

# TRISTISIMAS LAMENTACIONES DE UN ENGANCHADO

PARA



¡Ay! onde me la iba a espantar  
Lo que era ser enganchado  
Creí que todo era Jauja;  
Llegar y besar al santo

Pero **mano** ¡qué esperanzas!  
Yo que pensé mejorar!  
Pos ha salido el remedio,  
Mas **pior** que la **enfermedá**.

¡Ah que bien me encampanaron  
Para el Valle Nacional  
Peso diario me ofrecieron,  
Y una vida como no hay.

Es cierto que me lo dan  
¡Pero qué duro manito!  
Mejor estuviera en México,  
Dándole recio al pulquito.

Al **principio** qué contento!  
Hasta en coche me llevaron  
Y cinco pesos me dieron  
Quedando así contratado.

Se trabaja muy fuerte;  
Todo el día en el tabaco,  
Ya me duelen las caderas;  
Me van a **golver** cigarro.

Y no poder repelar  
Ni quejarse con ninguno,  
Pos hora sí la pitamos  
¿Quién me manda ser tarugo?

Hora sí que como dicen,  
O se bebe o se derrama!  
Que no puede uno sacarse,  
¿Pos qué se entiende contrata?

Mejor me hubiera enganchado  
Con gancho de carnicero!  
Pos estuviera más bien  
Colgado como carnero!

De la patada me va  
En este lugar malvado  
Pensé que esto era muy **peche**  
Y en esto que quedé **chato**.

Mejor está uno en la **chinche**  
En la cárcel de Belém  
Comiendo torito en caldo  
Y **gamuza** con café.

Siquiera allí no lo fuerzan  
Al **probe** pa que trabaje;  
Esto es lo que me **rechoca**,  
Por lo demás... pos no le hace!

**To all my Padua Hills Friends:**

It's 7:30 P. M. Wednesday May 1. I sit in a beautiful modernistic bed room and look out a window in a three foot wall on the carved stone gargoyles, niches and arches and tower of the facade of the Church of San Francisco, seen through the branches of some high old orange and fig and primavera trees against the cobalt blue sky of early evening. The organ plays softly for the rosario, a few humble worshippers steal softly out from the empty Church and through the garden... ;And I don't believe it! ;It must be a dream! The telephone will probably ring and I will wake up. You can tell though. If this letter is printed on the back of a corrido (a song such as is sold everywhere on the streets in Mexico) and if it has a Mexican stamp on it you will know I am not dreaming and that we did leave Padua Hills after the buffet supper last Sunday night when everyone was so sweet to Juan and me (and we both got corsages) and did go to Glendale to take the Pan American plane for Mexico City at 4:30 Monday morning and we did actually arrive here at 7 o'clock that same evening. The plane was delayed 45 minutes in starting and with the two hours difference in time made the trip exactly on schedule in twelve hours. Anyone who has struggled from, say Monday night to Saturday morning on the train, knows that that itself is a dream. Stops at Mexicali, Hermosillo, Mazatlán, Guadalajara, (where all Juan's folks and the Neffs—twins and all were out to greet us) and here Nena and her mother and brother met us. Nena, you know, Luz María Garces has added "de Perdomo" to her name, a handsome husband, a house and a certain responsibility to herself but is the same beautiful, laughing girl who danced her way into our hearts last winter.

The Guardiola Hotel has gone "moderne" with a bang as have many other of the nice old Buildings of Mexico since I was here last year—the prices also I guess have gone "moderne".

Awfully tired Monday night but up and fine Tuesday morning—appointments all day at the Secretaría de Educación—with lovely Carolina Amor at her Galeria of Modern Mexican Art for tea and Sue Perry, Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in the evening. Sue and I were in Pomona College in the dim dark ages gone and Juan and her nephew graduated together last year from Pomona. She's made a real success of her life.

Today is Labor Day in Mexico and so a holiday. And when it is a holiday here it is one—for practically everybody. No restaurants or candy or liquor stores or dining rooms are open. Juan finally found breakfast at the Ritz. I didn't, Señor Perdomo searched the city for gasoline finally persuading a man to drain some from a bus so that he and Nena could take us to their home for lunch and to Tlalnepantla to the newly excavated pyramid, about 15 miles from the city and to Tezotlán to see the beautiful old church there.

This morning we had box seats on a balcony of the Casa de la Marquesa de Guardiola built in 1750 to see the mammoth labor demonstration. There were supposed to be 100,000 people marching in the parade and I wouldn't be suprised if there were. Juan and I estimated twenty thousand permanents or practically one to each girl marcher. Many groups were in costume—especially the girls, lots in most attractive vari-colored hats of crepé paper. It was an orderly, well handled crowd. Many interesting types lined the side walks—as one old Indian woman stood stolid, immobile throughout the whole two hours. I did wish I knew what she was thinking.

