

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Twelve)

March 18, 1939.

We left Rio de Janeiro last night about thirty minutes late because a pint size Rhode Island lawyer, who wears shorts on the boat and exposes his infantile shanks, was late in arriving at the pier. The engines had been started and the tug boats had pulled the Nieuw Amsterdam far enough away from the docks to permit her to go ahead when the derelicts hove in sight. Our boat was stopped while they made connections by launch, but they had to clamber up a swinging rope ladder, and the boos they received made one think of the Missouri University methods of treating athletic decisions.

When our excursion train left Santos to go to Sao Paulo, one couple was left behind and had to follow on a regular, and later train. The excuse they gave was that excursions were never on time and they hadn't hurried. We have heard that when a ship fails to leave at its regular hours for sailing, that it has to pay an additional charge as a penalty. This would be no more than fair for the tugs are always ready on time.

If anyone in Lawrence has an idea of investing in South American securities, we suggest that they send to London, England, for copies of the South American Journal, which has been carrying a series of articles under the heading, "British Investments in Latin America." Brazil has prohibited the circulation of the magazine, but I happened to see a copy that had been "bootlegged" in.

We came mighty near having a tragedy at Rio yesterday. We have on board Misses Georgia and Josephine Bader of Detroit, Mich., who have been popular with everyone. They are pretty, dress stunningly, are athletic, and put on such a good skit the evening the various states were heard from, that they won first place. One of the prettiest and most popular beaches at Rio is Copacabana and every time we have driven by, our guide has remarked on how dangerous it is to go out too far.

Yesterday the twins thought they would take a dip, and they couldn't be blamed for it, because it was hotter than the hinges we have heard about. The rollers were coming in strong and Josephine found herself being taken out to sea. She kept her head well, but it took the concerted efforts of a Brazilian and his boat and some 20 others to save her, and she had to be given emergency treatment, but she was in for dinner last night. I guess the only reason they are single is that there is a law against bigamy, and it would be a shame to separate the girls.

I am not sure that I wrote of the experiences with Germans and Italians at Punta Arenas. It seems there are some 50 families of Germans there and 47 are Nazis, while the others have good sense. When sailors from a German ship landed a few weeks ago they were given the bums rush. Later Italian and German boats did not land. There has been much talk in the States about the inroads the Germans have been making down here, but our information leads us to believe that the people favor neither Fascism or Naziism. Germans have made real progress in South America in a business way, and it is said there are more Italians in Buenos Aires than there are in Rome.

Bennie Carman did us a great favor when he sent us a letter to his cousin, F. C. Scoville, who has been down here ten years or more, and has spent twenty-two years in Latin American countries. He handles publicity and public relations for a Canadian company which operates tramways, electric light plant, gas supply, telephones, etc. Mr. Scoville, with whom we had a very pleasant visit, speaks highly of the ability and courage of Getulio Vargas, president of Brazil.

A friend told us yesterday of his experience when he was a lone American on a ship laden with typical, frosty, high hat Englishmen. Instead of yielding to his American instincts for friendliness, the American high hatted the high hatters. He couldn't even see them, and after awhile the Britons came to the conclusion that he must be a man of great importance and sought to cultivate him. He remained firm in his assumed dignity, with the result that Lord "Forgivus", or Lord somebody who was on the boat, invited him to his table, and gave him royal treatment.

Rio de Janeiro, roughly speaking, has a population equal to that of Kansas, but has only eighteen thousand automobiles, or less than

three times the number we have in Douglas county. There should be a big market here for autos, if President Vargas is successful in his effort to increase wages. Wages now are low. The basis of monetary values is the Milreis, or one thousand reis. This milreis coin now has a value of slightly more than 5 cents. With our American dollars we have secured anywhere from 18.3 to 20 milreis for a dollar, and all of the larger stores are glad to accept the dollar at its market value. Street car fare is 1/2 cent (U.S.A.) for a ride up to five miles. A cup of coffee at the cafes sells at the same price. Many persons here will drink from twelve to fifteen cups a day, but they are tiny cups, holding about a gill. Used with an abundance of sugar the coffee is quite palatable, but if used with milk, it should be about half and half, and then would seem strong to us. Native Brazilians, who have been to the States, say that our coffee is tasteless.

4 To most of the cafes here women are not presumed to come. Just why I don't know, but perhaps it is an old Portuguese custom. We have seen hundreds, or thousands of orchid plants, but this is the dry season and they are not in bloom in their wild state.

We were a little surprised to find that the old open sewer still exists here in some places. It is walled with slanting sides, and one might easily mistake them for small canals. In one place we saw a new handsome residence, just across the street from one of these open drains. The open sewers are said to be disinfected daily.

Many of the sidewalks are made of stones of irregular shape with which patterns have been worked in black and white. They are attractive, but not so easy on the feet as smoother walks. The streets are beautiful and later I will write more about the beauty of Rio.

"A Noite," which means Tonight, is the name of the leading newspaper, which owns and practically occupies a twenty-five-story building, the highest in the city, which fronts towards the docks.

There was but little rain in February and none so far in March, so Rio has been suffering from lack of water. Water in the mains is turned on but forty-five minutes a day, and now only once every two days, according to the information given us by a Brazilian.

Many homes have sub-basement reservoirs for holding water, and during the time there is water in the mains, these reservoirs are filled. This water is then pumped to a tank on top of the house and from this upper reservoir the house gets its supply. Naturally everyone is using water sparingly, but we noticed men watering plants in the public plazas, altho pools in the botanical gardens were dry.

One of the reforms instituted by President Vargas is that no man shall hold more than one government job at a time. It is said that this action was made necessary because some men held as many as nine positions at the same time. That sounds as if they may have had their training in trying to run a newspaper.

Not long after assuming dictatorial powers, Vargas had a Brazilian flag made of monstrous size. Then he called in the governors of the states, or provinces, and also gathered a supply of the state flags. A big bonfire was built and upon it were placed the state flags, after which the great Brazilian flag was unfurled. He has a five-year plan under way in which he hopes to have a minimum wage of the equivalent of \$32.00 U. S. A. per month for industrial workers. Now workers on roads receive around sixty cents a day, in our money.

A good American who has studied this continent made an interesting observation while we were visiting yesterday. He said that whenever he thinks of the billions of dollars spent by Roosevelt with so little

permanent results, he feels like taking off his hat to the South American countries which have been erecting fine buildings and great highways. Both Roosevelt and the dictators have been spending our money—but the fellows here at least have something to show for it.

Vargas is also trying to make Brazil produce its own wheat. The rice used was formerly imported, but now Brazil produces her own supply. Japanese farmers in Sao Paulo now number some 400,000 and have introduced the cultivation of many crops not heretofore produced in Brazil. Brazilian farmers have keenly felt their competition. The Japs are also beginning small factories for the manufacture of Ten Cent Store products.

It is said that the Bougainvillea is indigenous to Brazil and was named after the French admiral who loved the flowers and first reported them to his country.

It is not quite true that there is no color line in Brazil. While colored men may hold public office, the white and black families do not mingle in the same society and even among the colored population there are various social grades. It is said that if a man wears a coat he is considered as being of the first class, and if no coat, he is second class. On railroads in Chile I noticed three classes indicated on the sides of railway cars.

The Japanese in Sao Paulo have been intermarrying with negroes and to discourage the practice it is reported that a ship will soon arrive in Brazil bringing eighteen hundred prospective brides to the lovelorn Japs.

Brazil has closed schools speaking only foreign tongues. This was directed largely against German schools as it was found that some young men drawn for military service could not speak the Brazilian tongue. *a peculiar*

This is an odd sort of a letter as it deals mostly with odds and ends, stories gleaned from many sources, but it will give you a little better understanding of Brazil, the largest country in South America, with its estimated population of 44,000,000 people. No actual enumeration is possible because of certain uncivilized tribes in the outer reaches of the country.

W. C. S.

Notes of a Tourist

~~Aboard the Nieuw Amsterdam~~

At sea, off the coast of Florida
February 13, 1939

We have always liked the people of Lawrence, and of the surrounding country, but I have often wondered how much that feeling was reciprocated. Perhaps everyone feels that way at times. We wonder whether we are merely tolerated, or whether someone really cares for us.

Perhaps it was this feeling that has made Mrs. Simons and me so deeply appreciative of the many kindnesses shown us during the days preceding our departure for a trip around South America. We received so many personal expressions of good will, and carried with us so many letters to be read upon the boat, that it has made the good people of our home town seem dearer to us than ever.

It was cold when we left, yet there were friends at the depot to bid us goodbye and God speed. The train stopped for so short a time and there were so many bags to put on, that we found too little time to really express our appreciation.

The ride to Chicago was clean, but very rough. The automobile, buses and trucks, have brought keen competition to the railroads; and government by blocs, cliques and theorists have increased operating expenses to the point where little is left for the care of road beds.

A heavy rain had fallen in Chicago, which had largely disposed of the snow that had been piled upon the edges of the walks in order to clear the streets for traffic.

The morning papers told of the death of Pope Pius XI, a man whose ministry covered a most strenuous period in the life of the Catholic church. He was a man of peace and steadfastness, yet he lived to see his church almost disappear from Spain, and to be threatened with extinction in Germany. The New York Times of Sunday, February 12, carried a life size portrait of the pope on its first page and gave many pages to his life and works.

We phoned greetings to my sister, Mrs. Hoinville, while at the Chicago depot and as we went to the train Mr. Hoinville was there with a gardenia for Mrs. Simons. We have fared richly in the matter of flowers, several beautiful bouquets being delivered to our stateroom within a short time after we embarked.

On our way from Chicago to New York we could not help overhearing a loud voiced middle aged man, who sought to entertain and interest a picked up acquaintance. Evidently he succeeded, for her laugh could be heard thruout the car. The girl, who sat across from us in the diner, positively had the largest hands we have ever seen on a woman. ~~Pat Maloney and Otto Fischer do not have tiny hands, yet either could have his hand palmed in hers, as one would clasp the hand of a baby.~~ If there is any woman among our readers who has big hands, she can say with permission that we saw a woman with hands twice as large.

The New York Central railway follows the east bank of the Hudson river from Albany to New York, and from Yonkers into the city it is not an inspiring sight. It is not so bad when you can look across the river at the Palisades, but Saturday morning the country had been drenched with rain, and one could see but a little way.

We walked thru the luxurious tunnel from the Grand Central station, about a quarter of a mile, to the Commodore hotel, where at two o'clock we took a bus for the pier in Hoboken. These bus drivers are clever, they can part a man's hair without touching his scalp, and taking all kinds of chances they rarely have an accident.

While at breakfast we saw a girl who looked like Virginia Bruce, the movie star, but she seemed somewhat older than Virginia does on the stage. That, however, would not be strange for she was the first wife of John Gilbert, and has a grown child.

The Nieuw Amsterdam claims to be the largest and finest boat in the South American cruise service. If one end were at the Eldridge hotel, the other end would be down to Ober's or the Spot Cash shoe store and its eighty foot width would nearly fill Massachusetts street, while its height of ~~fifty~~ ^{five} feet would tower above any building on the street, ~~unless it might be the hotel.~~

Taking the word of a sailor, the boat makes eighteen miles an hour, but there are no stops for oil or meals, and we cover nearly four hundred and fifty miles every twenty-four hours. I have noticed

no boats on the left, or port side but have seen many on the starboard. This probably is because most of the boats we see are of lighter draught. Land may have been visible somewhere, but I have not seen it.

There are about six hundred passengers aboard, and seven hundred and twenty members of the crew. We see men who look as if the boat belonged to them; old men with young women; old women in slacks and hair in more colors than the rainbow, but on the whole we have found folks delightful, the members of the crew attentive, and are enjoying every hour of the day and night. When we hit the hay about 11 o'clock the beds are soft and inviting.

W.C.

Notes of a Tourist

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S. S. Nieuw Amsterdam
Off the Coast of Florida.
February 14, 1939.

We looked out a few moments ago and saw the palm lined beach of Florida, with launches coming out to see the common sight of the passage of a big ship. It has been warm today. Writing in our room we have the air conditioners working and also have the electric fan running full tilt. Without coat or vest it is still too warm.

Yesterday was February 12, the anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birthday. There were two religious services aboard, 8 o'clock mass, and Protestant services at 11 o'clock. The speaker at the latter service was Dr. Bryn Jones, professor of International Relations at Carleton College, in Northfield, Minn.

Years ago we heard J. Willis Glead deliver his famed lecture on Lincoln, which was considered a masterpiece, yet we enjoyed the address yesterday with equal interest.

We attended the afternoon tea at the Ritz Carlton room, and among those we met was Mrs. W. H. Hartsough, of Columbus, O., who is a member of a literary club with Mrs. H. W. Arant, whom she greatly admires. True to Lawrence memories she is said to be immaculate in her attire and an ideal homemaker and hostess.

Getting deck chairs proved interesting. When we asked the deck steward about chairs near the center of the boat, to avoid pitching in case of rough weather, we were told they had all been taken and no good locations were left. However, the steward said he would keep his eyes open and try to care for us in the morning. We assured him we would show proper appreciation and in the morning we had two choice seats.

It makes us wonder if it is not a habit with deck stewards to mark choice seats with fictitious names, in order to secure extra tips. Our chairs are on the glassed-in promenade deck, and are immediately in front of the etched windows of Grand Hall. This room is beautifully decorated. On the ceiling in base relief are mythological figures and aft of the orchestra is a large wall painting, perhaps 30 feet long, depicting six horses with magnificent tails and manes, and with wide open mouths. Mounted are fair maidens a la Godiva and men armed with short Macedonian blades. It looked like it might be Valhalla, that enchanting setting of German mythology, wherein the men fought all day and then had their wounds effaced in time for an evening frolic with the goddesses. More likely the subject is of still more ancient origin.

At the right of our deck chairs we have interesting neighbors in Mrs. Arthur L. Bates and her daughter, Miss Josephine, who has been an art student at Wellesley. They live at Meadville, Pa., wherein is located Allegheny college the first college founded west of the Alleghenies, of which Mr. Bates is a trustee.

