

SOUTH AMERICAN  
ADVENTURES



ALICE CURTIS DESMOND

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*South American  
Adventures*

By

ALICE CURTIS DESMOND

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*To*  
MY HUSBAND  
THOMAS C. DESMOND



## CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. DROPPING BELOW THE EQUATOR	1
II. THE CITY OF KINGS	20
III. WE STRIKE OFF INLAND	37
IV. BRAVING SOROCHÉ IN THE HIGH ANDES	53
V. THE CITY OF THE SUN	71
VI. SAILING A POOL OF ICE-WATER	88
VII. THE WORLD'S HIGHEST CAPITAL	102
VIII. TIN, SILVER, BORAX, COPPER, AND NITRATE	116
IX. ABOARD THE <i>DON PEDRO</i>	132
X. THE YANQUIS OF SOUTH AMERICA	147
XI. OVER "THE HILL"	162
XII. THE PARIS OF SOUTH AMERICA	181
XIII. FILET MIGNON ON THE HOOF	197
XIV. SMALL BUT OH, SO NICE!	214
XV. IT SMELLS GOOD	226
XVI. WHERE THE LITTLE BEANS GROW	239
XVII. WHO'S AFRAID OF A LITTLE MOSQUITO?	254
XVIII. THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER	267





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## CHAPTER I

### DROPPING BELOW THE EQUATOR

WHEN you announce a European trip, your friends tell you what Italian antiques to bring home, which Paris dressmakers to patronize, what dishes to eat in Scandinavia, what Aunt Jane said standing on the Acropolis. On your return they want to talk of the adventures they had across the Atlantic; not listen to yours.

A different happening takes place when you are bound for South America. Those of your acquaintances who best remember their school geography may warn you against the boa constrictors in the jungle around the Amazon; their remarks indicate vaguely that they know that cattle roam the Argentine pampas, that their morning coffee probably comes from Brazil, that the Andean condor is the largest of birds. Then, silenced by lack of knowledge, they fall into a wistful dream of serenading beautiful señoritas by guitar in a land where revolutions are epidemic. Few North Americans, in proportion to those who invade Europe every year, have visited or have any accurate knowledge of their sister continent. Yet, to everyone, the color and romance of this historic land is undeniable.

My husband, Tom, and I, after roaming many far corners of the world, wished to complete our wanderings by seeing South America. But the March afternoon we left New York, our ship was caked with sleet and ice, and most of the passengers were ill from the tossing of the boat in a rough sea. We huddled in our deck chairs, cold and miserable, wondering why we had left home.

Yet as quickly as Havana we were humming another tune. We had reached the warm blue Caribbean Sea. Our "Rolling Nellie" (the ship had a more religious name but her actions had earned her this nickname), lessened her caperings. The swimming tank was put up on the forward deck. Passengers and ship's officers appeared in white clothes. We were able to achieve more than a bitter smile at the mention of "the lure of South America."

Our passenger list was decorated by no names of well-known persons, such as are found on a Europe-bound steamer. Aboard were no fashionable dressmakers, financiers in de luxe suites, actresses, film stars; no tourists with their bridge parties, lectures, sport tournaments, theatricals, tea dances, which turn trans-Atlantic liners into excursion boats. Instead, our passengers were salesmen and mining engineers, some with their families. Chess was the chief diversion: a sign of our Latin-American destination. Everyone on our boat seemed there for business reasons. The talk was of nitrate, copper, coffee, market conditions, labor troubles, instead of the night clubs of Montmartre. Tom and I, the only tourists on board, created much curiosity and interest.

By the time we reached Cristobal we were well acquainted with many of our fellow passengers: the pretty English blonde going to Chile to visit her Navy-husband whom she followed over the world; fat, jolly Otto Schwartz, who had peddled American sewing machines through South America for twenty years; two young American aviators, chaperoning some airplanes down to the Peruvian government; a nervous girl from Pennsylvania going to marry a Kansas-born engineer, whom she had not seen in five years; the dignified Colonel, the English head of the Peruvian and Bolivian railways; his wife and daughter; a fat old gentleman, an ex-Dictator of Nicaragua and its delegate to the League of Nations, going to visit his son, a priest in Lima, who allowed us to address postal cards with his pen which, he boasted, had signed League peace documents and, back home, the death warrants of dozens of men during his political régime; the Peter Daveys, attractive resi-

dents of Lima, where the big pleasant young husband represented an American automobile concern; and José Mengle, a likable Peruvian youth, on vacation from our Cornell University, who played continuous jazz on his portable gramophone and greeted us with: "Listen! For you, I will do my college yell."

It was the English Navy-wife who, as we slipped through the Panama Canal's winding channel between dense jungle and across the frequent lakes, voiced our inability to appreciate this amazing feat of construction. "This going from the Atlantic to the Pacific is nothing!" she exclaimed. For most of the machinery which regulates the locks is concealed. Only a few men, apparently idle, watched us pass.

