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BRAZIL: *Bulwark of Inter-American Relations*

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BRAZIL

BULWARK OF
INTER-AMERICAN
RELATIONS

By
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS



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BRAZIL: *Bulwark of Inter-American Relations*

Book One
CHIAROSCURO

CHAPTER I

BRAZIL GETS THE LION'S SHARE
OF SOUTH AMERICA

How did Portugal, so comparatively small in area and population, ever manage to get possession of the lion's share of the South American continent? The question and answer belong in the same category as, How did little John Bull manage to get control over such an inordinately big chunk of the earth's surface? The world-old reasons: armed might, plus audacity and courage, ships and sealing wax.

Portugal and Spain were bitter rivals as the two greatest discoverers of all times. The zenith of their navigation exploits was reached when, in a race to find an ocean short cut to India, Christopher Columbus discovered the West Indies, in 1492.

Brazil was actually discovered by a Spaniard, Vicente Yáñez Pinzón, a companion of Columbus, in 1499. He made no settlement, however, but claimed his discovery, nevertheless, in the name of the Spanish government. The following year, 1500, the Portuguese Commander, Pedro Alvares Cabral, following the course of Vasco da Gama, was driven by adverse winds out of his track and was literally blown ashore, and accidentally discovered Brazil! It seemed a good omen, on April 24, 1500, which was Good Friday. On Easter Sunday an altar was erected and mass celebrated, and in the name of God and his Sovereign, the country was declared to belong to Portugal.

In any circumstances, Portugal was within her right in claiming what was later known as Brazil. When the continent proper was located, in anticipation of claims and counter-claims, resulting in continuous controversy and bloody warfare, the Treaty of Tordesillas was drawn up, as of June 7, 1494. It awarded Portugal all lands that might thereafter be discovered "east of a straight line drawn from the North to the South Poles, at a distance of 370 leagues from Cape Verde." Spain was entitled to all lands discovered west of this line. In this way, Portugal got the lion's share of the continent.

And so we find King Manoel I., in 1500, assuming the title, "Lord of the Conquest and Navigation, of India, Ethiopia, Arabia and Persia." Nothing is mentioned about America or Brazil! Tiny Portugal, with an area of 34,254 square miles, was dwarfed by her ungainly, barbaric offspring; a domain slightly larger than the great bulk of Europe lying east of France! A hundred times bigger than the mother country!

For all that, the monarchs of Portugal promptly neglected their mammoth foundling for the next thirty years. Brazil seemed to be a poor land of no apparent wealth, inhabited by tribes of barbarous Indians. All Spain and Portugal sought in new possessions, was treasure. The immediate profit from the new territory was Brazilwood, from which the country derived its name. State criminals were sent there in numbers to carry on. Eventually, John III came around to Brazil in his agenda and divided the country into captaincies. One of these Captains, Martim Affonso de Sousa, discovered Rio de Janeiro (River of January) on January 1, 1531. And at this point we may truly say that Brazil got its real start.

In 1549, six vessels were sent out to settle in the north: "320 men in the King's pay, 400 convicts, and 300 colonists." No women.

Some of those early efforts to colonize Brazil were reminiscent of Ferdinand, the Bull, who preferred to sniff a posy rather than fight. One record tells us of the first of Vasco da Gama's sailors to land who approached the natives and said, "We come to seek Christians and spices." It was a combination of missionary ardor and commercial enterprise. And it continued to be overlooked in favor of India and African colonies that were still yielding treasure. Thus

Brazil was thought to be vastly inferior to the Spanish American possessions with their great mineral wealth.

At length the tide was turned, when cattle and sugar cane were introduced, and Brazil became the first colony founded in America on an agricultural principle and basis. Up to that time—and in many cases of West Coast Colonies long afterward—precious metals were the exclusive attraction (and in some cases remain so to this day).

No sooner did the colonists get a foothold, when the cry for black slaves was raised. Slaves were imported in large numbers from Portuguese Africa. They could do nothing substantial without slaves. A wave of prosperity followed in the cultivation of sugar, White Gold. An emigration to Brazil began that well-nigh depopulated the countryside of Portugal. Then, in 1693, the newly-discovered gold fields of Minas Geraes began to bring in a vast revenue to the impoverished Crown.

This show of growing prosperity, attracted previously belligerent Britain, as an ally. On December 27, 1703, the Methuen Treaty was signed, making Portugal for the next 150 years the commercial and political satellite of England. By mandate, Port and Madeira became the popular drinks in the United Kingdom, holding a place of esteem later rivalled by Argentine Beef. Such commercial mile-posts continue to be pleasantly remembered by Portugal's kinsmen in Brazil.

Despite the facts that additional gold was discovered in Matto Grosso, as well as diamonds in Minas Geraes, and the Crown prospered from 1715 to 1755, the Kingdom as a whole languished. The treasure brought from Brazil was all expended on the War of the Spanish Succession, which signified that Britain and France had moved on to Portuguese soil to conduct their everlasting feud.

Meanwhile, the great European powers of the day had been making a constant effort to gain a foothold on Portugal's New World domain. In 1586, the English adventurer, Witherington, plundered Baia. In 1591, Cavendish attacked Santos. Lancaster sacked Olinda, in 1595. In 1612, the French attempted to found a permanent colony in the island of Marajo, which lasted until 1618. In 1624, the Dutch sent a powerful fleet against Baia. The Spaniards

and Portuguese united in joint effort and ousted them. In 1630, however, the Dutch succeeded in getting a firm hold on Recife. They remained in possession until 1636, before they were driven out of Brazil for good. The last incursions of France occurred in 1710, when she made an abortive raid on Rio de Janeiro.

Brazil continued to prosper and grow as an over-sized colony for the next hundred years. Then her fortunes and status were forever changed by Napoleon, who invaded Portugal and caused the royal family together with the entire Portuguese government to flee to Brazil, in November, 1807. Whereupon Brazil passed from a state of semi-feudalism into a ranking position among world governments.

CHAPTER II

CHILD INTO PARENT

For a couple of centuries, the European fortunes of Portugal had gone hand in hand, or hand in pocket, if you will, with those of Brazil. Never was there a colony in South America, or elsewhere, so much a peer of its mother country. This circumstance was destined to bear fruit. At best, all the other countries were but mere colonies, and at most only viceroyalties, while Brazil alone attained the full stature and status of a world power, figuring prominently in world affairs, often shoulder to shoulder with Britain, France and Spain; first in coalition with Mother Portugal, and later, as an empire in her own right, telling Portugal where to get off! Here is a heritage to make the vaunting "real Peruvian" take a back seat, and to make the purse-proud all-white Argentinian squirm with envy!

Sometimes, in some places, it is hard to believe that Brazil functioned with all the majesty and maturity of a full-fledged European power—"once upon a time"! For this reason, the Brazil that we view only externally and casually, without due respect for her past, gives little or no idea of the sophisticated and sometimes profound government that once held forth in this hemisphere.

John VI, together with the entire royal family, all the officers of

State, a large part of the nobility and a considerable number of important retainers, arrived in state at Baia—then the Capital of Brazil—on January 21, 1808. The royal fugitives were not satisfied with Baia, and moved south to Rio de Janeiro in March, which henceforth became the national Capital.

The whole works of a kingdom were set up and put into action. A large number of English artisans had been brought along. With their guidance and assistance several new industries were founded. The entire nation felt the stimulus of both the royal presence and the benign grace of their own Brazil become a kingdom! All responded magnificently.

One of the first flourishes of the transplanted kingdom was to seize French Guiana, 1809, in revenge for the incursions of the French on several occasions.

On January 16, 1815, the full title of "Kingdom" was bestowed on Brazil, and colonial government disappeared forever. Nevertheless, the government was entirely in the hands of the visiting Portuguese royal party. The only part the Brazilians were given in it was to pay the taxes. Pernambuco was the first province to revolt because of the burden of carrying the luxurious Court. Baia followed. Both rebellions were put down, only further increasing the bad feeling.

In 1817, Brazil was chosen to pick the chestnuts out of the fire, by seizing Montevideo—now Capital of Uruguay, then part of Argentina. Even Buenos Aires was attacked, unsuccessfully. A desultory war was carried on with Argentina, until the calamitous year of 1828, when Brazil was decisively defeated. Brazil has never forgotten it. Neither has Argentina.

Returning to 1815, we find the quarrel between Portugal and Brazil had finally led to giving Brazil an equal status; thereafter, until 1822, the kingdom was called the United Kingdom of Portugal, Brazil and the Algarves. By this time, John VI of Portugal refused to leave Brazil and return to Portugal, owing to the intrigues of Carlotta Joaquina who hoped to become Queen of the independent kingdom of Brazil. Great Britain, now master of Portugal, insisted upon the return of John VI. He intrusted the government to his elder son, Pedro, reluctantly going back home, July 3, 1821.

Revolution followed, the people demanding complete separation and independence from Portugal. It is worthy of note that the provisional government of Sao Paulo began this movement for independence. On the 12th of October, 1822, Pedro was proclaimed constitutional Emperor of Brazil. On December 7, the same year, the Portuguese garrison at Rio de Janeiro was overpowered. Brazil was off completely on its own, with no political tie-strings with the mother country, Portugal.

CHAPTER III

THE FIRST AND LAST OF ALL-AMERICAN MONARCHIES

At last, it looked as though Brazil, always the biggest country, and the richest country in the Americas, had attained the millennium. (There are still sighs of pride over this grand *moment imperiale*, and more than faint glimmers of hope that something like it in modern dress may some day return, in the visions of many a Brazilian. By the same token, we Northerners, with no such glittering Past-with-Crown on our head, whether we believe in it or not, must pay at least a little honor to it!)

Hardly had the tumult and the shouting died away, when the Empire of Brazil began to find that uneasy lies the head that tries to wear a royal crown and force the people of such a vast dominion under the will and ways of kings. This was the day of liberations. France, the United States, and all the surrounding Spanish Colonies had successfully revolted against the rule of kings. Even little Black Haiti had defied and defeated the royal forces of Napoleon.

Within a year, the provinces of Pernambuco and Ceara, proclaimed a republic! Other similar republican bodies sprang up elsewhere, but were put down. Portugal recognized Brazil as an independent empire, and simultaneously saddled the new nation with the Portuguese debt she had left, amounting to ten million dollars. Mutterings of discontent spread all over the empire. The growing unpopularity of Dom Pedro boiled over in the calamitous

year of 1828, with the utter defeat of Brazilian forces by the armies of Argentina. Financial embarrassment followed, when the United States, England, and France claimed reimbursement for vessels lost in the Brazilian blockade of Buenos Aires. Things came to a head in 1831, when Dom Pedro I went on board an English ship, leaving Brazil forever. The empire was not at an end, however, for when he abdicated, it was in favor of his son, then five years of age, who became Dom Pedro II.

The reign of Dom Pedro II lasted 68 years! Nearly everyone who came in contact with Dom Pedro II agreed that he was always a gentleman. He was generally liked. He was too kind to be forever quarreling with his people and too nice to become a despot. His reign was easy-going, and Brazilians seemed to like it that way. With the exception of Pará and Rio Grande do Sul, whose rebellions were squelched, there was domestic peace. Public works and education rose on the wings of prosperity to new heights.

In 1853, however, Dictator Rosas, of Argentina, declared war on Brazil. His forces were completely routed and there was great rejoicing. Again, in 1864, Francisco Solano Lopez, Dictator of little land-locked Paraguay, seized a Brazilian vessel on the Paraná River. A six years' war ensued, Argentina and Uruguay joining with Brazil to put down the cocky little Paraguayan dictator. Lopez did not surrender until more than half of the male warriors of Paraguay lay dead on the battle fields. Brazil was drained of funds, involving burdensome taxation and the contracting of large loans from foreign countries.

Along about 1880, liberalism spread through the educated classes. It grew year by year, creating political unrest and a desire for a change that culminated in a military conspiracy. Suddenly, in 1889, after an absence abroad followed by an enthusiastic and affectionate welcome home, the good-natured and confiding emperor was deposed. On the 14th of November, the palace was surrounded, and the following morning, the emperor and his family were quietly placed on board a warship and sent off to Portugal!

It was a bloodless revolution, and about the only casualty was the emperor's broken heart.

A semi-military government was set up, and continued under

the leadership of General Deodoro da Fonseca, a protégé of Dom Pedro, for the following fifteen months. On February 1, 1891, a national congress assembled and formulated the constitutions of the United States of Brazil, taking the Constitution of the United States of North America as its model. General da Fonseca became the first President of the new republic.

CHAPTER IV

THE DISUNITED STATES OF BRAZIL

Colony, Kingdom, Empire, and now Republic of Brazil!

In 1889, Brazil both became and "went native" South American. The two Dom Pedros and the empire system with its royal court, tinselled retainers and glamorous Grand Gesture, had held together a restive, far-flung and thinly-scattered polyglot people for more than eight decades.

There had been revolutions, but the prestige and éclat and concordance of the majority had made them ineffective. Pará, Rio Grande do Sul, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, and São Paulo, had all been in révolt. The revolts were not always conducted specifically against injuries and injustices suffered at the hands of the central government, but rather to gain something that was dear to their hearts. Each of them wanted to separate from Brazil proper and become independent states. As early as 1578, an effort had been made to separate Brazil into two parts. There had been a revolt in Minas Geraes, in 1789, for independence, suggested by the recent successful revolution of the American Colonies. As in the cases of most South American "revolutions," the participants were more often interested in being independent to do as they pleased, without the domination of some overlord of whom they had tired, rather than in that grand and glorious "freedom" about which nations chant and orate on national holidays and go to war.

As a matter of fact, there are evidences in the warmer and darker parts of Brazil, that they are still fonder of the feudal system, where

the vassals and peons can lean heavily on the *patrao*, who assumes all responsibilities, including that of taking nominal, proud, and often affectionate care of his human properties. Unconscious of pretentious ambitions, and with a promise of enough to eat, a daily siesta, an occasional fiesta, and eternal *amanha*—how few worries there are in the tropics! So, say what we may, a long period of disruption, retrogression and disrepair fell upon all the Colonies of Latin America, when the patronage and prestige of the mother countries were withdrawn and could no longer be relied and leaned upon. An interim of material decay—probably long since disintegrating—took possession of them. When they got their so-called freedom, they used it with violence against one another to the detriment of the immediate progress of all. It is in this great difference in their early stages, that is outstanding between the progress of the great republic of North America and the stagnation of the smaller republics of South America.

Fortunately for its solidarity, that great tract known throughout hemispheric history as Brazil, had been kept whole and intact by the device of the home government's appointing at the proper time a single governor-general, with full powers, civil and criminal. In his official capacity, he kept an eye on and held together the Captaincies by means of which Portuguese settlements had been planted along the entire coast of Brazil, from the La Plata to the Amazon.

Spain, on the other hand, had divided its great Spanish American continental domain into many colonies, at first under a single vice regent located at Lima; later, into several viceroyalties. As a result, when the Liberation came, Spanish South America blew up into half a dozen separate Spanish American republics, that eventually numbered nine, who have been jealously and murderously fighting one another ever since. As a single Pan Spanish American state they might have been functioning today as a ranking world power.

While Brazil did not blow apart when the republican explosion came, yet it was harried by a similar lack of cohesion among the twenty states, one territory and a Federal District, comprising the United States of Brazil. The system of Captaincies had established a dangerous precedent. It was the continuance of the common practise of selling to the highest bidder all rights to the exploitation of

a given territory. It had been handed down from the Dark Ages, often to unscrupulous and bloody adventurers and plunderers. For their services to the Crown, the Captains received the equivalent of \$1500 a year. Their profits were usually in excess of \$100,000. With modifications, this spoils system was continued in the case of remote provinces, right down to Vargas's time. It was easy money for the government and an easy way for the President to shift care and responsibility. This had a tendency to sever ties between the states and the central government, and also to promote the desire of acquisitive local Leaders to foment rebellions, often with the sole object of taking over the whole state for exploitation as a reward for their "patriotism."

Specifically, great, overgrown, rude, and crude Brazil had always been threatening to tear itself apart as the Spanish American states had done. It was simply too big, sprawling and inaccessible for any one man to handle. It was often very confusing, to both executives and governments, who knew little with exactitude and nothing by first-hand knowledge of, for instance, the municipal problems of Manáos, in the heart of the Amazonian jungle, or of the needs of Sant Anna do Livramento, a thousand miles down south in western Rio Grande do Sul.

Centralization in the efficient way that Argentina had accomplished it, by setting up a capital on a great waterway leading to the open sea and thence to the rest of the world, draining and serving the whole republic by means of a great system of roads and railroads, was simply out of the question in the impossible terrain and impassable jungles of greater Brazil. An attempt at centralization—intelligent, in its time, in being near the central point of the 4,000-mile coast line—was early made to set up the Capital of Brazil at San Salvador, or Baia, as it is better known today. Crown emissaries were instructed to build a strongly fortified city. It was a wise move on every count, however, when the Royal planners decided to move the Capital, together with their newly-arrived Portuguese refugee King John VI, to Rio de Janeiro. If the Capital had remained at Baia, the whole sequence of events that have materially, and advantageously, affected the fortunes of Brazil, might have been quite different. This would have been true due to the fact that

Baia is decidedly within the sphere of Afro-Caribbean influence. Thought, opinion, politics, and statesmanship all would have had a dark penumbra around them.

Transferring the Capital from Baia to Rio, made a predominantly white community, with all its implications, the pivot on which the nation was thereafter destined to swing. It lifted the government and governing class (that was to follow the departure of the Portuguese monarchs) out of the deep tropical and jungle areas and sphere of Afro-Indio influence with all their infinite repercussions. Politically, it strengthened the military hold on those two most dangerous secessionary and revolutionary states of São Paulo and Rio Grande do Sul, in the deep south, which undoubtedly in time would successfully have withdrawn from the Union. Finally, it lifted the whole state into temperate zone energy out of equatorial inertia and semi-barbarous viewpoint. Only the Church suffered, because Baia had become the resplendent seat of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Portuguese America. With its hundreds of beautiful churches, Baia was unequalled in its ecclesiastical glory, at least south of Mexico City. Rio de Janeiro never did shine as a jewel in the crown of Rome.

Throughout, we are to think of our subject as *four Brazils*, as distinct even in its solidarity, as four foreign countries, with the single exception, that all the inhabitants are patriotically, nationally, and nationalistically Brazilians. These are the four Brazils: I. The Afro-Caribbean seaboard. II. The Indio Jungle—Matto Grosso and Amazonia. III. The European-Portuguese metropolises of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo. IV. The Agricultural-Pastoral regions with their key cities in the extreme south. Each is different and distinct, socially, culturally and ethnologically, but all are gifted with a strong individualized political consciousness.

This was the *mis en scène* of the republican drama that began with General da Fonseca becoming first president, surrounded by his army, in February 1891. Royalists quietly withdrew. Little by little, the government fell into the hands of unscrupulous politicians. By September, Rio Grande do Sul—the native state of Getulio Vargas, where he was then a very liberal young man studying

law and the political complications of his complex country—broke out in perennial revolution. Fonseca declared himself dictator.

Floriano Peixoto followed Fonseca as President and made such a mess of it, that not only Rio Grande do Sul revolted again, in 1893, but also the naval garrison in Rio de Janeiro turned its guns on the government and demand Peixoto's resignation. It took six months to put down widespread rebellion. One conspiring leader was shot down without trial and another revolutionist, 80-year old Marshal de Gama was murdered in cold blood. On the 15th of November, 1894, Dr. Prudente de Moraes Barros succeeded to the presidency. The finances of the country were in chaotic condition. Every branch of public service had been plundered. The remainder of Moraes's administration was characterized by frustration, partially due to a rebellion carried on in the wilds of the north by a religious fanatic who continuously defeated the armies of the government sent against the native forces organized in the interior. Finally, after narrowly missing assassination, Moraes was succeeded, in 1898, by Dr. Campos Sallos. His administration adjusted boundary disputes, with Bolivia and British Guiana. To President Rodrigues Alves (1902-6) may be credited much of the civic beauty of Rio de Janeiro. Passing quickly over the administration of Affonsa Pena (1906-10), we come to that of Marshal Hermes da Fonseca, notable only for political dissensions and financial depression. Under Wenceslau Braz Pereira Gomes (1914-8), Brazil became the only South American republic to declare war on Germany.

A severe depression followed a period of abnormal prosperity due to the war, compelling President Arturo da Silva Bernardes to resort to severe retrenchment to avoid a panic. Finally, Washington Luis Pereira (1926-30), limped into office and was forced to resign, after the tempestuous election of Julio Prestes, whom he had appointed as his successor. The election was accompanied by great disorder and much loss of life. Never had the outlook for exhausted and impoverished Brazil looked blacker. Revolution was inevitable. It broke out on October 3, 1930, and spread rapidly. In the name of Aliança Liberal and under the leadership of Getulio Dornelles Vargas—defeated candidate for President—the revolutionists con-

quered the forces in the National Capital and took over, October 24, 1930.

This was the beginning of modern Brazil; "our" Brazil of today.

CHAPTER V

BRAZILIAN DOES WHAT BRAZILIAN IS

Americans are not endowed with a keen "historical sense," which includes and implies a studious consideration of racial origins, foreign immigration and agglomeration, migrations, and development. Like so many other phenomena, we Americans take peoples for granted. We are not prone to bother about unseen causes that have produced visible effects. We jump at conclusions. We accept and act upon a climax without examining the merits of the cause, crises, and continuity upon which it should be judged. We take sides and deliver condemnations often gleaned from hurried summations of what we read in the papers or hear on the radio.

It is somewhat in this lackadaisical manner that we accept the Brazilian and with a hey-nonny-nonny set out to intertwine our fortunes and destiny with his.

The Brazilian is the most complex of all South American nationalities. He was more thoroughly mixed from earliest days with the brown Indians whom he found in what was to become Brazil, and with the black slave peoples whom he imported to do his hard work, than any other American colonist. There emerged a race seemingly perfectly amalgamated; therefore quite original. While it is true that the Iberian strain remains and dominates, it is also true that miscegenation has produced a race that is decidedly not-Portuguese, but Brazilian. While statistics show that more than sixty percent of the population is made up of mixed bloods, the nation is one hundred percent singleminded in its compositeness. Obviously, there are overtones of color-influence on imagination, thinking, and customs in regions where black, or brown, or white predominate. Thus, in San Salvador (Baia) for example, the Afro influence is observable

everywhere. In white Rio de Janeiro, only faint traces of Afro or Indio influences exist. But they do exist.

Thus a total lack of historical knowledge, and also of sociological intimacy on our part, may well prove fatal to any sustained relationship. For instance, we should find that Brazil is often more sophisticated and less naive than we are, both natively and socially. I remember once being present at a large dinner party in Rio de Janeiro. Much of the conversation was Greek to several of the Americans among the invited guests because they "had" only English, while the Brazilians conversed glibly in four languages: English, French, Spanish and Portuguese, swinging gracefully back and forth to English when they recalled that we unsophisticated Americans were unilingual and tongue-tied. It brings to mind also the case of the president of the Rotary Club in a big West Coast city who sat mute and uncomprehending during the address and discussions at a meeting I attended, because he had lived eighteen years in the country without bothering to learn the language of the people with whom he was trying to carry on Big Business.

This woeful lack of knowledge of peoples to whom we almost carelessly hand out millions, whose unsecured word we often accept as collateral, whom we affectionately call "Good Neighbors" and physically embrace with little knowledge of their true identity, is not only lamentable but inexcusable. Such lack of comprehension is bound to lead to misunderstanding piled on misunderstanding.

Foreign policy and diplomacy are concerned primarily and implicitly with *understanding*. Only proven statesmen should be admitted to the ranks, which is a far cry from the majority of appointments today. Anything or anyone, falling short in requisite understanding lowers the job into the ranks of the partisan politician, or one who usually understands only the foibles of friend and foe alike and, both at home and abroad, plays upon them for the advantage of partisanry, of his constituency, always of himself, and oftentimes to the disadvantage and embarrassment of the whole state and all the people. Even understanding statesmen, as we well know, can be good or bad, playing for the selfish interests and advantage of their own States to the loss oftentimes of innocent nations against whom they are working.

But lack of an understanding knowledge on the part of our public servants and ministers plenipotentiary amounts to an injury against the State itself. What lasting progress can we hope to make in the good graces of our supersensitive Latin American neighbors if we are ignorant of the meaning and significance of those A, B, C, D's in the Primer of Understanding: Siesta, Fiesta, Amanha (Mañana) and El Patio?

A single unfortunate word—innocently, ignorantly, or intentionally uttered—may rip a rent in the diplomatic fabric that has taken years to weave. For example, a well-known writer stated to several million readers that Baia was a Negro city. "That is not true," a prominent Brazilian informed me. "We do not object to Negroes, but the inhabitants of Baia are all Brazilians." It took a long while, diplomatically, I was told, to get that kink out of their hair. Again, a recent *Times* carried a double column spread to the effect that Noel Coward (patriotic playwright-author champion of the United Nations) had cast a slur in print on the American Army! Representative Dickstein harrangued the House demanding that Coward be forbidden ever to step his foot on American soil again and that Britain make a retraction! Mr. Coward did write something to the effect that he had seen soldiers from Brooklyn not in the line of battle where they ought to be, which was not as important as it was impertinent. What was important is that Noel Coward, long a friendly ambassador without portfolio, did not yet *understand* the temperamental idiosyncrasies of England's American Allies; no more than the American writer understood the Brazilian color conception.

Both their color complex and their color complexion, began more than a thousand years ago with their Portuguese ancestors.

CHAPTER VI

COLOR IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

We are drawing very close—not to a mere unpopular theme, as it exists in North America—but to a human reality that is more than skin-deep in Brazil, that penetrates the very heart and vibrates the vitals of the nation. *Color*. Color is no parliamentary phrase in Brazil, but a living phenomenon among a flesh and blood people.

"But what are you talking about—Color?" they ask us. "And just what are you getting at, writing about—Color?" they will no doubt ask me. "You Americans talk about Color," they continue, "as though it were a matter of life and death among you! Distastefully, as though Color were abhorrent. How can a democracy in which all men are born and live equal, one and the same people, all alike in the sight of God and by the terms of your Constitution, discriminate against a man of Color?" How, indeed!

Therefore, it behooves all visitors from God's Country, the Great White Democracy—tourists, business-getters, commissioners, missionaries, ambassadors, consuls, diplomats, and their personnel—to lay off of and pipe down on Color, and avoid the subject as they would a rattlesnake! It has a poisonous bite that can well be fatal.

A knowledge, an appreciation and a respect for this affinity of the Brazilian for Color, will prove to be a key in the hand of the judicious foreigner that will open many a friendly door.

But why, we ask, this affinity for the dark-skinned races by Brazil, beyond that of any other South American nation, if indeed not beyond that of any other white race on earth?

We shall have to be reminded that white Brazilians are not of Spanish origin like the people of all the other nine sister republics on the continent, but Portuguese. Therein lies the full explanation.

It becomes necessary to delve into Portuguese history. In this particular, no other colonial country on earth perhaps has been more closely identified or more intimately associated with its mother-country than Brazil with Portugal. At one period indeed, the reigning monarch of the mother country was compelled by

Napoleon to flee into the arms of its offspring, out of which union sprang the monarchy of Brazil and for a time the monarchy of Brazil ruled the former kingdom of Portugal!

Early European history informs us that the western strip of the Iberian Peninsula in time to be known as Portugal, was subjected to constant aggression—as we call it in these days. Some of the invaders marched in and marched right out again, after sacking the country and taking with them all they wanted. Others “occupied” Portugal for centuries before they were finally driven out at the point of the sword. It is worthy of note that ethnically and basically the Portuguese remained unswervingly Portuguese and that though for hundreds of years they were subjected to all kinds of cruel pressure to make them accept the Moslem faith, they never failed to spurn the Crescent and stand by the Cross. Portugal was always one of the brightest and richest jewels in the tiara of Rome.

The original settlers of Portuguese Iberia are said to have been the Carthaginians. But it was the Romans who gave them their “Latin” heritage of language and civilization and started them off as a nation. We find Portugal emerging from the obscurity of the Dark Ages, that shrouded all Europe for hundreds of years, in a fierce resistance against the Moor who came across from North Africa and during the century of 700 conquered the greater part of the Iberian Peninsula. The Moorish influence during one of the longest periods of “occupation” recorded in history, lasting for more than 500 years, was profound, enlightening, and refining. The Portuguese absorbed a complete system of culture from the Arabic Moors, who in many respects were then farther advanced in the arts and sciences than the native Europeans, that eventually bore fruit during 400 years, from 1100 to 1500, when Portugal became the greatest maritime, commercial, and colonial power in all Europe.

While for the most part, there was a cleavage between Portuguese and Moors dwelling in Portugal, yet intermarriage was not uncommon. There were even intermediate communities, called “Mozarabi.” Arab in culture, pursuits and manners, but always Portuguese in blood, tradition, and Catholicism.

There had always been a blood relationship with Spain. Perhaps it might be better described as a “bloody” relationship. Spain had

claimed a domineering, but mythical, relationship since the second century, B.C. In 1095, Portugal was claimed as a border fief of Leon. Subsequently, there were several marriages of convenience between scions of Portugal and the Spanish Kingdoms interlocking the two peoples for a time. Sooner or later, they fought their way out of the alliance. Throughout, the Spaniard was inclined to look down his nose at the Portuguese as a barbarian cousin. There lurks just a little bit of that "superiority complex" still, in certain circles of white Spanish American descendants, with a faint allusion to Color. I have heard it more than once. For a thousand years, then, the Portuguese and Brazilian descendants in turn rightly may be termed "the darker brothers" of the Spaniard. And the Spaniard is pretty dark.

So at length we come to discuss the changing pigment and affinity for Color, not only among Brazilians but also begun by their forebears more than a thousand years ago, that was not only skin deep, but has had sweeping effects on the character—by no means to be interpreted as ill effects, but as often as not infusing qualities of superiority in friendliness, sociability, graciousness, brilliant imagination, wit, and poetry, that Spaniard or Yanqui might well envy.

CHAPTER VII

BLOOD WILL TELL

Going back to the conquest of Portugal by the Moors, in 711, we find Portugal in the way of being involved in a further admixture of peoples and races, beyond anything she had before experienced.

"Moor" is a generic term, meaning "dark people." It has always been loosely applied to the natives of Morocco and northwestern Africa. In the seventh century, Morocco was overrun by Arabs from Asia. The Asiatic Arab is a member of the White race. Centuries of nomadic life in the open swept by hot desert winds tanned their skin. The average Portuguese today, as are most South Americans

we meet, are sun-browned in a like manner, which does not necessarily mean that they are mixed bloods.

There was much intermarriage between the bronze Arab conquerors and the all-black native tribesmen and women. Within a century they were all together known as Moors, the two races now knitted together under the common tie of Mohammedanism. When they swarmed over Iberia, there were whole black African tribes among the Moorish invaders. It was into this racial potpourri—predominately Arab—that many of the Portuguese intermarried, introducing an Arabic strain of cruel, vengeful bloodthirstiness, together with a high type of intellectuality and sensuality.

Again, in 1450, another ethnic element was introduced in Portugal, that decidedly affected Portuguese affinity for color for all time to come.

The Portuguese had been among the earliest European slave traders. Slaving had always been one of the most profitable sources of income. Slave labor and importation for home consumption in Portugal did not attain any great proportions until about the middle of the fifteenth century when domestic economy reached a critical stage. Portugal had squandered her vast incoming riches on wars, luxury, and the Church. Unlike England and France, she had built little of productive or permanent value. She had lived for the day's pleasure or fight only—in somewhat the same unsubstantial spirit of magnificence that we have seen flower in Brazil's jungle Romance of Rubber. Centuries of constant battling against Moor and Castilian had left Portugal thinly populated—with men at least. Large tracts of land had become an untilled wilderness. The sturdiest of her manpower were roaming the seas in search of adventure and new lands of fortune. Plague and famine began to ravage the kingdom. For a time convicts were released to supplement the depleted manpower. Then followed the importation of vast numbers of slaves. The population intermarried freely with the blacks. Thereafter, negroid types became common throughout central and southern Portugal. By the seventeenth century, Portugal had again almost changed into another nation.

Repercussions inevitably reached into Brazil.

The little kingdom of Portugal had overreached herself. Men and

more men were needed to carry on, particularly in the vast new colony of Brazil. The black slave trade was brought to hightide, women and children included. The rule was that only men were sent to the colonies. At best, they composed a pitifully small body; to pioneer, to explore, to garner the riches for export, to attend to their own maintenance, to hold the country against envious European marauders and the attacks of savage Indians. There was only one way to increase; official word went forth to all colonists, settlers, and soldiers to intermarry with their slaves. The same course was taken with the native Indians. They told me in Baia that there had been a greater admixture of Indian blood there than elsewhere in Brazil. Baia is within the Afro-Caribbean belt, and I had been under the impression that her excessive numbers of colored people were Negroes rather than Indians. Even in São Paulo, the records show that the early settlers freely married with the Indians.

I remember talking with Will Rogers and many other highly representative Americans whom I met in the Southwest who boasted of the fact that they had Indian blood in their veins. I spoke of this one day to a Brazilian, hoping to make him feel good about it. He came back with: "Yes," he said, "you seem proud of your Indian colored ancestry. What is wrong with African colored blood and ancestry, that you despise and abhor it? Because they were your slaves? That is pure racial snobbery, and has no place in a democracy. According to your Constitution, none is 'inferior' or 'superior.' And, of all things, because of a difference in color, race, or religion. On those three principles rest your democratic structure, that designated your country as a refuge for all men, who thus became 'free and equal.'"

I could think of no reply that would seem logical or just, in his understanding. I might have said, "But, you don't know what we went through!"

But, didn't they go through the same vicissitudes of black slavery and social readjustments that we had? Only, they were less prejudicial, less political, and less propagandistic than we were about it, and infinitely more humanly compassionate and fair-minded—and *democratic*. And there is always their affinity for Color and the reasons for it to be reckoned with.

Take the case of our State of Mississippi, for example, and note the marked divergence and difference in the Negro's status, due largely to our refusal to accept him as a social equal after we had emancipated him and brought him into the Republic as a full-fledged citizen. In our case, we find Color become a serious problem. As a result, we have resorted to local or State legislation, and through the use of White force and the exercise of fear, have outlawed the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and reallocated the Negro back into a state of vassalage, without ownership, to be sure, but also without master patronage and protection. We find him being treated more unfairly and worse than the most "undesirable" immigrant. To Mississippians, with Negroes outnumbering the Whites, it seemed—often with good reason—something to worry about, and necessary to take both repressive and oppressive action. A sinister problem.

Not so in Brazil.

Yet, our United States with all its vaunted superiority of "freedom and equality for all," seems to be farther than ever from solving that problem, following a second great War to make all peoples free and the "world safe for Democracy."

Book Two

GEOGRAPHY OF RAW MATERIALS

CHAPTER VIII

DEMOCRATIC WEALTH

An atlas, or compendium of general knowledge is one kind of a book that is far removed from what we are trying to do in this volume. We might presume to call ours a key, not to the large library of general knowledge, but rather to specific channels of information about Brazil, in more or less documentary form. Without this knowledge, regardless of the source, the foreigner may not even hope to "get himself over"—or his nation or his wares—to Brazil at large. This difficulty is not due to the fact that Brazilians are a queer, or "a funny people." All "new" countries that have, for a time at least, opened wide their gates to unrestricted immigration, become "funny" to the eyes of long-established outsiders. It makes for a complex people, rather than a composite nation, which takes centuries to form. The nationals of the original source may long—even always—continue to exercise an overwhelming influence upon the culture of their ancestors already firmly established, but large bodies of "foreigners" are bound, in time, to implant and to exercise more or less influence upon every form of life and living in their adopted country. This, we all know, is true in the United States of North America, where changes in manners, morals, and politics, for example, during the past decade are rapidly making us over, and, with reason, shocking the Old Guard Anglo Saxon Founders' descendants.

Brazil, while preserving and maintaining her Portuguese character basically, has been even more profoundly influenced and affected

by certain "foreign" ingredients that existed in the cementation of her very foundation. Due to a deplorable lack of transport and communications, anything like an equal or even equable mixture of racial elements has been neither practicable nor possible. Large racial segments and layers are to be found, therefore, in the localities of their original deposition. Only if their native character has been overwhelmingly powerful, persuasive, and penetrating, has their sphere of influence spread into localities where they were themselves in the minority. This has been the case especially of the Negro, increased immeasurably through unrestricted miscegenation.

The difference ethnologically between Spanish-Peruvian and Portuguese-Brazilian may be less apparent and marked, superficially, than that between the by-and-large population of Baía and Paraná. A large portion of the one may be obviously Afro and as black as ebony. The other may be almost one hundred percent European-White; for the farther south we go, the whiter become the people, save that in the Gaucho-Campo country we shall find the Colored-Indio mixture probably in the majority. Reverting to neighboring Bolivia, we should find more than sixty percent of the people pure Indian, and an unnumbered percentage Cholo, or White-mixture. What remains are Hispano-American Whites, who alone bear the honorable title of "Bolivians." This differentiation and classification, highly undemocratic as it may seem and is, generally prevails where the burdensome Red Man has not as yet been deliberately killed off (as in Uruguay and Argentina)—where the original "owner of the sphere" in which the trespasser is living and ruling, is just "the Indian." This is true to a degree in the U. S. A., where the Anglo-Saxon American, colloquially or with mental reservation, goes even a step farther, denying first and second generation immigrants and their progeny at least, citizens or not, the unhyphenated title of "American." We say, "He is an Italian, or a Swede, or an Armenian, or a Lithuanian—or even an Englishman!" In the cases of the Negro, and the Jew, this unwonted exclusion goes on from generation to generation, and takes on forms of oppression that belie American claims to being "The Great Democracy." So I have been told many times by citizens of all ten South American countries.

The point to be stressed here is, that none of the foregoing demo-

cratic inconsistencies are true of totalitarianly-ruled Brazil. And by "totalitarian," I do not mean tyrannically, either. Having made a cliché of the term "Democracy," we Americans apply it indiscriminately to all those "on our side." We call Brazil a democracy, with greater frequency than she calls herself one. We, the United States, claim to be a "white man's country," which is not truly democratic, in spirit, at least. Brazil would vociferously deny that she was a "white man's country"; and yet she is no true democracy!

CHAPTER IX

WHAT HAS BRAZIL TO OFFER?

It is well to bear in mind that Brasil Novo was launched shortly after Getulio Vargas came into power, some ten years before her entry into World War II. This in itself was a clever stroke of policy and prestige in Brazil's aspiration for hemisphere leadership and assumption of the title of "Colossus of the South." While other South American countries had contributed to the war vital raw materials like herself, and lent defense bases, Brazil alone had first become the actual stepping stone from Natal to Dakar, over waters patrolled by her own submarines, coastal warships, and planes; her army had fought and her nationals had died side by side on European battle fields. With a golden record in history as a peer among the world's great Powers, some day she would have a voice in the disposition of the New World. Already she was in possession of a trained army of veterans that any other South American nation might well fear. No greater strides in the race for continental leadership could have been conceived! Argentina might well look to her laurels!

Brazil's militant and material entry into the war resulted not merely in a moral and diplomatic victory, but led to a succession of substantial acquisitions, chiefly from or in collaboration with her hemisphere pal—the United States—whose protégé she had become

We are not to underestimate, the remarkable advance as wel

already made in the development in every field on the home front of natural and national resources.

Brazil had been awakened to the stern inevitabilities and promises of a scientific New World on wheels and wings. Concentrating on the lure of gold, for example, was the sign of a backward nation. Science had split the atom and fearfully complicated and multiplied the needs of natural materials that had become a thousand times more precious than gold. All forward signs pointed to the mass production and development of those resources that served this new smooth-running cosmos, either in feeding the engines of war or in turning the wheels of peace. Brazil found herself blessed with these New Era treasures!

Latin America has long since subsisted on its raw materials. But that is not enough, if a nation is to take its place among the world Powers.

Nickel, aluminum, manganese, chrome, tungsten, cobalt, vanadium, quicksilver, diamonds—all are found in commercial quantities in Brazil. In addition, Brazil possesses a series of rare metal alloys for use in the steel industry, such as titanium. Platinum is found in large quantities in Minas Geraes and Baia. Brazil was given an opportunity, and made good, not only to the extent of its great rare-mineral resources, but also in its newly-created mining industry. It was thus able to recoup heavy deficits sustained in export commodities due to the war, and the loss of practically every European market.

For decades, Brazil had tried in vain to solve her steel problem. It would seem easy, in view of the fact that at least one-quarter of all the known iron ore in the world was deposited in that country! All efforts to fully utilize this discovery had been abortive due to the absence of sufficient domestic finances. The great powers had an envious eye on these mountains of Brazilian iron. Japan offered to set up a modern steel plant that would take care of the nation's steel requirements for a century to come, including the manufactures of machines, armaments and ships. The price was monopolistic control. Germany sought a steel monopoly, offering even more flattering terms. England angled and haggled with Brazil for years. A suspicious and hoarding Brazil turned down all foreign offers.

Then, in June 1939, a few months *before* the beginning of World War II, American engineers conducted an exhaustive survey of Brazil's iron resources, drew up plans and made a proposal for the manufacture of steel. The proposal differed from those of other nations, in that all manufacturing was to be done on Brazilian soil, in Brazilian furnaces, using fifty percent Brazilian coal and employing only Brazilian labor! It was stipulated, however, that American experts should set up the plant and American technicians should direct the manufacture, gradually breaking in native technicians and foremen.

That is the story, in brief, of the effectual welding together in a single gigantic combination of the steel resources of the two great republics of this hemisphere, comprising half the world supply and removing any serious doubt about the United Nations pulling through this war with superior reserve resources of armament. Chrome ore, mica, industrial diamonds, and quartz crystal—all important in the manufacture of war materials—were all plentiful in Brazil. Manganese—fourteen pounds of which are required to put “starch” into each ton of steel, mined under wartime pressure, in 1943, reached the enormous wartime production of 400,000 tons, most of it earmarked for the United States. With this wealth of metal and alloys, binding steps should be taken to make Brazil a close economic partner of the United States in the future.

Another illustration of the closer ties being drawn between the two great American republics, has been our agreement to purchase enormous quantities of several major Brazilian products for many years to come: 100,000 tons of babassu nuts and oil; 200,000 tons of castor beans and their oil equivalent; 50,000,000 yards of burlap; 150 metric tons of ipecac—in the first year.

Meanwhile, New Brazil had built and was operating machine-gun and powder factories. She was setting up American automobiles and precision instruments using “home-grown” materials. Furthermore, she was constructing American destroyers and British trawlers, under contract.

But all this splendid get-together in commerce and industry was not altogether a normal and natural proceeding—despite its baptism and blessing of the Good Neighbor Policy. It was under the impulse

and pressure of urgent war needs, which does not come at all under the conditions or category of peacetime good business, good trade, or good neighbors. Over it all hangs an unhealthy and unsound quality of all the other hectic, bloodshot business of war.

CHAPTER X

CHOKED WITH GOLD

Brazil may possess the bulk of the continent's fabulous wealth and be governed by the wisest ruler in the hemisphere, but unless and until those treasures are transmuted into the body of life and the arteries of trade (creating a national economy) she and her ruler cannot become great in the eyes of the world.

Adding up all of Brazil's vast assets and taking into account the superb executive and organizing talents of a President Vargas, Brazil is still minus two counts necessary for her to realize her dreams of greatness—Labor and Capital.

Like all other South American countries that may be rich in their own rights, Brazil is lamentably short of workers to unearth, to cultivate, and to move the natural and potential wealth that is almost smothering her. Furthermore, in terms of this mechanical age in which we are living, vast Brazil with its handful of machines is, by comparison, but a moving speck in this whirring, whizzing welter of world production.

Pepping up this people with vitamins and feeding them energizing foods, is not sufficient to fill the appalling man-power gap. There must be more people. Millions more.

What good are natural resources, buried in the interior, sunk in the unexplored wilderness, lost in the jungle? Their value is as fictitious as their existence is fabulous. These endless treasures are constantly mentioned in books as being precious beyond price, priceless to the whole world! As buried treasure they are not worth as much to a hungry world as a mess of beans in the backyard. Until they are converted first into raw materials, resources in the

ground are next to good for nothing. Between natural resources and practical raw materials lies a gulf that requires all the ingenuity, energy, and devices of man to breach. Even raw materials when made available demand the utmost in science, invention, and machines to process and convert them into everyday commodities of any commercial value. And, above all, it takes millions upon millions of dollars!

These are the laws and steps, of deposits, production, and manufacture, ultimately leading to markets and merchandising, that apply everywhere on this earth.

The difference between Brazil and the United States in all stages in the solution of the problem, from deposit to merchandizing, is abysmal. At least it will be so for many, many years to come. To discover and mine the resources in the trackless wilderness of Brazil is one thing; to move up a complete industrial plant to the treasure spot through the midst of a four-track country on wheels, as we do in the United States, is another. It is beyond the imagination of the American man-in-the-street to conceive the prodigious difference, existing between the two countries, let alone to understand it.

Taking into consideration first the vital requisite of man-power, we conclude that the native Brazilian—even when vitaminized to his highest pitch of energy—still falls many steps behind the laborers imported from many other nations. His imagination gets in his work-way, displaying a natural and a national habit of talking, boasting, and leaning on supports. You can't make unimaginative mechanical robots of them! It lightens work, but also it lessens it, and will never get the herculean job ahead of Brasil Novo done. There is not much that can be done about it, except to import huge blocks of man-power.

Portuguese America (Brazil) conformed to the same pattern as was followed by Spanish America when the prodigious energy of the Conquistadors deflated into a "gentleman" breed of lazy conquerors who disdained common labor in all its forms. They certainly would have shriveled in poverty and starved to death, had it not been for the millions of black slaves imported—especially in Brazil—who took on their shoulders the vast bulk of all back-breaking, sun-searing hard labor. Brazil's early periods of great

prosperity may be credited directly to its slaves, serfs, and peons. Manpower economy nearly collapsed in 1871, when slavery was abolished, or at least every child born of slaves was declared free. Emancipation seriously affected the whole economy. For slaves were both property and machines. The Negro, no longer condemned to slavery, slowed down and did less and less work. The Mixed-blood—the real Brazilian of the Afro-affected regions—was notorious as a slacker. While the Brazilians of the whiter areas to the south still looked down on and abhorred hard, hand-soiling labor. Energy and work fell off and it was reflected in a general economic decline.