There was a boat drill in the afternoon, followed by the presentation of "Test Pilot," featuring Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy.

After dinner a fine concert was given in Grand Hall. Two men from the orchestra sang a duet, and one had an exceedingly good and well modulated baritone voice. Following the concert there was a "brief period for identification" in which everyone spoke to his neighbor on his right. Then many of those in charge of the care and entertainment of passengers were introduced.

We have read many of the interesting steamer letters and cards sent us by friends in the church at home, and others. It seems so good to read their kindly expressions of interest. Some letters have not yet been opened as they are marked for later dates.

We now have for our tablemates Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rath, of Waterloo, Ia., who have builded a great packing plant in that city. They are good christian people and members of the Presbyterian church.

From the number of queries we have had, there must be a great deal of interest in what Landon intends doing in the next presidential election. Others have inquired after William Allen White, but not as a presidential candidate.

This morning we heard an interesting lecture, about an hour and ten minutes long, in regard to Cuba. The speaker had his work well organized, but unless he shortens his talks he will later be addressing empty seats.

One may take lessons in health

exercises, in golf, Spanish, bridge, and in various sports, if he is so minded, without leaving the boat. There are also tailors, cleaners, beauty parlors, barbers, masseurs and shops.

With three regular hearty meals a day, with tea and cakes served between times, and with drinks and various foods available in many parts of the ship, one could eat or drink all of the time, or as long as he could stand it, if he chose to do so. However, one can find more enjoyment in conducting himself more abstemiously.

W.C.S.

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of 175 feet above sea
level

Notes of a Tourist

—3—

~~Nieuw Amsterdam~~, Feb. 17, 1939
Caribbean Sea, nearing Colon, Pan.

We had a very enjoyable visit at Havana. When we went on deck the morning of February 14, we found our ship anchored in a spot, which we were later to learn, was very close to where the warship Maine was destroyed, on February 14, 1898, just 41 years before.

For a good many years the wreck rested in the harbor, a menace to navigation, but was later floated, examined, and towed out to sea. Our lecturer yesterday stated that the plates indicated an internal explosion, and expressed the opinion that it was probably caused by smokeless power, which was then new, and later was accredited with having caused the destruction of three English warships.

The Cuban revolutionists were not novices; their fathers and grandfathers had been fighting for nearly three quarters of a century to secure freedom from Spain. As captives they were elusive, and found their way back to the fighting lines so quickly, that "Butcher" Weyler, corralled them as one would a bunch of cattle, with little more food or conveniences. The mortality was so frightful and the propagandists had done such good work that the people of the States clamored for war, as soon as their papers brought them the news of the sinking of the warship. "Remember the Maine," became an effective war cry which was heard around the world.

The years of American occupation brought peace, improved health; fine highways at least in Havana; commerce, and a measure of prosperity previously unknown to the common people. The United States has been an indulgent guardian at times, and helper always, but it has never won the love that our sacrifices merited.

There are those on the island, who speak kindly of Machado. He built great highways thruout Cuba and his expenditures, vast, and perhaps at times venal, put money in the pockets of the people. Under Batista, the sergeant who became Colonel, and ruler of the country, the expenditures are for the army.

Still one can see evidences of confidence that it is hard for us of the States to understand. Many beautiful new homes have recently been built, some of them far more modern in external appearance than anything we have in Lawrence. Merchants declare that business is only so so, but that sounds like talks with some home folks. The old days when men were inclined to become enthusiastic in discussing business seems to have passed with the Dodo, and the popular thing now is to play things down a bit.

The Cubans are great for sports. The races are popular, the beaches are filled, the casino draws its crowds and turns millions annually into the government treasury. The cock pits still have their devotees, but we find Batista credited with trying to dignify his country a bit. Among other things he has discouraged diving for coins and there were two lone divers about our boat, where formerly there would have been a swarm.

We had for our auto companions for the drive, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Schlesinger, of Denver. We enjoyed their acquaintance, and Mr. Schlesinger's knowledge of Spanish helped a bit. Our driver is an asset to Cuba. His Lincoln car was old, but he showed a keen delight in letting us see worth while things, often away from the beaten paths.

At a plantation fifteen or twenty miles inland we were shown many tropical trees and plants and had them explained to us by a youth who spoke slowly and distinctly. We saw miniature bananas, in which the tree or stalk grows to maturity and bears one bunch of fruit in a year. The stalk is then cut as it otherwise would die. We saw orchids, pineapples, coffee trees, tobacco, cocoanut and other palms, hemp, agave, and many other tropical growths. At the close of our visit we were shown a boxing bout between two game cocks.

In place of boxing gloves their spurs were taped to prevent injury to the birds. A man put on an exhibition with a game cock that we saw duplicated at a circus in Brainerd, Minn., last year, in which the bird acts as if hypnotized, remaining with eyes shut in the position in which he is placed until a snap of the fingers indicated the show was over. The bird seemed to enjoy it and emitted low tones of satisfaction at being petted.

The stores are large and with complete stocks. The shelves of piece goods might well remind one of the dry goods stores of forty

years ago. All the places we visited were one price stores, which did away with the unsatisfactory methods of bargaining for each purchase.

Both the senoritas and the young men are fine looking. Their English is far better than our Spanish, but none too good. Strangely enough we found shopping far more like it is done in Lawrence, than like we shall see this afternoon in Colon.

There were many delightful features of our day's ride, but none of greater interest than our visit to the country home of the widow of a former vice president and later president of Cuba. Filled with many precious things our chauffeur and the native attendants seem to have free run of the place. There were old silver, mahogany furniture, tapestries, fine china, wonderful bed rooms, the private office of the former owner with its priceless equipment and so on.

Certainly the owner has perfect confidence in those in charge. There was no charge for admittance, and a little gratuity to the attendants was received with appreciation.

It seemed to us that nearly everything we saw was different from what we had been shown nine years ago, when we paid our first visit to the Pearl of the Antilles. We left with pleasant memories and would enjoy a return visit.

W.C.S.

A

Notes of a Tourist

—4—

South from Panama,
Feb. 19, 1939.

Last Friday at 2 o'clock we docked at Christobal, the Atlantic end of the Panama canal, and walked about a half mile to Colon, where every tourist goes to see the shops, to buy perfumes, to bargain with great brown-eyed Hindus, and to come away with merchandise of various sorts and qualities.

In matching wits with one of these shop keepers the tourist always comes out second best, for if the price is not high enough the vendor will not sell. That the shopkeepers get a kick out of besting the tourists was shown in the case of a Panama merchant, who at the close of the day was asked how business had been. "Oh, I sold one customer \$250 worth of goods, but no fun, he paid the first price I asked." While the profit had been great, the fish had not fought hard enough to make it interesting.

It is hot in Colon, but the sidewalks are arcaded, or curtained to make trading as comfortable as possible. The merchants are interesting. They have clean cut, shapely features, but many of them are darker than most any colored person in Lawrence. Many Negro men and women are employed as salespeople, and in one store the owner, or manager, was a young Negro whose wife assisted him.

The salesmen are greatly interested in trying to get the customer to make an offer. It gives them something to work on. Cuts of from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the first price asked are not uncommon. And the merchandise often looks to be better than it really is. Nearly everyone buys something, and one woman on our boat was so happy over the padded red pajamas she had purchased that she not only wore them on deck of the steamer next morning, but also wore them into the dining room for breakfast.

We are either too old or have too little training to seek the night life that was offered in Colon, but from the decks of the Nieuw Amsterdam the city looked beautiful.

Both the American and Spanish cities are named for Christopher Columbus, the American city with its Spanish name being "Christobal," while the real Spanish city is "Colon," which means Columbus.

Everyone aboard ship was informed they would have to be on deck at 5 o'clock in the morning to see our ship enter the Canal, and it was a fair bet which was the most interesting; our tourists out in night gowns and pajamas, with bare legs and ankles and all sorts of robes, or the big ship being nosed about by two insignificant little tugs, to get it away from the pier, and afterwards to point it into the first lock at Gatun.

When we finally got under way and headed for the locks the buoys on each side seemed to outline a vast lighted highway, thru which the ship held its way toward a bright light far away. After some six or seven miles we began entering the lock as daylight was breaking. The hardest thing to overcome is an irregular wind, and a ship is in more danger of damage while passing thru a series of locks, or at pier, than while sailing across the ocean. The day before several hausers of big new rope had been snapped as we tried to tie up at Colon.

The ride thru the canal was uneventful. Looking keenly for alligators, we espied only two small ones, which were swimming for dear life towards the bank. We also saw an iguana, a large lizard, which is eaten by the natives.

Upon arriving in port in Balboa we were met by our good friend Mrs. Delmore Whitver, who took us for an interesting ride over the causeway to one of the fortified islands. On our return we picked up Mr. Whitver, who took the wheel, and for the rest of the day and half the night we were entertained by our hospitable hosts.

The Whitvers have been at Balboa for about eighteen years, where Mr. Whitver is an expert accountant at the state house. They live in a delightful home with streets trees, vines and flowers in front, with the back yard reaching to the very edge of Ancon bay. To us the home was of much interest. The lower part, or what in ordinary homes in the States would be the first floor, is occupied by garage servants quarters and a large patio, or porch. A concrete stairway leads to adequate living rooms above which are furnished in excellent taste. As the temperature ranges from about sixty at the coldest, to the lower nineties, when it is hot there are no provisions for heating, and the arrangement is largely that of a fine summer home. Our hosts served us a dinner, simple but wonderfully good, with the best coffee we have had on our trip.

Our ride took us half way across the isthmus, thru the jungle, past native towns, beside wayside vendors of bananas or other products and ended at the artificial lake which guards the canal against the possible lack of water to operate the docks. This lake, fed by the Chagres river, also supplies the water for Balboa. We twice crossed LaCrucis Trail, the bloody road over which Morgan, the pirate

carried his booty, making his captives build the road as he went.

The Indians seem indolent, but when you come to analyze the situation, why should they work? It takes little to supply their wants, there is practically no market for their surplus, and no place in which to store it for a time of need. Moisture, ants, other insects and rodents, make storing supplies an impossibility under primitive conditions. Perhaps the Indians are wise, but their wisdom has not led to their advancement, and they are now as they were centuries ago.

Modern buildings in Balboa and Panama are built on solid stone or concrete foundations, but the majority of houses, on the military reservations, in the country and in the city, are built upon concrete piers when possible, and upon wooden piers covered with asphalt or tar, to guard against termites. In driving thru parks or jungle one sees many ant nests, as large as a Kaw Valley watermelon, clinging to the branches of trees.

We went thru the orchid garden begun years ago by an individual and then taken over by the Missouri Botanical Gardens which has recently relinquished control, and hereafter the garden with its thousands of varieties of orchids will be operated by the Canal Zone officials. We saw beautiful orchids in New York, but none to compare with some of the lovely blossoms in this great garden.

We spent a couple of hours in the congested shopping district of Panama where we saw people from the very ends of the earth. It was Saturday night and a Fiesta was to begin the next day, so everyone was out. A pretty costume for the carnival could be bought for \$50 but in addition there should be jewelry and other things, so it is said that the poor save for months in order to be able to buy, and then are broke for a month or two afterwards.

We shouldered our way thru the crowds, and others did the same, but everyone was good natured. We saw all kinds of people from tiny East Indian men and women, scarcely more than four feet tall, showing the destructive influence of child marriage upon the race, to Chinese, Japs, Indians, Spaniards, people from the States and so on thru a long, long list.

We dallied here as long as we could and then over a wide, well-paved road, we went out to Old Panama, the ghost of the city, of twenty or thirty thousand people, sacked by Morgan, who gained knighthood from England for this nefarious work. It is claimed that the Spanish themselves burned the city to prevent Morgan from securing greater loot.

At a turn in the road we saw something that perhaps we shall never see again—the dancing of Pollera—by natives. To music from the tom toms and the clapping of hands, a negro man and a negress would enter the circle made by admiring friends and would dance until crowded aside, by another couple. The first woman we saw dancing looked to be middle aged, and later one of the men appeared to be equally old, but they danced smoothly, gracefully, in a peculiar gliding manner, in which their heads always appeared to move neither up nor down. One of the girls had a wealth of hair hanging over her shoulders. They paid no attention to onlookers, took up no collections, and danced for sheer enjoyment.

Time was passing and the Nieuw Amsterdam sailed at midnight. Hurrying to the pier we had but time to show our friends thru the magnificent new Dutch ship which is making its first cruise around South America. We were all tired, but we were sorry to say good bye. The day had certainly been a high spot in our tour. W.C.S.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Ten)

S. S. Nieuw Amsterdam, Mar. 5, Heading North.

I am ten days behind in my writing, but I have been as busy as a cranberry merchant before Christmas, there are so many things to do to keep up with the program. Perhaps it would be intolerably dull, if we were left to ourselves, but it does seem at times as if we were entertained too much. Too many plans which keep us occupied. I expect those who linger long in the cocktail rooms, or stay up for parties, must sleep half the day. It is interesting to note that there has been absolutely no evidence of drunkenness on the boat, and apparently not one-tenth the drinking there was on our trip to the West Indies some years ago. Half of those in the lounge call for non-alcoholic drinks.

Careful as we have always been at home regarding game laws, a few nights ago we violated the game laws of England by eating, out of season, a bird called "Gelinotte" in English and "Hazelhoen" in Dutch. I don't think the spelling makes any difference to the bird. Our assistant steward has arranged several fine dinners for us. We try hard to keep our eating within bounds, but our table stewards are most insistent and tempt us with strange and delicious foods.

We arrived at Valparaiso, the most important port of Chile, about noon on February 28. The afternoon being open we arranged for a trip to Concon. We used an American Express car and picked as our guide the dumbest man intellectually and linguistically there is in Chile. We passed some beautiful, altho rocky and cold beaches, houses that were the barest sort of shelters from the sun and none from the dust. As for rain there isn't any. We saw growing corn that looked better than any we have had for some years, and saw a number of prosperous looking, well stocked ranches. Now and then we flicked thru a little village.

