

CIA. COMERCIAL DE SONORA Y SINALOA, S. A.

(SONORA & SINALOA COMMERCIAL CO.)

APARTADO POSTAL 45
NOGALES, SON.P. O. BOX 562
NOGALES, ARIZ.DIRECCION CABLEGRAFICA
"SONSINCO"**COMERCIANTES Y COMISIONISTAS
IMPORTADORES Y EXPORTADORES**OFICINA Y ALMACENES:
CALLE ELIAS NUM. 32
TELEFONO 3-2-9

NOGALES, SONORA, MEXICO

Agosto 17 de 1920

Senor General

Alvaro Obregon

Mexico. D F

Muy Estimado General y amigo;

Bien me dijo Vd que debia yo traer una carta del Presidente sobre el asunto que traté con él en esa; porqué verá Vd por la copia del telegrama adjunto que las instrucciones son todo lo contrario a lo convenido.

Nunca deseaba molestar a Vd con arreglos de asuntos míos en esa por qué sé que su tiempo es muy valioso para otros negocios; pero en éste caso soy como el que se está ahogando que tiene que agarrarse de algo para salvarse.

El arreglo primitivo que tuve con el Sr de la Huerta cuando era Gobernador de Sonora fué el siguiente; importar 331 barriles de Wiskey y partir las ganancias sobre el producto de los mismos con las Escuelas Cruz Galvez, cuando la mercancia fuera realizada. Después de convenido ésto, me hizo sacar un pormenor de las probables utilidades, calculando sobre precios vigentes en aquel tiempo y con las restricciones que existian entonces resultando más o menos 20 dólares por galón; desde entonces me fijó un impuesto de diez pesos oro americano por galón. Ahora bién, como le dije en presencia de Vd en esa las cosas han cambiado, pues la competencia está muy fuerte y no hemos podido realizar gran cosa debido a los impuestos tan altos; pués bajo esa base el Wiskey sale costando como 22 dolares el galón y no es posible competir con los numerosos vendedores de Wiskey y tequila que aún cuando lo venden mas barato siempre ganan dinero.

AGENTES EXCLUSIVOS DE LA CERVECERIA CUATHERMOC, S. A., DE MONTERREY, N. L., PARA LA VENTA DE SUS ACREDITADOS PRODUCTOS EN EL ESTADO DE SONORA, CENTRO Y SUR DE LA BAJA CALIFORNIA.

CONSTANTE Y COMPLETO SURTIDO DE TODAS CLASES DE VINOS PERMITIDOS POR EL GOBIERNO DEL ESTADO.

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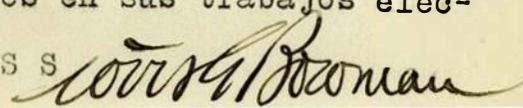
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A O #2

Lo que deseo es que me haga favor de recordar al Sr de la Huerta lo que traté con él en presencia de Vd en ~~essa~~ es que indique al Sr Gobernador Borquez que use su juicio en este asunto en vez de obligarme a pagar dólares diez según las constancias que existen en Hermosillo, pues sería mucho mejor volver al convenio original, es decir vender bajo la vigilancia del Gobierno del Estado y dividir las utilidades con las Escuelas Cruz Galvez pues de otra manera la mercancía no se venderá nunca y las Escuelas Cruz Galvez no recibirán beneficio alguno por éste concepto y ^ala postre nosotros saldriamos muy perjudicados por los altos intereses que estamos pagando y los muchos gastos originados, y el resultado final sería el mismo de los de "Queretaro después de cuaresma",

Tampoco el Sr Presidente arregló ni telegrafió al Administrador de la Aduana de Guaymas sobre los derechos Federales como me ofreció hacerlo y por lo tanto dicho Administrador me está exigiendo el pago de ellos, en vista de lo cual agradecería a Vd infinito que me consiga del Sr Presidente una carta dirigida al Sr Gobernador Borquez en el sentido ya indicado y otra al Administrador de la Aduana de Guaymas para que permita el pago de los derechos conforme vayamos disponiendo de la mercancía y que se exima del cobro de almacenaje puesto que la mercancía está en almacenes rentados por nosotros pero con llaves de la Aduana.

