out about 2 A.M. in a chill & did a 100 in good time. Racking headache. G.D. mozo tried to stick me for sacate for the mules here at Sanarate but the "easy American" did not get done. Saw the last of the snake about 6:30. Now that boy who last night was going to have the mules here at 6 sure, had absolutely no intention of doing anything at all. He was

simply helping the cold-foot to jump his contract & if I had not spoken about it at desayuno, he would not have done a \_\_\_\_ thing. O God bless these people, they are so much to be depended upon. The decent lad finally sent the kid to buscar mules. (Have been simply eaten up with fleas since landing.) Well at 9:30 a kid came with 1 horse. O God! (Chattering monkeys) Ciotte sent him off for the other and says I can get started at 10:00. Well \_\_\_\_ I hope so. (Looked sideways suddenly once this A.M. and almost fell down. Pains in eyeballs). Well at 11:30 be G., another single horse came and we saddled up and of course I-be G. – had to lug the suit case up the hill. The g. d. mozo whistled for me to come this way and I finally stopped and dropped the case & waited till he came. Then he said “Hand me the bag”. --- Well, we started out of Sanarate on a good road, passed thru Agua Salubrio & (Zapate) left the road & went down a gully to Z. and then followed the bed of a stream to El Barranquillo, a few shacks on the RR. Here the Sanarate stream runs in and we followed this for ½ hour to the Los Amates, when we crossed the RR to the north again & followed the Au. to Guastatoya. A bunch of soldiers in Guastatoya waiting for the attack. Don’t see who’s going to attack though. At Guas. I began to feel a little better so we plugged on to El Rancho where we arrived at 6:00. The kid took me around to a bum hotel which was luckily shut so I engineered & found out where the hotel was. Got some soup & chocolate (dilute tobacco cud) & rice, and then went to bed. Fleas, fleas, fleas! Turned out as usual as 4:00. Delightful breeze up valley.

**Sat July 13:** Woke up feeling well but deadbeat till 8 & got up & bathed. Had a little chow (mango) and then bummed till train time. Down to station and stared at, as usual. Got aboard with the usual and a bunch of measly Chinos. Dirty trip to Zacapa, thro’ El Jacaro, Cabanas, La Reforma. Got in at 5. Hotel full. No animals in town. Got chow and fem said I had a room. Well, she did give me a room and I went up to buscar mules. Everybody knew someone else who had mules to rent, but no one would rent his. Old man Cruz says the roads are very bum anyway & hard on the animals. Town full of troops, and is some half mile back from the railroad. Streets are paved and houses well built and regular. Cemetery is first thing passed going in from the RR. (Coming back to hotel a crazy buggar on horse back tried to ride me down.) Fine large stream runs past the town to the south, tributary to the Motogua. (Ginger ale) Heavy lad a la Diller. Pony dispatch – Rush orders. Cough. Don’t forget tough about the lad through with the drawing though on his hat & sough numerous other articles of feminine wearing apparel. Saw a file today with a U.S. sabre belt on. Have seen that before. Also U.S. cavalry sabers or ones that look just like the ones our soldiers use. (Fems ring scarf around the neck, handkerchief in pocket, and a bulge behind that might have been her corsets. Must have left the poor fem. in bed.) Drank a ginger and a lemme before turning in. Am rounding into form.

**Sun July 14:** Turned out for the usual at 4:30 A.M. So I’m backing up my little indisposition fast. Feel well today. (Weighed 143 in El Rancho.) Up at 7:30 for chow & then walked around looking for Chicosauria and his mulosaurs. Found him across the bridge, drunk & drinking aquardiente out of a quart bot. Insisted on shaking hands & then put a scrawny bony little horse through his paces between drinks. The old buggar (70 & over) hopped on and off with a bang, just to show what he could do. I decided I didn’t want the damned plug; (I don’t feel like carrying it & that’s the only way it could possibly arrive) so I moved off. He slapped himself on the chest & yelled Chicosauria (I thought he was starting a college yell) and held out his hand for more shake, but I forebore and said adios. Went back to the hotel and washed down the smell with a ginger ale. Bunch of hombres bathing in the river, that’s the water they drink – and a

pump going full tilt, just at the bridge below the whole bunch! The bunch of soldiers carting sticks got a good American call down from a big nigger for stealing water from the engine. Called 'em by their right names. (Hombre with a double hair lip). Cop. U. pigs, bulls, lizards, dogs, hombres, chickens. The whole day we passed nothing but a continuous procession of it.) Little spotted deer – 12 inches high, running around dining room. (Getting on my feed a little). In P.M. went to sleep and soon woke up. Pereeching engines & smoke. (Got thinking too hard). Turned out about five and walked up around the town and back. There was a rotten band trying to play. Got some chow, and went up to the room. Cleaned gun, got some ginger-ale & retired, trying to forget it.

**Mon July 15:** Up at 6 and got chow. Left bag in room (5), fem. said it would be O.K. Left at 7, arriving at Gualau at 8:30. Out at 9:30. Another delay at Amates, from 11:15 to 12:15. Got to Morales expecting all sorts of things at 2:00 P.M. Finally found the doctor who to my amazement thought he recognized me, slapped me on the back & said “You can pass, you can pass.” Went and saw Commandante & got visado P.D.Q. All breezy and lovely. Also saw Taylor who said he could & would fix me up O.K. Got a gingerale and climbed aboard feeling much better. At Tenedores at 3:50. Raining hard – (The engines on this road are not used to pull the train; they are for the sole purpose of pulverizing the soft coal, mixing it thoroughly with the gases of combustions and then pumping the resultant mixture with great force through the cars.) Crowd of coons got on at the U.F. Co's outfit and pitched a load of truck into both baggage & 2<sup>nd</sup> cars and by the time we'd reached Tenedores, they were puking all over. How they ever stayed on the train at all is a wonder to me. Well, we finally made the Port at 6 P.M. and I scooted to the hotel. Got some supper in company with 3 b. s.o.b's and immediately made for bed and the mosquito bar. H. sick as hell. Heard tonight that owing to a remark of some God damned fool of a passenger to the effect that there were 12 cases of fever here, Honduras has closed her ports to Barrios. This may make it nice for me getting out. G. what a place. Me for the U.S.A. Turned out for the usual & found another lad on, but he got off in time.

**Tues July 16:** Puerto Barrios. This morning turned out and had finished breakfast at 6:30. Walked around and tried to talk to Mr. Chinchilla, but he was too God damned busy reading a letter to listen. G. but he had the weight of the world on his shoulders, & could not possibly give me more than 3 seconds of his valuable time. Kill him, Mark kill him. Bummed around till dinner – the boat has evidently gone on to Puerto Cortez first and won't be in here till night or morning. So that means no train till to-morrow. Got a nap or two during the afternoon, but this waiting and uncertainty is most depressing. Nobody seems to know anything about anything and are too g. d. much impregnated with the Guat. curl to tell a lad anything they do know. Well thank G., time always has passed and maybe it will some more. Boat had not shown up at 7 P.M. and may not come for a day more. Pleasant outlook for me to get out. (Note: Sailboat to Punta Gorda or Belize, go into quarantine & then be safe. May have to.) (Gang joking about boat, it don't signify anything to them, if it don't come that means I can't get my stuff down from Zacapa in time for Anselin.).

**Wed July 17:** Turned out at 5:30 and without being told a word suddenly find out that the boat had been and gone and that the train was about to start. Now what do you think of that? Well, I scooted for it and then of course sat on my tail for an hour waiting. If I had not run, however, the damn thing would have pulled right out. We did pull out at 7:15 and got up to Morales where I

saw my friend the Dr. and Mr. Taylor. Decided to lug all my baggage with me. Got some ginger snaps and ginger ale. On our way finally & got some more snaps at Amates. The ride was even dirtier than usual and we rolled into Zacapa at 4:30. I went & washed and ate and found that the train had gone on up and would be going down to Morales again in the morning. Quite a joyful shock to my system. 1 day sooner out. I must get busy when I get back and bust myself for a week or so. Been away long enough. Thinking on this subject will not do. Saw a Herald today only 10 days old and read even the polo & golf news. Things sounded good even at that range.

**Thurs July 18:** Up at 5:30 for the usual. Got my baggage checked finally and sent kid for passport but the train pulled out before he hove in sight. Dirty, rotten trip of course, but am started in the right direction. Got to Morales at 2:00 P.M. and went and got permission from Commandante to go to Quebradas. From there I'll try and butt on in. Got some crackers & potted chicken and made my lunch on that. On finishing, just as the train had pulled out, the little doctor came in and overjoyed me, by telling me that there was yellow fever in San Pedro. Of course if that's so, it shuts Puerto Cortez to me and I'll just have to scramble over to Belize some way or the other & go into quarantine. If the medico had shown up 10 minutes earlier, I would have grabbed that train and gone out by Puerto Barrios. As it is, I'll try Quebradas tomorrow and ask there about fever in San Pedro. Saw some pictures of New York and the river and the boats over in Taylor's store and it put me all to the bad. Well got into a room and talking with my roommate and he knew the San Pedro trail & said it was simply fierce and at least 5 days. That and the mule question & the fever decided me to butt out thru Barrios. No train till freight tomorrow A.M. I'll take that. At chow, the whole station force appeared & were gt. jokers. ("Eggs, please". Everybody had to yell, "please" or he couldn't get anything). Well, the young telegraph lad gave me a twist by telling me there was a schooner in P.B. direct for Belize in a day or two & that the quarantine in Belize is a farce. Well! Well! Well! Will I take it? Listened to Taylor's gramophone and then to bed.

**Fri July 19:** All the horses and mules in Morales tried to come in and sleep with us last night and when they were not butting the door down, they were – & –. Such a racket I never heard. Slept well considering & was not bothered by mosquitoes. (Horse and mule playing "you bite me and I'll bite you, last night.") Got my baggage all over to the station at 7:00 ready to pile on the first train for the Port. (Remember Cris's story about the lad that was shot through the fat in his stomach and thought he was killed. Threw up beans & thought they were entrails. Really died of fright.) The wonder of Guatemala – a dog without fleas – no place to hide and nothing to eat. I was in plenty of time, the train pulled out at 12. Pleasant conductor, would not take a cent, was to be one of the Titumbla's gunners, & what he would have done to the Titumbla won't bear repeating. Came down in caboose & had my teeth shaken up well. (Ballast train and had to dump load.) Rode last mile on engine. 3 coons carried baggage to hotel. P.D.Q. buscaring boat; English skipper for Newfoundland would have, but really couldn't. No boats in Port, none for Livingston for 3 days. Fox finally piped up about Nimrod expected tomorrow. Hooray! Chowd, bummed & b-ached with Smith & engineer. To bed. Won't forget about last night's philosophical & well-posted hombre.