"Nothing? Rather, when you remember the malarial swamps and the unhealthy tropical climate, the building of this canal was a miracle!" the ex-Dictator reproved her. "The French tried it, but gave up. It took North American grit, directed by the vision of that great President, Theodore Roosevelt, to finish it."

Our impressions of Panama, on the Pacific Ocean, were vivid. In the harbor crowded the passenger ships, cargo boats, tramps, battleships of many nations. Quaint old houses, dating from the French occupation, stood in gardens of palms and tropical flowers. Alluring merchandise from the Far East tempted us in the shops. A flock of tame white herons roamed the courtyard of the Presidential Palace. And we watched an army of ants marching through the jungle near Old Panama, where flights of screaming parrots made streaks of color.

That night, as we steamed south by the Pearl Islands, we saw a triangular group of stars rising above the horizon and pointing the way to the Southern Pole—the Southern Cross. Now we were actually off on our adventures. The next land we saw would be the west coast of a new continent—South America.

We struck out boldly for Peru, instead of creeping timidly along the coast, as our sixteenth century predecessor, Francisco Pizarro, had done.

The year of 1524 had found Pizarro running a cattle ranch near Panama. He had been with Balboa when that great explorer discovered the Pacific Ocean, and he had explored most of Central America to the north, like many adventurers of his time, trying to find a strait across the Isthmus leading to India's spice islands. Now the illiterate fifty-year-old soldier, illegitimate son of a well-born Spanish infantry colonel and a village maiden, and brought up by charitable monks, had had his temporary fill of the many adventures he had engaged in since leaving his native Spain.

But hearing of Cortez' conquest of Mexico, Pizarro's ambition flamed again. "Remember the 'southern country,' where the natives told us the inhabitants ate off vessels of gold, that metal being as cheap as iron?" he asked his business partner, Diego de Almagro, another elderly ex-soldier. "What if the plunder from that unknown land should equal Mexico's! Let us go in search of this gold!"

An expedition set out in November, 1524, led by the handsome, untrustworthy Pizarro, with the financial backing of Hernando de Luque, the vicar of Panama, and Pedrarias, the Governor, and composed of idle hangers-on in the colony, for exploration to the south was unpopular. Honest Almagro followed in another boat.

After ten days of fighting storms, Pizarro decided to try his luck on land. But his men found it impossible to explore the swampy Colombian shore, covered with a jungle of mangrove trees, by which we sailed so easily. The soldiers, exhausted by their heavy armor, could hardly drag one foot after the other through the muddy ooze. There was nothing to eat but shellfish on the beach and bitter berries in the jungle. On this diet many were poisoned; others died of starvation. Their clothes rotted in the steaming heat and never-ceasing rain. Insects tortured them. Many died of fever.

After obtaining a little gold from natives he met and overpowered, their crude weapons being no match for Spanish arms, Pizarro listened to the entreaties of his men. He agreed to return to Panama and display their booty to the Governor.

Back on the Isthmus he met Almagro, who had followed the same route, traced by Pizarro's notches on the trees. Confident now of the existence of the great empire in the south, the two adventurers renewed their pledge to continue the enterprise.

So ended the first expedition to Peru. Eight years must pass and two more expeditions be organized before the Conquest of Peru could begin!

However, this time, the Governor refused permission to continue exploration. "You have already lost me valuable lives," he snapped, "that I could use in more profitable exploring to the north."

When finally they settled their difficulties with the Governor, Pizarro, Almagro, and the vicar drew up in March, 1526, a contract in the name of the Holy Trinity and the Virgin dividing between them any riches they found. The Governor, displeased with Pizarro, made Almagro his equal in command. Pizarro continued outwardly friendly, but he began hating his old partner.

Pizarro sailed this time with an experienced pilot, Bartholomew Ruiz, one hundred and sixty men, and better equipment. They steered directly, as we were doing, for the Peruvian coast, and reached their destination safely. Pizarro remained to explore the country, Ruiz sailed on southward.

Below the Equator, which he was the first European to cross on the Pacific, Ruiz met a sailing raft coming north. "We are traders bringing cloth, silver, metal mirrors, vases to sell along the coast," the Indians on board, dressed in fine woolens and gold ornaments, told Ruiz. "In our country to the south gold and silver is as common as wood."

Meanwhile, Pizarro had been trying to explore the forested coast. But, as on the first expedition, his mail-clad adventurers lost themselves in the jungle, where many perished from boa constrictors and alligators. Famine, swarms of mosquitoes, and bloodthirsty Indians added to their misery. Yet, bravely, they continued southward to Quito, the northern limits of the Peruvian empire. There, seeing the natives' gold and

precious stones, the Spaniards realized that they had reached their El Dorado!