Where we made our big mistake was in not finding out beforehand whether Concon was a species of Chilean dance, a mountain, town, or something else. When we asked our guide at first, he said or indicated that Concon was ahead, and when we reached a town of considerable size, we asked, "is this Concon?" and then he indicated that we had passed it. So we have lived for ten days in ignorance, and just now I learned that Concon was another beach.

We whisked thru Vina del Mar, one of the most beautiful resorts in Chile, as if it were quarantined, and caught now and then fleeting glimpses of glorious gardens, but the face of our guide was set like a flint. The four hour drive was completed in three and we were thankful when we again found ourselves at the dock.

Our luck changed the next day. We happened to get as our guide a Mr. Sim, born of an English parent on one side and a Chilean on the other. Educated in England, he spoke with a pronounced accent of good English. He knew the city and the nation well and gave us much interesting information. The car we had wasn't what it used to be twenty years ago and the driver seemed perturbed. Well he might be, for Valparaiso goes Rome much better, with probably seventy-seven hills, which make Mount Oread look like a ground swell. There are some thirty Ascensors, similar to the old cable car which formerly took passengers from the old depot in Kansas City and poked them thru a tunnel to reach the upper level of the city.

We took a drive in a southerly direction, skirting the ocean, and passed some beautiful flower gardens and parks. It is astounding how ambitious Chile has been in trying to improve her country along modern lines. Surely, if New Deal laws are the keys to pent up prosperity, Chile should be basking in endless delight, for she has all we have enacted in recent years, and then some, which Corcoran and Cohen seem to have missed.

Finally our car stopped. Accommodating pedestrians pushed and pulled and we coasted down several hills, only to have it go dead in trying to climb the next. Just as our guide, greatly humiliated, was about to telephone for help, the virile director of shore excursions, pulled alongside and traded cars with us. Later with his nail file he worked on the distributing points, or whatever it is that makes a car run, and soon followed us, making the entire trip.

The same year, 1906, that San Francisco had its great earthquake and fire, Valparaiso also suffered great loss in life and property. We stopped at many places of interest, including the Naval Academy on Artilleria Hill, where we had a won-

derful view of the city and the harbor. In the main room are the capstans taken from the wooden ship, Esmeralda, sunk by a Peruvian ironclad many years ago, with the loss of every man aboard. A few years ago an Englishman, having interests in Chile, sent a diver down to the ancient wreck and brought up the capstan heads.

We were to have luncheon at Vina del Mar and all the way out we passed fine homes, all behind closed gates, with each yard filled with flowering shrubs and plants. Geraniums grow to a height of six feet or more and cover entire walls, or fences.

Chile has been enriched by her nitrates and one industrialist had the good sense to develop Nitrate Park, where trees and flowers of many kinds flourish under the benign influence of nitrates.

The Casino at Vina del Mar is said to be the largest in South America and it is the rendezvous of Argentinians who like to gamble, as many forms of gambling are prohibited in their own country. It is a tremendous place and could care for the passenger list of the Nieuw Amsterdam without crowding. On the first floor there are gambling rooms, the great dining room, parlors, corridors and so on thru a long list, and up the broad, winding, marble stairs on the second floor there was exhibited hundreds of canvasses, which evidently had been submitted in competition. It was a surprise to me that the magnificent rocky beaches, with their great breaking waves, and resplendent colors, had been almost entirely overlooked by the artists, who preferred to paint beautifully modeled nudes, in both white and the darker tints of the Chilean.

Maybe when people are drinking lots of wine or spiritous liquors they are not mindful of little things, but I am convinced that the greatest need at Vina del Mar, is not more beautiful gardens, a finer beach, or a more wonderful race track—but some good tight window screens and screen doors for the kitchen. I was hit twice and the effect was disheartening. See note

We had some good music by an orchestra, which was dressed in dark trousers, vest, of blue, both front and back, and flowing sleeves of a sort of pearl gray.

The rest of the afternoon we had for shopping. We found the stores uptown a little disappointing. The stock of native products being about the same in quality and price as those displayed at the dock, but all a wee bit cleaner. My weakness is neckties and for the first time since leaving Lawrence I found something that is not stocked at the home stores. Generally speaking I believe one can find a finer selection of neckwear in several Lawrence stores than he can find in similar stores in New York.

Tuesday, the last day of February, we boarded a train at the dock for Santiago and after a pleasant ride of three hours; at times passing fertile fields and again snow capped mountains; we arrived at the capitol city and were taken to Hotel Crillon for lunch. Some of the youngsters, who were over the day before, complained of the food, but we found it good. Just to show that we are really temperate away from home, I'll let you know that at both luncheon and dinner I bought bottles of water at fifty cents American money per bottle. Perhaps they penalized me because I did not buy wine.

One can tell only a little regarding what may be seen in a few hours ride, but when you say you touch the high spots in Santiago it has a double meaning. Cerro Santa Lucia, crowned by an ancient fortress is almost in the center of town. This was the hill, rising from the plain, against which Valdiva and his Spaniards, placed their backs, while they drove swords and spears thru the attacking Indians, and won the western coast of South America for Spain.

There is another great mountain within the environs of the city, perhaps two thousand feet high,

which is approached in front by a cog railway, and also by an encircling road which winds around for miles, until it finally reaches the summit. It was there that I bought post cards from a Chilean lassie, who knew as little English as I do Spanish, but we got by with the few words we knew, and with the use of spreading fingers.

To prove that price is no obstacle with me when it comes to enjoying art, I have before me two tickets to the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, upon which is printed Valor \$1.00. That looks pretty stiff for a few minutes peek at a really fine collection of marble statuary, but it is not a reckless expenditure, when you realize that a Chilean peso is worth 3 1/3 cents, or thirty for one American dollar.

Our driver knew no English, but we got along fine. A word or two now and then in Spanish, and various motions, enabled us to get a lot out of the tour. Public buildings, congressos, schools, cathedrals, are all much alike, but when you go to the Hipico club you see one of the finest race tracks in the world. The building itself is imposing with its well furnished rooms for various purposes, and its elevator which reaches the fourth floor, but the track itself defies description. It is a dream of beauty.

Mrs. Simons had been wanting some flowers, so I left the station for a moment, went across the street, and bought one hundred deep red, and highly scented carnations for fifteen pesos, or an American half dollar. W.C.S.

Notes of a Tourist

—5—

At Sea, Nearing Callao, Peru, Feb. 21, 1939.

While sailing the Caribbean sea we were reminded that the United States had a total of 140 vessels there at the time, ranging from heavy battleships to small supply ships. These ships bore a total of 41,000 officers and men, and yet out of the whole group we saw but two small destroyers at Balboa, with another tiny gray boat that looked like an officers' armored launch.

In round figures the canal cost a half billion dollars, and if from its annual income, interest were set aside at the rate of 3 per cent, the deficit would be only thirty millions. At the low rate at which Uncle Sam is now borrowing money, the dam is a good investment.

There are some 7,000 employees, which, together with members of their families, or dependents, make a total of around 29,000. In many ways these employees have a good job. The temperature varies only about 30 to 35 degrees, there is usually a cool breeze from the ocean, housing and sanitation are good, rents reasonable to employees, wages are fair, vacations liberal, and they are permitted to buy from the non-profit, non-taxed government commissary, which does a business of \$8,000,000 a year.

The Canal Zone, which includes the canal and five miles on each side, is efficiently governed by a man employed for \$10,000 a year, and the mechanical engineer, whose genius keeps everything running in apple pie order, receives \$9,250 per year. Either one could undoubtedly secure far more pay if employed in private industry, but they take a pride in their work, which is outstanding.

In the early days the manual labor was performed entirely by negroes. The white employees were paid in gold, while the negroes were paid in silver, so the whites soon became known as "Golds" and the others as "Silvers." That designation still prevails. Instead of whites and colored, which latter name might be misleading, the division, whatever it may be, is between Golds and Silvers.

Our information is to the effect that tolls are charged on the basis of tonnage, and that the tolls paid for the passage of the Nieuw Amsterdam was approximately \$17,000.

Everything about the canal is massive, and yet everything being on such large proportions, one soon gets used to it. Our ship which has a breadth of 88 feet, had a clearance on each side of 11 feet. By the simple process of putting the ship into the dock, closing the tremendous gates, which move quickly and easily, and opening the half dozen big pipes leading to Gatun lake, the ship, like a cork, is lifted by the waters until after having passed thru three locks it has gained the top of the canal, 85 feet above sea level. It took the Nieuw Amsterdam eight hours, to enter the canal, pass thru its length of approximately 40 miles and regain sea level after passing the locks at Pedro Miguel, and at Mira Flores.

For those who are hunting for it, parts of the old De Lesseps ditch together with its rusting machinery, may be seen, but to us on the boat little of that nature was visible.

From a military standpoint the Panama canal is one of the most important fortifications in the world. It guards the peace of the world to a greater extent than any other work of man, yet the traveler thru the canal sees military barracks, neat gardens, and wild jungle, but nowhere the evidence of military strength. The guns are so well concealed that they cannot be located either from a ship on the sea, or one in the air.

In an earlier period our coast fortifications were in plain sight. Everyone going to San Diego, Calif., could see the big guns, but the use of the airplane has made a great change. A few years ago representatives of foreign governments were not only permitted to see these things, but were shown just what we had and how we intended to use them. Even after the photographing of armament was prohibited and cameras were taken away from foreigners, the slant eyed vandals of Japan were caught using binoculars, with camera equipment, in order to spy upon our protective devices.

The Canal Zone is an armed camp with fortified hills, islands and subterranean fastnesses, in

which huge supplies are stored. One of its great features of safety lies in the fact that both the Atlantic and Pacific locks lie some six miles or more inland, well protected by shore batteries, so battleships intent on attack will have to undergo the disadvantage of six miles in range.

Still further protection, however is deemed necessary, and all America will unite in the importance of making the canal impregnable. Perhaps another canal will be built thru Nicaragua, but more likely greater efforts will be made to increase the military strength of the canal we now have.

There has been a great deal of improvement in the Isthmus in the past nine years, since our last visit. Beautiful homes in Panama and its suburbs, wider streets, modernistic business houses, a start toward improved highways. Old Panama, sacked by Henry Morgan in 1671 and long left to decay, has been cleaned up a bit. The jungle has been kept in abeyance, walls threatened with falling have been restored in part to preserve them, and scores of ruins are now to be seen which were buried under the jungle growth of nearly three centuries. Even the old stone bridge, built by the Spaniards, has been given new side walls for protection, but its old arches and foundations support modern traffic.

We saw Old Panama nine years ago in daylight, and this time in the late evening. Its haunting shadows are more impressive now, due to the light of a nearby roadhouse, yet one can wish that the tawdry, flimsy construction of the present, could have been kept away from one of the most interesting historical spots in the western hemisphere. One who really enjoys visiting a place of so great interest is not looking for a drink, and one looking for a drink finds little enjoyment in other things.

W. C. S.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Six)

At Dock Callao, Peru, Feb. 22, 1939.

We had our first view of the Andes early in the afternoon Monday. It was a scene of utter desolation. The sand shading from cream color in the sun, to a dark tan in the shadows, runs back to bleak mountains, without a sign of water or of life anywhere. Along the water's edge the shore is precipitous in many places, and when, with the aid of binoculars, we located a town, it was almost white and looked unspeakably hot, with nothing but mud roofs to break the heat of a burning, tropical sun. Later in the

day we saw hundreds of oil derricks. They covered the low-lying land, extending to the water's edge, and formed curved lines over the rolling hills. The fields are owned by foreigners as are mines and some of the railways. The natives seem neither to have the wealth, nor executive ability to develop their natural resources.

The real history of Peru began with its conquest by Pizarro. Ruins indicate pre-Inca civilizations, but they had no written, nor picture language, and their highest mental accomplishment seems to have been the inventing of an understandable system of accounting thru the tying of knots. Pizarro found a peaceful people with an abundance of gold, which had no particular value except for the making of utensils, or for decorative purposes. That they were many in numbers and that their lives were hard, is evidenced by the terraces which formerly ran nearly to the tops of the mountains. These terraces had first to be built of rock and then filled with soil carried from hundreds of feet below. Each day they had to be watered in order to produce crops, and the water was carried in pots, from the stream below. No laborer in any land had harder work to perform.

They had developed textiles, and dyes so permanent that they retained their brilliancy for centuries. They used gold and silver and perhaps other metals. They knew nothing of wheels, and didn't even have a potter's wheel upon which to make their pottery. They made interesting and beautiful pottery and had even developed portraiture in pottery in which faces were reproduced on bowls, pots, pitchers, water jugs, etc. The faces show as great variety as the show cases of the modern photographer. In fact, they not only indicated facial appearance, but gave an idea of race and of intelligence.

These early people were skillful engineers and built bridges, and permanent roads. They knew nothing of the Roman arch and openings in walls slanted toward the center at the top in order to be covered by a lintel. They built terraces and water courses. A great deal of their construction was with huge sun-baked blocks of mud, but where stone was used, the stones were so carefully fitted together that they have stood for centuries, altho no mortar was used.

Their mummified remains show a knowledge of surgery, and they had drums, and flutes with a scale of five notes. They evidently knew little, or nothing, of astronomy, and left few great buildings.

This nation, great in expanse, wealth, and population, was so poorly organized for defense that they were overpowered and cruelly enslaved by a handful of men under Pizarro. Yet with this information, and practically this only, a theory has been built up showing the existence of an ideal communal system in which each worked for all and all for each. A system in which the products of the fields were stored in good years, to carry the population over in times of distress. The history of the Conquest of Peru, written years ago by Prescott, is still an authority without a peer.