**Sat July 20:** Puerto Barrios: Up and chowed at 7:00 and then bummed. It's going to be deadly here if that boat don't come. Could see the Dubuque's light last night over in Livingston. Ojalá! (Smith's tale about the mountain caio – always goes straight – right through jungle –



walks across the river on the bottom. Also strange animal with stiff neck, when they go for you, get up above them and they can't raise their heads to get at you.) Smith was sanitary inspector during '02 cholera in the Philippines; had office in cocoanut grove and examined all good looking senoritas for cholera. They always had it bad, of course, and all had to have an injection immediately. It's a wonder he survived, himself. Conductor's story of Charlie Davis down in Ecuador, stopped Gen. Mgrs. special & went over to a shack and drank about 8 whiskeys. They found him figuring on a big sheet of paper. Asked what it meant, said he was figuring out whether it was cheaper for him to work or quit. Cost him \$2.80 to get drunk enough to get up his nerve to take the train down Devil's Nose, (7 ¼ % grade) and \$2.80 to get up again. At that rate he was losing money. They got him on & went down.

– Descr. by engr of a cold climate – “That's where you feel good, you get up every morning with a P. hard on; take a drink of whiskey, & have such an appetite you could bite the ass off a skunk!”

– Entering Guayaquil River at night without a pilot. The leadsman sounded off “12 fathoms – rock” – “11 fathoms – gravel”, “10 ½ fathoms – sand”, “9 fathoms – mud”, “6 fathoms –” he looked at the lead, smelled it gingerly and finally bawled out “Sh\_\_!” “Drop anchor”, yells the captain, “We're in Guayaquil.” – The next to the worst yellow fever pesthole in existence. – Ecuador is where all the so-called Panama hats come from. (Cuenca is where they make 'em.) Hammocks are also made from the same material. (Work up story of Chas. Davis & his figuring) (Also Smith and the Titumbla) (Also nigger and the capture of Zacapa). Found some good crackers and gingerale hoy. Smith says he was in Tenedores 9 hours last weekend & the soldiers there did not have anything to eat the whole time. Finally one went out and cut a little cane & they sucked that. The poor devils simply lie around on the platform half-starved. What does the gov't care? Pretty short-sighted policy it seems to me. The same day there were 18 dogs out on the track in front of the engine waiting their turn on a poor shemale dog, who was already busy. Niggers in with a canoe of fish freshly caught and selling for about 2 ¢ a pound – snapper etc. Had a whole one for supper, and it certainly was good.

**Sun July 21:** Had a visit from rats last night; they carted away the soap and nearly got a shoe; also knocked lamp chimney off getting at the crackers. Nimrod not in sight yet, but the little English boat isn't out of sight either. Had a murder last night – one native got killed by another with whom his woman had chased off. Murderer escaped, woman in jail. Dreamt I was home last night, somehow or other I had gone from Belize to New York in two days and I couldn't make it out. Getting deadly here fast. Got some reading material from medico to-day. N. Orleans Picayune of July 6-8-9 and June. All Story and read 'em from cover to cover. Now I'll go bug-house if that boat don't show up soon. Norwegian cruiser came in this afternoon and I had big lumps in my throat trying to change her into a Yankee. She saluted the country & the bas— made fierce work answering with their 2 Krupps and 1 muzzle-loader. Shot both Krupps at once, one time & fired in all only about 15 shots. Blew their sun-sheds all to the devil. Pretty expensive for them when a boat comes in. (Lad started out to give intervals with a watch but soon cut it out. Nobody knew which gun was to shoot next so they just loaded & let go. God damn the Nimrod.

**Mon July 22:** Turned out as usual, 3:00 A.M. After breakfast (6:30) went again & walked out without my cartera. Somebody else didn't walk out without it, as I found when I woke up at 7:30 & felt for it. Some g.d. b. s.o.b. had swiped it on me. 160 – passport, check & cards. G. D.

him. Inquired all around but of course nothing doing. The b. that took it got his all but the do at once & I will never see it again. Put Commandante wise and he is going to watch for natives making change. No native has it, though, it was some bas-ly American. Well I'm glad I left the hundred on the Anselm. Oscar offered me money, but I went & saw Hecht & he says I can go to Livingston this P.M. & go out in the morning to Anselm & get my dough. – When the g.d. Nimrod comes in, I'll go to Belize, do my quarantine, hop the Origen Aug. 2 & say goodbye forever to this god damned land. – Nor. minister came in this A.M. and we had another salute, worse than yesterday. They had the whole works out to show off & they certainly were a show.

**Tues July 23:** “Man they were trying for subordination of perjury.” “The will power of the imagination.” Turned in early after Oscar had settled draft on me, and was waked up by him at 9:00 P.M. to tell me to get aboard schooner at 5 as they were going out to Anselm at that time. Well I turned out and got down to the dock at 4:50. Went aboard boat & of course they had no orders. So back I came & found that they would not go out till Anselm was sighted. Fine business. Ate chow and Oscar right after handed over the cash. He's certainly all to the good. G. D. Nimrod not in sight. Anselm has been standing off some 10 miles for 3 hours. Noticed a brown paper in water this A.M. Waded out to it & picked up my wallet – the dough of course, also check on St. Chas Hotel. Bas\_\_\_ had taken money & dropped the wallet overboard. Well, I'm glad to get the papers again. Got worried over Nimrod & finally decided to put for Punta Gorda by canoe if she doesn't come by tomorrow A.M. early. Went to bed & Moe waked me at 4 saying Nimrod is in. Couldn't believe it till I looked out & saw her coming in full tilt, flags flying. She certainly looked good to me. Went down & saw her come in. Kid aboard with faint resemblance to Sarah Lee. (The British lad – a – haw y'know.) Too late to clear her, so are going tomorrow at 10, according to captain. Still we may go in 2 days then. Great excitement after supper. Alligator sighted & they began taking shots at it. Hecht @ 15 yds. went 3 ft. high, Saravia @ 15 yds. (rifle) went 2 ft. left. Scratchy art. lad rifle (20 yds) went 10 ft. high. I shot at him with pistol & hit him once or twice & finally cracked him with a 45 Remington rifle at 15 yds and he didn't come up anymore. These people are certainly rotten shots. Big thunderstorm tonight – Vivid lightning.

**Wed July 24:** Up for usual at 5:30. Beautiful sunrise. Saw cap. of Nimrod & he says don't know if he can go today or not. Expects dirty weather & with a deck load of coons don't want to risk it. Neel & I went around and got canned goods (40.00 m.m.) & crackers. Maybe aboard for 4 days. (Neel has worked a pass for me on boat.) (Dr. Wales scrap with Hecht.) Hecht & his yellow fever telegrams.) Neel went & got soldiers to cart his trunks and they forgot to come back. Well, at 2 P.M. I corralled a coon & got my stuff down & in the boat. Then the Administrator sent a lad down to say that trunks must be examined so we had to yank them up to the customs house & open & shut them. I told the bas-- what they were, also their country. (Letting off a little steam on my way out.) After getting trunks aboard went over and stirred up the custom house with demand for cartridges. Quite a howl raised. Told them again what they were; liars, etc., discourteous etc. & went to hotel feeling good. Neel p.d.q. said he'd get 'em but he did not connect. Didn't think he could. Saw Captain and he is going to send in boat at 8:00 P.M.

**Thurs July 25:** Went aboard at 8:00 P.M. and turned in. Slept till 3:00 A.M. (intermittently, when not stifled by nigger kid's fumes.) Then went on deck and found Guatemala a mile astern.

To Hell with it. At 6:00 had breakfast. Good breeze blew up about 4:00. Off Livingston at 5:30. Breeze freshened to half a gale and the passengers began to pass it up. I hung over the stern for the usual & the condition of my stomach and being in the sun without a hat put me all to the bad. I threw it away and felt better but turned in & slept remainder of the day. Captain is O.K., he & Neel & I are the mess and he supplies coffee & tea.

**Fri July 26:** At sea – good ship “Nimrod.” Woke up feeling better and began to eat to-day & put away 4 squares before night. Talk about appetite. Pretty hard sleeping in that stuffy cabin with the 2 little f—ing niggers and the Pizaz. That lad has got on the boat by telling the captain he had 2 small bundles. He showed up with 7 monsters when cap. was away & hornswaggled them on board. Had 1 box crackers & 1 can sardines. Expected to move right in on us. Cap was very good to him & fed him coffee etc. till we put him on, but Pizaz still continued to make himself offensive. Neel named him to-day when I asked him where his friend was. (Who? P?) There are a crew of 3, 7 passengers, and 28 cargo niggers on board this ’ere hooker – total of 38. Also chickens, dogs, parrots & cats. Today (P.M.) Neel had his famous passage. Too nervous to do anything over stern, he decided to have it out down below. Pizaz was there so he had to wait till he went. Then the cook came & filled the lamps (Neel rapidly getting desperate.) Tried to get kerosene can from cook, I bursting in my bunk. Suggestions, – on Pizaz & throw overboard – in a hat – in pants – newspaper – gourd – bottle – wash basin – provision box. Latter won & after many maneuvers and tries, of different positions, he finally made good. When he came up & threw box over I asked him what he was throwing away etc. First laugh I’ve had since leaving home. I had a sore belly from it. – Wind freshened a little and cap. said we might be in at 6:00 P.M. Well, well! We went flying in at 6:15 but of course no doctor would think of coming out then, so it was one more night in the stink hole. – (No toilet accommodations on board – so it’s over the side. I take the stern & practically P. in the ear of a nigger woman who stays there continually.

**Sat July 27:** We finished the chow this A.M. and then bummed in the broiling sun waiting for the doctor who did not come. We got kind of sore on J. Bull, but finally a launch came about 11 after 2<sup>nd</sup> breakfast and everybody was examined. (Lad with the thermometer, constrained position.) Then the fly lad who was making remarks (supposedly funny), on the load, had our trunks opened & examined. Then they left the sulfur stink pots and left. We nearly choked on that stink. It was fierce. Finally about 1:30, a boat was sent for us and after getting Pizaz’s 7 bundles aboard (after much cursing on part of captain for having to open hatch & discovery of dead cat) we had a dandy sail to Quarantine. (Cap’t. John Jeffries is O.K. refused to take any money; a real gentleman. At Q.S. I helped navigate in, others being helpless & we got stuff ashore. Nobody in sight. Walked in & ate pickles. Burglard lower building & telephoned, but just then cook came. Got a bath & finally at 5:30 tea. Damn near starved. Got grub at last at 7:30 and finished it to the last crumb. Tried for 5 meals a day but will get only four. Shot awhile. (Eng. lad & girl & me in pajamas on gate.)