Afraid to attack the warlike natives, Pizarro sent Almagro back for more men and waited for him on the island of Gallo. There some discontented soldiers concealed in a ball of cotton, going to Panama as a specimen of products of the country for the Governor, a letter accusing Pizarro of holding them against their will. The new Governor, Pedro de los Ríos, immediately sent ships to return all who wished to Panama.

When these two boats arrived at Gallo, Pizarro drew with his sword a line on the sand. "Comrades, south is Peru, with hunger, hardships, and death. North, Panama with its ease and pleasure," he told his nearly starved and naked men. "Choose, each man. For my part, I go south." So saying, he stepped across the line. But nine-tenths of the men deserted.

Pizarro, with only twelve men, pushed ahead in a small boat later sent by a relenting Governor. They sailed four hundred miles down the coast, and landed at Tumbez.

Between the ocean and the mountains, the Spaniards saw with their own eyes what the Indians had told them. Irrigated fields, green with crops; eighty thousand people living in stone houses; and large temples, ornamented with gold and silver. The Spaniards were fascinated with their first sight of a living llama—the "little camel," they called it—whose coat supplied the Indians with their wool. The Indians were equally enchanted with these armored knights who had appeared in a castle borne on wings. Their arquebuses and hatchets mystified the Indians, who did not know the use of iron. They tried to rub the color off a Negro slave, thinking it paint.

From these Indians, Pizarro heard of the powerful monarch who ruled their land from the mountain interior, where his capital blazed with gold and silver. The Spaniards were too few to attack such an empire. So having reached nine degrees farther than any former navigators, they decided to return and get more men from the Governor.

Pizarro's reappearance caused a sensation in Panama, for



everyone believed that he and his men had died. But the Governor refused to finance a third expedition. "Too many lives have already been lost for a few gold and silver toys and some Indian sheep!" he snapped. So Pizarro's associates persuaded him to go to Spain with a display of Indians, llamas, cloth, gold and silver, and appeal directly to Charles V, the Emperor of Spain.

Our ship followed Pizarro's route across the Equator. King Neptune, played by the Peruvian student from Cornell, and his court of aviators and mining engineers, "came aboard" and initiated those passengers who had not previously been across "the line."

A cruise always produces many victims. But among our regular commuters to South America, Neptune had trouble finding anyone to eat his pies of colored soap, drink his "cocktail" of the most bad-tasting mixture the ship's doctor could concoct, stand on his electric mat while being shampooed with soap-suds, finally be thrown fully dressed into the swimming pool.

Along Ecuador, behind the protecting western jut on the top of Peru, the air had been humid and the sea glassy. But after crossing the Equator, we struck the great Antarctic stream of ice-water, the Humboldt Current, named for the German scientist who first studied it, which chills the Peruvian and Chilean coast.

Now we discovered that a few of our passengers, not understanding the reverse climate of the Southern Hemisphere, had brought only white clothes.

"I never take anything but white things to Florida. Isn't South America farther down the map?" protested the bride-to-be. She had not understood her fiancé's letter explaining the upside-down climate of the Southern Hemisphere and was to find the silks and laces of her trousseau like so much tissue-paper in a Bolivian mining town.

"Leslie wrote of tropical weather when the fleet was in Rio," shivered the Navy-wife. "Isn't Lima nearer the Equator?"

Lima is ten degrees nearer the Equator than Rio de Janeiro on the tropical east coast. But she had forgotten about the Humboldt Current!

The Humboldt Current, as well as chilling the west coast, converts it into a desert. Rain-clouds, blowing in from east or west, meet either the Humboldt Current or the colder Andes. That, thereby, they lose most of their moisture explains the three different longitudinal strips composing South America.

The temperature and the saturation point of the rain-clouds that blow in from the Humboldt Current rise when they meet the warmer beach. A like fate befalls the clouds coming from the east. The interior of the continent is jungle. Along the western edge runs a condenser of mountains as high as the Rockies laid on top of the Alps. No rain-clouds can cross them to the coast. They dissolve in showers on the eastern slopes forming the mighty Amazon but leaving the western side arid. And a coastal desert extends from southern Ecuador to central Chile, two thousand miles long by about sixty wide, barren except where irrigated by mountain streams.

Showers here are a phenomenon. "But in 1926, I remember, the Current went temporarily off its course. Why? Nobody knows," our Captain reminisced one afternoon. "The weather here grew warm. This desert, deluged with rain, turned green. You should have seen the frightened Indians! Watching their mud walls crumble in the rain, they ran around crying that another Deluge had come."

Along this most arid portion of the Western Hemisphere, we sailed the second day out from Panama. All day, about twenty miles inland, a ribbon of barren mountains slipped past; colorless, except where the sun burst through the mist endowing their rocks with the reds and yellows of the Grand Canyon.

