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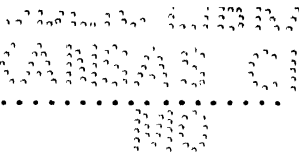
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SALUD!
A SOUTH AMERICAN
JOURNAL





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Margaret Culkin Banning

WITH DRAWINGS BY
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SALUD! A SOUTH AMERICAN JOURNAL

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FIRST EDITION

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TO
THREE GENTLEMEN ON THE PIER



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A SOUTH AMERICAN
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FOREWORD

SALUD!

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THE first thing you do in South America is to shake hands. It is the last thing you do. And in between times you develop an extra muscle in your arm.

I found that out at once. We had disembarked in Buena-ventura and were directed to reclaim our passports at the office of the Captain of the Port, three squares away, three flights up and ninety-five degrees hot. The busy little official in shirtsleeves looked as if he hardly knew I was in the room. But as I approached him, the Colombian-American friend who was with me said, "Remember to shake hands."

I asked, "Should I really?" for it seemed going rather far. This was a small official transaction. In the United States we don't shake hands on such occasions. But my informed friend said firmly, "Begin right now and shake hands with everyone. We do that down here."

So I held out my hand and the official rose, shook me gravely and yet warmly by the hand and I was welcomed to South America. I saw it and I felt it.

Two months later in a drawing room in Rio I was introduced to a group of people and one Englishman in the company merely bowed in answer to the introduction. I felt slighted. In South America, thought I, we shake hands!

You like it when you get used to it. You shake hands with the chauffeur who's been taking you around town, with the ambassador and the jeweler, with the guide and the woman who is giving a party for you. It's an expected cordiality, the first gesture of a relationship which all South Americans take seriously, and all relationships are less casual than they are in the United States. Later on, if the South Americans like you, you may be kissed on both cheeks, and even your masculinity may be enfolded in another man's arms with affectionate pats on the back. These bear no relation to back-slapping. The touch is quite different. But such courtesies are for those well established in South American relations and affections, and for the majority of us travelers from the United States, for the nation itself, the handshake is what we get in South America today.

You cannot travel far in South America nor across many boundaries without realizing that the first thing we must become aware of in the States—as they speak of our country—is that there are many nations and many temperaments and many kinds of friendship for us and prejudice against us in South America. The first lesson for the North American is that South America is not a continent of one racial family nor of one mind. *

In the United States many people are still utterly blind to that fact. They think of South America as a continent with which a single, all-embracing diplomatic or commercial policy can be established. The ordinary person in this country realizes, in thinking of Europe, that the same policy cannot

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apply to Holland, to Italy, to Russia, and to Spain, but he has not learned to split up South America into the proper variety of its countries, nor to identify them. And yet before the continents can deal with each other either intelligently or sympathetically, this must be done by the people as well as by their governments. What is sauce for Brazil is not necessarily as tasty in Chile or the Argentine. A simple basic knowledge of geography, history and present economic and political problems of most of the South American countries should not be beyond the scope of the great public in the United States, and if the public is to back up the policy of its national government toward these nations, or even to understand what is going on, this is necessary knowledge.

The countries differ sharply. But one thing is true. You will shake hands everywhere. If here and there the clasp lacks cordiality and is wary or doubtful, that is largely the fault of North Americans. In the past there has been sharp trading in South America, done by citizens of the United States, which has falsified the friendship of their preliminary handshake. There have been North American manners displayed which have made many South Americans feel that they have offered cordiality and welcome to some very queer and ill-bred people. And there have been demands and expectations, coming from us, which one friend would not make of another without actually proving that his friendship was worth something first.

None the less, there still are hands held out to us in practically every corner of South America, even if not by all the people in them. There isn't as much ingenuousness in the gesture as there was some years ago, they told me. There is obvious cynicism in many places. "This sudden courtship of South America by the United States," said an Argentinian

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to me, "is so violent and hasty that we almost suspect the intention."

But the blanket statement sometimes and too often made, that South Americans do not like us—or that they hate us—is untrue. I would challenge it without hesitation on the basis of my own survey. Not merely because South Americans were kind or courteous to me or for any such personal reason. But I heard again and again from parents and educators that most young people in South America idealize the United States, and great numbers of them want to come to visit it. Also, and even more important, I heard in many a political discussion a grim determination to hold on to a democratic ideal, no matter how hard it may be to perpetuate it, and the democrats of South America all know that the English-speaking people of the world are their only powerful allies in working toward continued or improved democracy.

The whole situation at present is muddled and uncertain. No one assertion or prophecy can be stretched to cover it. But we have friends in South America, warm ones. We have what is more of a responsibility, people down there who are counting on us.

"What ought we to do to improve international relations between North and South America?" I asked a wise Brazilian, who is deeply the friend of the United States.

She said, "The first thing is to help England win the war or there may not be any relations between the continents, either cultural or economic."

It is extremely serious. But always I came back to that significant South American handshake. The gesture itself is one of democracy. The South American does not touch his cap nor pull his forelock. He does not stretch his arm to salute a power or authority which absorbs all friendships. He meets

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you personally, as an equal human being, even though his circumstances may be less fortunate than your own, even though he is richer than you are, or poorer.

North America should meet South America on that basis. The countries on the southern continent are not old countries living on dwindling reputations. They are all on the up-and-up, or want to be. Most of the South American countries are more or less our own age. They are developing, modern countries, surpassing us in some ways, trying to catch up in others. There is working social legislation in Chile which we are still trying to make effective in the United States. There is a city beautification plan and accomplishment and lack of slums in Buenos Aires which can put a great many cities in the United States to shame.

We are shaking hands with people and with countries who are just as good as we are and sometimes think they are better. And there must be no condescension in our grasp.

Also it must be more than a casual greeting. We need South America as a friend. But to establish that friendship we must offer more than fine words or formal visits. If we want South America to help us along, to protect our borders, to work with us, we must help her along, develop partnerships that will help both continents. The handshake must be followed up by trade, by exchange of actual benefits, by continual good manners and consideration in every dealing, and by delivery on every promise.

As I shook hands down one coast and up the other, that was what I found out and it is what this book is about. For gradually through all the shifting incidents of travel and out of all the encounters and conversations a pattern of fact began to appear.

There are many ways for a traveler and observer to assem-

ble and present what he has seen and heard. He can boil down his notes, and then give them out in capsule form. He can select what seems to him important and cut away the irrelevant. He can use his new found facts to argue his previous theories. But in this case I personally know no better way to tell what I found out about South America than to offer my own notes of travel, taken on the spot and very little rehashed or revised. They are all true. They are, to be sure, only an informal record of one journey, but they show that there is much that anyone can see, that can't be missed, that is obviously important.

These are determined notes. I am no diarist. It has always been a difficult task for me to set anything down for the record, day after day, and I've often tried to do it, ever since at nine years old I decided that I must get the fascinating facts of my life down for a full year. I began on the first of January and stopped on the fourth of the same month. I would always prefer to think over what has happened during the day, or to go to sleep and forget it, than to put down on paper what the nineteenth of the month did to me and I to it. But this time I had no choice. Events were happening so swiftly in my mind as well as in my actions that they would have blotted each other out unless I had kept a clumsy record.

I guessed that in advance. But I knew it for a fact when I came to the end of my journey. I had seen hundreds of places, and hundreds of voices and opinions were clamoring in my memory. I was very glad to have the notebooks, voyage-worn but legible, and with a pattern of experience.

This is only my own experience, personal, unpretentious and made by hand. By handshakes for the most part.



CHAPTER ONE

GRACE NOTES

January 18, 1941

At sea

THERE were plenty of telegrams and letters waving us off yesterday and some of them were a little different in sound from the usual ones which caution you only against too much gaiety or common casualties of voyage. Nobody can go anywhere today outside the boundaries of the United States without some risks that have been added in the last couple of years to the ordinary ones of travel. For that matter you can't stay at home without new risks. Yesterday the papers were printing instructions as to what the people of New York should do in case of air raid. It marks a date. And when I said to Tan, as we stood on the pier, "Well, if your number comes up in the draft, darling, shoulder your gun," it sounded flip and was grim. (He is my son.)

Perhaps at a distance I can get more perspective on whether this is a war made by the "middle-aged" or not,

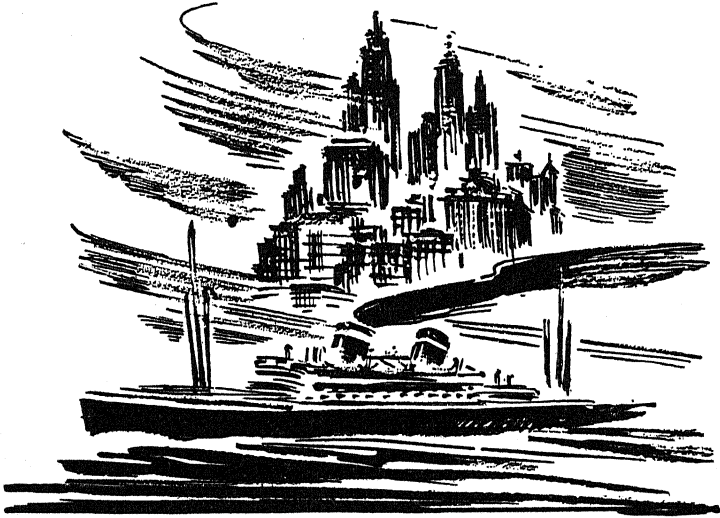
whether it's a war to clean up the unfinished business of people who won't be in business many more years, or a war to decide what new business is going to come before the world. Maybe in South America I can get a view of North America without sentiment or fear or hysteria to blur it. I might be able to find proof for my contention that the United States is not a self-sufficient unit but only a part of the badly functioning human society that inhabits the earth.

It's a queer time to leave your own country and go off to South America, when your mind simply will not be detached from the crisis at home, when you pick up the "Spanish American News" (the paper which is printed on board boat and which is a masterpiece of deletion) and try to read between the lines as I did this morning. There certainly was precious little in the lines themselves—only that Churchill said that England would need more than she could ever pay for (which was certainly telling them and us) and that more Italian prisoners had been taken (which you could print in any paper today without referring to the AP, and be right) and that in Ortonville, Minnesota, there had been a triple murder and a suicide. The bodies of three women and fifty-year-old Harm Julius were discovered in the ruins of an Ortonville farmhouse.

I've driven through Ortonville. It is a split atom as far as world geography goes. It has a false-fronted Main Street, a shabby railroad station and a few little frame houses. Outside of it for a mile or two, set back from the main highway, are occasional farmhouses and in them are lived lives which are limited beyond the guess of most people. Harm Julius probably never got as far as St. Paul or Minneapolis more than once or twice in his life. His wife and his mother-in-law and his niece never got that far. His mother-in-law

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was old—I'm making this up but it could be true—and you can't imagine how dingy she had become, with years and nothing new to wear, and the old smell of her drying skin was caught in that house. His wife did the work, nearly all of it, the washing, the cooking—mostly frying and boiling—the cleaning. The niece was young and perhaps they all



hated her just for that and she hated them for surrounding her youth and for telling her what to do and for being the only background she could find. The town of Ortonville isn't important in itself and they weren't important people in Ortonville, I suppose.

Yet, by his brutality, his abnormality and the excess of his cruelty, Harm Julius made the headlines. The fact that Julius beat three women to death last night in his dirty, dingy farmhouse is reported in the *Ship's News*, and in the charming cabins of the *Santa Lucia* ladies sat among their

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roses and sipped their coffee—"Will you have it strong in the South American way with hot milk, Madam, or will you have it with cream in the North American way?"—and they read about the crime. It was printed because it would shock them, horrify them, because it was unexpected and out of line. The news of an air raid over London is no longer horrifying enough to hold the eye. People are becoming used to that kind of death.

While I was reading about Julius in this place where news of him seems so fantastic, it came over me all over again that brutality and abnormal cruelty and violence have to exceed themselves to get our attention today. We're a generation hardened to horror. You never know what you'll think about in the most unlikely places. I should have been speculating on the defense of the Caribbean, instead of a sordid Minnesota tragedy.

But there it was. Harm Julius had intruded himself into the stateroom with the white paneled walls, where the bouquets of roses and iris and jonquils and lilies all were making a heyday and showing how spoiled and indulged I am, where the trunk stood open with an evening dress I've never yet worn hanging in front, with the Chambertin and Montrachet in their hampers, and piles of new books and new luggage and new gadgets all waiting to be used, and letters and telegrams left on the desk to be read again. And Harm, having somehow got into the cabin, was reminding me, "Remember we both come from Minnesota, you and I."

That item in the Ship's News jolted me back to where I belong. The South American in the next cabin whom I had heard telephoning plaintively for his "porritch," as he called it, probably passed over the story of the murder quickly—one more crime in the United States. But it made me see

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Minnesota. It made me remember how far it is from here, how cold and snow-covered it looks now as this boat sails toward the tropics, how repressed and inhibited life on isolated farms can be. It made me think again that many people in Minnesota believe in national isolation. They think that we should mind our own business and look out for ourselves.

Others of us in Minnesota don't believe that. We think that what goes on in Europe and Asia and South America concerns us and affects us. We think we should know about other countries and that it is necessary to make some connection between the people on those farms and South Americans. If that is not true, why am I on this boat and what am I about? This is no time to waste time or money. Have I any valid reason for going to South America?

There was a postscript in one of the steamer letters which came in just as the boat was about to sail, a letter which had been written by a friend of mine who has known me since I was five years old. She wrote: "Whatever your alleged reasons for going to South America, and I heard you give them over the Blue Network yesterday, I know that the real one is to catch up to me in sixth grade South American geography!"

This is the story about that. It goes back to the time when she and I were in a public school in a suburb of Duluth, Minnesota, and there were more pupils in the class than there were seats for them after the school enrollment was finished. So the teacher looked around and picked me to go into the seventh grade, "skipping" the sixth. She had to justify this abrupt promotion and did it on the grounds that I was "bright." But my friend, who is an honest commentator and was right on the ground, said that I was chosen because I had the seat nearest the door.

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Anyway I was promoted. It was beyond a doubt one of those facts that a psychoanalyst would have a fine time playing with, for of course it changed me, marked me, gave me a slant. From then on, I had to carry that reputation of "brightness," endure the dislikes and jealousies which seem to go along with it, and, what was worse, I had to live with myself and the almost constant knowledge that I was expected to do something that I wasn't fully prepared to do. That's pretty much the way I've felt about public speeches and contracts and new houses and marriage all the way along the line—as if some day that "skipped" preparation would catch up with me.

And my friend was dead right about one thing. Of course I managed to pass the spelling, the arithmetic and the English of the seventh grade, and, gradually, by the time I got into High School I had just about as much factual knowledge as the others in my class, except about geography. For in the sixth grade they "had" South America, and, having missed it then, I went on for years without knowing the principal cities and rivers, the "principal products of"—and all those basic insufficiencies which were crowded into the heads of school children in those days.

It didn't seem to matter much. Nobody asked me any questions about it for years. I went on studying, and began to travel outside of the United States, but never in the direction of South America. I never got farther south than Bermuda, which satisfied my interest in the tropics and my wish for tropical climate.

But though nobody asked me any questions, I began to hear things about South America. I heard them in Spain and in England in 1936. I debated them in 1939 in Ireland. The words "hemisphere consciousness" and the words "hemi-

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sphere defense" began to creep into my mind and with an apparent intention to stay.

One day last summer I was in Wisconsin at a little cabin where I go when I want peace. There are no electric lights there, no telephone, but only quiet broken by the sounds of the Brule River. I went there for a quiet day yet I kept the radio going all the time, listening for the last word on the acquiring of bases in exchange for our destroyers. It happened that night that I had three people coming for supper. One was a young woman who has been pretty left-wing in her point of view, one was a conservative corporation official, and one was an educator. Each of them came in separately and, entering the cabin, each of them said, before any greeting, "Have you heard about the new bases? Isn't it fine?" Or words to that effect.

Well, I've heard often enough since from good lawyers that the President had no earthly right to make that deal and that he asked Mr. Jackson for an opinion that would sustain him and got an opinion that any even comparatively good lawyer could riddle to bits, but I've heard precious few people in my country complain about the acquiring of those bases. I'm not at all unusual in becoming conscious of the fact that the United States isn't the whole Western Hemisphere and that the total area of the United States is less than that of Canada and less than that of Brazil.

And so, very gradually, I've begun to catch up on the lost knowledge of the sixth grade.

Part of it you can do from books. You can read *Foreign Affairs* and informed articles in many magazines. You can and should read Duncan Aikman's *All American Front*. You can read, if you can get hold of the book, *Brazilian Tenement*. You can study in any good political handbook the

set-ups of the twenty republics. You can read *South By Thunderbird*. But before this turns into a recommended list of books on South America, let me set down on the typewriter that books can do a tremendous lot for you on the subject of another country, but the job isn't finished until you see that other country or other continent.

And, if your work happens to be what mine has come to be after years of fumbling about, a kind of transfer of feeling and of simple information to a large public, whether it be transferred by fiction or article or radio talk, then you must see and feel for yourself. You must yourself have the experience of firsthand sight and touch and contact with what you want to know, if, that is, you want to do your job as well as you might be able to do it—and that is not dealing in vanity or superlatives.

I have read a great deal recently about the South American export and import situation. But it came true to me yesterday in New York, when I was going through the Grace Line Terminal at the foot of Sixteenth Street and I saw the thousands of great bags of coffee which were stacked there. I have read and heard a good deal about certain tightening of precautions against espionage in South America; but when last night at the table Mary spoke of intending to take airplane pictures and the quiet man across the table said, "That will not be permitted; the pilot will collect all cameras as you board a plane," I felt some other things come true.

But there is no strain on this boat. There is nothing in the least comparable to the intense strain which we all felt coming back from France on the *New Amsterdam* a year ago last summer. There is apparently no sense of depression.

It's a pleasant boat. It is far more "family" in spirit than any boat I've been on recently. You aren't overorganized.

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Not yet, anyway. Also I have rarely seen more agreeable-looking people in one ship's dining room. There is an almost complete absence of the show-off types. Most of the passengers look as if they were going somewhere on business and, I might add, important business. The ones at our table include a priest who seems to have been about a good deal for he speaks feelingly about artichokes in Paris, and a man from Oklahoma who is "in oil" and has a good deal of the same on his hair, the quiet one, a girl from the South with rather shy eyes, who is going home to her husband in Peru. She is pretty and has becoming clothes, except for the worst-looking fur coat I've ever seen bar none. It was apparently carved right off a brown horse and put on her.

The food is good and they really want you to have your daily tea and a free canapé with your cocktail. The tea is served by a young German woman who is apparently the ship's hostess and very much of a lady. She is the first credit to Germany I've seen in a long time.



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January 19, 1941

I SUPPOSE that a good many of the beautiful women and girls on this boat think that the Grace Line was especially gotten up for the display of sport clothes and for the horse races and the Bingo and the dancing and the "people you meet" on shipboard. This morning the sun had come out after two days of trying to shake off the rains and storms we carried away from New York, and spring fashions, including two duplicates of mine, are going around the deck. Stockings are off and toenails are bright, particularly on one lady who should always sit on her feet in company.

But these are "tourists," and if you catch in conversation someone like Mrs. H——, who is making a thirty-sixth trip to South America, and whose son has married there, or someone like Mr. T——, who has lived there for years because of interests in gold mines, you find that they speak of tourists as if they were the gulls flying after the ship and mattering just about as much to its course.

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In New York a man told me this. "We have ambassadors of good will to South America—yes—but the best ambassadors we've got down there are the Grace Line and the Pan American Air Lines."

I am beginning to see why this is so. These are cargo boats. Like the freighters on the Great Lakes, they carry passengers, in a de luxe way. But the point of their voyage is cargo. Said someone to me yesterday, "The Grace Line has the shipping on the West Coast from North to South America completely in its own hands—tied up in a bow-knot."

Beneath us are bales and boxes going South, bearing the kind of good will that has meant something between countries from the time that an ocean was first crossed. Diplomacy is organized to keep this kind of good will going, and not for dinner parties or swank.

I got wind of another great penetrating agency in South America before I left New York and I heard more about it yesterday from its top man, who stopped to talk to me, a little reluctantly I think. But he'd been told in New York that I was on board and I did my best to lay my few cards on the table and tell him what I was after. He came along the deck, a typical American businessman, you'd say at first, except for the accident that he was wearing a beret on his bald head. Otherwise you could have plunked him right down at any noon luncheon of the Kiwanis Club. But you soon find out he's no ordinary businessman. He has a quiet, knowledgeable eye, the kind of control that comes from sorting out many people's duties and telling them what to do, and a look of thorough, well-fitted experience.

His job is to sell Singer sewing machines. He is the head of the organization in South America. At first I had an idea that was no more important than other lines of trade, but

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the quiet man said to me, "There is probably no place in South America where there isn't a Singer sewing machine," and I began to realize that once more I was hearing of diplomatic-commercial penetration of a country. For forty years this organization, under Mr. H——, has been selling



sewing machines in South America, selling treadle ones, electric ones later, to the South Americans in, so he told me, practically every place which has a name.

I said that it was a magnificent job of coverage and asked him how he did it. He said that he had two organizations, one native ("I don't like that word," he said, "but I use it so you will get my differentiation,") and one which was drawn from the United States. But the salesmen he uses are

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men who are selling to their own people and understand them.

"No high pressure stuff," said Mr. H——. "That's not the way to do it.

"If I want to sell a machine to an Indian, it takes an Indian to sell it. I want someone who will sit down with one of these native women and spend half a day with her if necessary, have lunch, have a drink of native wine, and leave her with a machine. If I sent in one of these high pressure men who wants you to sign on the line because he is in a hurry, I wouldn't get very far."

I feel that way about high pressure men myself—it must be the Indian in me. But it sets you thinking. Here is the sewing machine, a household article, immensely, basically useful, a piece of machinery any woman could use, and which most of them would want. The network for supplying it is spread all over South America, handled by two organizations, one which belongs to the country which is the market, one which belongs to the country which is supplying the article. If that could be done once, why not again?

I asked. I said, "Why couldn't that be followed up by a like sale of carpet sweepers where there isn't electric current and of vacuum cleaners and iceboxes where there is electricity?"

He said it could be. I thought I would watch and see what other big selling organizations cover South America.

But as I looked at Mr. H—— and thought of what I'd heard about resentment of North American business coming to South America, I believed that the reason he was going back to friends after nearly forty years and knew what he was about, was because he had done it so thoroughly and

with understanding and by letting the people sell themselves.

It is always astonishing to waste so many hours and learn so much in half a one. We talked of ways to establish relations between the continents, of ways to break them down, of the unfortunate fact that so many travelers from the United States go out with the naïve belief that their way of life is the right one.

I said, "In Spain I heard Americans complain that they couldn't get their dinner at the right time. They meant six-thirty, and dining rooms didn't open till eight."

"Down here," said Mr. H—, "dinner is apt to be at nine o'clock, in any average family. The day is over at that time for the men. They've worked all day to make a living so that they can live. That's the difference between them and our businessmen in the United States. The South American works so that he can be through. His work is a means, not an end. His evening is his recreation, his pleasure, his time for his home. He stops work. And if you go to dinner down here you don't find a little knot of men off in a corner talking business. Not in South America."

It seemed to me a good method. I thought of the tired men at home going out to dinner and not wanting to go because it wouldn't be the end of the day. It would not be recreation. They were going to talk business all evening. And I wondered if we in North America were as clever as we think we are in ways of living.

He went on to talk more. I had asked him to answer one of my major inquiries—what do the women of South America want for their children, "Education?" I asked. He said, "Oh yes, as much as possible." "For girls as well as boys?" "No—more for the boys," said Mr. H—, and expounded.

The South American woman, he said, wants her boy to

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grow up to be a good businessman or a good politician. She wants her daughter to marry well—not to work. For any work, in any line, puts the girl at a slight social disadvantage.

“Well,” I said, “that’s pretty true with us in many groups. I know dozens of women who wouldn’t want their daughters to go to college for fear it would spoil their marriage chances. The fear is obsolete, but evidently in neither South America nor North America is that completely realized just yet.”

He said, “There are exceptions down here. There are some feminists—a few at least.”

I said, “Yes, I know, I hope to see some of them.”

“And of course North American girls and women sometimes give the wrong impression of what the emancipated woman wants to do,” he said gently.

I wonder how many times I shall hear that in the next two months. It seems to be what’s worrying a lot of people.

Mr. H—— gave a case in point. He told me about an incident which happened a few weeks ago. Some girls from a boat which was docked at Lima and which had come from North America went up to a night club at the Hotel Bolivar. It is a hotel which is the best in Lima and there is dancing for the patrons, as well as a floor show. The girls may have been tourists, they may have been ship’s employees. He wasn’t sure. But they danced and, during the dancing, kicked off their shoes and danced in their stockinged feet, recent American campus style. The manager stopped the music. In English and Spanish he made a speech telling them that if they wanted to act like that and bring disgrace on his establishment, they would have to leave.

It’s odd. We’re really a very good, ingenuous lot of people,

but what an impression of immoral rowdyism we can give by putting on an act like that of the stockinged feet.

Mary and a Vassar friend came into the lounge of the *Santa Lucia* an hour later. Everyone was playing Bingo and the tables were full.

"Shall we sit on the floor?" asked Mary.

"No, better not," said the friend, who's been in South America a great deal. "It's all right to do it at home. Not here. Too many Spaniards on board."

There are many Spanish girls on the boat and as you watch them you realize how careless we have become about our men in North America, how we've cut down their share in our attention. The Spanish girls give the men all their attention, all their smiles, which are plenty. The emphasis on the primary relationship between men and women is apparent. Nobody's kidding. There's already more politeness in the social broth and very nice it tastes too.

Last night I had two conversations of interest. Three in fact, for after the Oklahoma oil man and his bright-eyed friend had left the table, the quiet man, the priest, Mary and I began to talk. When I say quiet, I mean that. He is a slight man, not old, but rather completed. He looks to me like a person who neither suffers from what he leaves nor anticipates where he's going. He's just following the schedule he made out for himself.

"He's our kind," said Mary. I knew what she referred to. For the priest had said in his gentle way that he was sure the war could have been avoided if people had only talked it over reasonably at the right time, and in a chorus the quiet man, Mary and I said, "Oh no it couldn't!"

He clicks. What Mary meant was that all over the world certain people have begun to write off a lot of hopes and

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illusions. I have. The quiet one has. And she has too, young as she is.

You feel a rapport with people like that after a few minutes' conversation. Maybe you're joking—maybe you're saying, as I did to a UP man after hearing the President this morning, "Lincoln's still way out in front"—but whether it's a joke or dead earnest, a mood and an acceptance carries from one person to the other.

Now the oil man is a horse—I am possibly still thinking of his friend's fur coat—of a different color. He's happy. He is of draft age but his number is way up in the high ones and he doesn't expect to be called. He's had a crowded, rough, interesting, Henty boy life, or I miss my guess. He's been, he says, with the Okies. He had never learned to hold his knife so it doesn't look like a dagger, but then neither did my own son until lately, after years of Exeter, Harvard, travel all over Europe and a good deal of nagging at home. So that's no sign. But Oklahoma has a chip on his shoulder, though he's not very defiant. He's hitch-hiked. He's tramped. And now, by gum, he's sitting at the center table in the dining room of the *Santa Lucia* and he has lots of clothes—all merry and bright—and he is, I rather think, afraid that you might not know how interesting he is unless he brought up the hitch-hiking, so you'd get the full and dramatic contrast.

He lives some three hundred miles from Lima, evidently in or on an oil location. There are, he told me, some hundred and twenty single men in the place, but whether that was bribe or threat I couldn't figure out. Maybe he was going to suggest taking Mary along as the oil men's Carmen, but he never got it into words. There, in his fine industrial prosperity he runs some kind of oil development and has a house in which he has entertained a hundred people. He

seems to have set himself that hundred for a lucky number. And the oil bachelors built a golf course and his score is now seventy-one. All he worries about in the United States is his mother, for whom he "maintains a house," and didn't he say that with pride and didn't I like him for it!

What is interesting about him, for my probing and sight-seeing purposes, is his confidence in his own business deal. He seems to have figured out that you can put down a little bit of God's America (with golf club) in South America and do yourself very nicely. Maybe I do him injustice. Maybe he sees far and intricately into international affairs. But my guess is that he keeps his eye on a paying job and thinks if anything should happen to it he could always look out for himself.

These are the ones one cannot help meeting, who take their chance on you and you on them if you don't take a table by yourself. That is my usual habit on board ship, and a very cozy one if you are cross and tired occasionally, or just want to slip into what you pretend is a reflective observing mood and is closer to coma. To share a table is a healthy democratic process and I had better get used to it:

The H——s do not share a table except with the N——s. I have talked to the H——s (who are the sewing machine people) somewhat. Nothing could look less like a sewing machine than Mrs. H——. She is a cultivated woman with a profile that looks Greek, and speaks beautiful Spanish. She has the manner of a great lady, a reserved courtesy which takes it for granted that she will never mix freely with just anybody who comes along.

However, we are having cocktails with them tonight.

Even more reserved and shut off by those invisible screens which social position and money and high degree set up are

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the N——s. When I heard about them in Minneapolis, a friend said to me, "She'll be going on your boat. I hope you will meet her." I nearly said, "Yes—what's the name?—I'll look her up," and then realized that from my friend's tone it might not be so simple. And when I saw Mrs. N—— I got the point.

She's a social authority. I'd like to see her handle at least a dozen snobs I can think of, because she would do it with so much skill that they soon would all be standing around numbly. It takes an aristocrat to handle a snob. And a quiet aristocrat won't bother. But a working aristocrat—which is what Mrs. N—— appears to be—could review a solid line of snobs and tell them when their gloves were not immaculate and how to hold their shoulders. Her husband, a tall, exceedingly handsome man of perhaps sixty, with a look of being the perfect gentleman diplomat, is with her. Yes, one needs manners down here. I shall not regret my politeness class instruction in the Sacred Heart Convent. I wish I could remember more of what the Sister taught me.

The N——s are not like the H——s, in sewing machines by the conquest of a continent, nor like the T——s, who have mines all over Ecuador and communication between them by a private radio network. The long established business connections of Mr. N—— in South America which included helping to finance and build the Guayaquil-Quito railroad have been cemented, especially in Ecuador, by the marriage of their daughter to an Ecuadorian. He is the son of Señora Blanche Yoder, whom I am most anxious to meet. So the plot begins to thicken. She has been spoken of to me not only in Minneapolis but was on the list which was sent to me from Washington. When I took these introductions I had forgotten that all introductions are a hell of a respon-

sibility. Especially with all this talk about making the wrong impression, and who is more able at that than I?

Mary has—after two hours on deck—come down with news of the quiet man. He's not, as I thought, bereft of rela-



tives and emotions. He has a wife and there is a child who wants to be a doctor. She's seventeen, a ripe age to study medicine. He is a mining engineer whose present work is in gold. He has also been interested in tin mining. He has been all over the world except for a spot or two in Asia that he hasn't got around to yet. And what he has seen has evidently not left him too cheery.

This morning we saw Cuba, which was not as flat as I have thought of it. It lay off to our right and looked less

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green but much like Ireland when you see it first. The sight of an island from a ship always makes you realize how strategic and unprotected they are—how important geographically.

The sun is full on us and warnings in the "Spanish American Ship's News" tell us guileless ones to look out for too rapid burning. I tried it for a minute or two on the top deck and had quite enough for one day and scurried down to the promenade deck, for there is a breeze there and Lord you need it. That and your pineapple juice.

If I go upstairs the play director might make me play Bingo. I am waiting until that threat has passed. Everybody except me is in the dining room and my steward came in looking worried and asked if I didn't want lunch. I hadn't, but I decided I did so he brought it down here.

He's begun to worry about me now—the way my houseman Arthur does in Tryon when I work outside of ladylike hours as I do with a frequency. It demeans the household and the steward seems to feel that I am letting down the *Santa Lucia* with this day labor of mine.

I might set down in passing the note that nobody much listened to the President's inaugural speech at noon. Only a few sat in the library, as an audience. There was the chaplain of the ship. There were three women and you could tell by their jaws and the glint of their needles as they knitted that they'd voted for Willkie. There was the UP man, head drearily in hands—a man behind dark glasses which were not also concealing any tears—a few people who are always in the library anyway. And me. Not much of a group, considering the state of the world, so I guess they didn't think it mattered much what Mr. Roosevelt said but only what he will do.



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January 20, 1941

TODAY I had a busy morning, what with a lifeboat drill and a couple of conversations about Bolivian tin. One of the important people on board is Mr. E——, who is one of the persons who signed, on November 4, 1940, a contract under which the United States buys Bolivian tin ores. The mechanics are that the Metals Reserve Company, operating under the RFC, is to buy ninety thousand tons of fine tin in five years.

This is regarded in many quarters as a great diplomatic *coup* but it is, I gather, even as I read its terms (*Engineering and Mining Journal*, December, 1940) not a very handsome contract for the United States Government. From that article, as well as the discussion on board ship among informed people, it is obvious that the government may be paying more than necessary for that tin.

The contract increases the charge of smelting as the grade

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of ore rises and to anyone like myself who hails from the iron ore district of Minnesota, that doesn't make sense. High grade ore costs less to process.

I have been given the explanation that this reversal of what would usually be the case is due to the fact that the whole contract was a combination of three, separate, non-interdependent contracts and some bargainers with the government seem to have been shrewder or more powerful than others.

The recurrent criticism that the government in Washington does not allow experts to handle matters which often need the "men who really know" comes up in this connection like the chorus of a familiar song. The verse in this case is about tin, but there are lots of other verses.

It's the old catch, of course. The men who know the tin situation best are those who may "have an interest" in the outcome of such a contract and, for that reason, they either aren't called into consultation or their opinion is discounted. Sometimes it's a good reason, sometimes not so good. In this contract, too, another trouble seems to be that there were too many people cooking it up to result in an economical broth for the United States Government.

But, after all, we have the contract, even if it is unnecessarily expensive, and at the moment the tin is worth more to us than economy. More serious seems to be the fact that the tin smelters which we were supposed to be getting in this country are not yet materializing.

Enters here the most interesting name of the Bolivian Indian who got an interest in a tin mine when his boss, the owner of a grocery store, sent him out to collect a bad debt. He came back with an interest in the mine, as payment. He was given hell and the owner of the grocery

wouldn't take the mine interest in payment of account. He said to Patiño, "You got it. You keep it!" So Patiño kept the mine and in the end it netted him fifty million dollars. He went to Paris and married his daughters into the French nobility after giving them superlative educations. Who advised him? I asked. The man said, "His wife was his only adviser."

Someone else told a story of how, when she first went to Paris, Madame Patiño ordered some salmon in a fashionable restaurant. They brought her a fine fresh salmon and she waved it away. "Not salmon," she said. And finally they realized what was wrong and went out and got her one of the round rings out of a tin and she fell to and ate well. If it's true, it hangs together. The woman who could badger canned salmon out of a hotel waiter when she was unaccustomed to a good hotel knew what she wanted, whether it was salmon, education, or princes for sons-in-law. She didn't have to be told and she couldn't be frightened away from her desire.

Patiño claims that he has a ten-year contract for his tin with England. So he can't sell to the United States. Question of my own was what happens if England falls? Will Germany get that contract from Patiño, who lives in Paris and the Waldorf, and is said to be considering smelting tin—not under contract—in New Jersey?

It is further complicated by a quarrel over whether the process of smelting tin shall be a new chemical one or the more familiar one. Mr. E—— thought the latter was quickest and surest at the moment, and Mr. H——, at our table, had a quite contrary point of view.

This is not theory. This is the stuff right on the ground, discussed by the men who are going back to mine that tin. It was a great bit of luck for me of course to run into this

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on the boat. They have been talking freely, for which they will thoroughly dislike me, but at least I've learned a lot and not much that any interested member of the public could not know if he looked at the record.

My technique is looking up. I hate asking questions but I go right ahead, continually astonished that what little I knew before comes in so handily.

After three days, the effect of the climate begins to show. The women on the boat look restored and smoothed—again more feminine. The rather driven, eager look I see at home among and on women, unless they are just dead pans, isn't apparent here. The Spanish women, even those who show the signs of age or sadness in their faces, don't look distraught. But they didn't at the beginning of the sailing.

Still a swell today—it's not calm weather and there are rainbows tossed upon the waves now and then.

Everybody—the word is accurate—went to the lifeboat drill. I have never seen one as well attended as this one. All the people who travel up and down the coast a great deal were there, taking it as a proper and necessary thing. A few who had been abroad probably once before were very high hat—knew all about it—but they were coerced by public opinion. A lady who came without her belt was recommended to go back and get it and when she said she "knew how they went on" everyone completely ignored her. A few minutes later she had the belt on. For there are few who don't realize, without mentioning it, that travel is more perilous than it normally would be. War is afloat.

Social life on a boat is like its model on land—but subject to certain checks and balances, especially on a smallish boat like this one, where the public rooms are limited and there

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aren't many de luxe suites. Last night at cocktail time you saw a usual sight—the set-up of groups who are sure of themselves, and the one of a noisier lot who are defiantly unsure and mocking. There were a good number of parties. One was run by a proud little beauty with definite breasts, wearing orchid remnants. There were the ones who were clutching at chance acquaintances, so the steward wouldn't see them alone, and the very few who were by themselves because they wanted to be.

Then there were two larger parties and I wonder if they give me some hint of what to expect down here socially. On one side of what is called the "Club" was a party which included some rich American industrialists, mine owners and capitalists who knew South America well. With them were the diplomats on board, the wife of the Ambassador to Peru, the French diplomat en route to Chile (from the Pétain government, so certain subjects did not arise in the conversation), and a few pretty thoroughly introduced people whose acquaintances at home identified them as well as fingerprints could. The group was a mixture of business and diplomatic relations and the members of it were all relaxed and yet pretty serious. They all sounded as if they knew next year would be worse—the way men of importance sound at home.

On the other side of the room was a noisier if not happier party given by a big once sumptuous woman who sits at a table in the center of the dining room and lets her eyes rove around the room, apparently always in search of people for cocktail parties. Tonight she kidnaped the quiet man from our table, who seemed to be enjoying himself under a very wry expression. "Well," he said to me later, grinning, "she's refreshing, that woman."

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She doesn't look like a long cool drink to me. But she has an interesting history which I am told on all sides. It seems to fascinate people, as she herself does. She was, I'm told, a schoolteacher in Panama, a quiet American schoolteacher in a foreign country. Probably she was lonesome then. She married an engineer and had four sons. He died and then she married again, this time a rich brewer, and had another boy, making five Gracchi. The brewer died and left her wealthy and she has, said one Panamanian to me, "been shaking her foot ever since."

On board ship South America hasn't got its best foot forward in all respects. There's a huge, arrogant, cross South American whose idea of fun is to get roaring drunk every night and then sing songs which the Americans who don't understand Spanish think are romantic, and which those who do know the language, realize are obscene.

Every country has some of them, men or women, who try to say it with noise and display.



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January 21st, 1941

THE first glimpse we had of South America came as the ship swung into the river leading up to our first port of call, Barranquilla in Colombia. I had expected it to be green and lush and it was both, on the river banks. It looked like the great gray-green River Limpopo out of the *Just-So Stories* and I expect there were crocodiles blinking their eyes at us from the mud at the edge of the river, but I've no picture to prove it. As always, you think of things you've seen before, of resemblances, so that you can pin down the new sight to a familiar background, and this made me think of the lowlands as you drive north from Charleston, South Carolina, along the sea. It's very different, but the land looked tangled and as if there would be snakes underfoot, as does that drive along the causeway through unreclaimed Carolina land.

By the time we could land it was dark. The UP man had

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offered to drive us up to the city and we were glad to go because he knew Spanish. Like all landings in the dark, it was impossible to see what the waterfront looked like. Barranquilla is a big modern city, so I had learned, of about two hundred thousand, and serves as a distributing point for a large section of the interior. Modern perhaps. But as



we drove up from the wharf, we were surrounded by a different kind of living.

The doorways were all open. When a door stands open in North America, you have a sense of its standing ajar, ready to be shut. But in South America you have no sense of doors. Not along ordinary poor streets at least. Entrances are fully open, sometimes with a scant curtain swinging loose like an apron, sometimes just open. The strips of light coming from

them showed the dark color of skins, the brightness of painted walls. Plaster took the place of wood and made even the half dark city brighter than an illuminated town in the United States.

It wasn't much of a glimpse but I knew I was on foreign soil. And now I want to stay there. The boat is very comfortable, but you can play Keno in lots of other places—home at the Parish House, if you want to.

Our itinerary says that we are to be on the boat until next Sunday, which is January 26th, but I have a better idea. There is no reason why we can't get off the boat at Buenaventura on Friday and go up into Colombia after all. That was the original plan and was dropped out. I've regretted not seeing more of Colombia and whose trip is this anyhow?

Anyway I asked the purser about it, who says it's perfectly all right if we've got Colombian visas. We haven't. I shall never touch a continent again without having a visa for every country that it covers. But if there is—and there must be—a Colombian consul somewhere in the Canal Zone, what's to prevent my getting visas for Mary and myself?

If I do this, I have a sneaking feeling that I shall feel far more in control of this trip. So much has been done for us and arranged for us and we have been so babied that I sometimes feel as if my managerial talents were atrophying. Even if I gum this up, it may be fun to try it. The catch is that I cannot seem to get the geography quite straight and I still have to stop and figure which city is Barranquilla, which Guayaquil and which Buenaventura. There are the three of them. I've got that far and finally I've figured out that the alternative to going through the locks on the boat at Panama is to get off at Cristobal, which is the first port on the Canal Zone, stay at the Hotel Washington, which seems

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to be the local Waldorf, and then go over to Panama City by train. I am beginning to see it as a plan. It would mean missing going through the Canal, but Mary can do that to keep up the family average, and I can then have time to see the Ambassador—if he'll see me—at Panama.

I am driving myself to do this! I would rather sit in a steamer chair and go through the locks. But I have two letters addressed to the Honorable William Dawson* and they both begin, "Dear Bill." Maybe I should do something about them.

* The Honorable William Dawson has since been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Uruguay.



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January 22d

WE ARRIVED at Cristobal about five o'clock and my resolutions to see the Colombian consul are becoming more definite and actual. I shall see him in the morning. In the meantime I have had my first meal which cannot be said to be North American, for we dined at the Hotel Washington.

The first food I had in the tropics might have been served in Spartanburg, S. C., or at Carlton, Minn., or in Milwaukee, Wis. It was a good hotel meal and we had

Clear soup—canned.

Roast beef—not very rare, with a lump of mashed potato and canned French peas. A couple of cottony Parker House rolls.

Lettuce salad with—save the mark—Russian dressing.

Ice cream in a saucer.

The explanation is that the Americans who come to Cristobal from the interior savor this kind of food, but it cer-

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tainly was a blow to me, with my mouth fixed for rare hot sauces and tropical fruits. And the hotel seems like all other hotels, except for a scarcity of furniture both below stairs in the public rooms and up here in my bedroom. The one thing worth noting is the grin on the clerk. He laughs all the time, as if every registration or every inquiry were a huge joke and you'd find frogs in your bed.

I've a big comfortable room with a lot of windows and there's wind and water in plenty outside—I can't tell just where or how close. The room is clean, sparsely furnished, rushing into sound. One door from the bedroom opens on a balcony which must overlook a garden. But the chairs on it have been stood on their heads—it's been raining.

Mary went back to the ship. I didn't worry because nothing can happen to it or her while it's in the locks.

It's very odd and rather lonesome and just a shade commonplace. I might be in one of those cities where I go sometimes to give a lecture. I had the same abandoned feeling as I hung out my other dress and put my dressingcase in the bathroom and sat in bed reading a copy of the Cristobal newspaper. From the headlines I can always figure out whether Hitler has been up to anything new and whether we are still out of war. Headlines are almost in basic English, especially war ones.



CHAPTER TWO

DAY IN PORT

January 23d

IT IS necessary to begin with an abject apology to the room at the Hotel Washington, in which I had one of the most beautiful awakenings of my life.

Some time after dawn, the whir of three great military planes woke me and I opened my eyes to see them flying across the sea which was, all the time, almost below the windows. The four full-length windows which served as walls on two sides were open and it was as if I had not slept inside at all. There was the ocean—there was a long row of coconut palms—there were airplanes and a battleship at anchor. This was the tropics and it seemed to me too that it was the most modern sight upon which I had ever opened my eyes. The lines were all present-day lines—the openness was modern openness, the airplane was modern and so, unhappily, was that battleship. A great black bird came by, displaying himself as if to show that he was just as sure on his wings as any airplane.

DAY IN PORT

I felt detached but not at all lonely now. This was South America. Things were happening and I was going to find out all I could about them. It was a cool morning so I decided on pink knitted wool instead of sharkskin. That was my mistake, but I didn't know it then. I called up the office of the Colombian consul and was told to come around about nine. The train for Panama City didn't leave until eleven o'clock, so that, I thought, gave me lots of time to get the visas and come back, make myself handsome for international relations in Panama City, and get the train.

I told the taxi driver to wait, that I'd only be a minute, as I went up a steep flight of wooden stairs to the consul's office. A young man in the outer office spoke no English but we managed a preliminary conversation. The consul would be there soon—maybe in half an hour. In the meantime he would look at my passport.

I handed it over and for the next few minutes he regarded it closely. Then he gave me three advertising brochures to read and I studied Spanish while he regarded me with interest. A negro rushed in suddenly and the young man became a *grand seigneur*. He told the negro—I could understand it all, so obvious was the reception of the news—that nothing could be done. The negro took out a worn paper which might have been anything, studied and caressed it. Maybe it was a recommendation. The clerk went back to his work, the negro stamped the dust out of his bare feet and went away unhappily. No consul.

Suddenly the clerk got up, with an evident intention of getting something done that was important, and I rubbed a brow that was beginning to drip under the chic pink knit which the saleswoman had told me I could "wear anywhere and always feel well dressed." I knew that this action con-

cerned me, for the clerk was looking at me and my passport. He opened a drawer, took something out and brought it to me. I recognized the unmistakable covers and scrawled names of an autograph book. That's what having "writer" on your passport does for you!

I wrote a beautiful signature, restraining myself from writing "Sugar is sweet and so are you" above it with some difficulty. Then, relations being on a firm basis, I went into the matter of the time in the sign language. He seemed less sure now of when the consul would arrive.

But he did and soon. He came in, a big, hot man who spoke nothing but Spanish, and went into my case courteously. I gave him all my documents and two pictures of Mary and four of myself for his files. For all the consuls want pictures and I suspect they have them stuck in fishnets all over their bedroom walls in the old 1912 way. What else can they do with them? I offered him a letter from my doctor which gave my blood count at its best and a letter from my United States Senator just for good measure. He read them all and said, unimpressed, "Where are two more pictures of your daughter?"

I didn't have two more, nor one. I had none. I had just given him two fair and smiling likenesses of her and that, I thought, should do any consul. But it didn't. We were at a complete impasse. I couldn't believe it, but gradually it began to seep in. No more pictures of her, no visa, no Colombia for us—and Colombia now began to seem more and more desirable.

I turned on authority and I turned on all the charm that could drip out slowly on a hot morning. It did drip, as a matter of fact. But though he was courteous, he was obdurate. At any moment that I produced those pictures he would

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send me through Colombia on wings. Without pictures, no dice.

Maybe he was sorry for me. Maybe he was simply disturbed because I wouldn't go away. I kept telling him about the train, about my love for Colombia. I even threw in a dash about the great work I meant to do, writing up Colombia. And finally he said clumsily, "Wait. My wife speaks English." Rising, he went to find her and I realized what I had not before, that he lived right there in the same house and was probably in bed when I got there at nine.

He was one of the most courteous men I have ever met. He took me through an office, opened another door, and we were in a pleasant little sitting room which spelled England. As I had guessed, his wife was English and if I had puzzled the consul, I was an open book to his wife. I was a hot, once well-dressed American woman in a devil of a predicament.

I liked that Englishwoman and after five minutes I knew that she was miserable in Cristobal, that she wanted to return to Cali, where they had recently lived, that it was expensive in Cristobal, that the reason her husband didn't want to give me the visas was because he had to send four pictures into the headquarters of his superior officials.

Also we went into an interesting discussion of the fact that much of Cristobal is on "made land" and that it will be impossible to have air raid shelters there and that women and children are now being evacuated. I wanted to go on with that, but time was flying.

I asked if they couldn't photograph Mary's photographs and let me pay for the prints. They'd done that in New York, but it didn't click. I begged, "Let me send the picture back from Cali."

She said, "Ah, only recently an Englishman came here at

night, also in a great hurry for a visa. He presented the finest introductions and he promised to send back pictures, because he was short of them."

"And didn't he?" I asked.

"No," she said, and I realized how one traveler can do another one in, and how international distrust begins. I could have broken that Englishman's neck.

"Well, I promise you that I will," I said, and we looked at each other and she believed me. She turned to her husband with a torrent of Spanish words and persuasion—perhaps a little abuse—and he gave in.

While he was working on the papers—oh, so slowly—I wished I could do something for her. I wanted to send her flowers, to ask her to dinner, to even things up, and I had no chance. Thanks seemed pretty barren but I opened my purse to powder my face and saw that superb lipstick in its lucite container which had been my last modern acquisition. And my pride.

Happily I said, "Do you use lipstick?" Because she wasn't at the minute.

"And who does not? These days."

"Do you find it hard to get a good one here?" I asked.

So that was that. She had the lipstick and the promise of the pictures, and I had the visas and off I went to the taxi which was, after an hour and a half, still waiting. I fled to the hotel and to the train, still clad in pink wool which was hotter than ever. Well, thought I, it's always smart, and it doesn't wrinkle. I thought that often all day and I never believed myself once.

But it didn't matter, heat or anything else. At the train I met the friendly N——s, who steered me into the right car at the train, who said I was expected to lunch by Mrs. Daw-

DAY IN PORT

son, and put me at some physical and mental ease. The train started and we ran through the tumbled outskirts of Cristobal into that remnant of jungle which connects Cristobal and Panama City. I had learned by this time to fling the accent violently on the second syllable of Cristobal and on the third one of Panama in order to be correct.

The railroad runs along in a fair parallel to the Canal itself, which as everyone should know, but may not, is in what is called the Canal Zone, a strip of land ten miles wide* which was perpetually ceded to the United States by Panama in 1903, and for which we paid ten million dollars on the spot, and after nine years a quarter of a million dollars a year, as a kind of perpetual indemnity in annuity form. Approximately the same deal had been previously offered to Colombia for the right to put the Canal through, for Panama was then part of Colombia, but Colombia wouldn't ratify the agreement, for political and financial reasons of her own.

It may be dimming in some American minds and there are those, I am sure, who have never even heard the facts as to what happened after our proposed deal with Colombia fell through. But to understand why the phrase "Yankee imperialism" is a byword in South America, we ought to be aware and reminded of our national actions not so long ago. Colombia, at the time when she refused to ratify the treaty, had been going through civil war. She was pretty well exhausted, and the United States under Theodore Roosevelt supported—if she did not actually foment—a revolt in Panama against the Colombian government. We gave the revolt armed backing; with United States soldiers in Panama to

* There are a few areas outside this ten-mile limit also included in the Canal Zone, the area covered by Gatun and Madden lakes and the land adjacent, which is below sea level.

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help, Panama became and is today "protected" by the United States, though outside of the Canal Zone the country is as independent as a dictator-ruled country may be.