**Sun July 28:** Had fine sleep last night. (Doctor was up in P.M. & gave him a list of magazines.) Dandy breeze. No mosquitoes in this building. Up for 7 o’clock meal; 1 can sardines, coffee & toast. At 9 we had our 2<sup>nd</sup> breakfast, coffee, toast, eggs, ham, etc. At 2:30 dinner, big hunk of beef, roast potatoes, rice, peas, coffee & toast & apricots. At 7 P.M. evening meal of cold meat tea & toast. Pretty fair eating for sick people. Told cook in States we have 5 meals a day &

tomorrow must have 6 to make up. Doctor sent up some magazines to-day & apologized for formation when we came. (Coon came up with 3 pens, ink bottle sui ink to take our temperatures at 6 P.M.)

**Mon July 29:** Quarantine Belize. Up at 6:30, usual 7 o'clock 1<sup>st</sup> breakfast. Saw Dutch Steinburger last night. Bummed & wrote all morning besides taking a few shots at things. Usual 9 o'clock chow. Things came apart to-day; first we shot the top off the water tank (9 holes) then we took a grey p.p. & shot it full of holes & as I was putting it on top of the kitchen, the Doc appeared. Then we hung a china p.p. on the wall & had a spear throwing contest with the broom. I won on the 4<sup>th</sup> throw. Talk about racket. Horse race this P.M. – Militia at target practice – cricket – lads running. These 'ere Britishers don't work much. (Fish under the sve!).

**Tues July 30:** Last night was scared p— by a flock of sheep on the porch till I heard one Ba-a-a. Neel woke me up a little later scared to death and said "There are men walking around." I scared them off the porch then. Big rain storm in night. (My dream about Nim, passing all. Moms there, me to Lamkin & back – the other dog biting him & M. pulling him by the leg.) (Fresh nigger & his attempt to get temperature & pulse. (Glass xylophone solo.) (Took some pictures.) Visit by annoyed doctor who interrogated us before the nigger & asked him, "Now Rex, is that so?" He's a gentleman (?)

**Wed July 31:** Belize International Hotel. The nigger came up for more pulse & temperature this A.M. I washed my hands in front of him as soon as through. About 9:30 started for hotel & C's pity on me! 7 million billion mosquitoes were on me the whole way. It was hell. Neel, of course, had not been to the hotel (Bag of wind) but fortunately the trunks came and I got some clothes. (The lunch here is H<sub>2</sub>O and cheese sandwiches, dinner at 4 P.M., no supper; the other "meal" is breakfast at 9 A.M.) Paid off my quarantine bill and the coon got a new thunder mug. Found a Guat. 25 dollar billete & got 2.38 money for it – bought some paper & candy. – Mosquitoes by score in the rooms.

**Thurs Aug 1:** Up for coffee at 6:30. Bummed and wrote. (It's tomorrow now) (Little monkey.) Nothing doing all day except visit to the Doctor, who kept us waiting. (There are large catfish under the hotel "cast off".) (Grand military funeral yesterday, – the cavalry & fresh little corp with the cane. Turned in early, after a shower bath and the b. Spanish couple next door evidently soon forgot all about me. Such a thrashing around is not to be soon forgotten. They might just as well have been in my room. When I got up & turned off the light, they came to in gt. surprise.

**Fri Aug 2:** On board the Origen. Origen late coming in, but finally showed up at 9:00. Went down to U. F. Co's. place & gave 'em 25 bones & my health certificate. Got 5 Belize dollars changed into good money and with 60 cents change got out of town. 50 cents to coon with boat, 10 cts. for trunk hustling. Even 55 bones left. (Talked with Steinbrügge). Origen is OK. & food pretty good. Neel & I in No. 3. Got underway at 12 M. and said "Go to hell" to Belize at last. No women aboard, – only Neel & I & Angelloz, a young fellow who brought down "City of Belize" & Honduras lad going home & 2 pursers, & Dr. & capt & and mate. Free & easy.

**Sat Aug 3:** Slept on the deck till after 12 and then went below and slept till 8. Breakfast and slept till 12. Lunch & wrote till supper. Fine business with no women. Little ant-eater on board & he & Jocko have good time together. Passed Skewgian "Nicarangua" & "Belize" today. No passengers taken from Cortez. Hallelujah! Got talking with Angelloz & he's the goods. Presented me with chewing gum, rubber and & souvenirs and we discussed means of taking Honduras till time to turn in. Declaration for customs made out to-day. Capt. says N.O. at 5 Monday. Me for 8 o'clock train.

**Sun Aug 4:** Up for 8 o'clock chow. Wrote all morning. Ate at 1 and wrote & chinned with Angelloz all the afternoon. Old hooker made 345 miles in last 24 hours. Get into mouth of river to-night. Hooray! (Floating seaweed.) Chowd & chewed the rag in evening. Angie is O.K., elocutionist, well read – damn sensible. Got some good ideas. (Transport. proposition at Belize – 2 cents a lb. 200 miles haul, 1 boat in, 6 not too many. \$1500 boat of 10 ton capacity pay for herself in 2 mo.) Ang. says stern wheel steamer would be the goods.

American Salt Co. (Mr. Godchaux) & salt mines at Belle Isle. 2 million sunk & works abandoned. (Ideas for sinking shaft. 50 ft. quicksand – the rest clay). Angie's butternut hand. "Gee this is a big lake." "Goin' to British." "Do we go near Manila Bay?" (Yoke on Englishman – ships sinking.) (Nigger question.) Somebody's bananas are going fast.

**Mon Aug 5 1907:** United States of America. By God, sir! Red letter day for Josie! Ever since June 20, just think! Got into the river last night and this A.M. went up to quarantine. (five big steamers came in while we were there.) (Fishing for catfish.) Got held of course till noon, so as to make me miss to-night's train. Squirt of a Marine medico. Got fumigated and at 12 n. started up. Good sail up to city where we arrived at 8:30 p.m. At about 10 they let us off and Ang. Peck & I walked around town. Me back to ship at 12, but mosquitoes nearly drove me crazy all night.

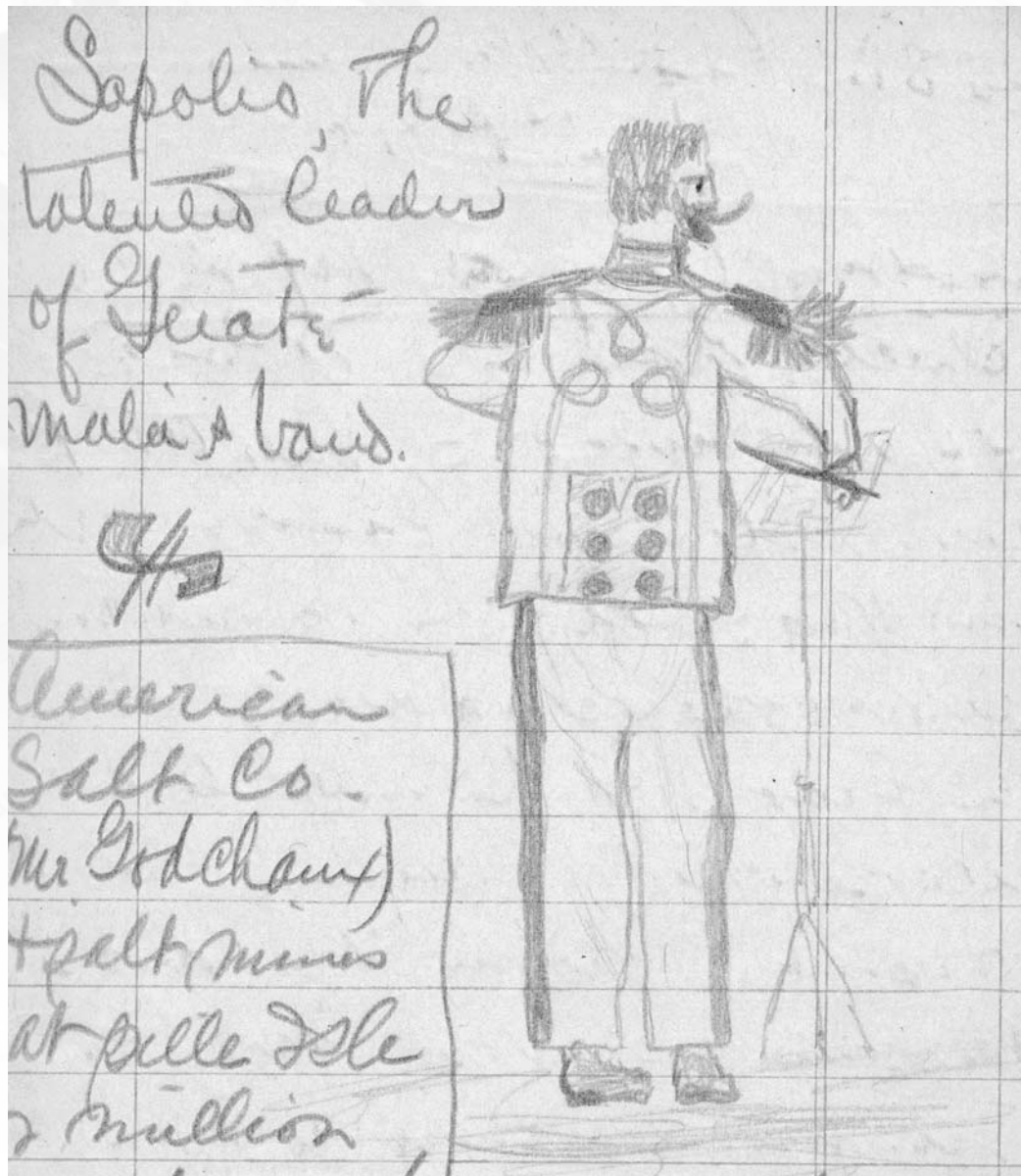
**Tues Aug 6:** Up at 3:30, & on deck till sun-up. Bummed, got inspected & finally got ready & rode down to station on express wagon. (Philosophical driver.) (Foxy Dr. Hamilton & his inferences.) (Monkey & dead rat.) Got tickets & rescued cawas, & now have over 10 bones left. Telegraph. (Will leave town with just \$10.) Bummed around St. Chas. reading room, lavatory etc. Got a haircut & shampoo & dined on crabs at Fabacher's. Trolleyed to ball park but a scrap was on, so came back. Read & chowed at Fabachers & went down to station & got on a train for Washington, next stop.

