

927 South Carondelet Street,
Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.
September 16th, 1920.

His Excellency
General Alvaro Obregon,
President-elect of the
Republic of Mexico,
MEXICO CITY.

My dear General,

I am confident that you will not deem it a liberty beyond forgiveness at my writing to you, and particularly at enclosing the article I have written and published, and a copy of which (in English) I sent to EL HERALDO DE MEXICO, in the City of Mexico, not knowing, of course, if the said periodical has published the article in translation of otherwise.

When I read the attack by Vincente Blasco Ibañez against Mexico and more particularly against Your Excellency, my heart burned within me to spring into the breach for the defense. I was urged thereto by the fact that I had the honor of seeing you several times in my neighborhood, on West Ninth Street, in the cars, and particularly knowing your dear and beloved son, to whom I frequently speak, for he is so very good and lovely.

It ought to be enough with the above, but I feel constrained to add that I can do two things to favor Mexico and Your Excellency's administration:

1): I can get an immediate expression from Senator Harding that will lend confidence to the people of Mexico in the good faith of the Republic's administration; for, Senator Harding thinks a great deal of me.

2): I have the very best relations with Capitalists in the United States and can secure loans with the greatest ease. All I would wish is, that my name be not mentioned and that my work be entirely secret, so that enemies of Mexico might not intervene, and that they would never know how, when and who does the work.

If these lines have found favor in your mind, Your Excellency need not write me. A telegram, saying the one word "Si", would indicate to me that I am to have a private and immediate interview with you at the City of Mexico, and I will go at once.

Thanking Your Excellency in advance, I am, Your Excellency's
Obedient Servant,

Adolfo Dominguez

Adolphe Danziger, a lawyer of Los Angeles, Cal., and a former United States Consul at Madrid, Spain, is not for either of California's favorite sons, Senator Hiram W. Johnson or Herbert Hoover. Mr. Danziger made a speech in the Harding headquarters in favor of the Ohio Senator.

"I have been in Republican politics for thirty years, and I worked for the election of the martyred President McKinley," he said. "I tell you that Senator Warren G. Harding, far more than any other candidate, represents the spirit of McKinley."

Senator Harding, obviously pleased, stepped forward and thanked Mr. Danziger.

Higgins Building,
Los Angeles, Cal.
September 3, 1920.

Editor EL HERALDO DE MEXICO,
MEXICO, D.F.

Dear Sir,

If I beg the privilege of presenting these lines for your consideration, it is with the intention of righting a wrong - if words can do it - to the fair name of the Republic of Mexico and some of her most distinguished citizens.

If, in what I shall say, I prove wrong, please correct me; if I am right, pray accept these lines as my homage to a country and a people that I admire and at whose hands I have received nothing but kindness and consideration, here and abroad.

My thoughts revert, then, to an article published in one of our newspapers, written by Vincente Elasco Ibañez, the Spaniard, in which, with abuse of other distinguished Mexican gentlemen, he calls General Alvaro Obregon "unbalanced".

In this connection I am happy to say that I have seen General Obregon a number of times during his stay in Los Angeles, and the evidence of his being "unbalanced" corresponds with the "drunkenness" of General Grant. The story being told that an envious General earnestly requested President Abraham Lincoln to take the command of the Northern Armies out of the hands of General Grant.

"And why, pray, shall I do this?" asked the President.

"Because Grant is never without a bottle of whisky," was the reply.

"Find out what brand of whisky it is, General," said the President.

"Why, sir?" asked the General.

"Because I desire to recommend it to all my generals in the field; if by having it they can win the victories, the glory, sir, General Grant has won," the President replied.

By analogy I desire to say that if the acts of General Alvaro Obregon demonstrate his insanity - or being "unbalanced", it might be well to recommend the same sort of insanity to all the public men

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not only in Mexico but everywhere, the United States of America included; if, having made the country stable for President Carranza, whatever may be said of the late President's administration, can be called insanity, then General Obregon is decidedly insane; if, seeing the misrule in that regimen, and fired by patriotism and a heart that beats for those in bondage; if bravery to act upon convictions that are noble; if courage and intelligence to go into the field and fight for the pacification of Mexico; if unparalleled diplomacy, political sagacity and unqualified success in overcoming obstacle from within and from without, can be called insanity, can brand a man as being of unbalanced mind, then General Obregon is unbalanced.