Pizarro could neither read nor write and occupied a humble position as a laborer in Spain before he came to the New World. That he possessed remarkable bravery, ability and leadership no one will attempt to deny, but he found no records and too much confidence cannot be placed in the modern efforts to present ancient Peru as a model and ideal communistic state. The truth probably is that ancient Peru was a nation in which labor was conscripted by those in power and forced to perform back-breaking work.

Peru is twice the size of Texas, but two-thirds of it is mountainous. Most of the Indians live in the mountains and on the high tablelands. Airplanes are largely used even for the transport of livestock and machinery, and mining products.

Peru produces cotton, sugar and coffee, and also some tropical citrus fruits. There are not over one million whites in the country, and no one knows just how many people

there are because no census has been taken for seventy years. One hundred sixty thousand tons of guano are exported annually and from 27 to 35 per cent of the nation's imports come from the United States.

Roman Catholicism is the state religion, but curiously enough divorce laws are very liberal. Divorces may be secured by mutual consent, and for many reasons including absence from home for fifty days. In order to vote one must be 21 years old and able to read and write, or else be married. Those who are married may vote at any age. In Ecuador, the nation to the north, there is a law prohibiting the entrance of clergymen, while in Venezuela a missionary must become a citizen before entering on his mission. This little requirement frees the nation from liability for damages should the missionary meet with death at the hands of savage tribes.

It is interesting to know that Peru contributed to the world the potato, the staff of life for multitudes. Ireland, whose early dependence on the potato, gave to it the name Irish potato, in an earlier period lived on wheat and barley.

In seeing Peruvian Indian dances we find that they dance flat-footed like the Indians of North America. In fact their dances are quite similar to those we have seen at Haskell.

We have enjoyed the lectures we have heard, but find that the interpretations do not always square with our own studies of this great and interesting country. W.C.S.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Seven)

Callao, Peru, Feb. 23, 1939.

When we arrived here last night, an hour or two ahead of schedule, we learned there was a carnival at Lima, but one familiar with the good old Peruvian custom, said that the use of squirt guns filled with perfumed water was the most ecstatic thing a Peruvian could do on such occasions, and that when the perfumed water ran out—well, there

wasn't much use to predict just what might be thrown but to be on the safe side one should wear his old clothes. We didn't go.

After looking things over, we are convinced that there is a pretty wide gap in Peru between the rich and the poor. There is none of the dovetailing that we have in America where the rich man may feel poor and the poor may feel his oats. In Peru the cleavage is so distinct that you cannot be fooled. Peru had nearly a hundred years start on New England, but it has not used the years to particularly good advantage.

We had a ride yesterday on the Central railroad, a road built about ninety years ago, engineered by a man named Mason, owned by British interests and losing money. Distances being measured in meters we reckoned that there were for all practical purposes about 1.6 kilometers to the mile. We chugged up the mountains for seventy-five miles to Tamboraque, where we looked at a small herd of llamas, and at the roof of a smelter. After taking pictures we raced our way back to Callao like a Model T, without brakes, going down hill. We made it, but the engineer was either heavily insured, or was an unusually brave and reckless man.

We like the Peruvians because they treated us so kindly. We were told that some of the men who served as guides on the train to explain things in English, were business men of the city, who take time off to be courteous to tourists.

At first the mountains had the appearance of great piles of dirt, and we are inclined to believe that this is the result of lack of rainfall. Perhaps a good rain would wash them up, but we don't know. Farther up they become rocky, and still farther up they become green, at least in part. All the way there is a swiftly flowing mountain stream, which still carries on despite the water diverted for irrigation.

The land is fenced and cross fenced with walls of huge sun dried blocks of mud. Just why the fences seem to never run in straight lines we do not know. It is extremely difficult to tell a modern ruin from an ancient one. The dried mud blocks all look the same. Here and there we saw great piles of earth and blocks, and were told that they dated back to the Incas and that from such piles were dug the pottery and other artifacts which enrich the fine national museum at Lima.

While the land that is tillable has been farmed for ages it seems to have retained its fertility, and all that it needs to make it produce liberally is a supply of water thru irrigation ditches. Very little land remains uncultivated, and many of the ancient terraces are still farmed. As one goes up the mountains, the fields appear greener.

Scattered here and there are attractive homes, surrounded by beautiful flowers, and thrifty looking orchards of citrus and other fruits, but the homes of the workers are very poor, most of them having roofs that will furnish a little protection from the sun only. As water must be carried from the irrigation ditches, or from the swiftly flowing stream, it is used sparingly. The people and the homes look dirty.

However, we went thru several attractive summer resorts where there were beautiful, well kept homes, and at Chosica, there is an attractive hotel with a dining room patio that would appeal to most everyone. It was here that the hostess permitted me to buy a bouquet of magnolia blossoms, that afterwards was a center of attraction on our table in the magnificent dining room of the Nieuw Amsterdam. The buds were six inches long and about three inches in diameter.

The cars had seats for 64 and were of the old fashioned type used before the advent of chair cars. One toilet on each car sufficed for both sexes. Last year the Holland-America boats put up box lunches for this trip, but this time it was necessary either to pay duty on the food brought ashore, or buy it from the Country Club, so they did the latter. Each individual had a box containing a bottle of water, which naturally was warm, and a paper cup. Four sandwiches cut fine enough to suit the most fastidious, two boiled eggs, a piece of fruit cake, a piece of fried chicken, an apple and an orange.

Few, if any, ate all of their lunches, and afterwards took a lot of pleasure of giving either the rest of their box, or certain things

from it, to the poor little children at the stations, who seemed happy to get them.

All kinds of our so called "New Deal" legislation has been enacted here, but the Sol, or dollar of Peru, is worth about twenty cents in our money, and I have never anywhere seen men wear as ragged clothing as I have seen here, both in the mountains and in the cities. As I have said in a previous letter the only laws that can really benefit all, are laws to protect a man in his right to work, free from the dictation of racketeers; and laws that will make capital feel secure in creating new jobs. We must produce if we are to thrive.

Most of the fine improvements in the way of new public buildings, fine highways etc. in Peru and in Chile were financed thru the sale of bonds to the citizens of the United States, which have been defaulted both as to interest and principal. The recommendation of these bonds by financial interests in the United States to investors, was undoubtedly one of the causes for the break in 1929. These same countries are now trying to find new suckers in the states.

W. C. S.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Eight)

Enroute to Valparaiso, Chile, Friday, Feb. 24, 1939

It may surprise the folks at home to know that it was so hot in my stateroom, when I wrote my last letters that I broke out with the heat. We were not far from the equator and the cooling influence of the Humboldt current had not yet brought us relief.

We sailed from Callao, Peru, last night at seven and it is now comfortable, both on deck and in our stateroom. We are still wearing hot weather clothes, but the ladies have donned light wraps.

Last Sunday, February 19 was uneventful on our boat, but things were popping in Lima. Another self styled liberator, who wished to be dictator, was mown down by a machine gun, and from forty to sixty of his henchmen went down with him. No one knows exactly what happened, because those who talk are interested parties, and all on the side of the government. Had we had free access to the penitentiary and had been accompanied by a good interpreter, we might have a different story to tell, for there is where the unsuccessful leaders now are.

The story as we get it is that President Oscar Benavides, the benevolent dictator of Peru, left Saturday to inspect some ports that are being built down the coast. He was accompanied to his ship by his associates including General Rodriguez, minister of army and police, who altho an Indian, had been a trusted friend of the last two presidents.

The men under arms in Peru are the police and the army, about equally divided in number, some twenty thousand each. Generally speaking they are a good looking, well equipped body of men. They say that Rodriguez counted upon the support of the police, believing they would stand by him. Sunday morning at 5 o'clock he was at the palace telephoning heads of various military units to report to him at once, as the minister of war was plotting a revolt.

The president had instructed one of the faithful to call the palace every hour for reports, and when his call came in, but one word was heard: "Danger." Further calls were unanswered, so he gathered a number of trusted men and went to the palace. It was said that during the conversation which followed Rodriguez reached for his gun, but a man with a machine gun beat him to the draw, and later twenty-seven bullet holes were counted in the body of "The Man who would be King."

As there was no one left to speak for the revolutionists, the story may be colored. There are some who believe that it was a trap. The President nullified the last election and instead of stuffing the ballot boxes to make a big count, when he saw the vote was

going against him he stopped the count, alleging—whatever came to his mind—and the count has not been resumed. Altho assuming and acting under dictatorial powers, it is said that the President wishes to restore democratic government and hopes to arrange matters so there will be a clear and unclouded majority next year. As Rodriguez was talked of as a candidate, it may have simplified matters somewhat, to have him spring an abortive uprising. It is said that he represented the Fascist group and the success of his coupe would have been considered advantageous to the totalitarian states.

In the United States a Communist is believed to represent an extremely leftist position, but in Peru there is one, and perhaps more than one faction more radical than the Communists. These radicals have a strong hold among the illiterate Indians of the mountains, who represent about six-sevenths of the population.

One promise that has been successfully used with the Indians is that if they will vote with the radicals they can have cake on their tables every day. The Peruvian Indians, while not cake eaters in appearance, have nursed an appetite for better things and most anything is better than what they have. If and when the radicals take over the government it will be goodbye to the property of foreign capitalists, as Cardenas of Mexico, is now a popular idol in these parts.

A man who has been in Peru but two days, can hardly speak with authority, but the opinions offered here are the result of previous reading, and first hand information from such sources as were available.

We have been treated kindly and believe there may be great possibilities for the future of this country, but revolution and destruction will hinder, rather than advance, the interests of the people and of the nation. What Peru and the world as a whole need today is security, of a different variety from that which has been dished up to humanity in the past few years. It needs security for freedom of action, of thought, of belief, of a right to work; freedom for initiative, and protection in the ownership of property, little or big. The world needs honesty, sobriety, economy, and unselfish leadership. Without these attributes we believe no nation can long survive.

W.C.S.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Ten)

S. S. Nieuw Amsterdam, Mar. 5, Heading North.

I am ten days behind in my writing, but I have been as busy as a cranberry merchant before Christmas, there are so many things to do to keep up with the program. Perhaps it would be intolerably dull, if we were left to ourselves, but it does seem at times as if we were entertained too much. Too many plans which keep us occupied. I expect those who linger long in the cocktail rooms, or stay up for parties, must sleep half the day. It is interesting to note that there has been absolutely no evidence of drunkenness on the boat, and apparently not one-tenth the drinking there was on our trip to the West Indies some years ago. Half of those in the lounge call for non-alcoholic drinks.

Careful as we have always been at home regarding game laws, a few nights ago we violated the game laws of England by eating, out of season, a bird called "Gelinotte" in English and "Hazelhoen" in Dutch. I don't think the spelling makes any difference to the bird. Our assistant steward has arranged several fine dinners for us. We try hard to keep our eating within bounds, but our table stewards are most insistent and tempt us with strange and delicious foods.

We arrived at Valparaiso, the most important port of Chile, about noon on February 28. The afternoon being open we arranged for a trip to Concon. We used an American Express car and picked as our guide the dumbest man intellectually and linguistically there is in Chile. We passed some beautiful, altho rocky and cold beaches, houses that were the barest sort of shelters from the sun and none from the dust. As for rain there isn't any. We saw growing corn that looked better than any we have had for some years, and saw a number of prosperous looking, well stocked ranches. Now and then we flicked thru a little village.

Where we made our big mistake was in not finding out beforehand whether Concon was a species of Chilean dance, a mountain, town, or something else. When we asked our guide at first, he said or indicated that Concon was ahead, and when we reached a town of considerable size, we asked, "is this Concon?" and then he indicated that we had passed it. So we have lived for ten days in ignorance, and just now I learned that Concon was another beach.

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The same year, 1906, that San Francisco had its great earthquake and fire, Valparaiso also suffered great loss in life and property. We stopped at many places of interest, including the Naval Academy on Artilleria Hill where we had a won-

derful view of the city and the harbor. In the main room are the capstans taken from the wooden ship, Esmeralda, sunk by a Peruvian ironclad many years ago, with the loss of every man aboard. A few years ago an Englishman, having interests in Chile, sent a diver down to the ancient wreck and brought up the capstan heads.

We were to have luncheon at Vina del Mar and all the way out we passed fine homes, all behind closed gates, with each yard filled with flowering shrubs and plants. Geraniums grow to a height of six feet or more and cover entire walls, or fences.

Chile has been enriched by her nitrates and one industrialist had the good sense to develop Nitrate Park, where trees and flowers of many kinds flourish under the benign influence of nitrates.

The Casino at Vina del Mar is said to be the largest in South America and it is the rendezvous of Argentinians who like to gamble, as many forms of gambling are prohibited in their own country. It is a tremendous place and could care for the passenger list of the Nieuw Amsterdam without crowding. On the first floor there are gambling rooms, the great dining room, parlors, corridors and so on thru a long list, and up the broad, winding, marble stairs on the second floor there was exhibited hundreds of canvasses, which evidently had been submitted in competition. It was a surprise to me that the magnificent rocky beaches, with their great breaking waves, and resplendent colors, had been almost entirely overlooked by the artists, who preferred to paint beautifully modeled nudes, in both white and the darker tints of the Chilean.

Maybe when people are drinking lots of wine or spiritous liquors they are not mindful of little things, but I am convinced that the greatest need at Vina del Mar, is not more beautiful gardens, a finer beach, or a more wonderful race track—but some good tight window screens and screen doors for the kitchen. I was hit twice and the effect was disheartening. See note 1

We had some good music by an orchestra, which was dressed in dark trousers, vest, of blue both front and back, and flowing sleeves of a sort of pearl gray.

The rest of the afternoon we had for shopping. We found the stores uptown a little disappointing. The stock of native products being about the same in quality and price as those displayed at the dock, but all a wee bit cleaner. My weakness is neckties and for the first time since leaving Lawrence I found something that is not stocked at the home stores. Generally speaking I believe one can find a finer selection of neckwear in several Lawrence stores than he can find in similar stores in New York.