In the *Brasil Novo* of the Peace, we shall find—especially as we travel southward from the equator—that the people in Brazil to a large degree are not the people *of* Brazil in nativity. While the extreme northern and equatorial Brazil is under Afro-Caribbean influence, the extreme southern tip comprising the Campo has an admixture of Indian. Rio is polyglot, with Portuguese-Italian predominating. São Paulo is largely Italian. Germans predominate in the Santa Catarina country. Somewhere—everywhere—are distributed 225,000 Japanese. Various other Europeans are to be found among the cool-country workers. No matter what we may choose to say against Germans and Italians in war, we cannot deny that in the pursuits of peace and as builders they make excellent citizens. It is not a mere coincidence that those regions of Brazil where German and Italian immigration and settling have predominated, have shown the most remarkable progress. This is eminently true of São Paulo. Thus it may be seen that the racial distribution is not balanced. Whites predominate in the south, Indians and Indo strains are found among the Gauchos and in little explored regions, and Negroes and the negroid mixture is most numerous in the north. Any further influx of White Europeans will divide the country into two distinct areas of White and Dark.

Next in number to Italian immigrants have been the Portuguese. We are not to confuse them with native mixed-bloods of Portuguese stock, which constitute the majority of Brazilians. The U. S. Vice-Consul at Manáos told me that he had found the all-Portuguese

hardy and industrious. He said they did the major portion of work in those parts, while the native people were distinctly slackers.

There are signs that Brazil has been somewhat fearful of unrestricted immigration; fearful that too great an influx of foreigners would so dilute the native strain, and because of too generous a democratic privilege accorded them, native Brazil in a short while would be whittled down or wiped out, and a foreign-tainted state replace it. This is an old Nationalist outcry. Brazil's entry into World War II and the Old World is likewise their first step into Internationalism. Will it lead to letting down the bars and admitting a great horde of foreign immigrants who will be happy to come to America—if they can get away?

Unlimited immigration seems to be the true and only solution to the problem of threatened inertia and to paving the way to opening up Brazil's endless resources that will lead to more rapid progress.

That is how the United States did it; the immigrant with pick and shovel at length following the trail that the pioneer had blazed through the wilderness and thus putting into use a vast virgin territory.

Brazil has ten times our one-time unused, uncultivated lands. But the native Brazilian has had little inclination to open wide the deadly jungle, or to invest a generation or two of settlers in the toil and moil, sacrifice and immolation of the pioneer, laboring only for his children's children and Novo Brasil maybe of the next century. The German will do that sort of thing, but the Brazilian lives for Today and borrows from Tomorrow.

However, with a dynamic Vargas pushing him from behind and leading him far in the forefront, the story has changed.

Converting sources of national wealth into resources of international trade is the only way to turn the tide. Immigration of new brawn and blood seems to be the only solution to the manpower problem. That taken care of, then watch Brazil grow in leaps and bounds!

CHAPTER XI

WORLD ARSENAL FOR THE MUNITIONS
OF TRADE AND PEACE

The United Nations at war, ruthlessly and strategically deprived of so many key materials by a treacherous enemy, were left largely dependent upon the Americas—both North and South—for their foodstuffs, their raw materials, and their munitions, thus placing them at the mercy of this, our Western Hemisphere.

A similar predicament exists as the wearied world turns to face the Peace.

North and South America together—and united, we hope—must supply the bulk of the food, with which to feed Europe's and Asia's starving millions and the raw materials from which to build the ruins of the Old World anew! In so many ways have we become the Good Hope of a dispirited, disillusioned Europe. The New World must not fail them—by disunion!

The Portuguese portion of the New World was made comparatively easy to conquer, because the first tribes of Indians encountered were both friendly and helpful. So the colonies may be said to have been founded without a struggle.

Many state criminals were sent to the Portuguese New World to hold the fort for the first half century, to await the further conquest by the noble-born fortune hunters. No great anxiety was expressed at the outset then, and none of the vast mineral treasures of Brazil were discovered in consequence, because in the earliest days of the American settlements the wealth of that monarchy's colonies in India and Africa were still pouring riches into the national coffers.

In due time, gold was discovered and became intimately connected with the history of Brazil, taking an important part in the economy of the country alongside of sugar, rubber and coffee. Most of the gold recovered in early days was alluvial, or taken out close to the surface. Later, gold was mined, until there came a period of fifty years during the eighteenth century when Brazil alone exported to the Old World a supply of gold equivalent to

fifty percent of what the whole world had produced in the previous three hundred years, or an amount equal to the entire production recorded in the rest of America between 1492 and 1850! And all this at a time when the work was performed with primitive tools. The precious metal found in regions of difficult access, had to be transported in crude form to the coastal waterways under immense hardship. This last sentence is important. It tells the tale that we find repeated over and over again. Not only the day before yesterday, but today as well. We hope not tomorrow. It stands foremost among the deterrents that have held Brazil back, while her North American neighbor, with nowhere near her bounties and blessings has forged fifty years in advance of her and is fifty times richer in earned gold. Transportation on one side of the ledger in black and white; a lack of it on the other—in the red.

Even gold in itself, however, does not make a country rich and powerful. Africa produces nearly half of the world's gold—for England. We possess the bulk of the world's gold—but we bury it, at Fort Knox. The mechanical world at war had little need for gold. The hungry world of the Peace first needs food.

But Brazil has no end of other metals and mineral resources that a world at war or peace needs more than gold—if these valuable materials can only find the labor to unearth them, the transport to move them to mills or market, and finally, the money to finance the whole business.

One finds it hard to speak temperately of the natural resources of Brazil; they are so varied and so rich.

Less than 400 miles north of Rio, as the crow flies, is Belo Horizonte, the heart and capital of the State of Minas Geraes, translated "General Mines," which is just what it is. Name any valuable mineral and you will be likely to find it buried somewhere in Minas Geraes. Fanning out in any direction for hundreds of square miles, one traverses, or flies over (the Transcontinental Cut-Off of the Pan American Airways soars over Minas Geraes, from north to south, and vice versa) ground every square foot of which seems to yield one or more minerals, either precious or utilitarian. It comprises an area as great as several of our States; the earth is almost solid with rich deposits: gold, silver, platinum, copper, lead,

manganese, chromium, zinc, antimony, mercury. Diamonds were discovered in Minas Geraes in the middle of the eighteenth century. Meanwhile, the topaz, ruby, aquamarine, tourmaline, garnet and amethyst, as well as other semi-precious stones, were found there. Brazil's 300,000 karats of commercial diamonds are said to have filled a critical war need of the Allies in the manufacture of firearms and precision instruments. Only the diamond will penetrate today's alloys that are harder than any metals formerly used. Even the inside of a submarine's tubes is polished to a mirror-like smoothness by the diamond. The Vargas diamond, recently found in Brazil, is the largest since the finding of the Yonkers diamond in South Africa.

A survey of Brazil's resources to be found in Minas Geraes, is the most arresting phenomenon of all. Brazil's iron deposits are reckoned at more than one-fifth of the iron reserves of the entire world, or 15,000,000,000 tons! Considerable portion of this ore is said to rank with the finest iron content in the world.

Through constant repetition for the past century, the familiar eulogy, "Brazil is not only the biggest state in the Americas, but probably the richest country in the world!" has been proclaimed and re-echoed by geographers and geologists, prospectors and authorities, explorers and world travelers. They all return from Brazil with the same tales of the rich and fabulous character of the country.

So what? It amounts to little more than "a tale that is told," if its marvelous resources are to rest in just a state of *being*, without something dynamically progressive being done about it.

Development of Brazil's natural resources does not end with their discovery and then piling them up at their oftentimes remote and well-nigh inaccessible sources for shipment on some unnamed day. They must be moved, we repeat, to mill or market, particularly in the Peacetime that we are all now facing. Both raw materials and goods must be moved with the greatest possible *economy*. We all face a world dominated from all sides by a cruel, fierce, and feverish competition. Benefit and profit will depend on proficiency in speed of delivery and mass production, carrying Henry Ford's ideas to new highs. Therefore, problems of transport must be solved.

CHAPTER XII

PATHS TO COMMERCE

Unlike Argentina, with its acutely competitive and intrinsic exports, of corn, wheat and beef, Brazil is blessed with a dozen or more top-notch raw materials to an almost exclusive degree which in no way compete with our exports and which to a large extent are essential in carrying on and forward towards its great industrial destiny this mighty nation of ours. By a fortunate combination of the presence of rich natural deposits, of geographical proximity, and of a gigantic maw and an unlimited capacity for the conversion of raw materials into manufactures, the produce of one United States is largely complementary to the products of the other neighbor United States.

To an even greater degree, are the engineering talents and training and the unlimited capital and executive genius of the northern nation fitted to undertake and execute the most hazardous and difficult problems in exploring, developing, transporting, and bringing to market with profit many of the more perverse raw materials of the south. At least, North Americans have pointed the better way to accomplish a profitable commercialization of more than one raw material of Brazil, as well as of those of other neighboring South American countries. These facts are well-known, if sometimes not remembered. There never was a time in our mutual past American history better than now, when they should be given more earnest consideration.

Geographically, Brazil and the United States of North America, are respectively the second (after the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics) and third largest nations in area on the globe. If we include Alaska, our United States is even then only a little larger than Brazil. Further comparisons become paradoxes.

One who has well-traveled over our United States and is more or less familiar with every cranny and corner of it, knows that it is crossed by many major motor highways, while even remote and smaller sections are criss-crossed by paved roads, altogether form-

ing a network of easy communications, few of which today are not negotiable by motor car. These highways and by-ways were not designed—at a stupendous tax-cost—alone for joy-riding Americans. They are a pattern of commerce. Somewhere along every highway are goods; being grown, milled, or mined. Day and night along these countless thoroughfares, goods are being transported towards their logical markets.

I live at a rural maple-shaded New England Four Corners, just the other side of Washington, Connecticut. My neighbors are “milk farmers.” Every morning, they bring their milk goods to platforms built alongside the road. “Express” motor trucks carry them rapidly away; one to waiting customers in New Haven, another to clients in New York.

Such a network of roads, and ever more roads, is one of the open secrets of America's latter-day prosperity. Good roads!

In my extensive travels throughout Brazil—some 4,000 miles from north to south, penetrating Amazonia approximately 1,500 miles from east to west—for the major part via air, ocean steamers, and river boats, I journeyed but an infinitesimal distance, by comparison, on terra firma. The reason was a very simple and compelling one—there were no roads worth mentioning to North Americans; good, bad, or indifferent.

Brazil boasts of 55 railroads, and adds proudly that they comprise one-third of all the railroad trackage in South America. Since Brazil occupies approximately one-third of all the land area of the continent, it is a fairly even break, save that Argentina has more than 40 percent of all the railroads on the continent. These figures lead us to wonder about the paucity of transportation in some of the other large republics of South America! The total continental trackage amounts to 65,000 miles. Figures for American railway trackage are somewhere in the neighborhood of 265,000 miles. No attempt is being made to boast or to gloat over superior numbers. In terms of national transportation economy, our railways carried 2,404,801,172 tons of freight and around 500,000,000 passengers back in the year 1941. This does not include motor transport which, as any motorist who drives on main-traveled roads can tell you, must add countless millions of tons to this vast total.

Our point is, that despite the claim of Brazil, that it has 140,000 miles of dirt roads, only a small fraction are fit for commercial motor transport. For the most part they lead to nowhere in particular. There is neither road nor railroad *system*. In contrast, in the United States there is to be found a surfaced road leading from the smallest community into the township, county, state, and national highway network, providing for the hauling and transportation of raw materials and finished goods and furnishing an easy intercommunication of inhabitants and fellow citizens. We, the people of the United States of the North, seldom pause to consider the benefits derived and the advantages enjoyed from our rubber-tired Wheels of Progress!

A personal pilgrimage to the far corners of Brazil—three times the size of Argentina and sixty-three times bigger than England—opens the eyes, stirs the emotions, and also causes one to ruminate over what would be the results if and when this immense country should be endowed with all the material blessings of an industrialized civilization.

CHAPTER XIII

BELÉM—THE AIR CROSSWAYS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

What a country appears to be extrinsically, is not nearly as important as it actually is, intrinsically. No country, particularly Brazil, can be adequately estimated or fairly judged on the former basis. Meeting a single Brazilian out of his own country, paying a visit to one or more districts of the Four Brazils already mentioned, or even knowing that particular section and its inhabitants well, and nothing more, would furnish only the most deficient information on which to draw anything but the flimsiest conclusion concerning Brazil as a whole.

The complexity of both Brazil and the Brazilian people seems to increase geometrically, running the scales of climate and resources, race and color. We shall now visit, penetrate, and intermingle inti-

mately in the larger communities and environs of the Four Brazils, moving from the north, or equatorial sections, southward toward the temperate zone, where Brazil touches Uruguay, Argentina, and Paraguay, where often it takes on still another complexion unidentified with any of the others.

Lingering in equatorial Belém, the metropolis and Capital of the rubber State of Pará, for example, strictly within the range of the Afro-Caribbean influence of Negroes and Indians, we shall be in no position to judge what the Brazilian people as a whole are like.

A few hundred miles south of Belém lies São Luis, once the slave port and mart that furnished the labor in colonial times for the development of great plantations that lay in the interior all along the East Coast. Competent authorities state that the mixed-blood offspring of these blacks grafted on Portuguese stock are superior in character and intelligence to most other South American half-breeds.

As is so often the case with hastily-made glimpses of very strange places, unfortunately, my first impression of Belém was not a favorable one. I only half-saw its exterior and dubbed it a mangy, moth-eaten Amazon town. It was like meeting for the first time, and briefly, in the glare of the noon, some bedizened female who had long ago seen better days; her make-up awry, her hair grown gray, and her painted face wrinkled and faded. I meet her again in the twilight and hear her interesting story from her own lips. She becomes a living creature of depth, beauty, and charm.

And so after many and longer visits in Belém, I came to feel and appreciate its charms for what they were.

As we have already hinted, the rise and fall of Belém are writ in latex. The bulk of all the rubber in the world once passed through Belém, in its heyday the Brazilian rubber mart. It all came to Belém for transshipment to world markets and left its residue of rubber riches. Like all Amazonian rubber towns, its population grew enormously. The people became drunk with wealth and lavished much of it in the embellishment of their city, spending great sums on beauty and culture. While the cultural pattern was borrowed from Europe, it was never any more than pseudo-European. In execution, materials, and enjoyment, it was of a piece with that established in

Manáos—touched by the nearby jungle with broad strokes of Afro-Caribbean influence. They built a magnificent opera house too, but in its grandeur it was only a faint replica of Manáos' million-dollar edifice. They erected several palaces and laid out beautiful parks. But their palaces for the most part were made of plaster of Paris and their parks and gardens of rare plants and a museum, a zoo, and fountains, were more ornate than substantial. When I saw them, their chief charm lay in the pathos of decay. The gardens, parks, and plazas were overgrown, the once-lovely walks were bearded with weeds and gullied from heavy tropical rains, the stucco façades of the public buildings sadly chipped off and in need of a coat of paint.

I had come to Belém with a flourish, highly recommended by the Government's Department of Propaganda, one of Vargas's most efficient agencies; but like all things, its efficiency peters out in the far-off provinces. It was the old story in Brazil and one of Vargas's hardest Brazil nuts to crack. I quickly obtained an appointment with the local government representative of the Department and set out in a twenty-five-cent taxi. I finally located him at the top of a long unswept stairway over a mean dump of a junk shop. We went into a dismal room, the wall embellished with a single propaganda poster: "Keep the Worker in good humor to get the most work out of him," illustrated. (It was almost an exact copy of the famous *Kraft durch Freude* poster that I had seen all over Hitler's Germany.) Senhor Doctor Lobato said he would like to take me to the leading newspaper to have me interviewed. The Editor's office was in a separate building. Again we climbed a dingy stairway. The Editor peered out cautiously through a heavy door that was barred and chained. We were admitted into his sanctum that was just a loft. The Editor was in his pajamas, but was extremely courteous withal. He said that he would be happy to call at my hotel at three. Senhor Doctor said he too would come. I waited in, all that precious afternoon. I never saw or heard from either of them again.

In itself, the whole incident is quite unimportant. As an illustration of the problems and promises of Brasil Novo, it is significant. For, we are to bear in mind that Belém—though its population had fallen off nearly 100,000 with the collapse of the Rubber Boom—was still a big over-grown, ancient city of more than 200,000, the metropolis

of the equatorial North and key port of the Amazon-Atlantic trade.

I found similar lackadaisical application to what might logically become one of the great local industries. We were on the edge of the great alligator country and I thought to buy some products made from their skins. A few crude specimens were on sale at the hotel. It was suggested that I buy a whole skin and take it back to Rio to be made up in shoes or handbags. I was taken for several miles up the Amazon to the "factory." We could smell it a mile off. It consisted of a huge shed, extended by means of planks over the water. Four or five half-naked natives were skinning long-dead alligators and placing them in casks of brine. Here they were soaked until they were like jelly and turned a sickly gray. All the flesh and fat were then sheared off. Next they were piled in a big steam oven under which a wood fire kindled with alligator fat burned. Finally, they were dyed. From beginning to end, it was a careless jungle job, in the process of which the hides were spoiled for the luxury market. They offered me a gray mass of jelly five feet long for two dollars; baked and dyed, four. So much for a local industry that might result in a considerable world trade.

Like all the rest of pre-Vargas Brazil, the lethargic native black and yellow workers were knocking off work because it was roughly around 11:30. Soon they were plunging into a big tin dish of fried fish, half buried in *mandioca*, with *farinha* as a savory. It was all they could afford, my guide told me, because they earned only a few milreis (less than twenty-five cents) a day. This, despite the fact, that the legal minimum wage decreed by the Vargas administration was several times that amount. Here again remoteness of central government made it next to impossible to enforce laws and decrees to the letter. It was a traditional dilemma.

Late one afternoon, just on the edge of twilight, on returning to the hotel, after a sight-seeing day with SNAPP—the expropriated British-Amazon enterprise, that was substantial and years ahead of anything else in Belém—as I stood looking down out of my bedroom window, for the first time, I felt the enchantment of the place. The white church with its two lovely towers, the waving palms in the tiny *praça* before it, the detached houses looking onto the open square, their faces shining with colored tiles imported centuries be-

fore from Portugal, children playing, in the leisurely way of the tropics. Even the echoes from the distant city center were half stilled as though tired, and I could catch a faint vista of the white-walled cathedral solemnly towering over its surroundings, with a glimpse of the sea-like Amazon in the far background. It was just the sort of scene to contemplate with my elbows on the high sill, my chin lazily cupped in my hands. I inhaled the lazy atmosphere of the Amazon and got the perfect feel of this jungle metropolis. At great length, I had come to take the place for what it was, and not for what I thought it ought to be.

A tepid shower, fresh whites, and I laid aside all American impatience and hurry and strolled down to the foyer. Who should I bump into but Ambassador Norman Armor, of the Argentine, but three days out of Washington via plane which had just come in an hour before. We sat at one of the tables spread over the broad sidewalk, Café Dome style, leisurely to sip an aperitif, and talk about everything, except Argentina, the pivot of Pan American peace. In its Belém way, the scene was perfect: brown boys bothering you to have a shine on top of a shine, local coffee-colored maidens strolling by coquettishly, songless birds croaking overhead among the orchids in the thick mango trees, a lazy drone of conversation, in Portuguese, in Spanish, in French, in Italian, in English; all telling tall stories or spinning yarns. With always some beach-combing inebriate among them, who has made and lost at least one fortune. Where they all came from, or how they got there was a mystery, but every one seemed concerned with some fabulous enterprise. The heavy bus and tram traffic selected this hour to dash by with extra speed and flourish, blowing horns and clanging bells as though showing off before the *Gringos*, which they do whenever there is an opportunity. The lights of the town went on, a coterie of statues holding globes illuminated the façade of the Grand Opera House across the avenue. In the soft evening light all the blemishes and defects of daylight were obscured. The ghost of the Grand Old Days walked again! Meanwhile, the finest dinner music I had heard anywhere in South America was playing a classical, dreamy obbligato to it all inside.

Emerging from the brightly-lighted international dining room of

the Hotel Grande, I found myself covering thousands of miles in a single stride across the hotel portal. I was back again in the one and only Belém.

In a spirit of high adventure, I hopped on a *camione*, or jalopy bus, and went careening off into the thick and thin, the heights and depths of it. The first stage of the journey was along the well-lighted Praça Republica. Past the Parque Republica, with all its kiosks and pavilions erected in ornate neoclassical and Louis styles, to commemorate the numerous revolutions. It never ceased to be a Tinsel Town, with buildings like gingerbread figures covered with peeling icing in shades of blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, save for the façades of colored tiles, from the Grand Opera House down to mansion and hovel. There was that same ornamental architectural feeling of Africa so reminiscent of Black Caribbean ports: from Barranquilla, Colombia, to Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

Suddenly, we struck off the main avenue, sharply to the left, into Avenida Nazareth, that became even more than ever like an African dream of a town in Paradise. Interlacing mango trees formed a canopy overhead with an occasional arc light creating a little lake of brightness on which fantastic shapes seemed to float. Tinted houses with Gothic and Moorish touches, with panel strips of colored glass reflected on balconies and balustrades, with always black, brown, yellow and some white people, lolling, leaning, and lying out, all engaged in conversation, giving the scene a sibilant undertone. Gradually, we actually penetrated the beginnings of the jungle itself. There we lingered for awhile, then turned round and came back by another route. An hour's ride for a cent, that was worth five dollars of anybody's money—provided they fancied that sort of scene.

Vargas's appointee of a new Governor—or Interventor, as he is now called—was a go-getter, I was told; and that may be depended on, if Vargas had anything to do with it. The only evidence of "improvements" I saw, however, was the painting of the façade of the cathedral, a reinforced concrete apartment house in ultra-modern style and the beginnings of a new post office.

The really powerful and significant impulse that is shoving Belém

on to the world map and promising it immediate progress with the coming of the Peace, is of American origin. I did not fully realize the major importance of what was taking place until one afternoon at the laziest hour of the day I made my way by easy stages back to the Hotel Grande from the São Braz Station. I had been delayed. Remembering that we were nearly astride the equator, Belém is not unbearably hot. The sun shines straight down from morn to night, but regularly between five and six, clouds suddenly appear and then down comes the rain in torrents. Everybody ducks for cover and waits until it is over. All except the buzzards on their permanent perches on rooftops and chimneys, never fearing to be disturbed as though aware that they are *sacred birds* and it is forbidden by law to kill them because they are the universal scavengers. Belém would never, never change, I thought.

When I arrived at the hotel, I found it thronged with Americans. "The Big Night," they called it. Four, sometimes five, big airships arrived at once: from the States by way of Baranquilla and Port of Spain, in the north; from Manáos and points farther west along the Amazon; from Rio and Buenos Aires in the south, via the three-day shore route, or the ten-hour International Cut-off. Next morning, it was reminiscent of one of our great railway stations with the announcer bellowing transcontinental stops, when the hotel call boy came along the hall heralding: "Call for breakfast to all those taking planes for Port of Spain, Miami, Brownsville, Havana! For Santarém, Manáos and Iquitos! For Pernambuco, Recife, Fortaleza and Rio de Janeiro! Via the International Stratoliner for Rio, Asunción, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, and Santiago and West Coast airports!"

For Belém, I learned, had become the Air Crossroads of Latin America!

At last, Belém was on the direct road to somewhere! Belém had ceased to be an island of isolation. Belém was a main station on the main line of not only hemispheric, but also world communication and transportation, because a hundred miles down the line at Natal, in a few years, there would be a daily air service to Europe, Asia, and Africa! Personally, I shall be sorry to see Old Belém, Tinsel

Town and jungle Dead End, disappear, but between the phenomenal air progress and the far-reaching dynamism of Getulio Vargas, it is bound to go!

CHAPTER XIV

S - N - A - P - P !

No name could have been more appropriate for this great enterprise than SNAPP, which was the alphabetized abbreviation formed by the initials of the Amazon Navigation Service of the Port of Pará. For like a rubber band it had originally been stretched round the whole of Amazonia by the British. Then the Brazilian government had suddenly snatched it out of their hands and let it s-n-a-p-p back in their face! It was a grim joke on the Britons.

Simultaneously, SNAPP closes one chapter in the middle of the Book of Amazonian economy and illuminatingly opens another new chapter.

On my first voyage up the Amazon, out of the city of Belém, I was amazed at seeing a line of the biggest warehouses of a single concern that I had seen anywhere in South America. There was no mistaking their identity. "SNAPP" was painted all over them.

Sometime later, I was taken on a personal tour of SNAPP and talked with several heads of departments. We went first to the Administration Building, a several-storied substantial edifice towering over the low houses that made up the rest of the city of Belém, with the exception of the cathedral. I was struck with a certain familiar aspect of the big office building, that was quite foreign to the run-of-the-mill South American *edificio*. "Yes," they explained, "it is quite English—furniture, furnishings, ink-pots, ledgers and their contents. That is, it *was* English, until we took it over recently." It was as unchanged as though the English "clarks" had just stepped out for a spot of tea.

It seems, according to the typical British pattern found all over the world, the British had obtained some sort of concession or treaty for the sole exploration and exploitation of a vast section of the

Amazon country. To their credit, it may be said, they have in like manner brought some of the darkest and most dangerous areas on earth to a premature blooming and profitable issue. For when the British build, they build soundly and well—as the Administration Building, the vast wharves and warehouses, attested. They may seem to us restless Americans to be casual, but they mean business, and they always do a good job. They demand an enormous percentage of profits on their investment; but they are honest, and back it up with bull-headed patience, courage and sacrifice, of their lives, if need be.

A recollection of all these points gave me a little turn in the thought of what may happen to all of us foreign builders, property-holders, investors, and executives, who may have invested the best part of our lives and savings and clients' money—in South American countries!

I was shown a yellowed map drawn by the British more than a half century earlier, indicating a Grand Plan of exploitation. They had been all this time pioneering and laying the foundation; slowly, painstakingly, and surely. They had finished the last details of this mammoth plant, one of the most ambitious of British undertakings, and were ready to begin operations, even to a fleet of cargo vessels prepared to sail up the Amazon. When S-N-A-P-P! and the Brazilian government took over.

As though fathoming my unspoken and unfavorable thoughts, one of my guides said aggrievedly, "They employed Brazilians and only paid them half the salary they paid their own people for doing the same work!"

I had heard this grievance all over South America, often against Americans, many of whom had families and other obligations at home, where living standard costs were out of all proportion to Brazilian salaries.

While foreign companies are reimbursed on some basis of actual pound-for-pound, or dollar-for-dollar originally invested, I have never yet heard of an equable refund, that included honest earnings and increment from super-investment of ingenuity and capital, risk and blood, sweat and tears. In all cases of appropriation or expropriation of foreign properties by Latin Americans, wherein national

resources and raw materials—oftentimes inconceivably invisible or sunk in the oblivion of Nature's chaos—have been discovered, uncovered, and developed, they have been "taken over" after having been made a "going concern." Again and again in cases of this kind, I have seen splendid machines thus built up crumble because their successful operation had proved too much and too big for the "successors" to handle. I recall the sorrowful spectacles today of the oil industry and the spur of the Southern Pacific Railroad, "taken over at cost" by the Mexican government. On the other hand, there are some noteworthy exceptions where properties built up by foreigners have changed hands and thereafter continued to expand and prosper.

The vast Amazonian region, however, is a specialists' job of a kind and nature at which South Americans, since the days of the Conquistadors—whose record has never been approached—have not distinguished themselves. And the British are *the* specialists in this sort of a job. They always bring home the bacon. What they did with rubber in the Malaysian jungles—and what Henry Ford is doing in the Amazon jungles—is the sort of thing I mean. We have had an opportunity to compare Brazilian methods. Pioneering seems to have died out among the Latin Americans; at least on a large scale. At the past and present rate of infiltration of the Amazon jungle lands, at least another couple of centuries would elapse before they will have duplicated our Mississippi Valley.

These Times Extraordinary, that are being ushered in by the Peace, can no longer wait for that sort of dilatoriness, if a nation is to keep pace with the Powers, which New Brazil has shown both disposition and ambition to do. From this viewpoint, I think Vargas did not show his usual wisdom and perspicacity in not letting England carry out her Amazon project indefinitely. It would have hastened its eventual development by many decades. Brazil may regret this act someday. One Amazon bubble bursting in a century is enough.

I discerned a slight tendency in the direction of Amazonia in the new management of affairs, when I was invited to call on the Brazilian head of SNAPP on his estate on the Amazon, only a short distance out of town.

The parked grounds, the mansion and the personnel of "Miramar" had a touch of Manáos about them. We entered by way of a grandiose grilled gate with which the mansion kept pace. From the veranda we looked down on gardens of tropical flowers. We were taken in charge by a uniformed attendant whose job was to act as guide and to point out and explain. He rattled off in a minute detail the information about the yacht riding at anchor near the end of the pier, named all the rare flowers, and then gave us interesting data about the small menagerie of tropical animals and the aviary where many rare birds were caged, at one end of the grounds, summing up the total cost. As a grand finale, we approached a thick-foliaged mango tree. The attendant gave a bird call and suddenly the whole tree became resonant and blossomed forth; at least a hundred gay-plumaged birds came out of cover and began to cackle uneuphoni-ously. With a long pole our guide brought down a half dozen for us to inspect closely—macaws, white and green parrots, and several strange species.

After that, we sat and looked out on the Amazon, the great highway of the jungle. A couple of canoes passed by. The somnolence of the primeval jungle had taken possession of it again. The outer world, that had invested it with life and commerce and a vestige of civilization, had deserted it, going back also to the primeval in its own way, to take the lives of millions of men, women, and children and to destroy the majority of its finest works and handicraft that had taken more than a thousand years to set up.

World War II, outdid the jungle in many of its worst phases.

CHAPTER XV

THE AMAZON—A REALM, NOT A RIVER

"The Amazon," connotes infinitely more than that jumbo of global rivers, that broad yellow ribbon that loosely binds a vast rich region of the continent into a prize package.

I first saw the Amazon near where it emerged from its Andean

mother's womb, at one of the highest mountain points in Peru. I could have dammed it with a plank. I saw it again, at its big open mouth, after flowing continuously in mighty curves for more than four thousand miles, 180 miles in width, or as wide as the State of New Jersey at its broadest point. A veritable coastal sea where it empties into the Atlantic.

I sailed on the Amazon many times and often penetrated inland, before I had any conception of the meaning of "Amazon Basin," which was visualized and made partially clear at least, when I was flown in an airplane above the river for the greater part of its length. Perhaps the greatest value to be derived from any study of the Basin from the air is a bird's-eye view it affords of its visible economies—and deficiencies as well. As the late World War has so terribly demonstrated, a single daylight flight above a country is equivalent to unrolling a blueprint, or laying down a physical map, outlining all its potentials that not even an exploratory expedition might discover in the course of a lifetime. Not only the dense jungle swampland (of which it is all composed, according to the popularized notion) but also broad dry plains, fit for the pasturelands of thousands of cattle, lay outspread. Deep-tangled wildwood, and forests of giant trees almost as big as the sequoia; trees of a thousand varieties, many of them the world's most rare and precious woods, as well as lumber and cabinet-maker's materials, enough to house and furnish half the world. Carnauba wax palms, numerous fibres, Brazil nuts, babassu palms, oiticica, timbos, rubber, and medicinal plants and herbs too numerous to mention, abound.

Including vast unexplored regions of Matto Grosso, and the Oriente borderlands claimed by neighboring surrounding republics, the region drained by the Amazon and its tributaries may be said to comprise in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 square miles, or a little less than half of the continent. And the population of this immense territory, the greater part of which is a neglected wilderness, one and a half times the size of Europe, excluding Russia, is no more than that of a medium-sized American city, or approximately 500,000!

The chief reason for this, the world's outstanding example of gross neglect of one of its richest areas—much of it within twenty-

four air-hours' journey from several populous Brazilian cities!—*is lack of roads!*

I speak of roads, as we in America know roads. As I have already mentioned, Brazilians claim 140,000 miles of roads. The majority of these are mere wagon-wheel ruts that they have hacked and pummeled through the woods and wilderness, just as our colonists and early pioneers did, pulling and hauling their covered wagons, sometimes by ten teams of straining oxen. Passageways, but not highways. I have seen as many teams of mules drawing lumbering carts through dusty, boulder-strewn "roads" of Brazilian back-country, making a few miles a day. A report, as of January 1, 1944, informs us that the public "road of ruts" of the 'eighties has practically disappeared from the United States. In their place are 2,980,823 miles of "good roads." Five, ten, and twenty-ton trucks, motivated by the power of fifty to a hundred "canned" horses, speed over practically all of these roads at the rate of forty miles or more an hour!

The lack of roads is holding back Amazonas.

And yet, we cannot truthfully say that the Amazon Basin is totally lacking in highways. The Amazon River itself is one of the most splendid thoroughfares, broad, deep, and majestic, on the face of the globe. Even at low water in the dry season, ocean-going steamers experience no difficulty in navigating the river. In 1908, three lines of deep-sea vessels were making regular voyages up the Amazon, to Iquitos, Peru, 2,500 miles from the Pacific ocean! Furthermore, the Amazon has a family tree of twenty mighty tributaries, making the Amazon area, vast though it is, one of the most well-watered regions on earth. Their distribution makes for a well-nigh perfect system of water transportation. One branch, the Madeira River, for example, flows in a southwesterly direction for more than 1,200 miles—for the most part into a never-never land. Each tributary has many smaller branches, several of which disappear into the greatest blind area left unexplored on the globe.

What impressed me, above all the other remarkable features to be observed from the air, was that the Amazon Basin was made up of a world of rivers; for the entire length that I explored, at least. The Amazon itself was split up into a ganglion of large and small streams playing tag with the parent body of water. The most noticeable and

disturbing characteristic of the Amazon, and all its feeders, was its tendency to overflow during the rainy season, inundating its banks a distance of fifty miles back. This circumstance is one of the greatest hindrances and obstacles standing in the way of a stagnant tropical civilization that has signally failed to advance very far inland and make the perilous fight necessary to claim the undoubted riches to be found therein.

CHAPTER XVI

HENRY FORD'S MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR FAILURE

I had dropped into the General Offices of the Ford Rubber Company, in Rio de Janeiro, seeking definitive information, and possibly some substantial directions, concerning the exact whereabouts of the Ford Rubber Plantations. Everyone seemed to have only a vague idea that they were somewhere far up north, deep in the Amazon region.

The reception I met with not only lacked cordiality, but also it was definitely discouraging. They told me that only persons with a special mission, or engaged in "urgent business" were welcome at the Plantations. Seeing that I was hell-bent, the Manager grudgingly doled out the information. "You follow the coastline up around The Hump," he said, "for maybe 2,500 miles. If you ever manage to reach Belém, or Pará, just try to get up the Amazon for nearly another thousand miles, to Santarém—in wartime! You've got another hundred miles to go up the Tapajós River, that comes out of the jungle and joins the Amazon at Santarém. Your journey will begin to get really tough. No traffic. Maybe a few native snake-skinners and alligator-hiders in their dug-outs. Somewhere up there in the wilderness you'll find the Ford Plantations."

"Thanks," I said, without enthusiasm.

"Oh, by the way," he called after me. "Got a permit—signed by Henry Ford?" and slammed the door.

Who ever heard of needing a permit, in the jungle!

After six weeks of the roughest and toughest going in all Brazil, I crawled out of a two-seater wildcat aquaplane I had managed to pick up at Belém. The pilot left me stranded in a hellish-hot dump of a town which he told me was Santarém. I watched the old "crate" go buzzing on up the Amazon Valley towards Manáos, wondering what next. To all appearances, it was the end of the civilized world.

As I left the wharf and trudged across the typical Iberian town plaza looking for the main street, I reflected that nearly a year had passed since I left Panama in search of the habitats of crude rubber and the truth about how far and how long South American rubber was going to stretch. I had been directed by United States Government authorities all over equatorial South America, but had found little more than a few gardenlike "experiments." At last, I was getting somewhere: on the trail of the Ford Rubber Plantations!

I began making inquiries at once. Henry Ford's plantations? The inhabitants of Santarém shook their heads discouragingly and pointed vaguely up the Tapajós River, whose black waters joined the yellow tide of the Amazon just in front of the town. Someone said that the "Fordlandia" plantation was more than a hundred miles up there. "Belterra," the second plantation was about half as far. But try to get there! "No traffic, Senhor!" So far, the Ford Rubber people in Rio were dead right.

Sometime late that afternoon, however, a trim white 300-foot motorship slipped up to the public quay. The single word "Ford" in familiar script letters was painted on the stern. My troubles were over!

I couldn't get to her side fast enough. I was skipping up the gangplank, when the chief officer bellowed, "Hey, you!"

I started to explain.

"Young feller, if you was God A'mighty you couldn't ride on this boat or git into our plantations—without a permit!"

So. I had arrived within a day's journey of my goal, the birthplace and home of the whole world's wild rubber. I had come almost within sight of the greatest cultivated rubber plantation this side of the East Indies rubber fields. But the secret of natural rubber and its future was still screened from my eyes behind that curtain of

green hell yonder—simply because I had no permit signed by Henry Ford!

I was marooned. I began to make preparations to dig in and wait. The first thing to do in the Amazon country was to find a general store and buy a hammock, the night-and-day bed of Amazonia. I was asking my stock question about getting on up river, when a grizzled oldster approached and said, "Hey, mister, I hear you want to go to Ford's place."

That's how I met David Riker, the last male survivor of a shipload of American Civil War refugees who had come to Brazil in 1867 to escape from the "damned Yankee" carpetbaggers then swarming over the conquered Southern States. David said he had a son-in-law who owned and skippered the only power freight boat in town and he would see to it that I could charter it for a trip to Ford's plantations. It was the biggest break I had had during my whole rubber pilgrimage.

We went down to the dock and found the "Queen of the River," a fifty-foot pot-bellied craft put together ingeniously from odds and ends. David's son-in-law told us he would not sail for several hours. When I finally went on board long after dark, I discovered that my "chartered" boat's deck was hung solid from stem to stern with hammocks, all *occupied* by natives.

The next eighteen hours were among the most oppressive I ever spent anywhere. The steaming jungle enveloped us throughout the night. After breakfast next morning, I lay stretched out in my hammock, panting in unison with the wheezy *chug-chug-chug* of the engine. Through my half-closed eyes I could see the tracery of the jungle wall unrolling like a stage set.

Scattered somewhere in this Gehenna at that moment, I knew, was an army of *seringueiros* (rubber gatherers). For now I had crossed the threshold of the natural rubber world. Hereabouts was the cradle of *Hevea brasiliensis*, the only hardy rubber species that had ever counted in world proportions of supply and demand. From around this very spot had sprung the mother roots that had pushed modern civilization forward on rubber tires. Here were the seedling beginnings of all the rumpus that for more than a half-century had upset the anxious world in its search for raw rubber.

David's son-in-law pointed out the exact spot where Sir Henry Wickham started so much rubber trouble when he first experimented in the cultivation of wild *Hevea brasiliensis*. Later on, the Englishman smuggled 70,000 rubber seeds out of Brazil, nursed them in Kew Botanical Gardens, London, and then transplanted the shoots in the East Indies. Aided by coolie labor at four cents a day, the British- and Dutch-cultivated rubber eventually smashed the Brazilian wild rubber market, which as recently as 1914 had marketed half the rubber in the world. The British and Dutch planters then created a world monopoly of commercial rubber which threatened to put a crimp in the American automobile industry, and sent Henry Ford to South America to tap the mother sources.

I was recalled to my surroundings by a dozen passengers yelling at me, "Meester! Meester!" We had rounded a bend in the river and they were all pointing to a typical American signboard. "Ford - Belterra," it read.

I was unloaded with several packing cases on a small dock, and watched the "Queen" disappear in the haze. Nearly a half hour passed before a black boy drove up in a Ford Station wagon. When I attempted to climb into the car he barred the way and held out his hand demanding, "*Permisso!*"

I trailed him to the telephone in a little shed. When he got his party I yanked the receiver out of his hand. "See here!" I yelled into the mouthpiece. "I've been traveling ten thousand miles to get to this spot. And don't get the idea that you're going to let me rot here in the middle of the jungle. I'm coming in with your boy. And I haven't got a permit. See!"

Once firmly seated in the station wagon I was so upset wondering what would happen to me that I didn't even notice the two-million-dollar paved road that cut a ten-mile swath through the primeval jungle. In less than a half hour we halted before a woven-wire enclosure with a guard inside to open the gate, exactly like a movie lot in Hollywood. At the same moment a car dashed up inside the fence and a big man stepped out.

"I'm Henry Deckard, the general superintendent here," he said. "I understand you're a journalist and Mr. Ford does not want

journalists to visit the plantation. They're always making trouble. Usually overstating things that have to be denied. But, here you are," he went on. "Although it's against the rules, I don't see what we can do about it—except show you all we've got." He laughed and gave me the glad hand.

I was too far gone that first night to realize just how much of a miracle I had become part of. The guest house might have been in Dearborn, Michigan, or even in Paradise, after what I had come through to get there. Hot shower, frozen fresh food dinner, electric fans, Beauty Rest mattress, and the first sleep in weeks that was not like a steam bath.

At five next morning they had me out of bed. "We begin work at six," they told me. "And quit around three when the jungle gets under full steam."

One of the American bosses was making a trip up-river to Fordlandia within the hour. Would I like to go along?

In 1927, Henry Ford acquired 2,500,000 acres of this virgin jungle along the Tapajós River, in the heart of the primeval Amazon wilderness. While Firestone was taking *Hevea brasiliensis* seeds to plant in his rubber estate in Liberia and Goodyear was planning concessions on which to grow rubber in the Philippines, Ford with his usual perspicacity established even vaster plantations on the very grounds on which *Hevea brasiliensis*, the most stable source-rubber in the world, was born and raised.

Ford incorporated the Ford Industrial do Brazil and selected a spot sardonically called the "Bóia Vista" or "Beautiful View." Later, it was rechristened "Fordlandia."

In the founding, building, and implementing of Fordlandia, Henry Ford achieved one of the greatest miracles known to modern enterprise. Through his genius and energy, a model industrial town was made to spring up in one of the most inaccessible spots on the globe, 5,000 miles from his home base for *all* constructive supplies.

When I saw Fordlandia, this miniature but improved Dearborn-Michigan in the tropical wilderness had become a ghost city. Already the jungle was beginning to creep back over it and blot out the signs and lines of a supercivilization which men had transported and transplanted at the cost of incredible effort, money, and human

life. Fordlandia was the most paradoxical spectacle in modern industrial enterprise. Henry Ford's multiple-million-dollar failure!

Many reasons have been given for the failure. Be that what they may, Ford saw his mistake and swallowed his medicine, after eight gruelling, heart-breaking years. He had picked the wrong location. They packed up what could be salvaged, moved nearly a hundred miles down-river to Belterra and started in all over again! That in itself was one of the biggest jobs in Big Business history!

I found Belterra the *living* image of the ghostly Fordlandia. In Belterra, Fordlandia's brightest dreams were being substantiated. It was ten years old. Already they had made a great dent in the 800,000 acres of the original jungle, which was being cleared twenty-five acres at a time.

I saw the project unroll from its primitive beginnings. I went out at daybreak with one of the American jungle-clearing bosses and followed on the heels of the "underbrush gang." They worked stripped to the waist, hacking away systematically with machetes at the twenty-foot undergrowth and thick "monkey rope" vines. The main thing was to avoid contact with the dangerous insect and reptile life that was overhead, underfoot, and sometimes around your neck before you knew it. They were not so much afraid of the sleepy boa constrictors, which seldom attacked, but of the vicious bushmasters which often lay in wait for them and struck with the force of a bull. They feared the ants whose nests formed excrescences in many of the trees. Just touch a branch and thousands would swarm over you and begin to sew you up with festering bites like Satan's machine stitchers.

On the following day I was taken to a far corner of the plantation, to witness the next stage in this stupendous task of conquering the jungle that has always stood, with all its perilous allies, between man and the precious latex milk that has come to cushion his civilization. The twenty-five-acre, fifteen-foot-high brush pile had been allowed to dry under a tropical sun almost hot enough to set it afire. Torches were now applied on all sides to set off the most spectacular bonfire in the world. Flames rose a hundred feet and as they roared upward countless tropical creatures began to appear, crying, screaming, or bellowing with terror. Tapirs, wild boars,

and cougars. Boas, and bushmasters. Toucans, macaws, love-birds, and parrots circled high in the air, many of them falling back into the flames.

The jungle was turned inside out and in one lick I was shown what the wild-rubber harvesters were up against.

The following days were spent motoring over a couple of hundred miles of good roads, some of them paved. We always started from the civic center in front of the administration building, wound round by the general store, out past the power-house and the 50,000-gallon tank filled with filtered water, the refrigeration plant and the offices of the sanitary and research departments, the warehouses, and the 125-bed hospital in the charge of hand-picked doctors and nurses. There were a few one-story brick mansions for the executives and pleasant cottages for the American staff. Surrounding the whole center were streets of semi-native-style three-room houses, equipped with electric lights, running water, and sanitary arrangements. Somewhere in between were schools and movie houses. Altogether, there were nearly a thousand buildings in this Dearborn-in-the-jungle, with all the gadgets of modern life that you and I enjoy. Every jot, from the smallest screw to the biggest road machine, had had to be conveyed in Ford's motor ships all the way from Dearborn.

At length we emerged into clearings aggregating many thousands of acres. In the foreground, about a thousand acres were being devoted to nursery purposes.

It was in the nursery that many of the lessons learned from Fordlandia's failure were being turned into success. The "leaf blight" that had destroyed nearly all the earlier plantings were overcome in the treatment of the seedlings. Blight-resistant stocks were "budded," or grafted onto wild plants and later a high-yield variety was grafted in. Continued selection, isolation and regrafting had improved both quality and quantity beyond that of even the East Indies rubber! Although this program of entirely replanting another plantation with grafted seedlings had taken years and cost added millions of dollars, the secret of failure had been discovered and eliminated: namely, neglect of exhaustive research of disease problems.