This desert, too dry to produce a blade of grass, is one of the richest parts of Peru. Oil has been discovered here. The third day after leaving Panama we saw a forest of oil wells

rising tall and black from the desert. We had reached Talara, the outlet for the rich fields of Peru.

"The Incas, they say, knew of this Talara oil," Otto Schwartz, the sewing machine salesman, assured us. "Old roads, possibly built by the Conquistadors, and Spanish cannon have been found here."

On the desert perched the Indian fishing village that had preceded the modern bungalows of the foreign officials up on the bluff, with their cement walls and screened porches. Between them, the harbor was edged by refineries, offices, warehouses. Behind, on the desert plateau before the mountains, rose some of the company's thousand oil derricks.

"Why go ashore?" asked José Mengle. "You can see all of Talara from the ship."

But José Mengle often passed this way. While treading this oil port's sandy streets, Tom and I had the joy of Pizarro landing on a new continent.

Once Talara was a center of plague and fever. But we found that this Canadian oil company, like the mining companies farther south, has done everything to make the lives of its employees bearable. By introducing modern drainage, gas, electricity, piping water forty miles down from the Andes, it has made Talara the healthiest port of Peru.

"Except for the Indian village across the harbor, we're a veritable Main Street," laughed the Toronto-born official who showed us about. "Our families lead a prosaic life of teas, bridge and dinner parties. Cheerfully enduring our exile!"

Back on our ship we understood why the streets had been deserted. Talara, *en masse*, had come aboard to break the monotony by a meal, a good-by to lucky friends returning home, or just a stroll along the deck; along the west coast, boarding visiting ships is the chief recreation of the local aristocracy.

Yet a Montreal official assured us at lunch: "There's a fascination to this desert life. We curse it until our three years' contract is up, then sign up for another term! It's great

when you're young; and when you're old enough to be sent home, you're too wedded to the life to be happy anywhere else." Then he added, thoughtfully: "Though women don't fall under its spell the way men do. That's bad. Often leads to family trouble."

Talara was our first Peruvian port. We were now in that country named by the Spaniards Peru, from a misunderstanding of the Indian word *pelu*, meaning river. It is the fourth in size among the South American republics. About 533,911 square miles, if one includes 200,000 square miles of disputed land. For more than any other Latin-American republic Peru has quarreled with her neighbors over her boundaries. From Ecuador and Colombia, she wants outlets to the Amazon; and from Chile, the return of her nitrate beds.

"The Spaniards started the war-scrap down here by leaving the country unmapped," declared the ex-Dictator, as we sunned ourselves on the top deck. "After the War of Independence, the young states broke up. But they were only names, without treaties among themselves as to their boundaries. No wonder they quarreled!"

Otto Schwartz had watched this game of land-snatching for twenty years. "The cause of war down here is usually that hitherto valueless land becomes rich through the discovery on it of gold, oil, or nitrate. Then all the neighboring nations try to grab it at once!"

"Peru has tried," agreed the Nicaraguan, "without being good at the game!"

A defense of Peru was offered by Davey, the automobile man: "After the War of Independence, remember, Bolivia broke away and took her gold, silver, tin mines. During the nineteenth century Peru fell back on her revenue from the guano deposits and the nitrate in her southern desert, only to lose them in the War of the Pacific to Chile. Can you blame her for going to war to get back this wealth?"

"*Ach*, my friend, Peru should realize that mines, guano, nitrates, are riches of the past." Otto Schwartz offered a practical suggestion. "What if the copper market is bad?"

How about Talara? Why not make oil the 'gold mine' in Peru that it is in Venezuela and Colombia? And Salaverry, where we stop tomorrow, is a good sugar port. If Peru irrigated that desert, as the Incas did, instead of spending its money on new wars . . ."

We remembered this advice next morning when our ship anchored in the surf before Salaverry. Only a row of warehouses on the beach, and a railway winding off into the interior, it was an important outlet for rich sugar plantations; but as a port it was only a stopping place along the straightest, most inhospitable coast in the world.

From the deck above, the Daveys, Otto Schwartz, and José Mengle watched the newcomers—the ex-Dictator, the two aviators, the bride-to-be, and ourselves—go shakily down a swaying gangway, anticipating a watery grave, to stand uncertainly on the last step waiting for a tossing launch to come alongside and take us ashore.

"A two-hundred-pound man fell in last trip and drowned. Two men are in the Trujillo hospital with broken legs," Otto Schwartz called down to us. "That's why we, old-timers, aren't going with you!"

Now the launch was high on a wave. Now sunk in the trough. As the gangway and the tender came parallel, the blond aviator yelled: "Jump!" A sailor threw me into the outstretched arms of a dirty Indian in the launch. At least, not in the water!