Tuesday, the last day of February, we boarded a train at the dock for Santiago and after a pleasant ride of three hours; at times passing fertile fields and again snow capped mountains; we arrived at the capitol city and were taken to Hotel Crillon for lunch. Some of the youngsters, who were over the day before, complained of the food, but we found it good. Just to show that we are really temperate away from home, I'll let you know that at both luncheon and dinner I bought bottles of water at fifty cents American money per bottle. Perhaps they penalized me because I did not buy wine.

One can tell only a little regarding what may be seen in a few hours ride, but when you say you touch the high spots in Santiago it has a double meaning. Cerro Santa Lucia, crowned by an ancient fortress is almost in the center of town. This was the hill, rising from the plain, against which Valdiva and his Spaniards, placed their backs, while they drove swords and spears thru the attacking Indians, and won the western coast of South America for Spain.

There is another great mountain within the environs of the city, perhaps two thousand feet high,

which is approached in front by a cog railway, and also by an encircling road which winds around for miles, until it finally reaches the summit. It was there that I bought post cards from a Chilean lassie, who knew as little English as I do Spanish, but we got by with the few words we knew, and with the use of spreading fingers.

To prove that price is no obstacle with me when it comes to enjoying art, I have before me two tickets to the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes, upon which is printed Valor \$1.00. That looks pretty stiff for a few minutes peek at a really fine collection of marble statuary, but it is not a reckless expenditure, when you realize that a Chilean peso is worth 3 1/3 cents, or thirty for one American dollar.

Our driver knew no English, but we got along fine. A word or two now and then in Spanish, and various motions, enabled us to get a lot out of the tour. Public buildings, congressos, schools, cathedrals, are all much alike, but when you go to the Hipico club you see one of the finest race tracks in the world. The building itself is imposing with its well furnished rooms for various purposes, and its elevator which reaches the fourth floor, but the track itself defies description. It is a dream of beauty.

Mrs. Simons had been wanting some flowers, so I left the station for a moment, went across the street, and bought one hundred deep red, and highly scented carnations for fifteen pesos, or an American half dollar. W. C. S.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Nine)

March 2, off the coast of South-

ern Chile.

We are now about six thousand miles south of New York, or one-fourth the distance around the earth. We will be as far south of the equator tomorrow, as Labrador is north.

Tomorrow evening we expect to arrive at Punta Arenas, often called Magallanes, the southernmost city in the world. A town of some thirty thousand inhabitants, but I have not yet written of our visit to Lima, the capital of Peru; nor of Valparaiso, the principal port of Chile, and of Sanitago, its capital.

When we are in port we walk and ride until we are about ready to drop, and when on ship board we attend lectures that remind us of the colored preacher, who said that in delivering a sermon: "I fust tells 'em what I am agwine to tell them; then I tells 'em; and then I tells them, what I done tole them." Certain it is that we are confronted with a lot of information, each talk giving us a lot of interesting data, which is followed by an illustrated Travel Talk such as you see now and then in the movies.

Such full and elaborate entertainment has been provided for this cruise that it leaves little time for ourselves, even if we miss two-thirds of what is going on. There are swimming, sports, golf driving contests, races, bridge parties, cheerio games, concerts and so on thru an almost endless list. We have tried to confine ourselves to the more important events. The evening that we arrive at a port, or depart from one, the passengers are not expected to dress for dinner, but on other occasions, evening dress is the proper thing.

Chancellor Lindley mentioned sometime ago the great pleasure that he found in seeing the mechanics of a ship, so on Saturday afternoon J. A. v. Witzenburg, Asst. Chief Steward, will take me in tow for a tour of the ship. He told me today that there were 140 boys, meaning table stewards, in the dining room; 99 cooks, and some 55 in the laundry, but I shall write about that later.

I think that I told in my last letter that in stepping off the train from our marvelous trip to Tamboraque, that I pulled a muscle in my leg. The step was two feet, perhaps more, and I came down on the ball of my foot. Years ago Tom Harley stepped off a street car in front of his home on Mississippi street, in like manner, and broke his leg. I fared much better, for I kept going and now my limp is practically imperceptible, and I did not miss a trip.

For our ride to Lima from Callao, the port, we drew car No. 44 which proved to be a lucky number. Most of autos in taxi service are old timers; Lincolns, Hudsons and other makes, many of them seven-passenger. They have seen years of service, and our car at Valparaiso quit on us entirely; but for our Lima ride, we drew a new Ford. After we had taken our seats another couple, who matched us in slenderness, found they had the same number which would have packed us in like sardines, so the other chap made a roar, got another car, and we had part of our ride with one of the courteous English speaking, American Express men occupying the front seat, and the rest with an equally polite Peruvian, who spoke excellent English. As our driver could neither speak nor understand English it gave our guide greater freedom to discuss the abortive revolution and other matters with us.

You cannot judge a man perfectly by his looks. In the inquisition chamber we saw a life size painting of General Amat, who in his day was a man of importance. His picture indicated as little sex appeal as Lydia Pinkham, but he fell in love, head over heels, with an Indian girl and for her built the Pericholi palace, which is still one of the show spots in Lima. Here he caged her like a bird, but surrounded her with everything beautiful that his period would afford. He even built for her a tower, overlooking the bull ring, where she could see the show and not be "annoyed" by the attention of younger men.

The Hall of the Inquisition filled us with somber memories. Many lives were sacrificed, but the inquisitors, needing money, were not averse to letting a guilty party off on the payment of a fine. In those days savings were in the form of

precious metals and were buried somewhere by the owner. Should a man be fined the equivalent of \$500, he was forced to pay before being released. That meant he had to tell where his treasure was hidden, and no matter how large his savings might be, no matter how many times the value of the fine, all was taken.

The guides informed us that back of the tribunal before which the accused was tried, there hung upon the wall a large painting of Christ. A hole had been cut in the wall back of the head, and in this manner, the head of the Christ was manipulated to nod Yes, or No. The question would be: "Is the accused guilty?" and the head would nod, "Yes." Then the question would follow, "may we permit him to live, if he pays a fine?" Again the head would nod in assent.

Off the hallway to the right, as you face the tribunal, is a closet, similar to a small bed room closet. It was perhaps four feet long and a foot and a half wide. Into this small, unventilated space, five or six accused men would be packed awaiting trial. One could neither sit, nor fall, but they all might sag together. The ceiling of the hall is wonderfully carved. It is now maintained as a place of interest, in which is hung the paintings of many men prominent in the early days of Peru.

The cathedral is a most imposing building. It is the third erected upon the site. Pizarro founded the city about 1535, and it is said that he turned ground for the cathedral on the first day. His mummified remains are exposed in a glass case in a room, immediately to the right of the front entrance. Pizarro was so brutal that it took a long time to establish him as a national hero, and the statue in Lima was erected in recent years. The cathedral is a magnificent building, one of the finest I have ever seen. It is lavishly decorated.

The artists have painted Pizarro as a handsome man. He was the son of a swine herder in Spain and could neither read nor write, but he had an indomitable will and great courage. In the Hotel Bolivar, where we had lunch, there hangs a large painting showing the death of Pizarro at the hands of an assassin, a former partner.

In Congress hall the chair is pointed out where Landon sat. The appearance of Landon on the program seems to have had greater interest to South Americans than anything else. It seemed impossible that the leader of a defeated party should be given such recognition. Our guide said that Landon's appearance had impressed Peruvians more than any other occurrence. Others, whose opinions should have greater weight, said that probably not more than five per cent of the people of the nation knew anything about it, as they cannot read. However, news of this sort has a way of traveling, without the aid of posts or of printing.

We have found that in competition with a ship load of ladies, a man has a poor chance of finding an ambassador unengaged. We did meet some interesting young gentlemen, who have had long service in South America, and whose views we received with pleasure and respect.

It was at the Hotel Bolivar in Lima that we espied Allan Coogan, whom we had not expected to meet until we reached Buenos Aires. He was sent to report the Pan American convention, and is still on the job at Lima. It was probably fortunate that he was still in the city on the occasion of the abortive revolution of February 19. Coogan was formerly a student at K. U. and made his downtown headquarters at the Journal-World where he frequently served as a reporter. He is now with the United Press at its South American headquarters at Buenos Aires.

We visited the museum; university—oldest in the western hemisphere; saw Washington park, named for George Washington; rode over Avenida Wilson, named for Woodrow Wilson; saw many other places of interest and did a little shopping for Peruvian curios.

WCS.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Eleven)

March 12, 1939, heading up to Rio.

Tomorrow we shall ooze into the tropics, where we shall swelter for nearly two weeks. We cross the Tropic of Capricorn shortly after leaving Santos, Brazil, tomorrow evening and we do not cross the Tropic of Cancer until after we pass the Virgin islands on March 25. If you want to know the truth, it is hot, and in order to get this letter off by air mail tomorrow I am sitting in my cabin, sans most everything.

Evening clothes mean evening clothes in Montevideo where we were yesterday. When a member of our party asked to see an evening wrap, in the London and Paris store, she was taken to the night-gown department. It was a wonderfully fine, big store and we had one of the eight clerks who speak English.

Upon our return from Buenos Aires to the railway station at Mar del Plata, we took an auto to the dock and our fellow passenger was Fred Laub, of Akron, O., who in 1909 toured Europe and while enroute fell in with a group from K. U. headed by Edward Hubach, then head of the voice department. He recalled the names of several who were in the party, including Kate Reynolds, now married and living in California, and Agnes Husband, now Mrs. Waldemar Geltch, who is at present in Europe.

The heck of being away from home is that when at home we have a fine group of writers who handle the news, and when I am away, and supposed to be having a good time, I become a reporter on a full time schedule, and grind away on my machine in my cabin, with the air conditioners and fan going full force, while I know it is delightful on deck. I doubt if I have ever seen the sea look more beautiful than it did this morning. A wonderful deep blue, which now and then a skillful painter reproduces on canvas.

Letters written after leaving Santiago, Chile, were carried around the southern tip of the continent and more than a thousand miles up the east coast before being mailed at Mar del Plata, Argentine, because the only stop was at Punta Arenas in the Straits of Magellan which does not have air mail connections. Regular mail out of that port is very slow. Many of our passengers wished to send postcards from this "most southernmost city in the world," but they, too, which were put in the mail chutes will probably not be delivered in the United States until about two weeks after we return home.

We shall never forget the beauty of the harbor at Valparaiso, Chile. Those who know me best realize that I do not like to stay up too late, but when our ship slowly moved from the dock, we stayed on deck, altho a heavy dew was falling. Such magnificent beauty is far too infrequent for one to neglect. The stars shone with brilliance, and one could picture that the lights of the city, in its vast setting of mountains, was a very part of the vault of heaven.

After nearly two and a half days at sea, during which we resumed our heavier garments, we saw off starboard, or to our right, thru the heavy mist and intermittent rain, the shadowy form of Cape Pillar, whose high and barren rocks mark the northwestern limits of that portion of South America known as Tierra del Fuego. What seemed to us a solid mass of ice and snow capped land was in fact five large islands and we did not see the main body of the southern island until we reached Punta Arenas, or Magallanes, the southernmost city of the world.

With an annual rainfall of 120 inches, one can hardly expect good weather in the strait, and perhaps our day was better than the average. At least the clouds lifted now and then long enough to let us see the great glaciers. At this time it was too cold and wet to stay outside the glassed-in decks, and passengers wore furs and overcoats.

It is astounding how quickly the ice and snow give way to the warmer waters of the Atlantic, for half way thru the straits there is evidence of forests and pastures, in which millions of sheep are pastured. There are so many sheep here that the fiercest pack of wolves from Siberian wastes, if dropped down here, would die of heart failure.

To the tourist who wishes to buy things indicative of the places thru which he passes, Punta Arenas is a disappointment as nothing of native make is sold, the whole business of the city being based on sheep, mutton and wool. The natives do not

have articles made from native wool as their wool is shipped to England from which come their imports.

Oats grow rank and are cut for hay, but how the hay is cured remains a secret to me. We are glad that we visited the famous Silver Fox farm, altho it did not come up to our expectations. Gulls in vast numbers are the sanitarians who keep the ocean from being befouled by the offal from the refrigerating plants. The oxen are large and their yokes are attached to their horns, with ropes or straps. The city claiming a population of 30,000 does not occupy as much ground as the average city in the States of one-third the size.

It is said that the temperature ranges from a rarely reached high of 77 degrees to a low of 14 above. It is too cold for comfortable living, and it rains some every day.

Advance information failed to tell us of the size and beauty of Mar del Plata where we disembarked for our visit to Buenos Aires. From the boat, aside from an attractive beach, there is little to see of the city, but going ashore for a ride, is found one of the newest, cleanest, most attractive cities of homes ever seen. Mar del Plata vies somewhat with Montevideo, capital of Uruguay, as a summer resort. Probably the sporting, gambling element goes to Montevideo, which altho wide open is still beautiful, while the more sedate, who wish their investments to be in their own country, have their summer homes in Mar del Plata. As the crow flies it is about 250 miles to Buenos Aires, and about the same distance, in a straight line, by water from Mar del Plata to Montevideo. However it took our train something over six hours to take us to the wonderful capital of Argentine, the third largest city in the western hemisphere.

The trip was hot, dirty and tiresome. The American Express, which is directing our tours, had expected a better train. Only one car in three had a "retrete," which according to an old Spanish custom is used by both sexes. There are no drinking fountains and no fans. There were five dining cars on the train, and a surprisingly complete luncheon was served. The waiters were experts in pitching food from a platter to a plate and seldom fouled or beamed the passengers.

Wines or other liquors were available to all who wished them, as extras; and bottled water was served to others. Fruit was also passed during the ride, without charge.

I have lived with people in general for many years, but they are still past my understanding. Just why old ladies should travel nearly 15,000 miles, just to sit inside a closed window, with their eyes on their knitting, or other fancy work, I cannot understand. They could knit more comfortably at home and at much less expense. But you find them on every trip and their closed windows, with blinds, shut off most of the scenery.