Beyond the nurseries, the land was being planted as rapidly as it could be cleared. At mile-and-a-half intervals, twenty-five foot roads cut it into squares which might have been endless orchards of fruit trees, save that the "fruit" was the rubber milk, or latex. The yearlings were growing only a few feet apart; weaklings are weeded out at the first tapping at the age of five years, when the trees are further thinned until there remain only a hundred to the acre. They mature at seven years, when for the first time they become a commercial asset, their value increasing as they grow in girth and stature. Already several million trees, ten years of age, were being milked at Belterra, when I saw the plantation.

The latex is more than twenty-five percent water, which is eliminated through a process of coagulation by the introduction of an acid shrinking solution. It is then passed through a squeezing machine, from which it emerges in flexible strips. Some day all the rubber will be processed at Belterra, instead of being shipped to America as latex.

In the first year of the yield, Ford brought home the bacon—1,000 tons of it. But a mere thousand tons of rubber is only enough to turn out approximately 100,000 tires. Our pre-war consumption was 650,000 tons.

Ford's thousand tons may have seemed to many but a hopeless drop in the bucket in a war year. Nevertheless, Ford's thousand tons was enough to help plug the serious leak in our stock pile at the time. Rubber had become one of the most sinister problems of essential supplies confronting the United States and the United Nations ever since the fall of the East Indies. The rubber "shortage" was one of the closest calls we had.

Ford's production of rubber will increase geometrically year after year. His growing contribution alone could have saved any possible rubber crisis, because synthetic rubber had now been brought to the stage of a continuously substantial supply. Its weakness lies in the fact that every ton of synthetic rubber requires a considerable portion of crude rubber, at least in the manufacture of certain finer rubber goods.

The really big idea both behind and in front of Brazilian rubber, is the lesson of Henry Ford. Ford, with his heroic plantation will

never bring us all the rubber we shall need, but he is the man who *brought rubber home*; brought it back to the Western Hemisphere to stay! No matter what happens, in war or in peace, never again will we be dependent on the far-off East Indies for our rubber.

Above all, Brazil owes Henry Ford an eternal debt of thanks.

CHAPTER XVII

JOYRIDE ON THE TAPAJÓS RIVER

As the time came, and passed, when I felt that I should be on my long, long way in my proposed pilgrimage over the high-spots of this mammoth empire of Brazil, I found myself faced by the traveler's eternal problem—the absence of roads. Getting to Belterra, as difficult as it had been, seemed easy compared with getting away from it.

When I consulted Mr. Deckard, he shook his head. Gasoline was both precious and scarce, so far away from any base of supplies. Ford was a notorious rationer, even in Dearborn. I could testify to this on leaving, when I was handed a painstakingly itemized bill, that not only charged \$2.50 a day for board and lodging, but also included, "1 extra early breakfast, 1 haircut, 12 photographs, 1 Tea, and sundries."

One of the Bosses, who had taken special care of my goings and comings—about said he would have the dock man on the river see if he could thumb a snake-skinner for me. Several anxious days passed.

One evening, Mr. Deckard came over. "You're breaking my heart," he said. "I've decided to put our motorship at your disposal. There's a plane due at Santarém tomorrow noon. You can make it, if you leave the dock at seven. I will only charge you 'cost.' Fifty dollars."

I squirmed, although I knew it was worth it. I didn't tell him that the Confederate Refugee's son-in-law had charged me only thirty cents to come up river.

About four the next morning, there was a loud pounding on my door.

"Good news for you!" It was my friend, the Boss. "There are two boats at the Dock. The 'Queen of the River,' that you came up on. And a motor launch, from God only knows where. No time to lose!"

The Ford motorship passage was cancelled, much to the satisfaction of the Captain. The "Queen of the River" was out of the question, if I wanted to catch that plane. Everybody on board was asleep, including the son-in-law. This left no choice but the launch. The skipper was a young fellow who had come up from Santarém on some special mission to the Ford Company.

"Ten Yanqui dollars," he said, and nothing would shake him. He wouldn't let me aboard until I had handed over a ten-dollar bill.

We shoved off just at the break of day.

Then I began to take stock of the whole business. In the time it takes to say, "Ho, hum!," I had stepped from the landing of one of the most perfectly-gearred sections of modern industrialized civilization into one of the globe's blind spots! It was like climbing from a Ford Car into a cocoanut tree! Out in the middle of the Tapajós River, walled in by the dense jungles of Rubberland! But for those jungles, there would be no Ford Car and a brand new North American civilization cushioned on rubber! Back home, millions of rubber-tired motor cars were dashing about, hell-bent on pleasure or snorting off to market at forty miles an hour. On every continent—except the Americas—a million vehicles were rushing into a rendezvous with death in a new kind of war, made possible by rubber, *Hevea brasiliensis*, the seeds of which were still growing, or originally came from, somewhere in this vicinity. The luxury of peace and the carnage of war, cushioned on rubber. Yet hereabouts for nearly a thousand miles, with few exceptions, in every direction, was one of the world's most deadly wildernesses. Silence was broken only by an asthmatic "chug-chug-chug," that missed a chug now and then to cough. The water didn't ripple, it just purred like a catty oil. When I looked down into it, it was like seeing things at night. So I turned my attention to the boat and my companions.

Our dark-skinned skipper was somewhat of a dandy-in-white and

bare feet. Before getting under way, he had removed his white coat and shirt and carefully laid them on a shelf above the cockpit. The wheel had one spoke missing. The skipper sat firmly in front of it on top of two Socony cans—the all-purpose commodity of the South American backlands. He was waited on hand and foot by two deck-hand black varlets, who utterly disregarded the growing desperate needs of the payload passenger. For after sitting on the thin sharp edge of the gunwale for the first fifteen minutes, I realized that I would be cut in two pieces at the end of several hours of it. The solution seemed simple. I would hang my hammock bed in the cabin and lie in it. For some reason, the cabin was entirely separated from the cockpit, like third class from first aboard an ocean liner. At the risk of being shaken off of the bobbing craft into the murky waters, I made my way along the narrow ledge and finally ducked through a three-foot square opening that served the double purpose of door and window. The two varlets were crouched over an open trap-door in the flooring, bailing out water for dear life! All very interesting, I thought uncomfortably.

The box of a cabin was only six feet long and five feet wide. I hung my hammock on the two ubiquitous hooks, and waited. The let-down from Dearborn into Brazil had left me with an ominous feeling of depression.

It began to grow dark. Black clouds shrouded the horizon. It wasn't long in coming—one of those sudden tempest-deluges that reached top speed and violence in a quarter of an hour. The velvety surface of the ten-mile wide rubber-country river was churned into a sea of five-foot white caps. The waves began dashing over our bow and slopping into the cabin. Although the varlets bailed with all their might, the water accumulated. The boat slowly reached the sinking point. I was completely occupied in clinging with either hand to projections on the sidewalls to keep my head and other parts of my anatomy from being bashed. The little boat was awash and doing everything short of turning upside down. Once I stuck my head out of the porthole. The skipper was having serious trouble trying to keep the wheel in his grasp. We were all approaching the point of complete exhaustion, drenched and half-blinded by the flying water, convinced that our minutes were num-

bered. Suddenly, the storm cleared away, as quickly and as nicely as you please! after the manner of tropical storms.

I relaxed and sank back in my hammock, enduring as best I might the Finnish bath that followed for the next five hours as the tropical sun rose higher and higher and hotter and hotter, our launch becoming like a red-hot poker sizzling and hissing through the velvety waters again. It was like a steaming kettle inside. Outside the sunshine was searing. Underneath me, I could hear the two boys gasping as they bailed, now with pails. The agonizing escape motive had given place to torpid resignation to fate. I figured that my chances for survival had improved from odds of one in a hundred to one in ten.

Following the roar of the tempest, the universe had subsided into the stillness of a tomb. The Tapajós was like molten silver, and just as hot. We had veered our course close to the green jungle wall, not a leaf stirring. I recalled saying to Riker's son-in-law, on the trip up-river, "You'd think the place was dead."

"Just try to step ashore!" replied the son-in-law. "The whole place would wriggle and rise, writhe and strike. Alligators, ants, boas. They sleep all day, but come to life at night."

I had always thought of the cushiony softness and the luxurious smoothness of rubber. Now I was getting a glimmer of the vital rough nether side of crude rubber economy. I could vision clearly far inside that steaming rubber jungle, the thousands of *seringuieiros* at this moment wading in green slime half up to their necks, and enduring all the rest of the horrors, for less than a dollar a day. On the other side of the picture I could fancy fifty million women back home beginning to complain of the scarcity of rubber girdles in war time.

I must have dozed off. I woke with a start at the roar of an airplane overhead, flying low. I was seized with a yearning desire to go home. I stuck my head out of the porthole and saw the beginnings of human habitations breaking down the deep jungle. They were the suburbs of Santarém, perhaps five miles away. Only a miracle could get me there in time to get on that plane. I tried to pep up the bedraggled skipper by waving a dollar bill under his nose. I commanded the varlets to do something in the way of signalling

the plane. Nothing happened. Then I grabbed the skipper's white shirt, took up a shaky position in the bow and for the next half hour waved the shirt like a shipwrecked sailor.

It took us just short of an hour to make port. Faithful David Riker met me with open arms. He explained that it was he who had told the launch skipper to be sure to fetch me back in time to catch the only plane that would touch Santarém for a week or more. He had been waiting and watching; seen my distress signal and held the plane! "Hurry!" he urged. "They have been waiting more than an hour for you!"

But I was remembering what they had told me back at the Ford Plantation: "You ought pin down that fellow, Riker. He knows more about cultivated rubber in Brazil than any other living person. You might call him the Grandfather of planted rubber."

"Let 'em go," I told Riker. "I'm staying here, in Santarém."

CHAPTER XVIII

DAVID, THE BAPTIST, IN SANTARÉM

Four of the principal "objectives" of my visit and protracted pilgrimage through Brazil, were: ascent of the Amazon River, visit to Manáos, a first-hand study of the Ford Rubber Plantations and the rediscovery of the refugee Confederate Colony. Oddly enough, all four of these "objectives" were unexpectedly accomplished through my visit to Santarém and came more or less directly out of my associations with David Riker, one of the most extraordinary men I have ever met.

Due to a lack of specific information and too much misinformation that had spun the Confederate Colony tale into a legend, I had been compelled to abandon my search. I did go to Villa Americana, a settlement outside of São Paulo where, save for a couple of inscribed gravestones, all trace of Americans had disappeared from that locality. I met a descendant by the name of Dr. Pyle in Rio, but the only information he gave me was that there had been an-

other Confederate expedition that had settled "somewhere up in the Amazon country." This meant nothing in a country where distances are appalling, transportation almost nil, and communications scarce. Then came that eventful day in Santarém, when I had been vainly looking for some means of getting up to "Ford's place" and bumped into David Riker, the "last of the Confederates," who conjured a son-in-law to ferry me to Fordlandia!

It was David Riker who told me that "hurry" was an "obscene" word in the parlance of their country, and the penchant to hurry on the part of all Americans was often the occasion of a loss of mutual respect between them. It is more than a mere anecdote and worthwhile remembering on the part of visiting business men and diplomats. Ever after that, I tried not to offend my Brazilian friends and acquaintances—David Riker in particular. He cautioned me, that "Amanha" might be interpreted as "Tomorrow" in the English lexicon, but in Amazonia its meaning was never that; like rubber it stretches and may mean "next week," or just as likely "never." "The whole rubber scene and everybody associated with it was filled with 'Amanha'—until Henry Ford appeared," Riker told me.

So, David Riker and I took "Amanha" with native deliberateness. Day after day we sat on the vine-covered porch of the bungalow he had built from a "plan" found in the Home Section of a Nashville newspaper wrapped around an American shipment of gadgets. Ole Man River flowed right by the door. Native skinners and turtle egg gatherers occasionally drifted by in their dug-outs, or camped, wrangled, and haggled along shore, nearby. We rocked and fanned ourselves, drank quarts of *Guarana* that Senhora brought us, and fell asleep when siesta time came round. And David talked, mainly about rubber.

The whole Confederate Colony experiment offers an excellent study in inter-American relationship, decades before Brazilian good neighbors were being pampered with capital letters and careless subsidizing to rouse latent suspicions. Bitter, defeated but unconquered Southerners planned a mighty exodus from America to Brazil, but only a few hundred of them actually took the then perilous trip. Although it was peace-time, the imperial government of Emperor Dom Pedro was kindly, land was cheap, the climate warm,

and black slaves, like those they had lost with their estates at home, were available, little trace of either the "dominant race" or their sturdy Americanism remains—except in the case of David B. Riker, from Charleston, South Carolina.

Although but a boy of six when he was brought to Brazil, in 1867, David still preserved certain outstanding characteristics and the show of spirit of the American pioneer. He had inherited them, and then had them sternly inbred, from his fiery father who in his uncooled Rebel wrath had had the hardihood to become an exile and to venture with family and associates into the wild jungleland of Brazil. From his father he had inherited, too, a religious streak bordering at times on fanaticism. It was as militant as his faith and belief in the South of the Confederacy and again made him a rebel in this land of his adoption; a "hard-shell Baptist," as David dubbed it, "in a land as Catholic and as intolerant of Protestantism as the Pope." And like all Americans of Anglo Saxon stock, both David and his father were born missionaries.

David's father hoped to set up a Baptist community someday in Brazil. His dream was never realized, because for the greater part of his life, Protestantism was a crime, and although the right to worship as one pleases has since been granted, anything but Catholicism is looked upon as both heresy and heathenism. Nevertheless, at great risk to himself and his interests and property, David zealously carried on an underground Baptist Mission. Once a year he gave domicile to an itinerant Preacher. Together they baptized converts in the Tapajós.

The first Tuesday night I spent in Santarém, I accompanied David Riker, his Senhora, and their two Indian servants to the regular B. Y. P. U. (Baptist Young People's Union) meeting, that preceded prayer meeting. The service was held in Portuguese in the substantial little chapel, seating 120, that David Riker and a handful of the faithful had built and embellished. It was a replica of the one his father before him had built back in South Carolina. There was a good attendance at the prayer meeting, perhaps seventy-five. They varied in color, from pure white to very black, with many hues in between. All the while they were lustily singing their familiar Bap-

tist hymns, the ancient bell of the convent up on top of the hill was ringing with equal gusto calling the nuns to compline.

I am afraid that I led David Riker somewhat astray on the next prayer-meeting night. As *the* model Baptist of the rubber country, it is doubtful if David had ever missed a meeting—until I came along. We left Senhora Riker in the chapel vestibule and like two old cronies tramped down to the town, ostensibly bent on seeing the once-a-week movies in the town theater. This second misdemeanor amounted almost to a cardinal sin, because Baptists of Santarém in good standing did not visit the theater. Arriving too early—by two hours!—for the show, we committed a third error in Baptist behavior. For want of any other place to go, we sat for a half hour in one of the few open-faced cafés! It was a combined general store, ice cream parlor, and tiny bar for dispensing colored sugar-water drinks, with a “stick” in them, by request. At eight o’clock, many customers drifted in from the neighborhood to listen to the war news on the short wave radio.

Later, we went over to the public square, where the lower stratum of the town was indulging in the favorite Iberian pastime of the evening promenade. Here again, David Riker told me that he was getting out of step with his little Baptist community. Many nice Catholic folk came here, he said, but so also did persons with unsavory reputation. The unmarried males strolled around the plaza in one direction, the opposite sex in giggling, gurgling bevvies going around the other under the watchful eyes of their elders on the sidelines. This is the marriage market-place throughout rural Brazil.

Finally, a small black boy came running through the park ringing a bell. The movie was about to begin! David and I paid eight cents each for a first-class ticket and then were sealed up in a musty hall, permeated by a pungent odor of sweat, for the next two hours.

Riker called his bungalow his “town house,” because he had lived the greater part of his life adventurously in the deep surrounding wildwood. He was an inveterate hunter of big and small game, with which the Brazilian forest abounded. He recounted adventures out-doing those of the Swiss Family Robinson of setting up a jungle homestead, fighting off the ferocious wild beasts, vipers, vermin, and insects. His whole body was broken and scarred. Most of the Ameri-

can settlers had found life in the Brazilian jungle beyond their endurance. Many of the Confederates had either died under the strain, or from tropical fevers, or had gone back home discouraged and disillusioned. Due to a happy temperament and a sense of humor, an iron constitution and an unflinching trust in God, David Riker gloried in sticking it out. He had even managed to prosper, despite the fact that he remained outstandingly a *Yanqui* (a hard appellation for the elder Southern refugees fresh from the Rebel Army to take) and spoke English whenever he could, thus further rousing the suspicions of the natives.

Ever since he could remember, however, rubber had been at the bottom of his prosperity.

Riker remembered Henry Wickham—later to be knighted in recognition of his snatching the rubber seeds out of Brazil, an act that changed the rubber picture, shifting it from West to East, from America to Asia! The Wickhams were Santarém neighbors of the Rikers. David went to private school with Henry, his sister, and his brother Ted. His sister married Pilsditch who afterwards kept a school in Santarém. The last time he saw Henry Wickham he was growing both rubber and a long beard. "An easy-going, mild sort of a fellow. Nobody would ever suspect him of running off with the Brazilian rubber trade!" chuckled David, always ready with a joke. David claims that his own father was the first rubber planter in Brazil, and he is not so sure that Henry Wickham did not learn all his rubber-stretching tricks from him! As a young man, Henry Wickham began experimenting in rubber cultivation on a small rubber farm up the Tapajós River, almost opposite where Henry Ford, a half century later, set up Fordlandia.

Eventually, David Riker sold out his last rubber farm for a goodly sum to an English syndicate and "retired" to settle down and build himself a "town house" in Santarém. A stranger would never have any difficulty in locating it, because it was the only true Yankee bungalow in the Amazonas and had an American eagle painted on the front of the house! Here he brought his sweet little dark-complexioned Brazilian wife whom he had found in the neighboring Ceara and those who remained at home of the twelve children she had borne him. They had everything, including two Indian servants.

The elder of these two was middle-aged. The younger was only a small boy of nine. David said they had bargained for him with his parents, who had finally "bound him out" to them until he should reach the age of twenty for a fixed sum of money. It sounded like a bit of good old-fashioned slave trading to me. He was a thoughtful child. During a meal, or when David and I sat talking, he would come in and rest both elbows on the table and stare at me an hour at a time. To him I appeared to be the strangest human being he had ever seen—from the jungles of North America!

One morning David met me, the twinkle in his eye fairly dancing. "The Vaughan girls have heard you are in town and will be put out, if I don't fetch you to see them," he said. "Their father was a farmer and a fighter, from Silver Springs, Tennessee. The Carpet Baggers ruined Vaughan's place, so he thought he ought to clear out. Sallie married Fountain Pitt, son of old Doctor Pitt, leader of the expedition. Mattie married Francisco Machado, a local merchant. . . ."

On the way over, I kept picturing two Southern belles of high-born, spirited, slave-owning stock. I couldn't make my mind take into account that they had come here seventy-odd years ago!

We entered a disheveled yard and went on into a disheveled building that was more a hut than a house. Sallie Vaughan Pitt stood there to receive us. Poor old Sallie was the most disheveled of all. It was a duplicate in every detail of an experience that I had once had among the "crackers" in the Blue Mountains. Sallie had forgotten everything, even her English.

"She and Fountain Pitt made a dashing beautiful pair in their day," explained David. "But, wait until you see Miss Mattie!"

"Miss" Mattie Machado was the antithesis of her sister. She lived in a large house, for Santarém; neat and clean, despite the fact that she was surrounded by a lively mob of grandchildren and great-grandchildren. None of them was black, but some of them were very near it. Sallie was bright and chipper, but as Brazilian as they come, from her gay repartee to her cake and other strange foods offered me.

Before David Riker could settle down in his aging years to enjoy the fruits of his long-life labors, he found himself once again caught

in the toils of rubber! The upper reaches of the Amazon and the Tapajós were stirred to their jungle depths by a new kind of rubber romance no less fantastic than the Rubber Boom that had burst less than a quarter of a century before.

Advance engineers of the great Americano industrialist, Henry Ford, came to Santarém in search of rubberland. David Riker met them and said he would show them the way, in the same manner we had met. He was the ace man in the whole Amazon *Hevea brasiliensis* world.

David Riker set out the first rubber plant in Fordlandia! But long before the first acre of virgin land could possibly be cleared, Riker had been instrumental in performing the most vital service that made the whole project possible. The great problem was the same as that which still confronts and stands in the way of any great expansion of the plantations. It is the identical reason why it was never possible to obtain anywhere near the vast total of thousands of tons of wild rubber in the war days of urgent need, claimed by our Mr. Jesse Jones, America's OPA czar of the moment, and Joan Alberto Lins de Barros, Brazilian Co-ordinator of Economic Mobilization. The reason above all others, was the irreparable shortage of *seringueiros*, and any other kind of labor, in the Amazon. If our War Boards of Supplies had met David Riker in Santarém, he could have saved their heads a lot of hot air and also later appropriations of millions of dollars that mysteriously melted in the heat of discussions and Amazonian rubber jungles and junkets, because of a woe-ful lack of practical information.

Riker set out with a gang composed of both strong-arm persuaders and silver-tongued orators. They combed the surrounding river country for more than a thousand square miles. They offered what was indeed fabulous wages and perquisites, but had very few takers. I judged from what I was told that many a man from those jungle villages was shanghaied. Even when they got them to Fordlandia, it was often difficult to make a large percentage of them remain for long. It is a curious "native"-Iberian problem of employment that industrialists have to face all over Latin America, from Mexico to Argentina. It is next to impossible to make 365-day machines out of these people. It is not a question of pay, of long

hours or of body-weariness, but rather of mentality, psychology, and social economy. So many of them, when they have made "enough" to get ahead for a week, maybe a month, believe in enjoying their competence amidst life without a care. This is their paradisiacal interpretation of earthly "Mañana," or "Amanha," as it is in Portuguese. So, said David, they preferred to half starve and to half work, in their native villages, to being forced to live in a civilized way, in a neat sanitary Ford cottage and work in the Ford way. That goes, for the lowest class of Brazilian laborer; white, black, or brown. Curiously enough, this same mentality, prefers peonage bordering on slavery, to the "machine." For even slavery contains one great principle, which to them is a species of benevolence. It is a system with always a *patron*, that at least implies patronage coupled with fatherliness, of which they are protégés. Someone on whom to lean, on whom rested all responsibilities. Altogether this is a relationship, an attitude, and a conception of economy quite incomprehensible to the Ford machine, to the American system, to modern industry, and to the attainment of a high national position in this latter-day world.

Yet, this is one of the great facts of living that the North American people, and diplomats as well as capitalists and industrialists, looking Southward, have not only got to face, but also to work out, in a manner satisfactory to both sides.

CHAPTER XIX

GRAND OPERA IN THE JUNGLE

On my way up to Manáos from Santarém by plane, I was an onlooker on a Grand Gesture of the Rubber Romance, in the person of one of the last of the rubber barons.

I was aboard a six-seater Pan American Airways aquaplane. We had but five passengers, because of the excessive quantity of personal luggage being carried—at what cost!—by a fellow-passenger. The swarthy proprietor of the luggage bore a startling resemblance to

Haile Selassie, including an imperial bearing. Nothing in his dress or demeanor went with the surrounding Amazonian jungle. His white linen suit might have been tailored in Saville Street. He wore an English straw "bowler." Incongruously, he carried a heavy gold-headed malacca walking stick, always held firmly by one fat hand on the forefinger of which shone prominently a ten-karat emerald set in a broad ring. I was still studying this rotund gentleman, who sat opposite me, one seat ahead, when suddenly the plane began circling, preparing to descend. According to the printed schedule there was no stop for another hour. It could be an occasion for alarm, a thousand miles up the Amazon. In making the water, we barely missed running into a trim steam yacht anchored near the shore. It seemed like a marine apparition. I looked out of my tiny window towards shore for the first time. A typical small Amazon town had pushed the jungle back a few hundred yards. A score of small houses, each painted some bright color, surrounded one larger official-looking building. Perhaps a hundred people stood on shore waving small Brazilian flags. When the hatch was opened, strains of music could be faintly heard. A small boat paddled by two Negroes squatting in the bow drew up to our side. A tall very dark man in a frock coat stood in an attitude of welcome, with a black boy holding an umbrella ready to shade Somebody from the galling sunshine. The steward gave a signal. Then who should ascend the short companionway but the man with the emerald ring. He was firmly but gently grasped and guided into the paddle-boat by several pairs of hands. The umbrella was carefully put over his head. The man in the frock coat leaned and respectfully kissed his hand; the lesser persons aboard worshipfully kissed his sleeve or his coattail. The boat pushed towards shore. Another boat was paddled up and took off twenty heavy pieces of luggage, every bag bearing many labels of all the de luxe watering-places of Europe. The hatch was closed and we taxied up river and then began to take the air and rise again to our course in the heavens.

I stared at the steward with an incredulous look that said I didn't believe it!

"We have just left Arunanduba, senhor," he explained solemnly. "The passenger who got off was Senhor Don José Julio de Andrade.

He is one of the last of the rubber barons. His estate stretches inland for hundreds of miles. It is nearly as large as the whole State of Pará! He has every raw material on it—rubber, timber, skins of animals, snakes and alligators—but no money. Half his people have died off; starved, maybe. They are very poor today. The steam yacht used to travel all over the world, they say. There were always gay parties and hilarious times aboard. Now it is filled with rats—and ghosts."

Even the dead cities of Machu Pichu and Chichen Itza, I found not nearly as strange and oftentimes not as eerie as Manáos. Like Fordlandia, it was another ghost city of the Rubber Cycle. At least the dead cities were consistent in their deadness and in the marks and remains of their culture. Manáos was neither dead nor alive; just a haunting apparition of a vivid, exotic, and gorgeous interlude.

One of my first impressions of Manáos taxed my imagination. United States Vice Consul Manness asked me if I would like to take a motor ride. It was a moonlit night. The moonlight etched the city in a green-blue glow in which swam ghostly silhouettes and shadows. We followed an incongruous trolley car for a mile or so where the line ended abruptly in front of an over-sized open-air cabin. The scratching tones of a whining gramophone cut a jagged pattern through the still night. The place was crowded with dark figures of mostly dusky people; half of whom stood drinking before a stubby "American Bar" and the other half were dancing the native Samba. Everybody was talking and laughing; a sibilant sort of gayety. Manness explained that the people of the upper Amazon made whoopee with almost the same degree of solemnity that they conducted their Voodoo séances, which were a nightly occurrence. Manáos social amenities were all deeply infused with exaggerated Afro influence and dignity. Later, on reflection, I could see where this motif appeared and reappeared like the solemn beat of a tom-tom throughout the entire score of the rubber extravaganza.

Thereafter, the road was little more than a pair of ruts. It was a weird drive through jungle growth, here and there thinned out to plant cashew nut groves. We joggled along like two loose stones in a wheelbarrow, for perhaps ten miles, when a gate suddenly

barred the road. Manness sounded his horn and a swarthy man with a lantern appeared. He exchanged greetings with the Vice Consul and opened the gate.

"I wanted you to get the feel of this—at night," explained my cicerone, as we got out and walked to the edge of a bluff. Two broad bands of shining bronze stretched out into the green night. "The junction of the Amazon and the Rio Negro. One flowing down from Iquitos and its source in the Peruvian Andes. The other coming out of the Brazilian Great Unknown. Through the trees yonder you can see the lines of a great mansion of one of the Rubber Barons. The bubble burst before it was completed. It has been deserted for twenty-five years, except for the caretaker."

It was one of the most impressive spectacles of human futility I had ever looked upon. Two of the world's greatest rivers, seen at midnight from jungle depths, with the aboriginal silence broken only by the splash of an alligator leaping on some prey far below, and the mournful pipe of some jungle bird across the rivers. And out there somewhere, everywhere, was the treacherous wild rubber, that had brought more heartbreak to Brazil, and more wholesome pleasure and greater commercial profit to the civilized world, than any other single contribution of Nature in this industrialized world.

Manáos is a city of mango trees and colored tiles. Every residential street is an arcade of deep, green shade; the façade of every other house embellished with lovely imported tiles. Vice Consul Manness lived in a gingerbread house built in the heyday. It had been the residence of a colored doctor with a passion for colored glass. Transoms, skylights, doors, and windows were fashioned of small square or diamond-shape panes. The fierce tropical sun mottled everything and everybody in a way that delighted native visitors. The household was under the broad thumb of Manoela, who padded in from the kitchen in her bare feet to inspect visitors very personally. Manoela was assisted by Carlo, the houseboy, who was always disturbing the Voodoo charms she placed at strategic points about the house. Carlo had walked into the house uninvited the day Manness had taken it over and made himself a bed in the basement. Neither threat nor cajolery could get rid of him. Carlo proved to be a good and faithful servant.

Every day after "Tea" at the Consul's, consisting of fruit juice, ice cream, and English biscuits, I turned the corner and walked away from the main thoroughfare on typical pavement of natural cobblestones set in at random as though in conspiracy against pedestrians. Suddenly, the last dense mango tree foliage was thrust aside like a draw-curtain in a theatre. There in the middle of the stage bulked one of the most breath-taking pieces of theatrical scenery in the world—the two-million dollar Grand Opera House, built by the rubber millionaires to outdo and outclass all other opera houses in the Western Hemisphere! The great dome—one of the largest on the continent—capped the many-storied neo-classic structure that stood on a two-acre pedestal paved and faced with Cararra marble.

The scholarly old caretaker who lived in one corner of the crumbling rehearsal chamber, took me from the cellar, filled with decayed scenery, to the attic where there was a great wooden wheel that had raised and moved the scenery. "Ah, yes, those were wonderful days," said the old man. "Many of the rubber kings came out of the jungle and lived like Indian princes. French dramatic artists and a German opera company were brought over from Europe. Balls and banquets were held with world-famous entertainers and French vintage champagnes!" We were in the grand reception chamber with few traces of the frescoes untouched by mildew, the gilt of the chandeliers worn off and some strips of the velvet draperies left hanging. We ascended the grand staircase and stood on the balustraded portico and looked down on the towering bronze fountain nobly depicting the Amazon and her tributaries, long since dry, battered by time, and looted by vandals. Several gingerbread mansions mournfully overlooked the great plaza.

The Grande Hotel—the fourth "Grand Hotel" in a row that I had stopped at in upper Brazil—was in its prime at the beginning of the century. I contracted to pay 15\$000 (15,000 reis, 15 milreis, or 75 cents) per day, including meals. I followed the bell-hop who doubled as bus boy, up the dusty stairs that had once been a "grand stairway" in the Manáos manner, leading from the dining room. The second floor was a series of "grand salons" fitted with numerous bent-wood rockers. The bedrooms were huge cells with beamed ceilings eighteen feet from the floor, surrounding a patio, where tur-

keys gobbled, roosters crowed, and children played while women sang in the noisy kitchen, beginning at daylight. In the grand old days, there had been no beds in the rooms. Guests, Amazon style, brought their hammocks, evidenced by one or more pairs of worn hooks in the corners. New-fangled beds had been introduced, but were not made up. Mine did not look inviting, so I hung up my faithful hammock.

Getting to my bed—or my hammock—at night was a spooky adventure. The “old Spanish custom”—as well as Portuguese—of closing and locking the front door or main entrance, at nine o'clock sharp, was strictly observed. The night porter was ingenious and lazy. He hung his hammock in one of the grand salons, tied a cord to the door latch and trailed it to his hammock. When the bell rang, he pulled the string. There were no lights, so he guided me towards the patio by shouting. I had my own matches, fortunately. I chuckled, as I pictured finicky tourists playing ghost this way in the grandest hotel to be found in Ghost Town!

After dinner, I usually met Manness and sat for a couple of hours at a table in front of the city's principal café. My favorite taxi stood at the corner, which I was able to identify because the driver had chosen the shade of a mango limb that was abloom with orchids. In the center of the square, the three car lines of the city joined and turned round an elaborate modernistic kiosk. The cars all had flat wheels and shrieking axles and the motormen clanged the bells incessantly, which made it seem that there was an enormous traffic in all the streets of the sleepy town. The tram etiquette observed in urban localities all over Brazil, from Pernambuco to Porto Alegre, was strictly enforced in Manáos—all passengers must wear coats and shoes, or the motorman would not stop to let them on.

One night, Manness motored me through the prostitute district. Like the Opera House, it too had once been grand, in the days when the millionaires demanded all the finest luxuries enjoyed in the best Latin American society. The District was still populous and well patronized. Where once the women floated around in Paris gowns, they now hung out of their windows half clothed in rags. Many of them, it was said, had had to seek an honest living, or starve.

I saw rubber for the first time in Manáos, when I went down towards the river. Here and there a load of twenty-five-pound balls of smoked rubber were dumped on the sidewalk, just as one sees a ton of coal lying at home. There were many small shops, all kept by Jews and Syrians, whose cellars were filled with balls of wild rubber. Almost the entire traffic had fallen into their hands, I was told. They sold ocelot pelts and small alligator and snake skins for as little as three dollars. I went down into several stinking cellars looking for a specimen to bring home. I gave up my search when I was informed that oftentimes live snakes brought in with cargoes infested these places.

Manáos harbor evidenced the approaching come-back in rubber. Its deep water can accommodate ocean-going vessels. At no time, however, has its traffic been totally dead. War and blockade had driven all large ships from the sea when I was there. But the clutter of thousands of river folk in every type of craft, from dug-outs to jerry-built launches fitted with Ford car motors, reminded me of the Yangtze crowded with thousands of sampans and junks. Everybody was trying to buy or sell some of the produce collected from the vast area served by the Amazon and its tributaries. For Manáos was the most important distributing center along the river, not only for smoked rubber, but also for Brazil nuts, cacao, dried fish, pas-sava fiber, mandioca, and watermelons.

The most arresting food item concerned the nearby meat market. It was as empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, except for a flock of buzzards tearing at the counters that once had held carnivorous meat. In fact there was a scarcity of foods of all kinds. Not enough to eat—except poultry that had not had enough to eat—in a region that could be organized to become the market garden and poultry center for half the world!

Trading for the most part, in this center of a vast area of undeveloped rich resources, was being carried on in the manner of a far eastern bazaar. A dib of this and a dab of that. The economy of the jungle. That is what had happened to rubber. It became too big and too hot for these people to handle. World demand got ahead of them. A smarter people discovered a way out. In the end they found themselves just where they began—in the jungle.

CHAPTER XX

THE SCHEHEREZADE TALE OF RUBBER

Commercial rubber from Brazil dates back little more than a century ago. As early as 1759, however, the government of the Province of Pará, presented the King of Portugal, Joseph I, with a rubber mantle. By 1770, one of the principal uses found for this new type of "rosin" was for the use of rubbing out pencil marks, whereupon Dr. Joseph Priestly gave it the name of "rubber." These erasers were sold to English draughtsmen for three shillings a half cubic inch.

It was not until 1808, when Napoleon invaded and conquered Portugal, driving the Portuguese ruler and his court to Rio de Janeiro, that Brazilian ports were opened to foreign trade of nations other than that of the mother country. Fifteen years later, in 1823, it is recorded that several hundred pairs of rubber shoes made by the Indians, somewhere in the vicinity of Pará, were shipped to the United States where they found a ready market. This was the beginning of a profitable trade in rubber goods between Brazil and the United States, that by 1850 rose to several hundred thousand pairs of rubber shoes and boots a year.

Rubber would have remained in its natural state, subject to melting and hardening, depending on the weather and the temperature, of doubtful commercial value, had not Charles Goodyear, in 1839, invented vulcanized rubber, by smoking raw rubber, or latex, thus producing a firm permanent body while preserving its elasticity.

By 1853, the general demand for articles made of rubber had increased to such an extent that their manufacture constituted a recognized industry. In that year alone, five million pounds of rubber passed through the Amazon port of Pará.

It was not until 1890, however, that rubber began to take its first steps into that stride that eventually carried the whole world forward with it into our rubber-cushioned civilization and the New Era of the rubber tired "horseless carriage" and "gasoline buggy," in the development of which the product of Brazil and the production

of the United States were for the first time linked. The initial impulse was given to the lately invented means of locomotion and transportation, by the use of the pneumatic tire, begun in 1888, and later perfected by the English inventor, John B. Dunlop. The first use was on bicycles of the "safety" type. From the moment they proved practical and successful on the automobile, that industry took a spurt ahead, with a speed that has grown in momentum, the staggering pace and full magnitude of which are not in sight even today, after fifty years of fabulous production.

The Brazilian rubber Age of Fable began approximately in 1890 and by 1915, had completely vanished, passing through its era of riches and back to rags again within a pyrotechnical quarter of a century.

It all transpired in the manner of a jungle fantasy.

Brazil maintained her preeminence as an exporter of rubber up until the beginning of World War I. In 1890, when the boom started, only 19,000 tons of raw rubber were being exported. In 1903, shipments had risen to 32,000 tons, with an estimated world consumption of 50,000 tons. Prices for raw rubber had risen to an unprecedented high of \$1.50 a pound. In 1910 the Brazilian rubber boom reached its peak. Prices soared to over \$3 a pound. Speculation in rubber was rampant, created by the immense gain in automobile production. The economists of Brazil had long since realized that theirs was the only country where substantial raw rubber grew wild. The first rubber "squeeze" monopoly was on. The price of latex soared. Most of the enormous returns remained in the country. The rubber barons grew fabulously rich within a decade. *Hevea brasiliensis* trees were jealously guarded. Many attempts to smuggle the seeds out of the country failed.

The British, with typical foresight and astuteness in the economics of world trade, that makes a science of the study of world commodity resources, and in some manner manages to add them to the riches of the empire, had long since sized up the pros and cons of Brazilian rubber. Both subjectively, because of the unbusinesslike procedure, and objectively, due to the demand outgrowing the supply a thousandfold, this sort of thing simply couldn't go on! Something had to be done about it. Sorry, old boy, if it wasn't al-

together according to Hoyle! Britain is always on the side of the angels, benefiting the world, you know! And they did it.

Henry A. Wickham chartered a steamer and smuggled a load of seeds through the Pará Customs, on the pretense that they were botanical specimens. In due time they became the nucleus of the vast plantations in the East Indies.

The Brazilian rubber bubble did not burst; it was pricked. What had swollen into a magnificent dream of perpetual monopoly collapsed into a prolonged nightmare.

By 1921, the flow of Brazilian raw rubber into the United States had dwindled to a trickle, while the flood of British Indies cultivated rubber was exceeding 100,000 tons, or twice as much as the entire Brazilian production at its height.

The Amazonian wild rubber industry was ruined. The British and Dutch cultivated rubber plantations had multiplied. In 1922, the British and Dutch interests staged their own monopoly "Squeeze," calling it the Restriction Plan. It pegged rubber at \$1.22 a pound. It worked for a few years. Then, due to many causes beyond their control, the Restriction Plan began to wobble. The World Depression overtook it. The enormous accumulation of rubber of the restriction years was dumped on the market and brought disaster, with rubber selling at 2½ cents a pound, in 1932.

Regardless of what one may think of the international ethics violated by the English in the shady transaction of smuggling out of Brazil the *Hevea brasiliensis* rubber seeds, one is obliged to acknowledge that except for the subsequent efficient cultivation of rubber in British Malaya, our astounding Motor Age might have been delayed indefinitely. The hard-headed British are responsible for the advanced state of our civilization cushioned on rubber. Rubber prosperity went to the heads of Amazonian Brazilians like the champagne they liberally imported from Paris. They made an orgy of business too important for them to handle. It might serve as an example for all time for similar projects among peoples prodigally blessed with resources, but totally unequipped by training and experience. British cultivated rubber christened and gave its blessing to the Ford Model-T, and the New Era was off to a flying start! The scientific culture of unlimited rubber in the East Indies inaugu-

rated and pushed far forward the kind of life and living that we enjoy today. It stepped up the commerce of the world to an ultra capacity and speed, on a "moving platform."

Every gesture of the Rubber Romance reflects and reveals something elemental, deep down in the core of Brazilian character and conduct as a whole, that we shall have to deal with some day in some way. To be ignorant of these subtle facets and phases can easily lead to serious misunderstandings. To have knowledge of them may forestall mutual mistakes.

Among other things, we are led to give more serious consideration to our dealings, our investments, our securities, and our confidence in the future. Hastily drawing our conclusions from the rubber fiasco, might even cause us to hesitate to invest in any large-scale enterprises entrusted entirely in Brazilian hands. In the interim, happily, many substantial reasons and assurances have risen—as we shall see—for a renewal of our faith, hope, and charity, in and towards a New Brazil.

Take note that there was no "Romance of Rubber" in the British East Indies plantation projects. It was all deadly realistic. From the moment Sir Henry Wickham smuggled 70,000 *Hevea brasiliensis* seeds out of the Amazon and transplanted Brazilian rubber in the Far East to the triumph of their cartel monopoly, and thence to that hour of supreme defeat, when the armed forces of Japan conquered the profitable possessions of Britain and the Netherlands and, incidentally, administered one of the severest blows to the Allied armies by cutting off more than ninety percent of a strategical war essential, it was always a matter of grim earnest reality.

Brazilians are not realists, and never will be, to anything like the same degree that Anglo-Saxons can be and often are. The Amazon rubber boom was a typical example of "native" exploitation: absentee landlords as well as resident overlords living on the fat of the land without putting back into it enough substance to sustain its energy; high-handed prodigality with the "gentleman" standing overriding the merchant motive. When the bonanza slumped, there was nothing to salvage but a Grand Opera House, champagne "empties" and some gingerbread mansions, with possibly a steam yacht,

like the one I had seen. Untamed nature and the unimproved jungle once again triumphed over the gaudy but costly ornaments of civilization.

CHAPTER XXI

RUBBER INTERLUDE

Perhaps no worse example of intertrade with Brazil could be offered than the doings of the United States Rubber Reserve Corporation, in conjunction with the Brazilian Government's Amazon Colonization scheme. We wish to make it clear that there is no intention of branding the scheme in either conception or attempted execution with dishonesty or incompetency.

It remains true, however, that no phase of Brazil's ultra-romanticism in her earlier rubber cycle was more fantastic.

"Can we trust these people with millions of our good money, after such a fiasco as the Amazon Rubber Bubble?" we once asked. Then look at what we did—ourselves leading the way, into another gigantic rubber fiasco!

First, we find Brazil herself acknowledging that the Amazon Basin—known to be the largest untapped source of strategic raw materials, including all-important rubber—is handicapped by a labor scarcity which dates back to the beginning of Brazilian history. As we have been informed already, there are ample legitimate reasons—including distance, inaccessibility, lack of transport and communications, fever, and numerous other adverse conditions menacing human health and life. Such at least is the age-old legend of the Amazon Interior.

Certainly a repellent prospect from every point of view; enough to frighten away any but the most hardy and adventurous explorer. It will take generations of authentic reports of the existence of thousands of acres of good lands, of scientific aids in overcoming jungle perils, and of material progress in penetration, to live down the tall tales of the horrors of the dreaded region.

Under such circumstances few settlers could be enticed to leave

their safe surroundings and homes or huts, be they ever so humble. As for denizens of the crowded cities flocking to the jungle, it is unthinkable.

Nevertheless, we find the governments of Brazil (it seems so unlike the many hard-headed plans of the Vargas regime; could it be a Vargas subtlety? a free gift from neighbor Sam? why not?) and the United States in an ingeniously ingenuous scheme of vast proportions envisioning the development of the unsettled wilderness of the Amazon Valley, with special emphasis on the harvesting of wild rubber and the farming of cultivated rubber. (Remember the heart-rending experiments and experience of the Ford people, before they turned the corner?) Reading from left to right, excerpts from the current propaganda on the project that set the gullible press and people of the two great American Colossi buzzing for the better part of a year, I culled the following catchlines from among the many prospectuses:

"Vast Pioneering Development For Amazon Valley—300,000 Pioneer Workers Sought—Outline Is Given For Permanent Economy." . . . (April, 1942, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*): "Brazil thinks in terms of years, of transferring 2,000,000 persons overland over distances of 2,000 miles or more, investing upwards of \$300,000,000—Original agreement signed between the Departments of Agriculture of Brazil and the United States, October 25, 1940." . . . (December, 1942): "U. S. And Brazil Sign Rubber Agreement—Plan To Send 50,000 Workers To Amazon Valley Starts—Agreement calls for their transportation by any available means—air, rail, truck, boat, and afoot. They will first go to San Luis, jumping-off place for Belém. According to agreement 50,000 men expected to be working in the Amazon Valley by May, 1943. The enterprise will be financed by the United States under a \$5,000,000 lend-lease appropriation. Brazil is bearing a smaller portion of the cost." . . . (Letter to the *Times* from Maplewood, N. J., correspondent): "Proposed Plan of Development of Amazon With Our Funds Is Commended—If we plan and carry out projects such as this, we need not fear a post-war depression, but on the contrary may look forward with confidence to a period of real prosperity for many years to come!" . . . "Coordinator for Economic Mobilization in Brazil, Minister João Alberto Lins de Barros, has a plan to transport 80,000 men overland to

the rubber area, the laborers coming from Ceará and other northern states." . . . "The first 40 American agricultural experts are already in Belem." . . . "Outstanding accomplishments of the last few months are those connected with the development of the Amazon Valley. A Rubber Credit Bank has been formed with Brazilian and American capital, based on a five million dollar loan negotiated with the United States for the sanitation of this region with American medical help." . . . (United Press): "Brazilian government believes wild rubber may again become one of the country's main resources. —Free allotment of land in the rubber belt to families willing to work wild-rubber trees; free housing, free transportation. Figures of migrants not yet available. Whether the planters will have a chance to become wealthy remains a moot point, but government officials have assured them that the days of the barefoot, undernourished, and illiterate small planter have gone forever." . . . (*New York Times*): "78,000 Brazilians to Trek For Rubber—Workers Will Hike 600 miles to Amazon Area—'I realize it is tough sailing,' said Senhor Lins de Barros, 'but it can be done. I made a similar trip as an army officer. Specialized labor will be sent by air.' Jointly, Brazilian and United States Technical Commissions undertook exhaustive surveys and drew formulas. Their joint report will be handed to President Vargas and President Roosevelt." . . . (*Times*, January, 1943): "400 Rubber Workers Leave For Amazon. All are uniformed with blue pants, white shirts, blue felt hats, Anzac style, hammocks, leather leggings. They call themselves 'rubber soldiers'." . . . (Idem, April 29, 1943): "Land Of Promise Seen On the Amazon—Hanson predicts a tremendous immigration movement into this area to, colonize and develop its almost staggering wealth." . . . (Idem, June 5): "Brazilian Expedition to Settle Jungle—Caravan Off July 15, carrying such modern appliances as radio and other up-to-date equipment, on the 1500 mile trek on rivers, railroads and afoot." . . . (Idem, June 22): "Amazon Reality Outdoes Fantasy." . . . (*Herald Tribune*, by Frank Kelly, returned recently from a 12,000-mile trip covering the wild rubber development in the Amazon Basin Manáos, Brazil.): "Hard-Boiled Realism Replaces Utopian Plan in Amazon Jungle—B. E. W. Mapped An Impossibly Brave New World Replete With Bath Tubs and Sewing Machines for Brazil's Debt-Ridden Rubber Tappers—However noble their motives, the original architects of the Amazon rubber program in the de-

funct Board of Economic Warfare appear to have been intent on creating an impossibly brave new world in the jungles." . . . (*New York Times*, November): "Shortage of Manpower Handicaps Rubber Production on the Amazon—Brazilian Recruiting Brings Only a Fraction of the 100,000 Men Needed—Supply and Transportation Are Other Factors—Expansion of rubber production in the Amazon area to a point where it could become a dominant factor in the world market is virtually impossible under existing conditions."