The word "protection" of a little power by a great one has fallen into much disrepute and we despise Germany for using the word to cover up her grabs. But it's humbling and humiliating to realize that our own hands aren't as clean as they might be. According to our principles, the action was unjustified. Practically it can be argued that it was an excellent thing for Colombia and Panama.

This not so ancient history is very much in the wind today of course, and the basis for diatribes and demonstrations against the United States by those nations and individuals who want to undermine and destroy our influence in Panama, Colombia and all the other South American countries. The argument is that you don't get over unscrupulousness.

I'd heard all this for months but I hadn't been in Panama an hour before the matter began to crop up in conversations. The President of Panama, who is a dictator, Arnulfo Arias, has been making us nervous.* For that reason, as well as the reason of world crisis, a state of emergency has been declared in the Canal Zone, and the military authorities have precedence over the civil ones, which is not normally the case. I heard that later in the day.

Seeing is believing again. I have always known how vital the Panama Canal is to the United States and to England, but here on the spot it's a very definite realization of the eye. On one side is the Pacific—on the other the Atlantic—and between them this master work of engineering which permits thousands of vessels to save themselves weeks on the

* Since this time, Arias gave out a manifesto allowing air and anti-aircraft bases at Panama to be leased to the United States of America.

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ocean. The saving of nautical miles between New York and San Francisco is three-fifths of the original distance that had to be traversed by way of the Straits of Magellan.

It's one of the most valuable properties in the world. For either commerce or military purposes it is vital to us in the United States. It will link our two ocean navies when we get them or if it fell under hostile control, it would disastrously separate them. It's as close to South America as it is to North America. And yet some people say that what happens in South America isn't our business!

Occasionally from the train we could see the Cut and the locks. But not continually, and for the most part I spent that journey thinking what it must have meant to cut through swamp and jungle, to believe it could be done and to get it done in spite of a heat which comes from the sky to meet a heat from the ground, in spite of fevers and exhaustion and heaven knows what misery.

I sat in the railway car thinking it was hot and realizing that I didn't know what the heat meant, for the windows were open and we were shaded and moving. I thought of the men who came down here to work and carried with them the memories of little cool towns in Maine or Ohio, of front porches and neat kitchens. From the train window I'd see a flash of red blossoms in the jungle growth, a hut with an opening and a naked nigger baby or two tumbling over the sill— I'd smell the oversweet damp tangle and think what a pity it is that the people who have great courage and endurance so often can't pass it on to others. If you wanted one of them to tell about it in print, he'd probably say, "Hell, I'm no story writer."

Everyone is proud of the Canal. There was a genuine ex-

citement on the boat as we approached it. The cameras were taken away from everyone, which seems to be to some extent locking the door after the horse was stolen, for there are very complete pictures of the Canal in the possession of all foreign governments who want them. Of course a great deal of new construction is going on. Parts of the Canal are



being bombproofed (if that is going to be feasible) and a new set of locks is under construction. But this taking cameras away is more or less of a farce, for with the new little cameras you can carry in your hand and which aren't much bigger than a penknife, all could be done that was necessary.

However, it looks like precaution and good business. And there was a certain impressiveness in the fact that we knew that when the boat was in the locks the control passed from the captain to the military men in charge of the locks.

Funny, the effect that had. It made a lot of people feel that the whole United States was beautifully protected.

I was no less proud of the Canal than anyone else. I am not proud of the way we got it, but the construction of it and its usefulness should make any United States citizen straighten up with satisfaction. Of course the airplane has diminished its usefulness from a military standpoint to an extent which can't be accurately measured at the moment, but nothing can take its trade value away.

At Panama City we left the train at a station which was on the outskirts and which suddenly and surprisingly, right out of jungle and tin huts along the tracks, looked like any suburban station outside of Chicago. Mrs. Dawson, the wife of the Ambassador, met us. There was no sense of protocol at all. Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. N—— were old friends and instantly wanted to talk about their other friends, what new babies had been born and what operations had come out all right. And Mrs. Dawson seemed to know that I wrote and, even more astonishingly, more or less what I wrote. She said we were going to lunch at the Country Club because the Ambassador was having a stag lunch at the Embassy for Mr. Farley. So many people had to be asked to meet him that it couldn't be a mixed luncheon and she and Mr. Dawson had been up since crack of dawn trying to get people for both luncheons.

It sounded pleasant and homey—like a bad day in Duluth when a lot of visitors from New York come up to see the mines and have to be entertained.

“However,” said Mrs. Dawson, “we'll stop at the Embassy first and talk with the Ambassador and take a look at the luncheon table and see if it's all right.”

That sounded like home too. So we did. The Embassy is

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an old place, an historical house right in the City, and its door is flush with the street. The offices are on the first floor and not pleasant or commodious, so Mrs. Dawson told me. She said that plans for the new Embassy were under way and that it was certainly time.

But the second floor, with its dim drawing room full of lovely furniture, its high ceiling and waxed floors, seemed a pity to abandon. There we met the Ambassador and talked with him a little while, saying nothing of the slightest importance but finding out at least that no new tremor or tragedy was shaking the world.

Mr. Dawson once attended the University of Minnesota and as he spoke of the men who were there with him I thought that he looked younger than most of his classmates whom I knew well or slightly. Most of them are now gray-ing, bulging men in their mid-fifties, and you nearly always know what they will say next. Mr. Dawson's hair is somewhat gray but he definitely does not bulge. Nor do you know what he will say, and even less what he thinks. He is a career diplomat, with well-polished manners, and the government of the United States could set him down anywhere in the world and be sure that he would conduct himself with taste and dignity, or I miss my guess.

And with discretion. He told us nothing quotable, but of course there was no time to build up a conversation. Sometimes it seems such a pity that you can't go straight to the point of what you want to know and ask it without preliminaries. I often think we waste a lot of time in such ways that Hitler does not. He admits the issues.

We spoke of the main matter on the international docket, Mr. Winant's probable appointment to the Court of St. James. And of the other matter of Mr. Willkie's visit to

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England. I said that I thought that we should send someone to England who could come back and convince labor that we should help England in every possible way, but the remark seemed to get lost and anyway word came that some of the guests for the Farley party were arriving.

We met them briefly—I was reminded that I had written *The Case for Chastity*, by one gentleman who seemed to have been worrying about it ever since quite a lot—and then we went down the stairs just as Mr. Farley, looking very healthy and with a good sea-going burn, came up.

I had never met him but he seemed to know me—maybe it was just a political convention look that I had. His face assumed that extraordinarily pleasant look of personal recognition which it can wear and I thought again, as I had at the Democratic convention, that politics will be the loser if he leaves the game. But he looked much happier than he had in July, in Chicago.

So we left them to their stag lunch, centered by beautiful flowers, and went to one at the Country Club for the wives of most of the men who were lunching at the Embassy. What the conversation was among the men I don't know, but I heard later in the afternoon from one of the guests that it was not remarkable. Nothing of importance seemed to be said at the Country Club either, and yet before I left that table I had a very grave sense of the crises, the danger, the guards which were involving Panama at the moment. I liked all the wives of the men in charge of Panama whom I met. They are not to be easily forgotten, the wife of the General, Mrs. Van Voorhis, or the wife of the Major General in charge of the air force, Mrs. Andrews.

One of my personal rules is never to cut a good day in

two by going out to lunch. Maybe I'd change my mind in Panama.

Except for Mrs. N——, who had been on our boat, this was my first glimpse of women who are close to South American diplomacy, or to our military forces there. I hope to have many more looks at them. They looked like women at home who lunch at Country Clubs—not quite so well dressed but somehow more distinguished. There was no plan of talk. We spoke of the Panama Library, of hats, of the present feverish activity in the Canal Zone, of the thousands of negroes who had recently been imported from Jamaica for labor in new construction, and the housing problem they presented.

I would have liked to spend the rest of the day with any one of them—which is not my normal North American reaction to ladies' luncheons. And yet they told me that their lives are limited—narrow in scope. Maybe so. But they all knew what was going on in the world.

From Mrs. Dawson's manner when she took me around to see more of Panama, I might have been the one rare and valued guest she'd had in a long time. When I think and know that she has to do that day after day, with one person after another, I marveled that her freshness and cordiality didn't get stale. I have an idea that there's political excitement in being a diplomat's wife that is like a stimulant. She spoke of other posts they'd had. For a time Mr. Dawson was Ambassador to Ecuador and they had lived in Quito and loved it. But when the time came to go on, there had apparently been no hang-back, even with the human regrets. I got the impression that it's much like being an army wife and so moved from post to post, only in diplomatic service

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it is more exciting because the jobs don't so closely resemble one another. And surely the posts don't.

We crowded a good deal of conversation into that afternoon. Panama—the Canal Zone—certainly is humming with activity. It is all very orderly on the surface and I heard the words "under control" used many times. But obviously and unmistakably it's one of the key danger spots of the world just now and nobody's oblivious to that or to the fact that Arias is a nationalistic dictator who might play into the hands of Germany.

I saw things about which I'd heard complaint in the United States from returning correspondents—the exposed oil tanks, for one thing. They are now being camouflaged, which seemed to me rather nonsensical, for a bomber would only have to know the district, and then even if a tank looked like an apartment house from the air you couldn't fool him. Maybe, as someone said to me, they don't keep their oil there anyhow. Maybe they are just big empty tanks.

We drove to the Fortified Islands, for I had never seen them. Across a long causeway from the mainland, there are a couple of fortified islands of rather small dimensions, but they have been equipped with many devices which in time of attack would be invaluable for communications. They are closely guarded and no one is admitted without a pass. And the pelicans fly along the causeway, light on a wave and look you over as do the guards.

I went back in a launch to the ship, past Japanese merchantmen lying at the docks. I had a very definite conviction that the history of Panama, the Canal Zone and the Canal itself has only begun to be written, and that all the people down there, who are intelligent, are conscious of not only

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a strategic position in world affairs but of new dangers that threaten that position.

I wonder how many North Americans realize that we control the Canal and the Canal Zone, but that we don't control Panama and that there is an active, live, violent nationalism being inflamed there.

However unscrupulously we acquired the Canal Zone, we cannot afford to lose it.



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CHAPTER THREE

HERESIES OF TRAVEL

.....

January 24th

As soon as I got that precious visa from the Colombian consulate in Cristobal, my mind was quite made up that we would get off the boat at Buenaventura instead of at Guayaquil. It didn't seem to me that it was a decision that need affect anyone very much except Mary and myself, but everyone who knew about it seemed to take it quite seriously. There was a good deal of talk about altitudes and I found out afterward that various kindly acquaintances had been cautioning Mary to make me slow down in the high altitudes. But until you've actually been high up in the air you don't think much about it. Certainly I didn't. Having suddenly decided that it would be stupid to miss Colombia and the whole thing seeming very feasible on maps, I couldn't see why we should not go. There was, I could see, one slight problem, which was the return trip from Bogotá to Quito, for which we would have no reservations, for our

original schedule sent us from Guayaquil to Ambato to Quito; but at the time these places meant about as much to me as they do to most readers who are used to American transportation between Chicago and New York. I saw two cities on the map and I knew there must be some way to get from one to the other and I had about three days' leeway to do it. The deadline was Quito on January 31st, for that was when we would take off for the long flight to Lima and our reservations were made, but the distances looked short on the map and I had no fears that I could not manage it either by rail or bus or air. It looked as if it could be walked in three days, as far as that went.

But your travel schedule, if you have been at all heralded in South America, amounts, I now see, to a pledge and a promise. Getting off that boat at Buenaventura was almost an international incident before long. And for weeks people kept saying to me, or saying to someone else, "But they were to get off at Guayaquil! I had arranged to meet them there!"

Their surprise was understandable and my conduct unforgivable, as far as letting them down went, though I had no idea anyone was meeting us. But what I couldn't see was how quickly word of our unreliability traveled around, until at one point about ten days later I felt as if I would always be known as the Woman Who Didn't Get Off at Guayaquil.

But this is a later insert. What I was thinking of at the time was the immediate disembarking. And I wrote on that day, "How quickly a relationship grows on board a boat. A week ago we did not even know the names of the people who were sailing from New York with us and now they are not only familiar in face but in personality. We know the

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ones we want to see again; the ones we hope to dodge; the ones who will want to avoid us; the ones we hope like us a little.

“With the farewells a sudden friendliness comes too into the manners of most of the people you see, even if you have not spoken to them more than once, even if you haven’t spoken to them at all up to now. It doesn’t matter about that for a relationship has been established and you will, always, be to them as they to you, ‘someone who was on the same boat with us.’ ”

The sharing of a boat, though it’s easy to forget it on the pleasant days amid all your Grace Line luxury or your Cunard luxury, is based on an element of risk. You share a larder and a peril on the same high class raft.

I was thinking of these things with my head in a trunk, with a welter of clothes on the beds of our stateroom, and I was hating clothes as only they can be hated when they serve no immediate end of decoration or comfort but are just so much easily crumpled cotton or silk, so many hard heels of shoes, and soft crowns of hats that defy you to tamper with them or else they will turn into absurdities. Clothes in a cabin on a boat on a hot day are a horror. They get in your way, they thwart you with bulk, with strange crumplings, with total war on the way they were packed before. The yellow chiffon dress, in which you imagined you would be so charming some night on the boat, has never been on your back after all and now it hangs there to be packed, given to the stewardess or pushed through the porthole. The last idea tempts you viciously. It would be, you feel, a relief past all expression to know that you didn’t have to carry that wool suit—necessary when you left New York in Jan-

uary—all over South America, taking up space, making you feel hotter and looking like an old rag.

All your original plans—so neat and orderly—have gone haywire. The hatbox was for hats and shoes. When you left home you could have opened it in the dark and pulled out your black shoes or your evening slippers. Now one pair is in the small suitcase and the other seems gone for good.

Grimly you say, I haven't any more things than I had when I started. They all got in once and there was lots of room. But that was before they had, each of them, got loose.

It's bad enough to pack, but you think at the same time of what you are not doing, of what you miss. Here you are, en route to South America, in the Pacific Ocean, and what are you doing with your time? You are folding dresses and suits in a hot little cabin and getting no more than a little round camera eye of the Pacific when you have a chance to pass your porthole. Bad management, you think. Other people aren't doing this. They are up improving their minds, with gin and tonics. But the trunk has to be ready in an hour.

And when the clothes are imprisoned, what is ahead of you is even worse, for you have to go through your book bag and see which of those letters you mean to tear up and which you have to take along. You have to separate the pencils and the extra typewriter ribbons, the folders for paper, and sort out and eliminate the beginnings of manuscripts, the pamphlets you've picked up. For if you don't, the thing won't close. And where that new book on Brazil is going to go is past understanding.

The book bag, so called in my family after Somerset Maugham's story, is nothing of the sort. It is a small leather boxish piece of luggage known to the trade as a traveling

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library. Well organized in a shop window, it is a little model than can hold a dozen decent-sized books so that you can see their titles, and pick one out. A dozen books—just like Dr. Eliot has on his shelf—a trip, is its slogan. Someone thought the box was a nice idea and gave me one. No doubt at the beginning I started out with a dozen books, but it soon became, like that hatbox, doomed to serve other purposes. It traveled with me all over Europe and it held at one time two motoring hoods, *Mein Kampf*, six packages of cigarettes, a camera, always a piece of work “in progress,” pencils, rubber bands, a Phillips Brooks calendar, so I may have some faint idea of what to do next, letters of introduction, extra glasses, checkbooks, an account book and some typewriting paper. Once when I opened it in New York a friend looked gravely at it and at me and said nothing, but the next day he turned up with a present. And the present marked MCB was a leather manuscript case. “This is to simplify or further complicate your life,” he said.

It was a handsome piece of luggage. It still is. It has compartments for different pieces of manuscript and, in addition, little labels on the top of each compartment so you can find your way among your efforts and failures, choose between your beginnings and revisions. Once I set it all up. I labeled each compartment. There was one for *McCalls* and one for *Cosmopolitan* (I was working on a story for each magazine). There was one labeled Radio and one labeled Talks and one labeled Vassar (that was Trustee material) and one labeled Personal Letters and one labeled For Filing on Return Home. The case traveled that way for about a hundred miles. Then in a hurry I put the Vassar budget under Personal Letters and thought it was lost, and

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slipped a page of Radio into the *Cosmopolitan* file and finally transferred everything I really wanted into the overcrowded old book bag and forgot to unpack the manuscript case when I got home, so for months it stood in the office vault, cherishing three old Talks.

Later on I took it on another trip but it never warmed up to me. And once when I told a maid at home that I wanted to take the little oblong case in the hall closet on another trip and to put it with my luggage, it was so unidentified with me that I was given the wrong case and traveled across the country and back with a portable roulette case, which had also been in the hall closet.

All this is to explain why I have the book bag with me, and why I must have it. It pleases little children when they see the front come down displaying its entire insides. Customs house officials have worried over it and porters have sighed under its weight, but where I go it goes, and we are usually both thoroughly disheveled from travel very shortly after we start out and never regain our original neatness.

Anyway the packing got done. The stewardess was ahead by an untractable dress and a few smaller items, and I made speeches to myself about cool control and changed into traveling clothes and went up on deck. It was hot there too by this time and Mr. Farley was the coolest thing in sight so I took stock of him.

He looked cooler than he had in Chicago, but that must have been a really hot spot for him. But then, as now, he was commanding looking. I have always felt that the Roosevelts hated to part with the close support of Mr. Farley and that came into my head again as I watched him, and along with it my own guess as to the reason why. There are

HERESIES OF TRAVEL

few such stable realists. He is unpretentious. He does not ask for attention and there seems to be no ounce of swagger in him. If he has limitations, as he must have, it is up to the observer to seek them out. He will himself neither flaunt nor deny them.

Of course his appearance on board the boat made a certain commotion. We already had the Cardinal, the new French Ambassador to Peru, Monsieur d'Hyoville, and his wife, and other notables. But most interesting of all somehow was Mr. Farley, choosing a small table in the dining room and sitting with his back to attention. I think that there wasn't anyone on board who didn't say a good word about Mr. Farley.

He told me that he didn't want to fly over the Andes, when we spoke briefly of routes, that he disliked flying. He had done it and had, I think, one unhappy experience of being hung up in a fog.

Panagra sighs. It would like to promise no more fogs and get Mr. Farley on its list.

And so we said good-by to the *Santa Lucia* that day, after having been treated kindly by many passengers and having been taught—and warned—in a kindly fashion something of what to expect in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile. We have not promised to go into Bolivia, though we wish we could, but we feel pretty clever at having added Colombia to the original route.

There was a man on deck who looked up and said his first word to me. "Are you getting off here?" he asked in shocked astonishment. "In Buenaventura?"

I said I was.

"It's the hell hole of South America," he said. "You'll find out."

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With that benediction we went down below and counted the luggage again. So far we had lost nothing except a large and beautiful leather box of candy sent by the Waldorf, may its name be blessed. But that was gone and it had been only slightly tampered with. By us. I had meant to give it to someone in South America. Maybe someone in South America did get it.



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CHAPTER FOUR

COLOMBIA

.....

January 24th
Buenaventura

HELL HOLE or not, Buenaventura had a rainbow over it when we got off the boat and for a moment I stood looking at it, forgetting the heat, the luggage, and even how much I liked the looks of the friendly people who were meeting us. They were Americans, a man and his wife, who lived in Cali and had come down by train from Cali to meet us and get us started. Mrs. R—— was young and brown and wore a turban tight around her brow as a turban should be worn. I spent a day and a half in Schiaparelli's company this winter, observing her constant wearing of turbans by day and evening, but Martha R—— does them even better. They are the cleanest-looking things you can wear in the heat and make most wearers of hats look frowsy and messy.

It is a very nice thing to step on the ground of a new continent, in a town called Buenaventura, and find it complete

with rainbow. I hope that some of the real explorers had the same luck. Maybe that's why it was called Buenaventura.

The explorers had better luck in one way for they didn't have to go through the customs, which were located about a quarter of a mile away, apparently to make it harder. And even the customs would have no truck with us until we reclaimed our passports from the Captain of the Port, so we set out in an indicated direction. The building was too far off to show.

My friend Mr. R—— asked if I had a lot of extra pictures of myself, which sounded like the consul in Cristobal all over again. I said no—but that I had a visa and that everybody in South America must have a picture of me by this time anyway. He said that you should never travel in South America without at least fifty extra pictures. I pass that on here for my bit of special advice. Don't think it is egotism. Just get the fifty pictures and get a fingerprinting equipment while you are about it and **DON'T FOLD YOUR BRAZILIAN IDENTIFICATION CARD**. It is too big to go into your purse or pocket unfolded and you must not lose it, and it is a terrible nuisance, but *do not fold* it for then it will not be acceptable for the Brazilian records and maybe there's a death penalty too. I suspect it from the warnings.

We finally came to the building where the Captain of the Port was said to be and my friend grew grimmer. He was sure now that I would never be given the freedom of Colombia without more pictures. We climbed a few flights of stairs and found the Captain of the Port in his high nest and in his shirtsleeves.

My friend told me sotto voce to shake hands. It seemed rather an extravagant gesture as there was a railing between me and the Captain and he was sitting down and paying no

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attention to me whatsoever. But I held out my hand the first time he looked up and he stood up courteously and welcomed me to South America.

Nor did he ask for more pictures. He looked at my passport, asked my age, destination and a few other things, but



he took my face on trust. Mr. R—— still thought there was something irregular about it. But we went down the stairs—and from either side of the landing, dark-skinned people stared.

In addition to remembering that it is polite to shake hands, you must remember in South America that it is not impolite to stare. Everyone does it. People give you thorough glances. They put time on them and concentration into them. I suppose I'll get used to it. R—— says so.

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We could have dined on the boat but we had said so many good-bys that it seemed overemotional to go back, and besides I wanted to get on with South America. We went through the customs, which had one interesting feature. When an inspector opened your case full of feminine clothes, he did not paw his way through them but called "Maria!" Over came the lady searcher, small, silent and grim, and she went through your things. At one point she tapped a brown leather box which was closed and asked me to open it.

"Jewels?" she asked in English.

I lifted the lid. My jewels were, like Cornelia's, not gold or diamonds, nor even my children, but just a little assortment of Germaine Monteil's best cosmetics. And the inspector looked at them closely, for a moment, I thought, with intent to confiscate. Her eyes gleamed. I wanted to offer her a jar of special cream but I was afraid it might amount to corrupting a public servant, so I didn't.

She was very agreeable. And quick. So we went over to the Hotel Estación, which is Buenaventura's big hotel. They had spoken none too highly of it on the boat but it looked very substantial and well done to me—a big, Spanish-looking structure, with a long lobby served by windows and elevators.

A negro boy, with the look of the brightest pupil in the class, took us upstairs, staring at us unremittingly, and we got off on a gallery around which bedrooms were laid neatly and which was open to the sky in the middle. Our room was at the end and looked rather smallish and the worse for mildew and distemper, but through the window, when we flung it open, there was a sunset which sent Mary hurrying

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for her camera, and below was a swimming pool full of blue water and brown people.

South America looked beautiful just then. But we were of course looking away from Buenaventura.

For a while that evening we sat in the lobby and talked to the R——s—almost immediately about the war. R——, giving me my first comment from a man actually in business in South America, said that many American business firms will close up in three years in case of a Nazi victory and that their plans are all laid for such action. The ears of a strange-looking man in the next chair seemed to flap, and Martha R—— gave her husband a warning look.

R—— says that the Colombian government is really democratic in principle and that the great majority of Colombians want it to continue that way. He verifies what of course we have read and heard, that the Conservative party is also the party which supports the Church. He says too that there is general satisfaction and relief in Colombia over the fact that the German air transport line in Colombia has been taken over by the Colombian government and it will coöperate with Panagra, which is of course American. The German company, which was called Scadta (Sociedad Colombo-Alemána de Transportes Aéreos, if you want to know its full name), has evidently been a thorn in Colombia's democratic flesh and of course before I left home I knew it had been a worry to us. But now, on the ground, it seems far more important and threatening.

That is because I am conscious of how close Colombia is to Panama, of how exposed Panama is, of how threaded with enemies of the United States it may be, and how dangerous it would be to have airlines or air bases in Colombia in German hands if we are on the other side in this war.

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We were talking about this over a Scotch and soda when a very handsome tall blond man spoke to the R——s and then sat down and had a drink with us. We stopped talking war, led conversationally by our host.

The blond man was vigorous and fun. When he left, R—— said, thoughtfully. "He's a Dane."

It doesn't feel like a guileless place around here.

Dinner was a queer meal and I regretted, on account of the R——s, that I hadn't kept them on board for dinner. I had already begun to realize that a "boat being in port" is a big event down here and they might have enjoyed it. The cuisine at the Hotel Estación isn't French. Nor Spanish. There was grayish bread that looked like Irish bread but didn't taste as well, thin steak pounded to flatness, and a salad that we didn't dare eat, having been warned a hundred times not to eat uncooked vegetables or fruit. The sugar was yellow and very coarse.

I didn't care. This was what I wanted to see. And I wanted to see Buenaventura and had only this night to do it, for the train on which we were to go part way to Cali was scheduled to leave at six o'clock next morning.

You can do a good job of sightseeing of Buenaventura in an evening, particularly if a boat is in. It is hard to realize that this town, with its one main street, is the principal Pacific port of Colombia and the point of entry to interior cities like Bogotá. That sounds important and it is important, and will be more so when a motor road, which has long been under construction, is finally cut through between Cali and Buenaventura. The building of the road has been delayed because the government owns the railroad and is reluctant to cut down that source of revenue.

Back to my sightseeing: there are the docks, the customs

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house, all unpretentious but spacious. There is the big hotel with its tiled pool and uncurtained shower baths, wooden rockers in the lobby and poor food. And then you've said about all there is to say about Buenaventura except for the main street, up which we walked. It is the kind of street you'd expect near any waterfront, lined with little open shops and small cheap cafés. But here it's the only street.

I've read that there are houses up in the hills back of the town which are pleasant. There always are houses out of every town which are pleasant. But I've been on few such sordid main streets as in Buenaventura. It reeked. It made you think of fever and disease. The little shops were dimly lit and not picturesque. They all seemed to sell goods by the bolt—cotton, silk too, but mostly cotton in every design and shade. Much of it, I was told, was smuggled goods and the people came in from the back country to buy it. And no doubt they have Singer sewing machines in their homes to make dresses out of the goods.

Buenaventura is a sloven and a drab of a city and apparently it doesn't matter who says so, because South Americans and Colombians will tell you the same thing. They aren't proud of it. Most of them just use it as a port and get in and out of it as fast as possible. But others live there, back of the shops and in them, in the little tin shacks that clutter together without street patterns.

But it's not a dead city. Dirty as it is, it's alive and human and functioning in an unsanitary way. I've seen cities in the United States that were far more cleaned up and yet I have been more depressed in them than I was in Buenaventura. The time will come—pretty soon—when they'll clean this place up and have big stucco garages with rest rooms on

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the corners, and a better hotel, and maybe a yacht club and a few parks with monuments and all that will be fine. But I'll always remember Buenaventura as I saw it tonight, a straggly, untidy city where a sailor would bring his smuggled goods and have a debauch and perhaps sail away next day under a rainbow.



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WE FINALLY went back to the hotel but not to sleep, for every room was full of people and they were all entertaining. In the next room one man was asking another in Spanish, "But why must you sleep?" So they didn't. And the pool would grow quiet and then along would come another party with tremendous splashes and great laughter. It was a good deal like a night in an adult boarding school with no monitors on the corridors—a hot night too.

This, I thought, is a very odd place for me to be. And then there was a tap on my door and the boy called, "*Señora —cinco!*" Which meant that it was five o'clock and time to get up and join the R——s, who were taking us to Cali.

The train had clean wooden seats and the windows were open as we started. There were many other passengers and only five of us were speaking English, the R——s, Mary and myself and a young man from Panagra who had come up

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and asked me if I weren't Mrs. Banning just as I had begun to doubt it myself. We placed our pile of luggage—all our eight pieces (*ocho* was one of our first Spanish words)—in fragile racks above our heads and later on the trip Mary's enormous hatbox fell down and hit a man on his crown but he just laughed.



And as we started I had the most tremendous sense of excitement, for this was the first time we were really going into South America. We were headed for an interior city and it was all going to be new experience, which is the most exhilarating thought which can enter the mind. There's often a certain excitement in returning to the familiar too, but you don't gear yourself up to that in the same way.

The sun came up as we started off and we saw more of Buenaventura, obviously the even poorer districts. The dwellings were shacks or cabins, nearly all with tin roofs, and the first sun gave them a gay look, like the first act of

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Porgy and Bess when all the crazy houses on Catfish Row opened up with life. Something of the same thing was happening now—the black faces, the many children, the crowded, tumbled living that you could see through doorways as the train scuttled along, rattling as if it were proud of making all the noise it could. Off beyond the settlement we could see mountains almost immediately, grandly indifferent to the spatter of life on the waterfront, peeling off their mists and raising their peaks to the sun.

On the train to Cali you go through a district where, I was told, it would be almost impossible for white men to live and the black ones you see are splendid specimens, big bucks who work on the railroad and can endure the jungle. There was soon less tin in the construction of the houses and more thatched palm and bamboo. Each house was a room—no more—and there were often open braziers and ovens outside under shelters where the cooking was done. Children were everywhere and many dogs, mongrels like the dogs you see around negro cabins in the deep South of the United States.

We saw other things too—the big swollen stomachs on many of the children, distended from eating fruit and only fruit. We saw no schools at all and I asked about that and was told there were schools here and there, but not good ones.

Everywhere there is that sense of overgrowth, of overbreeding—a kind of Alice in Wonderland quality, as if the great palmettos shouldn't be that large and you're really dreaming it.

What you think, as you look out of the train window, is that before the job of civilization is properly done, and if we mean what we are continually saying about democracy

and the brotherhood of man, all these negroes must be taught. They must learn more than a scrap of Christian piety. They should know the things that go to extend and better human living, to make it safer and to make it last longer. Particularly that last, for the death rate among those babies on the doorsteps is very high.

We talk so glibly of world democracy in classrooms. We get it all down on paper. And in these little tin shacks life flows on unrestrainedly as we talk—here, and in the negro cabins in the South of the United States, and in the city of Chicago, and in Rumania. You sit there at the train window, wondering just how feasible democracy is and if you are pretending that you support it and really don't, and if one of the things that is wrong with the world today is that the problems haven't been firmly faced, but instead have been dramatized and sentimentalized.

The train stopped at a little place called Cisneros. I shall remember it because an old man was selling white orchids just touched with purple. They were in handmade baskets and their stems had been put in earth to preserve them. It was my first look at orchids on their native heath. The last ones I'd seen had been the white ones from Deals.

You didn't think of wearing one of these. You'd have felt a fool to pin it on. You held it in the basket. At another place a crazy man ran up and down the station shouting incoherently and no one paid any attention to him except me. The natives all wanted to sell things. They've gone as far as that in civilization. They offer you lovely fruit which you don't dare eat, and bread and cakes and all kinds of flowers. Finally R—— said, "We get off here," and, taking his word for it, we did. We were to be met by cars and



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driven the rest of the way to Cali, which is one of the main cities of Colombia.

At this point the R——s knew much more about what was going to happen to us next than either Mary or I did. But it was already apparent that our change of plans in coming into Colombia from Buenaventura had created one problem. It wasn't going to be easy to get back from Bogotá to Quito, as I had thought it would be from a survey of small distances on the map. We were to stop today in Cali for lunch and then drive on to Bogotá by ourselves, not of course doing our own driving. That was all arranged. Bogotá is the capital of Colombia and I wanted to see it very much for that reason and also to ferret out why it is called the Athens of South America.

Our plan called for a few days in Bogotá and then we had to get back to Quito via Cali, for at Quito our air travel via Panagra was to begin. It was possible to get a place on the plane between Bogotá and Cali, which took care of half of the return trip, but almost impossible, they all told me, to get a place on the plane from Cali to Quito. This last hop is one of the hardest ones to get transportation on in all South America, I was informed. It's always overcrowded and all seats are booked weeks ahead.

If we couldn't get on the plane, we would have to drive from Cali to Quito. This would be a drive of a day and a half, cutting down our precious three days in Quito. It takes a couple of hours to fly the distance.

"It's a beautiful drive though," they told me doubtfully, and I gathered that it was a tough one.

Fortunately Mary and I are both used to mountain driving, so we weren't frightened. I haven't been lost in fogs on both the Pyrenees and the Smokies without having a certain

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belief in my own luck. And one story always comes back to give me assurance in mountain driving.

I am rather a fool about views of landscapes and the man who has driven me for years knows it. It happened that we were in Spain in 1936, at the time of the outbreak of the revolution, and had some difficulty in crossing the border, a story which is neither here nor there. But after we did get past the barricades and were no longer in danger of stray shots we drove on, rather stunned by the events we had seen and heard, and tried to make our way to Pau. Instead, we got lost in the mountains. I could feel the car pant its way up the mountainsides of the Pyrenees and I could somehow guess, from the way Tom was driving, at the lack of visibility and the width of the road. We didn't do much talking, the children and I. Finally the car stopped and I thought we probably hung over the edge. Tom got out, came around and opened the door and said courteously, "Mrs. Banning, I thought perhaps you'd like to see the view."

I toss that in merely to show that my friends in Cali didn't scare me with their looks as they spoke of that mountain drive.

Anyway, we left it at that. Over lunch we talked it over, telephoned the airport and decided that we would fly back if by any chance we could get seats on the plane. If not, we would drive across the equator or walk if the car broke down. In the meantime we said good-by to the R——s and tried to get our thanks into words, and were very glad that we would see them again on the return trip. They'd already taught us a great deal—hints about food, hints about conduct—and as they packed us into the car, Martha came after us with a thermos bottle of water and a package of sandwiches which I shall never forget. Martha R—— seems

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so enormously competent, with her neat turbans and her excellent Spanish and her proud head.

But there is no doubt about it. Traveling without too much care and supervision is the most fun, and Mary and I were glad to be on our own. The driver's name was Señor Perez, and we had been told that we were on no account to try to tip him. The car was brand new and had been furnished us by the courtesy of General Motors and Señor Perez was taking it through to Bogotá, where it was to be sold. Perez often made this trip and today he had not only us and our car in charge, but also another car which was driven by a dark, thin Colombian who was usually to be sighted somewhere along the road behind us, with a bright handkerchief tied over his nose and mouth to keep the dust out, and looking more bandit than a bandit.

Señor Perez at no time looked like a brigand. He was, as we knew already, a man of family, a small hardy man who had thirteen children. We had been warned that he spoke no English but that was libel. We hadn't driven twenty miles before Perez stopped at a little store tucked into a hole in a plaster wall and turning to us said, "Limonad—beer?" We were friends from that time on.

Once when he stopped he brought back another tribute. It was a small wooden box with a sliding cover and inside, wrapped in clean white paper, was what he said was "very good sweet." It was. It was about a half pound of concentrated sweet, flavored with banana, tasting like maple, and from there on I lost track of tastes. Mary does not eat sweets but I did not disappoint Señor Perez, who evidently thought ladies should munch at delicacies all day long.

It was a drive to be remembered always. We are undisciplined travelers in our family, dodging cruises, evading

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guides and wandering about by ourselves. Often we are asked severely if we are sure we got the "most" out of what we saw, to which I can only reply that we get all the traffic our eyes and minds will bear. I suppose we miss a lot but we see things that the practiced eyes of guides skip over, I hope.

And this was a Saturday afternoon, which is always a fine time to see the people of any country, for in Colombia and Ireland and Czechoslovakia (previously) and in any country where Sunday is observed, Saturday afternoon is a time of some preparation for it. Among the things which are international (and we amused ourselves by keeping a list of them) are shopping on Saturday afternoon, carousing Saturday night and going to church on Sunday.

It was very dusty. There is no such network of paved roads in South America as we have become used to in the United States. The roads are narrow here through the country districts and, though the traffic is light, one car—or even a couple of mules—can kick up a dreadful cloud of dust. The people all wore handkerchiefs over their faces to keep it out of their mouths, which gave the whole scene a masquerade look.

We were of course soon well off the tourist track. This was Colombian back country, and after a few hours we began to see what kind of people lived there. They were Spanish in look, not Indian, for the most part, though we saw Indians walking along beside the panniered mules or sitting in doorways.

The men on horseback usually looked proud. They looked rather medieval, each with his very straight back, his rakish hat and his lean brown face. It was easy to tell from the

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shawls and ponchos, from the look of the horses and from the glance of the men's eyes, that there were vast differences in station and breeding.

Colombia is said to be the country of South America in which the purest Spanish is spoken. Drive along that road for a few hours, wind up those mountains, and you'll believe it. Those people, many of them, are almost pure Spanish.



Our motoring job, to reach Bogotá, involved crossing the Colombian Andes. Of all the capitals of South American republics, that of Colombia used to be the most secluded from the world. Now it is only a few hours from the coast by air and of course the trip could be made on an even quicker schedule. It is about a day and a half from the coast, coming as we came, partly by rail and mostly by motor. It can also be approached by boat from the Atlantic coast, journeying inland six hundred miles on the river boats through swamp and jungle. We had chosen the mountain route and that meant crossing the Andes that night. Perez pointed out

the point we would reach at our highest, far up on the mountain.

"Too high," he said, and sighed, "too high."

Putting our English and his Spanish together, we found out that we would cross the Andes that night at twelve thousand feet and on we went. It was very black but there were extraordinarily bright stars loose on the hills. Now and then I felt the altitude, or imagined that I did. We had left Cali wishing that we could travel in bathing suits, and now we both had on big coats and the air that came through the windows was cool—unearthly air, it felt.

At eleven thousand feet or thereabouts we all had a peanut butter sandwich and a couple of cigarettes. At twelve thousand feet Señor Perez swung around one last curve, said in Spanish, "We have reached the summit," and in English, "Now we go down." I would have understood both sentences in any language. And I was glad for him. He lives a dangerous life, that little man with thirteen children, and he was glad we had passed the peak. I heard it in his voice.

In Cali, R—— had said grimly that he had chosen the better of two evils as our stopping place for the night. "You'd better not eat there," he said, "but if you're tired enough I guess you can sleep there."

But after crossing the Andes there seemed to be still two hours of driving and finally, when we stopped in a small village for gasoline, I looked with interest at an open-to-the-street café, the kind that we'd been told good women and decent girls didn't go in. It didn't seem to make much difference at the minute, though I didn't want to leave a stain on the character of American womanhood even in an unknown Colombian village.

So I consulted Señor Perez, who seemed to think it was

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all right and who hung around the door while we were having coffee, with a firm eye on us. If he ever gets tired driving and wants a job in the United States I shall certainly recommend him as head of a girls' boarding school.

It was fun in the café. We sat beside a man with bare feet and rips in his shawl, and a couple of girls stared at my green hat and we were all very congenial and the coffee was wonderful. In five minutes we could have done another ten thousand feet and on we went to Ibagué which was our destination for the night.

I usually have no quarrel with any lodging for the night but when we finally went into that hotel at Ibagué I realized how much I expected of hotels. The room we had was a little like a basement storeroom and a little like a laundry, in another dampish way. The floor was uncovered and cement and disappeared in wet suspicious spaces under a built-in wooden frame which encased a washbowl with curious fancy faucets. I opened—and shut—a wardrobe. There were two iron beds, and as one was made up after we got the room I saw that the mattress was about half an inch thick. The walls were green and there was no window, only an opening on the common hallway. A light like Damocles' dagger hung over my head. There was no bathroom and the toilets were of course coeducational.

And they were the nicest people you ever saw! Just as I had half my clothes off there was a knock, and in the proprietor or valet de chambre or someone who was just another guest came running. He had with him a piece of newspaper and this he braced under the rusty spring of one bed so it wouldn't be at such a bad angle when Mary got into it.

We said, "This is being Good Neighbors all right," and went to sleep like tops, to be wakened by both Señor Perez

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and the proprietor at *cinco* so we could get to Bogotá by noon. We didn't look around much as we dressed, but when we got out to a rather pleasant dining room there was our breakfast all ready. Señor Perez had thought of that too. There it was, coffee, bread, butter, marmalade—and two glasses of incredibly good-looking orange juice. The proprietor was staring. The girl who served us was staring. Two Germans down the room were staring. So I picked up my glass and said "*Salud!*" and they all burst out laughing.

Señor Perez had paid the bill by this time, so we left the waitress a dowry, which was the least we could do, and went on our way again. It was another highway, over more mountains. As we climbed the higher ones and gazed down, it looked like the kind of setup that we used to have on the old billiard table for toy trains—papier-mâché mountains of just the shape of the ones we looked down at now and seemingly painted the same soft green, a smooth coating of green that you couldn't believe was forest. But it was.

Farther along we came to a less picturesque district and abruptly saw a mining shaft and knew where we were. At first I thought it might be an emerald mine and recalled the stories I had heard of Spaniards who sent Indians down into the Colombian emerald mines with warnings not to come back without gems or else they wouldn't be allowed to emerge. But the emerald mines are fifty miles on the other side of Bogotá and these were coal mines. Here there was the mining district look, another thing that is as unmistakable as Saturday night markets and Sunday church-going. There were no gallants on horses along the roads, no easy-going heavily panniered mules, no chattering townspeople. The miners were Indians and they looked dirty and dreary and cold and as if they had a hard life. I saw a girl in a door-

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way who must have been eighteen. She was dressed in a miner's cap and a piece of sacking. She had a face that was quite disfigured from dirt, and I had seen faces like that before, in mining districts not far from my own home town.

Señor Perez stopped once more, before a little house in a desert which was topped by a crucifix, and fumbled in his pocket. As he was doing that a blind man came out of the door and straight down the path to bless him and the car. It was, I guessed, gratitude for a safe journey.

Arriving at the Hotel Granada in Bogotá was, except for variation in language, something like getting into Cleveland, Richmond or Seattle. Plenty of porters to take in your bags—bath with your bedroom—maid coming in to see what you wanted—and a message that Mrs. M—— had called and would come around later to take us out to the Country Club.

"Country Club?" said Mary. "Let's go back to Ibagué. We can see country clubs at home."

We can. Just like these in South America. But what seems to delight so many of the North Americans is that they have been able to make country clubs grow in this foreign soil. They seem, as far as I can make out, to be to these Americans a link with a habit of life they don't want to lose—like the Englishman dressing for dinner in the desert.

But the time spent in one today was not wasted. For we were with intelligent people and we talked politics. The impression one gets first here is that there is no doubt in the minds of our people down here that if England doesn't win the war, the United States will pay part of the penalty in losing South American trade and support. And again we heard what we had heard before, that the Church is on the

side of the conservative element which is least friendly to the United States.

I went into a church today shortly after we reached Bogotá. It was too late for a service—I am sorry that Señor Perez too must have missed mass—and there were few people there. But as we knelt there, several small women with black shawls over their heads came in. And then more small women, all of the same height, it seemed, all black shawled and then more of them and more until there must have been thirty. A tall young priest came in and they began to say the rosary.

Sometimes when I hear people say so impatiently that the Church exerts a too great sway over the ignorant I wonder what the cultivated and intellectual non-religious are prepared to offer the ignorant, simple people of the world. They want to get them away from superstitions and fear. But they forget that these black-shawled women have no other beauty or peace in the world except what they find in churches.

These were probably not all old women, but they were women whose youth was gone, who had years of drudgery ahead of them as long as their bodies could stand it. No one wanted them around this afternoon, after their work was done, except the Church. No one had any respect for them except the Church. Until people try to understand that, until they know what the Church has done to relieve the sorrows of women, and the abuses of women, how can they understand its hold?

And that hold here is enormously important not only spiritually but politically. The other night I spent another hour with the *Political Handbook of the World*, informing myself about South American governments. It is perfectly obvious from the declared party platforms that in each coun-



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try the party which stands closest to the Church is the conservative party. That's only to be expected. But if the conservative side leans to the dictator or totalitarian form of government in too many places, we're in trouble. I've been told that in South America I shall be in a Catholic country—but that I shall find Catholics of all kinds of political and social temper. It's one of the things I want to explore.

I shall be busy here exploring. For after dinner tonight one of the attachés from the Embassy came in with his wife. They had been hunting around for us at the airport, having had some wind of our arrival. I told him I wanted to find out about politics as much as I could, and he has promised tomorrow afternoon to bring me a Colombian politician for a long talk. Also we are dining at the Embassy tomorrow with Mr. and Mrs. Spruille Braden and I am to meet some Colombian women at tea.

This is taking hold. I want to find out if Colombia is a unit or not, if it has any plan or method which ties up the lives of those black bucks along the railroad tracks, the Spaniards in the mountains, the Indians in the mines and the aristocrats of Bogotá, and if the plan is democracy or autocratic control.

What I do know is—on the face of everything and despite country clubbing—there is excitement and worry here right under the surface. Nobody hesitates to admit it.

Till tomorrow then. My room here at the Hotel Granada looks out over a pleasant public park to a mountain which is still somehow foreground, not background. We have even in the city a sense of being very high up. Below us and around the corner are narrow streets, old streets, the ones of the original city founded in 1538 and called Santa Fé de Bogotá, from its resemblance to the Sante Fé in Spain and

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from the name of an Indian tribe in the locality. The houses are low and their roofs jut out to almost touch each other as they did in all old towns where the buildings huddled for safety. Down the street are shops where you can buy silver,—but not much valuable old silver—for most of that is gone now. There are a few price-conscious things left.

It's a proud city, choosing its own location and making the world come to it. And a prosperous city too. For though its center is old, we drove today through districts which looked like the suburbs of any big city—full of new Spanish villas, looking like the ones we have at home, only bigger. All this has happened in the last few years, since the airplane brought Bogotá closer to the world.



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January 27th
Bogotá

IN THE bar of the Hotel Granada I sat for hours this afternoon talking politics with an American who is in the diplomatic service here, and a Colombian politician who is also a journalist. José Umana Bernal, the journalist-politician, is a friend of Alfonso Lopez, who was former President of the Republic of Colombia. He is reputed to be one of the greatest orators of the country, one of the best informed politicians and one of the men who may in the future become President of Colombia. I recall more of the intelligence of his face than its actual features. He was not a large man and beside the extraordinary Donn-Byrne-Hero good looks of the young man from the Embassy, he seemed unprepossessing. But his face had a light that went on and off with his enthusiasm, and this afternoon it was on most of the time.

The gist of the political situation which he gave me, and

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I understood of course that he was simplifying it greatly for me, was this: Lopez, the ex-President, was the Colombian New Dealer. He put into effect in Colombia taxes which had been legal but which had been uncollected and unenforced, and thereby of course he made enemies of many rich taxpayers. He also antagonized many members of the Church party by his liberal views on education. The Liberal party—and this one may verify anywhere—is committed to social legislation, to more equitable distribution of taxation, and to a program of public education.

Dr. Eduardo Santos, the present President, is also a Liberal, and he and Dr. Lopez used to be better friends than they are now. But Santos has leaned more to the Right and so gained increasing support from the Conservative party, which stands for strong central government, the rights of landowners and the protection of claims of the Roman Catholic Church. The Conservatives, headed by Loreano Gómez, not being in a strong enough position to push a candidate of their own, have been wooing Dr. Santos, who has not been unresponsive.

This change of front has led to accusations of weakness directed at Dr. Santos.

At the moment the country does not face a general election, but it is about to have what we would call an off-year election which will—or should—show the strength of the two parties by their success in electing men to Congress.* This sounds familiar to anyone in the United States who is in politics—it's the old story of the defeated candidate laying a base for his return by building up support in between elections. Lopez is doing that. Also there was a great ques-

* The results of the Colombian elections in the Chamber of Deputies were: Liberal Party 84, Conservatives 47. In the Liberal Party the anti-Lopez group obtained 29 seats as against 55 of the Lopez majority.

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tion as to how popular he really was and on his recent return to Colombia from the States, the welcome given him was a political matter. How big would it be? What would be the popular enthusiasm?

"Well," I asked, "what kind of reception did he get?"

Bernal said there had been great enthusiasm.

"But there should have been more—a wilder excitement, a delirium of enthusiasm?"

That apparently was the catch. It was a good big crowd but it didn't quite prove that Lopez was the man the people demanded. It sounded just like home—a turnout for Hoover or Willkie that didn't quite satisfy the campaign manager.

So Dr. Santos is in power. He is a democratic President—not a dictator—and yet his dictatorial actions grow. I heard elsewhere that a few days before we arrived in Colombia, he had called for the resignation of every member of his cabinet. The resignations were sent in. He held them in his desk, not accepting them. But if the reception of Lopez had been terrific, he might have accepted them and perhaps the army would have backed him up in setting up a provisional dictatorship.

This is the smoke of the fire of politics, of course. Some of it is partisan comment, and subject to some discount.

I asked of course about pro-Ally sentiment. The answer was that the people are pro-Ally and pro-United States, but I was told that this pro-United States sentiment is a new development in Colombia. They have been smarting for years over the taking over of Panama. They think it was a raw deal. And it is the war in Europe, with its threat of Hitler infiltration, which has made many Colombian patriots feel that their best bet was the friendship of the United States, and their wisest action would be to stick by the United States.

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For the first time I put the question about the army which I had been told to ask in every South American country. What was the temper of the army? Was it Nazi or not?

They fiddled around with the answer, which told me as much as if they had said at once that one couldn't be sure. I said that it was a matter of history that the Colombian army had never revolted against the government. That is true. But to one present-day Colombian at least it is apparent that German infiltration of the army is going on. And it was told me that it is not at the top but that the noncommissioned officers are the ones who are being converted or perhaps won over by less intellectual means.

My friend Señor Bernal is pro-Ally and pro-United States. He likes the United States and wishes to educate his son at least in part with us. So we talked of education. And as the conversation swung to the possibility of a loan from the United States to consolidate Colombian friendship, Señor Bernal said with the greatest earnestness something I like always to hear. He said that a part of the loan should undoubtedly go for war needs, but that another part should be devoted to internal economic development. Too many Colombians are illiterate, he told me. They need books, for there is no better and surer way of disseminating culture. They need schools, books, machinery of progress, not only of war. The lack of technical equipment for both science and industry is serious.

You cannot help deeply admiring a man like that.

I had read the pessimistic remarks of Duncan Aikman in *The All-American Front*, about how landlocked Colombia is, and I was still dizzy enough from mountain travel to realize what a problem those mountains present in transportation. But Bernal was more hopeful than Aikman. He said

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that in nine or ten years the whole country had changed under the touch of aviation and he saw no reason to believe that problems of transportation could not be solved with further development of roads and of airways.

I asked him one more thing and that was what part women would play in political changes and development. They have no vote in Colombia and he said interest in woman suffrage is slight. Also he said there is a fear of giving women the vote lest their ballots be completely controlled by the priests, who have such influence over their minds. I said that in the United States we had worried about the pernicious influence of husbands and fathers over the vote in the same way but that we had decided that the thing was to get the vote and then develop sufficient independence to use it and that it was working out pretty well, with less and less claim that the men could "vote" the women.

I don't know how many intelligent politicians like Señor Bernal his country may hold nor how right he is on all his points. But I do know that it is a long while since I have talked to a politician in my own country—especially one of the men supporting a defeated candidate—who seemed to have as firm and inclusive a grasp of the problems of his country, and who seemed to have thought their correlation through to the end, a man who could relate national and international politics as skillfully—I write as if I were seconding his nomination. But I hope anyway that I have not heard—or seen—the last of Señor Bernal.