However, it is not difficult to see that the writer of the article that so slurred General Obregon, was hired to abuse; was told to show American readers that there is no balm in Gilead; that Mexico is incapable of ruling herself; that she needs a North-American mentor, guide and philosopher, to regulate her affairs. That this guide, coming at first in the guise of a friend might in time become a predatory tyrant; that the gentry that have invested their money in Mexico, but who, with malice aforethought, desire to absorb the country entire, shall find a military protector, even so addle-pated an individual as Balsco Ibañez would not dare to set forth in so many words, lest the intention of those who pay him to abuse Mexico, become too apparent.

However, like all inveroacious statements and groundless abuse, an abuse that is sanctioned neither by right thinking and well informed persons nor by the American Government, they are bound to defeat their own object. In his abuse and invidious criticism of men and measures in Mexico, he even maligns the fair city of Mexico, praised by all travellers as the Paris of the Southern Hemisphere. To Ibañez even the nocturnal illuminations of the city of Mexico are abominable. There is too much light; there are too few persons abroad, and the only creature that he meets on his nightly rambles, is a dog. What beautiful homogeneity!

Personally I have such a love for Mexico and the Mexicans; I so

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sympathise with their virtues and so pity their shortcomings - for ^{who} dares to say that he is free of the latter? - that lately, when I had to defend in open Court a Mexican who had shot and killed another here in Los Angeles, my analysis of the Mexican character, my plea for fairness, for justice untainted by prejudice, won for him life and liberty.

I have no desire to meddle in Mexican politics, and do not for a single moment wish to be understood that I hold a brief for this presidential candidate or that in Mexico. These lines are written simply and purely for the sake of justice; it is my desire to assure the fair people of Mexico through the medium of your excellent journal that I am only one of millions in this country who love and respect the citizens of Mexico and wish their unalloyed happiness; that the better element in the United States is not guided by what Mr. William Randolph Hearst says or does touching his private affairs, and that if he has a grievance against Mexico and the Mexicans it is not shared by the rest of the people of the United States.

Fair-minded persons never desire to make all the people accountable for the sins of a few. If this were so, and it were rightly so, how great a sin would not the people of the United States have to bear for the atrocious killings of negroes in the southern states of the United States.

I am glad that it is not so; I am glad that we can freely and frankly look you Mexicans in the face and say to you: "You are a great nation; you have your own great men, heroic men, true men, men to whom love of country is dearer than life itself; you Mexicans that have lived so long as a Republic, you shall yourselves put your house in order; you shall not be interfered with by either demagogues, hired hack-writers or vicious, self-seeking politicians from other countries.

Mr. Ibañez, in his boundless injustice to the land that housed, fed and honored him, tells the American people that Mexico has revolutions. If the truth were told it would be found that those instigating revolts in Mexico, are traitors not born in Mexico. Freebooters that go to Mexico, urge discontent and in the melee, rob to their heart's

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content. These are the mentors, the guides that have made Mexican band-its out of fellows otherwise brave and loyal to the land that gave them birth, and such agitators ought to be weeded out from Mexico if the country is to be free and happy.

Mr. Ibañez is particularly unhappy because several Spaniards have not fared well at the hands of Mexicans. What would he? Is he going to tell us that Mexicans have to be tame when certain gentlemen from Spain desire to live like lords at the cost of the wealth and the blood of Mexicans without a quid pro quo? Does he mean to proclaim as a principle of justice and honesty - he who boasts of his having been in jail for the sake of his principles - would he have men of alien nationality live in Mexico, enjoy all the privilege of crowned citizenship and assume not the slightest responsibility?

I say, it is wholly unbecoming in him to make such an accusation against the Mexicans, because one of his countrymen happened to elicit his sympathy for some wrong ~~dear~~ or fancied.

It so happens that I know this writer. I have heard my friends in Madrid express themselves about him, and these men, José Echegaray, the immortal, Menendez-Pelayo and Benito Perez Galdós, are men who, it will readily be believed, would not speak lightly or maliciously.

I am taking this opportunity to say that there are very many of men and women in the United States and particularly in California who, ~~not knowing~~ knowing the Mexicans as well as I do, might give credence to the utterances published in the Hearst papers. To those and to the Mexicans, I beg to give the assurance that there are equally many others that cannot be swayed in their judgment and in their sense of righteousness by anything this Spanish writer has said. They will not respect ~~the increase of~~ any one who has no respect for hospitality.

As for that splendid man, soldier and statesman, General Alvaro Obregon, it is quite certain that words written at so much per line cannot hurt him in the estimation of right loving persons, be they Americans or Mexicans.

Very sincerely yours,

Los Angeles, Cal.
September 3, 1920.