The ex-Dictator, the bride-to-be, and the two aviators took the first car on the wharf. As Tom and I climbed into a ramshackle contraption, we were told by the dark-complexioned little man who was to drive us to Trujillo: "I am Paulo. Peruvian, but *white*."

Color with Paulo, we found, was an obsession. Whereas most Peruvians boast of their Spanish ancestry, he wished to be Anglo-Saxon. Proudly, he told us of his English wife and their blue-eyed children, pointed out his fluency with the English language.

In his little car Paulo whisked us along the smooth hard

beach, the only road along this coast, then inland through irrigated sugar plantations fringed by mountains. Many of the canals were of Inca origin, dating from days when proper irrigation made all this barren coast fertile, its population far more than now.

Along the dusty road, we passed great numbers of Indians returning from the cane fields astride their donkeys to the dirty hovels in Trujillo that they preferred to the sanitary bungalows furnished them by the sugar company.

These Indians lacked the picturesqueness we were to find among the Andean Indians. The men wore overalls; the women, unbecoming voluminous Mother Hubbards. But their Negro blood made them more friendly. As we passed, their teeth flashed in ruddy Mongolian faces.

Paulo pointed out their headgear—mannish “Panama” hats. “Straw hats here are a sign of mixed blood. Tell your countrymen not to wear them so proudly, señor.” Then, steering his car along, he turned to enlighten us. “Northern Peru and Ecuador, not Panama as your name would indicate, are the home of these hats. Only we call them *jipijapas*. I never heard of ‘Panamas’ until I began driving North Americans. My padre says that during the gold rush to your California, North American miners first purchased our hats sent up from Ecuador in Panama. Will you buy any *jipijapas*?”

When we indicated that such was our intention, Paulo’s little monkey face brightened. “Let Paulo buy your hats! The tightly woven ones are exported; mostly, the bad ones sold here. Pay no more than three pounds, señor.” Then a better idea struck him. “Or Paulo will make your *jipijapas* himself. I have worked in a hat factory in Ecuador. I will send there for *toquilla* straw. Direct that the fan-shaped leaves be cut from the shrub just before they open—the proper time. I will myself strip the leaves of their filaments, dip them in boiling water, dry them in the shade. I know just how long to bleach the straw in the sun, how much lemon juice to add to the hot-water bath to make the straw white before it is woven. My hats are so tightly woven that they

take me not a day—like the careless ones!—but a week to make. But you will find that Paulo has not lost his deftness!”

As we approached Trujillo, our little chauffeur announced: “Pizarro, too, looked at those Andes behind this town.”

This was true. When he returned to Spain to enlist the support of Charles V for his third expedition to Peru, Pizarro was successful. The Emperor had been too busy with European politics to bother with his trans-Atlantic colonies; but now he became impressed by Pizarro’s tales of a rich unconquered land. He made him governor of any land he might conquer, and sent him back with a well equipped force.

Pizarro also brought back from Spain his three brothers, Hernando, Gonzalo, and Juan, and a half-brother, Francisco Martín de Alcántara. This was a blow to his old partner, Almagro, who guessed rightly that these Pizarros would usurp all the spoils and titles.

With hostility between Pizarro and Almagro—but their banners blessed by Heaven in the Cathedral of Panama—the Spaniards’ three ships sailed with one hundred and eighty men in January, 1531, on the third and last expedition to conquer Peru.

They landed at Tumbes, just north of Trujillo. As on the previous trip the natives met them hospitably; but now the Spaniards, stronger in number, robbed them of food, gold and silver, and jewels—this being Ecuador, the land of emeralds. Therefore, the white men were no longer regarded by the natives as angels, but feared as destroyers who rode on beasts swifter than the wind and shot fire from curious bows.

On pain of death, the soldiers were required to deposit all that they rifled from the natives in a common heap. A fifth was deducted for the Crown. Part was sent back to Panama to induce the wavering to follow them. The rest was distributed among the soldiers.

Each man had to be content with his share. Only the accompanying missionaries devised a way to increase their pile. The soldiers did not know the value of the emeralds, as large as pigeons’ eggs, they found. The Fathers told them that they

must pound them with hammers to discover if they were genuine emeralds, which could not be broken. Their own jewels they did not subject to this test; and, as the green stones became considered only colored glass, the priests carried back quantities to Panama.

From the natives Pizarro was glad to hear that the Inca empire was divided by civil war. The Emperor, Huayna Capac, had conquered the kingdom of Quito, leaving it at his death to Atahualpa, his illegitimate son by a lesser wife, the daughter of the defeated Shiri of Quito. To Huascar, his son by his lawful wife, a princess of Inca blood, and therefore the legitimate heir, Huayna Capac left the remainder of the empire. But shortly before the arrival of the Spaniards, the half-brothers had quarreled over the succession. Atahualpa had marched south from Quito and captured Huascar, the Inca of Cuzco.