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Bogotá

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IT HAS been necessary to crowd events in very tightly in Colombia in order to see as many groups as possible. It is always easier to get the lay of the land in any place than the lay of thought and it was the latter I was hot-foot after here and quite sensibly too, it seemed to me, in the Athens of South America.

So we lunched with one group, had tea with another and dinner with a third, and each occasion was a full day's experience.

We lunched in a big, cool house that belonged to Americans in business residence in Bogotá, and the parents of the man's wife had been in business in South America for forty years, so it was an old and defined connection. There we met Doctor Smith who is the man who has done more research on yellow fever* than anyone else, and has been with the

* There is a good deal of yellow fever in Brazil and also in the interior of

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Rockefeller Institute here. He was a long-limbed joking man, with the scientist's indifference to fanfare, and was far more interested in whether we in the United States would go into the war than he was in taking compliments on his research work. He told me that he was planning to go to England, determined to get into medical and health problems there.

We talked business and the war—almost immediately. The younger businessmen talked less than the older ones. The older ones spoke of mistakes that had been made in the past in dealing with South American business, and said that those would have to be paid for now. The company was definitely—almost violently—pro-Ally, and in the luxurious high, half-darkened rooms there was only a thin sense of quiet or peace.

These people have no other homes than their houses here and expect to have no others. Their children, almost foreign-mannered children, go to convents. Their young mother paints pictures in her leisure time. It was easy to see that, very carefully, a life had been built up in which there would be little room for nostalgia or brooding or discontent.

I asked them, "Do you have many Colombian friends?"

They said no. They spoke of the American and English colonies, of the Country Club.

When we were leaving the house we passed the old governmental palace from which Bolivar had escaped on that night in September, 1828, when the Liberator had to fly from his enemies, and his mistress Manuela had practically pushed him out of the window. Down here the story of Simon Bolivar becomes more and more interesting because

Colombia today. Ten miles out of Bogotá in any direction, they say there are cases. But they know now the method of control.

what he tried to do is so apparent. He is the national hero of five republics and, as Thomas Rourke says in the preface to his biography of Bolivar, most North Americans know absolutely nothing about him.

This is an excellent biography and I would like to call to the attention of a great many North Americans a statement in the preface. Mr. Rourke said that he "hoped to bring to his readers a clear conception of that sympathy toward dictatorships which has always been inherent in Latin Americans and thus to warn them how very formidable that danger is in the countries south of us."

In the United States we are too apt to think that Adolf Hitler invented dictatorships. And it often seems to me too that we have a careless way of assuming that all people living under dictators are unhappy. It isn't true of course. I am immensely curious to see what the situation will be in Brazil, where the government is actually and admittedly a dictatorship.

At tea later on that afternoon I met more members of the American colony—these the wives of men who were either in the army, members of the naval or aviation group, or connected with the Embassy. There is a very definite sense of protocol in Bogotá and I felt it more than I had in Panama, especially when Mrs. Braden, the Ambassador's wife, joined the group of ten or fifteen women very pleasantly but quite formally. All the women rose, even the wives of ranking army officers. I was clumsy about it, not being an habitué of courts or embassies. But Mrs. Braden demanded nothing too excessive in the way of greeting, and soon everyone was admiring her new slippers, which were glastex, sent by a friend from the United States.

Mrs. Braden is blond and beautiful. She is a Chilean, not

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a Colombian, and speaks English with enough perfection to show that it is not a native tongue. Knowing that I was going to see her later, I didn't talk to her very long; and besides I had just had a curious shock. I had been introduced to a Colombian woman, a handsome aristocratic young woman of less than thirty, and she asked me about a serial of mine currently being published.

She was just exactly the kind of person I wanted to talk to about women in Colombia. She had never been to the United States and she talked good English. She had read enough of what I had written so there was a bridge of interest easily crossed, and I asked her if she would tell me some of the things I wanted to know. I had an idea that she wanted to talk. And the things she said and the manner in which she said them are, I think, important.

I heard later that she was a member of an old Colombian family, the kind that prides itself upon the purity of its Spanish blood. Her husband was of the same kind of people and they had several children—at least two of them girls.

She was wearing a red velvet suit—it's cold enough for that in Bogotá where the temperature is usually between forty and fifty degrees—and she had the slim figure, disciplined carriage and narrow face we think of as aristocratic—too thin for beauty. Too eager. She had the fantastically long fingernails you see on all women of leisure in South America, the tips painted on both sides, and the kind of make-up that never shows a trace of the last powdering if there is any.

I asked her about feminism in Colombia and she said that the women she knew took no interest in having a vote—that they didn't want one. They didn't see that it would do

any good—that they preferred to leave politics to their husbands.

“But you take an interest in political events?” I asked.

She said, “Oh yes, of course. But not to try to enter them—not to try to discuss them. My husband would be horrified at the thought of my entering politics in any way—horrified probably at my standing here and talking to you about it.”

I must underline that she looked and talked like any nice Junior League girl of the United States, and this point of view of the harem seemed queerly out of consonance with her clothes and looks. She looked such a modern.

She said, “Of course he would have a different attitude toward you. This is true. My husband would talk to you or to any North American woman differently from the way he would talk to any Colombian woman.”

“Then you mean,” I said, “that when he spoke to you it would always be on the basis of a sex relation and there would never be an independent mental one between a Colombian man and woman?”

“Yes.”

“And that satisfies you?”

“We have our homes,” she said, “we have our friends. We have large families with which to occupy our time. I do not think the women of Colombia want independence. No—I think they prefer it as it is.”

“And what do you want for your daughters?”

She said, “The life they prefer,” very sweetly.

“But what would you yourself want for them?”

She smiled and said, “A life much like my own.”

“Would that satisfy them in a world where women are getting so much independence?”

She said, “If they marry happily they are safe. That is

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the way it is in our country. Remember that we have no divorce. A woman married is a woman married." She lifted a shoulder—she really did. "Possibly she may have to endure some sufferings, some things she does not like, but still she is safe and still she has her husband. That much is settled with us."

And then she said, "Of course these things—I have not had to endure them. Not yet anyhow. I have been lucky."

It was amazingly frank, that conversation about fidelity, there in that drawing room of a woman I hardly knew, with a woman I had just met. We were talking as openly as if we had had long talks before. But she was well read. She knew American women as they appear in articles and fiction. And she would probably never see me again.

"Well," I said, "you're lucky in love. And handsome and obviously have lovely possessions. But how about the women in the middle class?"

"We haven't any middle class as you have in the States," she said.

"Well, how about working women? Peasant women? How do they feel?"

She hesitated and then said, "I really would not know how they feel about those things. I would know everything that has to do with the relation between us as mistress and servant. But I have no way of knowing more."

We were talking pretty ardently and not unheard. One of the other Colombian young women had come up and was listening and she objected, "But all that is changing now, Maria—you know that. There are some women who go out from their homes and want to do things. I did."

"Yes, but you are an exception. Who else do we know

except yourself? And you do nursing. Work of that sort for the poor—which you need not do—is different.”

The conversation had taken such a familiar turn that I almost knew what would be said next. All over the world, which has been reclaimed first from the jungle and then from medievalism, such conversations go on. They have been going on in the English-speaking countries for some generations and there still are places in the United States where they might not seem old-fashioned and out of date.

“Women are better as they are, safer as they are,”—“but I am different, I have done differently,”—“but you are an exception.”

I can't count high enough to tell how many times people have told me in that kindly way that I am an exception because I get along more or less by myself, because I earn my living, because I go to a party without a man. And the odd thing is the tenacity with which, in the minds of both men and women, they still and will regard—in spite of fourteen million working girls in the United States—the ones who are independent as exceptions. Sometimes I can understand with sympathy why women who must rely completely on some man for a living, a protection, prefer to regard the independent woman as a freak case. Sometimes I see why the dignity of man, his face and his front, demand the assumption that she is. But the thing I cannot quite fathom is that there is something in the situation which does not pass with the generations.

I hear a young man who is a friend of Mary's say, “I don't want my wife to work.”

I hear my own son say, “I don't like girls who are always saying they're going to have careers. I don't mean you, Mother. You're an exception.”

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All that goes through your mind at once as you watch two Colombian young women address the problem.

Luisa, the one who "works," said to me with sudden passion, "They came to me and said—I mean my friends, the young men I know—and said, 'Luisa, you will spoil yourself, you will ruin yourself for ever getting a husband!'"

"Well," I said, out of fairly complete knowledge of gentlemen and their preferences, "you won't."

I would have liked to pursue that conversation much further and yet I think that the high point of it had been reached and I am sure I had heard conviction in the voice of the Colombian woman who believed that in her country women are better "as they are." But I had also seen the exemplification of the doubt and the effort to break away, right there in that limited company, among Colombian women. And what most interested me was the defensiveness of the woman with the red velvet suit. She wasn't sure her point of view would be unchallenged. She was all set for contradiction.

Of the group that afternoon, perhaps half were Colombian women and I wondered how close they were in intimacy to the American and English women in the room. It looked close. The American women were important ones. They'd been about. They knew Washington and its far-flung points of contact. I remember one woman in another red suit—a sport one of suede. She was not fussing about her appearance. She told me she had just come to Bogotá and was settling a house and it sounded as if that were a frequent, commonplace job with her. She was the wife of a man who had been sent down to work with the Colombian army—on one of our missions. And I hadn't been talking with her five

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minutes before again the seriousness and the immediacy of the diplomatic and military situation began to appear.

Tea was high tea, and I wondered why someone didn't break it up and go home until suddenly I realized, or perhaps someone told me, that no one could go until Mrs. Braden went. And I remembered that I had just said to Mrs. Braden, "Isn't it time that we all went home?" which was not my highest point of etiquette in the afternoon. But she soon seemed to agree and gave the signal.

They kissed each other warmly—the Colombians and the Americans—all but me and the wife of the new Colonel—and I thought, they do get together very well, as I watched a young woman who was about to leave Colombia saying affectionate good-bys all around. She was driving me back to my hotel and after we got in the car I said, "You seem to have leaped the gap between us and the Colombian women very successfully. Have you made a lot of friends among them?"

She turned to face me to make it more downright, and she said, "I haven't any friends among them. Not one. Oh, I know them and I kiss them, but talk about intimacy—there just isn't any between us and the Colombians. We get only as far with each other as you saw today."

Mary asked, "What do we wear to the dinner at the Ambassador's?"

"A long one," I said, "but not dressy. She said that it was pretty family."

Mary said, "I've never been to a dinner at an Ambassador's. What do I act like?"

I said, "Preferably not like a spy. Try the *jeune fille* motif—not the scientist."

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It was a very lovely house and the owner of it, from whom the Bradens rent it, was there and later took occasion to show me some of the paintings and church treasures with which the rooms were filled but stood quietly by until noticed. I mention them because I feel that they have little to do with a dinner party given by the Bradens, and that in any house they might occupy one would get the same effect of worldly and sophisticated people who entertained as a matter of course and habit, and would always create their own effects and plan their own menus.

The effect that night was of calla lilies. On low teakwood tables set in the middle of immensely long rooms there were great clusters of them and they looked sumptuous, so sumptuous that you hardly noticed that the butler was struggling not to let the fireplace smoke and that the ceiling was dotted with flies. I thought of how I would have fussed—and mentioned—both the smoking fireplace and the flies, and realized that I had a long long way to go in achieving the poise which is not carelessness.

There were ten or twelve of us at dinner—two middle-aged, dinner-coated men whom I took for Spaniards for the first hour and avoided, until I found they came from the Middle West just like me, my handsome friend from the Legation and his wife who was looking very beautiful, a woman from the United States who was interested in pictures for museums, the actual owner of the house, very Spanish indeed, and two of the Braden daughters, both of whom had on dresses that would have done nicely on the front advertising pages of *The New Yorker*.

The Ambassador himself, Spruille Braden, is not a career man. He graduated in mining engineering from Yale and went almost immediately to South America as a mining en-

gineer, so he first learned about the continent from the exploration and development angle, instead of the diplomatic one. However, here as in Mexico, there seems to be a good deal of dovetailing between the two approaches. He was with both mining and electric companies and he knew so much about South American conditions that in 1933 he served as delegate on the part of the United States to the Seventh International Conference of American States at Montevideo. From then on he had a good deal to do with the smoothing of international relations in South America, until in 1938 he was arbitrator, representing President Roosevelt, in the Arbitral College which made final boundary awards in the dispute between Bolivia and Uruguay.

This may sound remote and all in the day's work to many a citizen of the United States, but down here you realize that a war between Bolivia and Uruguay, which was all in the cards in 1938, would have quite possibly started other wars on the continent at a time when peace in South America is vitally important to North America.

It was a good job. Everyone says so. Mr. Braden, not with vanity but with some satisfaction, agrees. Shortly afterward he was made Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Colombia. He is now a big man with the shoulders of an athlete grown heavy and eyes that you think are twinkling until you discover their sharpness is going through you. To see what you are after. To see if you are any good.

I wasn't after anything very subtle. All I wanted was to have him tell me how serious he thought the immediate situation was and anything else he'd throw in. So I asked him at dinner, over the delicious food cooked in ways that I couldn't quite figure out and served on old silver Spanish service plates which Mrs. Braden has collected.

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He said, "Well, I made two prophecies in my life. A man is a fool to make any. But the first one, which was that this war would break out, has come true. The other one is that the worst hell is to come yet."

He told me something of his South American career. He has been in a good many key spots in Latin America and, like all gentlemanly diplomats, he has many a good word to say of his colleagues in diplomacy—rather less to say, I thought, of their accomplishments.

I asked him about loans to Colombia and he said that the recent one he had negotiated certainly wasn't going to be the last one, and that there was too little appreciation of the key position of Colombia in the United States. I agreed with him on that so thoroughly that we talked about what could be done to foster a better understanding.

Mr. Braden thinks that we want to be careful not to make international cultural relations a quick forced growth—a fad that would be taken up and dropped and, recalling the way a subject invariably wears itself out in the United States, that seemed to me to be a sensible warning to a lot of people. /Discussing relations on the loan basis, I asked him what Colombia had with which to pay a debt to us. Oil—cotton—rubber, he said.

That seemed to me a formal answer. We can't use cotton, or at least if we do use Colombian cotton, a lot will go unpicked in North and South Carolina. I mentioned that and also that we were getting on with production of synthetic rubber, and the talk stiffened up. I wanted to know, in my thoroughly amateur and undiplomatic way, why, if Colombia was so extremely necessary to us as a friend, we simply couldn't pay for friendship. Why couldn't we let them have money and consider it as well invested in defense, if it were

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developing a neighboring democracy, as if it were building a battleship?

I still don't see why not.

It was tonight that I again heard of John Gunther, who was spoken of this afternoon. He has been doing much probing—the Braden girls said he came to lunch with his notebook—and I wished that night that I had an evening dress with white cuffs on which I could write a few key phrases and some good stories of diplomatic life. Funny about that, A man can take out a pencil and write something down and it's all right, but let a woman do it and the little charm you have goes out the window.

Everybody here is eager to see what Gunther will say in his new book and not the least of these is myself.

There was another thing in the conversation tonight that was interesting. I'd heard a muttering about refugee spies on the boat coming down and had not taken it too seriously. But here they take it very seriously. There is a very definite belief down here that many refugees are really Hitler's agents, even when they claim to be persecuted, and tonight I heard stories of educated men trying to get places as servants and valets in the important houses, presumably for purposes of espionage. I don't know how true it is, but they seem to believe it and of course spies down here must be necessary to dictators with big plans. You can see that.

There is no conversation down here which pretends to avoid the war, and it is angled differently from our conversations in the United States. It feels like a world war down here, more than it does at home.

The Bradens are real people. The girls—one of them has been at Bryn Mawr—would like to be in the United States and the climate here is hard on Mrs. Braden. But they have

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a job, so here they stay, entertaining strangers, telling good stories, planning menus, talking, guiding and keeping an eye on the political ball. I got a sense of power from the Ambassador—a Yale man who didn't stop with graduation.

They have dignity and are used to formal living. They don't always take protocol seriously. They have their lighter moments, as when they recall the glittering and formal din-



ner at the Court of Spain, when the late King Alfonso appeared in a uniform without splendor and the American Ambassador remarked, looking at his own black suit, "These folks tonight make Alf look like a messenger boy and me like a head waiter."

There was another excellent story about a man whom Mr. Braden had taken in at his estate in Westchester—letting him live in the garage and be a trainer in the gymnasium. Years afterward—but it takes Mr. Braden to tell it—

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at one of the big Pan-American conferences he met the man again, so resplendent in gold braid and so able to get access everywhere that Mr. Braden was racking his brain to remember the occasion of their previous meeting. He knew he'd seen him before. One day the distinguished gentleman got him into the home of an important South American governor who was difficult of access. Suddenly he recalled where he had seen him before but since the man had evidently risen to power he didn't mention it.

He said to the governor, "This man who showed me in today—who is he? What's his official position?"

"I couldn't get along without him," said the governor. "He's the best masseur I ever had."

We went back to the hotel later than we had intended. Dinner at nine means getting to bed late, and our plane left at six in the morning. We didn't want to leave Bogotá and also we could have done with some sleep. But we packed.



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January 28th

En route from Bogotá to Cali

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WE ARE flying over the Andes for the first time now and are up about twelve thousand feet, which is nothing to what we shall be later. Mary always takes a nap at this hour in the morning and is sound asleep across the aisle. But I have things to do. I always have to figure out, when I am up in the air, just what I would do if I went down. I pick out cozy places to land. If I can. There's nothing down there that looks cozy this morning, just a rough lot of mountains with sharp edges.

There's a snow-capped one over to the left and I feel as close to inaccessibility as a person can be. The plane seems to be breaking in on the silence of centuries as it roars along carrying eight people who are unknown to one another, one of them a pregnant woman who looks very close to her time.

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All your little courages are dispersed when you fly along like this. They merge in a general acceptance which is rather peaceful. The clouds are below, great clumps of them, and in the spaces you see the mountains, again looking like toy mountains on the billiard table. They're quite colorless



except for a black-green tinge. A cloud seems to burst and for a moment you are in white steam.

Nothing but mountains lies below, and not even a ledge looks inhabited. Your heart had better be good up here. When I think how many things you need a good heart for, I begrudge the wear and tear I've given mine with emotions and alcohol.

This is a little trip. We're almost there. We're beginning to come down now. It hasn't seemed like an hour and a half.



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January 28th
Cali

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WHEN we got off the plane a smiling man asked me to pose for a picture. So I did and asked him what he wanted it for. He said, "For the propaganda." It's the first time I've ever been told that!

The blessed R——s met us at the airport and told us that we did have a reservation on the plane to Quito for tomorrow morning, which is a relief. Also they had our day here all planned and filled to the corners with things to do. We lunched in the house of a rich Colombian. He wasn't there. The consul (American) has rented it and it is a break for him and his wife, they say, for houses are hard to get and this one is a beauty. They have it for a few months while the owner is in Europe and, of course, as they say cheerfully, something may happen and he can't get back.

The house was new and was a combination of Spanish tradition and modern notions. The two go rather well to-

gether. There also were Hollywood touches, like an enormous cupboard—a sort of armoire—over which you passed a hand and a great bar appeared. Amid this rented splendor we talked politics, loans, infiltrations and Lopez.

There is a great deal of discussion here about the Japanese, who on occasion have bought a hundred acres of tableland to grow beans—a low crop which could be cut down in a day and make a very fine flying field. Here, as in Bogotá, everyone is spy conscious and it isn't just the Americans. The Colombians are worse. They don't make it very hard for tourists like ourselves (Mary did have her pictures taken and they are to be sent to the consul at Cristobal) but they watch all foreigners who stay in the country.

For example, all our American and English friends here have had to be fingerprinted, and every time they go in and out of the country it must be done all over again. They must get special permission to leave the country—the *pase salvo* that Duncan Aikman mentions is no myth—and it usually takes a couple of days to get the special permission. If a woman goes to the United States without her husband, she must get an affidavit that her husband wants her back or she will have to come in under the quota. There are a lot of other restrictions and they burn up the tempers and the time of Americans who are doing business in the country.

After lunch we went for a drive. It was blastingly hot and I was tired after three and a half hours' sleep last night so I went reluctantly but was very glad I did go. For they showed me the outskirts of Cali where the natives live and I saw poverty covered with dust. The dust along the unpaved roads choked me as we drove along and the natives live in it. There are long lines of split bamboo huts along the river which skirts Cali, and natives from farther in the in-

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terior float bamboo rafts full of fruit and vegetables down the river, sell the produce and then sell the raft for the bamboo in it and walk home—forty or fifty miles.

I asked about the death rate among children and was told it was seventy per cent in places like this.

Then they wanted us to go to the Country Club but I was stubborn. I didn't want to see their Country Club, proud as they were of it. I wanted to go back to the hotel and think things over and though it took some tugging, I got there. Mary is in her room and I'm in mine for an hour or two before we'll be called for and go out to dinner.

Privacy is getting precious. I wonder if it's going to be this way everywhere.

There's a balcony outside my window and it looks out over the Canal which runs through the city. The street outside is lined with tulip trees in full scarlet blossom. It is a lovely sight. A detachment of the "permanent" Colombian police comes marching down the street. They are not goose-stepping but there's a trace of that kind of march in their manner and I've been told it's left from the German military influence here. They had, until recently, a German military mission working with the army, but now one from the United States has replaced it.

I feel rather low in my mind in spite of all the kind treatment. We talk a lot of pious nonsense in the United States about South Americans. We want them to pattern themselves on us and we don't have a glimmer of what their problems are most of the time. This is a class country. You may object to that in theory but the race problem hits you in the face wherever you look—in Buenaventura, along the railroad, along the river. Colombia is a political republic, but obviously there are enormous blocs of people who are not fit

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to share in its government except by benefit, who must be the governed and not the governing.

It is a brave country. Historically it has proven it. When we flew over the mountains this morning it was apparent every time I looked down that nothing in Colombia will come easily or without danger. It's not so hard to understand why, with the necessity for so much courage, there has been arrogance and cruelty in so much of its past and why so much pride is here now.

It's a country where men are far more important than women. On the roads the women walk and carry. They breed endlessly. We stopped in at the Mayor's office for a few minutes today and there wasn't a woman in the whole big city building that I could see. Nor did I see a North American. The Colombians run their own show.

I wish that when I get back to the United States I could make it clear to a great many people how very important Colombia is to us geographically, and that if it should be developed by any culture hostile to our own we would find not only Panama but Mexico in danger. We have friends down here but we must keep them. The Liberal party is pro-United States. I'm assured that on all sides. I haven't met a North American in Colombia who isn't praying that we'll help England all we can and who doesn't feel that if they don't win the war Colombia will be Germanized. But the Conservative party has already offered this statement to the public down here: "Better German imperialism than Yankee imperialism." That's telling us where we will get off in case of a Hitler victory!

The little colony of people down here who come from the United States are very conscious of a lack of blending with Colombians. They will tell you that it's partly their own

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fault. For blending, first of all a mastery of the language is absolutely necessary and many Americans and English don't ever learn it. There is no doubt that the reason most people in the United States feel closer to England than to any other country—even when we are critical of her—is because we speak the same language. It's not even because she had a major role in colonizing us. We owe that same debt to Spain, to France, to Sweden and Italy and Norway, with whom we did not war nor revolt against. Though England lost the United States politically, she never lost us culturally. Our life is an adaptation of English life, modified, altered in hundreds of ways, but an obvious derivation. We read more English books than those of any other nation except our own; and though comparatively few people in the United States have a very clear picture of social life in France and Italy, an enormous number of us have read stories which plunged us into English life. Our literature curriculum in the High Schools and colleges is largely only a study of English prose to the point of familiarity with it.

This has its effect even on the citizen of the United States who may be a second generation Scandinavian or Hollander. I have never been able to go all the way with the semantic scholars who insist that the linguistic and semantic mechanisms in all human nervous systems condition not only all our knowledge but all human activities and adjustment, and who seem to believe that language problems underlie all the difficulties of human society. But there is little doubt that the reason South America has been such a stranger to North America is because we couldn't talk together and because we didn't read the same books.

We should, on the face of events, be closer. The history of South America resembles that of the United States in

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many ways. The impulses of the two continents have been alike, toward cleavage from the Old World (at almost the same time), toward national independence, toward a government in which the people share even when they have to overturn it to show their control! You'd think, on the face of it, that during the last century, since all the republics broke with their European rulers, we would have been very congenial with South America. And we did have a lot to talk over. But the trouble was—and still is—that very few people in North and South America could talk it over and understand one another.

We are not good linguists in the United States. I have never been able to figure out whether that is due to a defect in our educational system, to national carelessness, or indifference, or to a dumb streak in most of us. Educated Europeans have just what these people down here also have, a language advantage over citizens of the United States, for most educated Colombians speak French and Spanish and at least a little English, and I know hundreds of Phi Beta Kappas who have only mastered English grammar. I make the point very humbly because, though I have spent months surrounded by phonographic records and books which guarantee to teach anyone Spanish in fifteen days to a month, I still go into a cold sweat of embarrassment when I order breakfast in Spanish, and I don't eat much breakfast. I fling a verb out, hoping that somebody else will make a sentence out of it. I repeat a noun and cling to it until out of sheer pity someone rescues me.

Mary is more successful than I am. Her Spanish is grim, determined and threaded with French and German. At least it shows the girl has been about.

At any rate, I am at this point inserting my first plug for



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putting Spanish, and Portuguese too, perhaps, in the schools of the United States if we are in earnest about building up international relations with South America. We used to say that French was the language of diplomacy, German the language of science. Modern Spanish and Portuguese may be the languages of national necessity. And from what they tell me, it's easy—for anyone except me—to learn them. Certainly the matter of the Spanish language is the first hurdle that the North Americans who live down here in Colombia for business or political reasons have to take.

The men, of course, must conquer enough of the language so they will be able to handle simple business dealings and all the men I've met speak Spanish, though they say it's not pure Castilian. In Bogotá, Mrs. M—— was beautifully fluent, but of course she was brought up in Spain and Mexico and should be. Martha R—— comes from New York but she does not intend to content herself with knowing "kitchen Spanish," enough to steer the native cook from kettle to pot. She tells me that too many American and English women are satisfied to do that and no more with the language.

They all are interesting, these colony people. Before I go back home I want to find out all that I can about the kind of life that these North American women live down here. There is a story in it, perhaps a novel. There must be, because my fiction antennae are going out, and this is the first time that has happened on this trip. So far I have been collecting facts and pictures and opinions. But to get a story you have to be able to imagine all the reactions of a person to given situations, and I cannot do that with South Americans.

I could see the negro bucks in the jungle swamps along the railroad and the girls at the doors of the bamboo huts

and give a kind of picture of them. I can interchange opinion on feminism with the aristocratic Mrs. S—— and record what she thinks. But I don't know how either cultivated or uncultivated Colombians react when they are in love or in trouble, so I could never write novels about them. The story of women who come down here from the United States is one I could understand.

But, for the record, if such a story is ever written by me, it will not be the actual story of any person I have met, not Martha, not Mrs. W——, not the eager, gay girl in the big rented house, not the very thin pretty one who will call for us in an hour. It is the story of someone they don't know and whom even I don't know yet—because I'd have to make her up or I wouldn't be able to tell her story. I'd have to send an imaginary girl of my own to South America with her husband.

But already I can see what some of her problems would be. The language. The heat. The lack of sanitation in many places. Few cities are as sanitary as Cali. The germs. The lack of good schools for the children, especially now when citizens of the United States are unwilling to send their children to German schools.

“And the German schools are really very good,” they tell me.

There seems to be a definite lack of good English-American Protestant schools. There are good convents in the cities. Here, as in all Latin or Latin-derived countries, the French and Spanish nuns offer education, protection and careful chaperonage to girls of the upper middle and aristocratic classes. But for those citizens of the United States and Great Britain who, for one reason or another, are not willing

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or able to use the convents or the Jesuit boys' schools, there is a definite problem of how to educate their children.

It is significant that there are good German schools. In the United States we have been using the fifth column phrase for a couple of years and somehow have come to believe that all German infiltration has dropped from parachutes in the last few years. But these German schools have been established for a long time. The Germans have been living here for some time, and from what I hear they make more of an effort to identify themselves with Colombian life than do many of our own people.

This worries some of my Colombian acquaintances. I heard a story this afternoon very much on this point. A young woman told me that there was a recent event here which approximated a community benefit supper at home—it wasn't a gay affair but a worthy one, to which you went to subscribe your presence and money to a good national cause. She told me that there were no English people there at all and only two from the United States colony but all the leading Germans were present.

"Of course," said the girl who told the story, "it was very hot. And going to that sort of thing is an effort. But you can imagine how the Colombians felt about it."

Obviously it's easier and pleasanter for these little groups of Americans and English to make company of each other than to try to penetrate the Colombian groups. And from what they say, it's not always a successful effort even when they do make it.

It's not too easy a life for a young American woman. Perhaps that shows most clearly when you look at it in contrast. A girl who marries a young businessman or coming politician at home in the United States has a small apartment

and may do her own work. But she gets good packaged food, never has to worry about the water supply, goes to air-conditioned movies, talks to people who understand her, and is apt to be more healthy in a northern climate.

Down here the same girl is surrounded by people who don't know what she is saying until, little by little, she conquers their language. She may have two servants, but both of them may be light-fingered. She can get beautiful-looking vegetables or fruit but she has to wash them in disinfectant before she dares eat or serve them.

"And what if you don't take precautions?" I asked.

"You'll probably get amoebas. Maybe worms."

Amoebas give you a form of dysentery. And I hadn't heard of worms for a long time. I thought that they were distinctly passé. But not down here.

What I have noticed already is a nostalgia in these young people for the United States, coupled with plenty of nerve and ability to adjust. They put up with what they must. They learn to live under different conditions than they would at home, more softly in some ways, more cheaply, but more unsafely in others, and with less variety of pleasures. They don't complain—not to me. But they talk about their "vacations" and their lives seem to build up to the next time they will go home to the United States—usually once for two or three months every second year, for the business people. They expect to be moved from place to place in South America. It's a transient, rather gallant sort of life, with plenty of gin, whisky, and bacardi rum that most people drink freely. The ones who don't drink look as if they've already had enough and are resting.

The North Americans consider themselves lucky to live in Cali. Cali isn't as aristocratic a city as Bogotá, but the

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altitude is less and here you don't get short of breath. The water supply is far better. In Bogotá they tell you, "You *can* drink the water but you'd better not. The pipes are old and leaky." In Cali you drink it with enormous satisfaction, especially after you have been out to the city reservoir, as we were this afternoon. A prettier piece of municipal engineering and parking I never hope to see. It was new from the shining pipes to the guards' uniforms and, in addition, beautifully landscaped. Mary got out her color camera, knowing a good thing when she sees it.

Cali is growing. I like the way the Americans here boast about that, in a Chamber of Commerce way. It's one of the few signs of their identification with the country. One man brought me today a brochure which gives municipal statistics of Cali in fine form, and I saw a number of familiar things in the booklet, including a diagram showing the distribution of the tax peso—looking just as if the League of Women Voters had done it.

It's also an old city. I keep forgetting to put that down because so much of Cali looks new. But Cali was here in 1559. The Spaniards were an amazing people.



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January 29, 1941

BEFORE I go to bed, late as it is, I must make a note of one more problem the Americans have down here, if they are non-Catholic Americans. They are continually baffled and irritated by the practice of a religion which they do not understand and by its manifestations. It keeps them from really being close to Colombians.

Mrs. M—— is an exception. She is a convent-bred girl and to her many things are familiar. The clinging to a religion without following its precepts, the obedience to authority which sometimes lacks dignity, the absurdity of little pieties, are no news to her or to me or to any member of the Catholic Church. We learn early in the Catholic Church that a fault or failure is never as serious as a denial of faith, and we learn too in the great Catholic parishes that small and even great scandals are perennial. We separate perfectibility as a tenet from perfection as a state. We expect the recurrence of sin as well as repentance and aspiration.

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In all Catholic countries this underlies not only the philosophy of the people and the priests but it also conditions conduct to some extent. And these South American countries are Catholic countries, pretty lax in many observances of their faith from all that I have heard and the little I have seen so far, but none the less recognizing the Church as having authority over their lives in the vital issues of birth, marriage and death. For some events Colombians must have a priest and so a relationship with the Church is always maintained, even when it is not an active one.

In the United States I have often heard my non-Catholic friends speak with wonder or annoyance at the apparent maintenance of an authority in the Church by its members though it is often secretly resisted by them and at what seems a usurpation of individual rights. But the United States is, as Dorothy Thompson once rather crudely stated, a Protestant country. So if you are annoyed with the Catholic Church in the United States, you have plenty of companions. Down here it's rather different. You're in a minority if you have no connection, close or at least formal, with the Catholic Church.

I've already been told by Americans living down here that the Catholic Church in South America is "different" from the Catholic Church in the United States. It's not hard to see where this puzzled criticism comes from. Even as a Catholic, aware of the identity of belief and major practices in the Catholic Church everywhere, I can see why it seems different to people observing it from the outside.

For one thing, the Catholic people of the United States do not have the same social place that they do down here. In South America all the aristocrats are Catholics. The ignorant and poor are also Catholics. The Catholics of the United States are not so ignorant and not so superstitious as

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the great body of the Catholic population is here or in most Latin countries. This is neither the fault of the Church in the Latin countries nor to the single credit of the Church in the United States, but due in the main to the fact that general enlightenment, human dignity and popular education have reached a higher level among the masses in the United States than in any other country with a large or predominant Catholic population.

In the United States it is also true that the Catholic Church seems more modern and progressive, because of its new schools and new churches and its share in community projects. The Catholic churches in our country which are most beautiful are the newest ones, as a rule, for in the United States Catholicism had to struggle to establish itself. Its parishes were poor and humble and its taste in architecture undeveloped. Down here it's quite the reverse, for one of the purposes of Spanish exploration and colonization was to spread the Catholic faith. The churches had their share of the best there was, the jewels, the gold, the land, the work of the great artists.

So the medieval look and the medieval tradition of the Church down here baffles these young non-Catholics who come down from the United States. Many of them derive from a Protestant tradition which in themselves has thinned out to the daily use of a simple, useful moral code which, they feel, anyone can make at home. They cannot understand the hold of the Church—on the ignorant, and on the cultivated and aristocratic as well. They see conduct which seems to them utterly incongruous, a tolerance of marital infidelity and a refusal to legalize divorce. They are bound to be baffled. They feel that, between themselves and South Americans, holding them apart, is this strange credence.

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And they are right. It is unexplainable to anyone who has never had a glimmer or a flash of faith in it, and to those who believe that mortality stands alone and is not a mere section of life.

I begin to believe that as long as we ignore the fact of religion in discussing North and South American relations we shall not penetrate very far. It seems to me far better to accept a barrier than to pretend it is not there, to analyze prejudice and misunderstanding instead of pussyfooting around it. I have read much about South America by people who try to conceal their criticism of Catholicism and so stultify their own conclusions. These people see only the gold of the churches in contrast to the miserable poverty of the Indians. They see the ingenuous and sometimes goggle-eyed young clerics with a look of being pretty simple-minded fellows, and wax arms for sale which are burned in gratitude for a pain cured in leg or arm.

These manifestations of religion can be very irritating to an intellectual non-Catholic. He thinks they express the hold of the Church on a dominated people. That is not true.

I cannot possibly define that hold, or explain it in a few words, and full explanation is out of place in these notes anyway, though the problem itself belongs here. But I do know that the Catholic Church offers beauty and confidence and hope to rich and poor alike and that its hold is contained in these things it has to offer and is an extension of them. It offers an explanation of life, with death, to rich and poor, and the peace of that explanation to those who accept it is unfathomable.

The carelessness, the slackness, the hypocrisy of some of those who are allied with its organization in one way or another is shameful; its tenets are constantly misrepresented

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and ill-expressed. But its hold is deep in millions of lives and if I were a young non-Catholic living in South America I would try to understand it, past the point of completely natural irritations. And if I were a diplomat I would make it my business to understand it to the point of sympathy.



CHAPTER FIVE

ANGELS' FUN

January 29th

In the air, en route Cali to Quito

ANGELS have no more fun than this! When they get tired of practicing on their harps or counting admissions, I am sure they must come down to play games on these clouds. We are now en route from Cali to Quito and shall go up to sixteen thousand feet this morning. I am wearing two white orchids and have just seen an active volcano off to the left. It is the first time in my life that I have ever worn orchids at this hour in the morning and the first time at any hour that I have ever seen a volcano with a thin curl of smoke coming out of it.

It wasn't as dramatic as I expected. I had in mind that there would be a flame or two, or a fountain of red sparks or perhaps that the volcano would blow rings at least. But the smoke floated gently up and unless you were told you would have thought it was a twist of mist. They say I'm lucky to see it, that it's nearly always shrouded in fog.

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I like the discipline of airplane traveling down here. Nearly all flights begin very early in the morning. They do not have commercial passenger flights at night because of the lack of proper radio beams to guide the planes. So if you fly you must get up at or before dawn, and to our aston-



ishment we don't mind it at all. I suppose the reason for that is that there is no argument, no choice, if you want to get places.

Also we have developed a good early morning technique. Until we are really on the plane Mary and I speak as little as possible and never mention discomfort. If one of us jams a finger in a suitcase or the baths are cold or rust-colored or we meet an early cockroach or think we are coming down with colds, those are personal problems. There are very few

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safe early morning conversations. If one person feels merry the other doesn't, and the only temperament you can adjust to in the dawn is your own. So Mary and I take no chances and merely move fast and get started. When the luggage is closed and downstairs and each of us has had a cup of coffee, it is time enough to begin any civilities or to pick up last night's conversations.

At breakfast or in the lobby you see your other fellow passengers, also looking a little grim in the dawn. Some of them you've seen before and some of them appear from nowhere. One woman came up to me this morning and wanted to know where I had bought my luggage. An early morning shopper she was. It's a long way now from the source of supply, but Saks should be pleased to know that it looked all right in Cali, Colombia.

The luggage looked more heavy than handsome to me. What those eight pieces will cost us in excess charges before we get them to Rio begins to be clear to me and I brood occasionally over how I could have done with less. We have the lightest available leather luggage, made without heavy frames. Mary has a large suitcase and a hatbox and I have a large suitcase and a hatbox and also a small suitcase, which seems fair enough because Mary weighs much less than I do and so her clothes should take up much less room, and also she seems to have a minimum of under layers. The overweight pieces are my typewriter, my book bag, and a small alligator dressingcase which used to make me feel proud before porters, but is beginning to cost its weight in alligator. We left a trunk on the boat, labeled it for a rendezvous in Santiago, and I wonder if I could have traveled with fewer clothes. Maybe so, but I'm none too neat as it is.

The luggage and the passengers are packed into buses

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which wait in front of the hotel and off you go through streets which are not yet awake, to the airport which, like all airports, is some distance out of the city. There the formalities are lined up and waiting. You are weighed. Not a pound less, even with your little sleep. Mary is not a pound more, even with all that food. The luggage weighs several pounds more than it did on the last flight, which must be due to the books and statistics of Cali. You pay your excess. Your passports are inspected. You give up your cameras. There is no customs examination this morning for that will come in Quito.

At the airport it's all bright and businesslike. It's healthy somehow and adventurous. You are ready to start, the early morning gloom has worn off, the plane is shining and beautiful (only four months old, they tell you). The young man from St. Paul who is with Panagra comes up to tell you that your luggage can all be taken on board (there's been some doubt about that because the plane was heavily loaded) and gives each of us two white orchids.

Panagra is very efficient. And Panagra is gracious. It is amazing to see how well every detail is handled. We talk about things being shipshape. Airshipshape is just one degree better.

One bell rings and the crew goes out—the captain, the co-pilot, the radio operator, and the steward—four young men, neat in uniform, completely trained to their jobs.

Two bells ring and then you go out with the rest of the passengers and find that the two back seats have been reserved for you and Mary—the most comfortable position on the plane.

Mary, who has already had her solo flight, always watches take-offs with the most intense professional interest. I ex-

ANGELS' FUN

perience them emotionally. It's always the first time—and maybe the last time—for me.

The steward gave me a copy of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* with the third installment of a serial of mine in it. I never expected to look at the illustrations of that story above the clouds, but here I am and a few minutes ago I did look at them. Now I've other things to observe that aren't on the newsstands.

Down below the country looks like the kind of relief maps we used to make in school. The green pieces of forest are put in clumsily. We are flying one hundred and eighty miles an hour and sometime this morning we shall cross the equator. There are blackish crags so close that you seem to be flying straight into them and then you leave those behind and find yourself looking away from the window because the white clouds are almost blinding. Higher all the time. It's as bad as snow in a white light.

Dark glasses correct that, though dark glasses always make me feel I'm missing something. They give me a different kind of view. Now the mountains are made of gunmetal and far, far below you see little veins of valleys between them. There are lines that must be highways—or roads of a sort—looking as if they were drawn on the sides of the mountains. By car, you can get over these mountains at fifteen miles an hour. By plane, you can go two hundred miles an hour.

Some slopes are farmed. Then again there is a moss spot that must be a forest. From here you can realize what a difference a river makes in the possibility of living. Where there are rivers the land has been groomed around them for living.

There are plateaus which could be landing fields. I wonder if the Japanese are growing any beans on any of the flat

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places. Why don't the Colombians—or the English—or the North Americans—grow their own beans in flat places?

Looking down from an airplane you see that human beings are really very orderly. Their markings are accurate. They make smooth places out of what must have been rough ones. All the human confusion that is bewildering us so much is not because we do not understand our relation to the earth itself but because we cannot decide on our relations with one another. South Americans, Germans, English, French, farm the lands alike. I've flown over those countries too and everywhere the fields are diagrammed, the rivers put to use.

It's rough this morning. Mary says it due to some variation of pressure. The sign flashes now, "*Abroche su ceinture,*" which means, "Fasten your seat belt," so I will.



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Later

SOMETHING happened a few minutes ago which I must set down and this pencil isn't any too steady just now. But we'll be in Quito in a very few minutes and I want a record on the spot.

I was looking down at jagged mountaintops and thinking vaguely, somewhere at the bottom of my mind, that there was no possible landing place here—but with more interest than apprehension—when the motors stopped. The whir, the beat of the motors was gone. The knowledge that this was wrong was instant. There was no power against the height, there was nothing to sustain or to continue. The instant was filled with a sudden, terrible helplessness.

And then the plane went down on a swift forward slope. Violently. Down—and all there was to the world was falling. A woman in front was screaming “MY GOD—MY GOD

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—MY GOD” and a man groaned, but most people must have kept still and held on. We didn’t speak.

The plane swooped up. The motors were going again. I looked at the steward, who was holding his stomach as if he didn’t like the motion, but he had a half-grin on his face. Then the door of the engine room opened and the captain came out with a rough, roguish smile and said, “Well, you’ve just crossed the equator.”

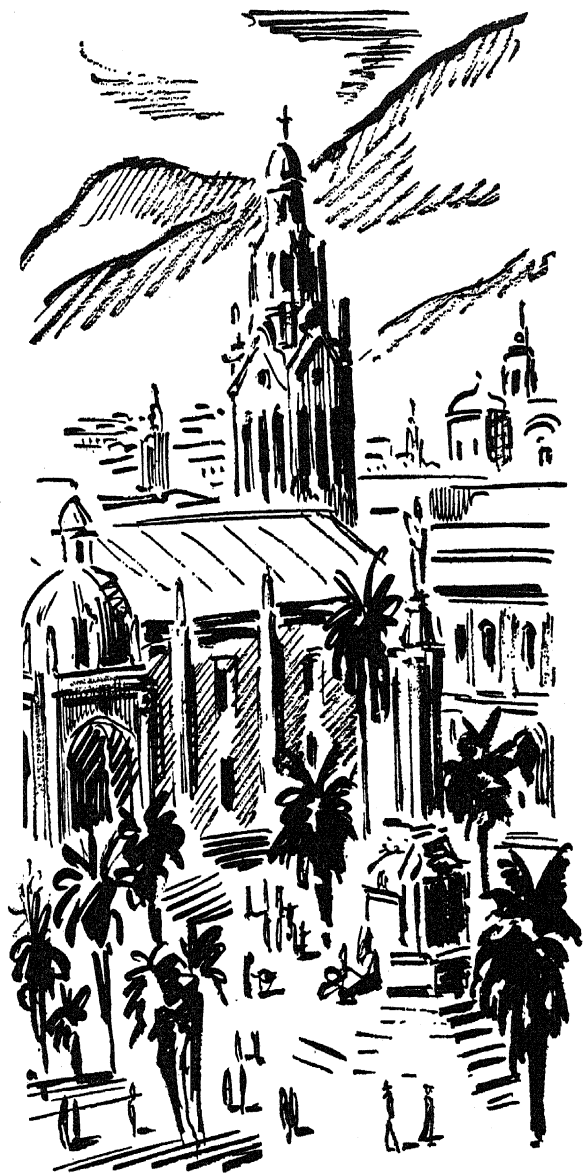
There are a lot of sore people on this plane. Mary says that he stalled the plane and so, losing flying speed, we went down. But she doesn’t pretend that she didn’t think it was a serious accident. She says you couldn’t have known.

We are quite cocky about not yelling, especially me.

Note:

About that equator incident. I have been thinking about it a good deal. I suppose the captain shouldn’t have done that without warning the passengers. It might have been serious if you can really die of fright.

But I owe him a debt. In that second I found out something about myself. Saint Exupéry says that you cannot describe terror and that’s true. Terror is a loss of control, complete or incomplete, and it can’t be put down in orderly words. I was terrified when those motors stopped and the plane shot down. But there was more to it than that. There was a kind of wild excitement with the terror, a final interest in what I was sure was death. It wasn’t analytic or watching. It was like a bright blaze of experience and I can remember just one thought—that Mary is very small and might get through one of the little windows.



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Sudden death doesn't scare me as much as I thought it would if it jumped at me. That's something to know.

And it's something to know how a plane feels when it goes down, just a tiny fraction of the experience that these dive bombers must have, of what a pilot must go through when his plane is disabled—and it's happening every hour.



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CHAPTER SIX

ECUADOR

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January 30th

The Hotel Savoy, Quito, Ecuador

WE HAD assumed that we were going to stay at the Hotel Metropolitano, but the attaché from the United States Embassy, Mr. D——, who met us at the airport, told us that there was no chance of that. Every available room had been engaged by the members of the British Trade Commission who were in Quito at the moment. We didn't care very much. We were in Quito and that was the main thing. Everyone had told us about the delightfulness of Quito and we were over the equator.

You pronounce Quito very lightly, in your most staccato manner, in two perfectly fair, deftly touched syllables. Like this. Kee-tow. Use the very tip of your tongue, separate the syllables, exaggerate it until you feel silly and you'll be saying it right.

Quito is the capital of Ecuador and the blurb on the travel

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folder says that it is "the sky-top capital located among mountains of unparalleled beauty." That, though canned, will do for a starting description.

I had been warned that the altitude would affect me. And it does. Or maybe it is the stairs, for we are four flights up and, added to the natural height of the sky-top capital, 9,373 feet high on the Andean Sierra, it puts me personally quite a distance above sea level. Altitude doesn't kill you—not at once—though it can do such things to your heart that you can't live in Quito or like places. Its immediate effect is to make you stop talking in the middle of a sentence because you've used up all your breath—as if you've run through a paragraph. And you find yourself toiling along a street instead of stepping in your usual spry fashion.

Four flights up and to make it harder, on the third floor of this hotel you have to walk down a flight before you can walk up again. I am registered as M. C. Barming, *é hija* (the *hija* is Mary), have *habitación* No. 45 and 46 and I wish I could take the rooms home for pets. They are very Latin Quarter in effect—scrubbed, with four different kinds of wallpaper on my walls. There are also two straight chairs, a small, very square table for *petit déjeuner* or a typewriter, a washstand fully equipped with lots of china and one towel, a curious wigstand, a very thin bed with a thinner mattress, and that's all except plenty of room, and a single casement window that looks out on a narrow street and tiled roofs. Mary's room has no wigstand and fewer wallpapers. Outside there is a huge bare hall, where the plaster fell down this afternoon, a bathroom that does its best to be dainty, considering the plumbing, and a curious little kitchen where two young Japanese boys keep a charcoal fire going in a

little stove at breakfast time and then just wait around to see what queer thing I'll do next.

It cost me forty cents to have three dresses pressed. Wait until I tell them that in New York.

I woke this morning to a torrent of five o'clock church bells, and looked up at a very grandiloquent and emotional ceiling. In the very center of it was a goddess languishing on a pink cloud, her middle modestly covered by the single electric light attachment. The wallpaper begins with a lilac trellis of purple and yellow and when they ran out of that it degenerated into a red and white stripe and finished off at the base in mottled tan.

Mr. Long had sent us yesterday a great bouquet of flowers from his garden and they were bright in a metal water pitcher, and the bells weren't solemn church bells but just hurry-up-and-get-there-you-know-you-must-or-go-to-hell bells, calling the working people to five o'clock mass. I could hear them half running along below in the street. It was a very fine awakening.

But I had better go back to yesterday. There was rather a lot of it on one side of the equator and the other.

Mr. D—— went with us on our hotel hunt in the most considerate way and voted with me in favor of the garrets. Then Mr. Boaz Long, who is the United States Ambassador, came in to make a call on us at the hotel. He was in formal morning clothes and looked very distinguished. He said he had just been to the funeral of a leading Ecuadorean. He also told me that Mrs. Blanche Yoder, the woman whom I most want to meet in Ecuador, had just broken her ankle but was expecting to see me anyway. Mr. Long was born in Warsaw, Indiana, but he looks exceedingly Spanish—at least rather like what I have always expected Spanish gentle-

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men to be. He is not tall—rather precise and with a well-blended expression of humor and wisdom. He takes his time. I am told that his mastery of the language is perfect and, in addition, he seems to have caught the Spanish look.

“My little Spanish husband,” Mrs. Long calls him.

We had intended to go completely tourist yesterday. In fact we had it all planned. We were going to have beer and cheese and rolls for lunch and then in thin old dresses and with Mary’s camera, we were going to explore Quito. But that plan never came off. For I was just washing my face when a call came through from Mr. Long, asking if we would like to go to a reception at the British Embassy that noon to meet the Trade Commission. And of course we would. So I hung up the striped gingham and got out the black silk suit with the yellow blouse and was glad I’d brought sables for Embassies and when the car came for us we went out to the Long’s Embassy residence, which is a lovely house with a beautiful garden.

Mary had a break there for we met young Lieutenant Cullinan who had been on our boat coming down. He’s going to be attached to the Embassy here. He’s a gay young man with beautiful manners for use with older people and a look that tells the young ones he’ll be free later.

We were glad that we went to the reception. The President of Ecuador was there, Dr. Carlos Arroya del Rio, and we met him. They told us he didn’t go out to this sort of thing much for fear of assassination, which introduced a new note into what looked at first blush like any good garden party or wedding reception. Everyone looked well-dressed and selected, and there were many champagne and Martini cocktails being borne about and endless highballs regimented on great trays. But as you shook down into the company it

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wasn't just one more party. These people weren't each other's friends. They were entertaining and being entertained for a purpose which wasn't social.

Sir Cyril and Lady Fuller were receiving and said that Lord Willingdon, who is head of the Commission, was ill and couldn't appear. I should think he might have been ill, for the special airplane carrying the Commission was stuck in the fog for a couple of hours this morning and it must have been a nasty experience. They are mostly men past middle age, the members of the Commission, and having a hard trip.