Did I ever tell the story of David Riker, who traveled thousands of miles as Employee Gatherer of the Ford Rubber Company, trying to entice a couple of thousand Brazilians away from their habitats, with fistfuls of money and promises of plots of land and Dear-born homes with toilets and bathtubs? He had to shanghai many of them. Even then, they would—and still do—desert the plantation, almost as fast as new recruits are corralled. And their job is heaven compared with that of *seringueiros* combing the jungle for rubber. Had these shallow planners no idea how many ships, trains and planes that were non-existent in wartime, it would take to transport this vast imaginary army of workers thereafter to make their way through a trackless wilderness of Shangri-la?

Meanwhile, Henry Ford's courageous, hard-working little band, plods and plows on in the jungle almost unnoticed. This private enterprise, in the virgin depths of the same Amazon Basin jungle, tackled and wrestled and conquered all the real problems of rubber—in the soil and not on foolscap. They did it not in ignorance but with intelligence, profiting from failure, succeeding in the characteristic Yankee way that has always won the admiration of the whole world; in a way unknown in the entire annals of costly partisan political schemes and junkets. Without trumpeting, they have themselves become good neighbors, minus both the badge and the ballyhoo of the Good Neighbor.

CHAPTER XXII

BLACK RIVER THROUGH THE JUNGLE

Each of the three Amazonian rivers, with which I am most familiar, presents a different and individual color. I found this coloration most marked where the white waters of the Tapajós join the reddish yellow flood of the Amazon, at Santarém. The two rivers flow along side by side for a couple of miles, the different hued waters of each separated, before they mingle, and the crystalline pure Tapajós becomes part of the muddy Amazon.

A similar phenomenon takes place at Manáos, where the inky black waters of the Rio Negro ("Black River") empty into the jaundiced tide of the conquering Amazon. The water is not actually black, but the surface presents the appearance of ebony, and on peering down into its depths, one may discern creatures and vegetation, both made to appear even more terrible than they really are because of the shadowy blackness of the transparent depths.

Rio Negro is one of the world's most curiously individual rivers. For one thing, it joins two of the world's greatest streams, the Amazon with the Orinoco. This is effected by the Casiquiare Canal, a hybrid river-canal, which in the northern end takes on the Negro and transports it into the mighty Orinoco. In fact all along its entire course, the tributaries of the Negro dovetail with those of the Orinoco, oftentimes less than fifty miles distant from each other; one flowing north and the other south. Its main affluent, the Uaupés, disputes with the Orinoco's branch, the Guaviare, in the drainage of the entire eastern slope of the "oriental" Andes.

Even in the dry season, the Negro is navigable for more than 450 miles above Manáos. In the wet season, however, it overflows the country far and wide, like its parent stream, the Amazon. This adds to the difficulties and perilousness of navigation due to the danger of getting lost on its waters, far out of sight of land. In the first place, it is even wider than the Amazon, and its banks are pierced by lagoons and misleading channels that get nowhere but into the depths of hopeless wilderness.

From the viewpoints of waterways, drainage, water supplies, climate, and vegetation, the basin of the Rio Negro and its tributaries is "great country." The economy of nature is not only equable; it is lavish. But it is jungle economy. It is not merely an "island" wilderness surrounded by a jungle sea; it is a vast "continental" wild and waste.

Waterways aplenty; but neither land way nor ways through the jungle.

I don't think that anyone can get more than a glimmering of the "feel," of the all-out horror—call it the economy of the jungle—until one has been lost in its depths overnight and been overtaken, if only for a brief period, with the conviction that one was doomed to perish as one of its victims.

Neither jungle exploring, nor gamehunting, had any part in my plans when I walked into the office of Mr. E. B. Kirk, American General Superintendent of what was left of the Light & Traction Company, Ltd., of Manáos.

Forty years in the jungle tropics' capital, trying to make a worn-out street railway system run with the aid of jungle personnel and labor, had made E. B. Kirk a laconic man.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked.

I handed him a letter of introduction.

He looked me over for a minute. "Do you hunt?" he said.

"I do," I said, like a man solemnly swearing to a lie before a notary public.

"Fine," said Kirk. "I could have given you only five minutes otherwise. I'm rushed to death, clearing up things getting ready to go on a little hunting cruise up the Rio Negro. Meet you here nine o'clock Saturday night. No," he called after me, "come to my house to supper. Anybody'll tell you where I live."

It was easy to locate Kirk's abode, because a small town mid-western house looked so out of place under the mango shade among the tiled residences of the town. It was furnished with Grand Rapids furniture. Kirk had taken over the parlor and filled that also with mementos of his boyhood recollections. The books belonged to an American boy of the Eighties and Nineties. A table

was covered with American newspapers and current events magazines. When he left the office he went "back home" to all this.

Outside that room, when we were called to supper, we stepped into *Manáos-Amazonas-Brasil*, shoulder-deep. A smiling, more-than-half-dark wife, who had no English, and five kids, as dark and as Brazilian as they come. They would always be Brazilian, despite the exhortations interpolated with the curses of their unmistakably Yanqui papa, because they had a Latin mother.

Somewhere around nine, Kirk's automobile appeared and two colored "boys" loaded all available space with supplies, guns, and ammunition. Later, a *Senhor Figueredo*, a dentist and famous jungle hunter, from *Pará*, joined us. We drove to the Company wharf, where a third "boy" was waiting with two Amazon-type wooden canoes to be towed up river. A half hour later, we were all settled on board Kirk's forty-footer, which he had equipped with a powerful motor in addition to sails. He had navigated it all the way down from Nantucket, during one of his infrequent visits to the States. He was never going back again, he told me. "I was plain bored," he added. The cabin accommodated four bunks and a galley. If you wanted more air—and we certainly did when we got into jungle waters—you could stretch out in the cockpit.

For two hours I watched the civilized world gradually withdraw; first, the strange clutter of boat life of the traders, then the great dome of the opera house rising higher and higher as the lights of the town began to disappear, then scattered primitive cabins alongshore with figures squatting around an open fire and, finally, the *Lazaretto*, so close that we could hear the lepers at their prayers in the little chapel near the water. It brought into our journey a plaintive note of hopelessness that persisted as we left all human and organized civilization behind and chug-chugged forward into the velvety tropical night and the wild organic life of the jungle. The stars were so bright and numerous that they gave a greenish luminosity that dimly outlined the jungle wilderness alongshore and the deceptive forks of the river.

"A wrong turning could take you hundreds of miles off your course," remarked Kirk, as we lolled on deck, ". . . and, into eternity."

Intermittent conversation bridged long silences, as we gazed at the stars and into the infinity of time and space, ether, river, and jungle that in the darkness completely swallowed us in less than an hour.

"If it hadn't been for the fact that I was always an outdoor man," said Kirk, "I would have died from ennui or ague, after my first quarter of a century up here in Amazonas. Every once in a while, when I feel the tropics taking hold of my gizzard, I play hookey, like this. I go on a hunt into the Rio Negro jungle country. No open and closed season. No poaching or trespassing. No competition with amateurs taking a pot shot at you. No limit to the game you may kill or the fish you may catch. That whole blooming place is alive with wild life. But nobody hunts for the pure sport of it. When and if you kill, it is often to preserve your own life—either from starvation or to save yourself from being killed. That's the Law of the Jungle—you'll soon find out."

As thought to illustrate, Kirk picked up a Browning automatic and took aim at what looked like a giant log floating in the current a dozen yards away. Bang! A long black tail frantically swished the water. Bang! A fifteen-foot alligator turned over in a death wrench, showing a sickly-white belly in the ghastly light.

"Now, how about a swim?" asked my host, beginning to peel off. "We keep the screw turning just enough to scare off any more of those fellows," he reassured me.

I didn't like the idea at all, but followed suit. I went down like a chunk of lead; so far, that I thought I would never come up again. I kept thinking of Explorer Teddy Roosevelt and what had happened to him when he was spilled overboard in the neighboring River of Doubt. He was injured and caught the fever from which he never recovered. The black water was warm near the surface, but as cold as a spring below.

I was awakened at daybreak from an hour's snooze, by the homey smell of frying eggs and bacon, enriched by the fumes of Brazilian coffee. But there was nothing "homey" about our location. Out yonder, was the forest primeval, innumerable miles of it on which human feet had never trod, or at least left an imprint. A million years and a million miles from home, as we know it.

On the day we eventually came to anchor close to shore, Kirk gave us all what sounded suspiciously like a "farewell address." "Here's where we leave our ship and go hunting back country. It won't be like going ashore, because there isn't any shore."

The opposite bank had disappeared, for the swollen river at this point was over sixteen miles wide.

"And, remember the law of the jungle," he observed for my benefit, as we began to load the two canoes that we had towed all the way from Manáos. "Everybody and everything in there is a hunter. You'll be hunted as much as you hunt—maybe more. Life in the jungle is a vicious circle. And be sure to get out of it by night-fall! Meet you then, on board."

Kirk struck upstream with one boy paddling his canoe. The second boy was left on board, to watch the *Tia Ana*, our sloop. The third boy was assigned as our guide and propeller. He sat cross-legged on the tip of the bow, deftly dipping and steering with his huge diamond-shaped paddle.

I noted with satisfaction but also with a little alarm that we took on enough provisions and water for *two or three days!* Each of us was also provided with an extra paddle and a machete, as well as arms ranging from an elephant gun down to a .32.

Our canoe nosed straight into and through the screen of rushes. Back of that screen we found a vast swampland, said to cover thousands of square miles during the rainy season. The neighboring jungle was submerged. Giant saman and ceiba trees stood ankle deep in green-scummed water. The smaller jungle growth was either submerged or floated on the surface. Dry land species of animal life was driven inland. This category happily included jaguars and other vicious members of the cat family. Those caught were "treed" for the duration.

From the moment we left the river proper, the scene began to take on the aspect of "still life in natural settings" of fabulous and exotic stuffed birds, insects, reptiles, and amphibious creatures at which I had often gazed for long periods, set up behind glass in the Museum of Natural History.

"Don't shoot until something worth while turns up," cautioned Figueredo.

But I was in no mood for shooting. I sat very still, staring, my Browning across my knees. Here was the biggest outdoor show that I had ever hoped to see. I am sure that I saw many creatures that are not even in the books.

The first bird life we encountered was the wader: white herons, egrets, blue herons, bitterns, scarlet ibises and roseate spoonbills. But the jaburú, or blackheaded white crane standing four and one-half feet high, was something new to me. After that, a flock of about fifty smaller crimson birds—with half of their twelve-inch legs buried in the marsh—which even Figueredo failed to identify. Then we suddenly came upon a Bob Ripley Believe-It-Or-Not item; half a dozen birds as big as ganders, their bills clacking as though in the midst of an animated conversation. But no sound came forth! They almost tallied with the Muscovy tropical duck, wearing a brilliant red topknot. If they were dumb, they were not stupid. Before we could get a second good look at them they were in the air with a roar of heavy wings.

We paddled along the edge of an inland flood-lake, with plenty of bulrushes and heavy tropical bush to serve as a blind. Kirk had been right. Ducks were now plentiful; and they were the *raison d'être* of that jungle hunt—ducks and monkeys for fresh foods! The *marecca caboche* was a deadringer for our mallard. The *pato do crista* was a larger bird with a white breast; the *marrecão ganse*, a big black goose with snowy bosom. Certain species we could see at a distance perched on the limbs of dead trees, others winged across the open within twenty yards of us, while still others had to be flushed from their covers. For several hours we moved along in this hunters' paradise. There was no trouble bringing the game down; we shot no less than forty. But, alas! Before we could paddle to our quarry and pick it up within a few yards of the canoe, a half-dozen gray-green logs near by would come to life. A splash, a lightning dash—and a four-foot swamp alligator would be off with our kill. Altogether, we recovered four ducks.

Already it was noon. We had to think of meeting Kirk before sundown on board the *Tia Ana*, at the outlet of the swamp, some ten miles up-river. There was a whole lot of flooded heavy jungle

on our port bow yet to be negotiated. We plunged into it. It was the first real jungle we had encountered.

I was beginning to learn some of the idiosyncrasies of the jungle, that are always ready to take you by surprise. From the outside, I had been completely fooled. So monotonous, so listless, so lifeless. Actually, on the inside, I found everything in sight a vicious snare. Even those gorgeously beautiful orchids festooning some vast damp cavern that had never seen the light of the sun, were deadly vampires in disguise; parasites sucking the life blood of a giant tree, whose fellow we would find prostrate and dead, blocking our way out of this chamber of horrors. In cunning collusion, monkey rope vines like endless snakes, interlacing, interlocking and strangling all other vegetation, trapped us again and again.

"Look out!" Figueredo would cry. "Don't touch!" As I would reach out to grasp a branch or a vine to help haul our canoe out of a snarl of greenery. Maybe it was a long thorn ready to thrust itself from a concealed scabbard deep into my flesh. Or perhaps it was a spray of sickly green leaves, that raised a festering rash when passed even lightly over the skin.

Worst of all—were the ants. So many of the trees and their branches were deformed by huge excrescences that housed a million ants. To grasp such a limb or have it even brush us, and we'd be covered with them. Every time our craft bumped an ant tree, a whole regiment was shaken down and with bared weapons went to work on us. Usually, fire ants, that sew red hot stitches in your skin!

I discovered that there were tree snakes too, so cunningly patterned by nature that I put my hand on one thinking it was the bark of a tree. It made our boy laugh hilariously. He insisted that they were as harmless as the wild parrots flying about overhead in the open. (Incidentally, I've met several thumb-amputating tame parrots in South American households!)

We spotted just one whopping boa constrictor that gave me the worst shock of the entire jungle episode. I did not see him at first, his skin was so like the surrounding mottled foliage. His little head, and about nine feet of his twenty-foot length that was coiled gracefully round a limb about fifteen feet directly above us, was curved down in our direction, weaving about. I yelled in alarm to my com-

panions; but they were deep in an altercation. Both of them wanted to bag the snake. Our boy wanted to bring him back alive. Just dump him in the bottom of the canoe at my feet, he said, properly hog-tied. Figueredo was for shooting him. He wanted him as a trophy. In either case, I would practically have to ride on top of the huge additional passenger that would fill half the small boat. Dead, his skin was worth about five dollars, which Figueredo said he would give the boy. Alive, he was worth more, the boy insisted. Besides, he had promised a friend to bring one home as a household pet. (I had seen and petted one in Mazatlan, Mexico, used as a safeguard against marauding jungle beasts. No harm would come unless there were other pets, or babies, around when it was undergoing the pangs of thirty-day hunger.) To my great relief, the boa quietly disappeared during the protracted hunters' council!

Our troubles were just beginning. Our boy, and trailfinder, acknowledged that he was completely lost! Being lost in the jungle is perilous business. We had heard the sound of Kirk's shooting earlier in the day. Our only clue was to keep moving in that direction. It proved to be the wrong direction. Finally, we came out into a lake we had never seen before. We tried vainly for the next hour to find any outlet through the dense foliage that would permit our pot-bellied craft to pass through. Then we began hacking our way with the machetes that had been provided against just such a contingency. Until then, I had been so preoccupied that I had not noticed that the heat was more than the customary tropical oppressiveness near the equator. In fact, we were almost dead on the equator. The sun broiled my Nordic flesh; the jungle shade was like a cauldron.

Then I was subjected to what I considered the worst ordeal and peril—out of a score at least—that I met up with in my entire South American explorations. Mosquitoes in a fever country! I was not inoculated against any tropical disease or infection. In thus taking no precautions, without doubt I had adopted a fatuously fatalistic attitude. Only one mosquito in a thousand was a carrier! I was bitten frequently—and wondered. That afternoon in the Rio Negro jungle we began running into mosquito belts. Dense clouds of mosquitoes. They swarmed over us, until our faces and bare arms were literally

black with them. They feasted on us, indicated by streaks of blood where we brushed them off. Even the native Amazonian was worried. This was fever country, they told me later, rather glumly. Nearly every inhabitant had malaria or some more malignant malady contracted from drinking water, and from mosquitoes. *Seringueiros* were fever-ridden; a percentage of them succumbed. They lived on quinine, or died from the lack of it. The fever does not manifest itself for weeks, sometimes longer. For months afterwards I was tortured by the fear that the army of mosquitoes had injected some tropical fever into my veins; one that could even be fatal, or last a lifetime. I still knock wood when I say that nothing has come from the experience to date.

After that, we paddled our way through clouds of butterflies and humming birds, as though Nature was trying to compensate us for the scourge of mosquitoes.

When we came face to face with the desperate task of getting out of the jungle trap before night fell, hunting had been forgotten. Sportsmanship was revived, however, when we tried a new tack through a heavy thicket. We ran directly beneath the habitat of a flock of howling monkeys. Hundreds of them scampered about, leaping from branch to branch, often in their anger, within a few yards of us. The temptation to Figueredo and the boy was irresistible. They shot a dozen of them. I had no stomach for it—nor for more than a couple of bites of them after they were cooked later on.

My avid interest in jungle "sights" had been diverted into our combined frantic effort to get somewhere else before dark. We tried every watery alley, only to find it blocked by heavy vines, fallen trees or tough saplings. It was as though an unseen hand had locked up every exit for the night. We chopped and hacked our way from one pocket to another. Occasionally, our boy tried to get a foothold on what appeared to be small islands of green sod, but they sank at the mere pressure of a paddle. Once while trying to pull the boat out of a crotch, the boy fell overboard and for a moment disappeared. A couple of hours of this and we gave up, exhausted.

The only sign of animal life was a couple of sloths making their

way upside down along the limb of a huge wild rubber tree, like two small boys doing a hand-over-hand on a tightrope. I had plenty of opportunity to see what wild rubber was like. The trees did not grow in clumps or groves, but were widely separated, sometimes a mile apart. Some of them were three feet in girth and a hundred feet tall. None bore evidence of having ever been tapped. That fact in itself was ominous.

Darkness did not come on gradually; it fell abruptly, like a hot wet blanket. We could feel the impact, and the blanket was full of pricklers—mosquitoes out in force and tiny gnats that burrowed under our skin. We were too tired and discouraged to eat. We just slid down to the floor of the boat and lay there silent, close together; it gave us a certain human comfort and companionship and even warmth. For though we were soaked with sweat, there was a piercing chill in the dampness. There were only two coarse bags in which we had stored game and provisions, to put over us to shield us from the venomous insects.

Explorers have told me that the first night in the jungle is always terrifying under the best conditions. The only thing that favored us was the absence of man-eating beasts of prey. Add to this the spiritual horror of being caught in a trap in a region that is not bona fide land, or sea, or air! Lost in the middle of a green hell, that is about as near Nowhere-on-earth as a place can be, because it is not even on the map. Our only hope was to wait for morning and then to keep shooting until Kirk found us—or didn't. The unpleasantness of these thoughts was intensified by a noisome, noisy pseudo-silence. It might have been a graveyard, for all the unearthly sounds: the melancholy piping, cooing, crying of birds, insects, and sloths, with a harsh caw, shriek, or howl of a hawk, a monkey, or a vampire, maybe in a death struggle, ripping a jagged note across the blackness. Occasionally there was a splash close to the side of boat—one of those devilish swamp alligators doing his night work. In due time, we all fell into the deep sleep of exhaustion.

Suddenly I woke to what seemed to be the splash of paddles. I did not open my eyes at once, fearing it might be but a mirage of wishful thinking. I peeped out. It was daylight. A canoe was on the point of passing several hundred feet away, crashing through what

appeared to be solid bush. An old Indian woman squatted in the bow and a younger woman in the stern of a dug-out. I yelled. Figueredo and the boy woke, and they yelled.

Somehow, the Indians managed to come alongside. Together we all pulled apart the jaws of the trap in which we were caught. The pressure released, we slid through.

We followed them through a devious but well-worn path, that had been hidden from us. It was one of those jungleways used by rubber gatherers and Indians. One of the Highroads of Nature that mean nothing to the civilized world economy, because they are not made for commerce on a huge scale or geared to high speed, and they get you nowhere!

It took more than an hour to reach the only solid acre of ground to be found within a hundred miles. It was a hilltop in the dry season, they told us. Their man was a *seringueiro*, and had gone on a long journey in search of rubber. He smoked the latex into great balls. When he had accumulated a canoe-load, he took it down river to Manáos.

They had built a typical Amazonas open-faced palm-thatched house, set high on stilts, to keep out alligators and other jungle prowlers. We asked them what they lived on. They pointed to maize and *mandioca* growing in the backyard and swept the water and the trees with a gesture indicating that they had plenty of fish and fowl. They had been fishing that morning and we shared some of their catch and one of our monkeys.

After breakfast, the Indians volunteered to guide us back to the river.

It was one of the happiest journeys I ever made. Resurrection. All nature seemed to join in the celebration. Flocks of parrots and parakeets accompanied us across the open spaces, like streamers of green streaked with red floating between the giant trees. Huge macaws exploded with volleys of guttural squawks, like fireworks shot out of the green foliage. Hosts of other pure white or bright-feathered creatures, burst into the air above us like skyrockets at our approach and trailed off out of sight, like Chinese "day fireworks." Toucans flew by, their flight describing crescents, as though their big yellow beaks weighed them down.

What had for a long while seemed to be the piping of some unseen jungle bird turned out to be the siren of the *Tia Ana*!

We celebrated our resurrection by feasting and drinking all through the night. In the morning, we set sail for Kirk's *fazenda*, that stretched forty miles along the bank of one of Rio Negro's many creeklike arms. It was nearly a day's run, the latter part of it through fields of cushion grass. At one point, huge fish leaped out of the water and played with one another like dolphins. Forest giants, twenty feet in circumference, with silvery bark and umbrella-shaped tops, fringed a continuous strip of land above the waterline. Kirk said, that although the river rose as high as forty feet, this country was never entirely flooded because it was made up of low hills. For the last couple of hours, Kirk informed me that we had been skirting his land. "When you get home, you'll probably find it hotter in New York than it is right now." That was a favorite remark of Equatorial Brazilians. And, what's more, I found it true time and again throughout the following summer.

We were met at the farm dock by the three men who made a pretense of working the place. One was largely Indian, another largely Afro, and the third mostly Portuguese. They all had but a single greeting: Did he bring them rations of quinine? He doled them out a hundred tablets apiece, and each of them swallowed several of the five-grain pellets from a hand shaking with ague and eagerness, as though they had been rum hounds long deprived of liquor.

Kirk said he had bought the place for a song from a Portuguese, half of whose family had died of fever, after he had spent a fortune and ten years of his life on it. The main house was solidly built of stone and might have been in Lisbon. It did not belong on the Negro. The rooms were bare and the walls streaming with sweat. In every corner were hooks. The firm earth felt good under our feet. We closed the great glassless barred windows with the solid shutters to keep out the dangerous mosquitoes and hung our hammocks and went to bed. Kirk gave me some useful lessons in the technique of hammock sleeping. One should lie slightly diagonally to avoid falling out, Kirk instructed me, whether it be from riding

a nightmare or from a rough sea. The advice served me well many times in the weeks that followed.

Next day, we made a round of the farm in the immediate vicinity of the stone house. Kirk confessed that the place was not cheap at any price. It was a losing proposition: too unhealthy for a white man to live there and run the place, and too expensive to finance its running as an absentee landlord, even though that expense seemed ridiculously small, for the simple reason that he got nothing out of it. He said it was typical of similar backwater experiments on the upper Amazon.

The three men were squatters. Kirk never knew where they came from. They promised to work the farm on shares plus a small annual wage and all the quinine they needed. He had provided them with pigs to eat and horses and farm machinery to cultivate the orange, lemon, and grapefruit groves. "And all they raise is *mandioca*!" said Kirk disgustedly. "There are the machines in a shed that has tumbled down on them. The horses are starving to death. Just another example of Brazilian agricultural inefficiency!"

It was true, the whole place was neglected; but so were the men. If they had been born native savages, it might have been different. But they had just enough white blood in their veins and white civilization in their make-up to feel discouragement and hopelessness in their battle, feeble though it had been, with primitive, elemental nature. They had been poised to do a civilized task in and against the jungle. The jungle was too much for them.

Here was the whole problem of the Amazons rich wilderness boiled down into a single concrete instance. It is part of Brazil's problem of vast natural and national resources, that will never be simplified or easy to handle. The Northerner, the ambitious United-Statesian, is somewhat irked by what he considers Brazil's inertia in facing and tackling her big opportunity! Herein lies one of the great paradoxes existing between temperate North and tropical South. Whereas the Temperate Zoners, the farther north they go, spend unceasing effort and money in trying to force seeds to sprout and profitable plants and trees to grow, the inhabitants of the equatorial tropics work equally hard, first to clear the luxuriant vegetation and, thereafter, day and night, to keep it cut back so

that it won't wall them in and suffocate and strangle them and all their efforts. I have seen the jungle growth so dense in Yucatan, that the once populous and gorgeous city of Chichen Itza was buried under it as completely as though it were Pompeii covered with lava. Just as I had seen a swath cut through Fordlandia leaving a jungle wall next to impossible for man to make his way through. This same jungle I saw creeping back again over parts of Fordlandia, the transplanted gem of modern civilization, shortly after the Ford engineers had given up the fight against it

The tropics slow one down, even to the biggest and brawniest and peppiest of Northerners. These three lone men, like so many people of Amazonas, were sick and tired. They had the usual human desire of survival. but there was little for them to work for in the line of either profit or reward, that I could see. Looking down into the lagoon that formed their little harbor, I counted at least ten man-eating alligators, evidently stirred up by our arrival and swimming about in the turgid waters, with about three feet of their ugly heads showing, like a log with a rough bark, floating innocently downstream. The prospect across this backyard of inky water was a sunken island of gaunt skeletons of the titan forest that once covered it; giant trees limned in their death agonies, with trunks gnarled and bent and limbs reaching out like congealed forked lightning in blackened outline, on which sat several condors as though waiting for somebody to die. It wasn't a pleasant sight to look at day after day when one gazed off towards the nearest human habitation, maybe 150 miles away.

We sat there the first evening, in front of one of the several Amazon dwellings in which the men preferred to live. They were as primitive as and very much like those found in darkest Africa; just a shack built on stilts for protection against pests too numerous to mention, but not to be ignored. We watched the men languidly engaged in a bit of construction work. They had cut some well-formed long palmetto branches. The fronds were folded tightly together. Each one was broken, except the spine. They turned them over and they hung down from the stalk like a venetian blind. They were then laid out to dry, later to become open-work screens,

solid walls, or placed overhead in layers, roofs. It was the hardest work I had seen the men do.

"They don't give a damn about anything—but quinine," Kirk said, as we looked over the substantial shed with a big oven, built by the original Portuguese owner to cook the poison out of mandioca and make it fit for consumption by man and beast. "Look at that pineapple orchard, now allowed to grow wild!"

From there we made our way, perhaps five miles out, through a heavy low growth of bush to the *Castanha do Bara* grove; huge leafy trees, some of them 150 feet tall and six feet thick at the base. "Brazil nut trees. There are groves like this all over the property. No cultivation, no bother, no worry. The fruit drops into your lap, or onto your head. Look out!"

A five-pound missile descended 150 feet with the speed of a cannon ball, missing me by only a few inches. It was a woody pod closely packed with twenty-five large Brazil nuts.

"One of those things could brain you," remarked Kirk. "Here's a tree that yields a thousand pounds of nuts a year. Natives esteem them as a food. They form one of Brazil's most valuable exports. Shipped all over the world; especially to the United States and Great Britain. Oil for cooking, illumination, and lubrication of finest mechanisms. And so on. But I can't get them to harvest them and couldn't get them to market, even if I did. No transportation!"

Later, we made our way through miles of opulent Brazilian flora capable of yielding textile fibers. "Here's the piassava palm. It just grows all over the place. At the end of the first ten years it blooms and bears clusters of nuts. Meanwhile, it has become a fiber plant. But Brazil lacks machinery to produce fiber in quantity. And there's the babassu palm. Each tree yields a thousand nuts; the shells are used to smoke rubber latex. The leaves are used to make straw hats, purses, mats, baskets. There's rubber too. This whole country of Amazonas is like that, only more so. But what good is it to the world?"

Of such lush extravagance of rare and precious products, beautiful and showy, slimy and poisonous, tantalizing and unapproachable, of such infinite variety of vegetable, animal, reptile, and insect life, is the economy of the jungle composed.

CHAPTER XXIII

SOURCE AND RESOURCE

A popular foreign misconception prevails that all interior Brazil consists of wilderness and jungle country. This is not in accordance with the facts, by more than a quarter. The farther south we go, the deeper has been the penetration of westward trails. To be sure, the United States also had its pioneering problems of Westward Ho, but in all fairness, they were never as terrible or as seemingly "impossible" as those encountered in Brazil's never-never lands of Amazonas, Matto Grosso and the borderlands of the Oriente. All authorities agree that it is the Land of Plenty; but nature repels collaboration. It is forever the same old story of endless sources of raw materials, which do not become *resources*—though commonly and mistakenly so-called—until man has become resourceful enough to move them within market reach. In this particular, in this decade, we may note an essential difference and differentiation between the United States of North America and the Argentine Republic of South America, on one hand, and the United States of Brazil, often called "the richest country in the Western Hemisphere," on the other. Potentially, this is no doubt true. Actually, both of the other countries are many times better off and more prosperous than Brazil. The reason is not difficult to fathom. Both the United States and Argentina have converted practically all of their sources of wealth into resources. They have sometime since not only established communications, but also transportation. Raw materials have been translated into "goods," with a measured, steady flow to logical markets and a calculated fiscal backwash sustaining national finance.

We shall see that something approaching the perfect conversion of one of nature's bounties into merchandise by Brazil, has been attained by a single product, coffee. It is a superb job—even though with an imported plant in collaboration with Brazil's superior adjuncts of Nature. It points the way to the day when Brazil will inevitably be in her prime, when maybe the United States and Ar-

gentina may have wholly or partially exhausted their vast resources. While that Day may not be fast approaching, there are many indications of its rosy dawn.

Paradoxically, Brazil seems to have more than once passed through a period of recession, just when she seemed to be off for certain towards the long-heralded commercial millennium. Throughout her entire colonial period, Brazil was in the export field in a big way, centuries before either the United States of North America or Argentina had scarcely dreamed of an export trade. During the middle of the seventeenth century, Brazil's annual production of sugar for export exceeded 3,000,000 pounds sterling, a figure not then reached by England's total exports! Sugar was her star of destiny! Black slaves were imported by the hundreds of thousands to cultivate the golden cane. For a century and a half Brazil's prosperity continued on the rise. Considering the diminutive population of the country at the time, excluding slaves who vastly outnumbered the whites, and were without civil or political rights, and consequently received no direct profits derived from their production, it is estimated that a Brazilian freeman during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries attained an average annual productivity of as much as \$200. By the close of the eighteenth century, Brazil had become the colonial jewel in the Portuguese crown. Valuable output of gold and diamonds had been added to sugar. Then, quite suddenly, following the English Blockade of Napoleon, which led to the discovery of making sugar from beets, European markets rapidly fell off, and the White Gold bonanza of Brazil and Spain's Caribbean Islands collapsed. Brazil's sweet dream of never-ending fortune vanished.

We saw in the Romance of Rubber another fabulous promise of destiny broken.

In each instance, it had been a case of modernity catching up with Brazil and passing her by.

In the matter of coffee, Brazil has more than kept in step with the Times. She has not only held her own, but has gone far ahead of all the other coffee producing countries in the world.

A similar "boom" threatens in cotton.

Two vast promising areas, lying 2,500 miles apart—one in the State of São Paulo, and the other in the hotlands of the North—

were found to produce a quality grade of cotton fibre under most favorable economic and climatic conditions. Vast acreages were cultivated and planted with cotton.

Brazil entered the world export cotton market in earnest, in 1935. It was a psychological period for a competitive entering wedge, since the United States was engaging in "ploughing under" cotton fields in the South, and perhaps removing forever any threat on our part of a supreme rôle in the future of cotton. In 1925, Brazil's cotton exports had been insignificant—29,752 bales. In 1935, they had reached the formidable figure of 584,000!

Brazil has everything in its favor to become by far the greatest cotton export country in the world, totally eclipsing American efforts. We set great store in enormous savings of time, labor, and money, through our use of cotton harvesting machines, mass handling, and transportation advantages. But Brazil has been astute, especially in the enterprising State of São Paulo. There are few devices they have not copied. In the equatorial North, both land and labor may be had for a song. All the land you want at twenty-five dollars an acre. Even hand-picked cotton at a cost of an eighth of a cent a pound to gather.

Brazil's opportunity in supplying cotton following World War II will be unlimited. *But*, expansion in this or any other field is going to be painfully constricted, due to a growing, and unsupplied, need for labor. Neither machinery nor labor will be forthcoming from abroad, probably for years. Brazil itself, in the promulgation of the Constitution of 1934, limited immigration to a trickle.

It remains to be seen, if Brazil will romantically repeat in cotton her historical record of frequent failure in the self-exploitation of her rich resources.

Brazil is favored—almost pampered—by nature in so many ways, that it would seem that she must triumph in many fields, as yet scarcely scratched, in the end. Contemplate Brazil's enormous advantage over competitive countries—of South America in particular—from the happy and propitious circumstance of climate alone. Brazil's climatic sphere does not embrace or include the disadvantageous excesses of either heat or cold, and yet enjoys most of the salutary and beneficial advantages of other lands where seasonal

changes are more violent and decisive. She is subject neither to extreme heat waves nor trying winters. I have suffered more from the heat in New York, St. Louis, and Washington, than in Fordlandia or Belém, within a couple of degrees of straddling the equator. And I have felt the cold more acutely in Florida than in any spot I could name in temperate Brazil. In other words, not all of Brazil is in the tropics and snow flurries in winter are not uncommon in the highlands of southern states.

A study of Brazil's extensive sources of important raw materials then becomes imperative, if we intend seriously to learn the Why and the Wherefore of Brazilian conduct in neighborliness, in diplomacy, and in trade. For a nation's attitude towards and active development of its own national sources of wealth largely determines the character of its people and their position in the world.

CHAPTER XXIV

"AS A MAN EATS, SO HE WORKS"

Despite the fact that Brazil is a great agricultural store house, the Brazilian provincial is notoriously unregimented and unmethodical and altogether prodigal in his occasional prosperity. "Let us eat, drink, and be merry today," he philosophizes, "for *amanha* (tomorrow) lasts forever, and the earth is fruitful, neighbors are charitable, and God is good!" It is the philosophy of the tropics. I saw it at work also in Mexico, where the government planned to improve the national agrarian economy by communizing the big estates, that often had raised huge diversified crops, breaking them up and handing them over to the peons and the Indians. All they knew was corn, because they ate little else but corn, so they grew only corn.

In like manner, the equatorial Brazilians for generations, if not centuries, have come to rely on *mandioca*, or *manioc*, as their staple food. It is a biennial crop, that thrives in any kind of soil and requires little or no care. When the poison is extracted through

a heat process of dehydration, it becomes a palatable food for both man and beast. It is their potato; a species of cassava, from which they make flour, bread, mush, and a savory. It was set before me at every meal at David Riker's at Santarém and was always on the table of Recife's crack modern hotel. A large dish of crumbled *manioc* always stood in the center of the table of our English Boarding House in Rio!

The point I wish to make is, that in the first place, an enormous number of Brazilians subsist largely on *manioc*, which is pure starch, and as such composes a lopsided diet that is positively injurious to their general health, in time robbing them of surplus energy and breaking down resistance so that they become ready victims to the many virulent diseases that continuously ravage the country. In the second place, all-purpose *manioc* is largely responsible for the sparsity of so many other vegetables that might be grown in abundance and furnish a well-balanced diet that would add no end to community and even national health, energy, and accomplishment. A vast section of Brazil, that could well become the kitchen garden of the hemisphere, has about as little a variety of native foodstuffs as any place on earth that I have ever visited. In fact the population often does not get enough nourishing food to satisfy their hunger completely.

There is another feature of this native lack-economy, that has borne sterile fruit in the collective national economy and has no doubt made many Brazilians wonder why the "country that has everything" didn't get on as fast as many a little Nordic country—like England, for example—that had inherited from the Creator no more of nature's bounties than natural wit. By comparison, we find the Brazilian native gorging himself with all there is in the larder without making any provision for tomorrow's meal. In other words, he believes in having his fill first and making his sacrifice afterwards. But our canny Anglo-Saxon believes in making his sacrifice—of food, or what have you—first, in order that he may eat another day, or indeed many days to come. The Anglo-Saxon "economizes," as he calls it, usually supplementing his sacrifice with a moral, such as, "You can't keep your cake and eat it too." Prodigality worries him. But the Ibero-Brazilians are not given to

moralizing, or cursed with the Anglo-Saxon malady of worry, or parsimonious practise of frugality. They have been starving to death slowly through malnutrition. Yet, they do not complain. They would have starved in a northern clime, such as the Pilgrims found and endured, unstocked throughout frozen and fruitless winters and with often only barren, stony soil from which to wrest food. Saving, hoarding, and laying up time and money do not concern them.

No country can progress far forward and upward on that sort of philosophy or economy. Vargas—as we shall see later—realized these things and set about to change them. This could only be accomplished by changing his people, a dangerous thing for any Latin American to attempt to do.

CHAPTER XXV

FORTY BILLION CUPS OF COFFEE FOR UNCLE SAM

Brazil is essentially an agricultural country. World leadership is attainable in practically every one of the earth's essential commodity crops: sugar, cotton, coffee, *corn*, *beef*, and *wheat*, tobacco, and even potatoes, and a variety of fruits. This is due to a number of extraordinary facilities not assembled in any other land. A variety of climate includes all degrees of the tropics on and radiating from the equator and a wide range of the temperate zone, from mild Floridian temperature to that of the broad campo bitten by frost and tempered by flurries of snow. [It is perhaps the best watered land on earth, as a glance at the map will show.] There is unlimited space, reckoned in the millions of square miles, a vast portion of it as yet unexplored, and for the most part reasonably level ground.

We find astonishing contrasts in the field of Brazilian agriculture. As we have indicated, the great equatorial northlands have been made to yield scarcely sufficient commodity crops to supply their own need. Proceeding down to south-central Brazil to the coffee country, we find one of the most perfect functioning, well-balanced,

and world-wide undertakings in agriculture ever conceived. Brazil's achievement in the planting, cultivation, handling, and merchandizing of coffee so overwhelms all her less fortunate ventures, such as the Amazon Rubber Boom, as to challenge those who would criticize or question Brazilians in the organizing and handling of Big Business. The Brazilian coffee industry is one of the biggest businesses in the world, its product is sold and shipped to nearly every country on the globe and the business was organized, operated, and directed by native Brazilians. It was not Fate that placed the coffee plant in Brazil and made that country preeminently the largest coffee producing country in the world. The coffee industry is reassuring and gives brilliant promise of what Brazilians can do.

Coffee is not indigenous to Brazil. Shades of the notorious "rape of the Brazilian rubber seeds" by the British Henry Wickham, that made the East Indies the greatest rubber producing area on earth, are evoked, when we learn that Brazil had already set the fashion for that sort of business just 150 years previously. One Portuguese Captain-Lieutenant Francisco de Melo Palheta on a mission from Brazil to Cayenne, French Guiana, succeeded in ingratiating himself with the Governor's lady and so obtained seeds of the coffee plant, already flourishing in that country, in spite of strict government orders that no coffee "capable of growing" should be permitted to leave the country. Palheta purloined more than 1,000 seeds and five living plants. They were planted in Pará. Five years later, the first export of coffee from that State is recorded. Within twenty years 17,000 trees were reported. In 1765, the record shows that 100,000 pounds of Brazilian coffee entered the port of Lisbon, Portugal. In 1812, twelve bags of coffee were shipped to London. The cultivation of the plant did not become especially noteworthy until about the third decade of the nineteenth century, when the first large crops were gathered in 1842-3. By the middle of the century more than 2,000,000 bags were being produced annually. By the beginning of the nineteenth century Brazil was producing and distributing seventy percent of all the coffee raised in the world. Since 1914, coffee has represented anywhere from fifty to seventy-five percent of Brazil's total exports, valued as much as one billion and a half dollars in a single year. The financial fate and fortunes of

Brazil rest on the success, or failure, of her coffee crop. In turn, the sale of fifty-eight percent, or 1,000,000,000 pounds of coffee depends upon the United States. No less than 83,000,000 United Statesians in turn depend upon 40,000,000 cups of Brazilian coffee every year. Therein can we see why the United States and Brazil *must* continue to remain good friends, over the coffee cup, at least.

One Fourth of July—around the beginning of winter south of the equator—I set out on a prolonged tour of the famous São Paulo coffee region, wherein half of Brazil's 3,000,000,000 coffee trees are to be found. "A tree for every inhabitant in the world," they will tell you, "and 300,000,000 to spare!" Figure about a pound of coffee from each tree. As you may imagine, the trees are not large, ranging in size from a five-foot bush to a tree about twelve feet tall.

A 2,000-mile jump from equatorial Amazonas southward—equivalent to proceeding northward, north of the equator—from the Tropic of Cancer to the Tropic of Capricorn, is both tonic and salutary in building up one's estimate and opinion of Brazil's potentialities. In so many ways, equatorial Brazil is depressing. In nearly every respect, the State of São Paulo inspires hope, confidence and assurance of a brilliant future for Brazil. The great city of São Paulo itself, is the shining star of promise for the whole continent.

My immediate objective was Campinas, vying with São Paulo, the financial center and seat of the Coffee Exchange, and Santos, the world's greatest coffee port, as one of the three coffee "capitals." Campinas, on the edge of São Paulo's million-square miles of coffee, with its great nurseries and huge laboratories, is the headquarters for experiments.

Campinas lies about seventy miles from São Paulo. The trip was made by motor car, first passing through outlying industrial districts, that might have been the suburbs of New York, London, or Chicago. The communities gave every evidence of being prosperous. The houses in the main were pretty little cottages, well-built dwellings, surrounded by well-kept grounds, the whole pleasingly landscaped. I can recall nothing of the kind, or its equal elsewhere in South America. The difference was chiefly in the fact that the whole set-up and influence lay in the direction of North America, rather than the familiar *rua* (*calle*, in Spanish), *plaza*, and *patio* of

Old Iberia, found almost universally, from the Caribbean to the Straits. While this was not true architecturally in the city of São Paulo itself, yet in terms of energy, ambition, and tempo, that great hustling industrial city was more North American than any other in South America. Could it be, that this reason, and their North American go-get-'em virtues, had made São Paulo the industrial leader of the continent?

Other "signs" in the layout were extensive tennis courts, English (Rugby) football and United States baseball fields, taking the place of the Iberian *pelota*, or *jai alai* courts that had been prominent in similar outlying communities of Buenos Aires, Argentina! Truck gardens and flourishing farms were everywhere, such as I had been led to expect that I would find in the lush, luxuriant tropics around the equator where fallen seeds grow up beneath one's feet and wild fruit drops from above on one's head!

Campo Limpo Junction, a railroad center—that was a novelty! Jundiá, a new tile-making city, with nine great stacks spelling "industry" in black curly-cues of smoke. The four-tracked railway was electrified from there on. The valleys were decidedly tropical, for all their great distance away from the equator. Papayas, bananas, and citrous fruits were interspersed with bamboo, fields of *mamona*, or castor oil plants, cotton fields hedged always with eucalyptus. Broad pastures covered with colorful *capim gordura*, a hardy grass on which herds of cattle were fattening.

It was not until we took to the hills that we began to come upon the miniature forests of glossy green coffee trees, where the harvesting was already beginning. But amidst and surrounding the everlasting coffee *finkas*, there was always a pleasing and wholesome variety of scene, color, and industry. Tile and brick yards everywhere utilized the rich red clay soil which was said to give São Paulo coffee its surpassing flavor. Each brick yard had its old-fashioned mixing wheel under mule-power, with a barefoot boy urging the lazy animal engine round and round. At intervals throughout the country were huge waterwheels operated by the same motive power raising the water uphill from one level to another—just as I had seen it in the rice fields of Japan, where it has been done for a thousand years. Paper mills, equally quaint and

picturesque, with fresh strips of paper and cardboard, laid out in the fields to dry like clothes by the brookside washerwomen. Side by side were touches of modernity, like the fence posts and telegraph poles of iron. The everlasting red clay roads made a perfect pavement for our motor ride as we passed the evergreen fields with herds of contented cows that paused in grazing to gaze dreamily at us, the vineyards with occasional palms pluming the horizon, or a grove of blue-black mangoes adding chiaroscuro to the bright flare of the almost continuous hedge of wild poinsettias or flame flowers. "Everything grows hereabouts, but wheat," they informed me. The brick farm houses gave an air of substance and substantiality to it all.

Throughout, scenes and impressions were staccatolike. Thus, when I entered Campinas, I found myself in a quaint town of some 70,000 inhabitants, in some ways reminiscent of a midwestern city of the '50's, but with a heart that was strictly medieval Portuguese. On the eastern side of the perfect Plaza Major, was the cathedral. The interior was featured with beautiful carved mahogany—baroque altars, pillars, capitals, and pulpit were worth going a long way to see.

The two most paradoxical experiences of all, followed.

The first was the Instituto Agronomico, located after driving through some broad irregular countrified shaded streets and also some narrow ways, more like those of some fortified Portuguese colonial town. The air was perfumed with the aroma of roasting coffee. There were smoking stacks all over town adding to the pleasant smell, for they all burned wood.