Esperando que se sirvirá perdonarme que le quite su tiempo con estos asuntos y deseándole felicidades en sus trabajos electorales me es grato repetirme su affmo amigo y S S



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TELEFONO 3-2-9**NOGALES, SONORA, MEXICO**

Agosto 18 de 1920.

Sr. F. Torreblanca,
c/o Gral. A. Obregon,
Mexico, D.F.

Mi muy estimado amigo:-

Ya comienzo a "Querretearlo" con negocios mios porque la necesidad me obliga a eelo. Vera Ud. por las copias de mi carta al Gral. y telegrama del Gobernador de Sonora que el asunto a que fui a esa no fue arreglado conforme a lo convenido. Por lo tanto, le suplico muy atentamente, recordar al Gral. su ofrecimiento para ayudarme a arreglar este asunto lo mas pronto posible, porque nos estamos perjudicando grandemente y ademas deseo dejarlo terminado para volver a esa en Diciembre o Enero al asunto que me propuso el Gral.

Mi viaje de regreso a esta fue muy distinto al que tuve de ida en la grata compania de Uds. y nunca me cansare de repetir lo agradecido que estoy de todos Uds. Con seguridad que jamas se me presentara una oportunidad igual.

Sepa Ud. que en mi tiene un buen amigo que siempre sabra apreciarlo y siempre estara listo para servirlo.

Cuando vuelva a esta me esforzare para corresponder debidamente sus atenciones y finezas y entre

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F.T.#2.

tanto, me repito con el aprecio de siempre su afmo.

amigo y atto. S. S.

Wirt G. Bowman

*Favor saludarme al General Saenz
y los demas Empaques*

AGENTES EXCLUSIVOS DE LA CERVECERIA CUAUTHEMOC, S. A., DE MONTERREY, N. L., PARA LA VENTA DE SUS
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BOE BOTTLES

Aroste 17 de 1930

Señor General

Alvaro Obregon

Mexico, D F

Muy Estimado General y amigo;

Bien me dijo Vd que debia yo traer una carta del presidente sobre el asunto que trate con el en esa; porque vera Vd por la copia del telegrama adjunto que las instrucciones son todo lo contrario a lo convenido.

Sunca deseaba molestar a Vd con arreglos de asuntos mios en esa por que se que su tiempo es muy valioso para otros negocios; pero en este caso soy como el que se este ahogando que tiene que agarrarse de algo para salvarse.

El arreglo primitivo que tuve con el Sr de la Huerta cuando era Gobernador de Sonora fue el siguiente; importar 351 barriles de Whiskey y partir las ganancias sobre el producto de los mismos con las Escuelas Cruz delvas, cuando la mercancía fuere realizada. Despues de convenido esto, se hizo hacer un porvenir de las probables utilidades, calculando sobre precios vigentes en aquel tiempo y con la restricciones que existian entonces resultando mas o menos 20 dolares por galon; desde entonces me fiyo un impuesto de diez pesos oro americano por galon. Ahora bien, como la dije en presencia de Vd en esa las cosas han cambiado pues la competencia esta muy fuerte y no hemos podido realizar gran cosa debido a los impuestos tan altos; pues bajo esa base el Whiskey sale costando como 22 dolares el galon y no es posible competir con los numerosos vendedores de Whiskey y tequila que son cuan-

Relacion
A 3 22

Lo que deseo es que me haga favor de recordar al Sr de la Puerta lo que trate con el Sr. proconsul de Va en assay es que indique al Sr Gobernador Borques que sea su juicio en este asunto en vez de obligarnos a pagar los derechos segun las constancias que existen en Hermosillo, pues seria mucho mejor volver al contrato original es decir venir bajo la vigilancia del Gobierno del Estado y dividir las utilidades con los señores Cruz Miras pues de otra manera la mercancía no se vendiera nunca y los señores Cruz Miras no recibirian beneficio alguno por este concepto y lo peor nosotros se liaríamos muy perjudicados por los altos intereses que estamos pagando y los muchos gastos originados, y el resultado final seria el mismo de los de "Queretaro despues de su ruina".