They are singing in the church now—my door casings and all the furniture pulls are monel metal, my bed is ultra modernistic, my bath-room is luxurious—oxen still plow the fields getting ready for the planting of the corn—Indians and burros still carry their burdens down dusty paths—even more automobiles are driven impossibly with no bad results—a vender is calling piña (fresh pineapple) on the street—the "ahuehuete" tree where Cortez stopped to weep on "La Noche Triste" in 1521 still stands—at Tlalnepantla, little ragged children hunt for "recuerdos" of the ancient people who centuries ago built one sacrificial pyramid outside and above the one built by an even earlier people—people still treat the stupid foreigner with unbelievable politness—I take up the telephone and a voice says "Bueno"—"¿Le gusta?" Please look at the stamp and see whether I am dreaming! If we are really in Mexico you must all come to Padua Hills as soon as we get back, the 16th and let us tell you all about everything and show you all the things we are collecting.

Adios, amigos míos.

Yours, probably dreaming.

Bess A. Garner.

Sudo a chorros, sudo tinta  
 A todita hora manarios  
 Y tanto animal tan feo  
 Que no para de picarnos.  
 ¡Ay! ¿dónde están las medidas  
 Que de púlman me encachaba  
 En "La Barca" y el "Infierno"  
 En "La Guerra" y "La Parranda"?  
 ¿Dónde están las garbanceras  
 Con quienes tanto pasié,  
 Los domingos en el Zócalo,  
 Y en Santanita también?  
 Aquí sí que nada de eso  
 Todo es puro trabajar,

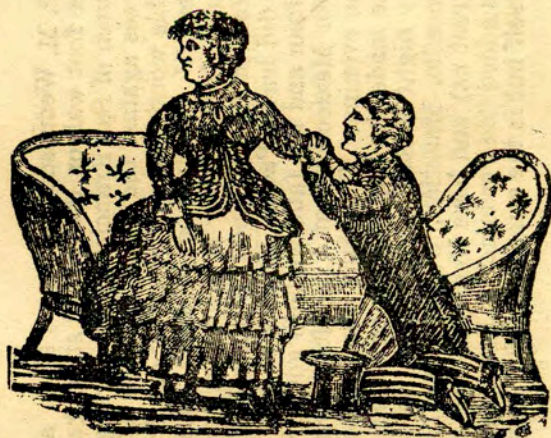
Y yo que no estoy impuesto,  
 Pos no me cuadra, caray!  
 Mal me fué con el enganche,  
 De todititos los diablos;  
 Aquí voy a quedar tieso  
 El día menos pensado.  
 Y ni modo de fugarme;  
 Si estamos bien vigilados;  
 Ni **suecidarme** tampoco;  
 El comer cuesta muy caro.  
 Y aquí terminan, señores  
 Los tristísimos lamentos  
 Del pobrecito enganchado  
 Que ya no tiene remedio.



## TE AMO EN SECRETO.

(Nueva canción).

Te amo en secreto...  
 Si lo creyeras,  
 Ya no me hicieras  
 Tanto desdén,  
 Ni yo sufriera  
 Con tus enojos  
 Por esos ojos  
 Que adoro yo.  
 Por Dios lo juro,  
 Por mi existencia:  
 Tuya es mi vida  
 Mi salvación,  
 Para evitarlo sería forzoso  
 Que me arrancarás,  
 Que me arrancarás,  
 El corazón.  
 Yo te buscaba de amores loco  
 Porque se hallaba  
 Mi sér sin tí;  
 Tú eres mi gloriaa,  
 Mi tierno mante.  
 Ciego mi corazón,  
 Por Dios lo juro,  
 Por mi existencia,  
 Tuya es mi vida  
 Para evitarlo  
 Sería forzoso,  
 Que me arrancarás,  
 Que me arrancarás  
 El corazón.  
 Soy como el ave  
 Que canta triste  
 Y cruza el aire  
 Sin dirección;  
 Tú eres el hada  
 De mis ensueños,  
 Eres mi dicha  
 Y mi adoración.



Por Dios, lo juro,  
 Por mi existencia,  
 Tuya es mi vida,  
 Mi salvación  
 Para evitarlo  
 Sería forzoso  
 Que me arrancarás,  
 Que me arrancarás  
 El corazón.

Soplan las auras  
 Por los jardines;  
 Entre las flores  
 Va el colibrí,  
 Eres el hada  
 De mis ensueños  
 Por la que sufre  
 Y llora mi corazón.

Por Dios lo juro,  
 Por mi existencia,  
 Tuya es mi vida  
 Mi salvación;  
 Para evitarlo  
 Sería forzoso  
 Que me arrancarás,  
 El corazón!