Brave men, of course. None of them can know from one hour to the next what's left of his home and his connections in England. But here they were, doing a business-social job according to the rules, trying to prove that trade with Great Britain will be more advantageous than trade with the Axis, having conferences, defending the Trade of the Empire which is after all one of the great battles.

Invited to meet them were important government officials. The Archbishop of Quito was there. There were Colombian businessmen and some from other South American countries who happened to be in Ecuador. There were the consequential people of the city and a few strays—like Mary and myself. And there were also people present who seemed to be disturbing others. Refugees—I heard the word again spoken with suspicion. How did they get here? people murmured.

I saw Mr. Robert Brand of London, a member of the Commission, whom I had met a year ago at Nora Flynn's house in Carolina, Little Orchard. He is her brother-in-law. We both felt Tryon was very distant and for a moment I think that he, as well as I, was wondering what chance there would be of ever feeling its peace again. But we didn't say so.

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Two conversations stuck in my mind. One was with a young Englishman who was in some way attached to the Commission.

We spoke of the war.

"We shall win, you know," he said to me.

I answered that Heaven and I certainly hoped so.

"And we shall do it *alone*," he said, edgily accenting the last word.

I muttered that we might like to have a hand in it ourselves. But what I was thinking was that it was too bad for blundering Englishmen who aren't very important to talk like that. The question of who was going to claim or get the "credit" for winning the last war did a great deal of harm to international relations. To start that sort of thing again is so stupid. The young man went on to belabor us for indecision, for not joining up right now, and I tried to be a lady and not throw the matter of Czechoslovakia and what might have been in his face.

He was nervous. He was not a good diplomat as were those rather tired-looking elderly men, so courteously shaking hands with every person who came their way. I greatly hope that young man is not typical, for it is just such fellows as he that make a mess of things.

The other conversation was different. I was talking—war of course—with a man who had been introduced to me as a very important Chilean. We spoke of victory and its results.

He said, "And when the war is finished we shall all be very poor and then of course we must go through the social revolution."

Just like that. I had usually heard that prophecy from angry left-wingers. But here was a sophisticated gentleman,

sipping his champagne and quite coolly and politely expecting a social revolution.

No, it wasn't an ordinary party, with the flicker of suspicion of spies, the quiet guarding against assassination, the Chilean aristocrat saying, "After the war, the real deluge,"



the tired, composed British aristocrats here so deliberately to make political friends.

Political friendship with Ecuador is not uncomplicated. Nor is it steady. The small country which gets its name from its position on the equator has a population of some two million, seven hundred and fifty thousand people scattered over an area of one hundred and sixteen thousand miles. Fly over Ecuador and it is easy to see that this population is badly distributed and must be, because there are barren districts where it is almost impossible to live, and great flat tablelands where anything can be grown.

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The largest proportion of the population is Indian. In addition there is a large middle group of mestizos, or half-breeds, and then, largely ruling and owning and governing, though the mestizos also rise to power, is the small white population of Spanish descent. On the face of it, Ecuador doesn't look like the material for democracy just yet, with its backwardness of education.

And it isn't a democracy, as we think of the process in the United States. There is a Congress, but a strong dictator can and has dissolved this at his will. The army cliques are of course powerful. Ecuador is not a strong military country but it has a strategic military position, for if Peru grabbed it Colombia would be the greatest objector. The mutual jealousies of Colombia and Peru safeguard the integrity of Ecuador to some extent—at least they have worked that way up to now.

But there is a large piece of disputed territory between Ecuador and Peru and both countries claim it. Drastic invasion of this territory could always serve as an occasion of war and much depends on whose advantage it would serve to throw these countries into the confusion of war.

What the secret alliances are, what the promises "in case" are, no stranger could possibly know. Quito seethes with gossip, in its small, romantic way. It's very Graustark in some respects.

But, looked at unromantically, what you see in Ecuador, and it fully corroborates what you have read, is a country with a population which is as yet incapable of being a democracy or an authentic republic. For control of this country, two groups are in constant struggle and they are, as far as I can see, related to the groups which are in struggle all over the world.

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There is a group represented by the Liberal Radical party. You can't take any party name seriously down here. They don't have the inhibitions we have in the United States about changing a party name, or any hesitation in putting a few names together for a vote's sake. So next year the Liberal Radical party may be called something else, but there will be a party which in the most high sounding way will advocate everything that the New Deal stands for and, in addition, a few special South American items, like rehabilitation of the native races.

Opposed to this group are the ones who think it will ruin the country, economically and spiritually. These are the Conservatives who advocate all the same good reforms, universal—and compulsory—suffrage, severe government economy and again a few special South American items, such as legal recognition of the Catholic Church and cultivation of friendly relations with the Holy See, as well as promotion of solidarity in Hispanic-American relations.

You can cancel out the statements in both party platforms which are identical and what it gets down to is that the Conservative party is far more favorable to wealth and to the authority of the Church than the other party.

Add to the oversimplicity of this analysis the fact that the Church really has a great influence over the working people—you should have heard those church bells ringing this morning and the scampering feet below my window—and there is enough of a problem to work on. Add to it the inevitable fact that there is a left-wing group in Ecuador which is deeply discontented with the leadership and performance of the liberal-radical group, a pro-Indian group of young intellectuals allied with the Peruvian Aprista party.

There is the situation in Ecuador. The Conservatives, re-

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sentful of a diminution of their influence and fortunes, feeling that things are worse than they used to be, and able to bring the chapter and verse of public and private corruption to prove it. The Liberals, insisting that the day of authority of wealth, in Church, State or individual, is over and that they can elect people who can do everything better than it has ever been done. The party of the people itself, incoherent, underfinanced, underground, trying to make the people articulate.

And the people. Mostly Indian. Pattering through the churches. Breeding. Weaving. Resisting imported kinds of civilization. Shy of cameras.

Over it all at the moment Dr. Carlos del Rio is in control, a man highly spoken of by many intelligent people, who has to be very careful not to be killed and so doesn't often go to garden parties or public gatherings.

The reception was over at one o'clock and, as if it had been scheduled to hurry the guests, it began to rain. Then it hailed. By the time we got back to our Hotel Savoy it was hailing lumps of ice and they told us later in the afternoon that it was the first time in years and everyone was very much excited. Great wet lumps of plaster came tumbling down in the hall outside our room and the Japanese boys grinned and went about with brooms and shovels and Mary just escaped being hit—by plaster, not a shovel.

The day was not yet half over.

I used to wonder how James Joyce and Virginia Woolf could write a full-length novel out of one day's events but it's no mystery to me now. We had a late lunch because it was hailing, not because we were hungry or thirsty, and the waiter was desolate because we ate so little. We talked politics and I told Mary I was going out to see the churches

with the golden interiors. I told her categorically that everyone said to me that whole days could be profitably employed inspecting them.

She said, "Not her days"—and that she wouldn't promise to stay and count church jewels but that she'd come along for a while and see if she could get some pictures.

She got one that I hope comes out, though I doubt it. It was still raining and we stood on the covered porch of a church on one side of a square, and saw a calamity. A little Indian girl of perhaps eight or nine, who was carrying her brother on her back, dropped him. He wriggled out of the wrapping that held him and when he dropped he didn't have much on so I knew it was her brother. He wasn't hurt but the problem was to get him on her back again. He wouldn't co-operate. He was about a year old and he lay and yelled in a temper tantrum.

Between us we managed. The children stood staring at us finally behind an iron grillwork right at the door of the church and Mary got a picture or two and I went inside the church.

I shall not try to describe the churches here. It is easier to mark the places in good guidebook descriptions. There are no exaggerating adjectives. It really is true about the gold interiors. They are gold. And in this church there had been a funeral that morning and it was still half draped in black though workmen were taking down the great black banners of grief. A choir of priests were chanting a service which may have been part of the day's funeral services. I wasn't sure it was. And outside the baby shrieked and an old Indian woman came in and wandered up and down, just as if she belonged there and came often.

That's what I'll remember of Ecuador longest perhaps. It

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seems so self-explanatory. The gold church. The magnificence of the funeral service to lay one soul to rest. The familiarity of the Indians in the church and at the portal. It was their church. Nobody chased them. But on the other hand nobody did anything to keep that baby from carrying the other baby on her back.

We did a lot of wandering during the afternoon. It's very picturesque in Quito and you keep saying, "Look!" The streets are narrow and the shops very commonplace, full of useful things for the most part. There were long arcades full of stalls and little shops and hardly anything for sale that you couldn't get at your own local ten-cent store. There were lots of babies' toys, little celluloid things, and as I am beginning to realize is true in South America everywhere, displays of things for men to wear. Down here they do dress up their men.

There are a great many ragged, shoeless Indians everywhere and they have not the slightest self-consciousness about being in the city's chief shopping district or not being good enough to be there. It is their city.

Finally we went back to our attics, dressed for dinner and went to the Embassy house. Mrs. Long might not have been an Ambassador's wife at all as she received us, but just one of the most cordial women in the world, who guessed that we were a little dizzy from altitude and flying and blind from sightseeing and said, "I thought you'd like a fire to-night."

Mr. Long asked me what I wanted to find out in South America and I told him that I wanted to find out what I could about political conditions, and also that I wanted to meet and talk to South American women in the separate countries that I was going to visit. From them, I told him,

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I hoped to find out something of the status of women, not in order to measure it up against any arbitrary standard of what feminism is or should be, but so that I would know if the minds of the women in South America were moving along the same lines as the minds of the women in North America. I said that I wanted to find out if there was an impasse, a difference in fundamental philosophy and ambition between the women of the two countries.

I made quite a speech, clarifying my own ideas as I went along. But I think he saw, before I was through and let somebody else have a word, that I wasn't pretending to make a thorough research on these points in the short time which our journey was to take. I've already tried to make that clear to people who ask me what I'm up to. However, I refuse to be overhumble or mealy-mouthed about the trip. It's pretty easy to defeat your own purposes by saying that in so short a time you can't really learn anything or have anything true to report.

For of course you can. There's a whole lot to be said for a journey of general observation such as this. As a matter of fact, I'd be willing to say that you get the sense of the continent much better when you do cover as much ground as possible but make an "appraisal on horseback," when you don't linger so long that your attention or interests begin to grow into a certain place. It's a special kind of survey and by moving fast you should be struck by contrasts and similarities which might not otherwise be apparent.

When all is said and done, even if you went over South America without half looking around you, without listening, you'd know far more than most people in the United States know about it. You've got a preliminary knowledge of geography on which other knowledge must be based.

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One thing that has already surprised me, even in Panama and in Colombia and Ecuador, is that so many people down here, North Americans, English and even nationals, have never made any journey over even part of this continent. They tell me that they have never seen the East Coast and have never been to Buenos Aires nor Rio, nor even to Santiago. Yet if a Colombian comes to the United States, speaking fluent Spanish, looking as we expect a South American to look, we treat him as an authority on all South America, whether he sets himself up as such—as he probably wouldn't—or not.

A woman may come down from the United States and spend three years in Ecuador. One such woman told me that it takes a year to really understand the country and I wouldn't doubt that for a minute. I shall not understand Ecuador when I leave in a day or two. But I shall have seen enough and heard enough to differentiate its kind of problems from those of other countries in South America.

I get annoyed when I hear people saying that John Gunther didn't stay long enough to understand the political problems of the country. He did not come empty-minded. Out of long study and observation he has become a political expert. He doesn't have to run through the files of all a country's campaigns or its revolutions to understand it. Much of the political life of men follows a pattern with which he is perfectly familiar, and what he sees when he comes are major points of difference, key problems, important similarities.

Even I don't have to begin at the beginning. If you understand social problems, if you have worked with the poor, you cannot help seeing what a certain kind of housing, observed in an hour, what the lack of water supply, what an

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infant death rate, means. In the same way, if one of your major interests has been the place of women in human society, you don't have to begin with an autopsy of the female body. You know what questions to ask and of whom to ask them.

I dislike enormously the defeatism which you meet everywhere when you try to take a look at a situation. The constant cry—"That's too hard to understand,"—"That's too difficult to comprehend,"—"That takes an expert,"—seems to me in many, many instances a cover-up for those who don't want to make an effort.

Human beings are not so abstruse. I forget who was saying to me not long ago that he was amazed whenever he considered how few and slight were the differences between people and how many and fundamental their similarities.

Back to my mutttons and Mr. Long. He said to me that Mrs. Blanche Yoder, whom I am to see tomorrow, is really the key woman in Ecuador. She is a native Ecuadorean, an aristocrat, head of the national Red Cross, which is a big job down here, and has all sorts of other talents. I would have been greatly disappointed if I couldn't have seen her.

Mr. Long also told me that he thought I might like to see some of the rug-making of the Indians. This is his pet project, or at least it was, and we spent a good deal of time on it later in the evening. Tomorrow Miss Reeves, who is here on a Guggenheim fellowship, studying art, has promised to take me to see the rugs being made. Tonight I saw a good many which Mr. Long has bought and he told me this about their manufacture in a discouraged way.

He set up a very interesting experiment. He would take a fine old Persian rug, have designs made from it and then have the Indians copy the rug. The idea was to wean them

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from their crude patterns and ugly colorings, to develop in them a greater sense of beauty. But what happened was this. The first copy would be fine, extraordinary in many cases. I saw some beautiful copies. The second copy was usually not so true or successful, and by the time a third or fourth copy was made the design and coloring of the rug were crude again. It threw back to exactly what Mr. Long was trying to get away from. The Indians, he intimated, resist teaching and training.

Later in the evening I heard this same thing stated rather differently but corroborated. We finally let the Longs go to bed, after having given us an interesting evening. I am getting a deeper and deeper respect for this job of being a country's representative and all it involves—the important things and the simple ones which can be blended only by real people.

Miss Reeves said she wasn't going to go home. She had promised to meet some young artists in a restaurant in Quito and asked us if we didn't want to come along. We did.

The two young men were Ecuadorean. One of them had a few words of English, the other even fewer. But the astonishing thing was that the one who had least English got along very well with Mary and they quickly understood each other. He understood that, although she was a pretty girl in an evening dress which was quite out of place in this restaurant, she was a student and one who had studied social problems. They were no news to each other, those two—or rather they were good news. They were part of the young philosophy all over the world which says, "We must do better than has been done. We must see that more people are happy. And we must continue to be happy ourselves, though we shan't have many possessions."

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There were silent words on the wind tonight.

I talked to the other young man as well as I could, in stumbling sentences. But he told me this. He is deeply concerned with the problems of the Indians in Ecuador. He feels that they are not understood. It is true that they resist the pattern of civilization which is being offered to them. They do not like it for it does not suit them. They are ignorant. And very, very poor. They are superstitious. And proud and spiritual.

I fumbled along to find out where the young man stood politically. He told me with a kind of eager desire not to be misunderstood that he was not a Communist. But I gathered that he was allied to the Aprista group, headed by the radical Indian of Chile.

It seems a long time since I crossed the equator and my first appointment is at eleven in the morning. The church bells will begin before long now.



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CHAPTER SEVEN

A WOMAN OF IMPORTANCE

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January 30, 1941
Quito

MARY took along both her Rolliflex and her color camera, because we wanted to get some pictures of Mrs. Yoder. A friend of mine who had once visited her said that she came upon Mrs. Yoder first in the courtyard of her hacienda, slaughtering a pig and giving portions of it to all the Indians who worked for her. So we didn't know what to expect.

On the way out to her house in a taxi I felt a yielding in the back of my leg and looked to see that my stocking was disappearing in a multiple run. It wasn't a little ladder. It was big enough for me to walk up and down and ended in a great hole. There wasn't any time to go back to the hotel so I looked covetously at Mary's stockings and asked her if she would lend them to me. She's young enough for bare-leggedness and often goes that way. So she took them off and I put them on and we ended that transaction at Mrs. Yoder's gate.

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It surprises you at first down here that the gates of the grounds around a place, even a small one, are always locked. You ring and after a good long while a servant comes, usually a woman wearing an apron, sometimes a man servant.

The one who let us in was an aproned girl, who looked as if she didn't have an idea what to do with us, so we pushed right along into the middle of a place as big as a park and built up on several sides with small and large buildings, mostly stucco, with here and there a flight of wooden steps and a wooden gallery above. It was not a landscaped place but it looked as if people lived there, though none were to be seen just then. Then two youngish women appeared and we told them Mrs. Yoder was expecting us and they sent us after the little servant, who scuttled on ahead, obeying their directions. That was the last we saw of those two women.

We went up a wooden staircase, past corners where plants were growing, and tables were covered with magazines and books and more plants and the things you have around in houses unless you throw them away, and then we went down the full length of a long half-porch for we saw Mrs. Yoder unmistakably at the end of it, on a divan with a big crowded table in front of her.

She wore a blue house dress and diamond and pearl earrings and perfect make-up. Her eyes were beautiful, eyes that have coquetted and caressed, seen facts and suffered.

The room had a great deal of bamboo furniture and there was a large bowl of red and pink carnations on the table before her, as well as a suitcase lying open to disgorge papers. They were papers which had to do with her work for the Red Cross. Behind her, on the top of a bookcase,

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were two enormous dolls of wax dressed in black and, even more astonishingly, a big figure of Charlie McCarthy.

The most important woman in Ecuador has a lovely and delicate face in an overweight body. She is as pretty as if the word were invented for her and she refers to her size ruefully, with a smile of not quite resignation, and you feel it doesn't matter at all. She is probably in her forties.

My mind was, even before I met her, crowded with these facts about her. She is the wife of a wealthy man who has been the partner of United States businessmen, notably the one who financed the famous Guayaquil-Quito railroad. Her connection with the United States is also by marriage for the son of Mr. and Mrs. N—— whom I met on the boat coming down to South America married one of her beautiful daughters.

There were other children in her family, among them two younger girls whom she adored, and they were killed together several years ago in an airplane accident. Mrs. Yoder, hearing in the middle of her terrible grief that the pilot had lost his license to fly—perhaps she was told that to comfort her!—sent for him and engaged him as her chauffeur.

She is a devout and practicing Catholic. She is interested in all modern things. She decided at one time that with all her daughters—and their friends—permanent waves were costing too much, so she learned how to give the waves herself and bought a machine to do it.

She took the RCA shortwave transmission course and has a complete broadcasting equipment set up in a room in her house. I saw that room, silent now because since the war broke out she has not been able to renew a license to broadcast.

That much I knew about her and this is what she told me, in no order, about herself.

She was married at sixteen, after two years' courtship by her present husband. There was a German who was in love with her at the same time and whom she might have married. But she said that her best friend married a German and the sight of that marriage made her sure she would never marry one of them. She said that her friend's German husband ordered her about—threw his shoes at her—no, Mrs. Yoder couldn't marry a man like that. She is a woman of great self-respect, always was.

She has been very happy and is happy in her marriage. When she spoke of her husband, she spoke as a loved and loving woman, with a sense of a man emotionally present to her. She talked as the morning went on about the problems of South American marriages. When I mentioned the fact that I had heard South Americans were not always faithful husbands, she said simply, as had the Colombian woman to me, "That is true. But I have been lucky."

I can't get over the way they use that word "lucky." It is significant. These women, realists that they are, apparently don't expect fidelity from their husbands and they don't feel that they can demand it intellectually or morally. But they may be "lucky."

Certainly Mrs. Yoder knows what goes on in the world. She told me of a political scandal or two, involving women as well as politics. She thinks very badly of women who break up homes. She believes that marriage is indissoluble, and in what the Catholic Church teaches.

And yet—she is no bigot. When she was collecting money to give milk to poor children and was offered a donation with the understanding that the milk would go only to poor

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Catholic children, she did not find it necessary to take that donation.

The problem of children's nutrition in Ecuador, the terrific infant mortality rate, the fact that birth control is beginning to be widely practiced, were all her deep concern. Mrs. Yoder has no sure or dogmatic solution for the social problems of her country. I do not know quite what her opinion was of the fact she stated, that though the little crèches outside the convents used always to have foundlings in them left there at night, there are many fewer now because of birth control.

There is an appalling amount of venereal disease in Ecuador. She gave me figures once or twice and they are ringing in my mind but I shan't set them down because they can't be true, except over small areas, and there is no way to verify them.

I don't know when I have met a woman anywhere who seemed to me to be as wise a woman politician in the modern manner. She knows all the tricks and practices, all the necessary guiles, and is quite ready to admit that. She believes that women should be feminine and I had in her and from her, in spite of the great spread of her interests, the conviction which she expressed in words and by her own presence, that personal human relations are the most important thing in a woman's life. She feels also that subtleties of dealing are necessary—but not fake or falsity. Even after two hours I was dead sure of that.

She is the head of the Red Cross in Ecuador, and that, I gathered, is a somewhat political body down here, though Mrs. Yoder did not admit it even when I asked her. But she told me that in the present ticklish state of affairs between Lima and Ecuador, every word must be considered and

weighed, even at charitable conferences. At the Peru conference for joint action about earthquakes she was present of course and she talked with great amusement of the "front" she had deliberately put up—the suites in the hotel, the liveried chauffeur, and she said, "I even went out and bought some very good sweets and put them around the salon in little dishes for people who might call on me."

She knew how to set the stage for herself and it was necessary that she be recognized as a woman of importance, a gracious woman. But she knew exactly what she was after and that was a powerful branch of the Red Cross, in Ecuador. Not for her own glory. But because she had things to do.

Mrs. Yoder has done important things. She told me that three years ago there was a bad earthquake in Colombia and she happened to pick up the first announcement on her own radio. The news of it had not yet been published and she knew that every minute counted. There was no time to write letters offering help, to set up committees. She decided to go at once to Colombia.

So she went to the houses of a few important men and collected money and got a promise of a carload of rice. Then she went to the then dictator President and told him that she wanted his wife to accompany her. She thought the trip would have more authority with the President's wife with her. She called for volunteer nurses and more than twenty responded, but in the end only eight had nerve enough to go along. It was a risky trip.

But risky or not, Bogotá is the capital of Colombia and known as a fashionable center, and the nurses who were, I should imagine from what she described, a group of young aristocrats, began to plan on a good time after the earthquake subsided and they could go from the stricken district

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to the capital. They said they had better take along a few evening dresses.

Mrs. Yoder put her foot down on that. She told them that this was an errand of mercy and no junket, that if they brought evening dresses she would tear them to ribbons, that they were not even to put on powder and that there would be no flirting with officers allowed.

So the little delegation went into Colombia and was the first to arrive in the area which the earthquake had devastated and where the ground was still quaking. The women and girls slept in tents on the ground and, to resist a possible serious quake, they lay close together holding each other's arms. She described the waving of the ground, the fear and misery of the district. And apparently her rescue crew got things done.

When Mrs. Yoder was acclaimed by the Colombian people in Bogotá at a public meeting she heard them also blaming their own government for not getting help to them sooner, and she said, "I told them it was not the fault of their government, but that the radio is heard better in some places than others."

The Governor's wife in Colombia wanted to entertain for her in gratitude, and Mrs. Yoder wrote back that another time she would be gratified, but that she would not appear at a banquet in an apron.

She has a great sense of what is fitting.

We talked a good deal about women, their powers of organization, their weak points and their general direction. Mrs. Yoder does not agree with the Colombian lady who says that down here there is no desire for a change in woman's place in the social scheme. She says that used to be true but that "in the last ten years" things have changed and

that now more and more women are thinking of themselves as individuals.

There is not much interest in suffrage in Ecuador. The movement has been started and aborted. But from all she said it was obvious that the individual woman was making an effort now and then to extend her fields of interest and work. And Mrs. Yoder thinks that is all to the good.

I asked her to explain the composition of Ecuadorean society to me and she said it fell into four classes. The aristocracy numbers possibly some two hundred families, very much intermarried. There is a large middle-class group—less pure Spanish in strain—men in commerce, banking, business of one sort and another. The third group is the mestizos or half-breeds and the fourth and largest group is made up of the Indians.

Proud as she is, she is also fearful for Ecuador. She sees it for what it is, a small, squeezed country with a tremendous illiterate population which in many ways is more responsibility than help. She wants the United States to protect Ecuador and she dreams of and plans closer and closer contacts with us. As she talked she made me think of Señor Bernal in Bogotá, whose patriotism took a like turn toward the United States. We have great admirers and friends among the liberals in both countries and there was before me this morning definite proof that all good and important Catholics are not pro-Nazi.

For Mrs. Yoder is almost violently against the Nazis. She is afraid of their power. She feels that they are an evil force in the world and she knows that they have far more than a foothold in Ecuador. It doesn't all trace back to the German who threw his shoes at her girl friend. She sees them

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in Ecuador promoting and maintaining an airline, infiltrating the businesses, and she doesn't like it.

She likes even less what she can't see. She believes the country is full of spies. I'm beginning to believe in spies myself.

There has evidently been a great influx of refugees to South America. We are hardly conscious of that in the United States, having the illusion that all the refugees who could leave Europe came to our country. Down here they think that they all came here.

We stayed long past lunch time, until I had an appointment to go to see the rug factory, and I left Mrs. Yoder reluctantly, with pictures of her in the camera and her promise to see me when she comes to the United States this fall to go to a Rochester hospital. She's been there before.

Much of what she had told me was in my mind as I went through the rug factory. It was both factory and tenement. Going through a kind of courtyard we came to the sheds and open places where the work was done. In a little room was a man making designs, copying from some pictures sent from New York. In an open space where a few hens wandered around there were great hanks of wool in many colors hanging to dry, and at the end of the space were enormous steaming caldrons for dyeing the wool, with eucalyptus fires burning under them. The only fuel in Ecuador is eucalyptus wood.

The Indians paid very little attention to us. They don't stare. I got the idea that they aren't interested in life outside their own. It's too separate and remote.

A row of very young girls of perhaps fourteen to sixteen, who looked clean and sturdy, sat in front of the looms making the rugs, and as the great strips of rugs fell down, the

hens walked over them. The manager told me that they were all a happy family and maybe they are. But it's not an expansive life. They live all around this working place—in rooms that look like little caves, made of plaster, backed up against a piece of rock here and there, close to one another. It was the strangest factory I've ever seen, living quarters and all. I inquired about working hours and was told they worked eight hours a day only and that they were paid well. Maybe so.



Mary hadn't come with Miss Reeves and me. She had gone to take pictures in the streets and met Lieutenant Cullinan and they went to the Hotel Metropolitano where at five in the afternoon the fashionable element of the city, interspersed with spies, is supposed to assemble. It must take a very, very trained eye to tell which is which.

Mary took a picture and I bought a picture. I bought an oil painting which is here now, and though it is rolled and covered I can still see it. We found time to go to the studio of one of the young men we met last night and he is a good and maybe, for all I know, quite a great painter. His mood is great anyway. He paints the Indians with their melancholy and their passive sweetness and their stillness.

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My picture—which both Mary and Miss Reeves tell me is good—is called *Una Noche en El Guinche*. This is its story. El Guinche is the Lourdes of Ecuador and on a certain feast day miracles are supposed to be performed in a certain church. The Indians come here and gather in the square and sleep all night before the church and the picture shows them sleeping, a square full of curved bodies, a calloused heel showing and a squat Indian woman with her baby on her back standing on one side.

It is very easy to crack jokes about Ecuador. Easy to think that there is something comical about the little country. I noticed in Colombia that they had something of that attitude toward their small neighbor. Also it is easy to consider it as a “fascinating survival,” an “untouched spot,” and run on about how off the beaten path it is, which usually means that a place isn’t.

But in Eduardo Kingman’s studio I looked at painting after painting which will forever prevent me from considering Ecuador as a gay little country that you chuck under the chin as you go through. He knows it, this artist. I have here now a book of his woodcuts called *Hombres del Ecuador* with a prologue in verse. I shall always treasure the book. Faces of anguish, faces of endurance, men at work in the fields, sowing, chopping, reaping—men burying their dead, women waiting.

Eduardo Kingman does not laugh at Ecuador or at the Indians. He sees emotion and strength and all the things that a traveler, beguiled by costume, will never know are there.

Perhaps, I said to Mary, we should have taken pictures of the suburban development of Quito, all those new stucco houses that look so like our own pseudo Spanish architec-

ture at home. She said no, she didn't want to waste the films on homes like those. But she added that she would like very much to get a picture of a flea.

They *were* fleas. I thought at first, when I broke out, that they were hives, which I used to have once in a while when I was a child. But they were flea-bites all right and the story is that you get them in motion picture houses or in churches. I don't think they are in this room but I begin to suspect my suitcases. I hadn't seen them when they were inflicting all this damage on me. Now I have great red blotches that itch and when I scratch them they become small mountains of irritation. And that's fleas. Mary thought they were my personal hives and then she got them too. But there isn't enough of her hundred pounds to give a flea pleasure. It's my white Irish flesh that is giving the Ecuadorean fleas a barbecue.

Mary has established a personal link with Ecuador. She is going to send the young man she met last night some English books and he turned up at the hotel with a parcel of Spanish books for her. We are both aching to learn Spanish. If only a language would descend in a tongue of flame! But it won't. You can only go out and buy another dictionary.

We leave Ecuador in the morning at about the time the church bells will clamor. We leave it affectionately. Ecuador—and Quito certainly—has temperament.

It's in a hot spot, this little country, but its history has always been that of a hot spot. In spite of that it has always had an interest in art and a talent for it. During Colonial times Quito was one of the most important art centers in South America.

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It has always been fruitful. It grows papayas and bananas, pineapples, cacao and it always will grow those things.

It likes handwork—its rugs, its beads, its copper bowls, like the ones Mary bought. Ecuador, being so largely Indian, likes to do things with its hands but it must do them in its own way.

It prays. There may be fleas in the golden churches but the common people have brought them there.

It seems to me that Ecuador has a great many resources and talents that will outlast the fluctuations of politics. And I don't really believe that Hitler would get very far with these Indians, or change them greatly. Ask Mr. Long.



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January 31st

THIS morning at the airport we saw one of the German planes operated by Sedta (Sociedad Ecuatoriana de Transportes Aereos) taking off just before we did. It was a small plane, nothing much to brag about, especially with the beauty of the Panagra ship in front of you. Sedta is more or less run by Lufthansa,* the German airline which covers most of South America, and as is well known, its financing is obscure. The Ecuadorean capital in it, if any, is very little and the story is that a man who works in a bakery in Quito is the head of the German Gestapo there and pays substantial sums for the upkeep of Sedta. Its pilots are German and the airline is a thorn in Ecuadorean flesh, if the flesh happens to be anti-Nazi. Everybody knows that it is an airline that can't possibly pay its expenses and is there for a propaganda purpose, if not for a more sinister one.

* The Peruvian Lufthansa was taken over by the Peruvian government in early April.

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To me it looked rather small and brave none the less, as it lifted itself off the field. A young officer standing beside me said, almost thoughtfully, "I hope to God it crashes!" And someone else said, "A lot of those Sedta planes have crashed, haven't they?" with great good cheer. It's wartime, all right.

On our plane was one of the returning important officials of Panagra and I heard then or later in the day that he'd just been up in New York and Washington, negotiating for more planes and pilots. They need more big passenger planes and they also need smaller ones for short hops such as our recent one from Cali to Quito.

You are continually conscious of the important function of these American planes in South America. Carrying passengers is all very well, but it's just one of the reasons for our being grateful for Panagra operations. In time of disturbance or actual war the American planes and pilots could be immeasurably valuable. They know the country and they have the equipment and, fortunately, are getting more.

We said good-by to Mrs. Long and Lieutenant Cullinan, paying the usual penalty for liking people so much, and were off. I can settle into my seat now as if a plane were a streetcar and begin to figure out how long it will be before the steward serves soup and crackers. Also I have instructed myself, on leaving a country, to make a recapitulation of what I have learned, and fix it firmly in my mind and partly in the notebook—and then to open up my *Political Handbook of the World* (that invaluable book which is to be my Christmas present to all the men I know) and see what's coming next in the line of government and personnel. Also I have to study exchange and sort out coins. I always save some coins, partly for our own collection which has grown

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very large since we began it in 1929 in France, and partly for Artie, a small colored boy in Tryon, who is beginning one of his own.

We are getting a lot for our money. All the exchange is very favorable. In Colombia the *peso* was worth fifty-six cents and you could do a lot with it. In Ecuador we were dealing in *sucres*, ten to the dollar, and our sojourn at the Savoy Hotel, without cables, cost us nine dollars and a half—rooms, meals, two lunches, two dinners and six breakfasts, and a few little extras. In Peru we have to master the use of the *sol*, which is worth about twenty cents.

This morning I know what all the travel folders were talking about as we look down. Quito formerly was remote, surrounded by mountains, with its gold and culture and treasures and curious Indian-Spanish culture inaccessible to coast travelers. They heard of it, of course, magnified its wealth, made it a legend. But much of the legend is true.

I hope that people won't go to Quito unless they really want to. It's no place for the casual tripper. Let him beware of the altitude.

Mary thinks the regulation about not taking pictures from airplanes is silly and I am inclined to agree with her. It isn't as if such a precaution could keep pictures from being taken by unfriendly people. There must be hundreds already on file with everyone who wants them. Also a camera could easily be bootlegged and pictures taken with these new small ones. It punishes amateurs instead of preventing espionage. And, looking down, you do want pictures of your own. There are beautiful ones to be bought, but enjoying them is like working with someone else's original material.

I see black sharp edges of mountains that I can't believe anyone has seen before, not just like that one with a scarf

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of gray cloud with white ends where the sun strikes it. And I am so afraid I won't remember.

Guayaquil appeared in no time at all, looking flat, marshy and snarled by canals. It looked wetly hot too and felt that way as we came down briefly and were met by a very nice gentleman, who reproached me for having got off the boat in Buenaventura when he was all set to take me around in Guayaquil. I say I'm sorry. But I'm really not. I wouldn't have missed Colombia—not for Guayaquil, though there was a man here whom I did want to meet, as they say he is the most powerful politician in Ecuador.

By noon we had left the mountains completely behind and had had not only the mid-morning soup but a very good lunch. Food in the air is miracle food to me. When I first went off to school I used to feel that way about eating food on trains. I used to love to leave a landscape behind between bites and this is even better. Faster.

There soon will be no more green, they tell me. I can still see humps of it, clumps of trees, but we are flying over desert country. The difference is absolute from what we saw yesterday. It's quite unrelated. You must wear dark glasses.

Walt Disney's *Fantasia* comes into your mind. You can imagine so easily the course of the great drought, much as it was shown in that extraordinary motion picture, and how the great dinosaurs must have prowled over desert just like this in their search for water. I am appalled at the extent of territory which we have already seen which is uninhabitable. Was it Saint Exupéry who said that flights by plane show up the world as you never see it from travel on land or sea? You see its failures, and the areas which will not yield to man, the mountain, the desert, the places that are too hard for human beings.

There are valuable resources here of course. There's oil down there, and nitrate fields farther along the coast.

Talara, Peru, where we came down first after leaving Guayaquil, shortly after noon, is as unrelated to the coast city as Guayaquil was to high, secret Quito. Talara is an oil town, smack on the desert. The Panagra station looks like one of our dressier gasoline stations at home, clean white stucco, one-storied and surrounded by a little fancy gardening. The things that grow here wouldn't grow in Minnesota however. It was very hot, but I went out of the shade of the station to sense it for a few minutes, to feel that hot dry wind, to try to imagine it at night, or when it was whipped up by a storm.

It was curiously not unpleasant. It was so very new an experience. We stood there talking for a few minutes and I picked up a fragment of another woman's experience. She was an American who lived in Lima and she said she was glad to get back and hoped her house would be all right. She said that the last time she went back—with her children—she found that some one had just died in the house of spinal meningitis. So it was fumigated and they moved back into it and along came the earthquake and shattered most of it. She said it was disturbing but it didn't seem such a lot to endure now, when you thought of England and its bombings.

Everywhere, everywhere—in the middle of that desert, in the white empty light, with that eerie heat wind whipping our skirts, we think of war. Our war. The world war.

There was a three-months-old baby on the plane—page the people who have never been up yet.

Nobody complained of heat—it wasn't much more than eighty degrees in the shade. Up we went again and now

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the desert was very completely that. The occasional tufts and hummocks of grass that could be seen as the plane rose vanished. The silver wings of the ship seemed to tremble with relief as we came to the clouds and suddenly you found yourself lifting your suitcoat around your shoulders again.

I shall know just what clothes people should bring for a trip like this and can give good practical advice if anybody asks me. Mary and I didn't choose badly, as a matter of fact. Each of us has a very thin wool suit and she has a brown dress of raw silk for hotter days and I have a black one of the same kind of silk. You could pretty nearly get along with that outfit and a lightweight coat, with perhaps two evening dresses of the least crushable kind, but you feel better if you have some washable dresses of sharkskin or linen. I keep reminding myself that this is January 31st and that I usually am wearing a sweater under a fur coat at this time of year. It hasn't been really very hot yet except for that first night in Buenaventura and a few molten hours in Panama. But they all warn us that from now on, in Lima and Santiago, Buenos Aires and Rio, it will be steadily hot.

We are flying down the West Coast of South America, close to the Pacific Ocean but not over it. I asked Mary what she was doing just now as she was bent over a map making marks on it and she said, "Planning my next trip. I want to come back and go to Cuzco and La Paz."

So do I. But this time we had to choose between seeing the places, which are fascinating historically and scenically, and visiting some which are more important in the present economic world. I feel guilty about Peru. For we have only a few days to spend in Lima and there will be no time to go into the interior and see the magnificent remains of the old civilization of the Incas. On this trip it is my major

purpose to see how modern civilization is getting along down here and to ask what the chances are that it might be ruined next. But I am becoming very conscious of the Incas and hearing much about them, to add to the little I knew before.

It is reassuring to think about that Inca Empire. It shows that here on this continent, between the walls of the mountains, man had the right idea long ago. The Inca civilization proves again that it is natural for man to want and to have individual rights, even under a strong and primitive centralization of government. The Inca Indians recognized what we are still shouting about—the right of every individual to a portion of the earth sufficient to support life was clearly recognized. That's a quote from Inca law. Here is another. All cultivable lands were divided into three parts; one devoted to the support of religion, another to the Inca, another to the people at large. Each Peruvian of that period had a portion of land producing enough maize for a man and his wife; on the birth of a son he received an equally large portion and at the birth of a daughter half a portion.

That was more than a daughter got in many other parts of the world for a long while, more than she still gets in many places.

It was stern and cruel and controlled, that civilization, but certainly it was honest.

"Tell no lies." "Do not kill." Those were among the laws.

The Inca empire has not lasted. Their people were conquered, oppressed. But their ideas have survived even better than their great stone ruins, and we are fumbling our way through our corruptions and their corruptions back to the simplicity and naturalness and necessity of the right of man to have a living, to bear children into a measure of security.

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They worked out ways to do it centuries ago, in this difficult country, inland here where the mountains rise. They devised a system of terraces and platforms so that they could grow wheat and barley, corn and potatoes, on steep slopes. The more I think about it, the more I hate to miss Cuzco, but we created enough public scandal by changing this schedule once and there are many people expecting to see us in Santiago and Buenos Aires and Rio, as well as in this City of the Kings, Lima, that we are headed for at two hundred miles an hour. A romantic but obsolete name that—City of the Kings.



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CHAPTER EIGHT

PERU

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February 2nd
Lima, Peru

I SKIPPED more than a day and it ought to be a lesson to me for now I practically have to write a novel to catch up with the present moment. But to have made any record of what I have done since I reached Lima would have been possible only if I had carried a dictaphone in my hand.

Lima is a big city, full of stucco and Pisco cocktails. It is the location of the handsomest, fanciest Country Club I have ever seen, but behind boarded-up walls on many a street you can get a glimpse of the tumbled confusion created by the last earthquake—the rubble, to use that wretched, destructive word which has come into our vocabularies lately. Lima seems to be a great place for gambling, dancing, church-going and for observing Indians. Two-thirds of the population of Peru is made up of illiterate Indians. Quite obviously this has built up great arrogance in many

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of the remaining one-third. Lima is a banking center, not quite a port (its port is Callao, ten miles distant) and it is the capital of Peru.

It is well used to being a capital city. During three centuries of Spanish domination, Lima was the capital of the vice-royalty. It was rich then, with great houses, magnificently furnished, and the remnants of some of its furnishings have found their way into antique shops and now stand glooming beside articles stolen or sold from the churches, great candlesticks and gold chalices. You are often asked by the residents to realize too that Lima is an intellectual city. Bogotá may claim the name of the Athens of South America and say that the purest Castilian Spanish is spoken in Colombia, but Lima reminds you that San Marcos University was founded there in 1551 before any other country in the Americas had a university.

I like the overhanging wooden balconies of the old houses, carved and no doubt very dusty, and best of all, I think, are the flowers. I've always wondered what bougainvillea looked like—and how to pronounce it—and now I know both things. And there are many other flowers too, which I have never seen nor spelled before—most of them pink and red, except for the great out-size blossoms that I'd call morning-glories.

In the Cathedral I saw once—and Mary saw twice, because she has an unmaidenly interest in mummies—the surprising amount that is left of Pizarro, who was assassinated here in Lima in 1541. He is crumbling in his glass casket but it is impressive, in a morbid way, to see the broken shell in which there once was force and power and intelligence enough to make an illegitimate son and a swineherd into the conqueror of Peru.

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We went also to see the house of La Perrichole, which Thornton Wilder publicized for us in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, but, as they often say of movies, "the book was better." As a romantic site the pink house was disappointing because the place has been turned into a "permanent police" barracks and it was small use trying to revive the love life of Perrichole with soldiers staring at you from every window, some of them whistling. The soldiers looked like nice ordinary boys, not very fierce or highly mechanized.

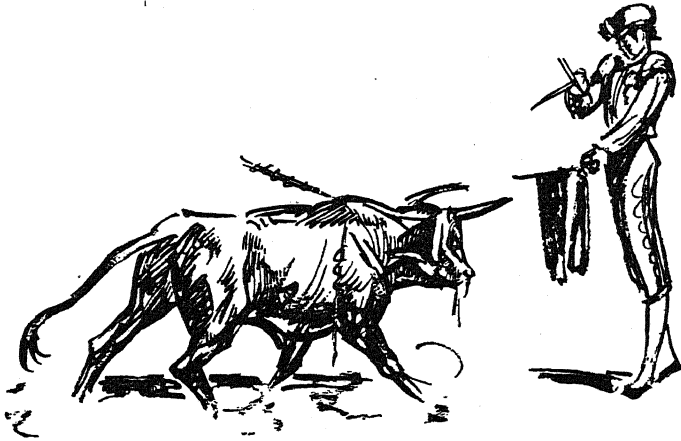
Mary has gone to a bullfight this afternoon and it is high time. For more than four years she has been trying to see a bullfight. In 1936 we were going to see one in Spain on a certain Sunday in July. We had the tickets. But there was a revolution instead of a bullfight on that Sunday in Spain so we kept the tickets for souvenirs.

Last week her hopes went up again, for on the way to Bogotá she saw that a bullfight was advertised to be there on Sunday. But when we got to Bogotá we were absorbed in a company which was not interested in bullfights. Now at last, unless something catastrophic has happened in the last hour, she has managed to get her wish. She asked me if I didn't want to go along with her but I told her that I kept my bullfights in Hemingway's name. Also that I had letters to write.

The letters, a few of which are now accomplished, were hard to write. It was even difficult to write to Tan, for I had to deal gently with so many subjects. I kept thinking that if I described the flying we've done too temptingly he'd probably try to do the same things in a Cub the next time he went up. It seemed rather mean to paint the wonders and the fun of what we are doing when he is probably on the night shift now. I wish he were here so much that I

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can't write it down casually, and often the wish has a painful intensity when I think of what boys of his age may have ahead of them and how much of the easy fun of life may be taken from them when they are young. I didn't go into that with him but just cracked a few old family jokes and told him we were all right and about our fleas and



bump on the equator. Not much of a letter, and the others were worse.

I wanted to write very sparkling ones that would make the people in New York and Duluth and elsewhere realize what all this is like and what it is doing to me. But it's no go. All that seems to get down on letterpaper today is that we are in Lima, and that South America is different from North America. I am exactly like one of those women who take a long breath and say, "I must tell you all about my trip. Well, it was indescribable!"

So it seems to be. I want to tell the people at home about everything, but the letterpaper is too small and thin, there

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are too many things that must be explained first, and my friends and relatives seem very far away and interested in distant matters. I don't feel intimate with anyone except Mary. So I may just as well keep on writing to myself and someday let him who will—will anyone want to?—read these notes.

We are staying at the Gran Hotel Bolivar, which is the Ritz of Lima and taken very seriously. I myself was impressed by our reception. The manager came up, shook hands and said he would do anything in the world for me or words to that effect. Considering my appearance at the moment, which was an unsightly, unpowdered, sunburned red under a hard-bitten last year's yellow straw hat, it was a very gallant statement.

From the moment we stepped off that plane we got more than our due. In New York I had been given a sheaf of copies of letters to the managers of General Motors agencies and told that we would be accorded any courtesy. I was grateful but I didn't intend to make anyone any trouble and didn't mean to use those introductions.

But they turned out to be worth their weight in gold—rather, in automobiles, in chauffeurs and, best of all, in people who are willing to be your friends and who will talk Spanish for you and English with you. They ask you what you want most to see and seem to understand why when you say, "Peruvians, if possible."

At half past four the plane arrived in Lima and the first thing I saw was a Minnesota boy about Mary's age, whom she had known all her life and who looked down here as if all his ancestors had been Spaniards. He was brown as a pan of fudge. He's with Panair. At half past six we were settled at the Bolivar Hotel and people had begun to call.

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That is the calling hour in South America. They have a nice habit of coming with a great bunch of flowers wrapped in cellophane and a bellboy brings flowers and cards to your room. We're doing very well on flowers.

At half past nine on this same evening I was dining in a strange house beside a strange Peruvian who talked quite good English and didn't mind questions. It was quite a large but informal dinner party. All of the women were young and very well-dressed and a few were beautiful. They were, I gathered, a "set" drawn from the American business colony, the naval and military missions, the Peruvian society of the more emancipated sort.

In South American society, as far as I have seen it, there is none of that vague lack of identification of a stranger which is characteristic of an English drawing room. Your hand is shaken down here and your name learned and pronounced correctly. You are not called "you" at any point.

The house was big, the food excellent, the hostess gay, casual but never neglectful. There was an old major-domo who looked like a Southern butler in a movie, ready to die for old master. There was bridge and poker and gossip and over it all hung that same indefinable boredom, that same sense of not quite belonging here, of being unblended which I had felt among the Americans in Colombia and Ecuador. Here too—with more luxury to help—they were keeping each other warm.

The Peruvian who sat by me at dinner was their friend but he was a little amused by certain North American informalities. The buffet service, for example. He said he liked it. He had the air of a man who was out for a good time in a company less stuffy than that to which he was ordinarily accustomed. He told me that he thought the

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world was going to go the North American way, in manners—self-service and so forth—and that he, for one, thought that in the United States we had the right idea of how to live.

At the end of the table sat a quiet, apostolic-looking man, also Peruvian and not very old. He had thirteen children and someone began, quite deliberately, to talk about birth control in a provocative way. The father of thirteen did not allow himself to be drawn out. He ate a terrific amount of baked ham which, by the way, is a delicacy down here. It was interesting because that impasse of Protestant-Catholic rose again. But soon we dropped the subject of birth control and began of course on the war and everyone wanted to know—as they do everywhere and all the time—when we in the United States are going to go in the war—and why we don't do something to suppress Lindbergh.

These people are all pro-Ally.

I told them that the schedule in many minds was that some incident or state of affairs in late spring would allow or force President Roosevelt to declare a state of emergency and that we would operate under that for a while. Then the thing would tighten up, some country would drop a match or blow up the wrong boat and we would declare war or have it declared on us. It's really no news but they think it's news down here.

What is noticeable is that there is less panic about the war down here than in the United States and it lessens as we get farther down the West Coast. Someone said to me tonight that Brazil was the most jittery country of all.

On matters of national politics in Peru, they all seem very cynical. What can be done, they ask you, except have a dictator, in a country which has an enormous illiterate

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Indian population weighing it down? I asked about the leader of the Apra party, Raoul Haya de la Torre, and was told that it was true that he was a fugitive whom the police would not arrest for fear of stirring up his followers. How big a following he has nobody knows, for the Apra party was not allowed to have a candidate in the 1939 elections. The full name of the Apra party, which I have just looked up, is Alianza Popular Revolucionaria Americana and it is considered to be an "international organization" and therefore illegal. As we found in Ecuador previously, this group cares passionately about the fate and future of the Indians, likes the word Indo-American better than Pan-American, and advocates advanced social reforms.

Here, as in Ecuador, you can't make head or tail out of the names of parties. For example, the Union Revolucionaria, believe it or not, is Fascist and favors a strong relation between Church and State.

But here as in Ecuador, the inescapable national political problems are the same. Peru, no more than Ecuador, cannot have a functioning democracy until it rescues much of its population from poverty, ignorance and disease. No principle, until it is implemented by a program of action, will solve the major national problems here. And so though they give their parties high-sounding names and toss around the words union, and democracy, and social and liberal, none of them means very much, for they are all taken out of their proper context of intention. They are all waiting to see how the war comes out and with whom they will have to make a deal and figuring on the best deal, and the thing that interests the people in power is the economic situation.

In the meantime, as far as I can see, the poor get poorer in Peru. It must have been far neater in plan and more

idealistic in principle in the days of Inca emperors. There is much talk of what is done for the poor. There is a kind of WPA road work, breeding the kind of criticism we know by heart in the United States. There are beneficent soup kitchens and rather old-fashioned attempts to subsidize poverty. But what I hear, and what the naked eye can see as I go about, corroborates what I have heard and read about Peru. It's still half intoxicated by the grandeur of its past. It's vain about the variety of its resources, complacent in its small aristocracy. And it's beginning to rumble and stir at the bottom. One day there may be a human earthquake here that will do a lot of damage.

Fragments of conversation from dinner last night and from the different company at noon today keep running in my head. I have heard many bitter comments on Communism and also on labor unions. I have been told categorically both by resident Americans and by Peruvians that in a country like Peru the dictator government with plenty of authority is the only feasible one.

If it hadn't been a summer week-end, I could have used one or more of several introductions I had to people who work with labor here and heard a different slant on this. But when I tried I couldn't find the people in town and our plane leaves inexorably at dawn on Monday. This limits my observations in a way I don't like.

I have been learning more about women down here, both Peruvian and foreign. In two days I have seen a remarkable number of lovely women. But my guess is that they spend a lot of time getting and keeping that way. I've gone through Colombia, Ecuador and Peru without seeing a broken fingernail at a dinner party unless I looked down at my own.

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This may be a trivial point but the South American fingernails are really remarkable. They go out past the fingertip about a half inch and are lacquered on both sides to a wonderful smoothness. They are rounded and high nails. I've seen the same effect in New York but not so frequently. Here, nearly every Peruvian, even girls who work with their hands, has these extraordinarily cared-for nails.

Once I knew a girl who asked so many personal questions that we called her the Human Gimlet and that's probably what they'll call me—in Spanish—down here. But people are very generous and good-tempered about answering questions.

As in Colombia and Ecuador, the women of Peru are conscious that the status of women is changing and that women even here are privileged to do things today which would have been taboo not long ago. When I ask, "How long ago?" I hear again that the change has come about largely "in the last ten years."