Now Atahualpa was resting at the hot spring of Cajamarca, not far over the Andes from Trujillo. Curious to see these white kings, their faces covered with hair, wearing strange clothes, and carrying curious arms—were they men or gods?—who his spies told him had landed at Tumbes, Atahualpa invited them up to Cajamarca to visit him. Audaciously, Pizarro accepted. With only one hundred and sixty-four men he marched into the unknown interior of Peru.

With an intrepidity that has been the marvel of the world ever since, the Spaniards achieved the difficult march over the steep Andes and arrived at Cajamarca. In the green valley vapor rose from the hot springs frequented by the Peruvian princes; and around, a white cloud of tents extended for several miles.

Knowing that warfare between his men and this army of fifty thousand would be ruination, Pizarro decided on a desperate plan. Permitted by the Inca to occupy the buildings around the town's square, he invited the Emperor to dine.

Pizarro had expected the Inca to come with an armed escort. But when the Emperor, the imperial *borla* about his short hair, a collar of emeralds around his neck, entered the



gates in his gold litter, he was accompanied only by unarmed menials and nobles, the latter with large earrings indicating their high birth. He could not imagine these few strangers doing him harm.

When some six thousand Indians had entered the square (the Spaniards, fully armed, were hidden about in the surrounding buildings), the Inca halted. He was greeted only by Friar Vincent de Valverde, Pizarro's chaplain. Holding out a Bible and a crucifix, the priest began a harangue which, interpreted by an Indian, the Inca began to realize was not a complimentary greeting from strangers, but an arrogant demand that he acknowledge himself a vassal of Charles V of Spain and be baptized a Christian.

The Inca swept the Bible indignantly aside. "I, the greatest prince on earth, will be no man's tributary. Nor will I change my faith. Your own God, you say, was killed by the men he created. But mine"—he pointed to the sun—"still looks down on his children."

The friar hurried back to say to Pizarro: "Set on, at once; I absolve you." The commander waved a white scarf. Into the helpless crowd of Incas, taken by surprise, burst a murderous fire from the hidden soldiers. The unarmed nobles were all slaughtered. The Emperor dined that night with the Spaniards—but as their prisoner.

Thus in a half-hour at sunset on the 16th of November, 1532, Pizarro and only one hundred and sixty-four men conquered, courageously but treacherously, an empire of over a million people without a single Spaniard being even wounded. From the vast Indian army there was no resistance. With the capture of their Inca, who had ruled them so despotically that they had lost all initiative, they were paralyzed into inactivity. Through the Inca's lips, Pizarro began issuing orders.

Atahualpa, held captive for ten months, began to realize the Spaniards' thirst for gold. He tried to buy his release by offering to fill his cell, a room seventeen feet by twenty-two, with gold nine feet from the floor, and an adjoining smaller

room twice with silver. In other words, about one hundred and fifty million dollars. One-fifth, as agreed, would be sent to Spain. But Pizarro's share was one million dollars. And even the common soldiers would become rich for life.

However, only fifteen millions of this ransom had been paid when Pizarro heard that Indian troops were on their way to free their emperor. He decided to rid himself of his captive. Therefore, he announced that he would bring Huascar, then a prisoner of Atahualpa's, to Cajamarca, to decide which should be emperor. Atahualpa, fearing that his more pliable brother would be chosen, had him drowned, then pretended innocence of the murder. This gave Pizarro the excuse he needed for disposing of the Emperor.

When Atahualpa, after a mock trial, was led out to be burned, Father Valverde begged him again to become a Christian. "If you will, your punishment will only be strangulation," he promised. The poor Emperor agreed to this death for criminals in Spain.

By the friar the new convert was named Juan de Atahualpa, the baptism being on John the Baptist's day. The Inca's funeral service, hypocritically attended by Pizarro and his lieutenants, was interrupted by part of the Inca's harem rushing in and trying to kill themselves on his corpse, that they might accompany his soul to Heaven. As he had desired, Atahualpa's body was buried in Quito.

When he had finished butchering the Incas, Pizarro set about creating bases for further expeditions. Such a town was this Trujillo we were approaching. Founded in 1535, nine miles north of Salaverry on the Moche River in the Chimú Valley, Pizarro named this "most aristocratic of cities" after his own Spanish birthplace. The first town of the vicinity to rebel against Spain in 1820, we found it a city of twenty-five thousand people still noted for their independence of thought.

We admired the old town's pink stucco houses, with their iron *rejas* at the windows and iron-studded doors leading into tiled patios reminiscent of Seville; and the ancient Church of San Agustín on the main plaza where black-mantillaed

women knelt before the gold carved altar, brought from Spain in the days of the Conquest. Here we found the ex-Dictator, the bride-to-be, and the aviators. Soon our two cars were off together on another dusty road travelling northwest from Trujillo.