Just across from us was a quartet playing bridge. One of the ladies, a little blonde, whose husband seemed twice her age, laughed continuously. Everything seemed a big joke to her and she reminded me of that celebrated bird in Africa, whose peculiarity is, that just before it stops singing it begins again.

We had been advised to dress for Buenos Aires as we should dress at home in September. This time the weather was more like that of a Kansas September, than one in New England, and it did not cool off as much as we had hoped during the night.

I expect that most of our readers know that the greater part of Argentine is a great plain. It looks as if it had been laid out by the wash of millions of years. The soil is deep and rich, yet with the Atlantic alongside its entire eastern border, and with no hills or mountains to shut off the rain clouds, it has its dry and its wet seasons.

From our train we could see at a great distance a grey bank, which looked like Missouri river bluffs,

but everywhere else it was level ground, upon which millions of cattle and sheep grazed. The land is largely owned by a comparatively small number of owners, who have fine homes both on their ranches and in Buenos Aires. The workers do not fare so well and live humbly. In addition to the cattle and sheep there are many horses and a few hogs.

There were great fields of corn, but strange to us were the vast fields of cultivated sunflowers, with the large blossoms occasionally seen in gardens at home. I failed to ask the yield of the sunflowers, but it must be heavy. Produce men, at home, will tell you that they are used in various feeds.

Among the birds seen from the train were some as large as turkeys, whose plumage looked like that of a Plymouth Rock chicken. My guess is that they were some type of wild turkeys. Certainly they were not condors as someone suggested. I saw emus and ostriches. It was probably the game preserve of some rich landowner.

W.C.S.

①

I found ~~and~~
evidence on my
food, of the slow
but sure way of
getting rid of ~~the~~
glut + while I
lost my appetite
the Casino retained
its food -

(2)

We had some good
music by an
orchestra, the
members of which
were dressed

(A) 10/24 1939
2nd Leaving New York, the 11th of February, Mrs. Simons and I

enjoyed a cruise around South America on the Nieuw Amsterdam, flagship of the Holland-America Line. Good fortune attended us as the weather was perfect. We formed pleasant acquaintances on the boat and enjoyed meeting the people of the several countries visited.

2nd The letters which follow were written for the folks at home and published in the Journal-World so that those who read them might enjoy with us some of the many features of a most delightful trip. At all times we recognized that the visit was entirely too short for exhaustive studies of people and politics; yet we formed opinions which we believe to be sound, and in the last of our letters we write of both opportunities and hazards connected with the further development of trade between the Americas.

2nd The short article on Kansas was delivered by the writer in a three minute talk, when he represented Kansas in the roll call of the states. There were eight Kansans aboard, six of them from Wichita, and they outvoted the Lawrence delegation in selecting the speaker.

2nd In spite of the presumption that every reader knows his geography and could draw a map of the western hemisphere with his eyes shut, there may be some who will be interested in knowing that all of South America is farther south than Arabia, and practically all is south of the southern tip of India. A line drawn directly south from Florida would just about touch the westernmost portions of the continent, and the eastern borders are south of a point halfway between New York and London. The biggest surprise is that three of the four largest capital cities of South America--Montevideo of Uruguay, Buenos Aires of Argentine and Santiago of Chile--all lie below the southern-most tip of Africa--the Cape of Good Hope.

Practically all of the Islands of the South Seas lie to the west between the northern and southern limits of Brazil. The mountains adjacent to the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan are ice capped and have great and beautiful glaciers, with no vegetation visible; but the land along the eastern entrance is verdant and is grazed by vast flocks of sheep. The strait, or boat channel, probably does not exceed a half mile in average width.

Visitors with but a smattering of Spanish can make themselves understood. The people of South America are friendly and respond to smiles and kindly manners. They meet friendship with friendship and desire the respect and good will of their northern neighbors. Their great lack is in stability of both government and credit. A dictator is popular as long as he borrows foreign money and spends it within the state, but the merest expression of a desire to pay interest and principal is usually sufficient to bring about a successful revolution, and the new government seldom pays the debts of its predecessors.

Fulgencio Batista of Cuba, and Cardenas of Mexico, who have expropriated the property of foreigners are the longed for Moses and George Washington in these southern climes. To do business with South American states one must submit to many bars and conditions, that to the thoughtful are insurmountable. It is easy to get money into South America in the form of investments, and most difficult to get it out. These conditions will have to be corrected or even Uncle Sam, the easiest financial mark in the world, will soon rebel. Business has to be a two way job.

In closing it may truthfully be stated that practically all of the New Deal measures with which we have been tempting Utopia for the past few years, have been existent in South America for many years, Uruguay having adopted such measures thirty years ago, in 1909.

The Editor Writes Home From—

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Thirteen)

Rio de Janeiro (written March 21, 1939, at sea)

"I presume that it is quite an event in Lawrence for one to go to South America," said someone on the boat. "On the contrary," I answered, "it is rather commonplace, for the people of Lawrence travel widely. I think it true that there is more foreign travel from Lawrence than from any other city in the state despite the disparity in size."

This thought comes to me at this time when I attempt to give a pen picture of Rio de Janeiro, a city known thruout the world for its beauty and charm. What can one write that will do justice to this great city? What scene might a great painter select for his canvas that would give anyone more than a fragmentary idea of the blue waters of the Atlantic as they surge upon the beaches of white sand, or dash into white foam upon the great rocks of reddish brown? What song would the musician catch, or what rhythm would he attempt to put into notes?

One may see and feel the charm that is here. The glorious mountains, crowned with mist, the green and greedy jungles pushing aside the works of man; the freedom and joy of youth sporting in the tropic sun, or in the cool waters of the beach, but how is it possible to give to others what you have seen, with your eyes, or to impart to them the sweet and seductive whole—that is Rio.

A magnificent setting for a city, with a foreground of beautiful waters and a background of majestic hills and mountains. Well paved streets and boulevards, lined with trees and flowers. Great buildings bringing you a bit of France, Portugal and of the bustling energy of the New World. Stately and graceful monuments amid royal palms, and luxurious flowering trees and shrubs. Streets thronged with unhurried people; tramways with every available inch of toe space or handhold occupied; stores, markets, casinos, cinemas, hotels and lovely homes, that in part is Rio.

A cosmopolitan city of a million and a half souls. People about the same in height and build as we, but of darker complexion, due in part to the tropical sun, and in part to the not too far distant past when races began to cross in populating a new world. A people courteous, kindly, good looking, and evincing promise for the future—that, too, in part, is Rio.

Arriving about noon, we took lunch on the boat, and then walked thru the attractive building and offices of the Touring Club of Brazil to our waiting autos. Our drive took us over Avenue Rio Branco, one of the most prominent thoroughfares of the city, and upon other great avenues, past wonderful beaches to the station of the cable car which ascends to the top of Sugar Loaf. This peculiar rock formation is twelve hundred feet high, and is one of the best known rocks in the world.

Seen from a little distance the car swinging below the cables from which it hangs, gives the impression of a spider crawling upon a single strand of its web. The ride is taken in two parts, and at the first stop there is a station surrounded by a garden, in which there is a pool where there are two crocodiles. These lazy saurians lie almost entirely submerged with the exception of their eyes, which stand out like the headlights of an old-fashioned auto.

Why do we take such a ride? Perhaps there is no sensible answer, but others have done so and we are willing to take the chance. Mrs. Simons has never taken a ride in an airplane, altho she went up once in a dirigible, but she took this trip without being urged.

At the first stop one gentleman, a member of our cruise party, decided he had gone far enough and went no further, but the longest part of the ride was ahead. Someone remarked that he had been a little unnerved by the statement that the cable was renewed every four years, and the time would be up tonight. We went to the top where there is an excellent view of the city and bay. It would be like the view from an airplane. It reminded me of the time I rode in a similar car over the whirlpool at Niagara Falls.

On our way back we drove around by the office of the Power & Light company, where I left my letter from Benny Carman, to his cousin, F. C. Scoville. That night after dinner we accepted an invitation to be guests at "Urca," a night club and casino. After watching the games

of roulette until time for the program, we sat at our table and watched the show. One feature was new to me in which thru the action of a mirror, the orchestra continues to play upside down until it disappears and another orchestra emerges from the rear and takes up the music.

Instead of a group of Brazilian entertainers the company was composed of fair skinned, good looking girls from England. One of the singers, this one a Brazilian, had fallen in love with a chap who, altho married and with two children, gave up his home for her. She had been divorced from someone who had been paying good alimony, but the alimony faded with the new love. However, the girl was said to be drawing \$75 a week, or seventy-five dollars a month more than President Vargas, who receives \$3,000 a year.

The next day we drove to the Tijuca mountains and had for our guide a fine Brazilian youth, 16 years old, who spoke English fluently and was every inch a man. He is a freshman in the university and is studying to be a chemical engineer. We were sorry that he had been engaged by others for the afternoon, as we liked him.

After luncheon in the Casino Copacabana, we took the cog wheel railway for a ride up Corcovada mountain upon which is the colossal figure of Christ, which overlooks the city by day, and at night is illuminated so that it may be seen for miles. After leaving the train we entered the elevator which is pulled up the last 100 feet or more, to the platform upon which the statue rests. It was this elevator which made the cable railway to Sugar Loaf seem as safe as an armchair on the back porch. It really was the scariest thing I have ever ridden upon, and is doubtless quite safe. But if the car had broken loose there wouldn't have been more left of any of us than could have been sent home under an airmail stamp.

Corcovada mountain is about 2,500 feet high, or twice as high as Sugar Loaf. Words cannot give any idea of the wondrous view that was before us. We looked down on the city, on its many beaches, on the harbor, on Sugar Loaf, and saw the little mark at the dock which was our 750-foot long ship. We took a cold drink to steady our nerves and walked down to the train. Once was enough for the elevator.

The evening of the second day we spent with Mr. Scoville at Joa, and we shall never forget the beauty of the night, the brilliance of the stars, the ocean beach nearby, the choice Brazilian food, our interesting host, and the ride to and from the delightful spot.

The third day was given over to another ride thru the city and the fourth day to shopping. On the last day we had the pleasure of having Mr. Scoville with us at lunch on the Nieuw Amsterdam. We thoroly enjoyed his company.

We were a little surprised to learn from our guide, on one of our rides, how great a part little charms and amulets play in the lives of people one would hardly believe to be the victims of superstition. One lady said that as it was unlucky to have the living room of your home facing the ocean, she had remodeled the home she had recently purchased so that the dining room had the ocean view, which avoided the bad luck.

We had learned that black magic, or voodooism, had a great part in the lives of the black population, and that white magic was equally prevalent with the whites. But we remember some of our university friends at home, would drive 10 miles or give up a trip altogether, rather than continue after a black cat had crossed the path. A black cat ran in front of my automobile once and it was bad luck for the cat, for I could neither turn out nor stop.

Just one more thing. Anyone who comes to Lawrence by railway sees little of the beauties of Lawrence from the stations. Usually docks and piers are dismal places, but at Rio the ship docks within 50 feet of growing trees, flowers, and fine buildings. Perhaps this

added attraction cannot be duplicated in any other city in the world.

Lest you might think we are concealing something from you we must add that it is hot in this tropical capital, especially in the sun, but at night, and during some hours of the day there are cooling winds which help a lot. W.C.S.

The Editor Writes Home From---

SOUTH AMERICA

(Number Fourteen)

At Sea, March 22, 1939

Today, March 22, is the ninety-fifth birthday of Mother Reineke, the mother of Mrs. Simons. The last letters we received at Bahia, Brazil, said that she was well and happy, and we trust that she is having a good time today with her grandchildren and great grandchildren. She was born in Kentucky, not far from the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

Just think a minute of all the changes that have taken place in the years spanned by her life. The Mexican war had not been fought, with its result of bringing into the United States a vast portion of her western empire, and a huge crop of Southern Colonels. An interesting subject for a part of an evening's entertainment would be to offer a prize to the one who would name the most outstanding inventions since 1844.

Last night we ran over the equator without even knowing that we hit it. Quite a difference from the elaborate entertainment furnished on our trip down. Tomorrow morning at 5 o'clock we shall pass Devil's Island, the French penal settlement, and here is hoping that we shall pick up no hitchhikers.

We have been wonderfully fortunate so far on our trip in having fine weather, and the past few days have been cloudy and windy enough to make it cool and pleasant in spite of being in equatorial waters. Today it has sprinkled a time or two, and it has been cloudy all day.

For ten days we have been hugging the coast of Brazil. It is a big country, with vast resources, but much of it as yet is unfitted for the occupancy of white men, altho they have made a great start. It is said that Brazil is as large as continental United States, plus another Texas. It is twice the size of India and is equal in territory to Europe. India is packed with a population of 360 millions, while Brazil has twice the territory and only one-eighth as many people.

The country is Portuguese in language and tradition and has no great love for the Spanish tongue. It is second only to Argentine in present political importance in South America. The vast back reaches of the country are unexplored. The great need is to create a distinctive culture and civilization, from the varied tribes with their variety of languages. Negro slavery practically began in America with the importation of slaves to Bahia and Recife, and the descendants of the original Africans now number millions. Already climatic conditions are modifying racial characteristics.

Instead of recounting the early history of Brazil we recommend that you refresh your knowledge of the country thru reading your histories or cyclopedias. We will simply state that Brazil was the only empire in the western world, a condition brought about by the ambitions of Napoleon, which were checkmated by Portugal and England. The slaves received their liberty thru several steps. Beginning in 1871 all children born to slaves in Brazil were free, and in 1888 general freedom was given to all slaves.

We touched Brazilian soil when we entered the large harbor at Santos. It is said that this is the greatest port in the world for the exportation of coffee. It has a large, land locked harbor, whose green hills resemble those near Council Bluffs, Ia. There are trees from top to bottom, excepting where there are cultivated fields. The city is beautiful and yet it is a busy, bustling place doing a large business in many lines.