Despues el Sr presidente arreglo ni telegrafio al Administrador de la Aduana de Guaymas sobre los derechos Federales como me ofrecio hacerlo y por lo tanto dicho Administrador me esta exigiendo el pago de ellos en vista de lo cual agradeceria a Va infinito que me consiguiera del Sr presidente una carta dirigida al Sr Gobernador Borques en el sentido ya indicado y otra al Administrador de la Aduana de Guaymas para que permita el pago de los derechos conforme vayamos disponiendo de la mercancía y que se exima del cobro de almacenaje puesto que la mercancía esta en almacenes rentados por nosotros pero con llaves de la Aduana.

Esperado que me sirviera perdonarme que le quite su tiempo con estos asuntos y desearle felicidad en sus trabajos elec-

TELEGRAFOS NACIONALES

TELEGRAMA para transmitir por estas líneas con absoluta sujeción a las condiciones que al reverso se expresan y son aceptadas por el que suscribe:

INDICACIONES DE SERVICIO

Domicilio del signatario, únicamente para casos de aclaración.

Núm. _____	Palabras _____	VALORES _____	H. D. _____
De _____	Palacio Nacional de México el 30 de Julio de 1920		de 191 _____
Para _____	F A Borquez	Via _____	
Sr. _____	Domicilio _____		
No olvide Ud cobrar diez dollars per cada galon			
de Wiskey que se permita almacenar al Sr Writ G Bowman			
Lo salude afectuosamente			
A de la Huerta.			

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NOGALES, SONORA, MEXICO

Agosto 18 de 1920.

Sr.Gral. A. Obregon,
Mexico, D. F.

Muy estimado General y amigo:-

Mi viaje de regreso a esta fue bien triste despues de haber tenido uno tan agradable con companeros como Uds. Jamas olvidare dicho viaje y no espero tener otro igual en mi vida. Quiero que sepa Ud. lo agradecido que estoy por sus muchas atenciones.

Inmediatamente que llegue a esta tuve el gusto de telefonear a su Sra.esposa dandole su recadito,el cual le agrado mucho informandome que todos estaban bien aqui.

Del asunto de que me hablo en esa ya lo inicie por correspondencia y tengo fundadas esperanzas de poder hacer algo. Suplicole mandarme lo mas pronto posible los planos,condiciones,etc.porque sin estos es mas dificil tratar inteligentemente el asunto.

Reiterandole mi mejor disposicion para servir a Ud. de la manera que guste, quedo con el gusto de siempre,su afmo. amigo y atto. S.S.

Wirt G. Bowman

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Le doy un recadito con torrefrancia la noche que sali de esa.

Devo librarame del negocio que trate en otra Carta con esta misma fecha para poder irme a esa en enero sobre el negocio del Hotel.

Handwritten notes and scribbles in the upper right corner, including numbers and symbols.

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8/26/20

Estimado Amigo!-

Para que se entere ad delo
que anda haciendo ese gachupin h
le adjunto un articulo que corte del
Examiner de Los Angeles.

Las cosas de aqui andan bien, hay
mucho poletico en la cuestion del
Presidente Municipal.

Espero con ansia su carta sobre
el negocio del Hotel.

Da apmo amigo y ss.

Wirt G. Bowman

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NEW REGIME MEETS GENERAL APPROVAL THROUGHOUT MEXICO

(Special to The Citizen)

NOGALES, Aug. 24.—Unqualified approval throughout Mexico of the provisional government, President de la Huerta and Generals Calles and Obregon, is reported by Wirt G. Bowman, who has just returned from Mexico City where he went a month ago with General Obregon.