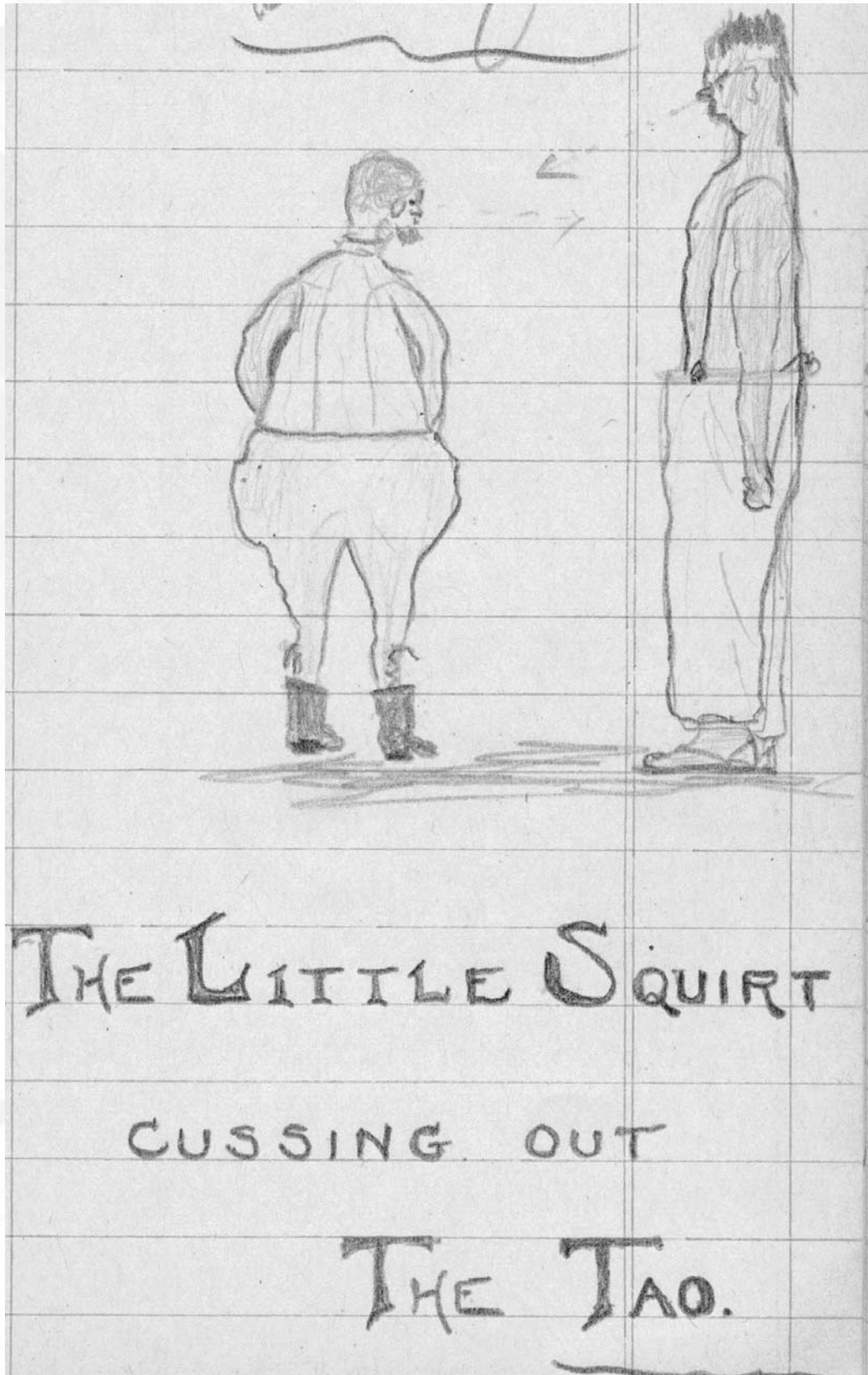
**Wed Aug 7:** Last one up in the car. Got chow at 8:30 and got to last now until supper. Only 8.75 left. Fine business riding on a good road & going some. Even the south looks OK. Way passengers crowded on and road provides no seats for them – takes their money though & pushes them on to thro' passengers. Three in my seat this A.M. Hell of an imposition. Got to Atlanta on time, and then steadily lost. Chowd (7.50 now) and turned in early. Raining. No mosquitoes. Broke out hoy.

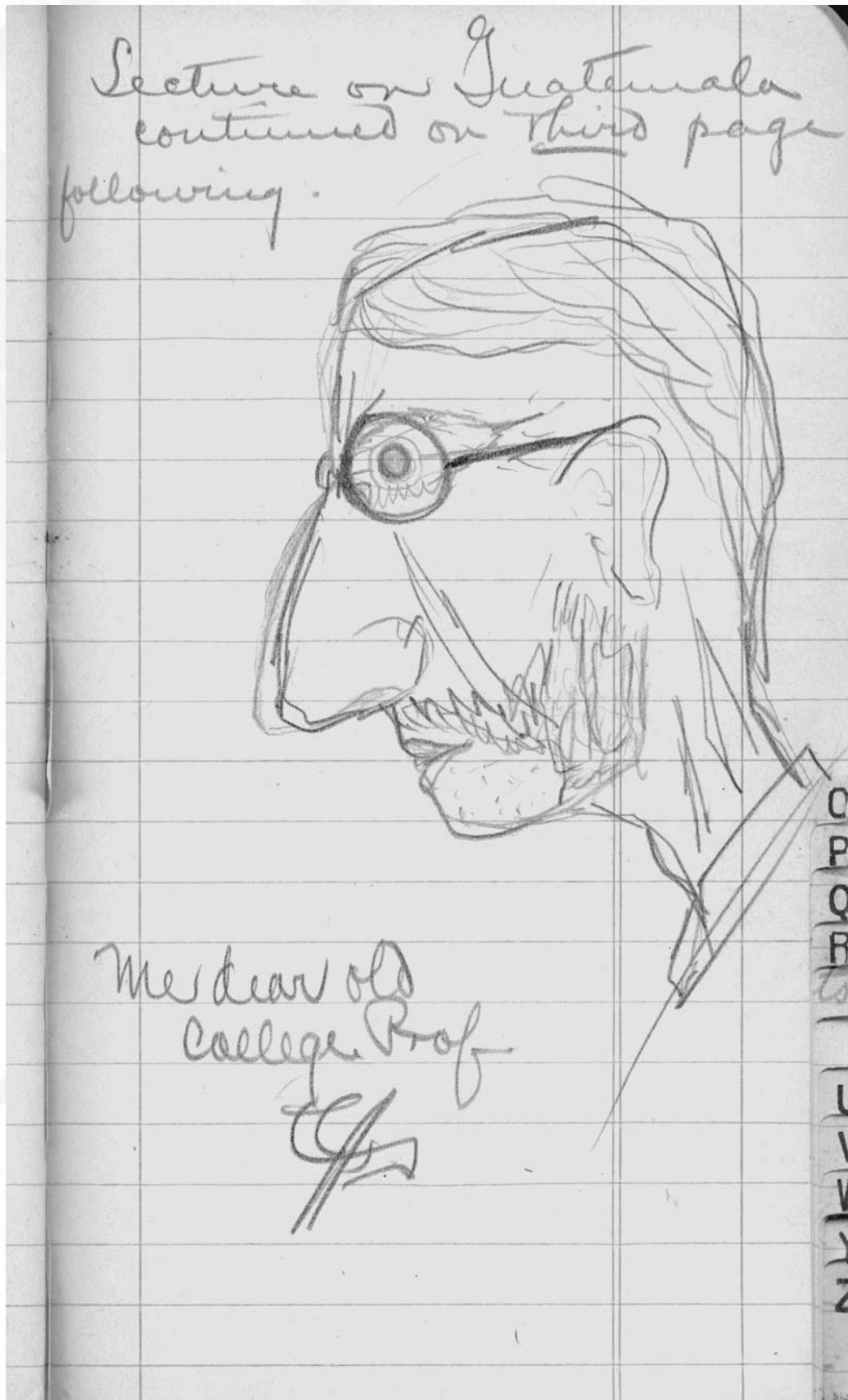
**Thurs Aug 8:** Woke up at 5:00 & turned out about 8:00. We are four hrs. late.