The Instituto Agronomico consists of a huge dignified building surrounded by parklike experimental grounds and nurseries that remind one of Kew Gardens. The building is one great laboratory, study hall, and archives—of coffee. We drove through a thousand acres of the "Farm," devoted to the continuous improvement of Brazilian coffee, and the never-ending battle against disease. There were little gardens wherein were growing the species of the coffee of all the countries of the world under observation and experimentation.

Then followed the paradox.

By a coincidence, and without collusion with what followed, my

Government Guide was a German-Brazilian or Brazilian-German, whichever way you may prefer. He was born in Brazil and had never been "home" to Germany, spoke German with his family and friends, and firmly believed that Hitler would bring the Vaterland to an enviable place among the world powers, he told me. Beyond that, he was an excellent guide and knew more about his subject, coffee, than most guides know about theirs.

The great coffee *fazendas*, he explained, lay a couple of hundred miles away over the red hills. However, if I wished to visit what he considered the "Model" coffee farm—and this was corroborated by others, later—we could spend the next day there.

During the several hours' motor drive, my guide explained just what he meant by "model." This estate of eight thousand acres had long been an abandoned farm. It had been in the hands of one family for a century. Suddenly the land had soured. A profitable coffee crop was no longer possible. Other proprietors took over and also failed. The *fazenda* got the name of being hoodooed. The place went to seed. Finally, it was sold for a song. The new owner changed over the whole farm. He dug up most of the old coffee trees. He not only planted all sorts of unheard-of produce between the rows of new coffee trees, but began a system of rotation crops, from grapefruit to potatoes! He instituted a style of intensive farming by which he succeeded often in harvesting two crops where only one had grown before.

My German guide and I went directly to the new proprietor's main house. He was waiting for us on the doorstep, bowing and smiling. He and his two sons, all wearing corduroy breeches and high-laced boots. All three were little men, scarcely more than five feet tall.

They were Japanese.

The agricultural miracle was easily explained now. I had seen it performed before, under infinitely less favorable circumstances. All along that barren strip ceded to Japan together with the Manchurian Railroad, neglected by the Manchurians, but made to bloom like the Garden of Eden for the starving Chinese who flocked over by the thousands to cultivate soy beans. I had seen it again throughout the whole of the Japanese islands, like a landscaped national

park with every inch cultivated with exquisite intelligence, care, and patience. Finally, I had seen it in California—even out-doing the Chinese farmers there—and eliminating American farm competition on every count; unfairly, according to our way of life and work. For all that—putting aside enemy prejudice for the moment—the Japanese are the most proficient agriculturists and horticulturists in the world.

The case of the Abandoned Farm in Brazil was unlike all others I had seen, in that it was not all-Japanese. For a number of phenomenally successful years now they had operated the *fazenda*, re-employing as nearly as possible the 1,800 Brazilian workers—600 of whom were women—who had previously worked there.

The Japanese proprietor drove us to the high spots of the estate, quietly conversing in German, Portuguese, or English, as the case warranted. The entire area was planted to within a foot of the straight roads that divided it up into squares as orderly as a checker-board.

“How did you manage it?” I asked.

He grinned, showing a whole row of gold teeth. “I keep my eye on the right crop, in the right place, in the right season. Right fertilizer, too, elevation, drainage. Now, I show you my failure.”

We drove to a twenty-acre patch of grapefruit, the trees bending under their luxuriant load of fruit; the ground covered with them.

“What is failing about this?” I asked.

“No man will buy,” he said.

It was true. The sweet-toothed Brazilian could not be made or taught to eat the “sour” grapefruit.

“I should like to take a few of them back to Rio with me!” I said aloud, half speaking to myself.

He gathered up a half bushel of them and I managed to lug them back to the Capital with me. They were the pink variety and as delicious as any I have ever eaten. My American friends in Rio would have given fifty cents apiece for them. But here at the *fazenda* they were being used for fertilizer.

It crossed my mind: What the Japanese could do with all that uncultivated equatorial tropical area of Brazil—or with the whole of South America’s unused or only crudely cultivated potential

farm and garden lands! It wouldn't be a bad idea to import groups of Japanese Agricultural experts to teach others how to do it. Or would it—with more than 200,000 Japanese already in Brazil, up to some mischief or other?

After covering all the bright facets of this Japanese jewel of agriculture we visited the two "colonies" on the *fazenda* where the employees lived. They seemed a bit shabby by contrast. Their chief crop was *mandioca*, growing in uneven rows.

We spent the rest of the day, for the most part, knee-deep in coffee beans. Acres upon acres of sunken earthen squares in which green coffee beans were alternately drying, being "ploughed" by hand-propelled scoops or being flooded and sluiced into other similar areas.

On the way back into town, we stopped off at the cemetery. It was as spic and span as the Japanese coffee *fazenda* from which we had just come. It had many points in common with the monumental Spanish-American cemeteries in which the living spend much time with their dead who dwell in splendor seldom attained in life. Just outside the gates of the cemetery was a huge pictorial monument, dedicated to and actually portraying and naming the heroes of Campinas who died in the São Paulo Revolution, which I have heard called the "Coffee Rebellion." It was the outcome of this Revolution that was said to have made not only Vargas, but also the New Brazil.

In due time, I made the complete circuit of the coffee country, proving beyond anything I had previously imagined that coffee was not only Brazil's greatest source of wealth, but also the backbone of its entire economic structure and the main factor behind its political and social development. Furthermore, it was the sustaining link in the chain that bound the two greatest republics of the North and of the South inextricably together. We can't give up our fifty-four billion cups of coffee a year. Brazil can't let go the customer that buys considerably more than half of the export that makes her go!

Perhaps the most outstanding, impressive, and significant phenomenon that I learned about the coffee country, outside that of coffee being the best managed resource of Brazil, was *good roads*.

Direct results from this circumstance alone were apparent on all sides. A topnotch agricultural pursuit was closely and readily linked with a great world industry, flowing in a broad stream to wide world markets. It had become altogether a functioning industry, unsurpassed for its comprehensive efficiency. Here at length was an outstanding example of world leadership and proficiency for which Brazil could claim all honor. The Brazilian coffee industry had certain added features that surpassed that of any other industry I have seen in operation, including our own famous orange, prune, and beef packing.

CHAPTER XXVI

GOOD WHEAT AS WELL AS TROPICAL PLANTS

Thus far, our narrative may have served only to heighten and strengthen the popular notion, that Brazil is wholly a tropical country; tropical in its agricultural products and in that lack of exuberant energy common to Northern peoples and with its interior overrun with wild jungle and deep forest.

A glance at the map will show a spearhead of Brazilian territory plunged deep into the vitals of the same fertile pasture lands that have fed the herds of Argentina and Uruguay and built up their national income, derived from a world trade in beef and its by-products, enormously. As in the case of so many of its other rich potentialities, Brazil has barely scratched the surface of this source of wealth. Likewise, there are countless thousands of square miles of potential wheat country, as yet undeveloped. Unlimited beef and wheat—with ever-increasing fine staple cotton coming along farther north—for *export*! How good a Good Neighbor will old farmer and shopkeeper Uncle Sam continue to be under such provoking circumstances?

Dynamite and danger are inherent in this fiery projection of Brazil. From the earliest days, as has been said more than once, this farthest south outpost of Brazil has carried on arbitrarily and militantly, not only combating and revolting against its own national

government, from Colonial times, through the Empire, and right up to the coming of Vargas, but also intermittently quarrelling with the powerful neighbor state of Argentina. There seems always to have been a confused record of frontiers. Both Spaniards and Portuguese settlers poured into this territory. It was not until 1763, after the Seven Years War, that the present state of Rio Grande do Sul was assigned to Brazil. Even then, the Spaniards did not move out. From 1835 to 1845, the cocky State fought for secession and independence from Brazil. The colonial period had witnessed a continuous struggle for the strip of land farther south along the La Plata River. Both Argentina and Brazil claimed it and later fought a bloody war in behalf of their claims. On February 27, 1827, however, with the aid of Argentina, Uruguayan Independents defeated the Brazilians and proclaimed themselves a free and sovereign state.

Argentina has never ceased to resent Brazil's "intrusion" on that rich anchor of coastland that shoves Uruguay aside and then sneaks up behind her own Pampas. In turn, Brazil is jealous of the way Argentina has poked her elbow deep into the side of Paraguay and controls the larger part of the temperate zone lands.

Meanwhile, after taking a leading part in the revolt, in 1930, that made its governor, Getulio Vargas, provisional President, Rio Grande do Sul, settled down politically.

North of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, also partially occupying this tongue of rich coastal land, are the States of Santa Catarina and Paraná (whose Capital, Curityba, we have visited). The hinterland is served by a string of flourishing port cities: Paranaguá, Florianopolis, Porto Alegre, Pelotas and Rio Grande. The land and marine set-up is well-nigh perfect, just biding the day when the agricultural development shall become worthy of world commerce. Unlike the Equatorial-Amazonian north, in addition to the seaway, there are railroad connections of a sort and even passable roads, with an all-weather section of the Pan American Highway, linking them with Rio de Janeiro, the Capital. All that is needed is a transportation system to bring in the future products of the interior.

It is worthy of note, that a considerable number of industrious Germans came to Rio Grande do Sul early in the 19th century, but later moved north into Santa Catarina, contributing materially to

the agricultural and industrial progress of that state. The population was augmented by Polish, Austrian, and Italian immigration. The general atmosphere, however, is German. The cities of this entire region are comparatively new, modern, and prosperous, with the lowest percentage of illiteracy in Brazil, except for the Federal District. Deep into the interior campo, the picture changes, gradually becoming one hundred percent Gaucho country. Even the language stiffens into Argentinian Spanish occasionally.

The Gauchos live in the saddle. Children who can scarcely walk, ride a horse like a harrier. All the time I spent among the Gauchos, I never saw one off a horse, sitting down. They squat for hours, with their haunches not quite touching the floor or the ground; springy, as though on horseback. They know their cows as well as their horses. I have seen them muscle their way on horseback into a herd and bring out a calf and take it to its mother. The Gaucho has an age-old method of injecting a healing serum through the umbilical cord of his animal patients. He disdains Brazilian coffee. Nor does he smoke a pipe like his counterpart on the Hungarian Puzsta. His one solace is *yerba maté*. He carries the whole Brazilian Tea outfit always with him: a tiny engraved gourd, a *bombilla*, or sucking tube, and a pouch of *maté*. Whenever he pauses for any length of time, he boils water, pours it over the *maté* and begins to suck. The *tarasca*, or big meat meal, made me think of a South-western Barbecue. If occasion warrants, they butcher an ox and roast it on a hand-turned spit. Sometimes they dismember an animal, setting up a fencelike string of stationary spits, each spearing a loin, a rib or a ham. You select one and eat until it comes out of your eyes. The Gaucho will tell you that the sawing off of a bull's horns affects his mentality; the killer will no longer go about killing. Asleep or awake, they share their lives with their animals.

"The Gaucho's character grows out of the soil," a German in Florianopolis told me. "He has a mentality all his own, that is shaped by the contour of the land."

They have unwritten laws of hospitality, I found. One arrives among them and is not only given bed and board, but entertainment. They are masters of folklore. They squat all night round a campfire feasting, sucking *maté* and telling tall stories and singing.

It is like a scene among the Bedouins when they begin their whining song. Now they have gone Moorish-Iberian, in the identical manner I had heard them in Recife. Your eternal Brazilian again! They are the most distinctive people in Brazil, because they are subject to fewer spheres of influence, particularly the Afro, which seems to have touched most other circles. But of them all, perhaps, they are the most fiercely Brazilian.

This then was the disordered, disorderly, disunited, and dissimilar substrata and substructure, upon which Getulio Vargas elected and was determined to build an orderly, united, uniform, and well-balanced structure; well-named, after more than a decade of conscientious, unflagging, and proficient workmanship, *Brasil Novo*.

Book Three
BRASIL NOVO

CHAPTER XXVII

GETULIO DORNELLES VARGAS—COWBOY MESSIAH

Into this vast treasure house of neglected resources, this broad untilled field of fertile soil, this undeveloped empire of immeasurable distances and unexplored, unknown assets, this largest of continental American possessions with isolated communities scattered over two and a quarter million square miles, penetrated for thousands of miles by Rivers of Doubt without bridges from shore to shore, that was Brazil, walked a little man scarcely bigger than Napoleon. Not too violently, he roused the sprawling, drowsing giant that was his country and gave it a good shaking, waking it up to an active realization of its enormous powers that he has gradually accelerated into a dynamic pitch and tempo. Brazilians had always been aware of their resources and had been everlastingly hopeful that their brightest hopes would some day, *amanha*, be richly realized and rewarded. *Someday*. Their rulers—dreamers like themselves—always concurred: the country was rich and powerful, potentially. But little or nothing was said about the potentiality of the people. They seemed to be unanimously doubtful on this score, until the day a man from among the people moved in and took his place in Rio de Janeiro, the pivot upon which the destiny of country and nation had always swung.

This man's name was Getulio Dornelles Vargas.

For his inspiration, vivacity, and verve, Vargas was another "young Lochinvar out of the West," although he was actually neither young in years nor did he spring from the West. Vargas's

native habitat, deep in the southernmost state of Rio Grande do Sul, however, corresponds to our North American virile "Wild West." Vargas's father had been a Gaucho before him, and he too had spent his earliest years as a cowboy, often in the saddle. Everything that Vargas has done subsequently is tintured by that Gaucho strain and the early cowboy life of courage and derring-do, of stamina and guts. He might be said to be the "real Brazilian"—a white Portuguese, with a dash of Indian blood in his veins—possessing a heritage from the conquering race with roots in his native soil through his aboriginal ancestry.

In order to succeed in his mission, it was essential that Vargas not only should know the full extent of Brazil's natural resources, but also the potentialities and limitations of the Brazilian people. Vargas knew them not only historically, but through a close and adventurous personal association, with all kinds, all types, and all classes; as *vaqueiro*, lawyer, labor sympathizer, politician, common soldier, general, revolutionist, and finally as President.

CHAPTER XXVIII

GREATER THAN A LIBERATOR—A LEADER

The story of Brazil has been told more often than that of any other South American country. Any story or history of that country, however, written before the ascendancy of Vargas to full power, is obsolete. It was the dynamism of this extraordinary ruler that created Brasil Novo, that has so changed even Brazil's physical attributes that any historian must readjust his perspective due to the development of unsuspected potentialities. Vargas has performed neither a surgical operation, nor added a square mile to his "empire" by conquest. His greatness lies in having achieved a Greater Brazil within the old borders and original limitations of his State largely through a leadership so inspiring and so penetrating, so impressive and so constructive, that he has produced a new people with a new vision.

Vargas seemed gifted with an uncanny knowledge of the psychological differentials of his Brazilians, knowing just where, when, and how to exert pressure. He surrounded himself with human as well as scientific engineers. He believed in his people, and they believed in him. He went to work with them, leading the way in person. They joined in the work, personally, following him.

It was a revolution, unique in the history of South American revolutions. They unanimously revolted in favor of their Dictator, *against themselves!*

There was no coddling and no soft-soaping. Vargas's way has always been sternly realistic, in politics and in statesmanship, in both tearing down and in building up, in welfare and in the humanities. Pondering long, no doubt, over what Congress had always failed to do, he dissolved Congress. Looking back over the century of abuse of "freedom," Vargas suspended civil rights. Under the constitution of 1934, the presidential election was set for January, 1938. Vargas cancelled the election and set aside the constitution, dissolved legislative bodies and political parties and replaced state officials by army officers. The Great Paradox—a Liberal Dictator.

Vargas said, in effect: "Ours is a Democracy, not by official decree and executive proclamation." (And he might have added: ". . . sliding over and countenancing often legalized and universal intolerance, and sometimes acts of violence among fellow-citizens against race, creed, and color!") "A Democracy of Brotherhood among living men dwelling beneath the Brazilian flag." Vargas didn't say it or preach it, but he and his people practise it. Aside from the "printed-form" Democracy, I do not know of a nation that practises common sense humanized Democracy more consistently than Brazil. Not even that other totalitarian country of Soviet Russia, where rigid social equality is mandatory—"or else."

And yet, the people who had been deprived of their civil rights did not rise against the dictator. The politicians, who had been relieved of their customary *pourboire* and power fomented a revolution in São Paulo in 1932. There were bloody street battles between Fascist Integralists and Communists. Communists plotted against him and hundreds were arrested. Then the Green Shirt Fascists organized a serious uprising. One night, they surrounded the Presi-

dential Palace seeking to overcome Vargas and overturn his government by a single *coup d'état*. Vargas turned Gaucho. He and his daughter, Alzarina, armed with army rifles, held off half a regiment all through the night, killing many of them. Reinforcements did not arrive until daybreak.

No statue ever erected in bronze to Vargas can replace the monument that this act of personal and efficient valor has raised in the imagination and the hearts of his people!

Getulio Dornelles Vargas always may be counted among the most astute of rulers.

Contrary to fellow totalitarianists of his era, his was always a benevolent dictatorship. While he was an energetic and hard taskmaster, creating, implementing, and working out his constructive policies and his reforms; tearing down obsolete decadence and building modern Welfare in their place, yet he never pushed his people to the wall. He had his ear to the ground and felt his way as he went along.

Vargas was ever a master of action, but also an obedient servant of reaction; as events have proved. He moulded public opinion, fomented it into a high-powered machine, but never employed it as a weapon. He built into his machine a safety valve, a promissory clause, a mental reservation; which he could release at the moment of dangerous pressure, so that it would not blow up his worth-while works and him with it. Thus, when he revoked the old constitution, closed the House of Deputies and took away the public franchise of the vote, he made a promise, that "some day" he would restore them all—"when the people are capable of it," he seemed to say.

Never in all Brazilian history will there be a more urgent need for the one and only Vargas, than in the trying years of the Peace. Should a weak regime with incompetent leaders follow, or the fine strong national structure that Vargas has erected be endangered through the blind and senseless ravages of Revolution, the ambitious hopes and plans of United States and Brazil might well be shattered against the same rocks.

CHAPTER XXIX

BUTTING STONE WALLS

Before we of the United States can hope to reach the Brazilians—or even Brazil—with their lucrative market and rich resources, we must realize and recognize the fact that they have been surrounded and hedged in, by a wall. That wall has been the will of Getulio Vargas. It was inadvisable either to try to climb the wall or to storm it. We should have found only the usual bitter husks of violence within. There were gates, wide and welcome. Good goods, good sense, and good deportment, were the only countersign needed. Suppress the missionaries and missionaryism, frisk the “high pressure” group of wooden nutmegs, and pipe-down on politics, and we might be sure of a warm welcome, for the Brazilians are a friendly and hospitable people, once you eliminate suspicion. Arouse their suspicions, and the fat’s in the fire.

Getulio Vargas may have smiling eyes and a pleasant manner, but he was no more romantic or susceptible to blarney than Joe Stalin. Like Stalin and Churchill, Vargas had an ulterior motive in every blessed thing he has done. Like them, personal aggrandizement counted for little and the benefit, profit, and greatness of their country counted for everything. That was his whole politics and policy rolled into one.

I remember, on the occasion of my first visit to Rio de Janeiro, I made a trip via the hanging car transport to the summit of the Sugar Loaf. From that lofty perch, I looked down on the still smoking military barracks, where the forceful armed will of Getulio Vargas had put down a rebellion, in the same conclusive way that he has had of dealing with all foes of his Plan for Brasil Novo.

Following front page news of the Vargas Plan may give the impression, to those who did not understand the purpose of the Chief Executive, that he was an unmitigated turncoat and changeling. Nothing could be farther from the truth. He may have changed horses in the past—and the United States diplomats may be assured that he continued to change them if it suited his purpose—but his

Plan to put Brazil on top by hook or by crook, did not swerve a jot.

It runs something like this (hold fast to your hat, and to the guide line):

1930. Vargas became presidential candidate. (He chased his opponent Washington Luis, who had made him Minister of Finance, from the country and had himself made provisional President.) 1932. Vargas's revolution against the Revolution, put down the São Paulo rebels after three months of hard fighting. (This was one of the six major revolutions within the first decade of his "perpetual Presidency.") 1934. Vargas had a new constitution drafted. It specifically decreed that a president should not succeed himself. 1937. Vargas promulgated a new constitution that made him in effect, perpetual dictator; calling off further popular elections and dissolving both Senate and Chamber of Deputies. (He called his regime: "Democracy, according to Brazilian needs.")

Vargas began to carve out his Foreign Policy, which in its deviations from democracy the American press dubbed, "slippery." Vargas said nothing, as usual. If he had, he would have retorted, "You do not comprehend. My policy now and always, is Brazil for Brazil!" (His regime had inherited a vast empire in the clutches of World Depression and filled with strife and dissention, unemployment and labor unrest. The coffee crop was a failure and there was no money in the treasury; his people were poverty-stricken and sickly. The dynamo-dictator rolled up his sleeves and went to work. The world watched to see which way this Totalitarian without a Party (like confreres Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini and Franco) would jump. From day to day and year to year he jumped so many ways they couldn't follow him. "No traces of self-government in Brazil are left," laments the historian Karl Loewenstein.

Here is the headline history of a decade of Vargas-Brazil (for so long one and the same):

VARGAS'S LEGS BROKEN IN MOTOR ACCIDENT (1933)

VARGAS CIRCLES NORTHERN BRAZIL IN THE GRAF ZEPPELIN

VARGAS SENDS BATTLESHIPS AND NAVAL PLANES TO MEET PRESIDENT JUSTO OF ARGENTINA (Argentina and Brazil sign Non-Aggression Pact.)

RIO BUILDS 10 NEW SCHOOLS (The first group in the Vargas Plan, to be followed by twenty more during 1934.)

REDS CAPTURE BRAZILIAN CITIES IN WIDESPREAD SOUTH AMERICAN PLOT (Secret papers reveal that Moscow planned revolt in six countries. "We try to maintain good relations with civilized peoples," said Vargas, but he did not include the Russians as such. 1935.)

BRAZILIAN TROOPS MASSED (1937, against one of Vargas's own appointees as Interventor of his home State of Rio Grande do Sul, who had become rebellious.)

VARGAS DEFENDS EUROPEAN DICTATORSHIPS (Vargas seemed to be taking exception to President Roosevelt's attack on Mussolini. "President Vargas has not always been patient with American ways in Foreign Policy, and a rift seems to be developing in the policies of the United States and Brazil.")

DEAL WITH KRUPPS CAREFULLY STUDIED BY BRAZIL (Germans reported ready to build mill on same terms United States rejected. Looks like a bit of Vargas cunning?)

BRAZIL CALLED NEUTRAL (In the German-founded city of Blumenau, Vargas makes a speech, declaring he is neither pro-British, nor pro-German.)

VARGAS STRESSES BRAZIL'S PEACE AIM (1940. "President urges strict neutrality as shining example to the Americas.")

RUMBLE IN BRAZIL (June, 1940. Speaking from the deck of a Brazilian battleship, Vargas made his still-remembered speech: "Virile people must follow the line of their aspirations . . . remove the debris of old ideas and sterile ideals." It was generally regarded as support for Germany and Italy. When he added, "Continental solidarity must rest on respect by the Colossus of the North? I ask—for national sovereignty and freedom of political organization in accord with desires, interests, and necessities. We Brazilians thus understand the Monroe Doctrine and thus practice it." "There is a Fascist flavor in it," says the *Times*. "The tone of the address may serve as a warning. In the event of a complete Axis victory, it would be unsafe for the United States to count on automatic cooperation from all the other twenty American republics.")

BRAZILIAN LEADER FOR DICTATORSHIPS (October, 1940. Francisco Campos, Minister of Government and Justice in the Vargas Cabinet, was allowed to launch a trial balloon to see which way the wind blew on certain Presidential opinions. "A sensation was created in South American capitals," says the *New York*

Times, "when Minister Campos described Brazil as a totalitarian state, denouncing the democratic way of life as decadent and declaring democratic institutions were incapable of solving present problems. Senhor Campos is the acknowledged ideologist behind the Vargas regime." And Minister Campos writes: "Democracy is now serving interests opposed to democratic ideals. All revolutions of the 20th century have had the same objective—to break down the resistance of the democratic machine and open the way for autocratic ideals. This was the purpose of the Vargas *coup d'état* on November 10, 1937.")

HULL UNPERTURBED BY VARGAS SPEECH (Brazilian Dictator's attack on Democracy thought to be for home consumption. Mr. Hull took quite a different view and stand on certain of Argentina's comparatively mild utterances.)

PEACE SESSION ELECTRIFIED BY BRAZIL'S STAND (A declaration that Brazil will consider any outside aggression against any American republic "an unfriendly act" electrified an Inter-American Peace Conference in Buenos Aires.)

BRAZIL STANDS PAT TO BAR WAR ENTRY (Nonbelligerent "solidarity" the basis of her policy. Minister Aranha expressed the opinion that the nine Latin American nations that had already declared war on the Axis powers were urged to that step by geographical motives. Brazil held to the viewpoint that non-belligerence was best for most American nations.)

BRAZIL MUZZLES THE PRESS TO PROTECT NEUTRAL STATES (1941)

RIO FORBIDS ALL GAMBLING (As an "Immoral Nuisance.")

Presto! Right about face!

VARGAS PROMISES BRAZIL DEMOCRACY . . . VARGAS'S LOYALTY PLEDGED ROOSEVELT . . . BAN ON U. S. BANKS REVOKED BY BRAZIL . . . HEAD OF BRAZIL SUPPORTS U. S. . . . TWO PRESIDENTS MEET IN BRAZIL (Vargas and Roosevelt) . . . VARGAS OF BRAZIL ON HIS SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY! ("He has consistently played fair with the United States and with the other United Nations," eulogizes the *Times*. "In throwing in his lot unreservedly with the United Nations he has committed his country to a democratic future.") . . . SAYS BRAZILIANS FIGHT IMPERIALISM (A Brazilian professor adds: "We are against the idea of enclosing our country in Chinese walls. The strongest tendency is to open the doors to all contributions of goodwill.")

Everything is going our way!

CHAPTER XXX

REVOLUTION!

Like all Latins, Brazilians are volatile. In the first flush of success and at length in their triumph, they are magnificent, full of fire and brilliant competency. The Iberian Grand Gesture. All is shiny new and novel. Brava! But they tire more easily than the North American. The flame is brighter, but it dies down sooner. And if we, for example, banked on them to the limit, we would probably collapse with them. Try to push them forward when they are that way, and they will push you backwards.

Vargas, and all dictators, are ever facing revolution. We have only to consider the marvelous and almost miraculous career of Mussolini. *Il Duce* cleaned up Italy, brought order out of chaos, introduced efficiency and did one of the best jobs of building up a decadent state until it abounded with modern institutions as solid as any the world has ever seen. Now, look at the lamentable spectacle that Italy has become, of chaos and disreputability! Mussolini's horrible end was no credit to civilization. Are all latter-day Latins that way? Will Brazil cave in someday, when in the course of mortal or political events their great Man-of-the-Hour shall cease to be their leader? A dictator is one-man-in-a-million. I hold no brief for totalitarianism or dictators. Nevertheless, I am compelled to concede that in several notable crises, at least, they have been the answer to their country's exigency of the moment.

Even though there is not a debacle following the inevitable South American, or any other country's violent revolution, nevertheless there follows a let-down, a complete turnover and change, that repudiates and throws overboard the *status quo*. This usually includes all promises and payments, investments and other financial obligations, of the now defunct administration. It is not unwise, therefore, for foreign "collaborationists" to take every step to safeguard and secure their interests against revolution. And, as we have seen, a complete turnover revolution was never unlikely to take place

in the governmental-controlling mind and purposes of supreme ruler Vargas, particularly in the brand new set-up of the Peace.

Revolutions being as they are, inherent in the blood and endemic in the politics of Latin America, they warrant due consideration. We can only hope for the best.

It is even possible that revolutionary countries reveal even more of our vaunted "rule of the people," than absence of revolution does. Revolution marks a clear case of the people expressing their preference and will. We make a great to-do around election time, and thereafter subside, the so-called "will of the people" for the following four years submitting to the will—in a major degree—of the Chief Executive; or, let us say, to the whims of the Administration. Our representatives are soon largely divided into blocs. That is the disposition and deposition of the "rule of the people." In a crisis we expect and usually get unity, of course.

We speak of Latins in their revolutions as being "unruly," which means in essence that they are undominated. We can't "correct" them by imposing our political way of life, because they are utterly different peoples. We, in our way, too often are readily roused or stilled, not by threat or even urgency, but rather by political demagoguery or by a deluge of propaganda, that forms anew and sways public opinion, that may amend the Constitution and declare wars. They are our dictators.

In fact—and this includes Brazil—"revolution" in Latin America is in perpetual motion. One is always going on. Sometimes several. In the open, or under cover.

Therein is where the people of Latin America differ from the people of North America in their conception of political choice in government. The vague form of the Electoral College would never do for them. They employ the more direct and conclusive method of demonstrating the "will of the people" and of putting political leaders in and out by the revolution.

CHAPTER XXXI

SPEAKING OF REVOLUTIONS

With the rest of the world, I paused ruminatively, to read and re-read a front-page column appearing in my morning *Times*, as of February 28, 1945. It read:

BRAZIL TO SET POLL DATE IN 90 DAYS

To Pick President By Direct Vote

President Getulio Vargas tonight granted his Cabinet's request that he call a general election for President, a Chamber of Deputies and a Federal Council. The first democratic election in 15 years. . . . President Vargas will continue in power until his successor is elected.

Two days later, we read:

VARGAS IS EVASIVE
ON RUNNING AGAINSays He Seized Power To Balk
Fascists — Brazil Studies
Recognition Of Russia

President Getulio Vargas, asked today whether he would run if nominated to head the Brazilian Government again, replied, "Let's wait. Who knows if some name will not appear—a name not yet thought of—who would bring tranquillity." . . . Most Brazilians felt that he had left the way open to being drafted. . . . Vargas denied that the Constitution of 1937 was a fascist document. . . . "Just because we left out the classic formulation of a representative government we were called totalitarians," he said. News correspondents wanted to know if Brazil was going to have a free press. . . . Rumors that the Communist party was getting ready to reorganize gained credence after reports that Brazil would recognize the Soviet Union.

On March 3, we read:

BRAZIL CONSTITUTION TERMED SUBVERTED

A manifesto was issued today by Francisco de Silva Campos, former Minister of Justice and author of the Constitution of 1937, saying that the Constitution was non-fascist, but that it had been misused by the Vargas regime. . . . "The time has come for Vargas to think about Brazil instead of himself," the manifesto declares. . . . The Vargas manifesto of a few days before was derided. The press continues to pile up accusations against the regime. One paper called it "constitutional monkeyshines." The Brazilian Bar Association said it found nothing democratic in it.

Next day:

1 KILLED, 7 HURT IN BRAZILIAN RIOT

One student was killed and seven other persons were wounded in a political riot at Pernambuco. . . . Agitators fired from inside a newspaper plant against a popular demonstration for President Vargas.

Knowing Vargas for so long, we were led to speculate upon the source and nature of the cause, the reason, and the "pressure" that lay behind this momentous decision that had been put off—fortunately, for the unimpeded rapid advance and progress of Brasil Novo—for fifteen fruitful years.

Could it have been the growing infiltration of Communism, with rumors of recognition at last of Soviet Russia, so long the pet hate and lingering fear of President Vargas? Or, possibly, could the close association with—or the high-pressure Foreign Policy already at work through—the non-totalitarian principles of Neighbor United States be the cause?

Regardless of what great political change may happen in the near or far future—should President Vargas step down in resignation, or be replaced by restored popular election, or be thrown out by violent revolution—nevertheless, to Getulio Dornelles Vargas will always belong the full credit for being a brilliant designer, a dynamic executor, and a tireless worker as the Father of Brasil Novo.

CHAPTER XXXII

DESIGN FOR DICTATORS

Almost the first step that Vargas took, after one set of politicians had embattled and defeated the other set, was to outlaw politics by abolishing all political parties, thus getting rid of the politicians! Vargas deserves a world monument for that alone.

From that time on, Vargas went straight to the people, and always straight to the point; with no votes to worry about, there was no political palaver. "You are a sick and unhealthy people," he told them. "Brazil is one huge hospital!"

All government administrations heretofore had been generous in caring for the increasing numbers of the sick and incapacitated. Every community had its preventorium, sanatorium, or leprosarium, of a sort. But little or nothing was being done to discover and blot out the causes that made the inhabitants such ready victims to tuberculosis, ringworm, hookworm, fevers, leprosy, and syphilis. Due to their ravages, Brazil was rapidly slipping into the ranks of "backward nations."

A scientific nationwide survey and investigation was begun. It was found that the great majority of the Brazilian people were undernourished. Quantitative hunger was less a problem than qualitative hunger. For, in addition to underfeeding, there were widespread malnutrition and lack of proper alimentation. The food being generally consumed was quite lacking in sufficient calory content for a man, especially a worker, to carry on normally and resist the malignant diseases that were tearing at the vitals of the nation. Brazil's production quota was far under par. The findings concluded with the statement that ignorance was at the bottom of it all, rather than fatal inclination and poverty.

All was now in readiness for the next step, one of the most drastic of plans—which in the eyes of the world a decade ago would have appeared quite ridiculous. Only a dictator could hope to put it over. But even a dictator could not shove his choice of food down his people's throats overnight, in a dictatorial manner. Nobody knew

this better than revolutionist Vargas himself. He knew well how stubbornly they always resisted new ideas. But once win them over and they would become equally stubborn in supporting them!

With the collaboration of the Ministries of Education and Health, and of Labor, the Government turned on the propaganda. The luxuriant imagination and the ebullient emotions of the Brazilian masses and classes were appealed to, Latin fashion. A finger of conviction was put squarely on the sore spot and pressed hard. "What a pity for such a remarkable people like us to be dying before our own eyes!" screamed a barrage of posters and placards, radio broadcasts and movie "shorts." Gruesome photographic facts were in time succeeded by equally convincing results. Sanitary education was carried even to factory groups in noon-hour talks emphasizing cleanliness. They had never appreciated the difference between cleanliness and dirt before.

At first, the entire nation was inclined to scoff at the idea of making over a people by filling their stomachs and washing their hands. No less difficulty was experienced in obtaining the cooperation of industrialists and other employers of labor. They too had to be educated. It took more than a year of constant effort on the part of the newly-organized Service of Propaganda and Sanitary Education.

Meanwhile, the nation's most competent dieticians had been drafted, and had made exhaustive research and experiments in food values with especial emphasis on vitamin content. Minister of Labor, Waldemar Falcon, at the head of this work, had been in constant touch with the chief dietetic exponents in the United States.

Vargas not only documented his public proposals with a working proposition, but also he always transmuted his blue prints into works. In this respect, he rises above and enters into another class from the every-day Latin American revolutionist and dictator whose enthusiasm and energy usually subside—together with those of the people—when the victory is won. So, immediately on the completion of the propaganda and laboratory stages, construction was begun on a chain of low-priced restaurants throughout Brazil, for the exclusive use and benefit of workers.

When I first visited Brazil, considerably more than a decade ago, I recalled the manner in which I saw the Brazilian workman par-

taking of his midday meal—possibly appetizing to him, but not a healthy mess—usually lying languidly sprawled out in the dust. Rice, bread, *mandioca*—all starchy foods—were washed down with sweet drinks from vendors, totally lacking in energy-building vitamins. In fact, the survey showed the whole nation subsisting too largely on *mandioca*; especially in the Amazon and equatorial regions.

Now, by government invitation, I was privileged to become a patron of the parent SAPS (Serviço de Alimentação do Previdência Social) Workers' Restaurant, in Rio de Janeiro, typical of the many practical, giant welfare enterprises of the Vargas administration.

I took my place in the queue with the 2,800 patrons, the full-up noonday capacity. We entered a modernistic building, passing through a turnstile where we presented out certified card. We followed the line to one of the spray fountains where we washed our hands using liquid soap and drying them at a foot-operated mechanism. Nothing was touched or contaminated by the hands. We continued on our way, this time on one of the two ramps leading to the restaurant on the floor above. All the while, we are being entertained, informed, and taught in the lore of sanitation, alimentation, and the benefits thereof. A man with a megaphone dispensed songs, news items, and sound advice on how to live better and enjoy life, through cleanliness and proper eating. "You must have peaceful surroundings! Don't talk work while you eat," we were admonished. The walls were inscribed with wise sayings of Vargas (reminding me—so often!—of the technique of Mussolini in effectively appealing to his people, that had probably seeped in through the swollen channels of Italian immigration) like: "Bad food not only lessens the efficiency of the worker, but it is the cause of serious ailments." "Love and protect this building; it is yours."

The mass of workers, who had long scoffed and been skeptical, came in time to love it all: cleanliness, regimented foods, Vargas regime, and Vargas himself!

SAPS meals are planned scientifically, with a definite touch of psychology. But one midday meal is served. It is balanced so as to total 1,500 calories and changed each day, for 15 days, after which the rotation begins again. On one occasion, our menu was: Rice,

black beans, meat stew, sliced carrots, roll, butter, glass of milk, banana, and cheese. Coffee, of course, but not until we had turned in our empty tray. Then we had to stand and drink it, so that we wouldn't sit and talk and hold down a table too long.

Finally, you pass out through a turnstile, paying for your meal—approximately six cents!

"How to live well!" is sweeping Brazil. It has long since become more than a national crusade. It has been passed along to the families, especially to the children of school age down to babes in arms, where mortality used to be appalling, due to milk and other foods being poisoned with dirt, flies, and microbes.

Now there is a law, that every factory employing 500 or more hands, must provide at cost a vitaminized meal to every worker. American Superintendent Wrench, in Baia, told me: "Light & Power not only feeds our employees at cost (about nine cents per lunch), but also provides free medical attention and hospitalization, old age and sick pensions. Our Housing Project has sixteen homes ready; forty more will be finished next month. Six dollars a month includes rent and amortization. They earn about twenty dollars a month, that equals at least sixty dollars in the States."

I was an eating guest at Rio's famous "Light" works, in charge of Charlie Barton of Worcester, Mass. "Not every one of our 1,600 employees eat their lunch here," Charlie told me. "Although they can't put it up at home for as little. We charge them five cents and lose money on it, chiefly because we allow them to take three helpings, but call a halt at the fourth." A big ladle of soup, a heap of green vegetables, and a chunk of meat, was more than I could eat.

Today, Welfare is everywhere in the air and one of the firmest props that upheld the Vargas government. Communities and industrial corporations are made to assume moral responsibility and a large share of the financing, where their citizens and employees are concerned. Slum clearances, workers' housing, free clinics and hospital beds, compulsory dental and ocular treatment of school children, visiting nurses and day nurseries for working mothers' children, have followed one another all the way from the Campo to the jungle. SNAAP has built brick cottages for hundreds of employees up on the Amazon. In Recife, I inspected a milk pasteurizing plant run by

a German-Swiss, whose Kardex system included a photograph of every milk farm, farmer and cows! I visited also one of the new type of Leprosariums. Lepers are numerous in the hot North and elaborate efforts have been made to take care of the poor devils. Too often, however, it was like building a great dam, but leaving a sluiceway through which the essential portion of the water ran out. They went right on breeding and the children remained with the parents, intimately sharing daily habits and often going out into civil life, already incipient lepers, begetting new families of their own. The New Leprosarium segregated infected parents and separated their children into removed habitations.

In the light of America's silly periodic "craze" over taking vitamins—a little while back it was Dr. Hay's Diet, Ouija Board, and Coue's "Every day, in every way"—many readers may be led to regard Vargas's "Vitamins for Victory" with raised eyebrows. The sooner the American diplomat, financier, or trader gets over looking askance at the works of Getulio Vargas the better it will be for all hands concerned. Above all things, Vargas was never a boondoggler. Nor was he spendthrift with his people's money.

American superintendents of Brazilian industrial plants are my authorities for assuring me that the tempo and energy of their workers no longer lag and sag towards the end of the day as they used to. "The men practise football at the noon hour or when the day's work is over!" they told me. Absenteeism due to chronic sickness, that at one time was paralyzing, has been reduced to the vanishing point. Efficiency has advanced with the improvement in general health and energy. Production has perceptibly increased.

This New Generation, building a New Brazil, steadfastly faces the Newest World—and the United States—as our potential hemisphere partner in the building of the Peace!

CHAPTER XXXIII

RIO IS NOT BRAZIL

In my appointed field of seeking economic and social implications, I cannot well by-pass Rio de Janeiro, the capital and hub of all Brasil Novo.

Compared with Buenos Aires, Rio is just a provincial town, except in certain spots where its sophistication actually excels that of the capital of Argentina. For the most part, it is just a larger Caracas, or Santiago de Chile. Its Main Street, Avenida Rio Branco, that cuts straight through the heart of the city, running from the quay where the biggest ocean liners sidle right up to its sidewalks, is a tree-lined avenue, flanked by undistinguished, dingy, old-fashioned low buildings. There are a few exceptions, like the modest-skyscraper "A Noite" Press building down close to the wharf. Avenida Rio Branco ends abruptly, in front of the Monroe Palace, which once was the "Brazilian Building" at the St. Louis Exposition (U. S. A.) of 1904. It was named in honor of President Monroe and his celebrated Doctrine, the most significant document in intercontinental history. This edifice was made the bulwark of Brazilian democracy, in housing the Senate. This Upper House, representing the free people of the nation, was long closed by executive decree, its body dissolved and the voice of the people stilled. The Monroe Palace is as empty as the tomb, and so is the term "Democracy," when applied to the quasi-republic of Brazil.

Grand old Avenida Rio Branco—touching ancient Moorish heritage with its arabesque mosaic sidewalks, sombre under the heavy shade of its rows of native Brazilwood trees, from which the country took its name, has long since lost its preeminence, but not its personality. The old Palace Hotel—on the balconies of which so many world celebrities and native royalty and nobles, rich Yanqui visitors and Amazonian rubber magnates, had sat and watched the gay Carnival go dancing and singing by—was now but a dingy commercial hotel, with its former clientele moved out Copacabana way.

I could never imagine Carnival throngs surging by, with the same

blithe spirits and carefree, spontaneous gayety, up the new Avenida Presidente Wilson, its modern successor.

For hereabouts we begin to see the hand of the mighty Vargas changing all that was the Old Rio de Janeiro—from the Monroe Palace to the equally empty and silent House of Deputies—in moulding *his* brilliant and puissant Brasil Novo. The fine older palaces in the neighborhood of the Praça Floriano Peixotto—the Naval and Military Clubs, the School of Fine Arts, the National Library and the Supreme Court—are the imposing and monumental reminders of Old Rio de Janeiro. They only serve as a barrage laid down as the last coverage before the militant advance of the new city of Rio. None but a Vargas would have had the temerity to raze more than a square mile of the older city, some of the buildings dating back almost to the beginning! All things ancient are hallowed, in the Iberian concept; they grow holier with age and only the hand of Time may erase them. Vargas did not leave a stick or a stone; he even flattened out the dear familiar hills up and down which generations of *Cariocanhos* had trudged. In their place are rising the largest single group of all-modernistic edifices to be found anywhere in this changing world. The average height is twelve stories; some of them many floors higher. They are built of reinforced steel-concrete, giving them both a solidity and flexibility that permits of any weight, form and line that serves to express the architect's fancy and even fantasy. Grim, forbidding, Olympian blocks of concrete, for the most part; façades slashed with long straight lines, like solid phalanxes of marching robots, without commanders, all wearing the same monotonous uniforms; for any ornamentation is *verboten*. A few have curving lines; but none has color, except black and silver to relieve the unvarying and relentless continuity. Some are like fortresses, towering Gibaltars with tiers of square portholes; others like giant radiators reaching half way to the sky, the whole wall honeycombed. Most of them convey the idea of endless windows, and yet the most astonishing, and probably the most successfully functioning among them, is the famous A. B. I. Building (Brazilian Press Association Building). It has no windows, and yet, paradoxically, it is all windows, for its façade is literally a wall of glass, through which the light is deflected indirectly through the rows of

permanent blinds. While the streets have been broadened, they are actually rectangular caverns between gaunt walls.

Walls. Everywhere walls. With no dim, sacred patios inside them, either, because there is where public business is conducted amid artificial light far removed from the sunlit natural privacy of Old Iberian Brazil. It is all contrary to the natural sensuous leanings and longings of the Brazilian of Yesterday!

That Yesterday has been swept into the discard, piece by piece, tradition by tradition, by Vargas, in his ambitious Plan for Tomorrow. And yet Brazilians accepted this most drastic of all revolutions, without counter-revolution!

CHAPTER XXXIV

ENGLISH BOARDING HOUSE

Rio's infinite variety of alternating natural and artificial beauty—to which the foregoing *brise-soleil* "functional" architecture adds a new and bizarre touch—has no parallel, which observation is stereotyped, unless some writer before me has seen it from the view and viewpoint of an English Boarding House.

In their British perversity and pertinacity of "ice-olation" of the species—ininitely more than the Teuton with his pestiferous and too-obvious Nordic superrace theories—and domination through uncompromisingly differing with all other nationals, they don't call them *pensions*, or *pensaoas*, or other "foreign" names, but plain Jane, unvarnished and unsavory "English Boarding Houses." I lived in one similarly designated in Caracas, Venezuela, which for general gastronomic purposes was eminently satisfactory. For general information and an exquisite point of view, it was superb.

No better observation point for the whole Rio panorama could have been planned. Only five minutes' ride from the great tram terminus near the Monroe Palace, where you boarded a "Bonde"—as *Cariocanhos* playfully called the tramways because a great number of them had subscribed to the bond issue that no longer paid

dividends; probably because you could ride too long a distance for one cent; laborers, second class for half a cent. The commercial section stretches out into a peninsula like a frying pan. Beyond is the shallow bay—mistakenly called the “River of January” by Gonçalo Coelho, its discoverer—with its 106 islands, that are really mountain peaks because the water is so deep. One of the islands houses the Naval School, that figured in all revolutions, connected with the mainland by a causeway. A pocket of the bay is now filled in and the made-land become the busy “Santos Dumont” Municipal-Pan American Air Field, within three minutes by chronometer of the center of the city; the closest to town of any in the world. The airport omnibus brings you past the General Hospital with the ambulance entrance at one end and the pile of fresh-made coffins at the other, a down-at-the-heel institution reminding me of one of the great London hospitals. They said, as they said of all backward institutions, “But, wait. Vargas will be around to it *amanha*!” They were usually right, only he came sooner, for he eliminated *amanha* from his calendar.