If you ask the reason for that, some say it was due to the depression. That evidently hit these countries too and with the natural result that the wealthy were unable to indulge or to protect their women as much as they had in the past. That always works out the same way, in England, or France or the United States or down here in Peru. A girl gets a job because she must earn money. Then she not only finds out that she can take care of herself but men find out the same thing and they are never quite so protective again.

Others tell you that the change is due to the influence of North American habits, as shown in books and, much more influentially, on the screen.

Some say it's the Decline of the Family.

Whatever is the cause, the old ways here, as well as else-

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where, are losing their potency. No doubt of that. The small proofs and indices of feminism are here—a girl wants a job—has a job—wants to study for studying's sake—wants to go out without a chaperon—does go.

Yesterday I was talking to a Peruvian woman, a lovely aristocrat with a sense of humor, wearing one of the most provocative veils on her hat I have ever seen. It was a veil which fairly winked and said, "Once veils were worn to conceal the face—just enough. This is just the same."

She was not very old herself but she said that her younger sister had much more social freedom than she herself had ever had. The sister goes out with young men without a chaperon. "Not, of course, with one young man alone but with a party of young people."

She said, "My parents would have been horrified if I had even suggested such a thing."

"How do they feel about your sister's not being chaperoned?"

"They don't like it. It troubles them. But what can they do? Things are changing."

It was another young woman who told me that here, as in Colombia, the Peruvian women of the upper and middle classes preferred to live a sheltered domestic life.

"Do their husbands stay home too?"

She laughed very cynically and gave me to understand that wasn't part of the philosophy. As far as I can make out, when a man doesn't want his wife along down here, he just says, "Better stay home tonight, Maria," and goes on putting on the black or white tie.

Peruvian women who work don't rate socially certainly. And yet at that same party there was an American woman who runs a pension in Lima and earns her living and

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seemed to be everyone's friend. It's all right for us—North Americans are different.

But the Peruvians, men and women, know that aristocracy is loosening its grip on society and that formal decorum is losing its power. The point seems to be that, as so many people at home feel, they think nothing is likely to happen right in their own group—not just yet anyhow.

On the surface it is a society in a rather *fin-de-siècle* mood. There is talk here too of refugee spies, not only of German spies but of French and Belgian and Dutch ones. When you try to find out what these refugees would spy on, what they are looking for, it always comes down to the same thing as it did in the countries to the north. They are preparing the ground for Nazi infiltration. (They pronounce that word more softly than we do. We say *Natzi* and the South Americans murmur *Nazzi*.)

Nearly all the people to whom I talked in Peru—except two—wanted to keep Peru close to the United States and England and friendly to both. Peru is conscious of course that the war may affect her gravely. She is not in such a key military position as is Colombia, Panama or Venezuela but she is in a strategic position on her own continent. She could, under certain conditions, hamper dealings with Chile. She could, under successful and sufficient German influence, combine with Argentina to make a solid cross-continent, pro-Axis bloc with access to two oceans.

She is well aware that all opinion which exists in Peru is not openly expressed. So was I.

The perennial argument of Peru and Ecuador as to the rightful possession of the strip of territory between them worries many people. It troubles the Ecuadoreans of course, and also others who feel that the question of this territory

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might be used to provoke hostilities and that under cover of these hostilities anything might happen.

I wonder how it could be made clear to the isolationists at home that it isn't as easy as they think to keep the countries of South America all of one mind and that mind with but a single thought—friendliness to the United States. Isolationists are sometimes fine men but always very ingenuous. "Our job," they chorus, "is to protect this hemisphere." They can't appreciate that a Hitler victory in Europe would mean that the Nazi sympathizers down here would instantly try to take over the government. And this would be no fifth column coming down from the sky in parachutes, no invading army. The people who believe in Germany and would prefer her to win are living here, and belong here.

We dined informally at the Embassy with Mr. and Mrs. Norweb and some friends of theirs and ours. Like the Embassies in Panama, Colombia and Ecuador, this one also makes no bones about being definitely pro-Ally. This may seem something to be taken for granted since President Roosevelt, whom the Embassies represent, has been definite about his own stand. But off the home ground it is a harder game to play. The United States Ambassador to Peru is very clear about his position. The German Ambassador has not been asked to dine at the Embassy, and the Ambassador said to me, discussing the way countries were lining up, "If they're not for us, they're against us. That's the way I look at it."

Mr. R. Henry Norweb is a career diplomat in his middle forties and Mrs. Norweb is the practicing wife of a career diplomat. They are full-time jobs, taken in the Norweb manner, and they contain a variety of experience and ac-

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quaintance and social and political knowledge which people outside of this particular profession rarely comprehend.

In 1917 Mr. Norweb was in Paris, assigned to the American Foreign Service. Four years later he was in Washington, two years afterwards in Japan. Two years later he was at the Hague and then in various diplomatic capacities he was attached to the Embassies at Chile and Mexico. He was then Minister to Bolivia, to the Dominican Republic, and in 1940 he came to Lima as Ambassador to Peru. He has been warmly welcomed.

During all this time the Norwebs were United States citizens with a house in Cleveland and children at school at home. But they had to know languages and habits and traditions and politics and the modern setup in all these other places.

The first time I saw Mrs. Norweb on the *Santa Lucia* I wondered who she was. One look at her was enough to tell anybody that she wasn't there for the ride or for the cruise, for the Bingo or the dancing. She was going someplace and she had been to many places before. She had an air and appearance that suggested adjustment more than sophistication and there was nothing bored about it.

But I believe that the thing I noticed first about her face was that she was thinking. Actively thinking, and that made her expression quite different from most of the faces on deck. She wasn't puzzling or dreaming or brooding or worrying. It was a look of thinking ahead that she wore, of planning, perhaps of organizing. She looked capable of thinking a thing out and of doing something about it.

I remember that I thought all that before I had any idea who she was. And I said to Mary, "There's one woman on this boat I'd like especially to meet."

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Mary said, "I think I know which one." And she was right.

I did meet Mrs. Norweb and had several talks—not nearly enough for me—with her. I always liked to look at her. Her clothes were always right for the hour or occasion and hardly any of them looked new and they all were becoming. In the morning she would wind something tight around her hair and be on deck with work in her hands—I think it was knitting but I'm not sure. In the afternoon she would have on something right for the steadily increasing heat, and in the evening her dinner dresses looked as if she wasn't wearing them for the first time or the last, or to show off, but because she usually did dress for dinner, even when she didn't dress up, if that makes sense.

She is a very busy and competent woman and she has a great respect for competence. She knows that competence doesn't grow on every bush. She believes in something I've always believed, that you should be able to look out for yourself with your own hands, to cook a meal, to manage a house and a family. Or an Embassy. I had better mention here that she is a wealthy woman, because her desire for capable hands has never been a virtue of necessity.

Her husband's career and her own skillful identification with it have meant, of course, that she has had to lead and manage and take part in an intricate social life. She lives on schedule and she told me the schedule that night after dinner. Early rising, a survey of the mail, telephone calls, appointments, gardening, entertaining, rest, reception of callers, entertaining or going out for dinner, bed definitely before midnight. It sounded super-planned and I would have thought it somewhat dehumanized if she hadn't told me previously that she had always managed to have some

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place, no matter where her husband is sent, where they get off by themselves and she does the work and they don't see people unless they like the people.

I hope she has no clock in that place and oversleeps and burns the steak. But I'm afraid not. She'd never even scorch a steak.

There can be a warden-like quality about very competent women and it is for the lack of this that Mrs. Norweb should get the gold star. Her house in Lima—and she hasn't been there long—is, or was that night, beautiful with peace. We'd had a busy, jumpy, hot day and all day I'd been wearing the wrong clothes and still had them on, for Mrs. Norweb said "not to dress" and I took her at her word and came hatted, which was a mistake. And when I took my hat off I couldn't keep from poking at my hair and making it worse.

In spite of heat and costume and a hurry in my mind, which was trying to put in order all the things I'd heard and seen all day—I felt myself relax and that's the sign of a good hostess and a peaceful house.

There were things I'll remember—the flowers that are called birds of paradise in tall vases in the drawing room, beautifully placed so that each of the astonishing flowers had a chance, and the great tapestry on the wall which Mrs. Norweb had made herself, for she couldn't be idle even when she was waiting for her children to be born. She's as good as Messrs. Gobelin at tapestry. In the dining room were candles that suddenly flared roughly and splendidly in the draught—why are some dinners more beautiful than others even when the trappings of them are similar?

We had an excellent Peruvian wine at dinner. The only thing wrong was a waste of conversational time. There were

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so many things I wanted to ask the Ambassador and he was next to me and as friendly a gentleman as I've ever met, and yet I didn't ask them.

For this I blame myself and my hostess—mostly myself. But there are times when it takes Dorothy Thompson to plunge a conversation into international matters no matter who is talking about Vassar or Virginia Woolf. It seemed a clumsy thing to do and apt to spoil the picture.

Well, I thought, after dinner we'll talk more freely, but for some reason the chance didn't come. I was sorry. It was what I was there for. I was terribly clumsy mentally that night.

Gracious women can't be dispensed with. Nor, I think, can those unself-conscious people who cut through formalities and come to the point of what everyone is really thinking about under their surface words. That night I could be neither gracious nor unself-conscious. Mrs. Norweb, for some curious reason, gave me a sense that there was a time for everything and I kept trying to find the right time and couldn't.

I think I behaved pretty badly in the end. For, just as we were all about to leave the house, I stood there swinging my hat in my hand and asking Mr. Norweb in rapid fire all sorts of political questions. It was probably that last nip of Cointreau. But he was grand. He told me several things I really wanted to know.

There was more to that night. After we left the Embassy we went to a night club which, except for more stucco, more size and more rhumba, was what you needn't leave home to get or to enjoy—in case you do. But there was one incident there that goes in the record.

We were fairly close to the dance floor and the room was

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crowded. Many people were waiting for tables. But there was one right next to us and to the dance floor that was unoccupied for the first half hour after we arrived. Shortly after midnight the people for whom it had been reserved came in, and my host, an American who had lived for years in Lima, said in a low voice, "Here's something I couldn't show you if it just hadn't happened this way. These are some members of one of the 'royal families' of Peru. They are unutterably clannish and snobbish. They have nearly always lived in Europe."

They looked like snobs. The good-looking young man at the end of the table had an expression of permanent disdain. His face had just frozen that way someday when he'd turned up his nose. The young woman next to him was blond and she had an actual half-sleeve of diamonds which began at her wrist and worked up to her elbow. The rest of her costume was more or less a usual spectator sport outfit.

They had a bottle of Scotch for the eight of them. The other guests were not very noticeable except for the general aura of snobbishness. They all drank a little and danced a little, which must have been a strain because on the dance floor there were bound to be slight human contacts with others not of their party. For the most part they just sat there on a high, high level of personal superiority.

Finally the lord-of-all danced and brought his diamond-armed lady back to the table and as he sat down he banged his chair into our table with such force that every glass on it spilled over. And he didn't turn. He didn't even apologize. Nor did any of the others as they casually surveyed the damage.

My host, who is a well-bred gentleman and the close friend of the members of both English-speaking Embassies,

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looked grim. But all he did was to say quietly to me, "In the United States I wouldn't let that pass. I'd call him down. I'd say, 'Look out, my friend,' or 'Easy, buddy.' But in this case it's better not. If I did that it might create an unpleasant incident. It's not worth it."

"It's worth the lost champagne to me to see that," I said. "It gives me an insight into the Indian problem. I didn't think there was that much insolence outside of the Reich."

At the night club too I met a girl who stopped whirling long enough to send her love to Tan. She used to know him well when they were about ten. Now she is down here, studying a little, learning Spanish, and letting the Panair boys give her a good time. She has a little job too. She says she "loves it here!" She was a nice breeze of North American enthusiasm—in a strange country, with plenty of boys from home to take her out. I don't know how much they let her see of Peru.

There are a few more people who belong in this Lima scene—though they don't tie in with the others. This morning I stopped in the big lounge after church and saw Mary and John at a table with a young woman I'd never seen before. She was in a thin white dress, not very tidy as she well realized, but she was having a good time and she was glad to meet a writer.

She told me that she and her husband lived up in the hills. He was a mining engineer and they were on what would amount to "location" with us. From what she told me it was a hard life. It's usually the beginning of a mining man's career down here, to go to a rough, difficult place. Other women have told me that. They've almost all had to take that kind of experience. This woman, who was surely not yet thirty, had several children and she said she had

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brought them down to the hotel for a week to "fatten them up. They get so thin up in the country."

I'd been seeing pretty smooth-looking American women, but this one was different. There was a look of the pioneer about her as she sat there and said, "Yes, I'll have another drink. I may as well while I can."

In the lounge too I met Mr. Miller, the head of the United Press in South America and also the husband of the well-known Rosalina Miller, who is a kind of myth in the United States. Whether I'll meet her or not I don't know. I had hoped to, for she's a very remarkable personality. She is said to be definitely pro-Nazi, very beautiful and very powerful politically, especially in Brazil. She herself is Brazilian.

Her husband tells me that I certainly would meet her in Buenos Aires, but she's to be at the Chilean Lakes for the next two weeks. We aren't going to the Lakes, having very good ones of our own in Wisconsin. But there is a chance that Mrs. Miller may come back to Buenos Aires while I'm there and I'll try to get hold of her.



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Same night

MARY came in and made a period to my last sentence. She looked rather exalted as she took her camera off her shoulder.

I said, "Fun or not?"

"It was wonderful!" she said. "John was disgusted because I didn't faint or anything."

"Was it bloody?"

"You don't mind. It's so graceful! It's almost ballet. First there are the toreadors—want to hear about it? They have capes. Then there are the picadors—they're on horses. Then the bandilleros—they have two sorts of picks all ribboned up. And then the matadors—of course they really are most in danger—they do the killing—"

"Did John get you a bull's ear?" I asked.

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"No. I'll get one some day," she said with definite intention.

"Didn't you feel sorry for the bull?"

"No, you don't," she said. "He has his fun. They like him so much. He gets a lot of applause."

We had an engagement for one of those late teas which are of course cocktails and in this case turned out to be Planter's punches with very delicious sandwiches. The house where this feasting went on was one which belonged to an advertising man and his wife who have the largest dog in the world. Everyone seems to be afraid of the dog and even his owners were very respectful.

Here too I picked up opinion. I started talking busily but soon was completely worsted by my host who had a lot of things he wanted to say himself. He said them well and they mostly concerned international relations and what could be done by radio. Nothing, he thinks, except by people who know the language.

I am not ready to believe that. Few of us understand German but we hunger for stories from Berlin. The people in the United States who don't know French follow French news. And I believe that if we understood in the United States how important South American politics are to our well-being we would follow them in translation and that the South Americans would do the same with us. Who of us knew who Petain and Weygand were two years ago? How soon will we understand that we must know who Dr. Santos and Dr. del Rio and Getulia Vargas are and what they represent?

The publicity man, my host, was a very deliberate realist and had discounted so much that I could be cheerfully

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optimistic, departing from his base. His wife was the first American girl I've met down here who is interested in things from the standpoint of a writer and publicist. She is, and her material ought to be piling up.

When I asked Mary what she wanted to do for the rest of the evening she said she had a sort of date and so I walked alone for a little while, looking sufficiently stern and middle-aged so that I avoided all but a few catcalls and pinches. The shops were shuttered for Sunday and the displays in the windows, such as they were, all concealed behind corrugated steel, like the tops of old roll-top desks. The churches were locked. I didn't wonder, after seeing some of the church articles on display in antique shops. But the squares were nicely lighted and the prettier ones looked as if they were set for a musical comedy act and here and there were fountains. I sat down for a minute on a stone bench, though I am sure it was not the thing for a virtuous unaccompanied lady to do. But I had things to think over. I tried to sum up the little I had found out about Peru, the composite view, to remember the authoritative comment and to drop once and for all the ones that didn't matter. Putting it down now before I forget it, this is how it seemed to me.

Peru is nervous too, like the United States and Panama and Colombia and Ecuador. But its nervousness stems from a different root. It is not because it fears invasion or bombings or that its young men will be sent to war. It is threatened from within. It is a capitalism handed down from a conquerors' aristocracy, modified to suit the times but not really modern. It is dictator run and dictator supporting, but this dictatorship does not come out of the kind of class

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upheaval that brought Mussolini or Hitler to the front. The bogies of the controlling class here are unions, Communism, the Apra movement, internal splits.

The mood of the conquering Spaniard hasn't entirely gone. Pizarro has not quite crumbled.





CHAPTER NINE

DON'T BE AFRAID

February 3d

En route from Lima to Santiago

WE TOOK off at five-forty-five A. M., which is our earliest departure to date. This meant being called at four and leaving the Gran Hotel Bolivar at a quarter to five. Breakfast, they told us, would be served at the airport. It was—pine-apple juice, buns and hot coffee, and, except for an army of very fast cockroaches underfoot, it would have been very tasty.

There was a nice girl opposite us who was traveling alone and I was sorry that she was only going to Arequipa, for I liked her green tweed suit and her determined cigarette. She was alone and, I think, by preference, not because she had to be. She got on with everybody and asked information of all of us.

By seven o'clock we were flying over the clouds. Now, as I write, they lie below me, smooth as my own white satin

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comforter in Irving Place, with just about as much quilting.

And now the sun has come out and they look more like the suds in the top of a washtub, foaming and very clean. My similes may not be splendid or poetic but they are accurate. That's exactly what the clouds look like.



We climbed to an altitude of twelve thousand feet and when I next looked down the white suds were gone and you saw what was under them on the bottom of the basin. The earth. It had corroded in brown lumps and ridges—it was wasteland, and over the brown mountains there was a gray-white scum.

I asked if habitation was possible there and the steward told me that a few Indians lived in the highest mountains, but as we came out to the lumpy desert he said not a person lived there. No individual owns most of this land—it's part of the country but useless except perhaps as its protection. Only once in a while a little valley, in a very green isolation, lay at the bottom of a ridge of mountains or was

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tucked between their slopes for safekeeping and its greenness showed that for an area of a few miles—was it five or twenty-five?—human beings had a chance for sustenance.

Desert—desert. It's the only word for it, the one which brings up all the things you've heard about deserts, about thirst and sandstorms and terrible monotony. It looks as if God had used this land for some prehistoric purpose and then thrown it away. Then, when you feel you can't stand to see any more of the waste of earth, there comes a long valley, looking like a strip of green hallcarpet laid down between the mountains. I am not lyric this morning. Anyway, it looks as if God couldn't stand any more desert either.

I was glad to come down at Arequipa at half past eight. People left the plane there to go to Cuzco, the Inca capital, and I wished I were going along. I hate to miss Cuzco and besides it is not one of my better mornings. This is disappointing because I was so sure that flying wasn't going to bother me, but I may as well be honest and tear the facts out of the notebook afterwards.

The altitude got me this morning. It was really hard to breathe and I wondered if Mary was going to be stuck in South America with a corpse to bring home. I told her I wasn't feeling any too good and her firm young chin and lack of panic were very staying. When we came down at Arequipa I got a few long breaths and I'm all right again now. Just waiting to come down at Arica. We'll be there at a quarter past eleven and then we shall be in Chile. Arica is a port of Chile. Peru will soon be left behind and between breakfast and lunch we shall have come to a country which is very different. Chile has an almost entirely white population and a Popular Front government—the only one in South America.

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I feel extremely far from home. I feel apprehensive and at this point a few notes on fear may be good for future reference. I don't like fear and I think it does harm, not only to the frightened person but by scattering frightened thought about. But it's pretty uncontrollable. I put my mind on a biography of Bolivar and read the bloodthirsty parts, the tales of the quartered men with heads in cages for the vultures to swarm around, the stories of women raped and burned alive—enough to make any modern woman in a comfortable airplane seat count her safety and blessings—but could I? I could not. I said firm things to myself, that there was nothing to worry about and that if there was, there was nothing I could do about it. But just the same as I write these words and try to look completely unconcerned—and I think I'm getting by pretty well—I wonder if we'll ever get down to earth.

The steward points out a place on the coast where he says there is a very famous little fishing village. There's a crescent of blue along the shore and it must be nice down there, peacefully fishing. I asked him what kind of fish and he went to ask the Captain, who is a man from Wisconsin. The Captain sent back word that they catch swordfish and blue marlin. That's interesting information and I write it down. Looking at my watch I see that it's only twenty minutes more until we reach Antofagasta. So I wait a while and look again to see how long it is now and it is still twenty minutes!

I am saying to myself and writing down that if this flight comes to no bad end I shall never do any more worrying. I shall take this as proof positive that worrying is not only the devil but a useless devil and I shall cast it out. But I know better. I'll worry about a storm at sea, a foggy night

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when Mary's driving back from somewhere, a flu epidemic that might catch Tan, the outcome of the war, the direction of civilization. I'll worry—and as my doctor once told me—I'll worry when I am tired.

The world is worried. I wonder if it's because the world is tired, because it's been going too hard. My doctor tells me there is a direct connection between apprehension and fatigue and I didn't sleep last night, except for an hour or so.

I should live quietly and peacefully. I should be home in Duluth or walking through the woods in Carolina—on my feet. But I know that instead of living peacefully I'll go on doing dangerous things whenever I get a chance. It's the risk itself that I want too—the new way, even if it's the hard way. It's my vanity and because I don't want the generation to get ahead of me. If other people can do it, why can't I? Perhaps not just vanity either. For if a thing is possible to us, one ought not—almost in honor—to skip it.

Part of modernity—one of the things that makes it so hard—is that a lot of us weren't brought up with the things it has achieved. They still seem impossible to us. This flight itself has an incredulous quality to me today.

Not to Mary. She has handled the controls of a plane. She flew first when she was ten. I flew first when I was twenty-three. That's the difference.

Does this belong in a book on South America, I wonder? I think perhaps it is more relevant than appears even to me. For flying has to be part of South American development. Flying has to be done if these continents are to make quick contacts and to understand each other. Flying has done more for South America in ten years than railroads could do in a hundred. And travel by air must be accepted and the fear must go out of us who do it. We can't leave this

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means of communication to the fearless generation which may come after my own, because there is so much work for us to do that must be done at once.

We must fly. And it is a good thing not to be tired when we start. Also it is wise not to fool ourselves or pretend that there is none of this sudden unexpected fear. We say sometimes, "Everybody flies today." But they don't. Not by any means. It's a good company, the men and women you see taking a plane at an airport. Rarely are they fussers or pushers or crowders.

Right this minute, I am very sorry for people who have never taken a journey in an airplane. I shall take many more. A little fear never hurt anybody. It keeps you from being cocky. It's submission to fear, letting it ride you, that's bad.

We stopped at Antofagasta, another port from which ore is shipped. The airport here is a pavilion in the desert, a wide open pavilion. Through one glassless window you see hills and through another the blue of the ocean dazzles you. The ocean lives up to its name and is peaceful but there is a wind which comes invisibly—because there are no trees for it to blow about, no washings on lines for it to flap. Very Blake, this wind. -

This morning we passed the driest point in the world. This afternoon's milestone was to stare out at Aconcagua, a snowpeak of the Andes visible at twenty-three thousand feet and the second highest point in the world. I am beginning to feel traveled. It has been a long day of miraculous transit.

Now we have left the Pacific and it is four-thirty. The country again looks antediluvian. It resembles a vast Mesabi range open pit mine more than anything else I ever saw.

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Again the mountains begin to march along under us. Duncan Aikman described them better than anyone else when he said they looked like a procession of elephants with each other's tails in their mouths. They are the color and you imagine they are almost the tough texture of elephants' skins. But all of a sudden there's a valley that looks lovelier to me than a valley ever has looked. It's a victorious valley, with trees and minute dwellings.

I thought we were going down again and Mary said no. A minute later she agreed. We made an emergency landing to refuel because we had a heavy load on the plane and were running into a head wind. The landing was magnificent, on a small field and so gracefully and surely done that it was wonderful to see. As we watched them fill the tanks we talked to a man who had been on our boat, Mr. V——, who since has been up in the nitrate section and just got on the plane this afternoon.

He says that in the interior of this part of South America living conditions are dreadful and almost unbearable for white women. Some of them try it, he says, and then give up and go home and get divorces. Then the white men marry native women.

"They have to," said Mr. V——, "or they'd all be a bunch of perverts."

He further said that the people who owned the nitrates were trying to get their money out as fast as they could, to break even at least. I asked if that was because of political conditions, but Mary said, "I suppose that's because we can develop synthetic nitrate in the United States?"

She was right. Mr. V—— was very much impressed by that scientific information coming out of a hundred pounds of girl that he'd only seen before dancing on the boat.

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Oddly enough, what he had said about the fact that white women couldn't stand the living conditions bothered both Mary and me. On the plane again we began to talk about it simultaneously. She thinks that women with proper health should be able to stand anything a man can stand and that the ones Mr. V—— speaks about must lack stamina. We went over what we had heard of pioneer women in all sorts of terribly difficult environments—my own grandmother running away from Indians, Mary's great-grandmother pioneering in Ohio before there was a house in the district, missionaries who went to India and China from the United States and penetrated the most remote districts with their wives beside them.

Of course you don't know what it's like until you've tried it, but is it possible that we are getting a little soft? If young American men can stand the climate and conditions, there must be American girls who could too. Maybe the men just picked the wrong kind of wives.



CHAPTER TEN

CHILE

February 4th
The Hotel Crillon
Santiago, Chile

HERE we are, in a very modern setting. I keep saying to myself that when I get back to the United States I must emphasize again and again that in many ways South America is much more modern than we are. There doesn't seem to be any Victorian hangover down here. It's pure Colonial style—and that is Spanish, not American, Colonial—or modern architecture, and in the very poor district the houses look as if they were put together with scraps of stucco and bamboo and tin.

Santiago has a tremendous flair for modern architecture and you see some extraordinary designs in residences—the sharpest angles, flat surfaces, the starkest kind of lines. Everything gives the effect of brightness. There are none of the old red and brown brick business buildings that you

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see in practically all cities in the United States, and no down-at-the-heel streets with red and green frame houses with turrets and alcoves and bay windows. The whiteness and the parked squares, plunk in the middle of the business district, give an effect also of modern city planning and of prosperity. I'll have to find out about that last.

Even the Crillon Hotel, which must have been built a good many years ago, is very modern in its bedrooms. Mary and I each have a room in which the beds are made up as sofas in the daytime. They are very low, with modern glass tables beside them and the whole room has concealed streamline lights. The dressing tables are in the wardrobes and the whole thing is certainly the bachelor girl's dream.

The notes which our travel agent gave us in New York said that it would take us four hours to make a general tour around the city. We did it in rather less time but our consciences are clear as to points of interest. We have been up on San Cristobal Hill and looked down over Santiago, which is the thing you mustn't skip. The size of the city surprised me. I had no idea it was so large. There are a million and a half inhabitants and the white neat city is surrounded with those elephant-like mountains, part of the herd that we flew over yesterday.

In the middle of the city you can be equally impressed. There are a good many beggars about but there is nothing shabby about the city's downtown section.

We were met yesterday at the airport with the usual cordiality. The General Motors had again waved its wand and there was a car for us and the very agreeable manager of the Santiago branch. A long, lean, handsome Panagra young man was there too to smile and ask us if we had enjoyed the flight. I had, even my fears. They all offer to

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do anything they can to make our stay in Santiago pleasant. Another greeting came from Mr. Wilcox who is head of important companies here. He sent someone to meet us but he had looked for us in Valparaiso yesterday, having heard that we were on the *Santa Lucia*. The boat has just come in.

It took seventeen days for the *Santa Lucia* to come down the West Coast. In every port its arrival is a definite event of importance. Here of course it docks at Valparaiso, which is the port close to Santiago, within a few hours run by train or car. And everybody knows that the *Santa Lucia* is in and who of note is on it and what cargo it brings.

There is no such stir when an ocean liner arrives in the United States, and in my own city of Duluth great freighters with enormously valuable cargoes come in anonymously as far as the general public goes. This excitement over a ship dates back to the time when a boat was the only link with the outside world and here they still feel that it's a very big link. Especially now, when so much shipping is tied up on account of the war.

Once again I must make a note that neither Grace Line nor Pan American Airways is regarded as a purely commercial enterprise. They are commercial of course but also they are among the best and surest contacts of the United States with this whole West Coast and, to put it very simply, we couldn't get along without them at this time. Not if we want to keep in close touch with Colombia and Ecuador and Peru and Chile and Bolivia.

They work together very well, the Grace Line and Pan American Airways. The name Panagra derives from both of them and they take care of you, one way or the other, depending on what you want to do. On the boat, as it comes down the West Coast, you can lie in your steamer chair

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and rest and take a look at the ports if you want to. And play Keno and dance. Or you can get off, as Mary and I did, and during the time that it takes the boat to get from Buenaventura to Santiago you can go into Colombia, Ecuador and Peru and learn more than you ever dreamed of. Flying concentrates travel as nothing else has ever done.

Today I did some concentrating myself. I have some very definite introductions to people here that I hope to see. I want to meet Amanda Labarca, the best known woman of Chile, and Father W. J——, a Jesuit priest who did a great deal of work at the time of the earthquake, and Dr. Irma Salas, who has an honorary degree from Columbia, and the editor of *Hoy*, a magazine which resembles *Time*, and of course I want to see Mr. W—— and the people at the Embassy if they have time to talk to me.

First I went to one of the banks to get some money on a letter of credit. There seem to be many more people in South American banks than there are in most of ours in the United States. The bank in Lima, where I cashed some money, was like this one in Santiago, simply swarming with people. The amount of deposit and withdrawal of small sums must be very great for the long lines of people before the windows didn't look at all rich. And my own withdrawal of two hundred and fifty dollars in Chilean money excited considerable interest and it is a lot in pesos, for you get about twenty to the dollar.

"Five thousand pesos," said the man from Santiago, "is a sum to conjure with down here. What are you going to do with all that?"

"Send some cables," I said, "get my trunk off the *Santa Lucia* and ship it to Rio. Buy some silver plates. Have my hair done. Pay excess on my baggage to Buenos Aires. Spend

a couple of days at Viña del Mar and maybe I'll go to the Casino there."

He said, "You can have all the fun you want at the Casino at Viña with a hundred pesos. The hotel may be expensive."

We lunched at the Union Club, which is a Union Club to daunt all the others in size and magnificence. Around its rotunda rooms open in palatial fashion. I can't imagine what they are used for unless a king comes to town. The staircases are marble and the bar, impenetrable to women, is said to be the longest in the world. But they say that about all long bars and I don't think anyone has ever found out which ones are just bragging.

The people in the dining room were much like the ones you would see in an expensive men's club at home. There were good-looking girls in sport clothes with their fathers and husbands, parties of men lunching together, either from habit or to meet someone. The men had that air of being tops in business which is not hard to recognize, particularly in its own setting. I think the look comes partly from their tailors and partly from the authority they exercise over their secretaries and stenographers and partly because they don't have to get back to the office on time. That's just guess. Anyway they looked like men I could see at home, if I got asked out to lunch—and ever went—except that I am quite sure I saw something else in these men's faces.

For one thing they didn't look as grimly intent on business as most men do in our clubs. They had an air of having a good time and behind their eyes a thought of their pleasures seemed to be lurking. They were having wine at most tables and the men I know at home usually won't drink at noon, or at least pretend they don't. But the noon hour in the United States is usually just a nervous pause between

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morning and afternoon, a bite to eat, or a luncheon committee meeting, not a period set aside for enjoying a really good meal as it is at this club. All Santiago takes a siesta between twelve and two-thirty. The shops are closed. Men who lunch at home have time for a nap.

When the siesta was quite thoroughly over today I went around to the Embassy offices. There I met Mr. Cecil Lyons, who is in charge of cultural relations. I did not meet Mr. Bowers, the United States ambassador to Chile, but then I never do! I tried to in Spain in 1936 after the revolution broke out.

Mr. Lyons answered all my questions, made appointments for me and told me many things I was glad to know. He told me, among other things, of the plan the Embassy here fostered, of sending newspapermen from Chile to the United States to work for two months on our newspapers. This was exactly up my street of opinion as to what is needed. What people want to know down here is what we think of current events in the United States, and we want to know what South Americans in the various countries are thinking. Newspapermen are skilled in gathering opinion and this transfer will give them a chance to find out what it really is, over a sufficient period of time, and when they come back to Chile they will have something to report that should be accurate. If, that is, they are well chosen.

The final meeting of the day was with the local manager of the RCA Victor Company, who came to call at seven o'clock with his fiancée, a beautiful pale Chilean girl who was far more shy with her English than she needed to be. We liked each other and so went off to dinner later at La Bahia and had Chilean lobsters which are so big that they make ours look like crabs.

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We talked about radio possibilities and Mr. S—— was definitely skeptical about our radio having much influence until we could “come in as strong as the German and English radios do.”

This radio problem is very vital. Germany has a big advantage over the United States in the radio field in South America in two ways. The first is that her radio beams are stronger than ours and so in transmittal her broadcasts drown out those from the United States. The second advantage is that the German radio is under government control and dictatorship—as is the English radio too, of course—so that in these countries there is a concentration of news and of programs in a few hands. Policies are centralized and simplified and dictated. On the other hand, the United States has three competing networks, each of them wanting a big hook-up with South America and of course each wanting to make a commercial success out of South American radio. So our news and comment is more diffused and carries less weight unless the President or Mr. Hull is speaking.

The matter of transmitters is up now with the United States radio networks and very soon we are going to increase the strength of our transmission. But we cannot depend on short wave entirely because many people—in fact most South Americans—either don't have radios that can bring in the short wave programs, or else don't use them, as we often don't at home. It's easier to get the local stations. So we must work up programs that can be given on the spot in South America, over their local stations, and at the same time do us some good, without making them feel we are inching in where we don't belong.

Columbia has just signed up for a South American network and Mr. William S. Paley, who went down to do the

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business himself, seems to have every optimistic hope that it will work out to mutual satisfaction. It's not possible to tell until the thing has been tried out.

There is no doubt, from everything I hear, that South American countries which control their radio systems do not want "commercials" from the United States, and unless we work out some ways in which the presentation of our commercial programs can benefit them and not compete with South American industries, I don't blame them. Many people down here feel that we try to infiltrate them with our products and then won't even buy a fair percentage of what is produced in South America.

All the cultural relations we can think up will not do much good if we put the countries of South America at a commercial disadvantage. We'd feel just the same way in their place.

We also have a mistaken notion at home that the German radio down here blares Hitler's speeches and Goebbels' propoganda all the time. They tell me that isn't so, that the German programs bring beautiful music and diversified entertainment and are well worth tuning in for.

The pleasant end of the day was to get mail from home. Of course I knew everyone was all right but now I know they are! One letter enclosed a clipping from the *New York Times* which says that I am investigating the position of women in South America. I'm doing the best I can. My own position as a woman down here interests me a good deal too. I'm much more of an exception here than in the United States, getting along without a husband.

It's not that they aren't respectful and solicitous and kind to a woman traveling without a man. They're all of that and more. But sometimes they don't quite know what

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to do with you. They feel as if you should be helpless and look at you doing all sorts of things for yourself, making your own plans, buying your own tickets! Some of them



are so thoughtful and worried about what might happen to you that it almost makes you want to cry—if you weren't so apt to laugh.



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February 5th
Santiago, Chile

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TO DEAL with this day chronologically won't make sense. The notes will have to be topical. We have been collecting political, educational and religious facts and personal points of view and they did not come in neat succession.

First then for what we have gathered about Chilean politics. This morning Mary and I broke away from the chaperonage of General Motors, got a taxi, collected every word of Spanish we knew, pooled it and went off to find the office of the magazine called *Hoy*.

Hoy has a line on its cover which reads "*Una revista para la gente que piensa,*" and even I could figure out that it intended to be a magazine for people who think. *Hoy*, by the way, means today, and is a curiously naked word when you drop off the "H", as you must because it's silent. It appears weekly and is ten years old. The cover of its most

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recent number was given over to a picture of Winston Churchill (there must be enough different magazine covers with his face on them to paper a room) and the caption under the picture was "*el hombre del año.*" That shows where the sympathies of *Hoy* are in this war.

The editor, Mr. Ismael Edwards Matte, had more papers on his desk than I have ever seen on any desk in use. There were piles of them, drifts of them, and he was expert in handling them, for every time he wanted to find something he found it after dealing the papers around the table once or twice. He was a cordial man with a generous smile, but for the most part he let his secretary do the talking. Her English, he said, was better than his own.

I knew that Mr. Matte was also head of Ercilla, one of Latin America's leading publishing houses, that he was a strong supporter of the Popular Front government and that he was the official radio spokesman for the government in matters of policy. There were several things I wanted to ask him and I wasn't at all averse to putting inquiries through his secretary, who was as intelligent a girl as I have met in a long while. In her, as in the artist in Ecuador, I felt again that mood of intellectual youth, critical, sympathetic, unsentimental. Mary felt it too. She and the girl clicked at once and we found out before long that the secretary had translated Virginia Woolf's *The Waves* into Spanish and was at work on *Kitty Foyle*.

She also had the longest eyelashes I have ever seen. I didn't believe for a minute that they were real but they were becoming and she sat on the edge of the desk and was very pretty as we talked. About these things.

The Popular Front government was formed in 1936, in opposition to the Right-Wing Coalition. It was composed of

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the Radical, Socialist, Radical Socialist, Democratic and Communist parties, which is a lot of parties to have strong opinions. In 1938 this coalition supported the Radical, Pedro Aguirre Cerda, and he was elected.

One of the things I particularly wanted to know was how strong the Communist influence was. They said that it was not very strong, certainly not in control, but that it was articulate and noisy. They obviously needed the Communist group to put over the coalition but they don't want its influence extended. They're afraid of it, as liberals are at home.

We know, from what we have heard and read elsewhere, that this matter of the extent of Communist or near-Communist influence in the Chilean Popular Front is disputed. It is a matter of great interest to England and the United States, for there is a strong anti-war group in the Popular Front, as there is in extreme left wing groups in other countries. The pro-United States Socialist party has withdrawn from the Popular Front and one of the principles which the left wing upholds is the struggle for peace and the "support of the Peace Policy of Soviet Russia."

This gives some indication of what is going on under the political surface. The "Popular Front" is a compromise government in which various factions are constantly testing their strength on particular issues. Its very existence shows political skill and shrewdness among the leaders. But no one expects such a government to have found its final shape. Least of all would the leaders of its factions be content to think so.

Popular Fronts have been tried before without much record of success. What is remarkable about Chile is that this government seems to be a functioning entity. This may be

due to certain national advantages but against these must be set some exceptional disadvantages.

Chile has an easier problem politically than many coalition governments have. For one thing, the people of Chile are predominantly white, pretty homogeneous. Chile has handled the Indian problem well, if you look back at Ecuador and Peru. For the Araucanians, Indians within the Chilean State, have maintained and been allowed an independence of their own. So Chile does not have an Indian population to carry which is unable to look out for itself and which no one else is willing to look out for.

There has also been in Chile a fairly long established tradition of care for the workers. This began paternalistically and still is somewhat in that mood, but at least it established a kind of base for the social security laws which now exist and which the Popular Front government wants to see improved and enforced. In Chile, workers are assured by law of health care, unemployment insurance, two weeks' vacation a year with pay. The task is to find money and jobs to make these laws function.

But in spite of having these things in its favor and of getting a kind of social head start, Chile on the other hand has had hard luck. One of its great sources of wealth was its nitrates and the depression first and subsequently the development of synthetic nitrates, which destroyed the Chilean export market, are blows which have hit the country very hard. You hear this in all conversation.

Another piece of ill luck was the earthquake of January, 1939. That was a bad quake. It destroyed many Chilean homes, hit Concepción, the third largest city in Chile, very hard, and sent all Santiago into mourning.

Earthquake with us in the United States is a word which

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we use as a synonym for the most part. But here it describes an actual and present danger. The ground may tremble under me at any time. Tonight or tomorrow. I keep wondering how people live and get along with an imminent danger like that, without more apparent nerve strain. But there doesn't seem to be much that can be done about it. There are certain types of building which are safer than others. There are earthquake cycles and earthquake times of year, but apparently most people just hope for the best.

So that's the picture. Here is a country with its income sharply threatened and still suffering from the results of a major disaster. Social welfare is part of its general pattern, more than in any country I have seen yet in South America. Its loose-hung government is mutually defensive, rather than held together by common principle. There are freaks and fanatics loose.

For example, just opposite our hotel there is a big sign advertising the headquarters of a "Nationalist" movement to save Chile from its present government. We hear that the leader of the Nationalists is really crazy. He gathered a certain following of excited patriots, most of them young and hot-headed, some of good Chilean families, and on one occasion he sent two hundred of these to take the State House. They didn't, of course. They were shot.

And the Rightists, one eye on Chile and the other on Germany, Italy and Spain, have not given up their ideas of what should be what. It is not a country that can possibly be smooth under the surface. Yet here in Santiago, among the handsome city buildings or in the spreading suburbs, you feel that it's very much alive and bound to grow.

Some of this filtered through the conversation in the *Hoy*

office; some came from other opinions which fitted and matched.

We talked a little about feminism too in the *Hoy* office. Mr. Matte seemed interested in that subject in an amused way. I remember that the girl sitting on the edge of the desk said, "The independence of woman must be inside her."

I've always believed that to be gospel. No vote or job can give independence to a woman, not by themselves.

During the day I saw several other independent women, all of them very reassuring to the spirit, for I haven't met many in the last two weeks who were that way. I've seen plenty of charm and intelligence but little feminine independence except in Chile.

We lunched at Santiago College. This is a large girls' school—a Chilean school, says Miss Mason, who is its President. There she shows her very great wisdom. The American schools which I have heard of down here remain American schools for members of the English-speaking colony. They almost accent foreign isolation. But here is a school—and a very fine boarding school, with good grounds, good equipment (Mary says the equipment for the study of physics is modern and sufficient for undergraduates)—and though it is managed by Americans, it calls itself a Chilean school, identifying itself with the country. It has a great number of Chilean girls as students, as well as English and American pupils.

Miss Mason needs more good American teachers and I can't see why they would be difficult to get if the need were known. They must of course be very good teachers; but if a woman—or man—wanted a change from the environment of some college or university town in North America, what

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a change Santiago would be. And there would be a chance to learn Spanish. There would be housing and food though only a very small salary, for money is scarce down here and has to go a long way.

I was having tea with Amanda Labarca and was delighted when Miss Mason said that she and Dorothy Wilmotte, who is here from the Dalton School in New York, would join us. Miss Wilmotte is doing a really intensive study of the women in these countries and is generously ready to introduce you to anyone you want to know or should know.

So at five o'clock that afternoon we sat in the roof garden of a hotel which overlooks the whole city and its surrounding hills and drank tea and listened to Amanda Labarca.

She said that she would wear a blue dress with white flowers so that I would know her, but I have an idea that I could have picked her out in that hotel lobby without knowing what she was wearing. She is considered the most important woman leader in Chile and there is always something that intelligence plus recognition gives to a woman's face. There is a kind of authority which may look like humility but it makes the woman different from most others.

Amanda Labarca differs from the women I met in Colombia and Peru, as the intellectual teacher differs from the society woman. But there is more to it than that. I felt familiar with some of her qualities. I had seen them before in women who are "key women" of their province or state or nation. She has the manner of a busy woman, and a highly organized one. She speaks of men as if she had conferred with them in political conferences. She knows politics. And there is nothing gauche about her. It was quite obvious to me why she is so extremely influential in Chile, why she

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is a political force. She has the brains and she hasn't dodged the experience.

However, she has not allowed herself to become hard or coarsened in the least by public contacts.

Her dress was feminine and pretty. But I'd like to see that woman in an academic cap and gown. She doesn't need trimmings. She has the little frown of concern with too many important affairs, the close attention of a woman who has learned to listen as well as to talk, the clarity and exactness of statement of one who is well used to being quoted.

We talked more feminism. As I go down the coast they seem much more familiar with the word and its meaning. The vote, she tells me, will probably be given to Chilean women very soon. It has to be ratified by two successive congresses but that is all under way. The President will support it and it should be in effect late in 1941.

"Are you afraid that the woman vote will be dictated by the priests, as other people have said to me?" I asked.

I forget the way she put her answer but she wasn't worrying about that. The thing to do, she said, was to get that vote. All the best suffragists have always felt like that. Mrs. Ueland. Carrie Chapman Catt. Inez Milholland. Get the vote.

Amanda Labarca also told us something of what she thought about the relations between the United States and Latin America. She said that two things were wrong. First, she said, some industries are "traitors to the United States," and second, we send our less representative North Americans to South America as workers and travelers.

The industry she particularly referred to as traitorous was the motion picture industry, which she feels does not properly represent life in the United States. I hear that on

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all sides and I don't wonder. They've had in these countries a plethora of gang and crime pictures, then they get *Grapes of Wrath* (which they think represents the whole agricultural United States), then they see parades of bathing beauties and Hollywood stars, and if shuddering South American parents think it's a dangerous and crazy country and don't want their children to come to the United States to school, nobody can blame them.

Personally I wouldn't lay the blame on motion pictures alone. Not by any means. What books has Hollywood had to dramatize that properly present ordinary American life? And is it true—as I've been so often told—that there's no story value in normal happy life?

But it does seem to me that we make—or rather the czars of Hollywood make—the most tremendous effort to properly represent life as it really was when they put a historical novel on the screen; and yet when they do a picture of contemporary life, they don't try to make it nearly as true to fact.

I know they have a hard commercial problem. They aren't missionaries but commercial ventures, trying to be successful and pay salaries and dividends. But for their own sakes they should begin to give us a better name down here, for under a different dispensation motion pictures from North America might be barred.

One thing a lot of people are going to have to realize is that culture cannot be passed back and forth hurriedly, just because we are afraid of war. Culture has to have enough time to take root. You can't send it around like a parcel of cut flowers, no matter how pretty the blossoms or how gracious the intention of the gift. If you do, it won't last long. And as I go along through these countries I wonder

how far we should try to go in blending our cultures, and even whether it wouldn't be a good idea to just drop the word culture for a while.

Mary didn't come along to tea. She didn't suggest it and I think she wouldn't have enjoyed it very much. We were mature women, departing from our own base. Mary would have sat there silently, reflecting on what a lot of talking women do. Come to think of it, I can not remember ever having heard Mary use the word culture. But she was lying on the bed studying Spanish when I went to her room, and she says she is going to send some books to the secretary of the editor of *Hoy*.

She came to dinner. She wouldn't have missed it. We had a Jesuit priest as our guest, as realist a man as I have ever met in or out of the Church. He was educated in Europe and has been in Chile for three or four years teaching at the Catholic University and editing a philosophical journal.

Quite frankly he told me that the Church could not possibly stay out of politics, that the fortune of the Church in South America and its fate was interlocked with the political situation.

"I have always thought," I told him, "that the strength of the Church was in the faith of its people. That all the women saying their rosaries in the corners of church and the people who wouldn't miss mass are its strength."

He said, "Here the churches are empty. The middle class is skeptic—the lower class emotionally religious."

They have, he said, what he would call religiosity.

He was a young man, fiery, impetuous and eager, and yet he was singularly disillusioned about the mental and spiritual capacity of people. And Chile seems to have done that to him. After the earthquake he had gone farther south

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to see the devastation and found towns simply flattened out, people dead and starving. He went up to the United States to raise money and came back with it. Some of the churches were rebuilt but they are still empty. He saw things he did not want to see and yet he would not turn his eyes away.

He said, "There are four things I would like to teach. A love of discipline as such, a spirit of thrift, a spirit of work, an appreciation of human dignity."

I whipped out a pencil.

"Could I take that down?" I asked, and he repeated it.

I was very glad to have met that priest. The proof of intellect in your Church is always a matter of satisfaction and pride. But also I am glad that the members of the Catholic Church recognize what they are up against, to put it bluntly.

We were rather subdued when he left.



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February 7th
Viña del Mar, Chile

It is very early on the seventh of February and this is continued without intermission from the sixth, for I haven't yet been to bed in the Harvey O'Higgins Hotel. But we are going back to Santiago early tomorrow morning and I had better make some sort of record of this day, and comb out the tangles of grammar later.

Mary and I, in looking over the itinerary given us in New York, gave a mutual hoot when we came to this note on the schedule: it read, "February 7th—You will then be in Viña del Mar, observing the gay social life of this famous resort, to which many Argentines and Uruguayans and other South Americans go, as do North Americans to Miami during the winter."

That was the prescription and we've taken it. We've not only observed, we've been participating until three A. M.,

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and I only wish we could carry out tomorrow's schedule as outlined, which read prettily: "February 8th. Relaxing in Viña del Mar."

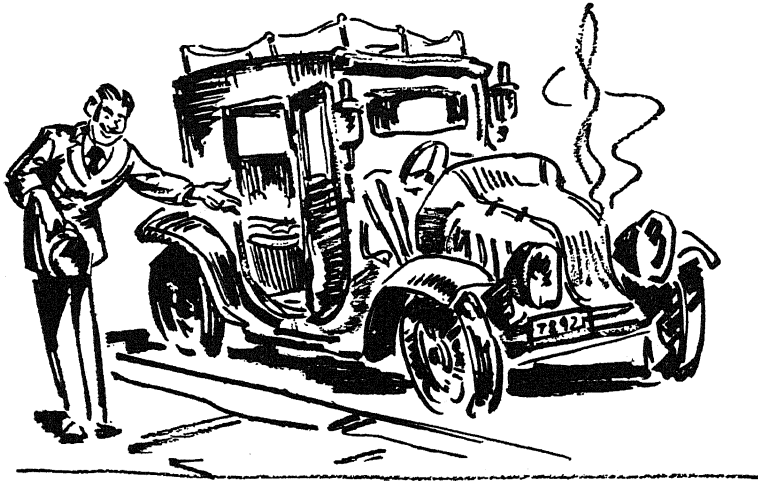
But there's not a chance of relaxing. We're going back to Santiago, where we have a dinner engagement with Mr. Wilcox. His wife is in the States—how naturally I've come to use that word—but he wants us to come to his house anyway.

Viña del Mar isn't a long drive from Santiago. We left about ten in the morning and were here before one o'clock, in our fine red General Motors car. If I can get the money, I must give all my friends General Motors cars for Christmas, as a sort of minor return for all this hospitality. I wilt every time I think of the Packard and the Mercury in the barn at home.

It is rather a dull drive to Viña. I kept my face against the pane but all I saw was mountains not so high as those I had seen a few days ago, and a landscape that was very dusty, and little scattered houses of the kind that you see anywhere in the world where it's rather hard to make a living. Then, just before we came to Viña, as they all call it, we came upon the ocean off a rocky coast and it made me think of the Bay of Biscay and of how we used to drive along the shore of that just before the Spanish revolution. The water is very blue, a live blue that always looks freshly colored.

The Hotel O'Higgins is named after that Irish fighter who became President of Chile. The way that name stands out against the Spanish language all around startles me but apparently only me. It's by all odds the best hotel we've seen in South America so far, big, exceedingly modern, with great lounges and a bar that looks like the original source of El Morocco's decorations. We have taken two rooms, to everyone's consternation, but I'm a great believer in blowing the

last dollar for privacy if one must. And Mary needs it even more than I do. For in our party was an engaging child who came along for the ride and to ask questions. She asked Mary at least a thousand questions in two hours and, as far as I could see, Mary decided that if Patsy could ask the questions she would find the answers. She—Mary—looked a little



white when we arrived and so I thought she'd better have a room of her own. Between us we have four beds, which does seem a little lavish, two baths, and four closets, to say nothing of dressingtables in the most modern manner, so I feel occasionally like a stray nude in the Museum of Modern Art.