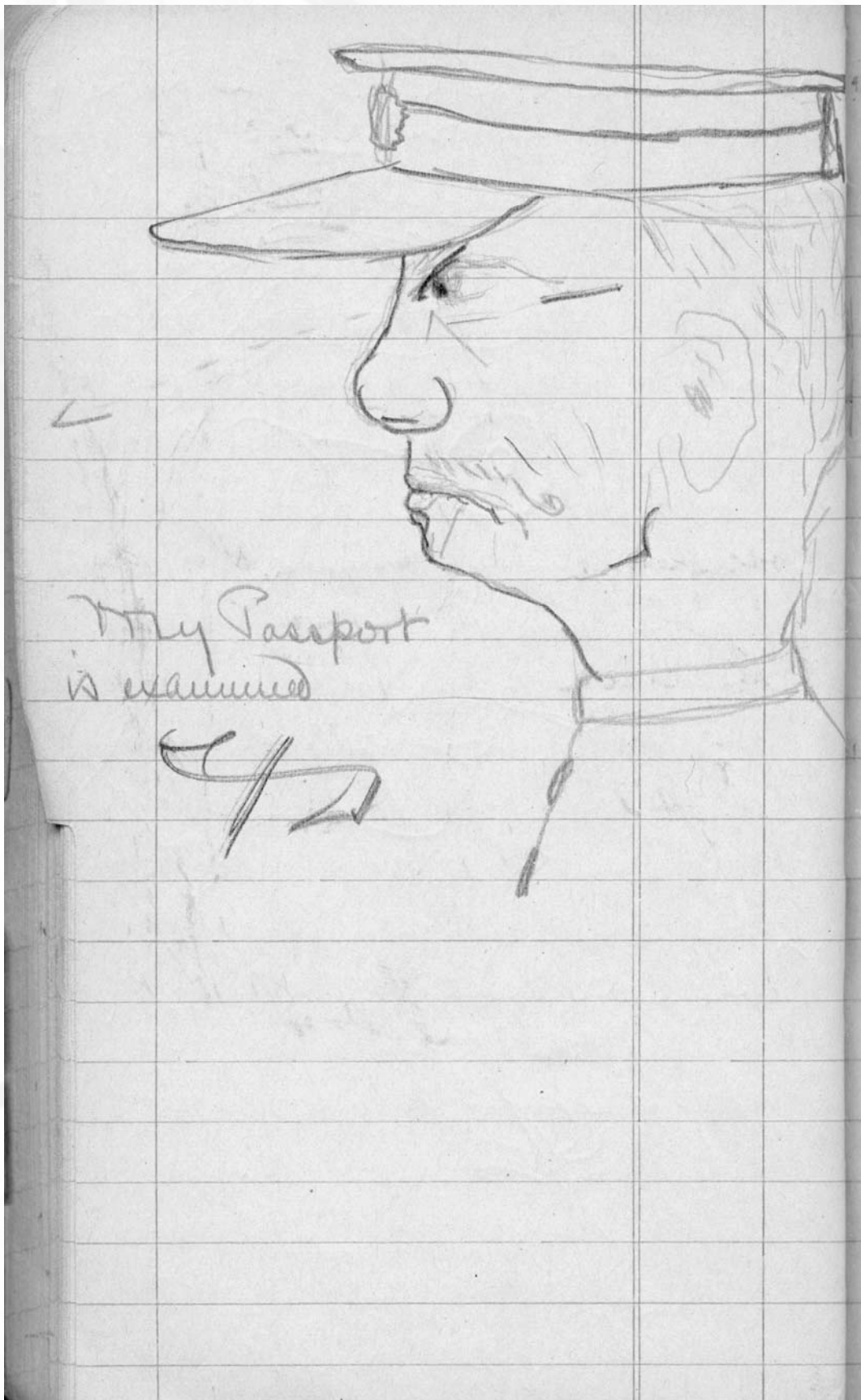
**Fri Aug 9:** *no entry*



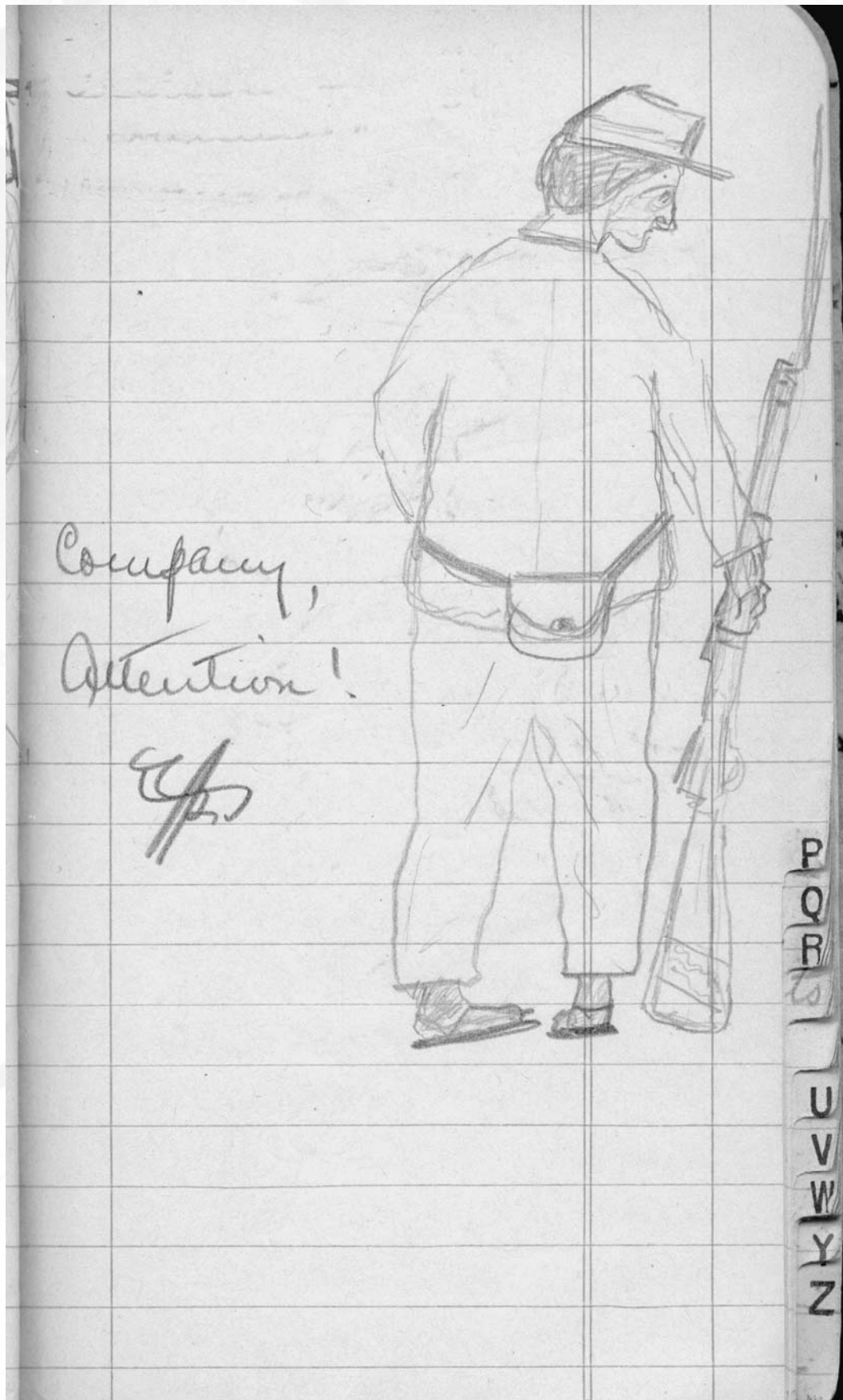














On the following pages will be found a not uninteresting (I hope) little sketch of Guatemala, written dispassionately & in moments of charitable pity rather than anger.

### LECTURE ON GUATEMALA

My text this morning is taken from the Book of Genesis, the 2<sup>nd</sup> chapter and the 16<sup>th</sup> verse: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that is in them, and rested the 7<sup>th</sup> day." And rested the 7<sup>th</sup> day – My brethren, if these words are true – and we have every reason to believe they are – then, dearly beloved, I contend that the Lord must have begun on Guatemala about 11:59 Saturday night, and further, that he did not look it over on Sunday or I believe he would have broken his own commandment and done a little remodeling before he rested. Guatemala (an old Indian name meaning "the bung-hole of creation") is bounded on the north by a limburger cheese, on the east by Barren Island, on the south by Perot's rubber works, and on the west by a car – dirt – onion f— smell, and, brethren, the wind always blows towards Guatemala. A careful examination of several hundred specimens of the soil, taken at random from all over the country, reveals the fact that Guatemala is composed of 95 parts of organic faeces and 5 parts of corruption. The principal inhabitants of this glorious republic are the horses, mules, birds, dogs, pigs, – (four-legged) and hogs, (two-legged), sometimes called by courtesy, people.

The horses & mules, – sad imitation of our 4-footed friends – are somewhat larger than a fox-terrier, but their power of generating gas is wonderful. Travellers who have ventured into the Guatemalan manure-pit say that on 1<sup>st</sup> landing, they thought a fight was on, from the incessant, machine-like, pop-pop-popping they heard. But no, on reaching the shore, they found that 2 or 3 horses and mules were out eating breakfast on the beach. Only that, and nothing more. It is the custom in that benighted land to tie the animals to the table legs so that they may with more facility crap in the laps of travellers and thus make them feel more at home. At night, if not let in, these animals come and scratch their burhinds on the door-hinges and pee on the posts. The 1<sup>st</sup> time I heard this combination, I thought a thunderstorm had come up.

On the subject of birds, we will waste little time. The land abounds with the rare & famous chicken-bird and also with parrots. There is parrot crap on everything in Guatemala, and on top of the parrot crap is a thick layer of chicken crap. The favorite stunt of this chicken bird is to sneak under the table and dribble hot diarrhoetic chicken faeces in between your shoe laces.

The dog is a subject of somewhat larger interest. The Guatemalan dog is composed of skin and bones, and bark, and his skin fits him so tightly that the bones appear to predominate. He is densely populated by fleas, which roam in thousands over his empty carcass, in their ferocious attempts to deprive the poor beast of the only part of him left, the outside. Do not think because of this, brethren, that they are too much interested in the dog to leave him, – on the contrary, so fickle and light are they that the prospect of a good meal on a fat Gingo will bring hundreds of immigrants onto any unsuspecting foreigner who approaches within the danger-zone – 10 yards, the Guatemala-flea broad-jump record. The food of the Guatemalan dog consists of banana skins, coconut shells, mango seeds, an occasional fly, and, in the rainy season, worms. However, in spite of such rich fare, he seldom becomes too fat. He keeps in training by scratching fleas

and barking, – the 1<sup>st</sup> exercise occupies the day, the 2<sup>nd</sup> the night. In this way, his peaceful life is passed. It's not known whether or not the Guatemalan dog possesses bowels; he has never been seen to crap, although observed carefully; – but in truth he has little use for such luxuries as digestive organs. In passing on from the subject of the dog, I must apologize for having said that all Guatemalan dogs are covered with fleas, – one, I remember was not, for on him there was nothing to eat and no place to hide. He had no hair and, brethren, elephantiasis of the bum had turned his hole inside out.

We will now pause for a moment and consider that nobleman of nature, the pig. In Guatemala, under the most discouraging conditions, the pig flourishes and multiplies, and with an ingenuity worthy of better food, he evades the law of fate which says that pigs must eat or die, by gradually changing his form and nature into something more closely resembling the deer, and thus snatching life and bristles from a sure finish by his adaptability and fleetness. Of course, the pig is not making this great stride in evolution without many setbacks and discouragements I have known cases where pigs, despairing of more food than the daily corn cob, have wandered off to the railroad and attempted to commit suicide by ramming the cow-catcher, but in every case they found that cow-catchers are not pig-catchers, and that the slats on the pilot were not set closely enough to even scrape their sides. They always went right between the slats and out to safety again through the spokes on the driving wheels. For you must know, brethren, that the Guatemalan pig is not as the United States pig, who throws a shadow like a balloon. No, head-on to the sun, he could not shade an ant; in fact, a flock of Guatemalan pigs feeding upwind, or rather looking for something to feed on, up-wind looks for all the world like a side view of so many sheets of b—wad. The pig in Guatemala readily spots one on his way to the closet; he seems to know what is in the wind and is around behind and waiting before the person to be relieved has fairly arrived at his post. This puts all thought of a quiet crap out of the question in Guatemala; the pigs run under and take it hot off the bat to the pressing and imminent danger of the crappoid's losing a valuable part of his anatomy. In connection with the pig, and as a fact to allow of easy passage to our next subject, the people, I might mention the discovery of perpetual motion in Guatemala. The proposition may be stated thus, – The people live on pork, they digest the pork, and then pass it back to the pig, who receives it with thanks, assimilates it, produces more pigs, and then goes the way of all pork, and the cycle is completed.