Another minute, and you are in the continuous string of gardens and parks that skirt the sea; a narrow, scalloping stretch at sealevel before the land goes climbing up into the everlasting hills of fantastic shapes like the Pao de Açucar (Sugar Loaf) and the Corcovado (The Hunchback), a 3772-foot peak with the mammoth figure of Christ the Redeemer, floodlighted and clearly visible through the darkest night, erected on its tip; beyond are the fanciful Tijuca ridges and the fantastic formations of The Five Fingers of God raised among the Organ Mountains.

A couple of hundred feet up the sharp incline of the foothills of this collection of nature’s set-pieces, on a tiny shelf only a rod wide, stood our English Boarding House. You hopped off a “Bonde” at street level, entered a classical portal, and began a zig-zag climb. At the top you entered a homey garden, paused for breath, turned and, lo! there lay the whole of Rio de Janeiro before your eyes!

The proprietress was of that peculiar brand of semi-pseudo-English that one finds all over South America. Although a Brazilian by birth and three generations of residence, speaking both languages with native fluency and accent, she clung to Albion—except when

a tight spot, or if it was to her great economic advantage, whereon she declared herself a loyal Brazilian. Like most of her kind, she carried two passports: one British and the other Brazilian. "Once ermarry, and you're a goner!" she said. Her two sons were oners." As for herself, she had married British, "slightly above station," she confessed proudly. Her better-'ahf had gone back ne and left her with a lease on the villa on the hillside and a house- of Victorian junk that made the comfiest English boarding house s side of Great Hanover Street close to the British Museum. Every hour of the day and night, the view from the English arding House was magnificent, extravagant, imposing, important. t at eventide, with darkness falling like a curtain on one scene, d another emerging under the glow of unlimited electric lighting sed to its Nth degree of efficiency, the spectacle seemed most ective and thought provoking. My imagination constructed an limited perspective. My armchair on my garden balcony became ingside seat overlooking the complete Rio spectacle. I could fancy : dauntless Portuguese navigator sailing up the Bay of Guanara, which now lay like a sheet of lapis sparkling with a thousand nd lights. This land of darkness and benighted people had bene, perhaps world-preeminently the "City of Light." Aerial beams intermittently revealed the towering skyline of an entirely w city erected within the lifetime of a child, and the huddle of : commercial city, shoved off on its little peninsula, had been put bed for the night. The cryptic story of commerce continued to sh throughout the evening from signs that seemed hung in mid- : Mesbla—A Noite—Standard—Metro—Ford . . . and all the at- ctions—mainly from Hollywood—in the massed movie district own as Cinelandia. Day and night the trams and buses streamed ough the crescents of lighted parks below, only a few yards from : bathing beaches at the side of the sea, bound for the suburban ols of light half shoved into the water off their narrow ledges: vea, Ipanéma, Vermelha, Botofogo Bay, Urca, Copacabana. I can the hanging car darting back and forth across the chasm to the gar Loaf like a giant firefly. I can trace the tortuous Tijuca drive- y where orchids and gorgeous Brazilian butterflies are to be nd, only a stone's throw from luxurious civilization. And from

those heights again, can be seen the dark wall of deep jungle. All these things belong to Rio de Janeiro alone.

Some North Americans consider Rio a bit "rustic" because there is so little Night Life. Rather, I should say that Rio's chief claim to being sophisticated lies in its own brand of Night Life. There are—or were, since Vargas was congenitally opposed to gambling for high stakes—three great gambling casinos: the Atlantico, the Urca, and the Copacabana. The two former serve grand dinners on a balcony, with floor shows and dancing on the ground floor. The gaming tables are in elaborate and elegant apartments adjoining. One speaks of Copacabana in a different breath, if indeed not breathlessly. Only at Monte Carlo have I seen its match. First, it is a "grand" hotel in the true sense of the word. Second, one may dine amidst Old World elegance and manner of service not even approximated anywhere "up North." If one chooses a stage-show setting—with dancing—it may be arranged. I heard Eddie Duchin and his orchestra, among other world-caliber music hall entertainers. A hiatus of dancing is followed by the opening of the Casino, around midnight. It is a simple matter to spend a hundred dollars around the Copacabana up to this moment; and no less difficult to drop anywhere up to ten thousand dollars before you are through the night in the Casino—if you have it and are that kind.

Getulio Vargas did not like that sort of thing, nor that sort of people. He considered both unhealthy for the social progress of his people and unsound for the national economy:

If gayety is designed to attract foreigners—as Casino gambling does, in a small but exclusive way restricted to the money class—let it be the Rio Carnival, which is essentially a people's gala occasion, for *all* the people.

All the carnival planners of the world might well try to imitate Rio's Carnival, which is well-nigh perfect. If a carnival is to be *real*, however, it should not try to imitate that of another nation, except in deportment. The carnival spirit—which I have witnessed in many parts of the world—is too often carnal, with a goodly portion of the populace getting drunk and going hoodlum. Brazilians have a way of getting drunk on spirits no stronger than fermented gayety. They are among the world's gayest people. Although it may be a

mad gayety, it is never crude and is seldom rude. It is studied only in the sense that it follows a common pattern, which makes for beauty that is both spontaneous and unrestrained. Their sort of a spectacle is something that must come naturally.

The Carioca (the name for everybody and everything that belongs to Rio de Janeiro) Carnival is 300 years old. In 1641, the people of the city put on a masked festival in acclaiming Dom João IV as King of Portugal and Brazil. From generation to generation it has grown into the most important social event of the year. As history was made, it was depicted in a carnival pageant. Distinguished national writers, poets, musicians, and artists gave their talents. A Carnival Prize Song was composed for the occasion and sung by all the revelers. While the native Samba and Maxixe retained their popularity, new dances were invented and performed among masqueraders promiscuously. Curiously, it became the custom to have tunes composed by talented natives of the little Negro colony of Morro do Salgueiro. Music with an African lilt. Once again back to the Afro influence, with the finer Portuguese Grand Gesture.

The police, with their spurs and boots, puttees and riding breeches, though they never ride a horse, are notable. Then there is the semi-al fresco barber shop, with always at least one very black customer indulging his national Brazilian passion for being well-groomed; nine of the dozen perpetually busy barbers are black and three white. In that incomparably elegant Colombo *patisserie* there was always the "round table" of business associates, several of whom were black men. Black men of poise, position, and even elegance, here and there dotted the city's business and human landscape, shoulder to shoulder, caliber to caliber, with white Brazilians. With nowhere near the frequency found in Baía and, therefore, the more noticeable—seemingly by me and my kind of foreigner alone! Whereas, in certain very bizarre Black circles—so my English boarding house keeper informed me—like the scores of Voodoo séances going on all over the Capital—even trustworthy *Brazilian Whites* were admitted. They were afraid only of the Vargas secret police who had orders to stamp them out, which the police in turn were superstitiously afraid to do.

All said and done, Rio de Janeiro is—or at least was before Vargas

decided to eliminate all attractions that he considered injurious to the world standing and dignity of Brasil Novo—the esthetic Capital of South America, if not of the hemisphere. The term of Playtown of the World is particularly applicable to the gilded pleasure of prostitution, where promiscuous love is not illicit. “There is a district and a woman for every man, for every class, and every purse,” I was told. Only in Japan’s Yoshiwara have I ever seen it equally systematized. After all, isn’t this regimented and regulated system of restricted “districts” in many ways better than the Anglo-Saxon whited sepulchres of hypocrisy with ladies of the evening walking Main Street under police protection, kept women in nice family apartment houses, and our high school boys and girls necking along every country motor road?

That is a quality of the Brazilians—in which Rio is no exception—they are an ingenuous, courteous, kindly folk, until some foreigner goes poking his nose into their patio, or private affairs, or tries to take something away from them which they think they should have, or calls them “Nigger!” Then, look out for them!

Apropos of all this, a young Brazilian friend of mine writes: “The Americans down here are getting in our hair!”

CHAPTER XXXV

RECIFE—MEDIEVALISM MIXED WITH MODERNISM

Recife—commonly called Pernambuco—was the first in the wide circuit I made of other big cities profoundly affected by the Vargas administration in composition of Brasil Novo.

I had scarcely settled myself in my modernistic room, in what was the most modernistic hotel I had ever stopped at anywhere in the world, when I was startled by the explosion of a bomb, followed by the bursting of several rockets giving a ruddy glow to the thin twilight. I hurried downstairs and out into the broad *praça* Afonso Pena. A few blocks off, was a caldron-like red glare, as though that section of the city were afire. From that direction came

a dull roar of thousands of voices. I had two hours or so to spare before the latish dinner time. Excited and mystified, I followed a narrow street hung with colored lights and banners. In another four minutes, I ran squarely into the Middle Ages!

It turned out to be the Fiesta of Our Lady of Carmel, the patroness saint of the city. The great square in front of the huge church was the scene of the monster annual celebration in which as many of the city's 500,000 people who could crowd into the *praça* joined.

It was like reversing the sands of time at least three centuries. In precept and principle, nothing had changed; in practise, there was only a fringe of modernity.

I elbowed my way through the dense throng and eventually managed to wriggle into the great basilica. The vast congregation was singing Gregorian chants to the strains of a fine pipe organ, an expression of exaltation on their faces. About it all hung a thin veil of Afro-religiosity that I had witnessed in "revivals" in our Deep South. The air was heavy with incense. The altar space gleamed with the light of a thousand candles. As I gazed at the marvelous spectacle—already familiar from other Brazilian-Portuguese baroque altar settings—I thrilled with delight. The Mother and Child were enthroned on a bank of rolling clouds. Out of the deep perspective, like the wings of an Italian stage, emerged groups of colorful figures, at least a score of *puttis*, or angels, some only bright faces with wings, others in full body. The "picture" was not unlike what I used to see on looking into an enormous Easter egg I once owned as a child. And I make this observation with all reverence, because of my profound belief in and admiration for the Catholic Church in thus presenting celestial pictures so in tune with the heavenly vision approximated in the souls of this vast throng in Recife. One look around at the faces of that congregation singing with their souls as well as with their lips, their eyes closed, was an unforgettable spectacle. It reached a grand climax when the ecclesiastics and the lay brotherhood began the procession, with the organ playing and all singing. Gold-robed priests, acolytes in red cassocks and lace cottas, red-robed laity carrying candles, a group of thurifers swinging their censers from which rose clouds of sweet incense; the Bishop under a canopy, blessing the congregation as he passed; and finally, follow-

ing many crucifixes and embroidered banners borne aloft, the celebrant priest, enveloped in a cloth-of-gold cope, carrying the monstrance containing the Host.

A goodly number of priests, acolytes, laity, and congregation were Negroes. More than half of them were colored mixed-bloods.

The service at an end, the congregation burst out into the *praça* in a buoyant spirit of carnival. It was Bedlam Square by now. Two bands in elevated kiosks played continuously; one taking over when the other ran out of breath. A score of carousels, ranging from native hand-propelled contrivances to gaudy electric Luna Park devices, dizzily revolved to a roll of a drum, a whining organ, and a roar from the riders. Barkers of a hundred "take a chance" gambling gadgets harangued the crowd, from spinning roulette wheels to a small pond where a bottle of "monkey rum" was the prize for dropping a ring round the neck of a live swimming duck. Eats aplenty, with fish fries the most popular.

All the windows of the houses on the square had become prized loges, ornamented like those of a bullring with gay drapes and shawls, with favored spectators leaning out and hilariously enjoying the spectacle.

There may have been some drinking, but there was no drunkenness. All classes of society throughout Brazil frown down upon inebriety.

Next morning was Sunday. From my room with its balcony I looked out over the strange landscape of the third city of Brazil, with a population of 550,000. Recife means "Reef," and I could plainly see the reef of shining white coral only a mile off shore, extending down in the direction of Olinda, now a suburb of Recife, but one time the seat of a Captaincy and under almost continuous assault by English, French, and Dutch. In 1637, the Dutch finally captured the town, renamed it Mauritzstad, after Count Mauritz—later Prince of Orange—its conqueror, and held it for seventeen years, when they were driven out by the Brazilians.

Due to the fact that a dozen arms of the sea have etched their way inland, necessitating many bridges to cross the channels, Recife—also misnamed Pernambuco, after the State of which it is the capital—is often called "the Venice of Brazil." To me it appeared, with its

many canals and bridges, more like a little Rotterdam, for the rows of warehouses and many other buildings across the water in the older island district had been built and left there by the Dutch!

In all these Brazilian coastal cities, I found the Sunday morning Market was something not to be missed, if one was looking for a revealing panorama of the people and their amenities. Wherever I have traveled—at least before the beginning of destructive World War II—in Mussulman countries and also in Hungary, Germany, Holland, and England, I found Market Day was an “occasion” that was a close second to a Holy Day. It was still a *raison d’être* for a fiesta in all Latin American countries and Indio localities. I found the Old World market more truly in Recife than anywhere else on the continent, withal with a highly-colored Afro-Brazilian undertone that was particularly and peculiarly its own.

Everybody visited and lingered at the Sunday market, clad in their holiday best; this consisted sometimes of costumes handed down. Everybody seemed to have money to spend both profitably and foolishly; even the many beggars, for whom it was a field day. All the yokels were there, yokelling; as were also the charlatans and grifters. The hard-working simple folk were in the majority, seeking gimcracks, food, and amusement, and getting their money’s worth of them all. There were sideshows galore, all out in the open. Song sellers were illustrating their wares and selling them in sheets like hotcakes to customers who could not read the printed word. Unpatented medicine vendors were putting on the old medicine show, that still works profitably in New York, London, Paris and Manáos.

Most interesting of all sideshows were the singing rhymesters. They were the tenacious fiber and robust echo of ancient Portugal, stretching over a thousand years. The whining sing-song tunes were an unmistakable refrain of the Moorish bazaars, that in turn were an echo of their Asiatic homeplace. These troubadour competitors were identical with those I had heard in the marketplace of Marakesh. Two men stood in the center of the convulsed ring and fought a duel of wits in perfect rhyme, taking any popular theme and lunging forth with couplets—*coplas*, they call them in Spain—until an opponent is hopelessly downed, when another troubadour enters the ring and remains until he outwits his challenger.

Sunday gala proceedings continued at the Hotel Grande—my sixth “Hotel Grande” in a row—with the finest food lay-out to be found outside of Rio’s nonpareil Copacabana and Gloria Hotels. At luncheon, the dining room was transformed into a Portuguese *smörgasbord*. A long table was loaded: whole turkeys with garnishings, mounds of young *langostas*, salads with bowls of mayonnaise and *sauce tartare*. Worthy of special mention was the three-inch thick filet mignon, only excelled by that of the Argentine. Dinner was served with a Grand Gesture, including an augmented orchestra. On Sunday evenings and Holy Days the Casino—which is a feature of every de luxe hotel, including Belém’s Grande Hotel, which I neglected to mention—was going high, wide, and handsome. It was a spacious, elegant apartment, reached by a special staircase for hotel guests, through a long hallway, giving “members” a privileged feeling of devilishness. All the paths of extraordinary leisure and pleasure in Brazil were paved with some form of gambling: church, charity, kirmesses, luxury hotels; children played roulette for candy, houses of prostitution were equipped for gambling, and lottery ticket sellers were everywhere, even beggars investing part of their earnings on “drawings.”

There was a distinct marine feeling about Recife. Everywhere one looked or went, one was more or less on the sea. There were miles of excellent modern docks, where many big Italian, Dutch, Danish, German, and British steamers used to tie up regularly before the War. The water was thirty feet deep right alongside the piers. An English crane—one of the largest in the world—was unloading Welsh coal, which was the city’s, and entire coast’s, only fuel supply. Two sizable steamers lay at anchor; one was grim in smoky warpaint, the other a Lloyd Brasileiro, looking gay by contrast in black, white, and red. The new Malacon, all the way up to the drawbridge, that remained open nearly all day on non-business days, was pointed with the rocking masts of a score of coastwise sloops.

The business section of the city was chopped up somewhat by its island formation, but was better served by roomy tram cars than other towns because buses had not begun to take over. Occasionally, I would run across colorful bits of Old Portugal: like meeting the

sardine seller in the Portuguese residential section, with a double yoke over his shoulders carrying two flat baskets, enunciating his old piping musical cry, or finding the motor and tram traffic in the center of the city tied up by a high wooden-wheel oxcart, almost of Moorish vintage. When night fell, street cries, the tinkling bells of the ubiquitous ice cream vendors, and other sounds of a very foreign world issued from far quarters of this great city. There was an African keynote to them, and I know that I would have heard the throb of the tom-tom if my hearing had been super acute and I had listened long enough. This strange phenomenon was accounted for later, when I visited the *Mocambo* District, with its hundred thousand or more inhabitants quite submerged under Afro influence. This surmise was substantiated, in the city Museum, where I saw what is probably the most complete African Voodoo collection in the world, all the exhibits gathered from the vicinity of Recife.

The cemetery was interesting, in a ghoulish sort of way. Death wagons were not permitted to drive in, so by means of a system of long-standing, corpses were pounced upon by professional human vultures who crouched at the gate and fought among themselves for the privilege of carrying them in.

Olinda, the suburb of the well-to-do, was reached by a broad avenue, fronting the sea in the manner of popular American resorts. Each cottage along the drive had perfect bathing facilities in the calm waters inside the reef. Altogether it was an ideal place to live, with a year-round climate of seventy degrees.

Like everywhere else in Brazil, I was forever running into sharp contrasts, often skipping over centuries in the distance of a mile: from ultramodern to the ancient, from high civilization to crude native customs and devices. Leaving Main Street, with its neoclassic Palace of Justice, Public Library, Governor's Palace, Chamber of Commerce and modern banks, within twenty minutes I was drinking cocoanut milk from the shell, at a roadside shed that corresponded to our "Hot Dog" stand. There I was interrupted by the coming ashore of one of the most primitive craft that sails the seas. Four fishermen were landing after three days at sea in their *jangada*. It was just a raft of six logs, propelled by a patched cotton sail, using a heavy stone tied with seaweed for an anchor.

CHAPTER XXXVI

ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST
WELFARE MOVEMENTS

Approaching Recife from the air, one may see at a glance the grasping fingers of the sea penetrating deep into the land, in many places creating a pernicious marsh. This swampland being considered worthless, nothing had ever been done to improve it. In consequence, the very poor, numbering more than 170,000, had squatted on it. Forty-five thousand *mocambos* were jacked up on these flats. The *mocambo* is a Pernambuco-style African hut; a sapling frame-work filled in with clay and thatched with palm leaves. Rows of *mocambos* lined the mud banks of stagnant ponds and creeks, with sewage and refuse floating on their scummed surface. The inhabitants were scarcely aware of the noisome conditions, since for generations their prolific breed had been born in it and had died in and of it. Mosquitoes carried disease from it into the healthier quarters of the city. Naked children with dogs and pigs as their playfellows capered around in the mud and slime from morning to night.

The Portuguese would never have built such hovels as the *mocambos*. Left to themselves—and it was true of all South American colonists become republicans—they succumbed largely to native influences. Recife's lower classes went Afro-native. All White Iberian pride and efficiency vanished, or was neglected, and the "*Mocambos*" might as well have been called the "Congo colony." In their vice, lewdness, and dire poverty, Mocambotown was just a little worse than Atlanta's Tobacco Road, completely under the spell of all the worst features of Afro influence. Into this human cesspool stalked Vargas and his housecleaning regime, bringing both consternation and bewilderment, not only to the *mocambo* dwellers, but to the Recife authorities. "It's too big to handle," they said. "And the more you stir, the more it stinks!"

Vargas went at Welfare with the same superb cleverness with which he has attacked every other seemingly impossible problem. In his avowed socialism he has employed rightist, or fascistic, meth-

ods rather than leftist, or communistic. While he was bringing far greater benefits always to the proletariat, he did not appeal solely to the people and their passions, but more strongly and effectively to capitalistic and organized society. His appeal was popular, and by "popular" Vargas meant *all* the people, both rich and poor; it was an appeal to the reason of one class and to the imagination of all classes. Public Welfare meant public welfare; not an over-weaning and coddling benefit to the Lower Classes at the cost of ruinous sacrifices to the Upper.

Vargas appointed as Interventor of Pernambuco his erstwhile Minister of Labor, a man of imagination and works and in perfect accord with his plans. The movement was begun with the organization of the Cruzada Social Contra O Mocambo (Social Crusade Against Slums). For by "*mocambo*" was meant all slums. My guide and mentor through the intricate and monumental welfare works that resulted, was one of the Interventor's lieutenants.

The Government began with an intensive barrage of propaganda, revealing by photograph posters and movies the horrors of life in the *mocambos*. Then they asked the cooperation of the Big Shots: capitalists, mill owners and all employers of labor. Finally, they approached the *Sindicatos*, or Labor Unions.

The United States Consulate report, under date of June 12, 1939, says: "Welfare undertaking in a heretofore untried section of Brazil, known as the Liga Social Contra O Macambo, under the direct supervision of the Interventor of Pernambuco, is composed of 20 members, representing both industry and government. It is more or less dependent upon voluntary civic enthusiasm for its survival, since its principal function is to solicit funds for its housing project by public subscription." Including funds from state, private companies, and social security organizations, more than \$100,000 were raised from the first solicitation.

I arrived in Recife in the midst of the enthusiastic celebration of the second anniversary of the Liga. The greater accomplishment thus far was not so much the tremendous things that they had done, as the miracle of self-revelation that they actually *had done it!* I had seen the same psychological awakening and reaction of the Italians, another Latin people, under the leadership of Mussolini.

Likewise, I had seen them collapse under the continuous blows of unfavorable crises.

In less than two years, 6,000 of the 45,000 *mocambos* had been demolished, and the tenants moved off to the newly-built "Colonies." Furthermore, modern dredging and draining machinery was pumping out the mud and piping in clean sea sand, with drainage canals of live water to take care of the ebb and flow of the tides. Swampland, together with marsh islands were disappearing.

I spent days in making a round of the Welfare Colonies, spread over the open country a few miles distant in the interior, all served by newly-organized bus lines. Altogether, I was bumped over perhaps one hundred miles of so-called motor roads that composed Recife's rural highway system.

While these colonies were fantastic—perhaps purposely so—in conception and execution, nevertheless they were practical to an astonishing degree. From the *mocambo* hovels, some 3,000 families, numbering more than 15,000 persons, had been removed into four-room brick cottages with tile roofs, hardwood floors, and modern sanitary features! Furthermore, the majority of these houses were for sale at \$500 each. There were houses with considerably reduced improvements that could be bought for as little as \$150, with a monthly payment plan of a few dollars extending over a period of twenty years.

There were brand-new villages of ordinary folk; rows of neat cottages with fences and flowers climbing over tiny porches. "I think the children find it more pleasant to water the flower garden than to play in the mud, don't you think?" asked my proud guide. We met the songbird seller and the bread boy and the postman making their rounds! Every settlement had its *praça* and sport field, where grown boys were playing football, with always an ice cream vendor doing a lively business. The larger colonies had health centers—usually the cart before the horse—with complete clinical outfits of the latest model dental chairs, optical accessories, and operating tables, but nobody in sight or in mind yet to run them.

Now, for the Afro-Latin touch. There were Villages for everybody: A Porter's Village, a Village for Women Millworkers, a Village for Sanitary Department Workers, and another for Tram-

way Workers, with rents ranging from fifty cents to four dollars a month.

A North American might remark that these Brazilians are grasping for the moon in their welfare projects—but aren't they everywhere? Remember our own era of boondoggling, P.W.A. and W.P.A.? And all of them seem to get hold of at least a corner of the moon, which is decidedly worthwhile to those who had known only an occasional ray of light in their darkened lives.

I visited several cottage families. There was one case of a little naked black boy, jungle style, playing outside. But inside, oh my! Two women proudly showed off all the family's new ultra-modernistic furniture. They confessed that they had never slept in a bed before. There were cheap, ornamental gadgets and a radio, "to go with the bath," they said. From *mocambo* in the mud to modernity and pie in the sky, overnight! They did not know what to do with the things, or how to use them yet.

On the whole, it was the most extensive single example of Welfare that I have observed in person anywhere in the world; with 160,000 persons being changed infinitely for the better, and nearly 50,000 already enjoying all the benefits of a complete swing of the pendulum. Unfortunately, World War II has halted the movement in mid-career. It will be a difficult matter to carry out the ambitious original plans or to rouse again their splendid enthusiasm in a debt-ridden Brazil of the Peace.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE BAY THAT COULD HOLD ALL THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD

My next visit—or revisit, rather, after a lapse of years—was made to Baía.

Its full name is São Salvador da Baía de Todos os Santos. In the non-sacred parlance of today and tomorrow this has been shortened into Baía, which means "The Bay." The harbor and port occupy a

space no bigger than one of its little fingers, for "the Bay of the Holy Savior and All Saints" holds the distinction of being one of the most spacious harbors on the globe, one that could hold all the navies in the world, with plenty of room to spare. Baía's magnificent deep-sea harbor serves to point out Brazil's superb 4,000-mile sea coast—longer than the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Gulf coastlines of the United States combined—indented with a score of sheltered ports, ample enough to take care of the entire continent's commerce, if need be. Most of them are already blessed with ancient and well laid out cities, waiting patiently for the day when Brazil will take its place among the great maritime nations. No other South American republic is similarly blessed; her great rival, Argentina, has but a single world port, Buenos Aires, and that situated deep in the silt-filled mouth of the La Plata River.

But first must come the millennium, and before the millennium must come a vast motor transport system connecting all Brazil into a closely-knit empire, ready to haul out the deposits packed in the far corners of her vast treasure house.

São Salvador, or Baía, must be considered more for what it was once—and what it will indubitably grow again to be someday—than for what it is.

Baía was not only the first Capital City in the Americas, but also has been the First City, or Capital of many things Brazilian. For two and a half centuries, it was Capital of the Colony.

Its rich history stands etched in part along the heights, as one gazes upward from the sea-level Lower Town to the Upper Town, crowning the palisades, 300 feet above. The skyline has changed little since the days of the 17th century building boom. At least threescore of its reputed hundreds of churches, when it was Brazil's flourishing First City of the Church, are still visible. In those days Baía was likewise the Sugar Metropolis of the continent. Merchants who made vast fortunes in sugar sought to symbolize their piety by contributing liberally to building a string of ornate Portuguese baroque temples, each with its telltale Caribbean touches.

In all Ibero-American commercial history, sugar is always coupled with Black slavery. Finding the Indian worthless under the sun and the lash of heavy field serfdom, Columbus himself, as Governor of

the Island of Hispaniola, inducted Blacks and so inaugurated African slavery that resulted in millions of natives being torn from their own continent and transplanted to the shores of the Caribbean. These natives exhibited not only an extraordinary physical endurance and tenacity, but also a marked character whose imprint and repercussions through association have profoundly influenced the economy, society, and psychology of all subjecting peoples. These effects in Brazil, where miscegenation is unrestricted, are bright-colored threads interwoven in the fabric of every possible phase of Brazilian thought and action, emotion and religion. Wherever I looked in Baia, I saw a procession of reminders in the black bearers of burdens "toting" everything on their heads, from a letter to a wardrobe.

Walking up Baia's steep cliffside way, as I frequently did during my several visits in Baia, I encountered sights, sounds, and smells of the "inner" city that I shall always remember: bastion walls often stormed by European marauders of other days, perfumed tropical gardens within patio walls, sacred shrines reflecting the glory of the Church, mango trees under whose grateful shade I often paused and listened to the panlike notes of the scissor-grinder's pipe, or to snatches of song, sometimes in the ancient forgotten words of Africa, again in the whining strain of Asia and the Moor.

The inhabitants of Baia seemed to work all day in the Lower Town and to play all night in the Upper. Except for pedlars musically crying their wares, I alone walked up and down from one level to the other. The populace in the main rode on the four elevators that slid along the side of the cliff. One was a reinforced concrete American elevator, whose large cars were crowded from morning till night. Many of the passengers, once inside the gate which they had paid one cent to enter, just rode up and down for hours.

The two Towns are very distinct. The Lower is altogether a maritime port, redolent of the tropics. One emerged—on foot, roundabout by tram, or direct by lift—into Main Street, with its department stores (Caribbean style), its up-to-the-minute Palace Hotel with bootblack stand, perpetual, loudspeaking radio, and its

narrow sidewalks with a continuous string of clanging trams almost cutting off the toes of the crowds of passersby.

Turn into any sidestreet, however, and immediately you get the atmosphere of ancient days, and the smells they left behind them. Take the first turn on the right beyond the Praça Municipal that leads past the cathedral. You follow the route formerly taken by holy processions. A black cross marks a sacred spot where some revered ceremony used to take place. Soon, you realize that you are standing in front of a bawdy house in the heart of the Red Light District, with "women" beckoning from windows or standing in dark doorways, their numerous illegitimate children clinging to their skirts. No effort seems to be made to stem the flow of bastards into the already swollen stream of population. Another street, on the other side of Main, leading sharply down the hill in the direction of the Lower Town, looks quiet and innocent. I strolled down it after dark one evening towards what looked like a Y.M.C.A. hall. It was crowded with American sailors, off the fleet just arrived in port. They had found their way to this most popular house of assignation in town, the feeder for the many brothels. I could see the gobs dancing upstairs, for the most part with colored partners. The morals of the town were so bad, that a local woman appearing alone on the streets after lamplight lost her reputation for being virtuous.

Baia, to all appearances was slightly down at the heel: a city with a great past; but under a Vargas, just as surely one with a great future. It seemed to be drifting, and dreaming of both; the jungle on one side, the Afro-Caribbean on the other.

"What makes it go?" I asked Mr. Wrench, the American superintendent of the Light & Power Company.

"God knows," he said. "We can't."

A city of silhouettes, at sunrise and at sunset it was most impressive. I would stand on that frayed fringe of ecclesiastical Baia, looking down on a thousand rocking masts—from many of which they had not bothered to strip off the bark!—and thence out into the misty, mighty Bay of the Holy Savior and All Saints. Usually, the daily Pan American Clipper would roar overhead, breaking the

spell momentarily. Gradually, it gave place to the wash of the sea and the overtones of the city, like a lullaby.

But make no mistake. Baia shall always be important. It has *something* which we North Americans cannot understand. And when we don't understand a thing, we are inclined to think it isn't much good.

I got a glimmering of what it was all about from a young *Baianho*, whom Mr. Wrench sent with me as a guide, because he had been a long time in America and could speak some English. As a matter of record, I could understand his Portuguese better than his English.

"Sure, in United States I make plenty much money. But never enough. All time want more money and more buy. In end, no satisfied. Here, in Baia, I make less than half money and have everything I want! I marry. Settle back in my nice house under mango tree and get family. Up there in your country, I get what you call ambition. Tired, always trying get more and more. Here, I am content."

"Now just what kind of a guy is that?" we ask, uncomprehendingly. "And what kind of a place does he live in?"

Perhaps they have The Answer? At least it's one answer: White ambition with no contentment? Or Dark contentment with no ambition?

There was a touch of it even in the single railroad on which I journeyed for a limited distance out of unenterprising Baia. They never seemed able to carry enough fuel for the gluttonous wood-burning locomotive with the coffee-mill smoke stack. Sooner or later it stopped and would go no further until the crew went out foraging for more energy. If the passengers intended ever to reach a destination, they had to go wood-gathering too.

One would never suspect this Baia of being the world emporium of *cacau*, or cocoa, most of which is consumed in North America in the manufacture of candy, cocoa butter, etc. The air-conditioned, very modern Institute of Cocoa, is a dignified building that serves not only as an exposition hall worthy of duplication at a World's Fair, but also is honey-combed with the complete works for receiving cocoa bean pods from the great neighboring plantations and

rapidly converting them into cocoa and chocolate for distribution all over the earth.

Likewise, it is Brazil's Tobacco Capital. Outside of Havana cigars, I know of no others in the hemisphere that equal them. What North America needs, some wag has said, is a good five-cent cigar! Perhaps the special soil around Baía, could furnish it—to the incalculable benefit of our mutual trade?

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE BAREFOOT MASS OF OUR LORD OF BOMFIM

I did not enter completely into the dark circle of the Afro-Caribbean zone, until I joined the popular Friday Barefoot Mass pilgrimage to the basilica of Our Lord of Bomfim (Good Fortune), several miles out of town on the peninsula.

Bomfim brought me back to wade knee-deep again in two undercurrents that flow steadily beneath the surface of any modern superstructure that Vargas or any other leader may raise and call Brasil Novo, and which we foreigners cannot afford ever to ignore. The Church, and the eternal Afro-Ibero blood corpuscle expressing itself.

The Church still flourishes in Baía, although the majority of its temples are gaping wrecks of time. One encounters monks and a seminary on Main Street, flanked by the foreign Light Company's modern building, the Medical School and the Governor's Palace. Amid it all, there is always a sprinkling of "Darky" characters and costumes, giving it a faint feeling of what it might have been in slave days, only a little more than a half century back. So many of the old "Mammies" in their holy day market dress are reminiscent of Martinique and some of the British West Indies. Their costumes consist of wide, silken brocaded gowns of French Empire pattern trailing in the dust, or white starched skirts and frilly chemises, bare feet in wooden-soled *chinelas*, but with an added African touch of mounds of gew-gaw trinkets on wrists, neck, and ankles and a bright-hued bandana or a jaunty bonnet of tropical fruits, made

familiar to Americans by Carmen Miranda. The younger women wear the fiesta finery from districts of Portugal, with an occasional modern touch.

That Friday morning, from break of day, they were all on a pilgrimage to Bomfim Church; a motley throng if ever there was one—from tanned White through all the colors to ebony Black. A white husband with his dark mulatto wife, led by the hand their angelic white child with golden hair, everybody stopping to stare at them admiringly. I wondered what would be the sensation some day if this golden blonde became a mother holding a black child! It does happen. For a little later we passed two sisters in the uniform of the Catholic Collegia, hand in hand; one very black and the other white. More than half of them padded along in barefeet, many from great distances; for the legend said that thus must pilgrims journey on foot, if they would have their supplications granted by the Lord of Good Fortune. But Satan in modern dress was gnawing at the Vine, for I saw more than one colored supplicant wearing bright yellow high shoes, no doubt discarded by Parisians a couple of decades before.

I rode the five-mile journey from the Lower Town by bus, which took on passengers at every stop sign until we were packed in like anchovies. At the end of the line, we milled up a broad palm-lined avenue walled with balustrades. We could look down into the sea and the gardened estates of potentates of the church and commerce of bygone days. Pedlars lined the way—many of them the original “department stores on two legs” of rural South America—Jews and Syrians, their assorted wares outspread on a shelf fastened by a strap round their neck. Finally, a long paved walk led to the baroque jewel of a church edifice studding the top of a knoll. The path was flanked by booths displaying all manner of refreshments, trinkets, souvenirs (more than half of them from Woolworth’s), medals, rosaries, charms (both Christian and Voodoo), and of course, lottery tickets and votive candles.

It was some time before I could wedge myself into the crowded church where seven Masses were being conducted simultaneously, three of them by Black priests. One altar was devoted to expectant mothers. Babies were being christened by the dozen at the font near

the door. The maimed, the cripples, and the sick had gathered in the small Lourdes-like chapel of Our Lady of Healing, where hung hundreds of discarded crutches, pictures, and wax tokens commemorating miraculous cures.

A holy show. But as honest and earnest and spiritual, according to their lights, as the glum, colorless Sunday morning service in the Fifth Avenue Congregational Church, and appealing to the same God, in *their* way. Until the American tourists come and spoil it all. Maybe one of them will bring along thirty pieces of silver and reproduce it in Hollywood as a "sensation."

CHAPTER XXXIX

FASTEST GROWING CITY IN THE WORLD

São Paulo is an outstanding example of our oft-made statement, that Brazil is composed of many utterly different and seemingly foreign communities, only in the end to conclude that no single part is more Brazilian, than São Paulo. Not to know São Paulo is equivalent to being ignorant of the fundamental Brazil, both Old and New.

It is unique among South America's great cities in that it is not on the sea. It has made up for this deficiency somewhat, however, by linking itself with the coffee port of Santos by means of one of the world's finest examples of railroad engineering, that may be credited wholly to the genius and commercial instinct of the British. Also, it is served by another exception in the general transport and communications deficiencies of Brazil, an excellent motor road connecting the two cities. Finally and phenomenally, it is also joined with Rio—300 miles distant—by both railway and motor road! These services are all the more remarkable due to the fact that a mountain range separates São Paulo from the sea. The rail journey begins conventionally, but soon the ordinary locomotive is detached, and a cable-gripping engine grapples the four-car train and climbs with it up the almost perpendicular heights of Serra do Mar. The trip

of less than fifty miles takes two hours. Although it is said to be one of the costliest railways to construct, it pays the highest dividends. The British have a way of amortizing their investments within the lifetime of their investors!

The perfection of the coffee industry in all its branches—farming, a road system for transportation, local organization and business management leading to world merchandising, and finally this remarkable railway for sending most of the São Paulo State production over the mountain top—is responsible for all the super-developments of São Paulo that have led eventually into its winning the title once held by Los Angeles (California) of being “the fastest growing city in the world.” In 1900, its population was around 250,000. In middle 1940’s, we find it touching 1,500,000! This makes São Paulo the third largest city in South America (after Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro), jockeying for fifth place in the Western Hemisphere.

São Paulo has not only smashed all the records of Latin American cities, it has also broken all the canons of Ibero-American communities. It did not even begin with the typical Ibero-Catholic praça, or plaza, as the kernel of all future ecclesiastical, social, and industrial life. Architecturally and otherwise, its development has been haphazard. For example, its cathedral—usually the cornerstone of material and spiritual life—was more or less of an afterthought, with the foundation laid on a hilltop several miles from the center of the Old Town, and now overtaken and left behind by the vanguard of the galloping modern city. The cathedral, like all other extraordinary signs of wealth and enterprise, is the indirect outcome of the world’s growing thirst for coffee and its special patronage of the Brazilian market. A certain very definite and considerable percentage of São Paulo’s super-prosperity and development is due to the overworked coffee pots of North America that annually brew more than eighty percent of Brazil’s coffee crop.

Although coffee wealth gave the first impulse to the remarkable development of São Paulo, the city has from its own spirited energy for enterprise and progress developed into by far the greatest industrial city in all Latin America. That is probably the reason why it is often referred to as “the Chicago of South America,” al-

though it actually bears no other resemblance whatever to Chicago, or any other North or South American city.

One big district of the city, called Braz, is all factories, from end to end, bristling with stacks belching smoke, humming with modern machinery; 1,200 manufactories, employing 250,000 workers, turn out \$200,000,000 worth of goods a year. While heavy emphasis is laid on the manufacture of all manner of textiles using cotton, production also includes silks, hosiery, underwear, ribbons, woolen and worsted goods, suitings, and a variety of hats from the stiff derby and the soft felt to those made of straw. Since World War II seriously curtailed the importation of machines, São Paulo manufacturers have turned successfully to fabricating their own machines in almost every field. Its industry is more diversified than that of any city in the United States.

As I stood on the top of São Paulo's oldest, and still tallest, skyscraper, the famous 26-story Martinelli Building, looking around over solid blocks of buildings for miles, I realized how the provincial São Paulo I had visited ten years before had grown up and come of age. My companion was a full-fledged Paulista, bursting with boomtown steam that sounded familiar to my Yankee ears.

"Our city is changing so rapidly, we can't control the direction of its phenomenal growth!" He pointed hither and thither. "It may break through anywhere yonder. We finish sixteen new buildings every working day! Look at our Cathedral, which will take another twenty-five years to complete. We laid the cornerstone almost in the open fields, in order to display its lovely Gothic façade. Now it is pinched in and crowded on all sides amid polyglot buildings."

When I last saw São Paulo, it was troubled with something worse than growing pains. World War II priorities had cut off such essential building materials from the United States as copper pipes and galvanized iron necessary for water, sewage, and plumbing fittings in any building that called itself modern.

The city is built on hills, with a magnificent viaduct cutting the shopping district in two, a huge British department store at one end, and an imposing Municipal Theatre Grand Opera House, where world music celebrities appear, at the other. A horse-shoe shaped thoroughfare hedged with royal palms swept down into the

lower city. A maze of narrow streets marked the Old City. Farther on the Estacao de Luz, one of the three big railroad stations spread out for several blocks, which always gave me a nostalgic feeling; it was so English. I often waited in front of it at the city bus stop and was impressed with the sportsmanship of waiting passengers who took their turn in lines sometimes a quarter of a mile in length. No standing-room was permitted inside the buses.

In time, the serious-minded visitor is bound to be impressed by the large number of foreigners to be seen everywhere in São Paulo. It turns out, that more than one-third of the city's population is made up of foreigners. One million foreigners in the Coffee State of São Paulo! 350,000 of these are Italians. The same proportion holds in São Paulo city. A thousand or so North Americans and 1,500 British. So, after all, the Anglo-Saxons can't take too much credit for making São Paulo all it is today in energy and enterprise, in commerce and industry.

CHAPTER XL

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN, AND OTHER DIVERSIONS

Just as the night brings out the stars, so have I found in large urban communities, it brings out the true character of the mass of the people, imperceptible and submerged in the occupations and the light of day.

My guide and companion, on the series of nocturnal wanderings that showed me the town and how it amused itself, was from the Board of Public Relations, who knew all the ropes and how to get under them. He was plentifully endowed with push, pull, and brass.

As a prelude, my politician friend took me in his own automobile for wild night rides through different parts of the city, showing his skill and pull by driving at breakneck speed through stop lights in crowded sections of the town. The city was rigidly divided into Districts: the monumental Shopping District, with all the show windows flooded with light till after ten; the Cinema District where

every great Hollywood Moving Picture Company was represented by a palace that outdid Broadway; the Prostitute District—without which no Brazilian community is complete—where the “houses” were graded according to classes of society.

Betweenwhiles, we took a spurt on São Paulo’s famous sunken motor parkway, cutting through the heart of the former Aristocratic District, where we drove past scores of astounding mansions, most of them set in their own parks, commensurate with the city’s fabulous wealth. “This one is ‘coffee’; that one is ‘soap’; across the way is ‘real estate’”—was the way my mentor designated them.

Luckily, one of the native Folk Tent Shows, that toured southernmost Brazil clear down to the borders of Argentina, was in town. The tent was set up in an open lot in the midst of an itinerant kermess. The interior had the appearance of a small circus with the familiar banks of seats. Directly in front of a platform that served as the stage, were three white kitchen chairs, reserved for the press and distinguished guests. My guide and I occupied two of them.

The oom-pah band filling one end of the stage began to play when we had taken our seats and the “As Quatro Irmãs Dorians,” who had once appeared on the stages of the famous Atlantico and Copacabana Casinos—according to the program—bounded onto the platform. The same authority stated that they were “daring and famous *bailarinas acrobatas*.” They changed their gaudy costumes six times and came on with a fanfare of trumpets and a roll of drums. Never mind what the distinguished guests thought of it, the audience was entranced. That was all there was to Part I. The audience circulated among the kermess booths during the *entr’acte*. Part II was what they all had been waiting for. The famous “PIOLIN, the Clown who belonged to the People!” I had heard about Piolin way up in Rio. When the fanfare announced his appearance, the whole audience stood up, both laughing and crying from affectionate mirth and amusement. Only from the top gallery of Old Vic’s in London, had I ever seen such a heartfelt and complimentary demonstration. He just stood there in his grotesque clothes and painted face—reminding me of the famous Grock—and solemnly cracked jokes, throwing in local gags and jibes, always concluding by blinking and gazing up towards the top of tent. This was followed by Part

III, a vulgar little play entitled, "Who's Been Kissing My Wife," in which Piolin took the principal role, still the clown, for he never appeared before his public in any other character make-up. Essentially, Circo Piolin Tent Show was no different from another performance I have often seen in Madison Square Garden, New York, with Ringling Brothers' Greatest Show on Earth furnishing the entertainment and spectacle. Both audiences reacted in the same manner.

We attended a radio "show" in a charming bandbox of a broadcasting theatre. First we went into the manager's private office. In some countries, they rub noses when they meet. In Brazil, you are welcomed into the circle by drinking together a one-swallow cup of coffee. This was followed by liqueurs. Then we joined a score or so of radio artists lolling about in the luxurious balcony seats. The most famous singer of *chansons* of the Campo, or Pampa, was holding forth, not in his native Gaucho dress, but in full evening regalia with the longest tails I had ever seen. The tonal key and the structure of these ballads of the plains were again an echo of the ancestral Moor in the marketplace.

It was Friday night. My man-about-town was obviously excited as we set out for the sports arena where the famous "catch-as-catch-can" wrestling bouts were held once a week. The arena was in the poor and tough District. They all seemed to be on hand milling about in the *praça* that was studded with little refreshment stands, with gangsterish-looking rowdies devouring sweets, knick-knacks and one-swallow cups of Brazilian coffee as though they were starved. Catch-as-catch-can, as they called it, was the lower-classes' favorite sport. Inside, we found several thousand fans, yelling and brawling and throwing things, like a six-day bicycle race crowd at home; a better parallel is a Mexican bullfight, only a little more so. Once again we occupied ringside seats. Ticket holders were "frisked" and relieved of deadly weapons on entering to avoid mayhem and murder amongst the patrons. Even so, the police and ambulances had to be summoned to carry off the casualties. Something seems to happen to Iberians after dark, who murderously take sides in any great public contest like this. The show began like an explosion of giant firecrackers with a series of boxing matches,

"sour" band music, and a general fight among the standees on a broad raised platform in the rear. Pandemonium reached its height in the smoke-filled auditorium when a North American contestant—who had been hissed by the major portion of the crowd—was given a fairly-won decision. The shank of the evening arrived and continued for hours; a series of wrestling bouts were pulled off in which huge mountains of flesh and muscle, bearing German, Italian, Polish, and Hungarian names, mauled and tore, scratched and bit, and broke one another's bones all over the ring floor.