"The administration of Mexico by de la Huerta is applauded on every side," said Mr. Bowman. "There is the utmost liveliness in trade and traffic throughout the country. Business men are conducting their affairs with renewed energy and confidence. This is particularly true of the west coast states and of Mexico City.

"General Obregon is the popular idol of the people and is assured of election as president of the republic. The general is one of the ablest men I ever met. His election will be a distinct advantage to his country, as through his rule Mexico is bound to take on wonderful commercial impetus. This is conceded on all sides.

"De la Huerta is idolized by his people, who recognize in him the greatest leader they have had in many years. The appreciation of General Calles is equally sincere and widespread."

Mr. Bowman is heavily interested on the west coast. He is a partner in the Sonora and Sinaloa Commercial company and has large holdings in other lines on both sides of the border.

MEXICO SAD IN NIGHTMARE OF MISRULE

Gloom in the Nation's Capital City
Tells the Story of the Country's Sufferings, Says Ibanez

By V. Blasco Ibanez,
Author of "The Four Horsemen of
the Apocalypse."

(Copyright, 1920, by V. Blasco Ibanez)

THE Mexican capital is a city of gloom.

In daytime, under a dazzling sun and a sky of deep blue, it has movement and animation. Besides, pretty women, with great deep eyes and golden complexions, are going about the streets. But when the night shuts down Mexico City resumes its mood of somber melancholy.

This quality of sadness and loneliness is only intensified by the brilliant lighting of the streets. Some ancient towns seem to shake off their habitual gloom when, after sunset, they are shrouded in romantic semi-darkness. But Mexico is one of the best lighted cities in the world. New York may surpass it in its Great White Way with its electrical advertisements, but the majority of New York streets are pitch dark as compared with those of the Mexican capital.

Electricity costs very little there. It comes from a waterfall of enormous horse power that lights all the cities of the Mexican plateau and drives the machinery in the factories and mines. That is why the street lighting of Mexico City is the best in the world. Every twenty-five feet there is an iron column with five large globes. The streets blaze like a conflagration. The lamps seem to meet a few yards ahead of you, shutting you in between two narrowing walls of fire.

The Night Lonesomeness

And underneath all this splendor, as intense as the brightness of noon-time — solitude, nothing, emptiness, made more acutely noticeable by the occasional appearance of some passerby. In this city of brightness the after-dinner problem of any one unable to go to a theater is something maddening. "What can I do? Where can I go?"

I used to go for a walk every night along the principal avenue of the city, winching under the blinding glare. Before long I came to know by sight all my habitual companions on this promenade, much as you come to know by sight the people who eat regularly in your restaurant or stop at your hotel.

One of them was a dog. It was the same dog every night, and after several meetings I felt like wishing him good evening.

There was also a man escorting his wife—the same man and the same wife each time—and at the end, though I had never spoken to them, I felt that I had known them all my life. They did not miss an evening. And other habitues went by along this great avenue, so royally illuminated, but as deserted as a village road—families returning from some party, some "tertulia," chattering pairs of lovers, or hurrying taxicabs.

Every so often a small motionless group of people—the entrance to some theater or movie show! Beyond them silence and solitude again! Again that electric lighted vacuum in which your footsteps echoed as in a tomb.

I found Mexico a very gloomy city.

People who have lived there all their lives assured me that in former times it was not like that. They said that under Diaz this city which a famous traveler of the era of Spanish rule referred to as the "City of Palaces," had a night life as elegant and amusing as any great metropolis in the world.

I am inclined to believe them. In those days there was peace and prosperity, though liberty may not have been so great. People could go out on the streets at night without running very serious risks. But now, after ten years of perpetual upheaval, bad business, and personal insecurity for any one not connected with the revolutionary profession, how can the capital avoid an appearance of sadness and discouragement?

Germans in Mexico

Besides the old wealthy families which supported the amusements of other days have now been reduced to poverty or else they have gone abroad into exile far from Mexico. The newly rich are not anxious to display their wealth. They affect very modest ways of living, to avoid any questions as to how they may have made so much money in such a very short time.