We noted that "oleo" here means oil, the kind you burn, but don't attempt to eat. We saw large imports of coal, new automobiles and trucks. All around is jungle, with the trees topped with flowers. All roofs are of tile in red and brown, which contrasts with the verdure of the fields and jungles. The soil is red, but fertile.

We left the dock on a special train which went several miles thru plantations and fields, with tropical fruits, until we came to the famous cable railway, which lifts the train from sea level to an elevation of 3,000 feet in six miles. The train was broken into sections of two or three cars at the bottom, and re-joined at the summit. The view from the cars was beautiful, yet, here as elsewhere on our trip, some of the old ladies have been intent on their fancy work, and the only scenery they know about is what they hear from the conversations from others.

We were interested all the way in the simple homes, here and there; the little villages, fruit farms and finally the beautiful buildings in the outreaches of Sao Paulo, the greatest industrial city in Brazil, and one, altho much smaller, which vies with Buenos Aires.

It merits the appellation of "The Chicago of S. A.," which its friends proudly give it. Many names of American companies were seen on the large warehouses before we entered the Luz station, which may be adequate for ordinary traffic, but which was congested with the several hundred of our group.

After a good luncheon at Hotel Esplanada, well served by courteous waiters who knew a bit of English, we went out for an auto ride. We had a driver who did not know a word of English, and who drove altogether too fast for our comfort. We swished by the plazas, like the railway train which made mile posts seem like markers in a cemetery.

These South American countries may not always treat their heroes in life with great consideration, but it is a small man indeed, or one of exceedingly little importance who cannot rate a fine monument. Finally we stopped at the Independence monument, which is both mammoth and beautiful. The bronze figures depict the scene where the South American hero, like Patrick Henry said:—"Give me Liberty or give me Death."

We caught a word or two of English here, which let us know that the museum was open, and when we started away we pointed to the printed program and made the driver understand that we wanted to go to the museum. He tried to tell us that it was closed, but we insisted and finally landed where the other cars had collected at the entrance.

It sort of makes me ashamed when I see how much these poor countries and cities have done along this line, while we of Lawrence have spent so little in erecting monuments, and have no place to house the things we possess of rich, historic value. The Sao Paulo museum has a magnificent building and it is well filled with heroic paintings, marbles, bronzes, and other treasures. From the front steps, or better still, from an upper balcony one may see the exquisite gardens, and graceful fountains of a beautiful plaza occupying probably more than five acres.

At one time our driver smashed with a bang into the car ahead of us, catapulting us into the back of the front seat, but we have become tough fibered hombres, and bounced back as gracefully as could be expected.

We saw a little of this and a little of that and finally found ourselves, where no drinking man wishes to be, at the famous snake farm at Butantan. Some of our folks got soaked in a small rain which fell here, but we were more lucky. Try as hard as I may I don't like snakes, and I don't want to be around them. I killed rattlers by the hundreds in western Kansas when I was a boy and it is a wonder that I restrained myself from jumping over the protecting ramparts in a one man crusade against the vipers. There were hundreds of them, deadly ones, and discretion was undoubtedly the better part of valor.

They squeezed the heads of the bloody reptiles until the venom oozed out, just to show how it is done, but I did not stay to see it. This snake farm has saved thousands of lives. A farmer may catch a snake of a deadly variety and send it to the farm in a fragile sort of a box, which would not confine a mouse. The farmer receives no pay for the snake, but he is given credit on the books of the institution and should he ever have need for treatment for himself or family, it is sent him upon request.

This was supposed to end the afternoon's drive, but it was two hours till train time, and we did not want to wait either at the hotel or station. I took out a bill marked 20 Milreis. In appearance it is a big and influential bill, but its value was \$1.08 in our money. I showed the driver the bill, pointed at the face of my watch, ran my finger around twice to indicate two hours, and looked questioningly. He warmed up, said "Si, si," whirled his hand around twice and we were off, but we had converted him. By the simple view of the bill he had been changed from a wild, rip snorting, son-of-a-gun on wheels, to a kind and considerate driver, who for two hours burst his diaphragm trying to tell us of the beauties of his town in simple and forceful Portuguese.

Now and then I could get over a word in Spanish, and finally said, "flores" and pointed to my wife. He caught on and soon we were at a florist's where the only word of English spoken to me was "One

dollar." I managed to point out some flowers, found that the word dozen in Portuguese was pronounced almost the same as in German and finally for a dollar bought a dozen large flowers, the identity of which has not yet been revealed, and for 25 cents more an orchid, a beautiful one with three blossoms.

Then we drove around some more and parted great friends at the station. It really is remarkable how many languages money speaks.

I nearly forgot to tell you that unintentionally I put on a one man show at Sao Paulo, which seemed to be greatly appreciated by the public. I wore a white helmet that I had purchased at Panama, and apparently the people here are unfamiliar with them. I walked several blocks thru the business section, and my appearance was a great success. How well I succeeded in looking nonchalant I don't know, but I tried hard.

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Notes of a Tourist

1939

Lawrence April 8

Although we returned from South America Sunday evening, April 2, we think that we should write a little more about our visit to our southern neighbors. The general unconcern of many regarding South America was illustrated the morning of March 19 when some of the passengers on the Nieuw Amsterdam declined to land at Bahia, Brazil, in the belief that there was nothing worth while to be seen.

Bahia, or Sao Salvador, is the capital city of the Brazilian state of Bahia, and at one time was the capital of Brazil. It has a magnificent land locked harbor, as large as Douglas county, and twenty-five years ago, before the rise of Sao Paulo, it was the second city in Brazil in population. For many years it was the world's greatest diamond shipping port, later giving away to South Africa, with its Kimberly mines.

Bahia was also the central port for many years for the importation of slaves from Africa, and so great has been the influence of the negro in the city and state that today ninety per cent of the population is either wholly black, or of mixed blood. On account of the great numbers of persons of colored blood, the city has been dubbed by some as the "Old Mulattress."

Bahia is eight hundred miles northeast of Rio de Janeiro, and five hundred miles from the eastern point of Brazil, which is also the easternmost point of South America. The whole coast line of Brazil must be over 3,500 miles.

Personally, I was greatly interested in visiting this city as I wanted to see what could be accomplished by a population so largely negro. I had been in Haiti where I was oppressed by the extreme poverty of the people, and I expected to find somewhat the same conditions in Bahia, but I was pleasantly surprised.

I had read of dirty, ill-smelling streets there, and perhaps they have them, but I did not see any such. On the contrary I saw well kept buildings, clean streets, beautiful parks and statuary, wonderful beaches, and a friendly, courteous people, where young and old waved us an interested and happy welcome.

There are more than three hundred churches there, the cathedral being said to be the finest in Brazil, and we had the opportunity of visiting several. Besides having fine modern elevators to take one from the lower to the upper levels of the city, there is also an electric street railway; wide, well paved streets, and one or more drives leading from the wharf to the upper levels.

We were sorry that it was Sunday because the stores were closed and iron shutters prevented any view of interiors. At one place we passed a public market in which fruit, vegetables, birds, fish, fowls and handicraft were shown, but the better merchandise, to meet the tourists fancy, was at the dock, where well made baskets, hammocks, butterfly ware, hard wood boxes, native dolls and many other articles, nearly all of native make, were offered.

After our ride over the city and our return to the dock we left our car, and were surprised a few moments later to have our driver bring us our rain coats, which carelessly we had left in his car. At the dock we saw a tiny marmoset, a little chattering monkey, of about twice the weight of a mouse. This was the only monkey we saw in South America. It was attached to a basket by a cord tightly fastened to the very root of its tail. This permitted the monkey to climb about with no danger of hanging itself.

The city has some good hotels and restaurants, but it was more convenient for our passengers to eat on the boat. Bahia is hot and after our ride and shopping, we were ready for the air cooled dining room of our ship.

I came nearly overlooking our first stop, which was at the "Bolsa" or commercial museum, where we were shown how cacao is processed.

A framed picture showed the portraits of the members of the faculty of the agricultural college and while they might not compare with the cultured beauty of the faculty at K. U., they would hold their own with the men, good and true, who comprise the faculty at Manhattan. In other words, it was a fine looking group of men.

While Bahia is on the eastern shore of Brazil, strangely enough the city lies on the east side of the bay and faces west. It was founded in 1549, three hundred and ninety years ago, and has a population estimated at 350,000. The mean temperature is 78 degrees and the rainfall 52 inches annually.

Six glorious nights and five days followed. Nights with cooling

breezes and days under soft clouds which veiled the sun. It would have been Paradise had it not been for the ship's entertainers who, fearing that we would be lost without a program, always prepared to keep us busy. How we longed at times to be left alone, simply to enjoy the loveliness of the ride, without a man-made program.

Never, however, did a ship have a captain who was more thoughtful. Captain Bijl would slow the engines that we might pass certain interesting places at just the right time. We moved very slowly while passing Bridgetown, Barbados, and exchanged salutations with the sister ship Staatendam, which at anchor, was discharging its passengers for a day on the island.

Again at Martinique we glided slowly by its capital, Fort de France, where the Empress Josephine was born and is still revered; by the two Pitons, about four thousand feet high, and on to Mt. Pelee, which has added to its height since 1902 when it destroyed some forty thousand persons at St. Pierre, until now it is about a mile high. We saw St. Pierre, abandoned after the eruption, taking on new life, and noted the church towers, which survived the destruction of that terrible day, when only one life was spared, and that a man in prison.

Oddly enough a current magazine carried an interesting story of the Mt. Pelee disaster.

By this time the passengers were loosening up a bit and were getting acquainted. Had the trip continued another ninety days, most everybody would have met all his fellow passengers, and probably would have liked them.

Among those we met were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob S. Emery, of Danville, Ill., who was a cousin of the late Peter Emery, of Lawrence, and a second cousin of Solon Emery.

Mr. Emery told an interesting story of his cousin. It seems that Peter was employed in a large dry goods store in New York and had advanced rapidly until he became the assistant to the manager of the hosiery department. Arrangements had been made for the two of them to go abroad to buy goods, when suddenly the manager and buyer died. Peter Emery, his assistant, was the logical man to make the trip, but some busybody sent word to the management that Emery was not yet of age, and therefore was too young to undertake such a responsible trip.

The "Big Boy" of the company asked young Peter to come to his office and asked him his age. Peter replied that he was perfectly willing to tell him, but would first like to ask a few questions himself. Being permitted to do so, he asked: "Do you think I am qualified to buy your hosiery?" and other similar questions each of which was answered in the affirmative. Peter then said: "These things being so, do you want me to tell you my age?" The manager said "no" and young Peter made his first trip abroad and did it successfully.

Jacob Emery's father was the Emery of Bullene, Moore & Emery of Kansas City, whose firm name was later changed to Emery, Bird, Thayer. It was Mrs. Thayer, whose husband was a member of the firm, who gave to Kansas University the fine collection now housed in Thayer Museum.

Some years ago Solon Emery and Paul Friend visited the Jacob Emery home in Danville and Mrs. Emery inquired about Paul, who evidently had made a very favorable impression with the family.

W. C. S.

Notes of a Tourist

SOUTH AMERICAN PEOPLE

We like the South Americans we met and we are glad that we traveled by land and sea some 18,000 miles to gain a better acquaintance with them. They are eager to have us like them and appear willing to meet us halfway in forming lasting friendships.

Their racial background is different from ours. Our ancestors came largely from England and the countries of northern Europe, while theirs came from Spain and Portugal, with a later migration from Italy. More recently Germans and Japanese have come in considerable numbers, but have not been there long enough to affect the racial characteristics of the people.

The aboriginal Indians who roamed South America were slaughtered or enslaved by the conquering Spaniards, but they survived in great numbers, probably due largely to the mountain fastnesses in which they could find protection on the coast; the impenetrable forests of the Amazon, to the north; and the wide expanse of the pampas to the south. Inter-marriage with the Indians early affected racial lines, and soon after the importation of slaves from Africa, caused an intermixture of races in Brazil.

In Peru the evidence of Indian blood is apparent, especially in the laboring classes. In Chile the fight between the conquerors and the Araucanian Indians lasted for years and resulted finally in their practical annihilation, but it is believed that the fighting quality of Araucanian blood has enabled the Chileans to exert an influence in South America out of proportion to their population. In later years there has been quite an intermixture of Italians.

Apparently Indian blood has left less impress on the Argentines, altho it may still be seen in the gauchos. But Italian is the foreign strain most in evidence. Perhaps the sense of art and beauty of the Argentines may in part be due to Italian influence. To San Martin, an Argentine general, the liberation of South America from Spanish domination, may be due to a larger extent than to Simon Bolivar, the hero of Venezuela, who has often been called the George Washington of South America.

I shall not try to cover the background of Uruguay, or other of the smaller countries, neither at this time shall I mention the countries of the interior and of northern South America; but Brazil, the largest of the South American countries, and doubtless the richest in natural resources, has a background racially different from the other countries in that it early came under the influence and domination of the Portuguese. The native Brazilians of today compare with North Americans in stature, are darker skinned, and have good features.

Democracy in the United States is ingrained. The spirit indicated in the Mayflower compact in 1620, has never died, and the colonists chafed under the rule of England, until it was thrown off a century and a half later. The United States never went thru a period of feudalism, while South America has known little else. The farm land of the United States has never been in the hands of great land owners, with the possible exception of the days of southern plantations, and of Texas cattle barons. In South America the farm land has remained for centuries in the hands of descendants of those who early acquired it by strength of arms, or by royal decree.

From the beginning there was separation of church and state here, while Roman Catholicism is the state religion of most South American states. In Argentina, and perhaps elsewhere, no man can hold the office of president, who is not a Roman Catholic. We enjoyed personal and religious liberty from the beginning; the peoples of South America lived for more than two and a half centuries under Spanish rule.

To me it seems that the impaired credit of South American nations is due to the instability of government that has existed there for nearly 200 years. The methods used successfully in casting off the yoke of Spain continue to be used in South America in coup d'etats, by which the leaders of the outs take the reins of government from those in office.