All of this welter of furnishing and space costs us about five dollars a day apiece and the view of fountains, plaza and "observation of the gay social life of this famous resort"—page our itinerary—is thrown in.

Almost as soon as we arrived at the Hotel, we met Mr.

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and Mrs. G—— from St. Paul, who are coming from the East Coast and sailing tomorrow on the *Santa Lucia*. It's their first trip too and we all lunched together and talked war and politics and clothes, and Mrs. G—— and I agreed that our greatest personal need is a printed silk dress, one that will never wrinkle, that will always attract attention, never bring jeers and be suitable for any occasion from the cradle to the grave.

Mary and I abducted each other after lunch—she not having an answer left in her repertoire—and asked the doorman to get us a taxi with an English-speaking driver. He found a linguist but the taxi that went with him was a high-bodied, crack-windowed, sunken-seated affair on its last wheels and we rolled off to Valparaiso to see what the port was like.

It seems a little city clutched to the handsome bosom of the hills but it's the first port of the country and the most important on the Pacific coast of South America. Among Chile's responsibilities, of course, is that of guarding the Straits of Magellan, and Valparaiso is the nearest large port. It seemed to me to have all the romance that Buenaventura had lacked as a port city. Dirty here and there, but not sordid.

Our official errand was to see what had or would happen to the trunk which we had left on the *Santa Lucia* and which was to be put off here and rerouted through to Rio. I was beginning to worry a little about a fur coat I had inside it, since I had been told by practically everyone that everything laid away from the daylight for a few hours down here, rusts, mildews or gets moth-eaten. So I thought I might send the trunk through in bond to Buenos Aires and then take out the coat, instead of letting it rot in Rio for ten days.

But though it was my trunk and had my coat inside it,

and I wasn't going to object to the cost of sending it, no matter what, it wasn't easy. At the steamship office they sent us to the American Express office. At the American Express office a flaxen-haired Englishman, who looked very Beau Geste, was interested in us as people, but he couldn't see why we expected to get the matter of the transfer of a trunk settled in one day. He implied that—without opening the trunk—it would take at least two days and two men and a boy to get all the work done which would be involved. So we said we had half an hour. Finally forty pesos seemed to get action and a boy went off to collect the trunk and find how much it weighed and what it would cost to get it to Buenos Aires, and since this was going to take some time, Mary and I went shopping for shoes. She wanted a pair of white ones.

I think I have buttered up South America quite enough so that on this shoe problem I may speak without flattery. They tell me that Chilean women have little feet, but the women's shoes here, like farther up the coast, were enormous and all of them were made like sugar scoops. They slope without rising and the heels look square. They are also trimmed, with scallops and perforations where such things need not be, and they are colored—molasses brown or orphanage blue. There are, after a good deal of research, no plain white pumps in Valparaiso, so it is no use looking this year.

But we had a great deal of fun. It was a joy ride and the citizens and shoe clerks and the taxi driver and we were all on the hunt for other shoe stores, other sizes, other shapes. Everybody joined and when we gave up at last it was with a sense of leaving friends, but friends!

We had of course accumulated a few other things in the

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course of our shopping and went back to the American Express, paid enough for the trunk to send it by registered mail, and rattled back to Viña del Mar, feeling very gay. And there right on the corner by the hotel Mary found some shoes to fit her, which were called "Hollywood" and made not far from home. I have since been told by my friends that the kind of shoes she wanted would have to be made to order, and that they would cost no more than shoes of the same type at home.

Dinner was latish and about ten o'clock we began to think of the Casino. We have been there ever since.

It is the Municipal Casino. The city gets the money that comes in over and above expenses and I kept thinking of what would happen if I went back home and advocated the opening of a public gambling house to defray some of our worrying municipal expenses. It would be considered a completely immoral proposition.

I wouldn't advocate one of these Casinos at home anyway. It somehow doesn't belong on our ingenuous courthouse square. But here it seems all right. It is a very handsome white marble—I think—building, with Maxfield Parrish steps leading up to it, with great generous entrances and rooms in the same manner. On one side there is a ballroom, rather off by itself, and on the other you go into the gambling rooms which are on a couple of levels. There are chairs around the walls but none around the long green-covered tables where brilliant lights under green shades bring out the colors of the piles of chips and the silver trimming on the roulette wheels. There you stand.

The crowd didn't look the same to me as those I had seen in gambling rooms in France once or twice. The people around these tables were more varied. They were not

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only gamblers or rich or curious travelers. These were townspeople, not just at the Casino for a whirl but to make twenty pesos into a hundred. They were clerks, servants, prostitutes. It was on the whole as interesting and as discouraging a mess of strangers as I've met with in a long while. Nobody smiled. Hardly anybody spoke. There were people who looked rich and poor and evil and curious and depraved and innocent. There were great mountains of women who pushed you aside and hardly knew they moved you, and little women who squeezed into chinnies between men. Men who looked as if they'd come out of rat holes and some who looked as if they'd just come from prayer-meeting and passing the plate. And nobody, not even those who won, seemed to be enjoying it. Except those in our party, especially Mrs. G—— and Mary.

Mary received a few doubtful looks from the croupiers. She looks about seventeen in the dress she had on that night. She often makes me trouble by looking so young. If we are having a cocktail in a restaurant I may find a "Why are you debauching that baby?" look directed toward me. Nobody would believe me anyway if I said she is nearly ready for a Ph. D., and is a student, so I just let them think I'm wicked old Mother Brown and enjoy leading young girls astray.

I got bored after a couple of hours and stopped playing and wandered around. Nobody was drinking to the extent that they would have been in the United States at an ordinary night club in a hotel. There was very little drinking. It seemed to be a simple matter of winning money or losing. Some were desperately in earnest, some having fun. Some were killing time and some looked ready to kill themselves if their numbers didn't come up soon.

Mary did very well. She thriftily put away her winnings

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up to the amount she had staked and gambled with pure profit. One of the men had told her he always did that and she believed him and followed what she supposed was his example. I stood beside him long enough to realize it was pure theory. Then I went back beside Mrs. G—— and said, "thirty-three is going to come up."

She said, "Is it?"

I said I thought so.

"Are you betting on it?" she asked.

I said, "If I'm on it, it won't come up. That's the way I am—unlucky."

Some people were listening and she put some chips on thirty-three and sure enough, it did come up! And then, for some ridiculous reason I called it again—this time on eight. That was a sensation.

I stopped being a prophet then, just in time, I guess. Mary came over from one of the other tables, feeling greatly amused because a Spanish croupier had tried to date her up, and all in all it was a queer evening.

I can still hear the sounds about those tables. The croupier's voice is clear and expressionless and under it run mutters and whispers and grunts of dismay and quick breaths of satisfaction.

It was all very well run but it can't be a good thing for women.





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February 8, 1941
Santiago, Chile

.....

WE HAVE been dining on our last night in Chile on the roof of the Hotel Carrara where I had tea with Amanda Labarca. Quite a lot has happened in the last two days and we wanted to talk it over so we begged off from dinner engagements.

It was a fine night and we could see the lights on San Cristobal, the statue of the Virgin, and all around and beneath, like worshipers, a thousand, or maybe a million smaller lights and every gleam seemed to go upward. From a height, city lights all look as if they wanted to be stars too. Below the plaza was clean and orderly and very small neat people crossed it. We looked down at them and ordered an excellent dinner, with some of the Chilean wine which looks and tastes like Rhine wine and should be used much more in the United States. It was very pleasant because we didn't have to talk unless we wanted to and so we talked quite a lot. Besides, Mary is feeling herself again.

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Whether it was the gambling or the fish or the fruit we don't know, but she was ill that night at Viña, came into my room next morning nobly determined to show no trace of it and showed it so clearly that I put her back into one of our four beds and sought out the friend who had driven us over to Viña del Mar. He was comfortably reassuring and said that most people got that way when they came to Chile first and that he would get me something from the apothecary. It was very successful. Mary slept most of the way back in the car. Patsy was feeling sick too so that was fine all around and nobody asked or answered any questions at all.

By noon I had forgotten all about observing the gay social life and was lunching with Dr. Irma Salas and Dorothy Wilmotte whom I like to be with, partly because I like to look at her lovely eyes and matching clothes, partly because she is thoughtful. But the point of the lunch was to give me a chance to talk to Dr. Salas, who has two big jobs. She is a professor of education at the University of Chile and also is principal of the Manuel de Salas Experimental High School.

Dr. Salas is a woman who is thorough in project and accomplishment and deep and sound in philosophy. Pretty also, like most of the women you meet in Chile, she is dark with fine soft eyes that are quick, not dreamy. She utterly lacks that irritating tendency to monopolize a conversation and turn it into dogma that so many feminists have. She listens to you until you are ashamed of yourself for talking so much.

I gathered that she had the only experimental High School in Santiago and that her desire to make it a real educational laboratory is a burning one. She wants to put

practical social education into the High Schools. Instead of keeping economics and sociology subjects to be taught only in universities, she would begin the teaching of them with the younger boys and girls. That's right up my street. I've believed in that for a long while. Too few boys and girls go to universities to have the scientific knowledge of social problems confined among themselves.

But while I talk about advisability and so on, Irma Salas has a plan ready to put in action. She wants to take a group of students and transfer them from city to country in the summer, so that students who live in cities will have a knowledge of rural problems, based on an understanding of how country people really live.

If that isn't good sense, what is? It gives a child all the benefits of a summer in the country but under skilled guidance so that he would be able to interpret what he saw, to understand why conditions were as they were. It would be something a child would never forget, that would make him a much more valuable citizen.

The project will take a little money but not much, and I wish that we could supply it from the United States.* We throw a great deal of money away among our many organizations that could be used to advantage down here. In the case of a definite project like this one there would be a double advantage, not only in furthering the useful experiment but in making tangible our many words of friendliness. Looked at quite cold-bloodedly, the friendly publicity we would get out of a few hundred dollars invested in a scheme of education like this would be worth a great deal to the United States. And we would share of course in the findings of the experiment.

I've had my eye out for useful projects, especially these

* The money has since been raised in Chile.

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that would involve little or no overhead, and this seems to me the kind of one that women of both countries could work together in developing. Dr. Salas says that if it were a success the public schools would take it over, but that the public school system hasn't the money for an experiment.

We talked at considerable length on other matters, about the advantages of teaching here as compared with teaching in the United States. The teaching salaries in High Schools here seemed excellent, ranging from 22,500 to 45,000 pesos a year. That's the rough equivalent of \$1,125 to \$2,250, and you get far more for your money down here than in the States.

Chile's gravest problem, said Dr. Salas, is a twenty per cent illiteracy.

"That's small compared to Peru," I said.

"Yes, but this is a white country and twenty per cent is too large."

"Do you think education is a solution for political ills?" I had more than once made talks on that subject.

She said yes, which was the way my talk came out and I felt definitely reassured.

She's an ardent liberal and believes in the Popular Front government but she detests Communism, which she feels is a very dishonest form of politics.

Finally I said, "What can organized women do to make things better?"

She said, and I quote her substance in quotation marks because I can hear her saying it, "What women need is tolerance. Each organized group of women works in a kind of exclusion of the others and demands an unfair allegiance. The Catholics want the people they benefit to go to church. The Communists want them to march in parades. Each group

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has a solution for all the world's troubles and the solutions are mutually exclusive."

"Could you ever make them agree on a common goal?"

She said, "It would be difficult but it could be done, if—" and I'm sure she was thinking, "if civilization goes forward, not backward."

There's not a sharp edge or a noisy note in that woman. She is the kind of woman that other women like. And so would their husbands.

Amanda Labarca and Dr. Salas make it easy to understand why Chile rates so high educationally. Lima has the oldest university, but here there is a sense of a developing democratic education which is carefully watched so that it will be thorough and useful as well as widespread. Both women are of course well known in the United States. Dr. Salas got her M.A. and Ph.D. at Columbia and Señora Labarca has many friends in American educational circles.

Mary came in and joined us for dessert, still looking rather blue around the gills. When she found we were not talking about the position of women, but about education, she put her oar in too. She is, like me, impressed with the feeling that Chile is a thinking country.

At the hotel last night I found word that Mr. and Mrs. N—— whom I'd last seen in Panama were in Santiago on their way to the Chilean Lakes and when we talked to them for fifteen minutes in the lounge before we went out to dinner we realized how much has happened in these two weeks. When I talked to Mrs. N—— in Panama, Ecuador was a name to me, and now it's a country I love too, and I have seen her own house—for that is the one which is now the Embassy residence. Mrs. N—— says she can never go back

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to Quito on account of the altitude and she said it yearningly.

Then Mr. Wilcox called for us and of course they all knew each other. We said goodby to the N——s, regretfully for they had been so kind, and went out through the lobby and to the street where instantly, as if they had risen from the pavements, a swarm of little boys who seemed made of elastic and wire bounced around us, begging.

"You look rich," said Mr. Wilcox to us. He was in evening clothes and motioning to his chauffeur!

We had heard that his house was the finest type of Colonial house—which doesn't have anything to do with the kind of Colonial cottage we associate with the word, not down here. The chauffeur stopped in what seemed to me like the middle of the downtown district and Mr. Wilcox unlocked a big wooden door which looked plain enough from the outside. We went into a courtyard with a cobbled yard and from there into a big court where there was a fountain and, a little lost and delighted by the half dark and the sudden lights and the sense of old, sure beauty held through generations, we went into a house where the furnishings were also old and beautiful but uncluttered and made right for modern living. We saw the picture of his wife, who was responsible for all of it, and who, someone told me later in the evening, had entertained a thousand people at a benefit party the night before she left for the United States.

There were sixteen for dinner, I think. The guests were again that mixture of people from diplomatic circles and bankers and businessmen of authority from the United States. The dining room had a gallery at one end and one could imagine the musicians. Great ancient candelabra of wood and silver lighted the immense centerpiece of red

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carnations, and the glass and silver were all rare and exquisite and chosen. Mary was interested in the single cocktail before dinner, in the golden glasses of champagne with the dessert, but I shan't forget either the red or white wine, both vintage.

During dinner we talked business and politics, and I was told more about the problems of exchange. If you want to invest money in Chile, and come down here to live and to spend your money, said Mr. Wilcox, you can do very well. But if you want to invest money in Chile and live in the United States, the exchange is against you.

Sometimes I think it is far harder today to be in business than in politics. It is so hard for these men who have assumed the responsibilities of being men of power and fortune to lay down that load without tipping a lot of other people over. They cannot, as diplomats do, live on gentlemanly salaries and be intelligently useful to their governments. They have to try to make money even when everyone admits that money cannot be made. Or kept.

The first secretary of the Embassy, on my other side, was a clear, quick-minded man who didn't seem at all afraid of the cars. We talked about career men in diplomacy and political appointments and about people who took themselves too seriously. Speaking about precedence and dinner parties where there are ambassadors and great dignitaries, he boiled it down to a few sentences. He said that if conduct of this sort is important it's all coded and in the book, and if there is no rule in the book for seating or precedence it doesn't matter what you do unless it becomes insulting. Ordinary courtesy will guide you.

Someday I would like to know more about the workings of these embassies. The men in them certainly aren't fooled

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by anybody. They've seen all the bluffs, they know all the affectations. And I think they take a lot of punishment, as "career men," particularly on the lower rungs of the ladder. Getting rooms for strangers, supplying the right introductions and withholding the wrong ones, covering up, opening up—it's a big day's work.

We talked of the war too. There is no doubt in the minds of any of these people who are close to the government of Chile, and the United States, as well as the representatives of other governments, that the United States will probably go into the war. They figure on that and then go on to discuss our future relations with England. Here, as at home, the question begins to arise as to who is to be the head man from now in any partnership of the English-speaking nations.

In the drawing room after dinner, before the men came in, the women talked—and I wonder if I or one of them was responsible for the subject—about whether the position of women in Chile was undergoing a change. They all said yes. A Chilean woman, who was very lovely in a picture evening dress, seemed surest, and I was interested to find out that she was an interior decorator. These women, who were all used to a wealthy life or to contacts with it, apparently, dated the change from the depression and the resulting necessity for women to earn money. The talk went into the usual channels, whether women are happier when they are independent or not, and opinion split wide open on that.

The conversation was exactly like the ones we have at home. The usual points were made. As soon as a woman's work is a necessity it is accepted socially. The general ambition of a woman is to get a husband—early; if not, to work until she can get one and then stop.

How many times and in how many places have I heard

all this and in that Chilean drawing room I thought that this progress of feminism is all a question of timing and treatment. Like pregnancy and childbirth, you can't alter the natural process very much.

They talked a good deal about Rosalina Miller too. She certainly has made an impression on this continent. As usual they spoke of her beauty and her clothes and her open Nazism. They told me stories of her life and marriages. She's good biography as well as gossip.

I had no chance to talk to the Chinese Minister and was sorry. The retired French Minister was also at the dinner and he is in a curious spot. His own country must be uncomfortable for him now and to stay in Chile rather difficult. The war and its changes are making such odd exiles and how terribly and cruelly unexpected many of them must be.

I asked, "Are there many refugees here?"

"You'll find more in Buenos Aires and especially in Rio. Ah, in Rio!"

We spoke too—and this brought warmth and affection into the conversation—of "Jim" Perkins, who died last year and whom many people in the room had known, either because he was President of the National City Bank, or because he was at the Lima Conference, or, as I did, because he was my neighbor in the country in Carolina. We talked about how the sense of the inevitability of United States participation in the war had crept over him in that last year, of how he had prophesied great social change after it. And I told them how he had said to me that there was a chemical age coming, as apt to change the face of the world as the industrial age had done, and that things which were luxuries now would be available for everyone.

The resources of North and South America together were

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something that Mr. Perkins contemplated with great satisfaction and with great hope for the future, and his spirit as well as the words he had spoken were in the room for a moment.

Then somebody asked me if we knew the Zogbaums and we did, and Mary told the story—to an aviation commander's delight—of how she had once, not realizing that Captain Zogbaum once had been in charge of aviation at Pensacola, told him how to fly a Cub plane. Which was only matched by the time when she happened to be at dinner beside FPA of the *Herald Tribune* and told him how they ran the humor column on the *Vassar Miscellany*, because she thought he might be interested in columns.

They wanted to know what Captain Zogbaum thought about the war. I don't know. He won't tell me. But I said that he had sent his love to everything below the equator.

I like to think about that dinner. The company gave me a full impression of spirited people, and beautifully behaved ones. I suppose that they could have stayed wherever they came from, in Salisbury or China or Lyons or Montclair. But they didn't stay at home. They went out to see what the world felt like, to touch it with capable minds. And here they are.

They are not spared the little troubles of home life nor cheated of its delights and comforts, but they aren't bounded by them. They are in no sense suburban and, looking at them, I knew again why we have made that word rather a mockery.

But most of all I remember my completely gracious host, worldly, charming, glad that we were there, rather tired when we reluctantly had to go, standing in his beautiful drawing room and showing me the pictures of his son and

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daughters. When he spoke of "home" he did not mean Santiago but the United States, in spite of all the beauty with which he was surrounded.

I must get to bed, for tomorrow we are flying to Buenos Aires through the famous Cordillera Pass and it will be the most exciting day's travel we have had yet.



CHAPTER ELEVEN

FLIGHT OVER THE ANDES

February 8, 1941

NOTHING will ever make this flight commonplace. It has been achieved many times now. It is routine to some skilled pilots and even to a few travelers, and yet there are about fifteen minutes of it when the daring is always new, when the question is unconditionally one of survival or not. You put your trust in machinery, in invention, in man's own skill, in his faithfulness to his duty. More likely you do not put your trust in anything. It is the perfect time for fatalism, the time of all times to strip yourself of worry. You take what chance there is with exultation, knowing that the experience is worth it, that when you as a person are sentient in that strange remote place above those black crags and white-capped mountains, your mind and soul will reach a new peak.

Once, early this winter, I remember lying in bed at home and reading Hudson Strode's description of the flight

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through the Cordillera Pass, and I kept thinking incredulously, "Why, you're going to do that yourself, you know, in a couple of months." But it seemed very far away and I didn't even have a passport.



And another time right in the middle of a New Year's party a man said to me, "I don't often envy anyone anything but when I think of your flying that Cordillera Pass this winter, I'm jealous as hell!" All of a sudden, in his composed face, his eyes were restless and eager.

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I thought of what he said this morning and of the way he looked as he said it. Many men have a right to more adventure than comes their way. They need it too. Domesticity and routine were getting too many good men down before the wars came. Now they've been shocked out of routine in the cruelest way, by force, not by volition. Their savings may go, their lives be disrupted, and for years they've been cheating themselves of experience to build up a safety that's tumbled about their ears. Maybe they would have been safer if they had traveled about the world a bit and had seen what was happening.

Sometimes in the last years it has seemed to me that possibly we are overplaying domesticity in modern life. We've been putting the slippers on too many men too early in life. Home life is a beautiful thing, but it is only one kind of life and always the better for being aware of that. And when home life or earning a living grips a man so hard that he can't move, some very good qualities in him atrophy. After a while it seems abnormal to him to go very far outside the city limits.

Certainly more people could travel than do travel, both men and women. They just think they can't. They tie themselves up and then say, "Look at these knots! I can't possibly get free." They give in to routine, to their possessions, to their desire for more possessions. They get so that they don't want to be disturbed, or to sleep out of their own beds or take chances.

But every now and then you see the desire to be off flaring up as I did in that man, in the middle of a New Year's party. I'm very sorry that he probably never will know what this flight is like.

For I can't tell him. Nor can Hudson Strode. Nor even

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Saint Exupéry. Nobody can tell anyone else. Everyone must have a different experience in a flight like this. It is completely personal. You are as much by yourself for a few minutes as the plane is by itself in the air.

For weeks people have been asking us, "Are you going to fly over the Pass?"

Some of them played it down. "It really doesn't amount to much. It's done several times a week."

Or, "Of course they never try it unless they're sure of the weather, so there's really no danger."

But others told us, "You'd never catch me doing it again!"

Besides, there were the people who didn't want us to miss the Chilean Lakes. They said that we could get to Buenos Aires by way of the route that goes around the Lakes region.

We didn't pay much attention to the danger warnings. But I did ask Mary once if she would consider going by way of the Lakes, and if she thought we were fools to skip them, and she said, "No. We've got ten thousand of the best looking lakes in the world at home in Northern Minnesota and a lot more in Wisconsin."

"And the biggest lake in the world right under my office window," I reminded us.

Mary is taking a very professional interest in this flight. She knows that when she gets back her flying instructor will want to hear about the technique of it. So will her brother.

We got started easily and comfortably this morning. Maybe it was my imagination, but it did seem to me that there was an extra effort to make the passengers all comfortable, even before we left the hotel, as if everyone felt this would be a big day for us. The bus to the airport was completely filled. Some people we'd seen before and as

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usual there were those who were strangers. One was a man who was called Don Carlos, a big, heavy man in a crumpled white suit whom all the South Americans seemed to know. He made the bus seem small and crowded. There wasn't even room for the cigarette ashes I kept dropping, mostly in my lap. Mary was either not quite awake, though she'd eaten her breakfast, or else in a state of ecstasy. We didn't talk much, except to count up our luggage once or twice. There was a breeze at the airport but not a wind. Lightly, invisibly, again in the Blake manner, the day grew bright. No cockroaches underfoot. A lot more people came up and spoke to Don Carlos. He was quite hot already and kept mopping himself. His smile was very big but the way his features were put on made it seem melancholy.

Mary and I each wanted to look out of a window in the plane and that meant that one of us would sit alone and that the other might, if no one took the other seat in the row where there were two. I made Mary take the chance of company, being selfish, and also because there were a couple of pleasant-looking young fellows going with us and one of those might be her companion. She was less hopeful and said she would probably draw Don Carlos as a traveling partner.

The bell rang and the officers went out. I like to see that short march of theirs. They are such a small military company and so exact. Twice it rang and out we went. I found a seat by the window in the "one" row and Mary was across from me and, sure enough, Don Carlos sat down beside her. He took up a lot of room and she seemed sort of flattened against her pane. So at first I was a little sorry for her.

We took off. It was a bright morning now. We had sun. We had a last glimpse of Santiago, very white and trim. The

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captain came back and talked to me for a little while and then he introduced Don Carlos. And wasn't I ashamed of myself? For Don Carlos turns out to be a very important man connected with Panagra, who comes from Mendoza.

"Don Carlos," said the captain, "was a great help in finding the plane which was wrecked here a couple of years ago. In fact it was he who finally discovered it."

An overweight man in a crumpled suit who, I had thought, might bore Mary!

He didn't bore me, certainly. We talked across the aisle and he told me some of the things he did. He explored a good deal in these mountains—he was a renowned mountain climber even with all that personal weight—and he had found traces of the Inca civilization as far south as this. I had no idea that the Incas had come down through the middle of the continent but he said it was undoubted. To prove it he took out a bunch of pictures he had taken with his own camera and showed me one of a rock with an Inca picture on it which had come from this region and, so he said, had created tremendous interest among scientists.

He showed me too a piece of rock with a fragment of fish petrified in it which had come from high up on one of these mountains, proving that once upon a time all these mountains were under water. I looked out of the window and tried to believe it, tried to push my little mind back out of its surroundings into the kind of world which had come first.

"I advise you to take some oxygen now," said the steward, so much sooner than I'd expected. "We'll be at twelve thousand feet soon."

"Does everyone take it?" I had been told that they didn't, that it is just here for emergency.

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"It's a good idea. You may have a bad headache if you don't. We advise it."

He took the mouthpiece of the little tube out of its sanitary container. There is one for each passenger, and Don Carlos showed me how to make a little funnel with my hands. Then you put the tube in your mouth, press the bulb and breathe it in through nose and mouth. As far as I could see, everyone except Don Carlos and the steward took oxygen, and the man who was a couple of seats ahead put the tube in his mouth and kept pumping the bulb until he must have had an oxygen jag. I stopped pretty soon. I either felt better because of it or was all right anyway. But it gives you a very fine feeling to have a stimulant right there beside you.

We began to swing through the crags. We turned.

It was that turn which seemed most astonishing. One gets used to sailing through the air on a straight-away course, and to going up to higher levels, or down to lower ones and to the gradual alteration of the course. But this turn was almost sharp. We were entering something. We were going between mountains, down a road of air. And all you think, in spite of all you've read, of what people have told you, is breathlessly that you didn't know it would be like this!

Off to one side we could see the highest mountain in South America. Snow-topped of course. Don Carlos, who was always half out of his seat, leaned over to tell me that only four men have climbed it successfully. The rest, he said, didn't get back. Around its summit the wind is terrific.

The brightness of the day seemed so pure. It is never touched by smoke in this place, never unclean. Suddenly you wonder what it is like at night, with a moon—you think of the cold, of stillness and wind.

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Nobody pretended not to be excited and interested. Nobody was casually reading *Esquire* and there's nearly always someone on every airplane who is too sophisticated to do anything else. Nobody was doing anything but look, and Don Carlos, who knows the path of these planes as he would a trail to his own front door, made no pretense that this is an ordinary flight or can be an ordinary one.



He fumbled in his pocket as we were in the Pass and brought out his pictures again, running through them and choosing one.

"This is a picture of the place where we found the lost plane two years ago. See that mark X?"

I said, "If there is one picture in the world that I don't want to see at this minute, it's that one!"

He seemed to get the point all right.

They pointed out the figure of Christ. Big as I know it is, more than thirty feet high with its standard, the distance

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made it much smaller than I had expected. But there it was, the famous statue placed between Chile and Argentina, marking the end of a long boundary dispute and bearing the magnificent oath: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than Argentinians and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of the Redeemer."

There's something better as a boundary than the Maginot Line! Why can't the people of the world make some such oath and keep it? Silly question. Because some of them don't believe in redemption. They believe in conquest, in what they can get and steal, and that's what is leading them to destroy. With flights like this to be made, with the airplane capable of bringing people close to their own idea of divinity, why must planes be used for killing people and destroying their little works and hopes and shelters? Silly question, number two.

For a while the rocks were black and jagged and then some were red with iron and below once there actually was a railroad.

This morning we have been where very few of the world's people can ever be. No crowds or multitudes can ever be here. It's too far off, too remote—life's too busy and too short and too full of duties for most people to get this far. We came a long way to fly over these mountain tops and I am beyond expression glad I did. For a few minutes there was absolutely nothing trivial in the world. Nothing had a price. Even duty didn't exist. There was only clear wonder and natural worship.

Then we were out of the Pass and the continuing ranges were less dark and less threatening and suddenly we began to go down and soon were at Mendoza's clean little airport.

Don Carlos went away and I suppose I'll never see him again. Nor ever forget him.

We went inside and had a drink of ginger ale and were very wary about adjectives, lest we demean what we had seen.

The rest of the flight will be easy, as it is now, mostly over the pampas, and the plane is as steady as a heavy car on a good highway. Mary says that she had been amazed at its steadiness at sixteen thousand feet in the Pass. She also told me that we had two hundred miles of visibility at many points this morning.

The captain came in from the control room shortly after we left Mendoza, looking for the last copy of *Esquire*.

"Now," said the young man behind me, "he can switch on the automatic pilot and relax. He has it pretty soft."

"Soft?" I repeated in a dazed way.

Mary went to sleep. She had postponed her morning nap until after we got through the Pass. And I am reviewing what little I know about Argentina.

On a train between Chicago and New York a few months ago I spread out my fine *National Geographic* map of South America and the October, 1940, copy of *Foreign Affairs*, and informed myself about the situation on imports to the United States from Latin America and exports from us to them. The author of the very good article I was reading, Professor Alvin Hansen, had divided all the countries of Central and South America into three areas for the purpose of this discussion. He called the Areas, A, B and C.

The countries in the first area, A, were largely in Central America, but A also included Colombia and Venezuela, and the trade of these countries, as Mr. Hansen wrote, "is highly integrated with the trade of the United States. Imports from us range from 40% to 69%, while exports from us, with

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one exception, range from 28% to 90%. The exception is Venezuela which exports a great deal of petroleum to the Dutch West Indies, where it is re-exported to Europe."

The Group A countries are closest to the United States. The Group B countries, Ecuador, Bolivia and Peru, are in an intermediate position and they do business with us too. We shall soon probably be in closer relations with Bolivia than at the time this article was written, because of the increase in imports of Bolivian tin.

But the serious trade problem pertains to the Group C countries. These include Chile, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay, all of the countries which are farthest from the United States. The export commodities of these countries, except for Brazilian coffee, compete directly with the export surpluses of this country. They include corn, wheat, cotton and meat, commodities of which we have not absorbed our own production.

"The exports of the other two groups are not, in the main, competitive with the American economy," wrote Mr. Hansen. The leading exports are sugar, bananas, vegetable fibers, coffee, cacao and mineral products such as manganese, tin, copper, lead, zinc, silver, gold and petroleum.

In the United States we have begun to realize what a tough problem this is and as I recopy these notes, with Argentina right below me, an Argentina with which the United States wants a firm friendship, it is certainly clear that we must make some headway in solving it if we wish warm international relations.

I have often said to women from platforms that they must realize that the culture of democracy is based on the commerce of democracy. There aren't any two ways about it. Our cultural relations with a country cannot prosper if

we are in bitter competition, if we aren't in a position to trade with that country.

To date, the United Kingdom has been Argentina's best customer. The United States comes next, and Germany is third on the list. But if Great Britain should conceivably lose this war, the whole picture could and would change and very unpleasantly for the United States.

That much—or little—I know about Argentina. I know too that it is a youngish republic which hadn't settled down until the middle of the nineteenth century. Like most of the South American republics, it was discovered by the Spaniards shortly after 1500, and like most of them it broke away in the early part of the nineteenth century. Then there was intermittent civil war in Argentina until about 1852. So the Argentine was settling down and adopting its constitution shortly before the time of our own Civil War. That's not so long ago. I always peg the date of the Civil War by my grandfather, who was in it, and I remember him distinctly.

Argentina is a very big country, though not as big as Brazil. It is very fertile and goes in for farming and cattle raising in a big way. Don't I know, as I look down! A very big way.

I have been told that it is, like Chile, a "white" country, which means that it has few negroes and few Indians. The Argentinians are said to be very proud and not to like the United States. I shall see what I can find out about that.

Politically, I have a little data. The Argentine is set up like a republic, with a constitution copied largely from our own. The country is divided into provinces which have a measure of self-government and local elections. The name of the present President is Dr. Roberto Ortiz and the Vice

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President is Dr. Castillo (I must remember to pronounce that last as if it were Castijo). Dr. Ortiz is not a well man. In fact, he tried to resign the presidency because he was so ill. The people—or his party—refused to accept the resignation, which speaks very well for Dr. Ortiz, though I'm not sure what was back of that. I shall hope to find out.

I have been told that the President of this country must be an Argentinian and also a Catholic. They evidently want no presidents called O'Higgins or O'Brien. The Argentine is said to be fiercely nationalistic.

This is very sketchy and I certainly have a lot to learn in the next ten days about history and politics.

In Argentina the peso is still the money unit which you count by mostly, but here the peso is worth more than it was in Chile. These fluctuations in the value of the peso make me seem either very niggardly or a terrible spendthrift and as a matter of fact half the time I just don't know what I'm doing.

And now below the plane lies the Argentine. Does one call it Argentina or the Argentine preferably, I wonder? I think maybe I would have known it without a map. I would have looked down at this landscape and said, "That's the way I always thought of the Argentine. Only it's even more fertile."

It is smooth country cut into great squares and oblongs. The mountains are almost gone. A few small hillish ones are in sight but for the most part the land lies flat and on it are a myriad signs of cultivation.

The country looks like part of Wisconsin farmland, like Wisconsin raised to the hundredth degree. The estates or farms—they call them *estancias* here—are very large and they seem peaceful and rich, as if this were the supreme

place to make a living. The fertility is in a way as grandiose as the mountains were an hour ago, and certainly as sizable.

Flying over fields in France you are always conscious of the color that is the demarcation between them. In England you are always aware of hedgerows even when you're quite high up. Here it's trees that mark the great farms. The whole area looks as if it didn't have a stone in it, as if they dusted it every morning. From up here it looks like country life on a scale so big that all the other country life you've seen looks like scratch farming.

This is the first time I've seen land down here below the Panama Canal that I vaguely wanted to own. It's the first time that I've thought of scenery as possible personal property. The Argentinians may be a proud lot. But it certainly looks from here as if they had a right to be.

The young man behind me has just surprised me. He's not a reader. He's a talker and he's found a listener. The conversation drifts through my ears like something on the radio and I'm half listening because it's so astonishing to find that he has never been in the United States.

I thought that young fellow was from the Middle West. His English is casual and unaccented, the sort of talk I hear at home all the time. But from what he's telling about himself, his story is that he was brought up in Bolivia in a mining camp. His father was an American, which accounts for his English. He flies a plane, which accounts for his saying that the captain had a soft job and being unimpressed. Above all things he wants to go to the United States and he can't get there because the quota is filled up. He's been talking a lot about the restrictions which the United States imposes on entry into the United States and he's rather bitter. I have heard considerable complaint elsewhere in

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South America on this point, that our bars are higher than necessary and our examination strict to the point of insulting a South American. I wonder if that could be more carefully handled, more graciously, even if the bars do have to be high and the netting close.

It is about two P.M., and we are flying over clouds again. They now look like large servings of Baked Alaska, very white and fluffy but with slightly darker edges, and they are curled as if each cloud held a center of ice cream.

I'll never be hung for a poet.



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CHAPTER TWELVE

ARGENTINA

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February 10, 1941

Buenos Aires

HERE we are, new times, new manners, new setting and all very fine too. Why on earth did people on the West Coast keep telling us that we wouldn't like Buenos Aires? It's one of the most beautiful modern cities I've ever seen. We had no idea of the scale of it.

But before I go into that I must hark back. Like the Kipling reader who was always told not to forget about the suspenders because they were important to the story, I mustn't forget about our arrival because that was important too. We came down at the flying field about three-thirty and I wanted to go out and pat the plane and give it a few lumps of sugar. But instead we went obediently into the airport to check in, and have our suitcases opened by the customs officials as usual.

I have a dream of packing a suitcase so well that when

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an inspector opens it he would draw his breath in sheer admiration. Nothing would spill out and everything would be neat and fragrant. A touch of lace here, a bit of satin there perhaps, a dainty monogram or two! But when I look grimly at the unbelievable crumpled stuff that does confront those officials, I know it's only a dream. As for Mary's hat-box, that's the real pay-off. When it is opened it looks like a crazy still life—for all the world like something Dali might put in Bonwit Teller's window. You see a shoe heel, a hat with a bottle of shoe cleaner in its crown, a serious book on some phase of higher mathematics, an antique spur, a rusty sword (she collects these things still), maybe a stocking, probably not its mate—and the thing that burns me up is that the girl can travel like that, unpack in ten minutes and appear half an hour later looking very smooth.

Well, all that was going on when a Panagra man came up and gave me some letters which had been sent to me from the United States in care of the airlines. I dropped everything and opened the first one and out popped as pink a Valentine as I have ever seen.

"Be My Valentine," it demanded pinkly in its heart of paper lace.

It was very, very hot. It wasn't February as I have ever felt it before. We were still exhilarated from the flight and not yet bound to earth again. Around us there were torrents of Spanish and most of the faces in the room were Latin, but there was the pink Valentine, for all the world like the ones we used to put in a box when we were in the eighth grade. There was never a greater sense of distance or difference than came over me as I laughed until everyone thought I was crazy and Mary came over and saw the Valentine and then laughed just as foolishly herself.

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Then the man who met us—who was, I think, sorry by that time that he had—said, “There is a car waiting for you,” and we went out and met Alberto. Alberto is our chauffeur, completely at our disposal, but I already have a feeling that those roles could easily be reversed. He is well used to taking visiting strangers around Buenos Aires. At present that is his main business. The G——s in Viña del Mar had said to us, “In Buenos Aires we had Alberto. Maybe he’ll drive you too.”

We’ve had chauffeurs in our days who have taught us many things. The one who drove us through Ireland was an Irish Patriot who used to drive Yeats. He told me about the poets and he always slowed down before the statue of an Irish martyr and we went calling on pleasant people who lived in sod cottages. Once in England I happened to get a car driven by a man who always drove the Governor General of Canada and whose son was in the RAF. He told me a lot about aviation in England. There was another time when I toured Northern France with a furious sociologist at the wheel, who wanted to argue with me all the time. We never did agree and were still arguing when the army mobilized in September, 1939, and he left me abruptly.

Here we have the use of the General Motors car, which is kept for purposes of courtesy and hospitality to visitors to Buenos Aires and which was recently used by Toscanini as well as the G——s.

Alberto, who drives it, knows the world and society, and, I suspect, politics. I would not like to look at any of the three exactly from his angle, but I respect his point of view because it is informed and also just shaded with irony. If there is one thing Alberto is aware of, it is that there is a vast difference between people.

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He is a bulky man, handsome, graying, filling a great big uniform completely. He is rather firm with us just yet. Two females traveling alone are a queer proposition—I get his point. But I think we'll be friends before the week's out.

Also I see right now that I must have time off from Alberto if I am to do any casual, fancy-free exploring. And Mary murmured rebelliously, "This is pretty damned plush!"

The man who met us at the airport is the first man in South America who has given me a pain. He was a very snobbish man and nearly everything he said was wrong. He told us everything he thought we should do, most of which we will *not* do, for we are not here to "observe the gay social life of Buenos Aires!" We did that in Viña and our itinerary gives us no such orders at this time. It hadn't better.

Besides, the River Plate is not named that because it is a plate, as that man said. We've only been here a day but we knew when we came that the great estuary where the Paraná and Uruguay Rivers meet is called the River Plate because of a silver look which you are supposed to see on it early in the morning. In the daytime it looks yellow-brown. The River Plate is very wide and we can see it from our windows.

We are fortunate here because our hotel windows overlook the city generously. To the east lies the Plate; to the west is city and still more city and all of it, even the backyards, with laundry hanging in roof gardens, looks impressive. Structure in B. A. (everyone here calls Buenos Aires by its initials)* has a more permanent look than it had in

* This is the unsigned verse at the beginning of Alexander Weddell's

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Lima, in the residential districts. There's far more stone, less stucco. There are streets after streets bordered by big stone houses built when families and fortunes were enormous, and Alberto would like to roll us up and down in front of these all day long. If we'd let him.

They told us that B. A. was a mixture of Chicago and Paris, but to me it is far more like Paris. The big, well-populated parks that are monuments as well as playgrounds, the wide boulevards with flowering trees planted along them, the innumerable sidewalk cafés—these make me think of Paris. The concierges lounging against the gates in the afternoon, the secret gardens—no, most certainly not Chicago, but Paris.

And yet when we went down by the docks, away from the stone and marble and close to the river smell and the big boats which seemed to come from all over the world on merchant errands, it seemed more like London. Mary had another idea. She said, "All these statues and their noble attitudes make me think of Berlin."

Anyway, this is city in the grand manner. It's not an awkward overgrown body of people. It's a city that has learned to dress itself well, to use its cane. They call the

(former ambassador to the Argentine) fifth chapter in his book called *Introduction to Argentina*. It may help a lot of people.

"I used to call it 'Bewnus Airs'
Until a friend protested
That anyone who ever dares
Say that should be arrested.
I called it 'Bonus Iris' then
But that provoked such laughter
I vowed I never would again
Pronounce the word thereafter.
But now at last no more disgrace,
I know just what to say.
I look the whole world in the face
And call it plain 'B. A.'"

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province of Buenos Aires the dwarf with the great head, meaning that Buenos Aires is out of all proportion to the size of the province.

I keep thinking that it's an old city, that all this has been here for a long time. That's not the fact, of course. It has over two million inhabitants and is the seventh metropolis of the world, but in 1850 it was a city of eighty-four thousand, smaller than a second-class city in the United States, smaller than my home town. It has done practically all this in ninety years, in the time a man might live.

There's precious little use in coming here if you are interested in ruins and ancient history. But there's a lot to find out about city planning. There is the Neve de Julio, a huge avenue which is four hundred and eighty feet wide, decked out with trees and fountains, and this was made possible by the demolition of acres of built-up property right in the heart of the city.

Alberto has a way of pointing out something that looks fine and substantial to me and saying triumphantly, "Next year they'll tear that down." The tearing down process seems to have been part of life around here. They were clever enough, too, to put a vast parking space under the Neve de Julio which accommodates a thousand cars and brings in a very good source of revenue to the city.

But I have already heard one thing that interests me. Now that they've built all these great homes, they don't know how to keep them up. So they turn out to be modern homes in more ways than one. The big houses are the city expression of that limitless cultivated land we flew over. Men got rich in the country and their families wanted to live in the sophistication of B. A., close to the opera, the theater, their friends. So they built fine houses, super city

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houses, half a city block long, fenced them around, gardened them about. And now, at lunch at the Jockey Club, I hear men complaining, just as they do at home, about the upkeep of these places.



Even Alberto turns slightly to explain, "They do not keep these houses now—too big—they take too many servants—and the taxes!"

"Where do the people who own them live?"

"They go to apartments where they need only maybe four servants."

To Alberto even poverty is in the grand manner!

It's the same story in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis and

Buenos Aires. The big house is a dead duck, no matter how magnificent the plumage. They are becoming museums and institutions for social benefit. They are being given away. For the same reasons everywhere, most of them excellent ones. Servants will not work for the wages or under the conditions that were formerly tolerated. And taxes everywhere are going up.

We lunched today with an American banker who has lived here for years and is very much at home in the famous Jockey Club. Here there was the same relaxed look on the faces of the men at lunch that I had seen at the Union Club in Santiago, so I don't think I imagined that. The Jockey Club is more splendid than the Union Club, its Chilean counterpart. We saw its collection of wonderful pictures. Corots, Goyas, Reynolds. I asked our host where all the money had come from.

He said, "This club was built in a period when money was no consideration. The founders were enormously rich. They wanted the best of everything, and the most beautiful. Now, of course, they wouldn't and couldn't build a club like this. But here it is."

There it was, with its beautiful, silent library which women do not enter, its card rooms—what a welter of money must have changed hands in them—and its dining room where the waiters assume each guest is an epicure.

When I get home I am going to serve very often the first course we had today. It's fresh melon, very sweet and ice cold, carved in a crescent way from the rind. And with it are served several slices of very thin baked ham. It's delicious!

But we had come to talk, not just to eat, and our host knew it. So I asked him point-blank how Argentina felt about the war.

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"Argentina," he said, "feels exceedingly remote from the actual hostilities. To Argentina this is a war which will effect it only economically. Its trade will go to the victor of course."

I said that I had heard that in every country and he told me that in Argentina it was especially true. Further he said that the United States, in addition to being a poor market for Argentina, had been blind as to what it should do down here. The United States had gone on the policy that economic penetration was all that was necessary and both business methods and diplomatic relations had sometimes been clumsy and often offensive. He said that Mr. Armour was the best ambassador the United States had ever sent to the Argentine.

"What was wrong with our business methods?" I asked.

He said, "The difference between us and the Japanese and the Germans is that they don't come here and just try to sell goods and get out. They work with great intensity to improve cultural relations. They emphasize similarities in manners. They make business concessions."

We were still talking about that when an Argentine friend of our host's, who had been asked to come to lunch and couldn't, joined us for coffee. He was even more explicit about the difficult situation which existed between the United States and Argentina but he came at the subject from a different angle.

The Argentine, he said, derived from Spain first and later had come under French cultural influence. It had no real connection with the United States. Every educated Argentinian had read Anatole France and Balzac and Voltaire. But he had never heard of Longfellow or Lowell or——

"Mark Twain or Walt Whitman or Poe?" I suggested.

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He said, "They know Poe. But I'm sure they think he was English!"

The lawyer said there was a close relation between Europe and Argentina. The average Argentinian knew far more about Europe than he would about the West Coast of South America, for example. He didn't know anything about Colombia. West Coast and East do not mix as they do in the United States.

Mary asked why that was so.

"Because," he said, "there's not much to learn from other South American countries except political disputes. Education, literature, machines—they all come from Europe."

"You buy automobiles from the United States," I said. "That's about the only kind I see on the streets."

"That's true. We like them."

"And sewing machines."

He laughed and said, "Well, yes, you certainly have sold us those."

We grew graver as the lawyer said frankly, drawn out by our host, that the opinion Argentinians have of people in the United States springs largely from movies. Many Argentinians have a contempt of North Americans as seen in the movies and no desire to associate with them.

It was very interesting—and rather astonishing—to sit there in that great, wealthy club and talk about the impressions made by Hollywood actresses on South America as if it were an important political problem. But that is what we did. I thought of what Amanda Labarca had told me along the same lines in Chile.

"It's a pity that people down here don't realize that the majority of citizens in the United States are really very decent people," I said. "We're conscientious and charitable.

We support every kind of church and do it handsomely. In spite of our divorces we are really Puritan in temper. Don't they know too that there are twenty million Catholics in the United States who believe in your national church, and the Catholics at home are not only more numerous but more pious, from all you tell me, than they are in the Argentine?"

The lawyer said, "I would like you to talk to my brother. Can I ask him to call on you?"

When we were ready to leave the Jockey Club people were still comfortably at lunch. Others who certainly weren't in any hurry were in the other rooms. Mary asked about the usual day's schedule of the average businessman in the Argentine to compare it with that of a Chilean. It didn't differ very much, except in the fact that here there is much emphasis on the time before dinner, when so many people go to motion pictures.

An Argentinian businessman or lawyer gets to his office about nine or ten in the morning. At noon he takes two hours for lunch and may go home or to his club. At two-thirty he will be back at work and work until six-thirty or seven P.M. Since dinner is not until nine or later he then goes again to his club, or to the movies. Or maybe he goes to see a lady.

The four biggest motion picture houses schedule their showings. There is one show at six-thirty, one at nine, and one at about ten-forty-five. All have double features. There are other movies which are continuous but the big ones operate so much on schedule that when the shows are over simultaneously the streets are so flooded with people that you actually can hardly walk down them.

Everybody goes to the movies.



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The Alvear Palace Hotel
February 14, 1941
Buenos Aires

WE HAVE been in Buenos Aires for five days and a half and Mary says that she thinks she would like to come back and get a job here after she finishes her work at Johns Hopkins. She probably won't but I know why she feels that way. B. A. has practically everything you want in a place where you are going to be engaged in modern industry.

It's beautiful, it's cosmopolitan and alert. It's moving right along except for war difficulties.

"If you did, you probably wouldn't meet the members of the old Argentinian families," I said. "From what I see and hear they don't make much of a place among themselves for North American working girls."

"That would be all right," said Mary. "I'd meet plenty of Argentinians even if they aren't the ones whose relatives are in La Recoleta."

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I had better note that La Recoleta is a cemetery, the most astonishing one I have ever seen. It is in the middle of the city—I can get a glimpse of it from my window—and it is the cemetery to end all cemeteries. In this amazing fashionable residence quarter for the dead, there are streets and cross avenues, all paved, and along these streets and under them are hundreds of vaults and little family chapels set upon the vaults. Marble jostles marble. You walk along the pavement and have to keep reminding yourself that this is where the dead lie. You look through a door with an iron grating and see a Turkish rug on the floor inside, a small altar with fresh flowers and coffins laid out like cedar chests.

Mary took a picture of me beside a stone angel, both of us in proud poses. It must be an odd one. Well, the magazines always are asking for informal pictures of their contributors.

It's an aristocratic place to leave your bones. It's a coveted place. Alberto, after having finally got me to go there, pointed out what to him was the best monument of all—the big memorial to the founder of the Jockey Club. The façade of the Jockey Club is represented on the tomb. Alberto said too, with a kind of gleam of irony, that some people so wanted to be buried here that, if it was impossible for them to get accommodations, they routed their burial processions to Recoleta for the effect on their neighbors and then took the corpses to less pretentious cemeteries. I am still puzzled as to how they could really fool anybody.

Without exaggeration, the cemetery is significant. It's in consonance with the way Buenos Aires was built, in the spare-no-expense fashion. The cemetery is not historic. It's rather nouveau riche, a little absurd. But it's very well done. Solid. Good goods.

Yes, the Argentinians are proud. Even arrogant in some

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cases. But that's only part of the right impression of them. They are also beautifully mannered. And, in spite of everything, to me the mass effect is of democracy.

It will be a long time before I forget walking in the city at seven o'clock, when sidewalks and pavements alike were thronged with people going from their work. The thing that struck me first was that everyone looked so healthy. Most of the girls wore no hats and their hair was well dressed and shining. There were hardly any thin, meager people in the crowd. And there was an ease among them that I liked so much. There was a lack of nervousness and signs of worry.

Maybe it is a snobbish city. But Philadelphia is so regarded too and what does that matter to the plain, democratic people who are most of the population in Philadelphia?

I hear that no Argentinian girl goes out unchaperoned. But in the parks I have seen hundreds of young girls sitting on benches with their young men, being pleasantly and quite decently courted. So it isn't universally true.

We have been treated to plenty of publicity here. Several reporters struggled with us on the telephone, and I tried to make agreeable comments. Twice I have been rather thoroughly interviewed. The first time it was done by a young man from *La Razón*, an evening paper which my political guide lists as "independent—widely read." The reporter was a liberal who had read his Steinbeck and Dos Passos and he knew most of the answers to his question better than I did. He came complete with photographer and posed Mary and me on the sofa. We saw the picture in the paper the next day and it's a wonder! She looks for all the world like Charlie McCarthy and I look like a degenerate female ventriloquist. But the interview was fine. The young man managed to get me talking about the iron ore industry and the

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“Narvik of the United States” whence I hail, and, as far as the dictionary, Mary and I can make out, *La Razón* did us proud.