The worst of it is that the present situation offers no outlook toward better things. People had got used to life under Carranza, the way you get used to a disease. He was bad enough, but a new revolution would make things worse. Many optimists believed there would be no more violent overturns of governments. But the present revolution came all the same. And we may be sure it will not be the last. It is an insurrection led by a number of different men for a single Presidency. In it are the seeds of several other revolutions, which will follow at greater or lesser intervals of time.

I can imagine all that the faithful inhabitants of Mexico, who never deserted their country, have seen and suffered in these last years. And so I can understand why it is they stick to their houses at night and never go out except for some very urgent reason.

I do not attach so much importance to those early days of the great revolution's triumph, when the houses of the rich were pillaged and libraries and works of art were destroyed. Many revolutions, in the lush of first success, have been marred by episodes like these. The poor native, neglected by everybody, conservatives and liberals

like, had never been sent to school, save to the school of violence. He thought he was within his rights in tearing books to pieces and burning or selling them. A carbine meant more than a volume in his eyes.

The native looks around him in Mexico, and his peasant's insight into things tells him that it is not by reading books that people get to power and rule over other men. He sees that the successful man is the man on a broncho, with a lasso coiled around the horn of a saddle, a rifle slung over his shoulder and a machete dangling from his fist.

The discouraging thing is that the pardonable initial violence of the revolution was followed by the systematic, calculated violence of so-called peace, one act following another like the scenes on a theater program — cold-blooded outrages like those German militarists planned in Europe to overawe its foes with terror. The peaceful, harmless persons who remained in Mexico lived through all that. It was to escape all that that so many families fled to New York, Los Angeles, Paris, London or Madrid.

Public and Private Robbe

Every triumphant General moved into the house that he liked best; and the domestic instincts of the Mexican guerrillero, which blend with his harsh and cruel disposition, were turned loose without any restraint. "This automobile for the 'old woman.'" "This parlor set is just what 'mi India' has been looking for." That was the case with the German soldiers in the French cities. They plundered, but with the preferences of their wives and daughters in mind.

When people have been on a visit to some conqueror's mansion in Mexico City they often go away nudging each other: "Did you notice? That furniture in the dining room used to belong to So-and-So." There are women who quite openly wear famous gems given them by their husbands, but which once belonged to other women. The more prudent ones proceed somewhat differently. A popular actress in Mexico, whose mission it was in recent years to receive love letters from Generals, along with jewels from the booty of revolution, has a goldsmith working for her who does nothing but transform lockets into rings and rings into breast-pins. In the new form it will be harder for the original owners of the gems to identify them.

In addition there was robbery under private management, with all the mystery and intrigue familiar in the detective story and the movie drama. Especially notorious and terrifying was the "Band of the Gray Car."

A well-to-do family, venturing to leave home for an evening call, on returning would find the house open, all the trunks and safes forced, every drawer turned topsyturvy, and the servants bound and gagged. On a table would be a note: "Do not report to the police. Silence is golden. Truly yours, The Band of the Gray Car."

That would be the end of the matter. People would talk, of course, but in secret, with their friends. This Band dealt particularly with the homes of wealthy exiles, where such operations could be conducted with virtual impunity. Any passerby, seeing the formidable vehicle parked in front of a house, would do his best to get as far away as possible, and as soon as possible.

The Gray Car Mystery

There was good reason for fearing the terrible car. Its joy riders, though ordinary bandits themselves, proved to be all powerful. The active leader of the Band, according to common report, was a young general, with a suspicious record of notorious morals, who kept a number of actresses supplied with jewelry. According to the same gossip, the "man-higher-up" in the whole business—and at this point one seems to enter fairyland—was no less than one of the most highly placed generals.