As the incomer assumes no responsibility for the debts contracted by his predecessors it would be an easy way to pay off national debts, if it did not bring with it a loss of credit. Within the last quarter century it was assumed by cer-

tain financiers in the United States, and elsewhere, that governments in South America had become so stable that the purchase of their bonds would be a reliable investment. Many millions of securities were purchased here and additional millions came into South America from other foreign investors for the development of the latent resources of the country.

None of these bonds have been paid as to principal or interest, and laws have been passed, by at least some of the South American countries prohibiting the egress of earnings from the state. While most of the foreign-owned properties are not making money for investors, should there be any exceptions, the earnings must be retained in the country in which they have been made.

The situation in South America is therefore peculiar. The natural resources of the continent remain undeveloped for lack of capital, and foreign capital dare not enter to develop them because of adverse laws. The North American, young or old, should study the matter carefully before seeking his fortune there, altho opportunities seem so plentiful.

The climate is another thing that has to be considered. Where it is so warm that there is little need for clothing, or for substantial residences, and where even food is cheap and easily obtainable, there is little incentive to seek to care for the future. Furthermore, what will that South American climate do to one from the north? Will he be able to continue, energetically, to carry thru the propositions that his northern initiative have undertaken, or will he give way to the siesta and the easy way of life? The answer is uncertain, for many of the southerners show energy and resourcefulness.

Undoubtedly South America is due for a prosperous future—some time, but when? It is an hundred years older in settlement than the United States and the University of Lima, Peru, was established an hundred years before Harvard. Certainly legislation of the New Deal type will not accomplish it, for they have had that sort of laws for 10 or 35 years, and they have been as ineffective there as here.

Buenos Aires, in Argentine, and Sao Paulo, Brazil, seem full of life and energy. Buildings are going up and there are many evidences of industrial awakening. Many of the new buildings bear the signs of American firms. Someone must have confidence in South America, but to me I wonder where they will find their customers, or the ultimate consumers.

After all there can be no great business without substantial purchasing power on the part of the people. Farm hands who receive their board and the equivalent of five or six dollars a month cannot furnish much of a market on \$60 to \$72 a year. And ordinary labor which receives from 60 cents to \$1 a day in our money, can hardly afford an auto, especially where the cost of gasoline is high. Skilled labor at \$2 a day will have hard work supporting a family and yet that appears to be tops. Clerical employees, men who work for industries or utilities and receive the equivalent of \$25 a month in our money, are forced to be limited in their purchases.

Monetary values are subject to constant change, but when we reached the port of Callao, Peru, on February 21, we were given a card by the ship's purser, which read as follows:

APPROXIMATE RATES OF EXCHANGE

Owing to fluctuations no American money is exchanged on board into the currency of the countries we visit. Therefore, it is suggested that all money be handled thru banks or similar agencies ashore. As money of one country is practically worthless in another country it is suggested that you change only the amounts you plan to spend:

Approximate Rates of Exchange:	
Peru.....	1 Sol (100 Centavos)\$0.21
Chile.....	1 Peso (100 Centavos)\$0.03
Argentine.....	1 Peso (100 Centavos)\$0.25
Uruguay.....	1 Peso (100 Centavos)\$0.30
Brazil.....	1 Milreis (1000 Reis)\$0.05

We found a little variation from these quotations, but on the whole they represent the comparative value of South American and United States money. Instead of "cheap" money creating better conditions as some economists here have held, it has failed to do so in South America.

To me, the most promising thing I found in South America was the friendliness of her people. They sincerely want the friendship and respect of the citizens of the United States and they are willing to return good will for good will. They are intelligent, interesting and responsive, and merit our friendship. I believe that they have the inherent capacity to make a great group of nations and that the first step is greater stability in their national governments.

Business Relations

Opportunity is knocking at the doors of the United States and it is to be hoped that we shall be wise enough to recognize that we have a greater opportunity right now to expand our trade with South America than at any previous time.

The great trouble, and one that will be exceedingly hard to meet, is that South America very largely has for sale the very articles of which we already have an abundance. Yet for the sake of a unified western continent, it is worth our while to seek a solution to the problem that will benefit both nations.

Beginning with Peru, that nation seeks a market for nitrates, mineral products, including oil; coffee, hides and furs, and possibly cotton and rubber across the Andes.

Chile has nitrates, minerals, wool, hides and frozen meats. Her arable land is so limited that she would hardly be a competitor in the production of grain.

Argentina has wheat, corn, cattle, sheep, hides and wool. Nearly all in the form of raw products as she has made little progress industrially.

Uruguay has sheep and wool and a plentiful supply of marble.

Brazil has cotton, rubber, coffee,

hardwoods, precious and semi-precious stones, nuts, and is producing rice sufficient for her own needs and is beginning to raise wheat.

To maintain coffee prices Brazil has destroyed 67,000,000 bags of coffee in recent years, or enough to supply the world for at least two years.

In all of the countries herein mentioned, perhaps ten millions live in cities; the rest are in the country or in small villages.

What do these foreign countries import? The answer is: Manufactured products of various kinds, including farm implements and automobiles. They also import coal as the native product is not easily available and is of poorer quality.

We can supply their every need and it will help our laboring classes to do so, but as it now stands, to buy their raw products will result in reducing North American agriculture to a still lower level, unless some wise compensating measures can be adopted that will place agriculture in the United States at a higher level than it has occupied since the close of the world war.

The question then is: Are we wise enough to enact laws that will protect our own great industry of agriculture and at the same time enable us to take advantage of the trade opportunities now open for us in South America?

South America must find a market for its cattle and sheep or permit them to die where they graze. There is food enough there for a hungry world. Is there wisdom enough in the United States to find a market for the food products that are so plentifully produced in the western hemisphere and thereby protect our own industrial markets, without sacrificing the 40 millions engaged in agriculture in the United States? It is a hard question and there is little wonder that its discussion has been avoided by many who speak publicly on South American trade developments.

Concluding Notes

This is my last letter about our trip, altho there is yet much that might be said. I could tell of our visit to Charlotte Amalie, the capital of the Virgin Islands, which is located on the Island of Saint Thomas. I could tell of the touching scene when younger members of our passenger list bade tearful goodbyes to the Marines. Just what the bottles contained, whether rum for which the islands are famous, or something else, does not matter, but it opened the sluice gates of their eyes, and the parting was most affectionate for men and women who had first met, but a few hours before.

Even hardened members of our group, who by long practice had learned to carry their liquor, at least moderately well, were ashamed, and thought something should be done about it.

I could tell of Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, situated about 170 miles southeast of Florida. A charming city, despite the fact that its gods are former rum runners, who spend their money prodigiously, and have captured all of the offices that the people could give them. I could tell of the marine gardens, of the seeming prosperity and growth of the city, and of the pony-drawn surreys, which compete with the automobiles, for tourist trade.

I could tell of our ship, the Nieuw Amsterdam, the flagship of the Holland-American Line, and the pride of the Dutch. With its crew of 700 who looked after the safety and comfort of the passengers, and of the "Noble Six Hundred" who comprised the passenger list. But our six hundred, instead of charging the heights of Balaklava, spent most of their time seeking pleasure and relaxation and frequently in making charges to be paid later to the Chief Steward.

The ship was designed for comfort, with bath or shower in every cabin class stateroom, with theater, grand hall, music rooms, library, card rooms, beauty parlors, barber shop, gymnasium, smoking rooms, elevators, three swimming pools, and spacious glassed-in and open decks. Lido deck for open-air dining was roofed by the vault of heaven. The air-cooled dining room, with its indirect lighting was not only beautiful, but there was an army of young Hollanders intent upon excellent service. The head stewards watched carefully to see that service was perfect and arranged a special dinner for everyone having a birthday on that day. On such occasions the orchestra always played a few measures of "Happy Birthday to You."

I could tell of the cruise director, and of his assistants; of the gracious hostesses, the chaplains, of the official entertainers and of the fine orchestra; of the physician, three nurses, a dentist and the ship hospital. I could tell of the lecturers, who pored over the encyclopedias and histories, to tell of the past and to suggest the possibilities of the future.

The Nieuw Amsterdam is 758 feet long, 55 feet from keel to main deck, practically 100 feet from keel to the sun deck. The top of the funnels are 147 feet above the keel, and the masts rise 118 feet from the deck and 175 feet above sea level. The ship is provided with the very latest devices for safety from fire, and is steered automatically.

The massive anchors are held by great chains which rumble and roar as the anchors seek the depths of the harbor; yet the ship is so responsive that it enters its stall at piers, or finds its place alongside the docks as deftly as a capable driver will park his car. We could send radio or telephone messages from the ship, and were kept abreast of the news of the world thru the publication of a daily paper in English, the type for which was set by Dutch printers.

I must not overlook the courtesy of the men connected with the American Express, who managed and directed all land trips. It was thru them and the guides secured by them, that we gained our acquaintance with the people of South America.

We are glad that the people of the United States have become South America-conscious. More travel to our sister continent will add both to our pleasure and our knowledge. The trip in itself is delightful, and the people are well worth knowing.

W.C.S.

Buenos Aires

the from memory

When I reread ~~my~~ letters from South America that had been published in the Journal-World, to make any necessary corrections, I found ~~greatly~~ to my surprise that ^a ~~my~~ letter on Buenos Aires, mailed on March 16th. at Rio ~~de~~ Janeiro, had not been included and to the best of my knowledge must have been lost in the mails.

called attention to

I am really surprised that someone had not ~~noted~~ the omission, for Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, "the Paris of the Americas" is the third largest city in the western hemisphere, and the greatest city in the world lying south of the equator. It is also the newest city of its size as it has practically been rebuilt in the past thirty years.

The city is situated 175 miles to the north east of the mouth of Rio de la Plata, which excepting the Amazon, is one of the greatest rivers in the world. It drains about the same number of square miles as the Mississippi, but discharges twice as much water annually, ~~as~~ *because* the Parana, one of its affluents, rises in the rainy sections of Brazil.

At "B. A." the appellation given to the capital by Argentines, the river is thirty miles wide and has a ~~draught~~ draught for all excepting the largest ships. During recent years the city has encroached a mile or more into the river's bed, dredging from the stream the materials to make the land where many important buildings now stand. The city shows all of the drive and energy of a North American city, and ~~from the~~ eclipses Rio in both population and gaiety. It embraces about one-fifth or one-sixth of the population of the entire state, and to it flows the wealth of the land.

this is the spelling wanted!

Money has been spent lavishly in making the streets and parks beautiful. the one-hundredth anniversary of winning its freedom

~~In regard to Buenos Aires, and mailed in Rio de Janeiro, was not
discovered, greatly to my surprise, that a letter written
When I read the letters published in the Journal-World, had
my Buenos Aires~~

from Spain was celebrated in 1910 and was the occasion of the receipt of monuments and memorials from most of the nations of the world. The most beautiful, and perhaps the most expensive gift, came from Spain. England gave a clock tower and it was ~~this tower~~ the clock on this tower that was featured some years ago in the popular song, beginning ^{its} "Three o'clock in the morning, we've danced the whole night thru."

The Kavanagh building is said to be the tallest in South America. It was built by the rich widow of one of the cattle barons of Argentine and was designed for residential flats. The wealth of stockmen is indicated by one ranch near B. A. with thirty thousand acres, and others farther away of 250,000 acres or more, being comparable in size to Douglas county.

To care for its 600 passengers the Nieuw Amsterdam had to secure most of the available rooms in the city. ^{were assigned to} We ~~know~~ the City Hotel, ^{published} a moderate priced one, whose rates were from \$2.40 to ~~\$3.20~~ \$3.20 per ^{day} person, ~~per day~~, for room and meals. The Plaza, the highest priced hotel in the city, had rates running from \$5.00 to \$10.00 per person. The rates quoted are in American dollars, in Argentine pesos they are five times as large.

The first morning we left our autos to take a boat ride, in launches, on the El Tigre river, which we understand to be a part of the delta of the Parana. The water was the color of strong coffee to which a liberal amount of cream has been added. It looked good enough to drink, but it wasn't. We passed thru some of the various channels dividing the several hundred islands, all of which are under cultivation, and upon which many attractive homes have been built.

A feature ^{in B.A.} which has been greatly publicized is the vast parking station built underground. One may drive his car down a safe decline to the level of the parking station. The car will then be parked until the owner is ready for it, ^{when} ~~when~~ a call over a loud ^{speaker}.

B A (3)

quickly brings the car to its owner, who may then drive it to the regular street level. We are told that this is the greatest parking station of its kind in the world.

There are many beautiful stores in B. A. and the Avenida Florida is so thronged with shoppers that no vehicular traffic is permitted on the street after five o' clock in the afternoon. Then crowds fill the streets, walking back and forth, and from an airplane ^{It might} ~~would~~ resemble an ant hill, with the ants going in all directions.

We visited a clock store where undoubtedly the number of clocks and time pieces run into the hundreds of thousands. It has other departments, is well organized, changes money giving the customer the benefit of the latest fluctuations in exchange, and has a number of English speaking clerks.

The city covers seventy-two square miles, so we could not see all of it, altho we spent ^{about two days} ~~more than a full day~~ riding over its streets and in walking thru ^{the} ~~its~~ beautiful parks. One could spend a month in B. A. and then go ~~off~~ away feeling there was much more to see.

There has been little mixture with native stock in Argentine, but it is said there are more Italians there than in Rome. The people are fine looking and ~~the people are fine looking and~~ I ~~passed~~ passed on the street one of the handsomest women I have ever seen. I always feel that it is not safe to ~~make~~ ^{form} judgment ~~from~~ ^{from} a passing glance, but in traveling over a continent, one forms his opinions, of necessity, ~~from~~ from casual observation.

Everything seems luxurious; The theatres, cathedrals, clubs, parks, hotels, public buildings, statuary, and mercantile houses. We visited the docks, the navy yards, industrial sections and noted the names of many well known American manufacturers. The Argentines are not only an energetic, but also an enlightened people.