We saw reporters from the English papers too—one of them a man who wanted to get back to England and fight—but with them we talked war mostly and forgot interviews. The second one of any importance was with a feature writer from *El Mundo*, surprisingly a girl, and I got much more out of that occasion than the interviewer did.

She was an Argentinian and she is one of the few South American women I have met who makes it her business to understand the whole cross section of women in her own country. She was frank about facts.

I asked her how and where one could talk to the ordinary woman in the Argentine—the national Mrs. Smith who did her own housework. She said that Mrs. Smith probably didn't do her own housework—she would have some sort of servant, for servants are so cheap—and that almost the only way I could meet a woman of that sort was to go down the streets and knock on the doors. But I wouldn't get very far unless I knew the language. She corroborated the facts that seem to be true everywhere, that the average woman here, as elsewhere in South America, is still thoroughly domestic, and so from choice. (When I tell them that's true also in the United States, they don't believe it.) Like all the other women to whom I have talked, the *El Mundo* reporter admitted that women's status was undergoing a certain change and that their interests were widening, but she did not think that this had affected the great body of women very much as yet. She said however that more girls and women were working all the time.

“Won't that make their position different?” I asked.

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The girl from *El Mundo* was inclined to doubt it. She said again that what Argentinian girls really wanted was marriage and that since there was no divorce, when they did get married that was the end of any independent action or notions. She gave me the impression that the women who, as we say, "got out and did things," were pretty largely women of established social position. I must remember to spread that news at home and maybe it will stir up some women I know who want to be stylish.

She was not the only one to tell me this, though I felt her cool realism press home the point. I had talked only that morning to Dr. Angelica Mendoza de Montero, whose brochure on the philosophy of John Dewey is here beside me on my desk.

Most important and enlightening of all, I had an hour with Señora Ana Rosa Martinez de Guerrero, who is, I suppose, the best known woman in all Latin America and President of the Comisión Inter Americana de Mujeres, which is trying to link the women of the two continents. I am going to see her again tomorrow.

Angelica Mendoza is Señora Guerrero's secretary and a very intelligent woman. She has studied in the United States, took her M.A. at Columbia University, and wants now to come back to the States on a fellowship to do some research in our agricultural regions. She is thinking of coming to Iowa.

I told her that I wanted to find out certain things about the status of women in the Argentine, and within twenty-four hours all the information I wanted had been sent to me, so clearly and well compiled that I could even make my way through it in Spanish.

I had asked about the employment of women in the

Argentine, the extent of it and the kind of employment; whether they were unionized; about the laws which protected women, and those which gave them rights or discriminated against them; about suffrage for women; about the major organizations of women and what were their purposes.

These are some of the answers.

In Buenos Aires there are some fifty-eight thousand women employed, most of them in textile industries or in the confectionery and syrup-making industries. This sounds like home. In the textile industries here the women outnumber the men employed, making up sixty-two per cent of the group.

There are no working people's organizations for women alone. But the women workers do belong to unions, along with the men as in the Ladies Garment Workers Union and separate only along social and cultural lines within these unions.

There are a number of laws protecting women on the statute books. I couldn't track down a minimum wage, but hours of work are regulated—forty-four hours a week. There are also laws providing maternal protection, vacations for women workers, chairs for women workers in places of employment where they are possible. The laws resemble our own in general protective purposes.

On the other hand, women in the Argentine have no vote except in a couple of unimportant instances which allow them to vote for municipal offices in the provinces of San Juan and Entre Rios. There are laws pending in regard to both woman suffrage and divorce, but everyone seems to think that they will continue to "pend" for quite some time.

In the meantime women who want to be divorced go over to Uruguay to get one and this makes extraordinary domes-

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tic situations, as the divorce is not legal in the Argentine and subsequent children are legitimate on one side of the boundary line and not on the other.

But the Argentine woman is slowly acquiring personal rights. She has the right, legally, to enter a profession, business or industry and to dispose of her earnings. She can administer her property in case of a legal separation from her husband, and she has various other privileges which come only as women have emerged from a medieval status and insisted on them. There has been good work done for women in the Argentine.

Angelica Mendoza listed for me too the women's organizations in Buenos Aires and they seemed a familiar lot. There was a Federation of University Women, a Woman's Federation for Peace, a National Council of Women, Literary Clubs, and also many organizations less cultural and ideological, which had as their purposes aid to the lepers, orphans and sick mothers.

It is very interesting to see how close women's ideals and purposes are on both continents. Again the achievement of what women need for themselves and want for others seems only a matter of timing.

But I still haven't written anything about Ana Rosa Martinez de Guerrero, of whom every woman in the United States had said to me, "You must meet her." Margaret Cuthbert of NBC had said so, Mary Winslow in Washington had said so.

I did. Señora Guerrero made an appointment to call on me at the Alvear Palace at two-thirty and at the exact time she was there, very cool and lovely in raspberry-colored clothes that must have come very recently from the hands of some French designer.

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Señora de Guerrero is one of those rare women who is usually described in the phrase, "She has everything." As you look at her and listen to her, it seems so. Beauty, intelligence, wealth, social position, charm, humor, sympathy—she has all those gifts. But it seemed to me that she relied on none of them nor on the assemblage of all of them. And she hasn't everything, as she knows, nor can have while the world is as troubled and imperfect as she sees it to be. It is the realization of this which makes her most remarkable.

Being *Presidenta* of the Inter American Commission of Women, she naturally wants to get things done, to see results. We discarded all vague phrases and talked very definitely of ways to bring the women of the two continents into closer relations.

The learning of each other's language is, she thinks, basic and important. How many times have I set that down now in these notes, I wonder? And we also talked about popularizing translations of articles in North American magazines which would interest women in South America, particularly in Argentina.

These translations, she feels, should be done in Argentina. Later in the afternoon I was talking to Mrs. Carl de Bussche, head of the American Association of University Women, and she said exactly the same thing. It appears that an article translated in the United States often comes out in Spanish that is correct enough academically, but it lacks the natural and colloquial feeling it should have in order to be a success in a South American magazine. It lacks idiom to drive it home.

Of course the South American women's magazines in any case are not comparable with our periodicals in either size, scope or dignity. But they exist, and could be built up, and

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made very useful for the interchange of information about women.

Señora de Guerrero, looking like a luscious raspberry ice cream soda as I mopped my brow, made another suggestion which I must pass on. She told me that there were many young Argentinians—and South Americans in other countries—who would like to come to the United States as maids or governesses and that, except for the cost of passage, they would not be so expensive to bring or maintain so that a household in fairly good circumstances could not take one of them in. There should be a two- or three-year contract for these girls, for the mutual protection of employer and employee, but she thought that could be worked out and it would mean that in the most natural way in the world Spanish would become part of the conversation in a North American household and English come back to the Argentine.

I thought that many people would be interested in following up that suggestion and so asked what was the first step. She said it would be to write to the consulate and make arrangements through that office.

My impression was that she feels a great deal can be done by the women of the two countries if they will not talk so much about what they are going to do and really swing into action. We went down into the hotel basement because she said she wanted to show me something, and in a remote room used, I suppose, for occasional parties, there was a model of a hospital which is being built by the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Buenos Aires, the leading charitable organization. Señora Guerrero is President of that Society too. The hospital will cost five million dollars and the government gave one million dollars. The rest must be raised by women and

they are building as they get the money. They now have three stories completed.

This hospital is a woman's project. It will be run by women and the money raised by women. It is a hospital for the poor workers. For working people only. The reason she showed it to me was because she feels that some of our North American women or their organizations might want to translate their desire for better relations with South America into a friendly gift for this hospital.

I don't see why not. I wish we would. Of course we have many charities of our own to support, but while we are investing money for defense and for promotion of friendly relations, why not put some of it—maybe just a little—into a hospital devoted to the care of the sick working people of the Argentine? As Señora de Guerrero wisely said, "Such a gift would advertise the good will of North America toward the Argentine out of all proportion to the value of the gift itself. A bed—a violet-ray lamp—it doesn't matter what it is."

Incidentally, I wonder how many people in the United States know that there is a hospital in South America erected in the last few years and that over the door is the inscription: "This Hospital Is the Gift of Adolf Hitler."

Ana Rosa Martinez de Guerrero is definitely and openly pro-Ally. She is as pro-Ally as Rosalina Miller is pro-Nazi and it is significant and often noted that Señora Guerrero is the one who was made head of the Pan-American Union of Women.

I still haven't seen Rosalina Miller. She isn't here in Buenos Aires just now. But if she is anywhere near as good-looking as Señora Guerrero, the women leaders of South America have our women leaders beaten on looks.

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Señora Guerrero talked about Argentine women. She feels that they neither use nor care to use all their capabilities.

"They say to me that I am an exception. I am no exception! Anyone with diligence and hard work can accomplish as much as I do."

True or false, that remark proves the faith and humility in Señora Guerrero, both of the finest quality.

The extraordinary fullness of these days astonishes me. Of course Alberto makes transit from one place to another seem nothing at all. He takes Mary out to places where she can take pictures of the docks and the highest apartment buildings—and the narrowest—in all South America. He even helps with our shopping. I murmured something about wanting to buy some silver yerba-maté sticks—*bombillas*—and he took us to a shop where he said we couldn't possibly be cheated* and came wandering around with us, telling us which things were authentic in a welter of old military, religious and domestic articles.

Mary got another sword—the cabin at Brule soon will be an arsenal—and I bought the maté sticks and an old Spanish silver plate which the dealer swore was over a hundred years old and which will go to Carolina for Willa is always scolding for new sandwich plates. And what could be better than a plate from old Spain?

Mary also bought a dress from Drecoll, the first French dress she has had since they fitted a pink suit on her in Paris when she was twelve and very Alice in Wonderland. She was much fatter then too. I would have liked to buy a good dress too, but it is so hot that getting them on and off makes me

* Alas—don't tell Alberto. The customs official in New York said the valuable silver plate is a modern one.

feel steamy and degraded so I compromised on a black linen to See Me Through. All this stuff you hear about South American women always wearing black is nonsense, as far as I can see. They wear just about what we do in the summer, sport things, prints.

Mrs. Norman Armour wore blue linen. I had a very tantalizing visit with her. We had been asked to lunch at the Embassy, but the only time the Armours could have us was next Monday and we shan't be here that long. So I have seen both the Ambassador and Mrs. Armour separately, for not nearly long enough to suit me.

I'd seen a gleam in a good many eyes at the mention of Mrs. Armour and I expect my own will look that way from now on, when she is mentioned. She is a Russian, but her English is perfect, and her Spanish and French too, I hear, and she is as simple and natural in manner, as quick in apprehension, as everyone had told me she would be.

I said to Mary after we left, "You didn't say very much."

She said, "How could I? You both were talking practically all the time—and at once."

Mrs. Armour is very chic. She looks young, energetic and fit, though her son is about Tan's age. You can imagine her playing a hard set of tennis or swimming or presiding at a dinner table arrayed with gold plate and glittering dignitaries, and doing each thing as it ought to be done, but sort of tossing it off too. There is, certainly, nothing heavy-leather about her and yet she gave me the feeling that she is fully informed about things that are happening in the world, as they happen, that she is a serious person.

She seemed to me completely modern. Mary, who usually passes up women who are older than thirty-five, has discovered, after seeing Mrs. Armour and Señora Guerrero, that

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they can be more attractive and interesting than she had imagined.

We talked about Argentinians, especially women, and again the matter of language came up. If you don't speak Spanish they don't want to bother with you, said Mrs. Armour. They say, "She doesn't speak Spanish—we'll have to plow through French!"

We talked about the war, of course, and about the reluctance of many young Americans to be drawn in, about the intellectual resistance to war in some of the universities. The entrance of the United States into the war, the strength of England, were the subjects predominant in her mind, as they are in the minds of all thoughtful people down there.

But she said, "Before you go, I must show you the house." So simply, as if it were a suburban house she had just finished decorating, and so naturally, as if every citizen of the United States had a right to see the Embassy.

It is very beautiful, the best Embassy I've seen down here and owned now by the United States Government. It's a nice bit of property for us to have. Entering its big hall from which a staircase rises to divide itself before a tablet commemorating President Roosevelt's visit, you feel proud of the place.

But the reason the rooms above the stairs are so charming is because they are filled with the Armours' own furniture, which makes the Embassy a personal establishment as well as a showplace.

We looked at the French gardens, but I don't like formal French gardens much and it was restful to see something I didn't like. And sometime, somewhere, I hope that I shall see Mrs. Norman Armour again, for I went away with my

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mind piled high with subjects I wanted to talk over with her.

I had a longer time with the Ambassador and I went to his office in a state of fairly complete preparedness for I had my notebook with me in the Gunther manner.

I asked about Argentine exports. Mr. Armour feels strongly that there is a necessity for buying Argentine products, beef for instance, and there seems no good reason to him why some of the defense money—far less than a battleship would cost—cannot be wisely put into strengthening trade relations, no matter what we did with the beef after we bought it. My own notion is that we could expand consumption of beef in the United States very greatly. There are going to be a million boys in camp pretty soon and if they are anything like Tan they could eat beef three times a day and like it. They've never had enough beef in their lives, that million boys. We could use all we can get in the United States and still buy some from Argentina.

Mr. Armour is a tall man who looks like an ambassador. He completely lacks pomposity. He is friendly, accurate, unposed, a gentleman who is not locked in his class.

I asked him about the political situation in the Argentine and he told me something of the immediate crisis between Dr. Ortiz and Dr. Castillo, with news of which the papers are plastered today. And we talked of Mr. Roosevelt and of the fact that in South America, as in Europe, he is regarded as the symbol of democracy. This is hard for an honest Willkie girl to take, but it is very true none the less.

Mr. Armour says that the Argentine is a country which wants to be democratic, but that in the event of a German victory, though the independence of Argentina would be apparently undisturbed, there would undoubtedly be an im-

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mediate infiltration of German industry and commerce. Experts in business would come in, there would be German assembly plants and, before long, England and North America would be out of the picture as leading influences in trade. This would have inevitable results.

I asked how Dr. Castillo felt about the United States and Mr. Armour's statement was that "I think he likes the United States."

But it is obvious that he feels that Dr. Castillo is predominantly a nationalist, and Mr. Armour was far more hopeful about Dr. Castillo's sentiments toward us than many other people seem to be.

The extension of cultural relations between the United States and the Argentine is, according to Mr. Armour, extremely important. He believes that an interchange of books and speakers—the right kind of both—is useful and that the motion pictures are tremendously important. Newsreels, he says, are especially valuable, because all the people in the world are intensely interested in news just now. He thinks that the newsreels should contain actual and factual immediate news of North America. In other words, they should not be just travel pictures.

The pictures we send down to South America—here is the same point again that I've heard all over—should give an impression of North America which isn't solely Hollywood. Mr. Armour spoke of a newsreel he had seen recently which showed a grim picture of war in Europe, and immediately afterwards came the North American part of the picture with the caption "Bathing Beauties at Hollywood." He said that it was dismaying, disturbing, for it gave the idea to South Americans that we are silly and trivial. Those aren't his words, but it was what he meant.

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We spoke too about what could be done with radio and I was fluent about my contention that the people down here want to know what the United States thinks about the news, and that Raymond Gram Swing or Dorothy Thompson—or other good commentators—could be put on the air in South America and build up a big public. Their broadcasts would have to be translated, but the effect of their comments needn't be lost, nor the spirit of them. People would come to listen to them and for them. Why couldn't that be part of international cultural relations, instead of just exchanging sopranos on the air?

Mr. Armour agreed, but what else could he do, come to think of it?

I was very glad to meet him. Diplomats like Mr. Armour and Mr. Norweb are very reassuring. They are not likely to fumble international affairs. They are modern in outlook and have shed a lot of unnecessary swank. They are actively and completely patriotic. It's very satisfying to think that they are where they are, looking out for the country's interests at a time when they take so much looking after.

There have been very few waste conversations in these last few days, and they fit into each other like the parts of a picture puzzle. Mary and I had tea with a very proud and young Argentinian publisher one afternoon and he was informing. Partly because of what he said, but more, I think, because of what he was.

Obviously he was of high degree. We were expected to look up to him but didn't. And, as obviously, he was not pro-British and very slightly, if any, pro-United States. He was civil about my country but not enthusiastic.

He had called at tea time, so we had tea and with the tea we had sandwiches and cakes—what is called a full tea—

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and flies. I have never seen so many flies at one meal. It was raining and so we were served in the lounge instead of the terrace and all the flies heard about it and came. That proud young Argentinian, who was as handsome as Valentino, will always appear in my memory a-buzz with flies. I can see his long fingers flick them away.

In spite of the flies we had an interesting conversation. Another man was to have joined us but he didn't come, because of the political crisis in a neighboring province over the matter of these recent elections, which are attacked as corrupt.

The situation is, as I knew when I came, that Dr. Ortiz is ill. He has a diabetic condition which has affected his eyes. On that account he tried to resign, but he was almost forced to stay in office because his supporters didn't want Dr. Castillo to step into the presidency. Politically these two men used to be closer than they are now. Dr. Ortiz has become more liberal and Dr. Castillo more conservative until now it is, as one man expressed it, "like having Franklin Roosevelt as President but incapacitated, with William McKinley as Vice President ready to step in."

Dr. Ortiz refuses to recognize the provincial elections in Buenos Aires or San Juan, because he believes they were corrupt elections. These were conservative successes and naturally are being upheld by Dr. Castillo, who is a conservative. The legal situation is that the President can throw out these elections and appoint his own governor, who will hold office until the next election.

That is the crisis and why one of our callers did not arrive. I gathered that he was rather deeply concerned in it.

I had asked why Dr. Ortiz, even if almost blind, could not retain office, instancing the blind United States Senators who

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were re-elected in spite of their disability. But I was told this very interesting fact, and by a man who favors Dr. Ortiz. The President of Argentina has to sign an enormous number of documents and it is almost essential that he know what he is signing. The chance for fraud could be very great if the President were blind, and the accusation of fraud would be of course always in the offing.

It's a very dramatic situation and everyone, from Alberto to the Argentine publisher, is keyed up about it.

But what the Argentinian young man wanted to talk to me about was not politics but books and the difference between philosophy and morals in North and South America.

"You see South America has a Catholic philosophy," he said. "The Argentine is Catholic."

"But many of you don't seem to be what we call practicing Catholics," I said. "I've been surprised that so many South American men don't go to church unless they want to. There seem to be a number of obligations we Catholics take very seriously in the United States which are more or less ignored here."

"That's true," he said, and not at all in worry or repentance. "Its true that we have many degrees of piety among Catholics. But the country is none the less a Catholic country."

"You mean politically?" I asked.

No, he didn't mean that, he said. He said that the point was that the country adhered to what he called the "Catholic moral." The Catholic moral insists on the permanence of marriage, the ideal of the family, chastity of women. This wasn't news to me. But it was irritating to find that this young man too thought that the United States was not established on any such moral base. I tried to convince him that

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it was but I couldn't get very far. He was polite but apparently he had been to too many movies showing how the Hollywood girls live.

There is something in the air down here once in a while about which I can get very little tangible evidence. But every now and then I get a whiff of suggestion that, if the Axis powers win the war, there will be in some of the South American countries an attempt to revive the influence of an old Spanish culture. Some people say there is nothing to this, that it is just one of the royalist dreams that outlives royalty. I'm inclined to think so. There are always a few people who believe in strange and impossible come-backs. I remember spending a day in Vienna in 1936 with an Austrian woman who believed firmly in the fact that the Austrian empire soon would be re-established, and a week later I was watching boys drill in Germany, preparing to take Austria over. But now I brought this matter up as a feeler and the Argentinian was very interesting on the subject of the cultural influences that bear on his country.

He said, as they all do, that every educated person in this country is thoroughly familiar with all the French and Spanish classics and that they have naturally looked to France and, in a less degree, to the rest of the European continent as the source of culture. I hinted that it was a poor time for culture to grow there just now and that perhaps we were doing something along cultural lines in the United States. He didn't contradict me but I felt my words bounce off his convictions. I asked him what he liked in American reading and he spoke of *Gone With the Wind*. Waldo Frank, Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis—also of *With Malice Toward Some*, by Margaret Halsey, which last he thought was fine. It seemed a curious enthusiasm when he was so erudite, but of

course the point of view toward the English wasn't too tender in that amusing book and that may have been the reason.

I stuck to my knitting and tried to prove that one thing that was needed between our two countries was many more translations of representative books. With this he thoroughly agreed.

"If you could send us any of your books," I said, "which would have a *Gone With the Wind* sale in North America, it would do a lot for both countries. Haven't you fiction we could get in translation—interesting, vigorous fiction?"

He didn't have much to suggest along the lines I suggested. He spoke of the possibilities of several historical novels, but they sounded doubtful as successes to me. He said that he would send me a list of books that could be translated and I promised that if he would do that I would see if I couldn't get them translated. I cherish a belief that we could do much more Spanish and Portuguese translation of new material in the colleges, and if that isn't possible, we might even get it done by amateurs who are studying Spanish.

He seemed interested and said he would send me both a list and some actual books. It remains to be seen if he will.

This particular meeting will, I think, come to nothing. But the young man himself remains a very definite person. I suspect that his aristocratic fingers are dipped in politics now and then as well as in literature. Formally mystic, undemocratic certainly, nationalistic, probably cynic—I wonder just how many there are of him? And if they have a big following or just keep each other warm?

Certainly there are many people in Argentina who do not think that the United States can teach them anything. They prefer to derive their culture from Europe. Some of our

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friends from the United States who are in business down here bear this out.

We were lunching with friends from home the other day, young and attractive men and women, and they say that they see very few Argentinians socially and move mostly in the confines of the North American colony. A few Americans may belong to the Jockey Club, but most of the businessmen from the United States are more likely to be seen at the American Men's Club. They all say that Buenos Aires is a fine city in which to live, but I have not met anyone from the United States who expects to make it a permanent residence.

Yes, I have met one. She has married an Argentinian and is living with his family. She looks very happy. But she belongs less to the North American set than the other young women from the United States whom I've met.

On certain matters all the men from the United States who are living down here for business or diplomatic reasons agree without a dissenting voice. These are, first, that if England doesn't win the war, the hold of the United States in the Argentine will be very tenuous. The second is that it wouldn't hurt the United States to develop her trade relations with the Argentine, and that our stubbornness in the matter of buying even a little beef does us a great deal of harm. The third is that President Roosevelt is our best link with the Argentine.

We have heard again and again of how closely the Argentinians followed the November elections, and when President Roosevelt won they made a point of calling upon or telephoning their friends from the United States and congratulating them. It is also interesting that at this distance the apparent unity and good temper of our people in the

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States, after a bitter political fight like our last one, has made a very favorable impression. The leading journals ran editorials saying that we were a good example in this respect to the political factions down here. Mr. Willkie has come in for his share of interest and praise for sportsmanship and is apparently more of a figure in defeat than he was as a contender. The trip to England made him a public figure and something of a hero. The English influence here may not be cultural but it is tremendous in the business and commercial world. The Trade Commission, which we met in Quito, made a very favorable impression here, from all we've been told, and it laid down the lines for a quick development of more trade when the war is over. That was clever work.

When we get tired of talking and in between engagements we have been sightseeing. Alberto has warmed up and forgiven me for being a lone female, maybe because I have lunch in the right places with undeniable and well-known gentlemen. Mary leads him a chase now and then because she wants to take photographs of queer things, but now he seems to have captured the idea of what we are after in our strange ways, and yesterday he asked me if I didn't want to see a subway. You bet I did.

So we went down, Alberto and I—he wouldn't let me go alone and so I felt delightfully feminine—and I must say that these are superb subways. They look like the London Tubes and they have bookstalls and places to buy flowers. You could live down in one of them for a week and never miss anything above ground.

We have also driven—it took only an hour—to La Plata, which is the capital of the province of Buenos Aires. Though it seems small after B. A., the population of La Plata is over two hundred thousand. It was a very pleasant drive and we

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also saw how spread out B. A. is, in what Alberto tells me is its worst direction. But right here I must set down the fact that though I am assured that I have seen the most poverty-ridden districts of Buenos Aires, I have seen no slums which approach in crowding, dilapidation or misery some of those I have seen in the United States.

In La Plata we did something I didn't expect to do on this trip. We went to the Museum of Natural Science. I think Alberto intended it all along. Normally I am a great hand for museums and Mary is too. She used to go out for the day in Paris and Berlin and come back pounds thinner after being diligent in them. But we were omitting museums and picture galleries because of time and, until Alberto put on his brakes before the building, I had no idea of going in.

We are indebted to him. This museum has one of the world's great collections of fossil mammals and there could be no better time in my own life to have seen it than right now after having flown over deserts and mountains. It was so easy to imagine these great prehistoric beasts, whose skeletons we saw, moving over the deserts and the mountains. As I murmured to them, no one has taken up their land yet!

That was an especially nice day. We came back to the city quite late, still in the mood you can fall into when you realize how long the earth has been growing, and later on we went to La Cabaña for dinner.

Outside La Cabaña, like doormen, are two animals, stuffed heifers I think, with clean red hides, and when the place is closed they are neatly covered up so they won't get dirty. But when it is open you walk in, beginning to lick your lips as you pass a great array of delicacies in glass and fancy containers, and then see the tables where people are eating. But eating! It's like Simpson's in London, or La Reine Pedauque

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in Paris. You don't have to be stylish—better not be—but you must have an appetite or you're completely out of tune.

Filet of beef, steaks, Pekin duckling, hearts of palm, frogs' legs with white wine, ham and melon again, figs with cream—its wonderful if you've got your health. And if you can eat like this and keep it.

There are so many things I want to remember about Buenos Aires, which will last much longer than the political crises. This morning, at about three o'clock, I saw the color of midnight blue in the sky for the first time. It's not just the name of a dye for cloth. It exists. The sky was blue almost with luster and in it was set the largest star I have ever seen down here, cut like an old-fashioned diamond. The whole scene outside my window looked like the stage setting for a popular song—one of those overperfect sets. But it was true.

Really waking up later in the morning, the outlines of the roof garden opposite my window were very romantic. There is a pink flowering tree in one corner, almost always waving, for it catches small, high, independent breezes. I have not yet seen anyone use that corner garden but of course it is summer and, as so many people apologize to me—just as they do in New York when the streets are crowded—"Everyone's out of town at this season of course."

And the butterflies here are something to remember. They flutter in front of your car. They are massacred in hotel entrances by hundreds. They fly as high as our sixth-floor windows and they make love on park benches, just like the young people. And the parks are everywhere.

Mary says, "There's another thing that's international, like orange juice and whisky and soda. Parks and children buying balloons and sailing boats in little ponds. Nursemaids



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whose scoldings sound so angry and fast in French and Spanish."

We are beginning to know our way about a little, Mary more than I. But the Avenida Alvear looks like going home now, and we go along the Avenida 9 de Julio and know where we are going, or turn into the Calle Florida and recognize the shop windows. Alberto has done his work subtly and well and Mary has taken a picture of him which I shall certainly have enlarged and send to him.

Our rooms here are pleasant too. We have a little octagon sitting room with a great wardrobe in which you could hide troops. It has pink Chinese rugs and modern chairs that look fine but don't sit so well, and a desk. Then there is a pink bedroom which is comfortable in front where we have breakfast, but it retreats into an alcove where two beds stand side by side with the bed tables and telephones on the far sides. They would be agreeable for a honeymoon. What is going to happen to us is that Mary will get my cold.

The waiter who serves our breakfast practices his English on us with brief, skillful sentences. He brings us *croissants* and honey. And it will be time for them before long, if I don't get to bed.

I am leaving out too much from this record and I know it. Many whole conversations and important parts of others are not being put down. The trip to the West Point of Argentina and the friendly soldiers who let us take color pictures of it are left out. So is that ridiculous, mad scene in the Customs House when I opened my trunk and the official saw my old Spanish shawl and paraded across the room with it looking like a mustached Carmen. He thought I'd smuggled it. I've not written a word about what fun cocktail hour at the Hotel

Plaza can be, or about the really fashionable clothes that can be seen at six o'clock on the terrace of the Alvear.

But sloven though I am, I must not leave out my visit to the North American Institute, nor my brief talk with Dr. Cupertino del O'Campo, its President, for that was business as well as pleasure. I didn't know—and I'm sure comparatively few people in the United States do know—that there is an "Instituto Cultural Argentino-Norteamericano" in Buenos Aires which has a three-story building of its own, a bookstore where there is a large collection of books written by North Americans for sale—modern books as well as classics—and that this Institute teaches English, exchanges professors, establishes scholarships and holds art exhibitions.

It was founded and manned by Argentines, and has no government subsidy. Quietly and thoroughly it has been teaching adults and children our language, our literature and our culture.

I wonder if each of our North American large cities couldn't well start something like this Institute.



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February 15th
Buenos Aires

.....

TODAY we lunched with Mr. Pinckney Tuck, who is a member of the American Legation and has a very handsome flat. He is a friend of Tom and Frances Daniels and they gave me a note to him. A year ago I wouldn't have used it, but this trip is making me brazen to an extraordinary degree, so I sent it to him and, sure enough, he asked us to lunch.

He told me a wonderful story about Fanny Daniels. He knew her in Italy, as well as when they were down here with the Embassy.

He said, "You know Fanny has spirited, blithe ways and a gay, friendly interest in people, and it often was misunderstood by the Latins. She'd get pinched every time she walked down the street."

"She would," I said thinking of her international charm.

"Well," said Mr. Tuck, "she came in one day and said to

me, 'I've finally figured out what to do about those pinches. I pinch back!' "

She's a big strong girl, and I'll bet some Italians will carry a mark to the grave.

Mr. Tuck is an amusing person. I was praising the food and he said he doesn't really know anything about food, that his wife, who is in Switzerland, trained the cook.

"I think I know him," he said. "I saw a fellow in the hall and spoke to him and he cut me, so it must be the cook."

The dining room of the flat has walnut-paneled walls and there were two paintings that I thought were alike and then saw that one was of white gardenias and one of white camellias. They faced each other and the big Spanish chairs around the table had white satin tufted seats. There were two exquisite little nosegays for table decorations and again, some of the best food I ever hope to eat. Cold candied grapes for dessert—I must remember how they were served.

There were also other guests. Mr. Farley again, and we were so glad to see him that I felt as if we had known him for years, and the Tom Shevlins who had just flown from Santiago and hadn't enjoyed the flight at all, though he's a pilot. She is rated as one of the best-dressed women in the United States, which made me shy (I had on that See-Me-Through black linen) but not for long. Four other nice people—that was all, so it wasn't too many.

Again the occasion was rather tantalizing. I wanted to ask Mr. Tuck a great many questions, but he was giving me lunch and it seemed hardly fair to begin to wield the gimlet too hard. He did tell me a few things I'll not forget.

I asked, "Do you think the movies are an important influence as everyone else does?"

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"I think they are even more important," he said. "They have a great effect on the youth of the Argentine."

"You mean because they like them or not?"

He said, "The Argentine young people are frustrated. They love the idea of Hollywood, of New York, of personal freedom, of relations between men and women which they have never dreamed of——"

And then someone else began to talk to him.

Mr. Farley asked, down the length of the table, "Is there any news today?"

"Nothing very new," answered Mr. Tuck grimly.

In and out of the two hours we talked war. After lunch I talked for a while with a young man who is with the British Embassy and who thinks that Dorothy Thompson is the greatest woman in the world. I wish she could have heard him because it wasn't flattery but absolute conviction.

We said good-by to Mr. Tuck and au revoir to the Shevlins and Mr. Farley, who are going back on the boat with us, and Mr. Farley and I made a date to take our hair down and talk about politics. Then we had to hurry for fear Alberto would be missing us and we only had a few hours more with him. This afternoon we drove to El Tigre. Our travel schedule says it is a fashionable summer and boating resort.

That's right. That's all. Neither Mary nor I thought it was a very exceptional resort. The configuration of the land is interesting at the place where the river Tigre flows into the river La Plata, broken up into many little islands. But it was built up very closely, the boats almost jostled each other at their moorings, and I felt that it probably was a mosquito preserve.

This was the week-end and Alberto said that commonly, in

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spite of the fact that the day was uncertain, it would have been crowded, with every boat in use. It was not.

Buenos Aires is no more normal this summer than the rest of the world. It's worried about money and politics.

Again the drive was interesting. We saw farms and the outskirts of some *estancias*. They are not so pretty nor so neat as they look from the sky-view but still they look very fertile. Of course we would have to drive much farther to get into the country where ranching is big business.

On the way home Alberto showed us the summer palace of Dr. Ortiz, a big rambling country house. He said that after his wife died there, Dr. Ortiz left this house and has since lived in town. As Alberto spoke there was that note of mixed affection and pity in his voice, which I have heard more than once when the name of the President of Argentina is mentioned.

Now that we are about to leave Argentina, what have I added to that scrappy knowledge of the country which I brought with me? There are a host of facts, some in my head, some in documents and pamphlets I have collected this week, accenting the fertility of the country and the rapid growth in the last fifty years. I know that Argentina is an important customer for motor cars, trucks, farm equipment and motion pictures from the United States. They buy steel, chemicals, industrial machinery and building materials from us too. But during the three-year period from 1937-1939 they bought from us more than they sold to us and they don't like that.

The standard of living in Argentina is high, especially among the well-to-do people. The poor are not as badly off as they are in most countries because here there is no problem of food. There is plenty to eat and at low cost. The

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climate is also favorable to the poor. These things are apparent to everyone who comes here. Prosperity and further development should certainly be in the cards for Argentina. But in spite of all her natural advantages she is greatly troubled at the moment.

Unemployment is increasing swiftly. Money is tight. She is feeling the impact of the war, of blockades, of the uncertainty of trade. Ships sit uselessly in the harbors. She feels, like every other country, that things are not going to be as they were in the past. The old people in their big houses know that. The politicians in the state houses know it. The man in the street and the shopkeeper putting up his shutters knows it.

What is coming next? Who will be our friends? I think those are the current questions of the Argentine.

To the second question we should have an answer. We should be friends with the Argentine because we have so much in common. In the United States during the last year I have seen people worry over the problem of our trade with Argentina. We are not a natural customer for their greatest surpluses. Also I have heard many fine speeches, trying to link the countries with words. At home and here too. But words are chains of tissue paper. There is something that seems to me to be more important and basic than speeches or even trade between our countries and though it may be ingenuous, I am going to set down what I think.

The people in Argentina are in the main after the same kind of life we want in the United States. They want to have jobs and insurance and good houses and better schools, theaters, lots to eat, and time to rest and play. There are thousands of signs of democracy in action and in effect here. There are precious few signs of regimentation in these

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crowds that overflow the movie houses and stroll in the parks and go up the river on Sunday.

They're a great deal like us in most ways. They have their points of excellence and we have our own. They are the better linguists but we have more young people in our universities. They are better fed than we are but more of our workers have cars and the freedom and extent of holiday that goes with cars. We should work toward each other's excellences because we want what good things they have and the reverse should be true. Hitler might be forced on these people and his totalitarian methods might have a spurious success, but most Argentinians don't want them.

Here, as much as in any other part of South America, I have a feeling that in spite of political storms and natural disasters something is growing and going to show above the surface in due time. Civilization will have a crop after all.

Yet I am more dissatisfied in Argentina than I have yet been elsewhere because there should not be, between the United States and this modern South American country, a criticism that chafes either of us. There is such criticism. Many Argentinians think we are cheap, dissipated, and sharp traders, and if they have that impression it is largely our own fault. And in the United States we have a suspicion that the Argentine is pro-Nazi.

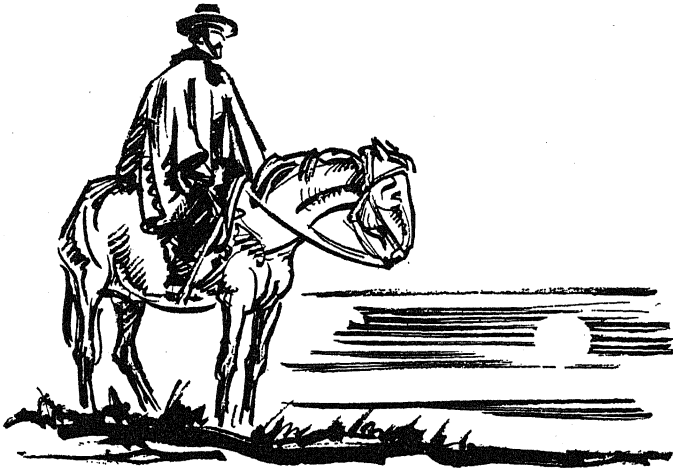
The impression I have formed is not that it is pro-Nazi but that it is not pro-United States. There's a big gap between those two things. The fact is that this country is pre-eminently nationalistic, pro-Argentine. It is intelligent and modern and it wants to tie up with what is going to be intelligent and modern in the future.

The young people of the Argentine admire the United States, most of them at least. But we shall not hold that liking

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do not let them believe that the United States is a country with only a night club spirit. They would soon tire of us.

If in these next few years the Argentine sees us stand up to the problems and clashes of the world with strength and



courage and generosity and wisdom, they are going to want to be with us. They will be on our side.

That's the conclusion in my own mind as I leave Argentina. It's up to us.



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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

FAREWELL, ALBERTO

.....

February 16, 1941

WE GOT up at four A.M., to take this plane. Buenos Aires was at its neatest as we drove through it. Shutters do that to a city. They close the fronts of the houses like the lids on boxes. There are no front porches, no dormer windows, no curtains blowing out on these city streets. I hope they get some air from the windows at the back of their houses.

The streets seemed wider than ever. The stucco and stone were very pale, washed almost white in the dusky streets. Buenos Aires was in bed when we left it, its white covers pulled very straight and smooth. To go out to an airport at that hour seemed foolish and unwary. We had never wanted less to get up, but in spite of that we kept staring out of our windows to get a last view of the city.

It's a gray morning, deep gray when we reached the airport, and lightened now to a dove-color. Mary did catch my cold but she doesn't mention it much. I keep telling her that

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in Rio she is to do nothing but lie on the beach and pleasure herself. If there is learning to be done, I shall do it for two in Rio. Today and of course tonight, when we take the train from São Paulo to Rio, will be our last hard bit of travel. And where are all those people who said, when they looked at our schedule, that this trip was impossibly hard?

This is our last long flight. It is the last time we shall be weighed in, pay excess baggage, give up the cameras and feel the great plane's rise to take off over South American soil. Last time this year, remarks Mary. But she is rather sad at having it over even for a little while.

They didn't give us breakfast at the hotel because it was so very early that the kitchens weren't open, but they said it would be served at the airport. It was, not in a restaurant as it was in Quito, but in very informal style. On a small table were a couple of shining pots of coffee, a thermos jug of chocolate, sugar, cream, thin cups and a glass-covered plate of muffins. It looked as if Mrs. Panagra had brought it from home and set it down on the table. We served ourselves and I think Alberto finished up what was left afterwards. I saw him turning toward the table as the plane taxied off.

It was an unearthly hour to ask him to drive us. In fact I didn't. I told him it wasn't necessary at all and we would take the airport bus or get a taxi. But there was no deterring Alberto, and I was very glad there wasn't, for the airport was a full hour's drive from the hotel and it was a silent, almost mysterious ride. We said very little. We were awake but not yet day-awake.

After a week of being cared for by Alberto, we now feel like abandoned children. I gave him a present and hope he liked it. He is part of Buenos Aires to both of us.

For the first half hour in the air I tried to figure out my

hotel bill. We had paid it last night but this morning the clerk found some other items he hadn't charged us for and I've been trying to prove to myself that he was right so I won't feel gypped. It is sometimes very difficult to read the bills as you sign them. They are usually itemized in a swift slanting hand. You pick up one that seems as full of phrases as a love-letter and break it down into 2 *jugo Naranja* (orange juice to you) and a bottle of mineral water—*sin gas* (which means not charged). As for laundry lists, between *ropa de Hombre* and *ropa de Señora*, I am annoyed and confused. Annoyed because there are more items on a man's laundry list than on a woman's and intrigued because I wonder if I have one garment that could be rightfully set down under the heading *Combinaciones, Fantasía!* Then I followed everyone else's example and went to sleep.

At ten-thirty we all woke up for we came down at Asunción. We are taking what is called the inland flight from Buenos Aires. We are going toward North America now, almost straight north from B. A. to Asunción which is in Paraguay. We shall see Paraguay, to our intense regret, only from the plane and touch its soil only for a half hour at the airport. One reason I would have liked to spend a few days in Asunción was to contrast it with B. A. It was an old Spanish city when B. A. was just a river town and I wonder just how modern it has become.

The size of some of these inland cities is astonishing. We were surprised to find out that Rosario, a provincial city in Argentina not far from Buenos Aires, has a population of about a million people. But so it has.

At Asunción we felt a new brand of heat. It had been sticky hot in Buenos Aires more than once, but there was a dry breathlessness to the heat which met us at the Panair

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station in Asunción. We had a drink of bottled water and kept out of the sun.

Four or five women were selling laces on the narrow porch of the station. Some of the lace was like a spiderweb, fine and white and firm and the women who sold it were brown and knotted. I bought only a few large doilies with the last of my Argentine money and I'm sorry that I didn't have a chance to get more. But we haven't any Brazilian money yet.

We hope that it is easier to manage Brazilian money than it looks as you read about it. The decimal system is quite different here and you deal in milreis, pronounced in no fancy fashion but just milrays. There are about sixteen milreis to the United States dollar. That I could master, but it is the way it is written that is as new as driving on the other side of the street. One milreis is written like this: 1\$000. One thousand milreis or about sixty dollars is written: 1000\$000. It all looks like much more money than it apparently is. I wonder how it would look if Mr. Roosevelt figured one of his budgets in milreis?

At this moment the clouds are all behind us and the day has become perfect. We are flying over forests and tablelands and the forests look like clipped box hedges. Mary and I have both bound up our heads in white turbans and hers is becoming and mine is neat. I begin to understand why turbans are so important in the tropics. They protect you against heat by making you feel neater and as if you'd hold together instead of dissolving in a degraded way. Also the white suits which so many men wear—even crumpled or dirty white suits—give an effect of beating the weather.

The next stop will be at what I gather is the town or junction of Iguazú Falls. We enter Brazil at that point. But we can't see the famous Iguazú Falls from the airport and

some of the passengers are fussing about whether the captain will give us a good view of them as we fly or not. We are a little late this morning, as we've had a head wind to contend with.

It is very pleasant looking down this morning. From a plane a river seems on a level with its banks. It is a long easy stream, meandering through meadow and forest.

We can see these streams so easily from here, but how hard it must have been for explorers and travelers cutting through the jungle to find them. Always, many times an hour in the air, I think too of how terribly exposed modern war is now and how helpless men who fight and try to protect themselves on the ground can be.

Later in the morning.

THE captain was more than generous. He swung around those great waterfalls until we saw them from at least three angles. The way to see them properly is to make the trip by water up the Paraná to the Falls of Iguazú and on to Asunción, and they tell me that three weeks is about the right time to allow for the journey. We saw them in about seven minutes, with no time for reverie. We didn't stare up at the great cataracts, which are larger and far wilder than Niagara. We looked down in wonder, for no matter how many times you are told about them you don't believe they are as magnificent as they are until you see with your eyes.

I couldn't believe it. I asked, doubtfully, "That's a low white cloud down there, I suppose?"

"That's the spray from the Falls," said the captain.

The Iguazú Falls are on the border of Brazil, Argentina and Paraguay. Their width is two miles and the drop three hundred feet—and all this in a sub-tropical jungle. And as

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the plane curved and made a kind of spirited courtesy before the Falls, there were no words that seemed necessary. We were seeing wonders—we were part of a wonder. A good time to keep still.

When we passed Iguazú Falls the countryside seemed to gradually quiet down. We came to a place called Curityba and stopped briefly and were off again. There were mountains again but not harsh or cruel ranges. These mountains looked velvety, as if they had all been upholstered in green. Sometimes the clouds built themselves into beautiful towers and the shadows of them leaned against the mountains.

And lunch was just what we wanted after that early breakfast and all the excitement, many good sandwiches and tomato juice and fruit and coffee.

Just at the minute I can't bear to think it is our last flight in South America in 1941. Still, it is only February and anything might happen.



CHAPTER FOURTEEN

BRAZIL

Hotel Copacabana
February 17, 1941
Rio de Janeiro

WE ARE in Rio. The language is Portuguese and seems more remote from the Latin grammar than did Spanish. We have milreis in our purses and I had a letter from Tan, so we are both solvent and happy. Mary, in a blue bathing suit and a red wrap, has gone down to the beach to do something about browning her legs. She says they look disgusting. I didn't think they were so bad.

The beach can be seen from our windows, off to the right, and the sand is dazzlingly white in this almost noonday sun and strewn with umbrellas and people who even at this distance look brown. It is certainly a sun-tan country. I told Mary two horror stories about the beach before she went out so that she would be careful. But she'll forget them, for the sand on the other side of the curiously inlaid sidewalk with

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the blue joyous sea beyond looks like the most perfect pleasure place in the world. I must write down those horror stories but first of all I must fill in the gap between the last notes and now.

We reached São Paulo yesterday and it seems about a month ago.

They told us there that the city was enduring a heat wave, that it was unusually hot. I wouldn't have known. By that time all heat was alike to me. Once I wondered if my suit was permanently ruined because it was so moist against my back, but it seemed easier not to think too much about it and instead to get through the customs and on our way to the Snake Farm. For our itinerary had suggested that on this fraction of a day in São Paulo (you pronounce that first part San and I don't see why it wouldn't be easier to spell it that way) we should go to see Butantan Snake Farm, where the venom is extracted from poisonous snakes for serums.

"A Highly Interesting Visit," read the itinerary in an educational way.

I hadn't, when I read it, the slightest intention of going to see any snakes. That was one of the things I definitely meant to skip. And the best thing to do anyway seemed to be to live out our lives in cold showers. But even before we got off the plane we had decided, without argument or persuasion passing between us, that we would call on the snakes. It was, I think, a combination of refusal on my part to be beaten by the demands of travel and of Mary's genuine liking for curious and unusual sights. We hoped also that we could get a glimpse of a coffee plantation and we didn't know what else São Paulo had to offer strangers on a Sunday.

As usual we were more than welcomed. Waiting for us was a young man with a decorative wife in a big broad-

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brimmed hat and their little unwilted child. They were worth seeing as proof that in such heat people can look like that. The man had arranged to have a car and driver ready for us and gave us a note which asked us to come to tea at the home of the regional manager of General Motors.

I heard myself say, "We would love to if we can get back from the Snake Farm in time."

And I loathe snakes! Not only am I afraid of them but my mother brought me up to be superstitious about them. She always said, "Dream of a snake and it means you have an enemy." Here I was, letting myself in for endless snake-dreams and by that token for any number of enemies. Mary grinned. She thought it was a good thing that we'd soon be back in a country where the keepers of insane asylums speak English.

We were also greeted by a young Brazilian who is with Panair and in half an hour he was a friend. He was our last South American contact with air travel and a climax of courtesy.

He was gentle and thoughtful. Our impression of São Paulo was something he made his personal business, but he had the good sense to see that it must rest on a base of some comfort. He drove with us to the hotel where we were going to take a room for the few hours we would be in the city, and even on the drive we learned, without pressure, something of São Paulo. It's a big hustling city of more than a million people, now undergoing what we call a boom, at home. The amount of new construction is tremendous and it is said that houses are built at the rate of one new house every hour. It's an industrial city where many Brazilian products are manufactured. The state of São Paulo in which the city is located also includes the city of Santos, which is

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São Paulo's port. These two great cities and the surrounding coffee plantations make the state of São Paulo the greatest economic force in the whole vast country of Brazil and it contributes fifty per cent of the total revenue of the nation. The modern growth of São Paulo is due to an industrial development which astonishes the Brazilians as well as strangers.

"Of course many foreigners have come to settle here, driven out of their own countries," said the Brazilian.

"You have many refugees?"

His gesture indicated that they were almost countless. But he went on to tell us that the influx was so great that laws restricting such immigration had now been put into effect.

"Though it is not a time when a country like this should be unkind," he said, again gently.

The hotel proved what he had said about a boom going on for there was an exceptionally great number of foreign travelers. It was so full that we were fortunate to get any room at all. There was no bath so we just mopped ourselves up and Mary put on a dress that at least looked refreshing, and I put on a white one and a big hat, hoping against hope that I could get the effect of the woman who had met us at the airport. The hat was somewhat bent, and for that and other reasons I couldn't.

Mary wanted a cool drink—we didn't dare touch the water in the tap—and when we got downstairs again I asked our Brazilian friend, who had waited all that time, if he wouldn't join us in having one. He said that he thought we would enjoy it more if we went with him to his club, which was on the way to the Snake Farm, and had a drink there.

So we went to the Brazilian Tennis Club. I think he wanted us to see it. It was big and brave with stucco, and

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around the edges of a large swimming pool sat and stood and dived girls with lustrous brown skins—tanned skins—and we had a lemonade apiece.

It didn't, I might add, occur to him to offer us anything stronger, nor to us to ask for it. That was always happening in the Argentine too. Argentinians and Brazilians do not drink spirits as frequently as we do. They drink wine and have not been shamed out of their soft drinks.

As usual, the super-efficient Panair representative had thought of everything and had made our reservations on the night train. It was, said the Brazilian, usually a very crowded train.

"We have good reservations?" I asked.

He said, "Oh, but the most luxurious!"

That sounded very fine. I expected to be ready for my Pullman.

We told him that he needn't bother with us, that we were going to see the snakes and go back to the H—s' house for tea, then get dinner at the hotel if we wanted it and there was time, and finally catch the nine o'clock train. But there was no releasing him from his duty. He said that he would be at the hotel at eight o'clock to make sure we were all right. Then he instructed our driver, who spoke only Portuguese, where to take us and in what order, and off we went.

There is nothing like that farm in the world, I suppose. The poisonous snakes, the really vicious ones, are in cages and much as you see them at a Zoo in any big city. But the others lived in colonies, in pits sunk in the ground, with little houses that looked like a cross between a big beehive and an Eskimo igloo. The snakes sunned themselves at the doors of their dwellings and we looked down over the pit



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edge at them. They were sometimes beautifully colored and their skins, like cellophane wrappings, often lay on the bottom of the pits.

Some of the snakes weren't in pits. Once the Portuguese chauffeur, who went around with us, pointed above his head and I looked up into a thickly leafed tree. It was just like pictures I had seen of the Garden of Eden. There, wrapped around the trunk of the tree, was a big bright green snake, his head hanging down, his eyes bright, looking for an Eve.

Mary had a wonderful time. She took color pictures of everything. The gravel got in our shoes and the heat made us weak but we were glad we were there. Anything done as well as that is a matter of pride even to the foreign spectator, and it was satisfying to think that it wasn't for display alone but because these curious darting creatures were giving up their poison to save men who would perhaps be bitten in jungles as they were trying to do useful work.

"Glad you came?" asked Mary and there was only one answer.

Then, driven by a strange driver, we were taken to the house of people whom we had never seen and within ten minutes we were talking about mutual friends and schools which were familiar to all of us and whether and when the United States would come into the war, and President Vargas.