The crowning and most revealing entertainment of all, was the one I saw at the Casino Antartico. Here was a regular Weber-and-Fieldsian Germanic music hall, with a distinctly Brazilian flavor all its own. The bill changed once a week. The Casino was supported by a regular family clientele. We attended on Sunday, the popular night. A burlesque note was maintained by a bit of "girlie" leg-show relief between acts of the "play"—a high comedy which had a sexy savor to it, without ever getting dirty. The plot was, briefly as follows: A rich planter from way out yonder in the "sticks," and his wife, son, and daughter, have always yearned for a lark in the Big City. The wife is a scold, the son is a sport, and the daughter is flighty. The old man is a rake and has been living with the colored maid who is brought along. The play begins with a promise of how wonderful it is all going to be. It ends with them all more than happy to go back forever to the plantation again, after everyone except the mother has had an affair that has robbed them of any virtue they may have had. But the real theme upon which the crises of the play moved, came to a head, and rested, was the affinity of the Portuguese male for the Negroid female. The father and the son were getting into constant hot water because they could not pass a "yaller gal" on the street, see one from a window, or meet one even as a servant in a house, without attempting an assignation! This audience, made up of what seemed to be respectable family folk, exchanged knowing looks, the men winked naughtily at one another, and everybody howled with delight when a successful pick-up was accomplished.

When they went out between the acts and drank beer in the

broad promenade refreshment hall, everybody seemed to have an anecdote that the action of the play reminded them of.

I wouldn't call the play exactly a cross-section of a certain phase of Brazilian life; but like all burlesque, it made fun of certain fundamental predilections and practises, foibles, and secret desires, underlying the true social character of the people.

CHAPTER XLI

THE HUMAN HALFWAY HOUSE

Curitiba was just a village half a century ago. On a mud street had stood perhaps two-score poorly built colonial buildings. Its only glories were the surrounding hills and its own elevation of 3,000 feet that were responsible for its salubrious climate. A negligible river traffic gave it commercial stimulus and contact with the outside world. Such a town, within the memory of middle-aged men, was the Capital of the State of Paraná.

The modern metropolis I saw of 140,000 people was blooming and booming. As the neighboring Santos is the world's "coffee pot," so Curitiba may be said to be South America's *herva maté bombilla*, for a large part of Brazil's 90,000-ton crop of "Brazilian tea" passes through the Curitiba mart.

I saw Main Street being "improved," hewing through anything that stood in its way, reaching out for an ever greater city. On the other side of town, an entirely new suburban section, in the North American manner, was being finished off with five broad parallel avenues.

All this large-scale city planning was not accidental. I went to Curitiba—never having heard of it before—with a letter of introduction to the human dynamo largely responsible for its phenomenal progress. His name is Dr. Manoel Ribas. For ten years he had been *Interventor* (Governor) of the State of Paraná.

"He came from the North," explained his military aide, enveloped *cap-a-pié* in a long cloak, as he fetched me from the airport.

"His work in the Co-operative movement was so outstanding that it attracted the attention of President Vargas, who appointed him Interventor of Paraná. From sun to sun his single thought is improvement, improvement, improvement—of Paraná and of all the people who live in it!"

Any study of appointee Manoel Ribas is like consulting a blue print of the extraordinary political intelligence of Getulio Vargas, that ignored factional politics and politicians and placed fearless and aggressive public men in key positions and then let them carry on on their own.

I did not comprehend the full meaning of all this, until I got it first-hand from the Governor on a tour of inspection of his works. Manoel Ribas was not only laying a part of the foundation of Brasil Novo that did not appear to the casual observer, but also he was laying down an important segment of our New World!

We drove first into the parklike grounds of a city mansion.

"This house had for a long time been unoccupied," he explained. "I gave the order for the State to take it over."

That is when I first began to take notice of the build of the Builder. He was a big man with a square jaw and a rough way, who might have been taken for a "bruiser"; and acted like one, I was told, when politicians got in his way.

We could hear the voices of children as we rang the bell. We found at least twenty-five of them in the patio. Half a dozen were playing; the remainder were in cribs, in rolling chairs, and in plaster casts. One small Negro boy lay helpless, just following us with his eyes. He was swollen up like a barrel. He had been bitten by a poisonous reptile.

"When our institutions say, 'We can do nothing for them,' we bring them here."

Governor Ribas was familiar with every case history. He walked ahead of the nurse and me; examining charts, asking questions, caressing patients tenderly with hands over-enlarged by years of manual labor.

Leaving the Children's Refuge, we drove on to what he called "The Human Halfway House."

"You will see why I call them 'halfways,'" he explained, as we

stood on the threshold of a huge building which he said was the State Asylum, until he had been able to provide a new modern building.

"Paraná is well equipped with hospitals, clinics, and other institutions. But they are all too crowded and too busy to bother with poor adult creatures like these, who seem either too ill, or not sick enough to be helped. There seems to be no place in this world for 'halfways'; these pitiful victims of misfortune. So I provided this shelter for Paraná's share of them."

We went through the vast abandoned building, now filled with all manner of unfortunates, from perverts and idiots to raving maniacs. They all knew him.

After that, we drove completely out of the city to a group of attractive new buildings crowning a hill. It was a State Agricultural College in the making.

"Our great farming State of Paraná has been running down in health, from neglect," he told me. "We have always had a small experimental laboratory. But we needed a well-equipped army to carry on the fight against enemies of the soil and diseases of plant and animal life.

"Here you see our army," he continued, turning to the groups of youths who came out to greet him. "In the main, they are young men whom I have taken from institutions—orphans, sons of beggars, children of little chance, who used to be thrown onto the public scrap heap, while only the sons of the well-to-do were sent to the upper schools."

This section of human geography, conducted and fostered by Interventor Manoel Ribas, I felt was even greater than all the "skyscrapers," the modernistic buildings, the new boulevards, the modern factories, and miscellaneous "improvements" going into the composition of the New Brazil. This intangible piece of construction in Curitiba, which so few North Americans had ever heard about, was an outstanding work to which we should give our most solemn consideration.

CHAPTER XLII

"HAPPY HARBOR"

Porto Alegre ("Happy Harbor," in English) sounds a trifle unimportant; whereas, it is the most important spot in Brazil's Far South.

Porto Alegre is the capital of the State of Rio Grande do Sul, the natal State of Getulio Vargas of which he was Governor shortly before his spectacular ascendancy to the seat of Chief Executive. Its phenomenal progress on the road to becoming the metropolis of the Southern States, with a population around 400,000, is due largely to the brilliant government of Vargas. Despite the fact that it lies 700 miles south of Rio de Janeiro—or, was it due to that circumstance?—it was always a hotbed of revolution.

My arrival in Porto Alegre was made memorable, mostly due to the circumstance that the five rivers that combine to make the inland city a considerable seaport had, after twenty-three days of rain, overflowed and flooded the countryside for a couple of hundred square miles roundabout, in the worst flood in local history. Our landing field had become a lake which necessitated our big Pan American plane making a near-forced landing elsewhere with a splash and a shaking up. Fortunately, the road to town was elevated above the surrounding country, all inundated, in which the cows that did not drown were subsisting on floating grass which they were nibbling, wading in water up to their necks. There were two towns; the Upper and the Lower. Lower Porto Alegre was still pretty much afloat. So I arrived at my hotel front door in a rowboat and went to the movies that night on a raft. All over the town were posters warning inhabitants to clean away silt, refuse, bodies of drowned animals and the general debris, as soon as possible to avoid an epidemic of typhus.

Another memorable feature, was the honor of being met, welcomed and entertained by one of Brazil's outstanding men of letters, *Erico Verissimo*, whose novel, "Crossroads" (translated into English), is a vivid panorama of his native Porto Alegre, and a dramatic

symposium of selected inhabitants. We lunched together daily in his Club Commercio, that occupied four duplex floors in a handsome twelve-story skyscraper apartment house in which Senhor Verissimo made his home. The club was modernistic in all appointments and I know of none in New York or London that surpasses it for luxury. In due course, I visited the book shop and publishing concern of which Verissimo was a director and editor-in-chief. In many ways, it was the most complete outfit of its kind that I know. They published everything, from greeting cards and calendars to novels bound in paper and cloth and heavy tomes. They were self-contained in that they manufactured or fabricated every requisite of stationery and did all their own printing and color work on the premises, finally retailing them in a large store occupying the ground floor. They carried all popular current books imported from France, Germany, England, and America, or in Portuguese translations. There was a foreign atmosphere about the place that I finally identified from the name of the concern as originally German.

At nearly every turn, I was amazed at something that might be called extraordinary in any city in the world. Just around the corner from my Hotel Grande lodgings was a brand new *praça*, confronted by two sixteen-story modernistic apartment buildings in one of which was housed a palatial moving picture theater that outdid anything I visited throughout Brazil. More arresting than any of these "biggest and best" phenomena was a system of traffic management that for ingeniousness and practical purposes was in a class by itself. A special traffic policeman stood on a high-railed platform on top of what looked like a supermilitary tank. By pulling a lever, he stopped or started the traffic of the whole town.

Whereas São Paulo was addicted to "catch-as-catch-can," Porto Alegre was mad over "football." There were five football associations belonging to a Major League, each owning its own sports field with a grandstand. The whole town turned out for football on occasion. They played only English Rugby.

Verissimo cashed in on his fame as a writer of juvenile books read by every literate child throughout Brazil, when we visited the Normal School, one of the outstanding as well as the largest educational institutions in the land; 2,000 students, ranging in age from twelve

to eighteen, gave Erico an ovation in the great auditorium. The student body was put through a series of parades, athletics, and patriotic "Youth" demonstrations, of which I had seen the exact duplicate in Rumania, Hungary, Italy, Germany, and other totalitarian countries, including Russia.

The new water works were disappointing and showed a lack of vision for so large and rapidly growing a city. Strangely, for such a revolutionary State so closely related to the personal career of their progressive President, welfare work was behind that found in other large communities. The General Hospital, for example, was an old dilapidated affair, for many years inadequate and behind the times. As was the case in all Brazilian cities, certain kinds of diseases were rampant; the spectacle of the throng of out-patient poor was a pitiful one.

My first impression of Porto Alegre was one of wonder on finding this great all-White metropolis without a trace of the jungle. Great ships were drawn up to modern piers under the shadow of sixteen-story skyscrapers; I was filled with a conviction that it was not a Brazilian city at all.

The day after my arrival was Sunday. No other occasion reveals the inner nature and immaterial verities of a city as much as a Sunday morning stroll. I reached the ascending terra firma of the Upper City via boat. I met the baker's boy delivering bread Iberian style from panniers on pony-back, the milkman in his strange cart, the newspaper vendor crying his wares by headlines, and the lottery seller with a brand new sheaf of lucky numbers. The church bells all were ringing with that inimitable timbre of the Old World and people everywhere were hurrying to mass all dressed up in their Sunday-best. The most promising indication that the ancient Church was still flourishing in Porto Alegre, was the clerestory of the new cathedral in course of construction. The great proportions of nave and transepts and the huge blocks of stone waiting to be put in place indicated that its cost was in the millions—even greater than the newest movie palace, which was the reverse of what I found in the majority of South American towns. The Catholic Church seems to be holding its own in Brazil in these Godless times.

Later, on this same Sunday, Verissimo and I met an old friend of

his family in the public park where the gentleman was leading the family fighting cock out for an airing and exercise. An exchange of anecdotes about cockfights wound up in our paying a visit to the cockfighting grounds, at their best on a Sunday afternoon—an old Ibero-American custom. After football, it was a major sport of Porto Alegre. When we returned to town, we found a large part of the community engaged in a social amenity dear to the heart of all but the upper classes of Spanish and Portuguese peoples, from Seville to Lisbon, Potosí to Buenos Aires—and Porto Alegre. The Promenade at the end of the day. Just as Calle Florida, Buenos Aires, is shut off from vehicular traffic for an hour or so that the public may walk and talk, show-off and flirt, so were several blocks of Porto Alegre's Main Street in the vicinity of the cinemas closed to traffic.

In the final analysis, then, these additional features revealed that Porto Alegre belonged intrinsically, in soul and spirit, to Brazil.

Book Four

POTENTIAL PARTNERS OF THE PEACE

CHAPTER XLIII

THE TWO UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

As World War II comes to an end, what precisely do we find to be the relations between the United States of North America and the United States of (Brazil) South America?

Has "the state of emergency" with its ties of mutual defense become solidified into a bond of hemispheric solidarity? Or have we only arrived at a transitory diplomatic state of affairs, at some nebulous point "out where the blue begins"? Has our experience as Allies in the War brought us to any firmer stage of mutual understanding that will aid us substantially in continuing a friendly, constructive, and profitable course as Allies in the Peace? Will we take immediate, intelligent, and agreeable advantage of our favored and favorable position in the front ranks of a world onrush and competition for Brazil's enviable exports and imports, her precious raw materials and trade?

Where will we be standing in relation to Brazil ten years—let us say—after the surrender of the Axis?

CHAPTER XLIV

BRAZIL — ALL SAID AND DONE

A school-book knowledge of Brazil, or the chance acquaintance with a Brazilian out of his own country, or a tourist dash over the

"Grand Tour" route, or even a brief sojourn in Brazil, will not suffice for those who intend earnestly and honestly to carry on any kind of enterprise with that vast country. No. Accredited agents and representatives must assay the tremendous undertaking of studying the country with the hope eventually of knowing something more than the merely elementary about the people. Knowing all the people, however, could not be encompassed in a lifetime. The people don't know one another. Vargas knew only a few of his peoples, although he has visited the far corners of his empire, not merely to make acquaintance with them, but also to see with his own eyes the nation's resources and try to devise ways and means to extricate and commercialize them.

Which of the many places, scenes and peoples, may we correctly say is typical? Not one. Nor is a composite of them all yet possible—perhaps not for another hundred years. However, Vargas has pointed and led in the right direction. Any composition of the peoples in Brazil must include the mixture of Black and White. At length none shall be all-Black; none perhaps all-White.

This is going to be a difficult lesson for the Northern student to master; hard for the American to understand. It is a problem in higher democracy as yet beyond his experience or comprehension. In fact, Pan-Brazil will present rather an extraordinary spectacle of solidarity after the often coagulated and curdled blocks of foreign-borns and races in America. In Brazil he will find not a conglomeration but a congregation of amalgamating races and colors. There has never been Babel, social chaos, or race riot. They have preserved a national equilibrium, though often violently divided in politics. External differences are marked, but the nation has survived through a common nativity: rearing One Big Family of Brazilians espousing a common patriotic cause.

Taking all these elements into consideration, Brazil is the most civilized, unconsciously democratic country I have ever visited. It is noticeable, for example, how the Portuguese character seems to favor easy-going democracy compared with the more individualized and sometimes haughty Spaniard. The visitor will find friendliness universal. The bootblack or the maid servant intimately listen in. They may even enter into a violent argument with the master

of the house. It will probably cool off without rancor. There is no problem of mass, class, or color barrier, though they exist. And yet, in essence, everybody "keeps his place," if you know what I mean.

Too many Americans are like "Charley's Aunt," whose sole knowledge of Brazil was "The place where the nuts come from."

Visitors, or non-visitors, we have got to let them be themselves, if we want to get along with them. Leave it to the popular American movies to change over their way of life into ours; though, God forbid, that it be into the Hollywood pattern of Americans! If they consider it a mark of the well-dressed middle-class man to wear pajamas in public, it is their own affair. I met an American woman, long-resident of Brazil, who never got over being shocked—and told them so—over even gentlemen of standing wearing gay pajamas as lounging suits, putting them on, like the Europeanized Japanese puts on his native kimono, when the day's work is over, perhaps parading the streets with them. So what? I have even seen them meeting swanky friends at the airports in Brazil arrayed in bright-striped pajamas. It has become a sartorial convention of part of the nation; like the native small boy whom I saw in a village within the sphere of Afro-jungle influence, whose sole adornment covering his nakedness was a mourning band round his arm, thus observing the rigid convention among Iberian Catholic peoples of honoring their family dead; or the observance of the convention in sophisticated Rio and all other localities of wearing a coat, though bare of feet, in order to be admitted into shop, tram, or public building. Are these customs of costume any more bizarre than those worn in midsummer by the histrionic colony along New York's Great White Way, or in general by Hollywood's movie colonials, or the nine-tenths nudities on display on the nation's beaches? And if at times they are cocky and strut in bright plumage, it is because they are that way and will remain so till the end of time probably; just as Yankees will continue to brag about "the biggest things in the world" and "God's country," maybe. Why take each other so darned seriously over petty foibles, as though they made any fundamental differences between us?

We are not to conclude too hastily that Brazil has crossed the bar and is rapidly approaching the millennium. Only an hour out of

Baia, the Toonerville Trolley is still being drawn by mules, and oranges are peeled in one spiral strip operation, showing that the sway of the Afro-Caribbean influence is still running strong.

They have a lot to learn, if they are going to play ball in the Major League of Trade. There is endurance, for example, in a sustaining partnership with the swift-moving United States. There are several critical danger hazards which cannot be overcome altogether, or at least soon.

Brazil is still a long way from attaining her economic equilibrium, even in those outstanding products and resources which are on the move and promise her sustaining income.

In any discussion of Brazil, sooner or later, one always returns to coffee, rubber, or Vargas. For years, coffee has been the peg upon which the entire economic system of the country has hung. Like beef, corn, and wheat in Argentina. If the coffee crop fails or the market sags, Brazil has found herself on the verge of ruin. No means, no threat, and no law has yet been devised successfully to ward off periodic over-production. The New Deal device of A.A.A., of burning up millions of bags of coffee, has only an external palliative that drove the sore into the economic vitals of the nation. Therefore, until Brazil has created other sources of income that may be able to balance and temporarily, at least, cover such a failure of her overwhelming asset, there will always be the lurking shadow of financial collapse.

Within and under the energetic spell of Vargas, however, as we have seen, at least half a dozen such nation-savers have appeared, filled with glowing promise.

There is rubber again. This time, the real thing; both wild in the jungle and tamed on the plantations of Henry Ford. No less an authority than the head of B. F. Goodrich & Co. tells us that world consumption of rubber will be doubled within less than a decade after the end of the war. 2,000,000 tons a year will be needed; which is twice as much rubber as was harvested from all sources in pre-war times. But, adds this authority, the main source of our rubber supply will stem from the brand-new wartime synthetic rubber industry erected at a cost of \$650,000,000. Is the United States going to scrap this new industry and throw thousands of men out of precious jobs

to gratify the latex hopes of a very problematical Brazilian supply, that would have failed us in the war, if the ersatz article had not been perfected? Sentimental politicians might do it, at that! Also, some day, when the Japanese have been rooted out of the East Indies rubber fields that supplied ninety-six percent of pre-war natural rubber, the fields will, no doubt, come back into British control, hungrily seeking a market—and will probably get it. Finally, all the great powers will resolve to make rubber in their own plants rather than risk being caught short of such an imperative war material due to the misfortunes of war. It is said that synthetic rubber, if manufactured in huge quantity, will cost much less than natural rubber. That fact alone seems to settle the question of rubber most discouragingly for Brazil.

The presence of the greatest iron deposit in the world is one thing; production in profitable quantity is another; and finding a market for it in a world at peace, with nearly every country on earth blessed with some iron in its own backyard, will render the enormous Brazilian iron resources a matter of speculation, except for domestic supply, whose needs might require it, if dreams come true. Not only iron is a basis for manufacturing industries; copper, ever-increasing supplies of petroleum and the proper kind of coal are needed, in all of which Brazil is deficient.

In my travels all over the continent, I found the two most urgent needs of South America as a whole, were wood and water. Brazil has both, in such prodigality often as to impede advancing civilization! Everywhere in the wilderness are rivers and more rivers to cross and deep tangled forests to be penetrated. I have already mentioned the Ford plantation, blessed with such quantities of wood and water, both useless; the water germinated with fever; the wood too expensive to transport; a two million-dollar saw mill rusting away from disuse. Even Ford could not leap over the wood hurdle. Brazil is in dire need of imported wood-pulp newsprint! They acknowledge that the home-manufactured wood-pulp paper is both inferior in quality and three times more costly; in spite of the fact that Brazil ranks second in the world in forest resources, with a thousand varieties of the world's most precious hard woods locked up in the interior, commercially worthless.

Why? Back again to the age-old *impasses*; communications and transportation. There must be tremendous organization and intelligence exercised in economically and intelligently breaking up the isolation and breaking down the wilderness that envelopes the riches of Brazil.

They have not yet learned the lesson, that economy, so-called, of having, hoarding and saving wealth and resources does not mean a thing in the world of Trade; but only in bringing them into circulation, dispersing, and spending them do they become of value.

There is such a thing as being too self-contained, too self-confident, nationally as well as personally. All countries are the better for a little intermingling, a little interrelationship and a little interdependence. Trade, barter, and exchange of both goods and ideas help preserve a healthy and balanced global condition. Otherwise, nations knowing and trusting none but themselves and their family become queer, lopsided, and conceited. Brazil must recognize this process; the United States must realize it. Brazil could subsist on her own vitals without any Trade at all, but not progress in a modern world. She cannot continue eternally to buy goods from the United States without money of her own, nor can she go on much longer borrowing that money.

While Brazil has long realized that immigration labor would have to be called in to help out her thinly scattered and somewhat indolent nationals, to dig them out of the mire of obsolescence, she has at no time gone into the matter wholesale or whole-heartedly. Even doubling her population would scarcely do the job. But that would dilute the Brazilian stock! In 1939, a commission appointed to study the question, decided to invite a larger flow of immigration from among the peoples of Europe, Asia, and the Far East. Europeans, Dr. Salgado Filho, Minister of Labor, decided, would be settled in the more temperate zones; Asiatics where the climatic conditions would be more tropical. But the government wanted only trained workers; technical immigrants, the whole number not to exceed two percent of the total population; the immigrants to be separated and spread over vast areas to prevent the formation of racial nucleuses, as happened in South Brazil, where Germans settled and formed a compact Little Germany. Political creeds opposing that of the gov-

ernment (Catholic) would be barred. This was, presumably, aimed at atheistic Russians. In spite of the fact that Brazilian laws offer the same guarantees of freedom to Brazilians and foreign residents alike, regardless of race, color, or creed, it has not always worked out in terms of productive labor. They told me that the 10,000 Assyrians, together with the majority of the Jews and refugees flocked to the southern cities and there they remained, complicating the population problem rather than solving it. The government was too "choosey." While it claimed to want immigrants among the professions, yet an incoming foreign doctor or lawyer had to take his courses and degrees all over again in local institutions and wait years before he could become a full-fledged Brazilian citizen.

These symptoms contain the germ of a latent and aggravating Nationalism that is in the blood of all South Americans and their respective governments—most assuredly including Getulio Vargas and his government—and seems destined for an epidemic in the early years of the peace, that is going to affect seriously our inter-relationship and complicate trade affiliations. A forerunner—indicated in Brazilian circles in 1941—was the drum-fire of accusations of "Yanqui profiteering," followed by import licenses and a sliding (upward) tax.

All of these untoward things could happen; some of them no doubt will. But the great majority of them will not sag in that direction, if we do our part, honestly, earnestly, and intelligently.

Bargaining and jockeying, threatening and sulking Iberian Grand Gestures now and then, maybe, but as long as we continue to consume approximately eighty percent of Brazilian coffee and seventy percent of their cocoa, there will always be a silver lining to any cloud wherever that may appear.

Brazil is only in the bud. When she shall come into full flower, the whole world will benefit from her superabundance. For Tomorrow our universe will have become ever more and more complex and interdependent upon the most common as well as the most rare raw materials. Most of them will be found in Brazil! By then, Brazil will probably have learned *How*. Perhaps the United States of North America may need Brazil more than Brazil ever needed the

United States. For she will have long since become a competitor in practically every popular material and product. In both manufactures and goods, she may be standing firmly on her own two feet, with foreign aid more easily obtained from our competitive Powers of Tomorrow: Russia, Germany, Britain. This may be true if we do not play our part well and forcefully.

This is Brazil, the Country of the Future, Bulwark of Inter-american Relations.

CHAPTER XLV

WHO SHALL BE THE LEADER?

Brazil may easily claim the geographical leadership of the continent of South America. Again, geologically, Brazil stands far out in the forefront; a vast storehouse of Nature, crammed with the widest variety of raw materials and mineral treasures. Finally, the bulk of all the world's coffee, the staple beverage of nearly half the people on earth—including Argentina!—comes from Brazil.

Leadership, however, is by no means solely dependent upon mere inherited advantages. It depends more largely on achievement. Brazil has many ponderous handicaps to overcome, not only in equalling and surpassing the great next-door nation, Argentina, but also in overcoming many of her own endemic weaknesses. Its very greatness in size, with widespread diversity of terrain, has always been one of Brazil's weakest points. Versus Brazil's aspirations to leadership, Argentina has always contended that the spell of Afro-influence made of the Brazilians a nation of fantastic dreamers rather than practical all-White doers of the more substantial things required by modern progress. To this stigma they added that, as a "hot country," Brazil was precluded from attaining ascendancy over a breed born and raised in the invigorating temperate zone, with all the upstanding qualities and qualifications of ambitious enterprise and applied industry essential to modern leadership!

In this perpetual competition and struggle for leadership—that will continue more fiercely in the coming years of the Peace, and that

cannot be ignored in any summation of Brasil Novo—Argentina has benefited from an aid and a prop beyond anything enjoyed by Brazil. Argentina has been called Britain's "Fifth Dominion." To an extraordinary degree, it may be said that the splendid edifice that Argentina is today is The House That John Bull Built! The "chilled beef" of Argentina, which took that country far out in front of the ranks of all South American competitors, was the invention of a British subject, was financed by Britons, and for decades has been the famous "Roast Beef of Old England." With two and a half billions of dollars' worth of British investments and the prospects of holding Argentina fast in friendship and intertrade, we find Britain taking no sides in the Great Argentina-United States Controversy.

In the tempestuous days to come, we may find Argentina-Brazil the Armageddon ground where the inevitable trade Battle for the Golden Fleece between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations will be fought. For, just as Argentina will be staked by Britain in the Great Continental Handicap, so will Brazil be backed to the skies by the Colossus of the North. Even with such seemingly formidable advantages now on Brazil's side, considering the pros and cons, it is doubtful if Brazil could hope to become anything more than a poor second in the race for leadership, were it not for a single extraordinary phenomenon. His name is Getulio Dornelles Vargas.

Had President Vargas been the stereotyped South American dictator, Brazil might have slipped back out of the running into comparative oblivion.

Vargas, however, was neither tyrant nor figurehead. He has proved himself to be one of the great planners and doers of our time, a profound statesman as well as a clever politician. Furthermore, he possesses that rare gift for genuine leadership—possibly for pulling his country into First Place—with the extraordinary powers of inspiration that alone could wake the sleeping giant to a lively sense of his own potentialities.

CHAPTER XLVI

WHY THEY DON'T LIKE US

Just because Brazil and Argentina are competitors for First Place and at continental odds is neither sign nor reason, according to Ibero-American way of thinking, that Brazil will become our ally in any quarrel with Argentina.

Also, don't let us get the idea too fixed, constituted as we both are, that we shall always be on congenial terms with Brazil. It isn't writ in the stars that way. We can't keep up these *Te Deums* forever. And we won't.

This brings us down to bedrock scrutiny of just exactly what is the actual, factual basic attitude towards the United States, aside from all friendly treaties or ticklish entanglements, of Getulio Vargas and the great majority of intelligent, thinking Brazilians. That is, stripped of all the wishful thinking tinsel of the Pollyannas.

To answer this question honestly, we shall have to exclude and sweep aside the testimony of all others but those who either have lived long in South America and caught the rhythm of its undertones, or those unbiased trained observers capable of more quickly penetrating and seeing beneath the inconsequential surface of things. Authentic documentation is furnished also out of the mouths and from the pens of the South Americans themselves. No adequate answer seems possible, fabricated from the home-made opinions and surmises anywhere north of the Caribbean Sea.

Vargas, his Brazilians, and the vast majority of literate Latin Americans, have all their lives heard tell of the big and mighty North American nation, generally referred to as, the "Yanqui," the "Gringo," or some other less complimentary term, but not widely, at least, as the "American," except ironically. Fabulous tales of the deeds of these haughty and aggressive palefaced people in time became more or less a common legend in every educated Latin's household. It was as familiar as our "Little Red Ridinghood," with always a counterpart of the Big Bad Wolf. Later on in life, they found that their histories actually substantiated the

tales of their childhood. So the Yanqui became the legendary villain of the piece; fearful and fearsome, not a person or a people to be trusted or liked. There was little or no opportunity to disprove either current or historical allegations, because Yanqui visitors and residents were rare, and the United States, though hemispheric neighbors, were nearly as aloof as the people of Kamchatka in any friendly overtures.

Let us examine the record of history and see just how much of a good neighbor we have been during the first century and a half of our nationhood and discover if there is any valid foundation for the South American's ingrained antipathy.

Turning backwards to 1823, when the majority of the South American republics were in their cradle and the United States of North America was less than a half century old, we learn that the most far-reaching and celebrated document in the whole history of inter-American relations was promulgated by President James Monroe, under the title of the Monroe Doctrine. It is a popular legend throughout North America that the Monroe Doctrine is held in universal love and esteem by Latin Americans as their sacred safeguard against incursion, invasion, and conquest of their sovereign lands and rights. But the Doctrine threatens only European powers who would become aggressors, but says nothing against inter-American aggressors or aggression. I have had it hinted to me by South Americans that the United States had an ulterior motive in framing the instrument.

Twenty-five years later, history records Mexico's being overwhelmed in a war, claimed by them to have been "cooked up" for the express purpose of expropriating nearly half of their sovereign state. "Where and how," I have been asked, "did your United States acquire all her vast Southwest territory, including the rich mammoth oil State of Texas?" The Monroe Doctrine had been aimed precisely at any such cannibalistic gobbling up of Latin American territory—by an aggressive European power!—they reminded me.

In 1898, Ibero-America was shocked—despite all differences it had severally endured—over the defeat of Mother-Spain, in the Spanish-American War, and her ignominious expulsion from the once-glorious New World that she had discovered, embellished,

and ruled over for nearly three centuries. In their hearts and their souls, it was *their* Spain. In their pride they were and always would be part of that Spain. Equally distasteful, had been the annexation of additional hallowed Spanish soil into the dominion of neighbor United States. Ever the same old villain in the piece, now become "the Colossus of the North."

In 1903, a revolution broke out in Panama, one of Colombia's United States. The United States of North America immediately "recognized" the secessionists as the new Republic of Panama, at the same time forcibly preventing Colombian federal troops from putting down the rebellion. Thereupon, Colombia lost her valuable Isthmian territory and the United States gained the Canal Zone. President Theodore Roosevelt made no beans about collusion. "I took Panama," he said, "because that was the only way at the time to get our Canal through."

A new phrase was added to the growing list of inter-American proverbs: "The Big Stick."

All the foregoing "acts of aggression," as they insist on calling them, stick out like sore thumbs, through which we "unto the third and fourth generation," must run the gantlet, in every path of intercourse. There exist still other barriers between us, however—some of which I have indicated in foregoing chapters—that are even more significant because they are invisible, underestimated and therefore ignored, a serious misdemeanor in itself with all Iberians.

If we still doubt that there are good and sufficient reasons why South Americans should be indisposed toward us in the direction of certain current diplomatic indiscretions, let us hearken to the solemn statement of Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, adviser on Latin American Affairs at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference: "In the past year," said Dr. Inman, "our relations with our southern neighbors have deteriorated and the danger point is approached."

I offer the spectacle of *L'Affaire Argentina*.

"Hull's letter was only one of a series of glacial denunciations and bad judgment. Argentine nationalists raged at the insults. . . . This lesson in Argentine psychology might have taught Secretary Hull the danger of scolding haughty Argentines. . . . Denunciations backed by no threat of action,

merely made the Argentines angry, bolstered the popularity of the government. . . . Instead of speaking softly and carrying a big stick, the United States had been shouting loudly to cover up the fact that it could not use its big stick, for reasons of Hemisphere policy. . . . Argentina made a clever move. She asked the Pan American Union to call a conference . . . to hear and judge her case . . . Chile, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela consented (to attend) and had their faces slapped by the United States State Department, which wants no open hearing. . . . Argentines were exhilarated. Most Latin Americans were secretly (or openly) delighted, even some North Americans were amused to see the brat from the Rio de la Plata stand up and sass back the Colossus of the North. . . . Argentines have long believed that their special role is willy-nilly to defend the South American continent against the Colossus of the North."

The foregoing words are those of *Time* (Magazine) and not my own.

CHAPTER XLVII

BUT—

Brazil's complete cooperation and collaboration cannot be counted upon until the United States' breach with Argentina is healed. Despite Argentina being "recognized" by the United States and all Pan America, the wound remains open. On its face, this seems preposterous—especially on the part of our partner, Brazil, who is no friend of Argentina. Familiarity with the composite facts of the case, informs us to the contrary.

We should not commit ourselves to the proposition, either that we can further injure one Latin country by playing up and favoring another, or that we can hurt or threaten one out of the ten South American republics—or one of the twenty Pan-Latin American countries, for that matter—without vicariously wounding every other Iberian soul and body in the racial corporation. At the psychological moment it is bound to militate against us.

As a commentator in the *New York Times* says: "While funda-

mentally Latin Americans may not approve the practises of the Buenos Aires military clique, they have a latent fear that the United States may revert to 'Big Stick' diplomacy, and this fear leads them to applaud Argentina's successful resistance to pressure from the United States." This same authority goes on to add: "It is no secret that Britain and the United States have been unable to agree on their Argentine policy—and that their failure to do so is closely related to their respective trade aims in South America."

A correspondent in the same newspaper avers: "The board of governors of the Pan American Union has refused to take any action on Argentina's request to plead her case." (*Time* called it "A Pan-American conference under United States pressure to gang up on Argentina.") "The Board may have undone 55 years of tremendous, if often misguided, effort to achieve hemispheric solidarity. . . . It may serve to reopen old wounds which the Good Neighbor Policy has spent so many millions trying to heal. . . . Is our fundamental objective a spirit of cooperation and good will among the nations of the Western Hemisphere, or is it solely the punishment and alienation of Argentina?"

Is this not just another of those eternal and infernal collisions between national and partisan interests? The overweening desire of a national Administration for triumph in the field of Foreign Affairs to the advantage of its own ends, possibly at the expense of the national middle? Our government, American-style, is one in which the right hand of Policy does not always know—and is in opposition to—what the left hand of Business is doing! So different from the British-style, in which the Crown is often placed on the head of Foreign Trade!

Brazil and all the others look on, with contemplation. Regardless of what they do or say, they can't help but think the old bugaboo, "How like the Colossus of the North!"

What one step has ever been taken, by the peace-loving, democratic United States of America that did not insult or openly threaten the benighted, feudalistic Argentina?

As I have written elsewhere, "Argentina is the pivot of Pan-American Peace," as well as an "Open, Sesame" to unrestricted Brazilian Trade.

CHAPTER XLVIII

BRAZIL AND THE UNITED STATES

So many of the obstacles, such as obdurate animosity and wounded pride, versus the "intrusion" of the Yanqui, to be found in my discussion of Argentina,* are reversed in the case of Brazil who invites, welcomes, and is complimented by almost any kind of Yanqui innovation—if not invasion—thus far devised.

Due to certain ingrained conflicting and mutually misunderstood qualities, inhibitions, and predilections, this makes for a situation mined with dynamite. Just a wee bit too much rough handling, harsh ignorance, rough-shod arrogance, wooden nutmegging, Dollar Diplomacy, Big Stick, or Good Neighboring, and—Percussion! *B-o-o-m!* Repercussion! Over goes the so nicely arranged apple cart!

Such a catastrophe need not be—*ever*. And most probably will be avoided by the post-War diplomatic set-up.

But the danger and the dynamite will always be there. Both our immediate future and our mutual destiny will be safe only in the capable hands and the common sense, and in the measure of fine tolerance, wit, and wisdom, of those delegated to handle and consummate our mutual affairs.

Does the United States adequately estimate, or properly evaluate, the unhampered power, potentiality, and "capriciousness" of a totalitarian state, even though an ally? Certainly we should have learned a lot from the "arbitrariness" of the totalitarian Soviet Union, who does not give a tinker's damn for "our way of life," our democracy, and many other scattered ideals we have been fighting for. They have been fighting for something remotely different, something often opposed to our declared ideals, and apparently have attained their ends! Well-grounded and superior statesmen should have anticipated Soviet Russia's every least international act and operation! I am sure that Ally Britain was not in the least

* See "ARGENTINA—Pivot of Pan American Peace" (1944), Hastings House, New York.

surprised by anything that has transpired. For Dictators, unlike purely political Presidents, are a law unto themselves. Vargas, for example, for nearly fifteen years was not restrained, impeded, or interfered with by a bickering Congress, constituent blocs, labor union czars, or campaign obligations. He could make any international treaty or promise, declare war or become a belligerent ally, or remain neutral, if he chose, accept a loan or refuse to pay a debt, or take any course whatsoever, in behalf of the advance or the well-being of his nation.

As long as Vargas remained in dictatorial power, and thought that fascism, communism, or a pure democracy, was the best form of political structure to arrive at a Greater Brazil—and could get away with it, for he was no fanatical fool—he would not hesitate to scrap his existing polyglot format which Good Neighbor Americans are pleased to call a Democracy. What difference does it make anyhow—with such strange bedfellows as the Big Three—what kind of a political “front” prevails in Brazil?

By his spirited, courageous, and resolute stand in the face of the popular polemics in this hemisphere, Vargas demonstrated that he was not willing to let his cherished *Brasil Novo* be wrecked even on the rock of pure Democracy, or what have you. As a matter of close-mouthed record, he personally was not committed to any -ism or -ocracy or -ology. He, with reason, considered that the people of the U.S.A. were just as fanatical as all the other shouting ideologists of communism, fascism or imperialism. He seemed less concerned with an ideology for Brazil and his Brazilians, as with an ideal, that walks humanly on two legs.

CHAPTER XLIX

OUR WAY OF LIFE — AGAIN

The American mentality—in war or at peace—is easily shocked and may even be shattered at the mere mention of certain radical, revolutionary, or so-called pernicious political systems contrary to

“our way of life,” of thinking, or of politics. We go into a dither without honestly weighing possible merits—or even demerits. Without thought, reason, or application of philosophy, we too often submit to a puritanical seizure of intolerance that manifests itself in labels, blanket indictments without trial, mass violence, Ku Klux Klans. Apostles of effects without ever having been disciples of causes we are prone to be lavish with our emotion—and even our money—but sparing with reason. We go all the way with a leap, which makes it awkward sometimes to withdraw or to go into reverse; as, for example, in our unreasoning hate for Argentina, and our exaggerated affection for Brazil. The time has arrived for us to give thought beyond our selfish interests and impulsive inclinations, and to look forward into Tomorrow and the day after Tomorrow, as to consequences, repercussions, and the pay-off.

We shudder at the mere thought of abstract fascism, communism, imperialism, and dictatorship and then proceed to give the right hand of fellowship to and induct all our Allies into the Holy Brotherhood of Pure Democracy—imperialistic, autocratic Britain, totalitarian Russia, half a dozen harsh little military Pan American dictatorships and finally, the then constitutionless, un-representative government of Brazil. Pure democracy or “our way of life” are the last things that any of them want or would tolerate. They know that they won’t work in their countries.

Never was this more true than in Brazil, on whom, sooner or later we may be trying to impose them, with all our might and main.

Why not take and accept the Brazilians, first, last, and always, for whom and what they really are?—and let their politics, and other personal affairs, severely alone. Fancy any Brazilian or other friend or foe, questioning the character or sincerity of our politics, especially if they happened to be our guests!

CHAPTER I

AS THOUGH DIPLOMACY SETTLED ANYTHING

"Diploma" is a Greek word, meaning "double, or two-fold." "Diplomacy: dexterity in securing advantages; characterized by, or skilled in diplomacy; tactful; artful. Diplomatist: one tactful or crafty in affairs, especially in managing others."

A common boast of Americans is, "We say what we think!" which might count for much, if we would only think more over what we say. It is neither the essence of diplomacy nor of being diplomatic to say what we think, right off. Especially is such a formula inopportune in South American diplomatic circles. Vargas, for example, was never guilty of such indiscretion. He was always a "silent man." He listened, with his ear to the ground and his eye on his people, cogitating, often translating his thoughts into deeds instead of words.

Diplomacy is professional battledore and shuttlecock among experts at the game. A war among wits, not a contest in horse-shoe throwing, calling a spade a spade. There is no such thing as "crude Diplomacy"; that is small-town antics gone astray.

We should bear in mind that these Latins are a little more subtle than we are. That is their nature. We Anglo-Americans glory in being honest-to-God Joe Blunts, regardless of whether our brutal frankness is going to slay our budding friends, or only shock them back again into erstwhile suspiciousness (another of their Latin foibles). Then, having delivered our honest-to-goodness coup de grace, any further *simpatico* intercourse becomes out of the question, and we wonder why.

Just watch the British, if you want to learn something about diplomacy; especially, long-range diplomacy, efficaciously designed to direct the Course of Empire for the benefit of generations of Britons as yet unborn!

Much of this inefficiency and resultant confusion stems from our conception and divergence between "Government" and "Administration." Foreigners and officials abroad cannot understand it, or us.

In Britain, for example, the Government and the Administration of the Government is one, especially in the matter of policy. In the United States, the Administration is only the Government for the time being; the party in power's interpretation of the Government is often in the terms of "spoils." Our policies usually change completely with each new Administration, taking on the color, complexion and opinion of the incumbent, which possibly may be completely opposite to that of the previous "Government." The impression abroad, is that such a turnover overnight connotes instability.

Politics! Events have shown that we are sometimes more concerned with domestic politics than with foreign policy, *per se*. Such exercise of politics goes no further than the normal functioning of either Republican or Democrat. At home our political vision is no broader. We vote "Democrat" or "Republican" with little variation all our lives.

None of that blind political partisanship with Vargas, at home or abroad! One of the first things he did when he came to power, as we have seen, was to throw overboard the whole partisan machine and the bric-a-brac of partyism went with it. Brazil is neither republic nor democracy, according to our reading of the term. Vargas was so, only in so far as he found it expedient to be a democrat or a republican. Vargas, to repeat, was a dictator in practically every sense, except in the harsh ultra-fascist uses and enforcements of totalitarianism. In other words, after studying the needs of his Brazilian people he gave them the kind of a government best suited to them, at that time, in his sage judgment.

Some day, if we don't watch out—or even if we do—when the gilt veneer of "Ally" is worn off, certain American elements will begin holding mass meetings in Madison Square Garden and elsewhere, petitioning Washington that our diplomats demand that Brazil quit this dictator business and become a democracy—like us—using force, if necessary! Perhaps it is already in the works!

The sails of our diplomacy should be trimmed accordingly, if we intend to make port and bring home the bacon.

"Whose country and whose Government is this anyway?" demanded the Argentinians resentfully, when we tried to interfere.

Brazil, some day, may begin asking the same question—resentfully—if we don't stick to our muttons. And add: "Did the Four Freedoms invest only the Four Powers with rights to governments diametrically opposed to one another's principles!"

CHAPTER LI

ACTIONS AND REACTIONS

Certain direct actions are expected to result from a relationship with a given person, group, or nation. No one is surprised.

The realm of reaction is quite another matter and the more important of the two. Actions are regulated, more or less, by an established convention, existing and understood between individuals and society in civilized nations. Reactions do not necessarily belong to the same category. Reactions of a White, a Black, or a Yellow; of a Briton, an American, or a Latin American, will not be at all the same under the same circumstance, impulse, impact, or pressure. Differential results may lead all future relations into a totally divergent direction. Some, if not the majority, of such relations may be anticipated, prepared for, and taken care of in advance, if both parties lay the proper ground work of self-examination and discipline and make a more or less profound study of the "party of the second part." Certainly, all of our future relations with Latin America in general, and Brazil in particular, both merit and warrant such an intensive course of preparation.

Self-examination and analysis, seeking the nature of our own reactions as well as those of our proposed partner, in both friendship and trade, are no less important and imperative than memorizing the terms and the profits of the deal. For, if the customer and object of our attentions does not react "according to Hoyle" and we continue our dealing in ignorance and arrogance, it will come to no good end. We cannot know others, or treat or trade with them successfully, until we first know ourselves and what manner of reaction we may expect from ourselves under a given impulse.

There is no use saying that we would do thus and so with the French, the British, and so on, forgetting and ignoring the fact that each and every nation is different in character and has to be treated absolutely differently. This is true especially of the Brazilians, a new and very original race of people. Diplomacy with them is a very fine thread indeed.

Diplomacy, therefore, presupposes and demands at least a working familiarity with the people in their field as well as a foreknowledge of the background and foreground of the matter in hand. In other words, psychological knowledge is a prerequisite: how to reach the mind and the heart and the spirit of the people and their canny diplomatic representatives, how to please them, how to avoid offending them, and how to encompass issues without the use of force or rancor.

Going beneath the surface of our Foreign Policy in and with South America since the beginning of World War II, we should find that what superficially appear to be admirable results, were seldom attained without threats of force—or some form of bribery—creating breeding places for rancor in the cold gray dawn of the hectic days to come. The sheer weight of our critical needs, motivated by a grim warlike determination, was a steam-roller requiring and using no soft words of diplomatic persuasion and altogether *justifiable at that time*. What happened to Argentina, they were warned, would happen to each of them. And they couldn't take it. So, away down under their skin they really sympathize with Argentina. Post war results are already building formidable hurdles for U. S. Americans to negotiate when they come stretching out the empty glad hand of the professed and professional Good Neighbor. It will certainly appear to South Americans that we are rank opportunists, and to us at home it will seem that we have missed our great opportunity.

CHAPTER LII

WHAT IS THE UNITED STATES GOING
TO DO ABOUT IT?

Who do we think we are, anyhow?

It is unquestionable, that "We, the People of the United States of America"—are numbered among the most astonishing and extraordinary groups of organized society recorded in all the pages of history. This summation will be found on both sides of the ledger, pro and con.

Here we are, less than a couple of centuries in the making, and yet—according to Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in acknowledgment to and before the British Parliament, representing His Majesty King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, on whose domain "the sun never sets"—"the most powerful nation on land, sea, and in the air!"

Our greatness is not accidental. It was not derived from wars and conquest or enriched from foreign possessions. We have never been successful exploiters. The race, that fought and bled for the freedom of this country and laid out the foundation of the Republic, and toiled and pioneered to build the America that is standing up to-day, though "foreign influences" are gnawing at its vitals, is of the same Anglo-Saxon stock that first came to its shores more than 300 years ago. As nations go, we are in our teens, and frequently act and carry on accordingly. But we are as rough as we are husky, and as kindly at heart as we are boastful of lips. Like all youth, we've got a lot to learn—by the hard way.