The people of Guatemala are beyond description, but perhaps in closing I may by a few words give a general idea of the God-damned outfit. Six points may be made:

- 1<sup>st</sup> Their resemblance to human species. The answer is that it is no more than a slight resemblance in form.
- 2<sup>nd</sup> Their habits. Answer, they are too rotten to describe.
- 3<sup>rd</sup> Their manners: Answer, one step lower than those of hogs.
- 4<sup>th</sup> Their sense of decency: Answer, none.
- 5<sup>th</sup> Darwin says their forefathers were monkeys. If so, the answer is that they have degenerated greatly since getting up on their hind legs.
- 6<sup>th</sup> Their destination: Answer, hell and if not, then I don't want to go to heaven unless I can have a private stall. I cannot, I believe close my little discourse with better words than those of Prophet Isaiah when he said, "Yea, verily, the shark inhabits the waters, the snake and the lizard and all manner of creeping thing that crawleth on the belly swarm in the land, and the vulture sitteth above on the limb and sitteth, and

sitteth, – & shitteh.”

Addresses –

and in ‘09

still at Es. 09 Pablo Destarae

Escuintla, G.

? Lazaro Gonzalez

Naranjo, G.

Zacapa ‘09 Oscar Joseph

Puerto Barrios, G.

Died May 09 John Jeffries, “Nimrod”

South-side, Belize

? Mrs. V. Bilide, (& Alec)

Pickstock St., Belize

? S. F. Shaw

Gran Hotel, G,

Same Place J. Deummond

American Club, G.

In Guat. City Lee Christmas

God knows.

Note: Our friend Neel, G. W. and his record. Left England age 17 yrs. In Buenos Aires 14 yrs. With SPRR 12 yrs., Purser NY & Havana – 1 yr. In England 3 yrs. In Mexico 8 years. In Havana 1 yr. Other places travelling etc. not counted. 56 yrs. on earth & he gives his age as 38! This pushes the record.

left Wash. June 17 '07, & proceeded to N. O. by rail & by steamer to Puerto Barrios G., returning from P. B. by sailboat to Belize & thence by steamer to N.O. & rail to Wash., arr. Aug. 8. While in G. I travelled a little < 900 mi. (rail & mule & ft) over the prin. line of comm. bet. the At. & Pac. The following notes are the result of my efforts.

Guat. is in gt. part unknown & uncultivated. Only the western slope and a narrow strip along the railroad from G. to P.B. are very productive. The western side of the country being by far the richer & more populous. The pop. of the country is put at 1,500,000, but these same fig. have been given as official since 1840, and no one knows what the real pop. is. I was told by an influ. Am. that it is prob. between 3 & 4 million, but nothing is certain about it.

The country or rather that part of it from A to P thru G.C. consists of the A high watershed & the two slopes on the At. & P. The Pa. slope is much narrower, less broken & more fertile & productive than the At. and it is on this side that nearly all the volcanoes are found.

Guat. is very rich in coffee, sugar, corn, sulp. & (in the N.) hard woods & fruits. Corn grows in all parts of the country the sugar & coffee plantations are found on the western slope, and the banana, the most important of the fruits & practically the only fruit of export, is confined to a belt along the Atl. side. The hard woods are practically untouched, the question of transport.

making business too expensive. There is considerable pine in the country, but it grows to be not more than 1 ft. in diam. @ the base. With the great range of temp. due to varied elevation above sea level prac. all the products of both the tropic & temperate zones can very easily be grown, but owing to the demoralizing policy of the gov., very little is done to properly till this wonderful soil, where lemons & pineapples grow wild, & one passes in a day's travel tern. plantations of ban & groves of pine. On both slopes the climate is hot & enervating at elevations of < 2000' above & on the At. side, yellow fever appears prac. every year bet. May & Nov. but higher in the mts. the air is cool & bracing & there is very little sick. – The people consist of the Guatamal tecos proper of Spanish descent, and the Indios or natives. The latter, a vac. of hardy nat. pers, mix with the Guats. very little except to sell their wares; they speak their own language & are not called upon for military service. The make most excellent cargadores & move @ a rapid pace 4 a long distance – and can carry up to 100 lbs. on their backs – men women & children are capable of a gt. deal of hard work. They would make a better pack train than mules in my opinion. Some few of the Indios have become prosperous property owners & business men, but the gt. maj. still follow their old-time pursuits, and ask only to be let alone in peace.

In marked contrast is the Guat. himself. They are ignorant, indolent & lacking in initiative. M.G. Remarkably little work is rewarded by enough & to spare for his maintenance, & beyond this he has no care. He will not work unless he has to; besides he does not see the use of making any money when it is immediately stolen by gov't officials. For besides his natural disinclination for work, the spoliation policy of the govt. or rather those who run it, gives him an added inducement to a life of laziness & inaction. He is almost always entirely illiterate & uneducated, but this suits very well the purposes of the gov't. which takes him from his farm at any time and puts in the Army for an indef. not caring whether or not his family starves; ruled by fear & uncertain as to whether or not his front or rear rank file is a spy he says nothing enduring it all in silence.

The so-called upper classes, -- professional men hacienda or finca owners & gov't officials, -- are men of more intelligence, education, and force of character (as is to be expected), although this must not be taken to mean too much, for often the gov't officials are thieves & worse, the profession number many quacks, and the finca owners have in no few instances come into possession of their property by doing underhand work for the authorities. I formed so unfavorable an opinion of these people that I took pains to ask several Americans who had been for a considerable time in the country if they felt any confidence or could put any trust in the Guatemalan & the ans. was always, "No, except in very few cases."

Trans. & Intro.

The 2 logical lines of approach to the capital lie along the railroads running up to the city from S.J. on the W. & P.B. on the E.

The E. Line of approach is much the longer of the two, – The dist by RR from P.B. to G. city being 195 m. The country from the port to the cap. is a long, irregular slope, sometimes gentle, sometimes abrupt. Near the coast is the rich banana belt; this belt extends back for some 15 mi and here the vegetation is very luxuriant. Farther back and as one ascends, the vegetation becomes less thick & less tropical and the country more rolling and open. Palm trees give way to a scrubby growth of pine & instead of bananas, one commences to see corn. At Zacapa, 102 mi inland, an open sandy plain is reached, extending west for some 40 mi. & varying in width from 2 miles to some 7 or 8. This plain is covered with cactus & mesquite & agric. is carried on only near the water courses. Westward there is an abrupt climb into the mountains and a much



pleasanter climate is experienced. From there on to the city the country is very much broken, several high crests having to be crossed although the last 15 miles is not so rough. All thro' this section the hills are covered with pine, & corn is the prim crop. The resources of this – confined to the strip containing RR – section of the country are few and meager. There are one or two gold mines in operation, (one at least of which is paying) & the banana business is flourishing, but this wealth all goes out of the country. Agriculture is carried on to an insignificant extent only. The principal & almost the only products being corn and black beans (frijoles). Coffee to north – mention – fruits – mango pineapple lemons banana.

The climate is hot and enervating till the mts. are reached some 140 miles from the port. Fevers are very common among the workers on the banana plantations and the country within a few miles of the coast is nothing but a continuous line of swamps, a breeding place for disease. Yellow fever appears just as regularly as the year comes around, and cases are encountered above Zacapa, 100 miles inland. There was yellow fever in Zacapa last mo. and also some in Puerto Barrios when I landed in the latter part of June. The climate in the mountains on the contrary, is delightful and almost bracing, during the daytime, the heat is not oppressive, blankets are in common & almost necessary use at night. There was, as far as I could find out, very little sickness among the natives in this section.

The water supply of this eastern line consists principally of the River Motagua and its tributaries. The Motagua does not dry up entirely during the dry season, but it becomes very low and many of its tributaries are not in existence between November and May. Between May and Nov, however, the river is liable at any time to rise ten feet in a day or 2 and in case of very heavy rains has risen over twenty feet & covered the railroad track in places. It becomes very muddy indeed after a rise, and is not at all clear under the most favorable circumstances. Near its mouth it is about 150-200 yards wide and it varies from this width to an average of 50-75 yds. at El Rancho – (140 mi inland) where the R.R. leaves it after following it almost the entire dist. from P.B. Its bed consists of mud, sand, and gravel; being principally mud in its lower part & gravel or sand or both, higher up. It can be forded almost anywhere during the dry season and in many places during the rainy season if there have been no rains recently, but in case of heavy rains & a consequent quick rise, it becomes very dangerous to ford except at a few broad & shallow places. It is not navigable except by canoes and by these for no gt. dist from its mouth owing to the many rapids. When the railroad was being built attempts were made to take material up the river, and it was found that canoes were the only practicable means of transportation and they were not satisfactory (Chif. Eng of Road.). There is a bar at the mouth of the river (Besides the Motagua & its tributaries, there are wells in almost all the towns & the natives depend principally on these for their drinking water.) Its prim. trib is the Rio Grande which runs west of Zacapa & empties into the Mot. 4 mi. N. of the town.

The towns on the E. line of approach are few and unimportant, the principal being Zacapa with perhaps 5,000 inhabitants. Most of the towns consist of a collection of adobe houses with palm leaf roofs and none of them, except Zacapa, are laid out with any attention to regularity. The r.r. station with its g i roof is usually the most imposing structure in sight, and the commandancia is nearly always within a few yds. of the station. These 2 bldgs & a jumble of shks or adobe houses constitute the town.

#### Communications

The waterways are not available as lines of communication. Only the roads & railroad can be used.

Guat. cannot be commended for her system of roads. In many places there are none at all, & in other they are no more than very rough paths. In some places, however, a very good dirt road is encountered, but such places form but a small part of the total dist. travelled. It is only on the roads near the capital that wheeled transportation can be used, in almost all other parts of the country pack animals are employed. The roads have not been repaired in years, and in consequence are badly washed & in general, in poor condition. Wherever they R.R. has been put through near one of the old roads or paths, the natives have abandoned the latter & used the track instead, as offering a shorter & better means of comm. & also one that can be used at all seasons. In this way, there are now even fewer roads than there were before the R.R. was built, for these old paths have grown up & now many of the natives do not even know where they were. The native's idea of a good road is rather confusing. Having been assured on one occasion by several natives that the road ahead was excellent, I was rather surprised to soon find myself in a gully filled with large boulders & with a stream running thro' it. For some time I was unable to tell whether I was still in the road or had wandered into the bed of a mt. stream but afterward found that I had been on the right road all the time. (This was on the "carretera" or wagon road between LaAntigua & Escunitla.)