I repeat that the story is hard to swallow, and I refuse to believe it. But for many people the General remains "the man of the Gray Car." During the recent election campaign, his political enemies put a film on

the screens on every circuit in the republic. It was detective story dealing with the Gray Car outrages. The purpose of the film was divined by everybody. It aimed to keep the memory of certain doings fresh in the public mind.

The real truth is that the mystery has never been solved. When this General had given up his public office, Carranza started out to satisfy the public demand for a clean-up. He succeeded in catching the Gray Car and all its occupants red-handed. But the men corraled were mere tools, nothing more, common burglars hired to do a certain job. "They are bound to squeal," people thought, in the expectation of sensational revelations. "They will denounce the men higher up to save their own skins." But the thieves died, one by one, in prison before the cases came to trial. Some were murdered outright. Others died suddenly. But not one of them talked.

Danger to life was, for some years, much more serious for residents in Mexico, than danger to property.

The Zapatistas are the most slandered of all the numerous political groups in that much divided country. In reality Zapata's followers were the only sincere revolutionaries. They formed a sect rather than a party, and Zapata was a prophet whom they obeyed. "Land for everybody!" That was his slogan. His men were barbarians, something like the Huns. They would fall upon Mexico City much as the barbarian invaders used to sweep down upon Rome. But they were honest men. No one in my hearing ever accused Zapata or any of his followers of getting rich off their raids. They smashed everything they could lay their hands on, but they never carried any of the pieces away in their pockets.

Among these unselfish vandals of the revolution we must reckon Villa, too. People who called themselves important many a time had to go and pay homage to this chieftain, or justify their manner of living before him in the famous Pullman car, which was his regular domicile, and which is, to the history of contemporary Mexico, what Attila's tent was to the dawn of the Middle Ages.

Don Pablo's Murder Jokes

But what I was going to say is this. The presence of the Zapatistas and the Villistas, so long denounced as bandits, even by the very men who used them early in the revolution, was much less feared by the honest, hardworking citizens of Mexico, than the approach of Government troops. "And now for the Carranzistas," they would say, as the bands of Zapata or Villa retired; and they would begin to weaken at the knees.

And who were the Carranzistas? They were Don Pablo Gonzales and Alvaro Obregon!

"Old Man" Carranza was way behind, coming from Vera Cruz, with all his cabinet furniture.

Gonzalez and Obregon represented triumphant "Carranzismo."

Genial, lovable chaps, these two old cronies, who, now that Carranza has been put out of the way, ask the world to accept them as two men of the future, two political virginites!

Don Pablo, so deferential toward persons and so meticulous about legality, would summon a group of officers.

"Gentlemen, you are a court-martial. Put So-and-So on trial and have him shot. He is a nuisance."

The court would come to order. The defendant would bring proof of complete innocence. His counsel would thrash around and tear his hair, and the court itself would end by asking for the culprit's release.

That would not disconcert Don Pablo. He would draw his pen through the verdict and say to an adjutant: "Go and get that So-and-So." Mr. So-and-So would be at home, surrounded by family and friends and receiving congratulations on his acquittal. Then the new summons would come. "More red-tape to unwind, I suppose," the unlucky man would say. "Perhaps I forgot to sign some paper."

A half hour later he would be in front of the firing squad.

Ill humor was the characteristic of all Don Pablo's practical jokes. Obregon, for his part, had a lighter touch. His jests were more

expansive, more theatrical. He is something like the Kaiser in this respect, and doubtless in recognition of spiritual kinship with the man, William II, as Obregon claims, wanted to read the book the Mexican Napoleon had written. The parallel can be pushed further. Obregon has an amputated arm; the Kaiser has a withered hand. They are both "cracked," as the phrase goes, both fond of sensational speeches, dramatic attitudes and ostentatious military reviews.

On his entry into the capital Villa's conqueror took advantage of a public meeting to insult the whole population at one stroke. "You Mexico Cityites are so many females. Why don't you dress in pe'ticoats? This woman here is more of a man than the best of you here. Citizeness, accept my pistol. And he presented a revolver to "citizeness" on the stage, who was bearing a Sam Brown and had been much in evidence among Carranza's men.