Our destination was Chan Chan, the South American Pompeii. This dead city was destroyed not by a volcano but by the Incas, over a century before the Conquest. They swept down on it because its inhabitants, the Chimus, who antedated the Incas, had objected to substituting for their Mochica language the Inca tongue, to having their prince become a mere noble in the Incas' court, and worshipping the Sun instead of their Moon-god. The Sun brought aridity as well as fertility, the Chimus said, while the Moon's serenity was more worthy of worship.

In this rainless atmosphere the once imperial city of the Chimu Empire has crumbled but slowly in spite of flood, earthquakes, and archeologists. Paulo, self-appointed guide as well as taxi driver to Chan Chan, skipped ahead of us through eleven square miles of ruins of temples, palaces, and houses encircled by a crumbling city wall, until the fat old ex-Dictator was panting for breath. Every few yards he had us admire some decoration traced on the mud walls or a brick-hearth, almost intact. Only the straw roofs of the houses had gone.

Our tour wound up in the central square of the dead city. "Will you look at *that!*" cried the brunette aviator.

Paulo contemplated the two airplanes parked among the ruins. "The aviation field of Trujillo," he told us, proudly.

Tom and I were poking around among the débris of broken pottery and carved stone wishing that we could find a Chimu grave and dig up a replica of the Moon-god for the idol collection that we have assembled from all over the world.

Paulo responded to our mood. "I will take you to see Señor Camano in Trujillo. He has Sun-gods, Moon-gods—everything."

In a dingy, cobwebby apothecary shop behind the Church

of San Agustín, we found a tall bald-headed man, with the elongated face of a disappointed bloodhound, bending over a prescription of herbs. He faced us suspiciously, but deigned to show us, in a room behind his medicine bottles, the urns, pottery, and wooden figures which he had dug up from burial mounds in Guatemala, Ecuador, and Peru.

"The Indians embalm their dead," he explained. "They place them in a hole, over which they weave a webbing of rushes covered with dirt. I tap the ground until I hear a hollow sound."

Pleased by our purchase of a Moon-god from Chan Chan, Señor Camano unbent and began talking of his latest treasure hunt in Guatemala. "Walking through the jungle, I fell into an underground cave—evidently, the tomb of an ancient chieftain. In the semidarkness I saw a throne decorated with diamonds and rubies. Opposite, a gold casket containing the mummy. All around were huge urns filled with pearls and emeralds." Then he wrung his brown fingers tragically. "But, señor, I was afraid to put my hands into those urns because of snakes. Instead, I returned to Peru for help."

"You went back?" I breathed.

Because we had not over-bargained with him for our Moon-god, Señor Camano had estimated us as millionaires. "Alas, I cannot pay my passage money!" he assured us, plaintively. "If you could give me the money—a mere seventy pounds—we would divide the treasure."

Before our doubt that he could find the cave again, the señor's request grew cheaper. "Much money is also buried under Ecuador," he whined. "It would cost only twenty-five pounds for me to dig there."

When we demurred, Señor Camano gave us a bargain in treasure hunts. "I will dig for you here in Chan Chan"—he bravely hid his disappointment—"for a paltry ten pounds, I will make you millionaires! Why should I not be as lucky as that Alonzo Gutierrez Nieto who in 1592, as recorded in the treasury accounts of Peru, secured metal amounting to over two million dollars from one tomb at Chan Chan? I speak

the truth, señor. For that Chan Chan was as rich as any city whose tales of its inhabitants eating off golden vessels brought Pizarro to plunder Peru, has been proved by such cups, plates, and utensils of gold and silver, as I have already found here in burial mounds."

Knowing that the Peruvian government was now forbidding the export of any Inca treasure found, and recognizing him as a man who preyed on gullible foreigners, we failed to be kindled by Señor Camano's enthusiasm. Why did not the Spaniards carry off this wealth, we asked.

"With so much gold on hand," shrugged the druggist, "they seldom bothered to explore the graves."

Among Señor Camano's possessions, I noticed an absence of gold and silver. "To what museum, do you send the precious metal you find?" I asked.

He shot me a pitying glance. "I do not report it. I melt it down, señora."

Señor Camano was of the same breed as Pizarro and his Conquistadors. He had not been touched by the artistic beauty of the pieces he had found. Gold meant to him only precious metal that could be turned into bullion. Before his shop glistened his new automobile. Purchased, doubtlessly, with pre-Inca gold.

Our treasure hunter may have been only a liar blessed with a vivid imagination; but, listening to his get-rich-quick schemes, we nearly missed our "Rolling Nellie" when it sailed for Callao.

## CHAPTER II

### THE CITY OF KINGS

AT DAYBREAK, the seventh day after leaving Panama, we reached Callao, the port for Lima, the capital of Peru which lies eight miles inland.

