

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.