Turning to the chief source of America's material greatness, we find that our geographical economy—concentration on the development of the resources found within our own borders—has brought out the best in us. Internationalism—"Foreign Entanglements," George Washington called it—has invariably shown up our weakness and brought out the worst in us.

To the Anglo-Saxons (the English), we are indebted as a race for our tough fiber, up-standing stature, doggedness, frankness, and

honesty, as men and traders, with a genius for solving "impossible" problems and making "silk purses out of sow's ears." But also, we are marked with Anglo self-righteousness, crusadism, the missionary complex. (I recall the fervent psalm-singing at the memorable political mass meeting in Madison Square Garden acclaiming Progressive T. R. as The Bull Moose, ignoring the hypocrisy of the Panama exploit.) That invincibility, that so largely contributed to the winning of World War II, stems from our English heritage. The cleavage between our two peoples, however, was clear-cut and permanent, when the Colonists became "Americans," and the English, "British."

Since Lincoln—the last of the great, rugged "Early American" type—we have veered away considerably from the English mould. (There had been a flare-up of the British "Empahr" pattern in our Mexican War venture; then a couple of more "Empire" episodes, in acquisitions resulting from the Spanish-American War and the Panama Canal. All three were tacks in the heel of Pan American solidarity and friendship.)

Now, at the conclusion of World War II, the United States of North America looms again, in the eyes of the Latin American world, cast in the imperial armor of indomitable might. Germany made her greatest mistake, not in misjudging her own power, or the strength of Russia, but in underestimating the might of the United States of America! Nothing human seems to be able to stand up in opposition to the mighty machine that has been built up in this continent.

It is a sobering thought.

And here the Colossus stands poised, hesitating, Congress and the people only slightly in doubt, as to which course to take wholeheartedly, which direction to turn, to give the best part of ourselves, our wealth, and our trade, to an incomprehensible and infinitely complex and alien world, or to our own Hemisphere, waiting for us to prove that we are their "Good Neighbor."

Turn Southward! Turn Southward! We may well pray. Now, with all the Eastern Hemisphere subdued and quiescent, occupied in licking their grievous wounds, is our epochal opportunity. A

time will never come again, so overwhelmingly balanced in our favor.

Directly before our eyes, lies the only untouched and unspoiled, unembattled and undestroyed continent and portion of the earth's bedeviled surface.

America at heart is isolationist. We, the people of the United States, are not Internationalists by unpropagandized choice, by talent, or by training. In that field, as yet, we are "green grass," "babes in the woods." Not even a Woodrow Wilson could stand up against the incorrigible but masterly diplomacy of his former war partners. Fighting the Battle of the Peace on foreign soil might even prove suicidal for Americans. We might well lose all the ground we have gained on the battlefield and in the field of American Institutions.

We have no doubt of the high purpose and good intentions of our Foreign Policy framers and executors, just as once before we trusted Woodrow Wilson and acknowledged the high moral content of his Fourteen Points. The failure of the Peace of Versailles was not the result of limitations either moral or intellectual, but of realistic circumstances beyond theoretical control. But these very circumstances should not have been beyond diplomatic visibility or historical vision.

Within a few decades, we approach the brink again. This time, we have found a way out. A worthy object upon whom to exercise our war-wrought energies, to market our released manufactures, to invest our restive dollars. We turn not Eastward, to total strangers, mixing into the unfamiliar post-war scramble for gains not within our "sphere of influence"; but towards "neighbors," New World cousins with the same family tree of Liberation from Old World tyrannies. But, new-found cousins, concerning whose home life, manners, and customs we should "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, and adjust our plans accordingly, lest they 'gang agley.'"

It is to that all-important end that the author has burrowed so deeply under the surface of Brazil and the Brazilian.

We North Americans had challenged the rest of the world as "the land of plenty, flowing with milk and honey!" Self sufficient! That boast was an empty one, when the Great Test came in the

War of the World. We found ourselves in critical want. Not only did we lack the vital *matériel* of armament and ammunition, but also we learned what it was to be rationed and stand in line—like a street beggar!—for coffee and sugar and butter and shoes. America! In want! Imagine it!

Are we going to forget the Great Lesson of the War? That South America was our friend, in our hour of need, rather than our needy friend? Hasn't it dawned on some of us yet, that we cannot completely get along without South America? That certain products essential to North American manufacturers can be secured only in Brazil, for example? Or haven't our statesmen and seers envisioned that if we should plan and work and build together, we can have and share everything needed in the successful conduct of either War or Peace? Europe and all the rest of them without good intentions, may go hang!

Brazil, by all counts can become our closest economic partner in the future.

In spite of Brazil's own lack of roads and intercommunications, a broad open seaway lies between the numerous and excellent ports of our two countries, with Brazil's merchant marine the largest in South America.

Of the land route—the Pan American Highway—from the "States" to and through Brazil, we can speak less confidently and hopefully than in connection with perhaps any other South American country, for reasons already made apparent in discussing the difficulties in getting from place to place and state to state, especially through northern and eastern Brazil. So, we had better dismiss from our minds the prospect of jumping into our jalopies and rolling down to Rio, at least for another couple of decades or so.

But, there seems to be little need for travel and transportation worries, following the establishment of the Peace. Yesterday, Brazil and all the points of interest and of commerce were a world away. Today, I can step on a plane at Miami one morning and be in Rio the next night. The day after Tomorrow, I shall, in all probability, be able to board a "sleeper" stratoliner in New York, and wake up next morning in Rio!

In the experts' picture of post-war aviation, they forecast air

trains with freight gliders, a string of aero-boxcars moving under semi-automatic control through stratospheric space. If you happen to miss a giant luxury stratoliner express for Rio, you would jump into your own private air speedster. Three cents a sea-air mile is predicted, which means that a definite schedule of rates to Rio promises the fare will be considerably under \$200; this, of course, will cut down considerably the amount paid via sea. To back up their word, the Pan American Airways have planned 100 new Clippers to be double the size of the present giant craft, some to carry 400 passengers!

Unlimited air transportation—of both passengers and freight—holds forth inferences and implications for an advancement in progress in Brazil that one hesitates to prophesy. Aviation—with the injection of the helicopter that may land perpendicularly in any few yards of clearing though hemmed in by hundreds of square miles of natural barriers—levels mountains, bridges, seas and rivers and builds a smooth pavement over the tops of jungle and swamp-land. A good road from Anywhere to Everywhere, over airways, as straight, as short-cut, as speedy, and as unimpeded “as the crow flies!”

The endless two-way delivery of goods or resources—from factory to consumer or source to converter—becomes obvious, in quantities of geometrical proportions.

Herein too may be provided an answer to a question that has disturbed planners for the allocation of an unfamiliar and formidable wing of the “Returning Soldier”—the Birdman. There are 2,500,000 in the air arm of the Service; a hundred thousand of them flyers who have found their wings, with a huge number who will never again be content with earth-bound jobs of soda-jerking and counter-jumping. The Government has, perhaps, a hundred thousand planes for sale to the highest bidder. What a chance for the employment of this daring and adventurous, quick-witted, and air-hardened army, to bridge the continents, to tie the Hemisphere into one New World, and to band and bond together in familiar intercourse and profitable trade the two great republics of Brazil and the United States! Here is not merely a means of perpetuating a profession or a safety-valve for letting off combat steam, but a

rare opportunity for finding a nugget or a niche in an unplumbed treasureland.

Tourism in South America has been "in the air" for years, but never reached a substantially commercial stage till now. Heretofore, total transport facilities and accommodations (only via sea) at best did not exceed 50,000 passengers a year. Furthermore, the trip or tour took too long and cost too much. Since the War, all that has been radically changed. A lightning tour of the continent could be made in a fortnight and one can run down and return to work after a week-end in Rio! That sort of roller-skating, blind tourism, except to have a "good time," should be prohibited. It is mischievous for everybody concerned. However, as a branch of international Big Business, tourism stands near the top of trade enterprises. Just before the outbreak of the war, American tourists were spending in the neighborhood of six hundred million dollars a year on foreign travel! For a few years to come, Europe will be ruled out of the tourist column. What is to prevent South America in general, or Brazil in particular, with the largest number of "sights," from making a bid for a hundred million dollars worth, or more, of this American ready money? I can mention at least one positive deterrent. South America, including Brazil, is in no way prepared for any considerable inrush of tourists. Surplus hotel transient and de luxe accommodations are nil. American tourists are both timid and finicky. They won't "rough it," and they want to be doing something all the time. Private baths in Pernambuco and de luxe sight-seeing Amazon steamers equipped with electric fans, mosquito-net canopies, and non-hammock beds! A big order, but the income to be derived warrants a big expenditure. Tourists do not go places; they have to be "attracted" by million-dollar advertising campaigns and organizations of high-salaried travel experts. In Washington, once upon a time, I was shown a grandiose plan and blue-print for a proposed American Government World Tourism Plan, by an official of the late Office of Inter-American Affairs.

How we complement each other; *need* each other! Nature and the Machine both demand our collaboration. Our Ally in War will become our Partner in Peace.

But there is only one way on earth to give substance, solidity, and

permanence to this bond. It can't be done by official palaver, by visiting Good Will Commissions or mere co-membership in Pan American unions, or by conventions or Rotary Clubs. Trade is the only binder. Profitable exchange of things we want from each other. Give and take. Live and let live.

The time is dead ripe for the plucking. For South America bears a paradoxical resemblance to that devastated, starving market of Europe, only in that it is a virginal mart, with 120,000,000 people on the verge of becoming eager customers! Of these potential buyers, 45,000,000 inhabit Brazil. Brazil, that is on the road to becoming another, a brother United States.

CHAPTER LIII

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN —

The United States had provided her protégé with the teeth of the dragon of all trade—Industry—that might in some future day bite the hand that feeds it. We had not so much the “heavy” Industry of steel to fear—not at least, until it should fall into the hands of some other great World Power—but rather “light” Industry that would begin, and henceforth in ever-increasing volume, to manufacture ten thousand and one gadgets which the mills of industrial North America were keeping a small army of workers busy making and pouring into Brazil with profit.

Industries are not only the soundest source of our material greatness, but also the sustaining means of our continued prosperity. Industries and the Machine have at length come to have a stranglehold upon our entire pampered economy, from the cradle to the grave, to such an alarming degree that life itself—at least its comforts and luxuries—would cease, if the machine stopped. But behind and at the levers of the Machine is Labor. The sinews of Labor are Workmen. Machine, Labor, and Workmen are welded together in a new and growing empire, with a promised totalitarian power greater than that of the Pope when they shall have realized the ulti-

mate aim of one great World Union! 1944 saw Labor elect a President of the United States, and demand a political pay-off that threatens our whole democratic system. The prime weakness of near-perfect democracy lies in its too sympathetic toleration of the will and wilfulness of minorities, that in time come to master both the intelligentsia and the unorganized majority.

Dictator totalitarianism seems to be the only system that works in either stopping or controlling the headlong plunge of labor totalitarianism. But any and all such systems must come from the "bottom" and be based on socialism, with the Masses presumably in command and the Classes in contempt. Welfare works favoring and benefiting the Have-nots, at staggering public expense mercilessly taxing the Haves, have long warded off bloody violence in the world revolution that has been going on since World War I. Almost invariably, organized Labor has been the fulcrum that has both forced and upheld unprecedented Welfare. Liberal President Franklin Roosevelt saw the writing on the wall, but through a policy of appeasement wound up by finding himself bound hand and foot by Labor. National Socialist Hitler captured Labor by having One Big Union incorporated in the service of the government, soft-soaping them by a liberal bath of Welfare. Socialist-Fascist Mussolini had Labor eating out of his hand that was overflowing with Welfare. Socialist-Communist Stalin exterminated the Classes and took the Masses into full partnership, with every Worker his own Boss but nobody else's—the sweetest dream of the peasant—and a grim system of black-bread Welfare.

Liberal Dictator Getulio Vargas had a vastly different people and problem, more interested in local than world revolution. In gearing them to a part in world affairs he gave them Welfare, nevertheless, with a Grand Gesture that was truly Iberian. In many respects it exceeded in generosity America's famous Wagner Act.

President Getulio Vargas took over the administration November 1930, and a few weeks later created the Ministry of Labor, which centralized the administrative organization as well as the measures and provisions of a legislative character, connected with the social question and the regulation of labor. From March 1931 until April 1941 more than 160 new laws were decreed. Chief among

the new labor provisions were: the Two-Thirds Law (requiring that at least two-thirds of the workers in any establishment be Brazilian), salary equality with foreign workmen, eight-hour work day, guarantee of rest on Sundays and vacations with pay, the minimum salary, protection against unjust dismissal, special protection of workingwomen in a pregnant condition, protection for workers under eighteen, protection against accidents and occupational illnesses, guarantee of technical education for apprentices in industrial concerns, creation of refectories for workmen, numerous protective measures required for intellectual workers, recognition for collective contracts and the possibility for their extension to all their professions in the same trade. Legislation went even farther, so as to include economic protection, through retirement or old-age funds, pensions to heirs, and medical-hospital assistance with special benefits. Finally, with national resources reserved for real estate funds and foundations, a slum clearance and housing program for workers was begun.

All of these "radical" provisions were made the law, without lobbying a congress, without strikes, bloodshed, or destruction of private or corporation property, without class ruction and hatreds, without bribery or corrupt political practices throughout years of bitter wrangling. Totalitarian Dictator Getulio Vargas accomplished this peaceably in the fraction of a minute by the simple stroke of a pen.

CHAPTER LIV

CHARLIE BARTON, OF WORCESTER, MASS.

All new nations—if they are to become stable and successful—lay their foundations in a concrete bed of solvency followed by a framework structure of rigid steel-like economy. They know values acutely, because they begin, so to speak, with nothing! The United States of North America began that way. The nation not only got on its feet on a solid foundation but also it thrived and waxed rich on its regimen of hard work and strict frugality. Benjamin Franklin

was our arbiter. His mottoes: "A penny saved is a penny earned," and "Waste not, want not," were just as practical then in every home as the instalment plan and the surplus tax is today. In all early days, industriousness must go hand in hand with frugality. In modern times, however, machine industry has lifted toil from the shoulders of Labor and infected it with unguided and ungoverned leisure, which in these days of license and licentiousness, is largely thrown on the scrapheap of waste, with all the rest of our precious "savings."

I can best illustrate these points by citing the most perfect example of plant industry economy I have ever encountered. Although the *deus ex machina* is Charlie Barton, of Worcester, Mass., yet he is an exponent of the policy of economy laid down and being generally practised, by President Vargas.

The first time I heard of this wizard, Charlie Barton, was from the lips of a glib Americano-Cariocan: "The only thing that guy hasn't utilized is empty sparks—to can 'em and put 'em in roman candles!"

Charlie Barton is general superintendent of the Tramway Department and Works of South America's biggest public utilities corporation, "Light," of Rio. His shops cover 160 acres on the outskirts of the city. There I found the answers to at least a score of important questions that have long been in the minds of foreign students of Brazilian economy.

"Going back over twenty-five years of employment and *training* of Brazilian labor, I find that the Black and Yellow workman is every bit as good as the White. Properly managed, they do not merely do the job, but do it efficiently and economically, which is true cooperation and collaboration between Capital and Labor," Charlie told me during a day spent in visiting every busy corner of the vast works. "These men earn from fifty to ninety cents a day and yet they operate every known machine, expertly. Whatever worthwhile I have accomplished has been done with one hundred percent cooperation of Brazilian Labor!" The point is that these men were all his "boys" brought up by him through apprenticeship to become skilled artisans. "I was caught short by World War I. I prepared for the strain of this war in days of peace. I installed

all manner of tool machines. Now, we are self-contained, make every conceivable piece of equipment, and build nearly all our machines, from tacks to trolley wires, drums to twenty-foot dynamos. We make half of our rebuilds out of salvaged materials. We have scrap piles, but nothing is wasted. We not only make our cotton waste but we wash it with soap that is one of our by-products, and use it again and again. In adding these new foundries and machine plants making objects we used to import, we now employ nearly a thousand more men." I glanced into outside bins, where every nut and screw was collected and sorted, either going back to the foundry or cleaned and used again. "We operate bus as well as tram lines, and practically every vehicle is reconditioned."

On the way to the various sport fields, equipped with grandstands and floodlights—for the eighteen organized football teams play off their championship matches at night, using the fields for practise and recreation during the day—we passed heaps of discarded smouldering track ties. "This is how we get all coke used in our blast furnaces," Barton told me.

In his spacious private office, the windows of which commanded a panoramic view of several wings of the works, all surrounded by landscaped grounds with many flowering shrubs and plants, we had lunch served. Charlie Barton became very serious. "I've given more than half my life to this work and these works," he said. "You might say they are my works. Yet my whole project is going to end in a personal failure. The Government is relentlessly pushing me and my Canadian Company to the wall. Despite all our wide economies, reducing operating expenses to a minimum not found anywhere else, year by year they force upon us new tasks that are financially and humanly impossible to keep up. How can we make a profit with tram fares at one cent for five miles—half a cent for workmen—on worn-out rolling stock? We are nearing the end of our rope. When we go bankrupt, the Government will take over. That's what they want. A sort of benevolent confiscation of all foreign holdings."

Wrench in Baia, E. B. Kirk in Manáos, and all the other American managers, builders, and operators of successful utilities and industries—not only in Brazil, but all over South America—told me substantially the same story. All Latin Americans, due to jealousy,

acquisitiveness or covetousness, egged on by a rapidly spreading Nationalism, were trying to squeeze out American interests that had poured in and risked American money and lives, with geniuses at the head who had given the best years of their life to the projects.

CHAPTER LV

INDUSTRY — THE FIRST STEP FORWARD

A country is no more prosperous than its products.

At the beginning of World War II, Brazil found herself like a miser, rich per se in earthbound treasures, but due to the Blockade, unable to enjoy the advantages or benefits of her great wealth. She was even glutted with stagnant money accumulating from purchases of such commodities as coffee and war raw materials. But even this was choking her. There was nothing she could buy! European markets were wallowing in war. The United States had long ceased to manufacture consumer goods even for her own people.

The outlook for the early years of the Peace, held out little hope of anything more than a meager supply of thousands of imported objects, which the United States in particular had taught her people how to use and enjoy.

Here was a funny impasse! First, Brazil had been made to realize that resources in themselves were neither things to sell nor were they commerce. Then, having developed commerce, selling things that brought in money to buy and to create a lively trade, she is told there is nothing to buy, and she finds herself back where she started!

The transplanting of complete American steel mills in the vicinity of Brazil's almost inexhaustible iron mines was primarily a war measure. It gave to budding Brazilian industries material assistance, assurance, and impulse in a moment of despair. "Thus was created the steel industry in Brazil," said Minister Oswaldo Aranha, "enabling her to take a prominent world place in the manufacture of rails, sheets, bars, and countless lighter objects. The new industry

marks the beginning of our economic independence and a new era of progress."

Backing up Minister Aranha's statement was a sufficient iron reserve to produce all the steel that industrial Brazil could make use of for a thousand years. With expansion and in time Brazil would export steel! This promise was further substantiated by using part of the current United States' Loan to rehabilitate the antiquated rail line serving the mining district, raising its ore-carrying capacity from 500,000 to 2,000,000 metric tons a year.

Up to the time of the operation of this, one of the world's great steel mills, Brazil's manufacture of articles of steel had been confined largely to the use of scrap and to assembly plants. Desultory production now took on a permanent phase, that will increase in volume from year to year. Locks, hinges, padlocks, razors, stoves, pressing irons, iron furniture, and a thousand other metal objects with which Britain, Germany, and America had once supplied Brazil were vanishing from the import lists. But more important still, was Brazil's advance in the heavy steel industries, due in part to President Vargas's admonition, "If we must import machines, let them be largely machines to make machines!" Thus Brazil began to create more and more primary industries in her struggle to become self-sufficient and independent.

With first the decline and then the disappearance from the market of supplies from Europe and America and the sharp rise in the price of import goods, domestic manufactories found it encouraging and profitable to enter the field. Large aluminum, glassware, and cement factories began operation successfully, in the making of "home products." At length, Brazil could claim, that with the exception of the heaviest machinery and instruments of precision, it was manufacturing—in a few cases assembling—practically everything in common use, from paper to pianos.

The agricultural state of Old Brazil that I had visited a decade before, had become the powerfully industrial nation of Brasil Novo at the time of my later visit.

A former president of the National Association of Manufacturers, seeking to dispel the concern of American industry over the ap-

proaching industrialization of Latin America, made some impressive remarks on "Yankee Imperialism."

"The principal obstacle to our export business in Latin America is the low purchasing power of the people. That market for our goods will increase, not through increase of raw material wealth, but through industrialization. By supplying our neighbors with the machines needed to process their own products and teaching them how to use them, we will enable them to give profitable employment to many thousands of workmen and add millions to their buying power as well as to the price they get for their own products."

A current morning newspaper advertisement is the best answer:

JUST ARRIVED FROM BRAZIL

PURE SILK PRINTS

at \$7.95 a yard

Smooth supple crêpes, the kind you've always loved. Unexpected subtleties of color. Plenty of spirit tuned to our tempo, our tastes, and our climate. Just another good-neighbor gesture with emphasis on *quality*!

CHAPTER LVI

TRADE—WITH TEETH IN IT

Laying aside, for the nonce, all this plush talk about our Good Neighbor, good old Democracy Brazil, and the virtues of Vargas, let's get down to business! For, all said and done, our deepest interest in Brazil (just as our prime interest in Argentina, with all the acrid talk about the Axis and feudalism brushed aside) is Trade. Unlike Argentina with her harshly competing beef, wheat, and corn, which we don't want, Brazil has coffee, cocoa, and rubber, which we do want. But some day, Brazil will have beef, corn, wheat, cotton, iron, oranges, and apples, and a number of other products, *which we do not want* and which will make hard sledding in our world export market. Will we like Brazil just as much in November

as we did in May? We would be very fickle and foolish if we did not.

One lesson this world needs to learn very badly is that we must get along amicably with all the other folk or nations and not quarrel and fight with them, regardless of whether or not we like the way they wear their political bonnets, or worship God, or are born with a different colored skin, or sell their apples on our corner. That is Cosmos Democracy.

Nevertheless, despite our having fought a bloody "World War to bring peace"—the rankest fallacy ever perpetrated—we find human bile churned into an unprecedented state of threatening animosities. There are rumbles, rumors, and forebodings, not only against enemies, but among friends; suspicion and distrust, between America, Britain, Russia, China, and South America. The devil *ex machina* lurking somewhere in practically every instance—under the virtuous cloak of legitimate business, or commerce, or profit, or money—is Trade.

Every excuse on earth has been offered in behalf of Trade, both good and evil. The French have a word for it, "Les Affaires"; Americans call it "Business"; British name it "Trade." All nations if brought to the point of desperation over Trade, seem ready to cut one another's throats, if we are to believe history.

Trade has all the earmarks of being a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Competition in trade is bound to arise sooner or later, which means inevitable collision and clash with unfriendly repercussions, in this profit-motive, money-tainted world.

With the end of war and the coming of peace, begins the struggle.

An inventory of the war years shows that we would have been pretty badly off indeed without South American rubber, oil, tin, copper, etc. There was a lively trade in those important commodities. But, just as war had completely changed the Latin American trade picture, so do we find that peace will again upset the apple cart. With peace, South America in particular will develop new trading points that may stick into our ribs. Our enormous purchase of certain raw materials, used in the conduct of war, fall off alarmingly. Many other armament materials to be used in rebuilding devastated Europe—like iron, tin, and copper—will come from

"home," colonial possessions, or more closely-related sources. Other supporting South American crops and commodities, formerly eagerly bought up by a non-belligerent France, Germany, Italy, Czechoslovakia, will find only a market of beggars unable to pay for them. So, sooner, or later, we shall see Latin American economy out of joint. If they can't sell, how can they live, let alone buy from the United States?

What is this improvised world going to use for money? American dollars they tell us, because we have told them that. It will be hard on United States taxpayers, lifting themselves by their own bootstraps!

While we are all resigned to hard times ahead, we know perfectly well that all the countries in the world, with or without mortgageable assets, will find sufficient funds to carry on trade—even if we have to lend funds to them.

Neither war nor transition-conditions of trade may be called or considered normal. Therefore our tradewinds must be tempered to the shorn or to the shaggy lambs. They must be so gauged and always kept fluid.

Lest we forget. South America has everything that Europe also wants and needs; both in raw materials and trade. And they are going to try to get them as soon as they are able, exactly the same as they did before the world broke into pieces. With the peace, comes the new tug-of-war; a struggle scarcely less bitter than war itself. Only, the iron heel and the iron fist become the clawed pussy-foot. The highest bidder, the lowest price, the best workmanship, and the most astute salesmen (not the slickest) will be the winners in the international War of Business. The Good Neighbor weapon won't count for any more than a toy pistol in this titanic battle. Good Business first, Good Neighbor afterwards. Bad Trade would spoil all our Good Neighbor prospects. Why are our trade and our diplomacy so hopelessly far apart? The British don't order it that way.

Commercialized trade has none of our government's Santa Claus economy in it. Foreign market traders have got to step up and meet our demands. Which is as it should be. Our trade hope in Brazil has lain in Vargas. Vargas exploded the *amanha* tradition and stepped

up the speed of transactions. But even in business, if everything is going our way—"Whoop-de-doo!" But let them do something that we don't like—"Biff—bang!"

It won't do.

Both traders must scrap all that has gone before; forgive and forget. This is a new set-up, a new world, a new era of business we are now entering; a "New Order" that a devastating war has forced upon us. It is not a mere moral reformation, implying we have been naughty in the past and promise to be good in the future. It is something deeper and more significant than that. It is the greatest opportunity in the trade life and career of our Western World to unite! If we miss it, we shall rue the day.

Defense days are definitely over, when intertrade degenerated and the financial gap was bolstered up by artificial feeding with defense funds priorities. There was darn little intertrade but a whole lot of leaning and international boondoggling, as though Latin America were on the dole or the W.P.A.

CHAPTER LVII

FOREIGN COMPETITION OF THE FUTURE

The British had the right idea and direction—as we have seen—in their Amazon Project and procedure, known as SNAPP, in the preparation of which they took more than a half a century. They do not make a practise of going off half-cocked. The Brazilian Government took over SNAPP. Now it remains to be seen if it will let it succumb to the romancing, graft, and inertia that has seemed so prevalent in the Amazonian design.

Everywhere I went—not only in Brazil—but throughout all South America, I saw England well founded and strategically established in local business, in international trade; every port well connected by regular shipping service with the Empire. England stands ace-high in the respect of them all for her substantial qualities of keeping her word and selling them good goods. But more significant

still, England is deeply intrenched in the patriotic hearts of every nation for the military and naval aid and generalship she contributed in the critical days of the Liberation. Putting aside for the moment, that it was all part of Britain's Plan of Empire to crush Spain and clinch the world balance of power, the fact remains that in their several histories, England occupies the niche of Savior. For this reason alone, the United States can never, never hope altogether to discredit or displace England in South America; not even in Brazil.

So, gentlemen of the Shop and the Senate, meet your perpetual and beastly clever competitor in this Hemisphere—England!

Taking into account the more immediate future of the peace, England will be standing shoulder to shoulder with the United States of North America, on the winning side—as usual. In South America, we shall find her standing face to face with the United States, seriously challenging us in the forthcoming duel of trade. All the other formidable challengers of yesteryear are in ruins, ground into senseless dust under the spiked wheels of the Jugger-naut.

We shall probably win the first bout with Britain, for we have the greater immediate resources and shall be the quicker to recuperate. We shall possess the greatest air fleet in the world and probably a greater sea tonnage, although already there is danger of being jockeyed out of first place in the air, our armada of Liberty ships are said to be too large for innumerable small Latin American ports, and we have been lax in looking ahead to the lucrative intercontinental passenger and fast freight vessels. Britain had plans well in hand for several great luxury liners before the war was at an end. Furthermore, we had already given our word to feed and finance, clothe and rebuild, a demolished and hungry world. That will prove a handicap and rob us of considerable competitive strength and prestige. Meanwhile, every pound, shilling, and penny that England can get together will be devoted to rebuilding the half-destroyed Empire. It remains to be seen what the Four Freedoms will do about keeping the promise of not turning back to their former "Protectors" the lucrative Treaty Ports and the rich Protectorates with their treasures of rubber, tin, lead, quinine, etc. Turned loose, they

are going to make mighty poor, impoverished, incompetent, and cruel little bobtail democracies.

Give Britain time to dig in down there in South America and we won't have such a walkover.

Practically since their initial installation, the great bulk of Brazilian public utilities have been in British hands. In the several excerpts I have made quoting prominent Americans, all were superintendents of great corporations under British control. From the viewpoint of stability, these concerns were incorrigible. They all evidenced a common flaw that laid them wide open to attack on their probable continuance in power. "Look at the service they give!" fumed Wilcox, American Consul. "Rest your eyes on this telephone, for example, if you want to see an antique! One of the first models that appeared in Britain. Look at the antiquated way it was installed. Needed repairs for years. Rotten service. Listen to those tram cars rattling down the street. Worn-out old cattle cars from Europe. British investors have to get twenty percent on their money!" But that wasn't the real reason for all this antiquity. Any observing visitor to England knows that most of the public utilities have seen little change since the year one, from trams, to hospitals, to water "laid on." South Americans used to think that they were the last word in modern wonders, until American trade broke through the barnacles with modern machines and methods and gadgets. The Germans and the Japanese manufacturers imitated us—the Japanese generally making something worse and the Germans often something better—but the English went right along in the rut, arguing that what was good enough for Britons, was good enough for anybody, by Jove! Well, it ain't so, by Jiminy! The Brazilians, and all the rest of South America, want the very latest models and inventions of everything, and are not inclined to buy anything short of that. In this particular, the Yankee tradesman will score heavily, and unless the British become all-out à-la-mode they stand to lose certain blocks of trade.

"But," added Counsel Wilcox significantly (reverting to foreign-held public utilities) "the British and all the rest of us will have to close out before long—then the service will be worse than ever!"

By a curious quirk of nature, South America is deficient in coal.

This will always prove a serious handicap in the development of "home industries." This is especially true in the case of the ambitious industrial plan of Brasil Novo, despite the promise of gasoline and oil motor-power and the as yet undeveloped but enormous water-power. Brazil's crucial industrial independence rests on coal for power. Coal will for all time hold an advantageous fulcrum for England's barter trade. Welsh cannel coal contains certain high-combustion properties absent in American coals and can be delivered more economically even than native coal. Again, in this commodity, Britain holds a slight edge in the competition contest.

The British Empire has a dual personality: the visible empire of diplomacy and conquest; the invisible empire of trade. For centuries, both have been supported and supplied by the greatest of maritime aggregations, and backed up menacingly by the Royal Navy, second to none. Through a combination of diplomacy and economy, England manages to entangle certain totally foreign countries in a two-way web and stranglehold, rendering them absolutely, and sometimes abjectly, dependent on a continuity of intertrade. Without Britain's trade support, they could scarcely stand up. South American Argentina might be quoted as an example.

There is only a vague semblance of this sort of relation and procedure between America's governmental diplomacy and foreign trade affairs. Our government through its diplomats will demand and even declare war, in behalf of American trade rights abroad. But foreign trade once established, there the mutual loyalty seems to end. In the eyes of latter-day Administrations, such necessarily big businesses become more or less inimical. As private corporations and trusts they are often accused of operating "in restraint of trade" and receive short shrift at the proletarian hands of our legislators of just laws and administrators of republican justice.

Not so in Britain's case. The government not only backs up private foreign enterprise, but goes farther and sometimes subsidizes it—leaving it still for private hands to profit from the venture—as in the case of super-luxury liners, like the *Queen Mary* (without such soldier transports, our war invasion of Europe might have failed to materialize) that could not have competed profitably for the tourist trade. By such a happy wedding of government and pri-

vate capital, Britain, Germany, and France, ran away with the maritime tourist traffic. Now, with the balance of world tonnage in our hands, as well as surplus airplanes, are we going to hand over leadership on sea and in air to Britain, *et al*? Perhaps we will make another try at government ownership, formerly so deficient in passenger and shipping satisfaction and resulting in such alarming deficits from federal management?

On the other hand, I can personally testify after frequently sailing abroad on nearly every foreign line that left these shores, that I have never seen or experienced service, cuisine, all around passenger comfort, and luxury, superior to that I enjoyed before World War II on Moore-McCormack's liners of the *Argentina* class, serving Buenos Aires (Argentina) and Rio de Janeiro in express time. The smaller Grace Luxury Liners, going to Venezuela and also down the West Coast, are in a top class by themselves. The Pan American Airways (including the Panagra and other subsidiaries) had attained wellnigh perfection, in speed, service, and safety, long before World War II began, and ever since have kept in the forefront of air improvements and refinements.

Regardless of the facts, whether Britain is at war or even seems to be threatened by debacle, there are always scouting and field parties; Empire-Building Committees scouring the earth for ever more resources and *preparing for tomorrow*. In 1940, when "the tight little Isle's" fate hung in the Blitz balance, a British mission, headed by my Lord Willingdon, was combing South America with a forward view to future trade. Orders were being placed, through the British Chamber of Commerce in Rio, for an uninterrupted supply of iron ore and more precious minerals. Said Minister of Production, Oliver Lyttleton, before the Anglo-Brazilian Society, in London: "Post-war conditions in Brazil would be a challenge to Britain's enterprise but would not mean the end to the flow of British exports. Rather, they would call for a shift in the nature of the exchange . . . to show ingenuity in providing Brazil with the wide range of new products, now being developed under the stress of war, that would be a great value in the peacetime markets. These new goods we will shortly be able to export to the rest of the world."

Meanwhile, both air and steamship navigation was being consolidated, for the specific purpose of waging commercial campaigns, in South America, in the East, and in Africa.

"But," I have been told, "in the final analysis, Brazilians like Americans, personally, but don't really like the British."

While this may be so, it is also true, all things considered, Brazilians trust the English as a nation, whereas they don't altogether trust the Americans.

CHAPTER LVIII

NATION X, THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY

Incidentally, more than passing consideration should be given to the possibility of some sort of trade get-together between the Colossus of Europe, Soviet Russia, and the Colossus of South America, Brazil. Vargas had always been relentlessly hard and harsh with organized Reds within his realm, more than once blaming the Soviets for deliberately plotting to destroy his government. In this same connection, we should remind ourselves that there was a time when President Vargas displayed considerable irritation toward the United States and a decided predisposition towards the Reich. But haven't all nations a way of playing fast and loose, when it is to their advantage? We once glorified and eulogized "noble little Finland" for her brave stand against the despicable Russian Bear and, for two cents, a large portion of our American public would have subscribed to sending military aid against the big bully. This was only a year or so before we began calling Finland an untrustworthy bunch of fanatics, and were stroking the nice big Bear.

The significant fact has long been patent to South Americans, that Russia will rule and control the greater part of Europe, and reveal a guiding hand in continental trade. Regardless of the fact that the line forms on the left, Brazil wants to be in the vestibule, should the door be opened. Russia, to Brazil, as to all the outside world, is Nation X, an unknown quantity. No precedent. No knowl-

edge on any other nation's part, of what she has, what she wants, or what she will do.

Under date of December 15, 1944, the Foreign Policy Association, in a bulletin, expressed the view that inter-American relations were at their lowest ebb in a decade. The nations south of the border, they added, may increasingly seek the friendship of the Soviet Union.

"Business men are looking to Russia as the only considerable market for post-war Latin raw materials," they continue, "outside of Britain, and possibly the United States. In anticipation of close economic relations, Russian embassies throughout Latin America are extremely active."

An inevitable and far-reaching change is bound to come about in enigmatical Russia, for she too—like ourselves—has stepped outside her mute walls. Not only has she, for the first time, become part of non-Slavic Europe, but also Europe has become part of her. Her internationalism, hitherto only ideological, has become corporeal. She is carrying on with Europe in somewhat the same manner as Britain is with her Empire and as the United States hopes to with Latin America, as combined patron and beneficiary. The difference—and a well-meaning, over-philanthropic United States will come in time to realize this too—lies in the circumstance that Russia will find the adoptee she has usurped to carry on her broad shoulders is a ghastly cadaver; she herself maimed, wounded, and bled white; her First, Second, and Third Five-Year Plans all devoured by the dogs of war.

Again, a third annual survey entitled, "Inter-American Affairs, 1943," published by the Columbia University Press, finds that the war has fostered disunity between Latin American nations and the United States, as well as a decline of interest in Pan American affairs. In conclusion, they asserted that Russia loomed as an effective newcomer on the Latin American scene.

While it is true, that the Amtorg Trading Agency of the Soviet Union is seeking to purchase huge quantities of North American manufactures, it is also true that practically all of them point to manufacturing and agricultural industries on a large scale. It is not at all impossible that Soviet Russia, having produced enormous

quantities of certain articles—and saturated her consumer market to a degree she sees fit—may someday turn exporter, and become our competitor too in South America. Since all Russian goods are “national,” with no cost-values or price-motifs, they could raise hob with any capitalist high-cost union-made goods. Furthermore, Russia has unlimited raw materials and natural fuel supplies, and could even go to town in corn, wheat, and beef, give her time and the machines. In the immediate future, she could use everything South America has to sell. Later, she could turn around and sell South America everything that continent wants to buy—that we now sell her!

CHAPTER LIX

A BRAND NEW WORLD OF PEACE

In times of strife and stress, of violence and distress, we labor under the misapprehension that, “This is history that we are living!” It is only casually historical.

History is as logical and as hidebound as a syllogism. It is always made up of the same three moving parts: Cause—Climax—Effect. Current events are simply the culmination of past events, that in turn must produce certain future events. The two World Wars, together with all the lesser wars that came and went before them, were in themselves but the climacteric breaking points of cumulative and intolerable events begun maybe a century before, but only incidents in the crescendo of history—percussions, leading to a period of repercussions and temporal change in the direction of the destiny of men and nations—to be repeated again and again and again, in form and in the formulating of the cycles of history in each New World.

Causes are more important than effects, because the power of creating and launching causes lies in our hands. Once set in motion, we can't stop the effect. Only causes are final. A crowd of spectators exclaim “Ah-h!” on witnessing the pyrotechnical explosion of a rocket without any consideration of the more important cause of

it all. It is the same with wars; they can only be stopped by giving more thought to and preventing the cause. This idea that any war can destroy the evil that caused it is a fallacy that we may see only when the fever for fight has died out of our veins.

Happily, nothing is totally destroyed—even in war—in this organic world of ours. Just as the seed is said to be destroyed, or die, in the winter; but in spring we know it will rise again. Christianity flourished again after centuries of dead, dark ages. The good, or the God, within us survives today. Eras are made, not born. Tomorrow's world is always created Today. The prerogative has been handed back to us to "show cause" why we should not begin a New World in the right way.

Our skeletonized coverage of geographical details and of concurrent events, has not been so much concerned with completing historical data, as with what went into the making of both the History and the People of Brazil—Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow. For, in that History and in those People, become the Brazil of the Peace, will be interwoven the History and the People—and the Trade—of the United States. The more familiar we make ourselves with Brazilian History, therefore, the better will we come to know the Brazilian People and how to trade with them, and the more probable become our chances to make good and long-lasting friends of our South American neighbors.

Another war of guns, bloody battle, and destruction is being terminated. Yet it can't be truthfully said that it will—as advertised—purge the old world of chronic, causal evils. If anything, it has cracked wide open the atom of evil into a thousand fragments.

It is easier to predict, than to prophesy what will happen in the decade following the war. According to the pattern of repetitive history, it would be something like this: First will come a breathtaking moment of international relief on the part of all concerned, followed immediately by a mad outburst of triumph by the victors. Then a period of exhaustion (except in non-combatant Latin America). Reconstruction will come next, accompanied by a wild spending orgy of monies printing-pressed, lend-leased, borrowed, speculated; prices and wages soaring, everybody buying everything on instalments. This will lead progressively to inflation, culminate in

collapse succeeded by the worst depression effect, based on the worst cause, in history. A morning-after period of remorse will slowly engender defeatism, developing a dangerous mood with sporadic mob outbursts and the formation of secret societies looking around for someone to blame: Foreigners, Refugees, Jews, Negroes, Labor Unions, the Administration. The controversy over "Who won the wonderful War?" will give place to a threatening "Who started that damnable War?" After that, we will all settle down to Harding normalcy and Coolidge peace amidst rapid progress and growing prosperity. For years and years, maybe. Then somewhere, some Power will begin to push and shove all the rest of the Powers around. Aggression, threat and counter-threat, finally, the anticipated "international incident," and we will be at it and in it again! . . . History!

It could be—but it doesn't have to be that way.

Peace—real peace—is within our reach, to have and to hold, and to make of it what we choose and will.

When World War II is over, we may well ask, "Who has gained what?" A war of words will surely follow, possibly something worse. Already we have slumped into the depths of Old World diplomacy again, just as we did following World War I. It is like a game of chess, in which your opponent seems to yield to your advantage in the beginning, only to lure you into a dilemma later on in the game. It required a mighty army to vanquish the enemy in war; it will need an even greater massing of efficiency to match our Allies in peace.

Peace! Rather, we mean the time for peace has come.

World War I was followed by peace, too—peace without victory.

Shall it be said of World War II—victory without peace? For, it must be acknowledged that this latest Holy War to abolish all hatred and exorcise all passions has provoked world-wide turmoil and roused unguessed hates. Instead of producing the promised peace, it has patiently laid the mine for a new blow-up.

Sorry, folks, but that's the way Europe is, always has been and always will be.

Peace demands of every one of us just as much sacrifice and effort, as much inquiry and study, as war. War took us forcibly by

the throat and we had to fight. Are we in turn going to take the peace by the throat and close with our erstwhile friends in deadly combat? Or are we going to join hands, which is the only gesture of peace? While total peace can never be achieved as long as men remain inhuman as they are, yet it can never be even approximated until we conform unswervingly to the pattern of peace.

Again, it is up to us to do everything on earth to seek peace and to uphold peace; to be considerate and constructive, to seek understanding, to forget and forgive. It may scent suspiciously of "pacificism," "appeasement," and "conciliation"—words twisted into treachery by war. Nosegays or not, they are the only garlands to strew the path of victory if it is also to be the path of peace. And that goes for Pan America doubly, for our mutual attitude as well as their internal revolutions.

Instead the Allies begin their victorious peace with the organization of an international military police army to *enforce* peace. War to bring peace again!

Next, the war-minded majority cries, "Compulsory military service!" The propagandized public echoes the sentiment. Thus, literally, we are to have a standing army ever in our midst, champing at its armored bit. Imperialism becomes imminent and the sons of 40,000,000 immigrants, most of whom ran away from armed Europe to escape compulsory military service and perpetual conscription, find themselves in the Army again, marching side by side with the armed hordes of Europe. How often have we said, "That can't happen here!" Too late, if the dragon's teeth of cause have been sown again!

The findings and conclusions of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference dominated by the Big Three are quite unsatisfactory to the Little Ten South American republics. They know that they will get just as fair a deal as suits the politics and economy of the Big Fellows. And so we arrive just where the old League of Nations—dominated by the empire interests of Great Britain and the anti-German hatred of France—fell down.

"Where do we come in?" asks South America. "Yes, where do I come in?" demands Brazil. "I gave up crucial rubber and bases, that helped save the Allies. I sent thousands of my soldiers to fight and

die—and am not even invited to the Dumbarton Conference!” “Didn’t I tell you!” taunts Argentina.

Despite our protestations of world-girdling democracy and hemispheric “Good Neighborliness,” South America is more than half-convinced that America’s eyes are fixed on European affairs and our heart on world welfare. President Roosevelt confirmed this in his “State of the Union” message, in which he promised unlimited aid to Europe and Asia’s smallest state, if only to avert revolution. Why not leave that to England and Russia? They lie within their several “spheres of influence.” They can handle that better, and a clash with them would be avoided.

Why not organize and concentrate such invaluable aid in our own hemisphere—our legitimate “sphere of influence”—and to see to it that we avert the revolutions from the reactions of our peace that inevitably will burst into flame throughout Latin America?

Nobody doubts for a moment but that democracy was and is well-rooted in our United States of North America. In the passionate political argot of the times, the term “democracy” has been immeasurably cheapened. Today it means “freedom for everybody and everything on our side,” whereas it used to be exclusive, signifying nothing less than “everybody and everything for democracy!” Academic democracy is only distantly related to practical democracy.

Are we fully aware that the exigency of world warfare and the scientific needs of universal peace have evoked a miracle that could lead to world-wide democracy? We learn that none of us is self-sufficient; all of us interdependent. That makes us all equal, to a more or less degree.

If we each only had an equal chance to work out our own destiny—as the Four Freedoms puts it so patly!

Let’s get down to realities.

In thus knitting the whole world suddenly together into a oneness, we actually find ourselves straddling the hemisphere: instantaneously by radio, a few seconds by telephone, a few hours by airplane, and a few days by ship. It is no longer my world, or your world—even “our way of life” seems destined for the scrap heap—but *our world*.

"Foreign Trade can contribute post-war jobs," says Eliot Wadsworth, Chairman, American section, International Chamber of Commerce, "for five to six million Americans."

Where does Latin America fit into planning the Peace? Latin America represents a billion-dollar-plus export market. With imports even higher. But this will not become soundly true, unless we do everything in our great power to make every nation in South America solvent, prosperous, and economically secure. Honest, self-respecting, self-supporting Trade is the key.

Brazil is no more independent in this New World of the Peace, than is the United States of North America. Each is vitally dependent on the other. Perhaps more so than in the case of any other international or interhemispheric hook-up. Not only must we get together, but we must stick together. This can be done and maintained only through an equable arrangement on both sides of the line.

My chief concern throughout the writing and composition of this book, has been in treating those polyglot elements of race that have gone into the composition of the Brazilian people and to indicate what approach and progress they have made in a vast territory piled high with natural wealth. Further, I have tried to measure the fruitful possibilities of future commerce, especially if allied with the great North American republic of the United States.

Chief among the components that has gone into the building of Brasil Novo has been Getulio Vargas, himself of the very essence of Old Brazil of all time.

My fears of what could happen to our alliance, if we are not careful, considerate, and wise, have gone hand in hand with my hopes of what may—and probably will—happen, if all goes well, because Brazil is the Bulwark of Inter-American Relations!

THE END

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