Mr. H—— feels that Vargas is doing a good job. He says, as they said in Lima—I've not heard it since then, not in Chile or Argentina—that in a country with a population like this you almost need a dictator. We are again in a country with a mixed population, a great negro population, a country where, they tell me, it is not unusual to have someone who has negro blood dining with you at your table. They take

the fact of negro blood without shock, without the social disgrace that accompanies it in the Southern United States.

Mrs. H—— is a Russian with a delightful, exact way of treating the English language. She wears her hair in a little crown and serves tea in a manner which makes it a function. There were two other Americans there. I asked the women what they did to interest themselves in São Paulo and they said that they went to antique shops, that there was nothing else to do. From the look of the rooms, the visits to the antique shops had been successful but I still haven't found a North American woman who blends into the South American atmosphere in any of these countries.

Suddenly it rained, a heavy, straight, Jeanne Eagels kind of rain, and everybody gasped with relief. I think we aren't the only people who have been hot here.

Mr. H—— attributes the tremendous amount of building in São Paulo less to the coming of refugees and foreign capital than to a natural expansion of industry. And he seemed to think that the steadying rule of a strong national government had a good deal to do with this.

Later than we had intended, we left the house of the H——s and went back to the hotel. There was, after we had packed, still time enough for dinner, or would have been if the headwaiter had been co-operative. But he was a formal soul and didn't like us. We were women alone, we were running out of the hotel to catch a train in a few minutes, and he was very cavalier.

"Remember," said Mary, seeing my dander rising and knowing well what happens when it does, "that you are a Good Neighbor."

"It takes two," I muttered, "to make good neighbors or a quarrel. And if he wants to fight ——"

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We left before any open outbreak of hostilities.

The gentle Brazilian came in, happily relieved to find that we had survived since he had left us and even more relieved that he must not see us to the train. He had, he finally admitted, a date with a girl, but he left us his address to call him if anything went wrong. We were sure we wouldn't. It was fun to be on our own.

This was our first really unattended trip, and it was also our first overnight journey on a railway train in South America. We were excited and curious as we said good-bye to our Portuguese driver and saw our luggage dragged away by two rough-looking porters. We didn't even know then what a South American sleeping car looked like.

"Wait a minute," I said to Mary, "have you any change for the porters?"

She hadn't. And even to a greenhorn like myself, a hundred milreis seemed too much for a tip.

But how did you ask for change in Portuguese? There was just one way. I went over to a counter where they sold sweets and picked up five packages of what looked like lemon drops and handed them, with the hundred-milreis note, to the man behind the counter and took back the money he gave me. It looked like plenty.

The porters did get most of it after all. It was a long way down that platform to the place where our sleeping car, number six, had its number displayed. The trains were built in the continental manner, with corridors and compartments. They looked old-fashioned. Our luggage was lifted through the windows to the part of the corridor next to our compartment and then a black giant, who was the sleeping-car attendant, piled it in our tiny room. It left practically no room for us.

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We are utterly spoiled in the United States by the Pullman Company. What with rubber mattresses and all the towels you can use and soap and Kleenex and reading lights and night lights, we have come to expect a great deal of comfort during a night on a train. It is not the same on the train from São Paulo to Rio, and I was assured this morning that we traveled on one of the best sleeping cars in the country.

There was a pallet below on a long seat, and a shelf above for sleeping. The pallet had sheets laid upon a very narrow leather cushion and a pillow and a dark, dark blanket. The shelf, which was technically the upper berth, had to be made up by the person who got up there. It was high and there had to be some monkey in the person who slept aloft. Sorry as I was for Mary, she seemed indicated to sleep above though I offered to try.

It was good training for her. She can now sleep comfortably in any large bureau drawer.

There was a washbasin, but when we turned the faucet a dribble of rusty liquid was all that came out of it. Two small limp towels hung beside it. All other facilities were at the end of the corridor outside and of course again coeducational.

The train was filling and the platform was ascream with farewells in Brazilian. I paid off the porters with more than the redcaps get in the Grand Central, but they still pouted so I gave them some more and finally they went away. I think they must have wanted me to send their sons through college. Then I stood there in the corridor for a while and had fun watching people, hot as it was, and trying to feel like one of the cast in *The Shanghai Express*.

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And suddenly the train rushed off with a clatter of everything.

We had decided to be wise and use only my small dressingcase on this train to save opening Mary's luggage. She was looking at its contents when I went back to see if she was in bed.

"I hate to tell you," she said, "but something is broken in here."

It was a bottle of liquid cold cream cleanser—after all I had done for those porters. I'd carried that bottle for years and it had to break in South America on a night when the temperature was ninety-five degrees hot and we had only two small towels and didn't speak Portuguese. A small event but I shall always recall it as my low point in travel.

When we had worked it all out, Mary said reflectively, "We really have quite nice dispositions."

"Well," I said, "you get up there on your perch if you must. And I'm going to open the window."

"You'll be cindered under by morning."

I said I didn't care. She climbed up with marvelous agility and called down to me, "You've been talking a whole lot about how little we can teach South Americans. We can teach them something about Pullmans!"

But the amazing thing was that the sheets were linen.

The nightdress which I had packed in the dressingcase had been put in hurriedly and when I shook it out I discovered it was one of my best—satin, white, lacy—racy. But I was in bed wearing it when there was a rap at the door which was right at my head, and I opened it to find that the conductor wanted my ticket. And before he got through inspecting it several of my fellow passengers came along the corridor and just stood there looking at what they could

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see of me and the nightdress and thinking it was interesting. It was. The conductor had his foot in the door and I couldn't do much about anything, except try to look effective and virtuous.

When you are tired, you sleep. The train rushed along rattling through tunnels, now and then seeming to break through solid rock, but by ten o'clock I was sleeping on my pallet and I woke completely rested at five o'clock the next morning to look out at Brazilian jungle.

I should like to write a story about my best awakenings—the one at the Hotel Washington, in Cristobal, the one in Quito to the church bells, and this one. There was a greenness outside the window I've never seen elsewhere, a bright greenness of morning and damp jungle. There were coconut palms and breadfruit trees and native huts and here and there a black man stared at the train as if it were the first one he had ever seen. There was a variety of color to go with those green, strange red leaves, white flowers—and it was cool, cool as I had never thought the world could be again. I watched it for a while and then didn't want Mary to miss it so I called her about half past six and she dressed with a few quick movements and slid down.

"I'll get the porter to make the berths up," I said efficiently, "and we'll be much more comfortable."

Making up the berths had never been done before apparently, not on that train. Not before reaching Rio at eight A. M. The man who met us this morning laughed when I told him. And what that porter thinks of me—in Portuguese—is something to be imagined. But after all, I've kept house for years and when I want a thing to be neat I can usually get it that way.

When I went out to find the porter, the black giant was

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resting at the end of the car, propped against an array of white pillows which made the back and seat of his chair very cosy. I beckoned him to my door and explained what I wanted in French, Spanish, English and mostly signs. A baffled resistant look came over his face. But I won. Between us we housecleaned the place! He dragged out the soiled sheets, I dusted the window ledges, he found the leather cushions that are used for daytime trips, and when Mary came in again we were in an observation car.

"And now," I said triumphantly to the porter, "we would like coffee."

He was afraid by that time to deny me anything. A waiter came with coffee and rolls and marmalade and we propped the tray on the washbasin and had a good breakfast. Our door was open for air so we soon had a gallery outside watching us. Just staring in a nice way.

"Aren't we representing American womanhood?" Mary wanted to know.

Pretty well, I thought too.

Coming in to Rio from São Paulo is like coming into any city at its least attractive end. A big Rumanian met us and herded us into a huge old touring car.

He said, "I suppose you wondered where all the big touring cars went when they stopped using them in the United States. Well, they're all down here."

He was a cheery fellow and told us that he first came to Rio with the Rumania government service. Then he went back for some reason to his own country, looked it over and decided that Rio was a far better place to live than Rumania. He seems to have been forehanded. Anyway he returned again to Rio and went to work here.

"So it's a good country to live in?" I asked.

"Oh yes. You can enjoy life here."

"Even under a dictator?"

"Well, I tell you," he said, "Getulio Vargas has done a lot for the country. A country like Brazil almost has to have ——"

"So I've been told," I said.

We were on the Avenida Rio Branco by this time. That is Rio's Main Street. He showed us the entrance to the Rua do Ouvidor, a narrow shopping street on which no automobiles are allowed. The big, open, loose-jointed car somehow made Mary and me feel very gay and happy, and the streets grew wider and less crowded and, as they broke into the ocean boulevard, we both caught our breath. No matter how many pictures you've seen, you can't quite imagine it. The crescents of the beaches, the blue of the ocean, all the white sand and whiter buildings, the mountains so individual and so spectacularly close, dark green luxuriant trees and again a long curve of perfected shore and again the blue of the ocean. If Buenos Aires was constructed in a mood of spare-no-expense, Rio was built in a mood of spare-no-beauty and harm-no-line.

Copacabãña is the name of a district about fifteen minutes out from the center of the town. It has a very fine beach and a big hotel, named after the district. That's where we are staying. It's an almost too well-known resort hotel but like everything else here in Rio the most obvious things are also the most beautiful.

Yes, it would have been a mistake to go the other way, to have come first to Rio and last to Buenaventura, much as I love the West Coast.

There is a pair of long windows in our room, which are going to stand open all the time, and a wee balcony outside,

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big enough to stand on but not wide enough for a chair. A steel awning diminishes the light and it is rolled out by a curious harness inside the room. We haven't much space but we have a big bathroom and are lucky to have been able to get any reservations, for the next week is Carnival in Rio.

I asked the man we were talking to this morning, "What is the Carnival like? What do they do?"

He said, "Well, I will tell you. It is like this. Well—they ride up and down. They go crazy. It is the three days in the year when the people do as they please and it is very good for them."

Before they begin to go crazy I must get some work done and find out all I can. And Mary can brown. But I hope she will be careful.

One of the horror stories I told her was about a girl who was in Rio on a vacation. She went on a party one night and the next morning had a little hangover and felt wretched, so she said to herself that what she needed was fresh air and went down on the beach. She fell asleep and the sun moved around so that she was no longer under her umbrella. Two hours later she woke up, went raving mad and died a few hours later. There was an autopsy and her liver was shrunken almost to nothing.

Not a nice story but vouched for. I wish Mary didn't drop off to sleep so easily, even without hangovers.

The other story was about this very beach below me. There is a vicious undertow in the ocean at this point. Even the guidebooks warn you about it. One of the members of the British Trade Commission went swimming when he was here this winter and whether it was the undertow or the force of the waves that drowned him, no one seems to be sure.

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Some say that his back was broken in three places when he was tossed on the beach.

Another curious sinister twist to an accident in Rio is that, if one occurs, no one can take charge—not even to give first aid or artificial respiration—until the proper authorities arrive on the scene. That sounds impossible and ridiculous but I have been assured that it is true.

But there will be no accidents this morning. I look out and can see that the ocean is gentle and friendly, and men



in little more than loincloths are strolling up and down, not only on the beaches but on the sidewalks. They wouldn't let them go around like that in Chicago.

We're pretty prudish in a lot of ways at home. I often think of how Thomas Beer described the prejudices of some of the women in the nineties—better than it's ever been done by anyone else—"women in hot black silk, screaming at little naked boys swimming in the river."

They'd certainly do a lot of yelling around here, those same Victorians.

Below, in a little sidewalk café, men and girls in gay sport things are sipping their drinks. All very pretty—not much like war.



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February 20, 1941
Rio de Janeiro

YES, Rio is a climax. Brazil is a climax and not just because of scenery which could fill your eye so completely that you would see nothing else. Here in Brazil all the problems of South America appear, nationalized according to the country, and most of them on a larger scale.

The immensity of Brazil is what your consideration of it must begin with. It covers an area of eight million, five hundred thousand square kilometers and it doesn't yet know its own resources, for they have not yet been completely explored. We in the United States think of it as a country which grows coffee, and it is the greatest coffee country in the world. But in addition it has gold, diamonds, some of the best iron ore in the world, rubber, and great potential wealth in vegetable extraction. It is a rich country and under a successful economy it can be much richer and more productive.

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Brazil boasts through its propaganda department that it could feed nine hundred million inhabitants. When it was discovered in 1500 by a Portuguese navigator, Pedro Cabral, it was said—though how could anyone know?—to have a million inhabitants. In the last four centuries it has added some forty million people, who have come from everywhere, including some citizens of the United States. At the end of the Civil War a group from Georgia, feeling that the United States was done for, came down to Brazil in a colony and settled here.

The last census was in 1920 and there was none taken in 1930 because that was an upset year. That was the year when revolution broke out and Mr. Getulio Vargas assumed office. He has been in office ever since and his tenure of office now extends until the time when he chooses to hold a plebiscite. He has set no date for that.

The government is a dictatorship. In some of the other countries of South America, the governments approximate that, but here you have the real, avowed thing.

Here in Brazil the problems which appeared also in other South American countries reach a new high. Here is the problem of a mixed population and an asserted eighty-five percent illiteracy. Here is the refugee situation, to be met and adjusted.

Here is a highly developed feminism and a futile one. Brazil was given woman suffrage in 1934, but that right is nullified now under the present government.

Here in Brazil an Axis victory in the war could be a physical as well as an economic threat, for Brazil projects so far into the Atlantic that it makes a great difference to her who controls Africa. Sea or air bases in West Africa are no joke to Brazil.

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In the other countries of South America which we have recently visited, the political parties, whether they were in or out of power, knew where they were going to throw their weight. Here, where all political parties have been dissolved, the highly centralized government maintains a meticulous, official neutrality. But the sigh that goes up from the liberals is that the temper of the existing government is already totalitarian, and so what honest traffic can it have with democracies in a line-up of ideals such as is demanded now?

Yet the surprise to me is that a visitor has no sense of being in a highly controlled state. This is not so in Italy or Germany. There you are conscious of dictatorship all the time. But here, though the Brazilians and other residents feel the absolutism of the state, there is little that indicates it on the surface. There is no militarism in São Paulo or Rio—no official pomp—hardly a uniform except on the policemen. There are no *Verboten* signs around. Nobody salutes or straightens up or stretches his arm out in recognition of anyone else. We shake hands here just as we did in Colombia and everywhere else. And go our way, without interference.

In Berlin, in 1936, Mary and I felt oppressed and watched. In Italy we were continually kept conscious of Mussolini, by the marching youth and the dictator's maxims painted on the white sides of houses. Here it's quite different. The dictatorship does not display itself in any pretentious or obvious way to foreigners. This may be due to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Oswaldo Aranha, whom everyone seems to regard very highly, or to the horse-sense of Dr. Vargas himself.

What has happened here is now fairly clear to me and can be quickly put down for the record. Historically, Brazil followed the general South American pattern for some cen-

tures. It was discovered by the Portuguese instead of the Spanish, and even before its discovery a papal bull in 1493 had divided South America between Spain and Portugal, giving Portugal the part that is Brazil. France saw no reason for being excluded from this part of the New World and in 1555 sent an expeditionary force which entered the bay here at Rio and set up a French colony. The Portuguese drove them out, the French came back for another effort, and another, but always without permanent success.

Before long the development of plantations of sugar cane and mines exhausted the supply of native Indian labor and the inevitable happened. Slaves were imported from Africa on a large scale. No less than three million negroes were landed in Brazil from 1532 until the traffic was stopped in 1850.

You don't have to stretch your imagination very far to imagine what those slave traders were like, what the brutality and the death rate must have been. And you understand too why the negro population is an integral part of Brazil.

Brazil was the refuge for the Portuguese court in the Napoleonic wars. In 1808, with Dom João, the Portuguese Regent, fifteen thousand people set sail—and under British convoy—for Rio. There they set up a court for Portugal which was maintained in Brazil for eighty years, under Dom Pedro the first, and subsequently under the greatly loved Dom Pedro the second.

The second Emperor Pedro of Brazil ruled the country for fifty years and for the most of that time there was peace and progress. Though he died in Paris in exile, his memory is still held in great affection here. They speak of him merely as "Dom Pedro" and showed us the great rocky promontory named after him because the outline of the rock bears a

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resemblance to a human profile. Dom Pedro's face is said always to be looking over Rio.

He was born in Brazil. His father abdicated in his favor when he was six years old and sailed back to Portugal to play a part in European intrigue, and when Dom Pedro II was fifteen years old he was legally declared of age and became Emperor.

Evidently he loved his people very much. In Rio you hear continually of the public institutions Dom Pedro founded for the unfortunate, and of his patronage of all forms of education. He must have had an active, progressive mind. In 1876 he visited the United States, not on a formal errand of state but to study the country, and he traveled its length and breadth. He saw Whittier and Bancroft and Lowell and Longfellow. He visited President Grant, who was in office at the time, and he must have heard a great deal about our solution of the slavery problem, which was to be his own undoing.

Dom Pedro was not opposed to the freeing of Brazilian slaves. Five years before his visit to the States, he had signed a law providing for the gradual abolition of slavery, and even before that he had freed his own slaves. But the subject of abolition became a burning one in Brazil and, I suppose, a political football. In any case, although slavery in Brazil would have come to a planned end in 1902, in 1888 it was definitely abolished by law. Dom Pedro was ill in Paris when that was done and his daughter, the Princess Isabel, signed the law, as his Regent.

Many Brazilians will tell you that the law was a mistake. Coming as abruptly as it did, it dislocated the economics of the country. The decree was in effect before proper provision had been made for the slaves or for the owners of the

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plantations and mines. Naturally, economic conditions became bad. People went bankrupt. The inevitable political unrest began and the Emperor, now back from France, was the scapegoat. The empire of Brazil was overthrown in 1889 and Dom Pedro ordered to leave the country again. Two years later he died in Paris.

Hugh Gibson, the late Ambassador to Brazil, makes an interesting comment on the Empire of Brazil. In his book on Rio, he says: "The Empire conferred upon Brazil one advantage that was denied to all other American countries. The rest of us passed abruptly from colonial status to independence and government. Brazil on the contrary had, from 1808 to the end of the empire in 1889, a period of transition between the status of a neglected colony and complete governmental authority. This was a precious apprenticeship for learning the art of government, forming native talent and laying foundations for the future.

"This period has left its mark on Brazilian character. Many of the Portuguese families which accompanied Dom João to Rio remained when he returned to Lisbon. They were people of assured position with a tradition of public service."

I am not sure whether these remarks have not been mocked by recent history. But I think I am going to have the good luck to meet some members of those old Portuguese families.

The empire fell in 1889. A constitution was promulgated in 1891 which was in effect until 1930. During those forty years there were great inventions, new means of communication, world wars and depressions, plots and counter plots. Then in 1930 Dr. Getulio Vargas assumed the Presidency of Brazil following the overthrow of the preceding administration, and he gathered the affairs of Brazil in hands that

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claimed as much power and authority as had ever been given to Dom Pedro II. In 1934 Dr. Vargas was elected President of Brazil for a four-year term. But, while he was still in office, he avoided election by changing the constitution to extend his term to six years. That was in 1937. His own term was then extended sine die, or until such time as Dr. Vargas sees fit to call a plebiscite.

These events and facts come to me here, not only out of the history books, but through people who have been affected by them, who talk of them reminiscently, fatalistically or burningly.

We have been given a great many introductions to people here but we shall be able to use only a few of them. The Carnival conditions these ten days. In Rio you cannot possibly ignore the Carnival nor go a normal way while it is in progress.

But we are having our usual amazing luck, for in addition to hearing from old friends who are living here in Rio and making engagements with them, I have had a long talk with Berta Lutz, an all too short one with Donna Ana Amalia Carneira de Mendoza, and on Friday we are going to Petropolis to lunch with Mrs. Carl Sylvester. And I'm seeing Berta Lutz again next Monday.

For some years I've known about Berta Lutz. She is well known in the United States among women who are interested in the feminist movement. She is a Brazilian, of Swiss and English descent, and her father was a famous scientist and leading authority on tropical diseases. She herself is a biologist of the highest standing and does full-time work in research in her own profession. But she has carried along with her work a deep and passionate interest in the progress of women.

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The reversal which her hopes and successes have had to endure is tragic. She led the fight for suffrage in Brazil, organized the women, and in 1934 the vote was granted to them. At the same time she herself was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. But in 1937, with the promulgation of the new Constitution by President Vargas and the extension of his authority, all this became meaningless. The 1937 Constitution still contains a woman's suffrage clause but it will not be in force until a plebiscite is held to adopt the Constitution and in the meantime nobody in Brazil, man or woman, has a vote.

I knew her at once when I saw her in the salon of the Copacabana. I must have seen her picture before now. She has dark hair and eyes but she does not look like a Latin. Her face is strong and well molded and its glance is direct and inclusive. She looked sad. She is doubly sad now, because of the recent death of her father and because she feels that the world may lose its freedom. And she will not encourage herself or cheer herself with any false hopes. She is a scientist and considers only facts and she doesn't like the look of what is happening.

We sat, she and Mary and I, long over our tea, and many subjects kept arising, but they all poured into one question, the outcome of the war. On that, Berta Lutz feels, the destiny of the world hinges, its future as far as we can look ahead.

I was surprised at so passionate a political point of view in a scientist. But she feels that an Axis victory will not have only political results but deep social ones.

These are some of the things she said to me, though not in her exact words. Hitler, she said, must be kept in Europe. It is essential for the United States to help Great Britain,

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for if Britain goes down the United States will lose not only the British Empire but South America. It would inevitably be tied up with Europe.

"Would Brazil be willing to do that?" I asked.

She said, "Brazilians are political-minded. They are not economic-minded. They would see a political victory and it would swing them with it. They're very fatalistic."

I asked her if there was much German influence at work in Brazil and she said there was. She said that many of the young people are becoming Nazi-influenced.

Mary wanted to know what the United States could do to combat that influence.

Dr. Lutz said, "President Roosevelt is the greatest influence for Pan-Americanism. He's respected, revered as the defender of democracy. He can do a great deal of good because people down here believe in him. On the other hand, why don't you do something about Lindbergh?"

"We can't stop him talking," I answered. "What can we do?"

"It's too bad," she said, "because he does the United States so much harm. His speeches are printed in full down here for some reason and they give the impression that the United States is selfish—which many people want to believe anyway—and also and worse that it's weak. And ill-prepared. He destroys confidence in the United States."

She wanted to know if I thought Lindbergh was pro-Hitler and said many Brazilians believed it absolutely. I told her I didn't think so, that it was only a limited point of view that made him say the things he did. Also I said that, perhaps unfortunately for the world, Lindbergh did represent a group in the United States who were doggedly opposed to participation in this war, and that many of these

were good people, many of them from Minnesota. She said they were very blind and Mary said she wished she could take people like that on a personally conducted tour around South America so that they could understand all that hemisphere defense really involves.

"Many people here seem to be quite reconciled to the Vargas government," I said.

"Yes. They don't care any more," said Dr. Lutz.

"Because they're getting along all right?"

"I suppose so. He's done some clever things, some good things."

"What would make them resent or resist a totalitarian government?" I asked.

She thought for a moment and answered, "I think they would resent cruelty more than anything else. You see the Brazilians are a gentle people. They hate cruelty. They wouldn't like persecutions."

"There aren't any persecutions here, are there?"

"No," said Dr. Lutz, "Brazilian dictatorship doesn't kill or torture. It simply makes its enemies impotent, deprives them of all power."

She gave me the impression that President Vargas understands the people he is dealing with and how to avoid revolution.

The talk was saddening and yet there was rich flow of thought entering our minds from that of Berta Lutz. When—so very rarely—you come upon a deep vein of feminism, there is nothing more noble. It's like a mental motherhood of the human race. Virginia Woolf has it too.*

I went the next morning, by appointment, to the Instituta Brazil Estados Unidos, which, as the name indicates, is an

* Virginia Woolf has since died. The verb is wrong.

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organization which tries to promote cultural relations between Brazil and the United States. The secretary, Mrs. Mary Nogueira, was doing everything to help me and I am sure she is doing it day in and day out for other North Americans who need guidance. The widow of a South American, she has intimate knowledge of the country, and every ounce of energy she has goes into publicizing it, explaining it and introducing it by human contacts.

She had arranged an interview for me with Donna Ana Amalia, whose talents I must now list. Donna Amalia looks about thirty-five and is about to have a grandchild. It may be here now. She is a poet, a real one, whose work has been printed. She is a woman of social standing who has, they tell me, done that difficult thing of cutting across many social groups in Rio. Also she is the organizer of the project which was our chief matter of discussion, the Casa dos Estudiantes.

This is a dormitory for students who want to come to Rio to study, who come down from the country without money enough to live on. What I liked chiefly about it was the spirit with which the thing was done. There was no hint of patronage, and there was the greatest respect for the minds of the young men and women who were to live there. I was glad it was coeducational and I should like immensely to see the students in some of our universities and colleges in the United States take an interest in that project and show their friendship in some substantial way.

Donna Ana Amalia has promised to write me more about it and, if she doesn't get around to it, I shall probably see her daughter at Vassar next year for she expects to go there to college in the autumn.

I came out from the Institute laden with pamphlets, a

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couple of color drawings which I couldn't resist buying, and a feeling that I knew exactly where to turn for further information or definite co-operative projects.

We lunched at the Jockey Club with friends from home who have been living here for some years. C—— speaks with authority to the waiters in Spanish and carries an umbrella that he wouldn't have been found dead with in Duluth. He gave me some of the news that had come in from the United States and it seems as if there, as here, everything is hanging by threads waiting to see how the battles go. He thinks the United States should go into the war, but all North Americans down here are convinced of that. I haven't met one exception.

The Jockey Club here is not so grand as the one in Buenos Aires but they say that its headquarters at the race track are something to see and maybe we shall, though the days are beginning to be full to the brim. We went shopping after we left the Jockey Club, for G—— warned us that all the shops would close on Saturday for Carnival and, by the time they reopen, we'll be on the ocean. This shopping is our most important, for now we are buying presents to take home.

First there were watches. Mary had heard about them long ago, the watches that need no winding if you wear them on your wrist, get along all right under water, are non-magnetic and can be dropped on the floor or thrown at an enemy without hurt to the watch. She said that we had better get one for Tan, so we did, and then she looked at it so wistfully—or was it covetously?—that I bought her one like it. It was the only safe thing to do.

Then we looked at aquamarines in that very deliberately

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unpretentious shop of Gregory and Sheehan, which is only an upper room in an old building. But beautiful gems go in and out of that room and you deal there with experts. I had half promised to buy some matched ones for a friend of mine (she was paying for them) and there were eight that seemed to be too lovely to leave behind. My commission is that I can look at them every now and then on the way back to the United States.

From there we went to an antique shop that G—— wanted me to see, just to look at what was there, not to buy, but I staggered out to the car with an ancient Portuguese chest, painted with flowers inside and covered with leather outside. It has an old double lock. Some lady must have had quite a bit of jewelry. The gems are scattered now but I have the chest and I shall go now and have another look at it. It's on the table.



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Still the 20th of February

I AM confused in my mind. I am seeing too many people and to keep them and their points of view straight is a full-time job.

We had lunch with a number of people. There were two of Mary's friends, girls whom she had known in college. One of them is here on a Pulitzer fellowship and the other is taking a year off from studying law. They are taking Rio in their stride and they seemed almost startlingly North American. They will have a great deal of information about Brazil before the year's out, but I am not sure that they will get very close to Brazil. There's probably no reason why they should. The Pulitzer prize girl is reporting, looking at things with her own eyes.

Another guest was a young woman with a golden brown skin who is here because her husband has business here. She's lived in various places in South America and has a gay

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detachment about everything that happens to her. Every morning she goes to the beach and gets browner. So does G——. And apparently every night Mary's friends go to a party. In their separate ways each seems to be trying to get the most out of Rio. They all like it here.

But I met a woman here later in the afternoon who does not like Rio. She was very friendly and kind, and determined to show us as much beauty as possible, but she couldn't conceal her own point of view. To her Rio is exile. The sound of the waves beating against the beach becomes a nerve-racking monotony. Things in her apartment rust and mildew in the damp heat. The rules and laws of the city appall and frighten her.

In Rio, she told me, a dead person must be buried within twenty-four hours. There is no custom of embalming. The corpse is buried in quicklime. To send a body home to the United States is very expensive, costing, with the unusual embalming, several thousand dollars.

"That's why they have all those ready-made funeral wreaths in the flower markets?" I asked.

"That's why," she said grimly.

She told me again the odd rule that the victim of an accident may not be touched by anyone until the proper police—the *policia asistencia*—arrive on the scene, and a dreadful story about a mother who had to see her daughter bleeding to death.

"The Brazilians are cruel people!" she exclaimed.

I thought of Berta Lutz saying, "The thing about the Brazilians is that they can't stand cruelty."

Berta Lutz is the one whose judgment must be taken. And I think I have the clue to why Mrs. K—— likes so little in Rio. It is because she does not understand the lan-

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guage. She lives continually with people with whom she can not communicate, who may be cheating her, plotting against her.

Everywhere I turn this matter of language seems increasingly important.

I liked Mrs. K—— and so did Mary, who is the real acid test of mature women. Mrs. K—— is genuine and there's something very sweet and quite pathetic about her unremitting nostalgia for quiet, tree-laden cities in the United States where there is no dramatic ocean and where there is always a peaceful cemetery and a family plot. And no quicklime in the picture.



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February 22nd
Rio de Janeiro

TODAY is a good time to think about yesterday. Later on I have promised to talk to a girl who wants to write—a Brazilian girl—and tonight there is a Carnival Ball at the Copacabana.

The Carnival is now very imminent. In the last four or five days I have kept asking what the people do during the Carnival. The answer is always the same. They say vaguely, "Oh, they get cars and ride up and down the streets. They—well, they just go crazy!"

It's beginning to happen. Today, at about noon, we were down in the city and along the sidewalks there would come bands of negroes dressed in costumes, bright clothes, feather headdresses. They danced along to the Carnival tunes. They had the right of way and took it. And the Carnival tunes are ringing in my head now. *Aurora! Allah-la-o!* They don't

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look like much typed down like that but when the rhythm that goes with the words is in your blood, in your muscles, in your mind every minute, Carnival begins to happen.

All year long there is preparation in Rio for Carnival. There are Carnival clubs which plan floats for the big Tues-



day night parade and costumes for their members. There are songwriters who compete for the prize-winning songs, for every year the Carnival songs are chosen after competition and then all Brazil begins to sing them.

During Carnival, business comes to a dead halt except for absolutely necessary service. There is no banking and no shops are open. Also there are no spirits sold in public places. The rich can buy champagne and the less wealthy beer or lemonade or pineapple juice. But there's no gin or whiskey for sale, which seems a sound idea in a time when so many inhibitions are down.

They tell me there's a big increase in the birth rate nine months after Carnival anyway.

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Servants don't consider themselves bound to their jobs and their employers have to put up with it. They tell me that the Carnival spirit is petering out, but to a stranger that's certainly not apparent.

An odd thing happened this morning. We saw some canceled stamps advertised in a tiny little shop in the city and went in to buy some and then lingered to look at alligator skins and blue butterflies.

The Brazilian woman who was waiting on us asked if we were from the United States or England. When we said the States she asked, "From California?"

Quite as if that were the supreme compliment. Or maybe we didn't sound like Boston.

"No, from Minnesota," said Mary.

"Oh," exclaimed the Brazilian, "that is where there is that wonderful agricultural school at the University. I have a friend who so hopes to go there!"

It was very warming to hear that in her Portuguese accents. And outside the crowd sang, "*Aurora!*" and went dancing by and everything and everybody seemed friendly.

Mary and I believe we are both drunk with beauty. We see it the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. She's getting brown as a baked potato. I'm the one who should have taken my own warning. I sat in the sun in a bathing suit for about six minutes and my back looks like raw beef.

The hotel is, so people tell us, full of refugees and we hear a great deal of French spoken. I don't like to think that these people are refugees. They seem too trivial, too intent on their own pleasures, spending too much money. They linger over the big buffet in the dining room at noon, with its roasts and hams and succulent salads and fruits,

choosing the best. They stand around the tables in the Hotel Casino at night, tossing in their chips.

Well, so do we! But we are only here for ten days and our country has not fallen. Besides, we don't play all the time.

Yesterday we went to Petropolis. It is—or was—the summer capital of Brazil laid out by Dom Pedro II. About forty miles from Rio, the drive itself is beautiful, winding up through the mountains on a road that you can look back upon from curve to curve. We are again the pensioners of General Motors and through the kindness of Mr. F—— had not only a car for the day but another of those superlative chauffeurs who seem to go with the company cars. At one point we had stopped to take pictures and the driver, struggling for English, pointed across the valley and said, "All kinds of weather—weather for everyone."

That was true. It was raining in the distance, and there was sun in the foreground. And some bright flowers in front of us were tossing in the wind. There were the silver-leaved trees which are not silver but look so as the light catches them. It was beautiful.

We passed hibiscus trees. Who told me that they are called "students grease"? The reason is that students use their big petals to shine their shoes. There's a kind of natural oil in the petal.

Also we saw reclaimed land, a project under the Vargas government. There were orange groves set out in districts which our chauffeur told us had always been useless. A canal is being built through it so the fruit can be taken straight through to the sea for shipping. It looks like excellent planning. But I was surprised to see Japanese working the land.

They told me at lunch that the Japanese were employed to

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set an example of industry to the Brazilians who are inclined to dawdle.

I had no idea what Mrs. Carl Sylvester would be like. I had heard her spoken of with a great respect everywhere and somehow fancied she would be formidable. I knew she had been decorated by the Brazilian government, for her services to Brazil in organizing its charities on a sound basis. I knew she was considered the leader of Anglo-American society and it sounded high-busted and dowager and a little grim. So I wasn't prepared for a small-boned, beautifully built woman with hair that swept up from her temples over a serene face. Nor was I prepared for an old Brazilian country house made English-American, with windows full of plants, some of them orchids, and furnished with rare old furniture.

There were only three guests besides ourselves, all Brazilians. One was Carolina Nabuco, the Brazilian novelist. There was the fascinating wife of a University professor, who had been in Ann Arbor last year.

The third Brazilian woman was Donna Jeronima Mesquita whom I had hoped very much to meet in Rio, but it doesn't happen for the hoping. Donna Jeronima has backed and illustrated in her own life the independence of the women of Brazil. She has done it without ceasing to be an aristocrat, a faithful Catholic and a woman devoted to her own family.

That much I knew before I saw her and one look told me she was a personage. I liked her old-fashioned expensive gray tailored suit, her slow appraisal of strangers, her definite opinions.

We had iced yerba-maté before lunch. It tastes like green tea but better and is very stimulating.

All the women at the luncheon table were often grave in conversation and never heavy. Mary said afterwards that the talk began with food and recipes—it almost had to, considering what we were being served—but it did not stay on food and recipes. We talked war before long and they did not reassure me about German influence in Brazil. They all feel that there is a great deal of it.

We talked too about Miss Nabuco's book *Una Successora*, which is believed by many people here to have been the model for part of Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*, about many other books, and again about the necessity for learning languages.

And then Donna Jeronima said that we must come and see her house before we left Petropolis. There was nothing we wanted more to do, so after a few polite demurs on our part, Mrs. Sylvester drove us there.

We went straight into old Brazil when we entered that front door, into the kind of atmosphere which Hugh Gibson said had been created by Dom Pedro when he was Emperor. Mr. Gibson had lived next door and known this whole family intimately.

It was a long, narrow house full of treasures. Many of them had come from the churches, explained Donna Jeronima. There was a beautiful rosewood couch on which the Holy Cross used to be placed on Good Friday. There were chests that had once been used for vestments, great candlesticks that had been made into lamps.

"How did they ever get them from the churches?" asked Mary.

"Some were sold. Some were stolen."

But it wasn't a museum, that lovely house. It was a home. We turned, for the Baroness de Bomfim had come in, who

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is Donna Jeronima's mother. She is a very great lady and quite simple in her manners. And one by one others came in, all sisters or daughters or nieces and all at home among the old things that were family history. There was one attractive girl who is studying social work and coming, I very much hope, to the United States.

All of them spoke English except the Baroness.

We saw autographed pictures of that daughter of Dom Pedro II, Isabel who had signed the decree to free the slaves and who had, said Donna Jeronima, a great deal of spirit! It was a house familiar with the life of the Emperor and they showed us all of it, the dining room with the serving tables all along the hall outside, the bedrooms with French and Spanish beds that are museum pieces. Then we went out to the garden, that had porcelain pineapples for good luck at the end of it, and it was just a house where a great many children had grown up.

I think Mary rather wanted to stay. But we had to get back to Rio for we had a dinner engagement.

In the car, before we left her, I asked Mrs. Sylvester if she felt that she really knew Brazilian women.

"Yes, I think so. Now I can say I do," she told me. "It took a long while. I have been here thirty years. But in these last few years I feel they are my real friends. When you have seen their children grow up—when you've been through grief with them, then you become a friend."

I thought with a kind of triumph that at last it was proved possible. The women who said this couldn't be done were wrong. They lacked patience and sympathy and imagination enough. They didn't really want to put the time to growing friendship as Mrs. Sylvester had.

She greatly deserved to be decorated.

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We got back to Rio quite late but it didn't matter because dinner was, as usual, even later. There were cocktails first at G——'s house and it was pleasant in her living room with the very long flowered curtains and the ocean beating away just across the street and a good gay company, all American except for one Porto Rican. Then we went to the Urca, which is advertised as the best night club in South America, for dinner.

It was the best club of the sort I have ever seen. I would back it against any I've seen in North America. The dance floor slides in and out. The musicians rise from nowhere and then disappear again. The patrons were almost entirely Brazilian. My host told me that we were the only Americans who had a table. Nobody was drinking too much or very much. And Pedro Vargas sang. He is no relation to the President of Brazil, as far as I know, and has a magnificent voice.

We knew his voice well by this time. For he has the room next to us at the Copacabana. Mary thought at first it was grand opera on a radio every time he opened his mouth in song, but I was sure it was a hotel guest. So Mary went down and looked up the name of the person who had the room next to us and, sure enough, it was Vargas.

The Porto Rican man was about seven feet high and a wonderful dancer if you could scale the heights. I had intended to be very dowager and merely watch Mary dance but it didn't work out exactly like that. I may as well put down what happened because Mary is going to tell everybody when we get back home anyway.

The plain facts are that my Carnival began on the floor when I was dancing. The orchestra began to play Carnival music and suddenly we were all forced into a Brazilian

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Grand right and left. I was dancing with the Porto Rican and lost him completely and came out of the march with a gay little Brazilian fellow with a wonderful smile and the fastest feet I've ever seen. And he assumed I knew just how to dance in a Carnival. I did what I could and finally escaped to my table, dizzy but unbowed.

For a while I was quiet. Latent in a way. And then somebody got me out on the floor again and I fell into the Porto Rican's hands and then suddenly my Brazilian friend saw me and gave a sort of whoop of delight and everyone joined hands and danced around, and then we did a sort of square dance in mad rhythm to the old dancing-school quadrille figures. Or so it seemed to me. But the odd thing was that I stopped being self-conscious. I stopped worrying about whether I looked silly or not. It suddenly came over me that nobody cared, nobody was mocking, that all people wanted was music and fun. And the rhythm, instead of being difficult, was easy. It's not a joggle or a jiggle. It's a kind of spring. It's as if your blood started to circulate to music.

"And I looked up," said Mary, "and there you were in the middle of the room, practically dancing alone."

"Looking like a crazy fool—" I added.

She said, "No, as a matter of fact, you didn't. You did very well. I was even rather proud."

Those were fine words. Mary is no flatterer!



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February 24, 1941
Rio de Janeiro

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THIS is Monday night, our next to last day. Tomorrow afternoon we have to embark before six o'clock and sometime before the next morning we sail for home. I am eager and yet sad to think it is so close.

It is hard to put all this behind us. I'll miss the view from this window, the sea as a background for the gay promenade, the evening stars I can never see up north. There's a curving swinged porch in one high apartment visible from here and I'm curious about it. The awnings are so carefully made and so closely fitted. Who lives there? Is it a place where two illicit lovers dream—or a high home for a loved wife—or the porch of two old Brazilians—or a political refugee's hideout—or is it just a place where they let the children play? I'll never know. There's so much about Rio that I'll never know.

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Yesterday I went out and found myself a church and it was astonishingly like many in the United States. Not only was the Mass identical of course, but the boys and girls and the old women looked like those at church at home on any Sunday morning. They dressed as we dress. The girls wore their hair the same way. I thought again, under my prayers, that we are all moving in the same general direction in spite of politics. If it could only be true that the accident of geography wasn't condemning so many young people to death!

Berta Lutz and I talked again about war this morning. She drove me in her car far up on Corcovado. I think we agree pretty well on what is wrong. The weakening of democracy has come from too great regard of individuals for their personal fortunes. The transfer of what men has been from ideals to ambitions.

In a parallel way the weakening of modern civilization and its breakdown is coming from a too great regard of nations for their individual destinies. The transfer again is from the ideal of civilization to the ambition of nations for gain, and that rots and weakens nations as it does individuals.

We talked about other things too—more about feminism. Berta Lutz says, looking at it as a scientist, that the male is always a fighter. This may mean that women should develop along a new line all over the world—fostering a resistance to war. But she said then—as I would if she hadn't mentioned it first—that the inertia of women and their personal interests and loves keep them from giving their energy to such a cause. In the end they must—or perhaps they'll have no homes—nor men worth having.

She says that the record of feminine achievement must be preserved, because in case of a set-back now women will later realize where to begin again. In Brazil, she told me, women

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of real standing and achievement had been associated with feminism. Now some of them continue to work with President Vargas but few with trust or enthusiasm.

I asked, "How about Mrs. Miller?"

The report in Brazil—the gossip, and there's a lot of gossip about Mrs. Miller, though Berta Lutz doesn't contribute to it—is that Mrs. Miller will be very important in case of an Axis victory. I am told that she appeared recently in a black satin evening dress with a swastika embroidered on it. She is said to have been swept off her feet by an interview with Hitler in Germany, and came back to Brazil proclaiming him the man of the century.

One thing I am sure of. Rosalina Miller may be a dramatic woman, a beautiful woman and a man's woman. But she does not represent the finest women in South America.

We saw the Carnival again tonight. The trees were hung with electric lights that looked like blossoms. And everybody was out. Maybe not quite everybody. There may have been a few sick, a few grave, a few bored people who stayed at home, but it was a proportion easily lost sight of.

I know now what they do in Carnival. They go up and down the streets in cars or afoot in costumes of every conceivable kind. They do not wear masks, for masks are not allowed lest they hide the faces of criminals. They have atomizers made like small bombs and from these they squirt perfume mixed with ether at people whom they like. Since this perfume costs money they do not waste it and it is a compliment to get the cold fragrant ether against your skin. It is bad luck if you get it in the eye.

There is nothing very subtle about it. It's a natural exhibitionism, a desire for play, a wish to be relieved from the

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drag of earning for a few days, a desire to dress up, to play the fool, to let your feet go.

Maybe it's an escape valve that would be a good thing for other places to consider. They have Carnival in Mexico and New Orleans, and perhaps in Minnesota it would be good for us too, and we could better endure a winter of being snowed in if we could plan a costume for three gay summer days of complete freedom.

There aren't many rules for Carnival. The ones published in the paper were these, in my own translation.

1. Do not get drunk.
2. Masks must not be worn on the street.
3. Ether must not be squirted in people's eyes.
4. Ether must not be squirted in the eyes of drivers or policemen.
5. Traffic rules must be obeyed.
6. If you do not obey these regulations you will be sent to jail and kept there until Wednesday morning, when you will be released in Carnival costume. Nobody else will be wearing costumes on Wednesday, so everybody will know you have been in jail and you will be mocked.
7. A radio will play Carnival music in the jail.

These are simple rules. But most people here are simple. The cars, the big old ones, float by with crowds of girls seated on the tops that are folded back. Twelve, fourteen people in a car and it doesn't seem precarious.

Beautiful white feather headdresses sail along in the breeze and along comes a man with mock breasts made of big lemons.

Three men with painted faces and holes in their hats have spent nothing for costumes and are getting on all right.

It is all colorful. Multiply color with color, add light to light and diversify motion and you have something like it.

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The ocean pounds against the clean white shore. The Christ on the top of Corcovado is a gleam and very tolerant. The lamps in the trees, the soft, broken rise of white fountains and white and black and brown people moving together to the rhythm of *Aurora*—rhythmic for three days. No, it's not savagery. It is imagination.



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February 27th
The Argentina
Rio de Janeiro

WE ARE ON the ship now but it will be some time before we sail and I have time enough to put down some last notes. Mary has gone to sleep and maybe I'll wake her when we sail but I don't think so. She saw the bay today from the Sylvesters' boat. We were out on it all afternoon, and Mary and Mrs. Sylvester were swimming so she must be very tired. She looks happy, as if she has had a good time.

It was beautiful on the bay. It was almost the most delightful thing we have done. Yesterday we went up to the top of Corcovado and stood there under the outstretched figure of the Christ looking over the city. There are those who tell you that there was exploitation in the erection of that great figure, but even so there must be hundreds of thousands of people who take it as a symbol of protection and love.

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Then we made the Circuit of Gavea, which is a succession of wonderful views for three hours, all of this in an open car, and I'm a quite different color from the woman who left New York in January. But the best thing was seeing Rio from the water, as we did today—no, it was yesterday, though I haven't been to bed.

Being on the water made us feel like explorers seeing Rio for the first time, discovering all its lovely lines instead of having them displayed before us. We started off about noon and on the dock met the editor of one of the papers of Rio. He was in a swimming suit and said he was going to fly to some place about fifty miles away as soon as he was dressed. Mrs. Sylvester said I was a writer, and he instantly asked me if I wouldn't like to go with him because it would be an interesting trip. It was an entirely serious invitation! I wish I could have gone.

We had lunch on the boat anchored in a little cove. Opposite there was the framework of an old Colonial church, white and steepled like a child's drawing. And above were some plaster cottages with negroes sitting or lying around the open doors and staring down at us. We were all reflecting—but not very hard.

The Sylvesters have learned how to live in Rio and how to live anywhere else. They are distinguished, sophisticated and worldly people but they have never relinquished their personal hold on simplicity. They have not let possessions or responsibilities get between them and living. Mr. Sylvester is a great fisherman and as I saw his wife swimming in the cove, I thought how many times they must have done this and how happily.

We went back at last, because we had to embark before six, and said good-by to Copacabaña and our salmon-pink

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bedspreads with regret and shook hands all around and piled into a taxi and went to the boat. It had begun to rain, which was too bad, for the big parade was already beginning to form. By the time we got to the boat we were hot and tired and almost wishing that we didn't have to leave it again. But G—— was calling for us at six.

The cabin on the *Argentina* reassured us. It's a very comfortable one and the desk here in the corner is firm and will hold a typewriter. There's lots of room, with a sofa where I can lie and read, if anyone should want me to play Bingo and I have to go into hiding.

But we didn't stay. We hurried into clothes that would stand the rain and a boy came down with a message that G—— was waiting so we hurried even more. They wouldn't let her on the boat, which made her angry as she had often traveled on it and knew the captain.

The Carnival parade was almost given up by this time but we all went to the Halfway Club anyway. It is high up in the center of the city and there were many of the people who in a week had become our friends already there. All the people who had seen me cavorting at Urca were there and Mrs. K—— and Mr. K—— and Mr. Caffery, the United States Ambassador, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester, and Mr. Farley. It was, said Mary, like bringing out the whole cast for the finale!

In the middle of everything Mr. Farley and I sat on the balcony and talked about the November election. It made me feel that I'm certainly on my way home. Mr. Farley was not vague about his opinions. He hasn't changed his mind since July. But I suppose I had better lock his words in my memory instead of putting them on paper.

All the time we were conscious, with great distress, that the parade would probably have to be given up. The rain

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was persistent and we kept watching the sky accusingly. It seemed as if the weather ought to behave better on Rio's Big Night. And there is a tradition of good weather for Carnival. Thousands of people were hoping against hope and finally that seemed to get results. Fitfully and as if resentfully, the sky cleared—enough.

We heard shouts from below that the parade was coming. And on came the bands!

I saw why it was taken so seriously. The money and the work that goes into the production of the big floats must be tremendous. It was like a circus parade and the show at a national convention all rolled into one. The crowds of bystanders that had been driven away were back again. There were thin places in the mobs below but it was astonishing to see how many people hadn't given up and gone home. Beautiful girls, fantastic animals, models of President Vargas rolled by, floats representing Peace, International Relations. Miles of parade.

We had a wonderful place from which to watch it but I had a definite yearning to be standing on the street below, to be more part of what was going on.

That wish was granted in a big way. For when we finally left the club and were driving along the street we got caught in the parade and joined it and the crowd yelled at us and squirted ether in our faces. A policeman finally broke a route for us through the jam or we'd probably have been in the parade all night.

There was one part of Carnival which we hadn't seen and C—— insisted that we should. He drove us out to the section of the city where the population is largely negro. There the squares were roped off for dancing and everywhere you looked was color and excitement and the chant of the

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songs went on and on. We saw nothing rough, nothing ugly or sinister. Here and there a tired reveller had gone to sleep on the sidewalk but no one seemed to mind.

Yes, we did see something rough, but not in the city. It was after we had come back to the boat. In the deck café some of our fellow passengers and their friends who had come down to see them off were singing Carnival songs. One man was howling them. A girl was bouncing up and down on a leather sofa in a crazy rhythm. I had heard that music for a week but never out of tune before, never sung drunkenly until now. It was all wrong. The people in the bar, the North Americans, hadn't got the idea of Carnival at all. They were just making whoopee. They may think it is the same thing as Carnival but it is not.

It let us down. But I'm glad I saw that contrast. It showed me very clearly how we must look to South Americans sometimes. It made me realize that we can't blame the bad impression that some people down here have of the United States only on our cheap movies.





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Six A. M.

WE'RE moving now. It's six o'clock and the boat has quieted down. Lent has set in and Carnival is over. We are moving away from the dock which is at the foot of the main street and the city is still in full sight, its lights dim against a paling sky.

The harbor is full of sea craft. I can see the pale blue-gray of the Brazilian battleships. A Panair plane swings out over the harbor heading for the clouds and a distant Miami. There are fishing boats and tugs and merchant ships, one from Yugoslavia. On the side of our boat just below our portholes a great American flag is painted so no submarine can make a mistake about who we are.

The tug is pulling us away from the dock and the boat begins to throb. In the very near distance are the great lumps of mountains, all cool and gray. A Panair plane is coming in now. It must have passed its mate.

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I see the mainland growing more distant. I'll not wake Mary. It would make her homesick too. I'll sit here, perched on the desk with my tablet and later in the morning tell her how it looked.

The open sea is before us. The gulls are picking up the scent of cast out food. There may be more beautiful harbors than this of Rio but I have yet to see one. I wish it could function naturally. Are those long warehouses really full of rotting food?

The last hills I shall see in South America are drifted with fog and look volcanic. We are going past the island of Boa Viagene with the little white church of the Virgin. Someone told me that from her altar and down through the open church door the Virgin always seemed to look straight across to Europe, and sailors used to bring her candles in gratitude for a safe voyage.

The clouds are broken with sun. It's a silver sun over gun-metal water. I've seen some of the greatest natural splendors of the world in South America, seen its riches, its great endeavor, felt its movement toward a sound civilization. I respect it—and I trust it. The honest people of both American continents want the same things. That I believe. And so, South America, once more before you disappear—*Salud!*

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