Starting from P.B. and advancing towards the capital, the system of roads may be summed up as follows.

From P.B. to Anates, no roads or paths of any description; only the R.R. track.

Los Anuates to Gualan, a very rough trail – the natives refuse to rent mules & go over this road; it is too rough.

Gualan to Zacapa, a good trail, but not prac. for wheeled trans.

Zacapa to El Rancho, a fair dirt road, prac. for wheeled trans.

El Rancho to 4 mi. E. of Sanarate, a trail, prac. in places for wheeled trans., but for most of the way not prac.

From that pt. on to Guat. there is a road which is practicable for wheeled trans., although parts of it are very rough & steep.

Some years ago, a carretera was constructed, in part following the old trails & in part branching off from them. This road was designed for wheeled transportation and it was built with easy grades, which made it longer than the old road. Not having ever been repaired however, this road has become impassable, there have been numerous slides and washouts and bridges have been destroyed & never replaced, so that at present the road is imprac. even for mules and the natives never use it. This carretera leaves the old trail at Guastatoya, and joins it again 4 miles E. of Sanarate. A few miles west of Sanarate, just across the Plata river, it again leaves the old trail & joins again 4 mi e. of agua col. From there on the two are the same.

The R.R. the principal line of com. between P.B. & Guat City, was commenced some 25 yrs. ago, & the pres. contract calls for the completion of the road this Oct. The grading has been completed and at present there is a gap of only about eleven miles which has yet to get its track and bridges. The completion of this work will finish the road; and a determined effort is being made to have the road in operation on contract time; work being carried on from both ends of the gap. The road is named the No. R.R. of G. and is a single-track, narrow gauge line thro out. It will be 195 miles long when completed. From P.B. to El Rancho the road crosses 272 bridges of all kinds, varying in size from a 6 ft. girder spanning a small gully, to the 3 span truss br. over the Inotagua. When completed, there will be over 340 bridges on the line, many of them large trusses. At present work is being pushed on the road so fast to get it finished on contract time, that the work is not being thoroughly done; in many places the track is being laid very poorly,

and the sides of many cuts have been left so nearly vertical that slides are occurring every week. This of course renders delay necessary until the track can be cleared & so puts back the work farther than if more time had been taken & more substantial & honest work done in the 1<sup>st</sup> place.

The road is controlled by the United Fruit Co. and agrees to transport troops in case of trouble. tran this, the govt. has nothing to do with the road (as far as I could find out,) & can regulate neither rates nor traffic. All the engineers on the road are Americans (with one or 2 Englishmen) and the firemen are negroes, many of them also from the U.S. Conductors, yard-masters, & higher officials are also Americans. The station agents & telegraph operators are Guatemalans, but all orders and messages are transmitted in English. The brakemen are negroes (Jamaicans & U.S.)

The stations & other buildings, are substantial and in good condition. They are frame buildings with gal. iron roofs which are carried out to cover the platforms. Almost all of the stations have platforms in front and rear. There is no separate sta. for frt, in all cases the same roof covers frt & pass sta.

The road bed is not good, except in places. It is repaired with sandy gravel taken from the Motagua R. bed at Santa Inez and washes very easily (I noticed one place where the track inclined to the outside on a curve, due to washing.) The poor condition of the bed is due in large meas. to the heavy & numerous grades on the line. Starting from P.B. the road within a few mis. meets a 4½% grade & has a sim sharp descent on the other side. It then parallels the river in a steady climb to Zacapa. From here the bed is fairly level to El Rancho, but beyond, a climb of 900 ft in 6 mi is made & beyond this crest there are several more ascents & descents before the city is reached. In places the track has been laid directly on the ground but this has been done only where the ground is firm and hard, and the roadbed is very solid & has lasted well. Wherever the bed is solid, the track is single-tied, being double-tied only at the rail joints. The rail used is a steel rail, 60 lbs. to the yard. For a few miles east from the cap red-wood ties have been used and these have been very satisfactory, but for the remainder of the way creosoted ties are being put in. These are costing the road some 80 cts apiece. The line is being improved in various ways, – sharp curves are being cut out and a survey is in progress to locate a line around the hill just out of P.B. This will cut out the heaviest grade & worst hill on the line. New machine shops & yards are also being put in at Zacapa.

The rolling stock is in fair condition with the exception of the engines which have deteriorated greatly, due to unwillingness to replace parts that need replacing but still do the work after a fashion, etc. The locomotives have great trouble in pulling a light load (for instance, tender, baggage care & 2 coaches) over the heavy grade just out of P.B. 4½% gd where formerly they had no trouble doing it. (Engineer who used to run one of these same engines.) There are 17 locomotives on the road and 3 or 4 or more are constantly in need of repairs. All the locomotives on this line burn coal. There are some \_\_\_\_ box-cars (inc. cattle cars) on this line. I counted \_\_\_\_ and am satisfied that there are no more than \_\_\_\_\_. These cars appear to be in good condition. They vary in wt. from \_\_\_\_\_ lbs. to \_\_\_\_\_ lbs. & their carrying cap varies from \_\_\_\_\_ to \_\_\_\_\_ lbs. They consist of a superstructure of wood on a body formed of 4 I beams running longitudinally & resting on 2 4-wheeled trucks. They appear to be very strongly made. The flat cars are similarly constructed. There are some \_\_\_\_\_ of these with an aver. capacity of \_\_\_\_\_ lbs. They are furnished with iron brackets at the sides so that stakes may be inserted and the cars loaded high. There are also some 20 gondolas on the road (the Hart convertible car) and these cars are used for hauling ballast and coal. They have a capacity of \_\_\_\_\_ lbs. The supply of passenger coaches & baggage cars is limited. The co. pays little attention to pass. service & only

2 passenger trains a week are run over the road. They leave P.B. on Tuesdays & Fridays, when the mail steamers arrive & run to Zacapa, 102 mi where they lie overnight. Arriving at Sauarate 157 mi, the present western terminal at noon on Wednes. & Saturdays. They then return to Zacapa & again lie over till Thurs. & Monday respect. When they return to P.B. The pass. coaches are small, & are crowded with 5 on a seat, but loaded in this manner, would carry 50 men. (The men would have to hold part of their equipment on their laps.) The cars are wooden with cane seats, the windows raise & lower and are provided with sliding wooden shutters – On each car is a water closet & small water cooler. There are small racks for bag. over the seats. The foregoing applies to the 1<sup>st</sup> class coaches. The 2<sup>nd</sup> class coaches are of the same size and equipment except for the seats which are simply 3 long wooden benches, 2 running the length of the car under the windows & 1 nearly twice as broad, running directly down the middle of the car, thus making 2 small aisles. About 75 men could be point into one of these cars. There are about 10 pass. coaches (of both 1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> class) on the road. The baggage cars are of the same size and are divided into 2 compartments – one small one about 10 ft sq. for the mails and the remainder of the car, for baggage. There is a desk in the bag. car. These cars have side doors & 1 end door, the end of the mail compartment being blind, but there is a door between the 2 compartments.

The W. line of approach is much shorter than the E. The dist. by R.R. from the port of San José to Guatemala City being only 75 mi. Near the sea the country, or rather the belt containing the R.R., is a level plain, and this plain gives way to a gentle slope as one advances inland. This slope increases in abruptness, so that at Escuintla 27 mi. from the sea we find an elevation of only 1000 ft. while at Paliñ, only \_\_\_ mil farther the elevation is \_\_\_ ft. The country up to Paliñ may be represented by the following curve. From on the country is broken although there are convenient valleys which allow of an advance between the hills, & indeed the capital is reached by R.R. with only one more climb of any importance. This grade is 10 mi. south of the city & from there up the road is almost level. Guat. is in fact situated on a plateau in the middle of a valley & is surrounded by deep ravines. The line of approach runs to the end of this plateau, dips down to the broken country E. of Paliñ winds thro' the valleys to Paliñ & then goes straight down the slope to the Pacific.

The country near the sea is used principally for grazing and is becoming a rich cattle country. An average of \_\_\_ head of cattle a month goes thro Escuintla on its way to Guat. City. Most of this cattle comes from the north of the W. line by way of the Mazatenango branch of the R.R. some corn is grown in this district. Farther inland (say 20 miles from the sea) the sugar belt begins; it extends up to Paliñ, an elevation of \_\_\_ ft. Between Paliñ & Naranjo the country is covered with rich sugar plantations. There is also a good deal of cattle here. Consid. corn is also grown. Above Paliñ, corn is the principal crop, & from Paliñ on to the capitol little else is seen in the fields. N. of the line of approach & higher up than the sugar, are the coffee plantations. The whole district is very rich agriculturally & forms a gt. contrast to the E. line. The mountains on this side are all volcanic, and a cluster of volcanoes stand half way on the line to the capital; none are at present active. On the plain near the sea & up thro' Escuintla, the vegetation is tropical & luxuriant, farther up, it becomes scrubby and from Amatilla the country is open & rolling & in places reminds one of good farming country in some of the New Eng & Mid Atlantic States.

The resources of this section lie chiefly in its agriculture & cattle, but they are very great. The volcanic slopes of the mts. offer an ideal soil for the cultivation of sugar cane and higher yet is the mts. the conditions for coffee growing are as nearly perfect as possible. Both these



industries are carried on extensively & this whole section is covered with large & prosperous plantations. Many are owned by foreigners & I was told that the others have to pay the powers that be very liberally for the privilege of working their own land. Corn grows anywhere in this rich soil and two crops a year are taken. Only a small no. of cocoanuts, practically no bananas & plantains & the mangoes are stringy & poor in taste, although they grow large & plentifully. There are some peaches but the natives pick them & eat them green. Limes grow wild & are very thin skinned & juicy. The oranges also are pretty good. Chickens & pigs are found in abundance. There is a good deal of horse-power going to waste in the streams that could easily be harnessed.

The climate of this section above Paliñ is delightful. The nights are very cool in the mts. & the air is good; (many of the Indios from the mts. have considerable color in their cheeks, which is rather exceptional for the tropics.) Below Paliñ a true tropical climate is met with, hot and stifling. It is not near as bad as on the Atlantic side as far as fever goes and I saw & heard of very little sickness among the natives. Colds, catarrh & consumption is common among them, however. The rainy season here is also between May & Nov. but it very seldom rains before noon. The rainfall is very heavy however especially on the mountain slopes.