The business men in Mexico City won this tribute from the General's eloquence, because, like the business men of Guadalajara, Puebla, and other important centers, they had refused to join the revolution.

The so-called hero of Celaya liked to slap shopkeepers in the face, or set them to sweeping the streets. When his humor was most expansive he would dwell on the Spanish ancestry of the merchant class, and address some vulgar epithet to Spain. Mexican nationalism usually expresses itself in obscene insults to other nations.

For the rest, he, too, ordered executions and executions, but as I said, always with a touch of good humor.

Genial Stories of His Aide

One of Obregon's most delightful "parlor stunts" or after-dinner amenities is to narrate the life and miracles of Gen. Benjamin Hill.

"... and then—Hill, you know how Hill is—Hill puts his gun between that grocer's eyes, and says 'Charge, Fido,' and the poor fish kneels down to be shot. But Ben doesn't even have to pull the trigger. The fellow has croaked from sheer fright... sheer fright!"

"... and then Hill—Hill was always like that—he lines 'em up against the wall, and bang! Oh, Hill is a terror when he gets going."

"... and then, Hill, he bundled that bunch of priests into a train of cattle cars and sent them off to Vera Cruz, telling the engineer not to break the speed laws. That's a time they went to bed without their suppers! The trip took several days. But Hill always was an atheist, you know."

"... and then Hill, he says to these 'gachupins' ('gachupin,' like 'gringo,' for the American, is what a Mexican creole is called), he says to those gachupins, either you come across with the cash or you get the firing squad. And the gachupins came across... came across!"

As Obregon tells these tales of General Hill's prowess, he underlines the fine points with a smile that he would make a smile of disapproval. In your astonishment, as you listen, you ask yourself: "But who can this Hill be? Some superior of Obregon, whose orders Obregon can criticize but not countermand?"

Not at all! Hill is simply Obregon's chief of staff, his ranking lieutenant, who does nothing without permission.

It is a case of cruelty masked by jovial, or, as I said, a good-humored hypocrisy.

13

REPUBLICA MEXICANA

TELEGRAFOS NACIONALES

Telegrama recibido en México, D. F.

290 Oceanpark Cal via Laredo Tam 8 sep nu ir q 10-25 oro pd,dl1.50p

Gral. A Obregon.

F.I.Madero uno.

Felicitolo de todo corazón por su triunfo electoral. Saludolo afectuosamente

Wirt G Bowman.

Todo telegrama debe llevar el sello de la Oficina



Handwritten signatures and scribbles in the lower right area of the document.



REPUBLICA MEXICANA

TELEGRAFOS NACIONALES

TELEGRAMA

Núm. 485 De Mexico el 9 de Sept de 1920

Recibido en Mda. el 10

Via of
Sr. Genl. A. Obregon

H. D.	H. R.	T.
<u>pm 9:20</u>		<u>pm</u>
		<u>pm</u>

Wirel G. Brownman de
 290 Occident Cal con fecha
 ayer enviale siguiente mensaje
 "felicitalo de todo corazon
 por su triunfo electoral" Resp
 J. B. Perez Frejo

Todo telegrama debe llevar el sello de la Oficina.

TELEGRAFOS NACIONALES

TELEGRAMA para transmitir por estas líneas con absoluta sujeción a las condiciones que al reverso se expresan y son aceptadas por el que suscribe:

INDICACIONES DE SERVICIO

Núm.	PALABRAS	Valores	H. D.

De **México** el **16** de **septiembre** de **1920** de 19

Para **OCEANPARK. CAL.** Via.

Sr. **WIRT G. BOWMAN.** Domicilio

GRACIAS POR SU CERINOSA FELICITACION QUE ENVIAME

POR TRIUNFO OBTUVO MI CANDIDATURA PRESIDENCIAL EN ULTIMAS

ELECCIONES. APTTE.

ALVARO OBREGON.

FASE 851