The water supply is plentiful after the coastal plain is crossed. The streams on this side are small and all run generally west into the Pacific paralleling the railroad. In fact, between Paliñ & the coast, \_\_\_\_\_ miles, the R.R. crosses only one stream worthy of the name, the Naranjo R. at Naranjo a stream averaging 25 ft. in width at this pt. during the rainy season. In the lower plain the water in the streams is not fit to drink on account of the animals which use it (pigs, consid.) and even the natives use wells, but on the mt. slopes & higher up, the streams are clear & riveting & the water is very good. Streams & springs are plentiful from Escuintla to the capital. There is one lake on the line, Arnatitlan, crossed by the R.R. on a fill and bridge. This lake is about half a mile wide and five or six miles long. All along the southern border of the lake are hot sulphur springs with small fish swimming in water too hot to hold the hand in. The lake is fed by springs & streams and is full of fish. The water is good to drink.

The towns on the western line are of much more importance than those on the east, the principal ones being Escuintla, Arnatitlan, Paliñ & Moran. All these places (with the exception of Moran) are laid out regularly, with streets at right angles around a central square. The buildings are substantial, being one story high & built of adobe with tile roofs, some of the streets are paved, and there are some sidewalks. (The streets are even clean in places.) Fronting on the square in the middle of the town are the inevitable commandancia & municipal building. There is no sewage system in any of the towns except the capital. Sometimes, water is brought in by pipes to a fountain in the square.

### Communications

The waterways are not available as lines of communication, only the roads & railroads can be used.

On the western line of approach the system of wagon roads is poor, although not nearly so bad as on the eastern line. There are fairly good dirt roads within a radius of about 10 miles around the capital, beyond this limit they are very poor in many cases being only rough trails. As on the eastern line of approach in places here the R.R. has gone through near old roads, the latter have been abandoned in favor of the track and as a result have passed even from the knowledge of many natives. In places, also, a new road has been beaten out beside the track. None of these roads have received repairs in many years, & in many places are badly washed &

strewn with boulders. However, wheeled transportation can be used to a much greater extent on the W. road than on the E. and it is only between Escuintla & Paliñ that such traffic would be impracticable.

Starting from S. J. the W. system of roads may be summed up as follows. –

From San José to Escuintla, a wagon road about 10 feet wide follows the track for most of the distance being never more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  mi distant. For the latter part of the way this road is the old carretera & is in very poor shape. From Escuintla to Paliñ, a trail, which is all that remains of the carretera in use before the R.R. came. From Paliñ up to the city a good, broad dirt road with only 2 bad hills. This part of the old road is in fairly good condition. From Escuintla there is also another way to Guat via Antigua, circling Volcan do Agua to the west (the Paliñ line lying to the east.) This road from Escuintla to about 8 miles from Ant. is very bad, in places being indistinguishable from the bed of a stream, but from there on thro' Ant. and down to the capital it is a very fair road. Wheeled trans. could not be used over the bad parts of this road.

R.R. The railroad, the prim. line of com. betw. San José & the cap. is called the So. R.W. of Guat. and is a narrow gauge single-track road throughout. It is 75 miles long, and has a branch, which runs in from the N. 20 mi from San José. This branch runs to Mazatenango and taps a district very rich in agricultural product. Due to the fact that the R.R. runs parallel to the streams and also that these streams are small & have few tributaries, this line is remarkably free from bridges. There are only 6 br. of importance on the whole line and 5 of these span ravines only one crossing a stream. There are besides some 30 small girder br. varying in length from 6 to 30 feet. The road has been in operation for several years and seems to be working very smoothly. There are only two heavy grades on the road – the climb from Escuintla up to Paliñ & the climb from 2 miles above Moran up to the top of the plateau on which Guat is situated. Besides the 2 there are only slight grades on this line. The road is owned by a company and as in the case of the No. R.R. the gov't. has prac no authority over it; simply reserving the right of transportation of troops. All the engineers on this road are Americans or Englishmen and the firemen are negroes from Jamaica & the U.S. The station agents & telegraph operator are Guatenoalans. All the conductors & brakemen I saw on this line were Guat. Yard masters & officials of importance are American. No improvements are at present being made on the road (like those on E line).

The sta & other blds. are substantial & in good condition. They are frame blds. with g. i. roofs carried out to cover the platforms. Almost all the sta. have platforms in front & rear. There is no separate station for freight except at Escuintla; in all other cases the same roof covers frt & pass sta. At Escuintla a very solid brick bld. has just been finished. It con. with the main sta. & is to be used for offices etc. The frt. sta. at Es. is sep. and is a large & well built structure.

The road bed is in good condition and apparently needs little attention. It is repaired with sandy gravel taken from a pit near Lake Amat. I cannot remember seeing any place where the road was not double-tied. The rail used is of steel, 60 lbs. to the yd. No improvements are being made on this line at present, except on the new off. bld. at Es.

Rolling stock. The r. s. on this line is in good condition. The locomotives 20 in no., are about the same size & age as those on the No. R.R. (something less than 40 ton) but seem to be in much better condition (at any rate they have no difficulty in hauling their loads up the grades on their run.). Of the 20 eng. on this line 5 burn petroleum, 5 wood, & 10 coal and all three classes seem to give good results. This variety of in the kind of fuel the engines burn, gives the road a certain amount of independence in case of a shortage in any one or even 2 kinds. – Pages 35 & 36 lined. (insert here.)

I saw some \_\_\_\_\_ pass. coaches & baggage cars on this road. (I do not know the whole no. & could not find out definitely about the am't. of rolling stock on the road. Some of it goes off on the Mozatenango branch & for this reason even men on the road who should have known were uncertain as to how much there is). Two pass trains a day leave Guat. city. One leaves early in the A.M. and runs thro' to San José the same day. The other leaves at noon and lies in Escuintla till the next morning. It then goes back to the cap. arriving at noon. The thro. train back from San José & 2 between Esc. & the capital. A pass. train leaves Esc. for Neuzat. just before the thru train pulls out for San José. All cars have air brakes & automatic couplers. Insert p. 38-39-40 lined here.

In any comparison of these 2 lines of attack, the many advantages of the western over the eastern will be seen at once. Indeed, the only point in favor of the eastern line lies in the fact that there is practically no tide in P.B. & steamers have deep smooth water alongside the pier; cargo is discharged here directly & loaded from the ship onto the train. There are no other transfers necessary, as is the case at San José where the cargo is first transferred to lighters, then to the small pier cars & then to the Railroad. But apart from this gain in facility in handling freight at P.B. the E. line has little to recommend it & the W. everything.

In the 1<sup>st</sup> place, the eastern line is 195 mi. long by R.R. and at least as long by road, while the W. is only 75 mi. long by R.R. – and less than this by road, – say a little more than 65 mi. The W. line is thus only about 1/3 the length of the eastern. Climate p-82 & Water 82-3-4

In comparing the resources of the 2 districts we find that the W. is greatly superior in every way. In the east practically nothing is raised beyond what is necessary to sustain life, while the western section is the richest in the whole country & produces abundant crops. The towns in this section are larger more numerous & better built, & would afford good shelter to large bodies of troops. In all these towns is to be found a plentiful supply of canned goods, as well as the beans & corn and other products of the country. There are a good many horses & mules in this section (when the gov't does not take them for pack animals (Army)) and forage is plentiful. Many bull-cars, drawn by yokes of oxen are in use on the plantation & these would be available for transportation.

The country on the E. line is broken for almost the entire distance, and there are many fine defensive positions from which it would be hard to dislodge an enemy. On the western line there are few such positions and a great part of the line is open and could be easily and quickly forced. The best def pos. would be at the W. end of Paliñ Valley & this position could be turned by way of Antigua. The E. line gives the def. the adv. throughout. The W. lends itself more to the offense.

The commun. On the W. are also much better than those on the east. The R.R. is better equipped, and in better running order, there is more transportation and a much shorter haul. The wagon roads from S.J. to Escuintla & Paliñ to Guat. are good & wagons would have little trouble passing over them. The same is true of the road from 5 mi. W. of Antigua to Antigua – Mixco – Guat. From Es. to Paliñ & E. to 5 mi. W. of Antigua however, the roads are very bad, the latter being impassable for wagons, & the former requiring repairs before becoming practicable. Many bad places on the S. Paliñ road may be avoided by taking to the fields. The western line of attack possesses a gt. adv. in this double line of approach to the capital via Paliñ & Antigua. Any force moving to Antigua could cause the withdrawal of the enemy defending Paliñ at the top of the slope from Es. for from Antigua there is a good road straight into Paliñ, 15 miles away to the S.W. The movement of such a flanking force thro Antigua to Mixco (a dist of 12 mi.) would put it in a good def. pos. only 9 mi. from Guat. & in plain view of the cap. An attack on the eastern

side would have to be confined to one line, and would have the effect of pushing the enemy from one good def. pos. after another the enemy becoming stronger as he approaches his base & the attacking party of course correspondingly weaker as his is left behind. A single fight or ½ doz of them might decide nothing. On the west side on the contrary, the attacking party steps directly into a rich country & in his adv. Betters his own condition & weakens the enemy by pushing him from his good supply. With the great adv. derived from 2 lines of attack and the char. of the country, the attacking party by a single victory might disrupt the whole line & open the way at one blow to the capital itself. Besides, the Guatemalans have not in recent yrs moved troops much over the W. line. Their trouble has been in the east, & there they know the country well, having marched over it again & again in their many mobilizations to repel real & imaginary invaders from the Hon. frontier. The W. side would be new to them for it is highly improbable that many of them have taken the trouble to familiarize themselves with parts of the country where they are not stationed.

2p.74 The climate on the W. side is a gt. point in its favor. The 27 miles of coastal plain to Es. could be crossed rapidly & above Es. the climate is delightful. This strip of low land along the coast however is not nearly so subject to fevers & other sickness as the low swampy lands on the lower part of the E. line. Another gt. point in favor of the W. line is the water, which is abundant, once beyond the coastal plain. Many small & rushing streams flow down from the mts. and the water is excellent. Below on the plain, of course, cattle & pigs get in the streams & foul the water, so that well are depended upon in the towns for drinking water, but above Es. the water is pure & uncontaminated. On the E. line except during the rainy season water is scarce. For the dry season almost all the trib s. of the Motagua go dry & that river itself becomes very low. Wells are depended upon for drinking water practically the year round, although the Motagua is used by some of the natives. In many places on the E. side I saw pigs & cattle wallowing in the streams & upon ?ing the natives found that they used the same water for drinking purposes. In almost every town, however I found that there were wells also in use, & that many of the natives had a rough filter which they used to purify the river water.