The foothills of the Andes, which here run down close to the sea, were half veiled that morning with mists. Flocks of sea gulls circled around with raucous cries. Sea lions popped their heads inquiringly from the water, then swam lazily beside us as they escorted us towards the harbor. The early sun, breaking through the fog, showed us a forest of masts, the dim outline of steamers, buoys black with perching pelicans and gannets.

The romantic name Callao suggested to us a port as colorful as Singapore or Cadiz. On landing, the lure vanished. The present Callao is but a drab collection of docks, warehouses, sailors' haunts. Beyond the Custom House are the ruins of Fort St. Philip, which was built as a stronghold against the French and British pirates who preyed on the rich galleons which sailed from here to Spain.

The chauffeur, who was to motor us up to Lima, was a sleek, self-assured young Frenchman of obvious culture. A rolling stone, he was working his way around the world in quest of adventure.

"The war left me too restless to settle down," he shrugged. "I'm driving this taxi to get money enough to go to Shanghai, maybe. Or Bombay."

South America is overrun with such adventurers, drawn from all over the world by stories of gold mines, revolutions,

buried treasures, and señoritas. Some of them are college graduates, bitten with wanderlust; the majority are professional vagabonds.

Halfway to Lima, we passed a concrete pyramid topped by a wrecked Ford. Its inscription "*Despacio se va lejos!*" (Go slowly and go far!) conveyed no mute warning to our driver. At breakneck speed we covered the eight miles inland to the Peruvian capital.

Beyond the church spires of the approaching city the foothills of the Andes formed a background of misty purple. On either side of the road Indian huts of thatch and mud, hidden in banana groves, were neighbored by green fields of cotton and sugar cane.

Founded in 1535, because Pizarro believed Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital, too far inland, Lima was the second city laid out in the Western Hemisphere. It is now the oldest city (Old Panama, begun earlier, is in ruins). Pizarro named his capital *Ciudad de los Reyes* (City of the Kings) because its site in the Rimac valley was determined on the festival of the Epiphany. But this flowery title proved too long for common use. A corruption of the name of the near-by river Rimac, meaning "one who speaks"—so called after a celebrated idol whose shrine was frequented by Indians in the vicinity for the oracles it delivered—soon after gave the city its name.

With the building of Lima, aging Pizarro exchanged the sword for the tool. With a collection of Indians from a hundred-mile radius to do the work, he planned his town in triangular shape, with the river to form its base and to run in stone conduits through the principal streets, so that the plazas and gardens adjoining the houses might be irrigated. Then, having poured all the wealth of the Incas into his capital to further beautify it, Pizarro settled down, surrounded by a magnificent court, to govern from Lima all Latin America.

"Let me show you old Lima," our Peruvian college student had begged us on the boat. "If the Daveys take you first to Miraflores, you'll lose the atmosphere."

So, our first morning in Lima, José Mengle appeared at our hotel and took us directly to the Plaza de Armas.

Like all Spanish and Italian cities, Pizarro laid out his capital around a central square, this Plaza de Armas, from which radiate narrow straight streets cutting one another at right angles. On the Plaza de Armas face the Cathedral, the Government House, the residence of the Bishop. The south and west sides of the square are occupied by low buildings, containing shops and restaurants, with portals overhanging the sidewalk in Moorish style in a series of rounded arches.

"We'll first visit the Cathedral, for priests came with the soldiers to conquer the Incas. Conversion to Christianity was as important as enslavement," announced José, dismissing our carriage before the largest church in South America, on the east of the square beside the Palace of the Archbishop. This was the third church on the site where had stood the old Cathedral of St. John the Evangelist, the first building built in Lima, of which Pizarro laid the corner-stone in 1535, hastening the building by the labor of his own hands.

"The second church was destroyed by the tidal wave which engulfed Callao in 1746," he commented, after we had sauntered through the semi-darkened nave, stopping to admire paintings in lighted chapels and the carved-mahogany choir, and found ourselves in the chancel before an altar of solid silver; "but that altar, made from some of the metal with which Atahualpa tried to buy his freedom, the corner-stone, the big brass-studded doors and some carvings, dating from the cathedral of the Conquistadors, were saved and incorporated in this present building."

On the way out, José hurried us by the last chapel. Here were exhibited in a glass case Pizarro's mummified skeleton and, in a jar, five feet of his intestines. A guide stood before the case pointing out to the curious crowd the fatal marks which had been made on Pizarro's skull by some of the followers of Almagro, after the latter had been treacherously beheaded by Pizarro's men.

"I'm ashamed," José blushed as we came out again into the



sunlight of the Plaza de Armas, "that my city should make such a peepshow of her founder!"

As we sat down on a bench in the square, we were lulled by the murmur of prayers and the soft playing of the fountains. Stocky Indian sentries paced back and forth before the long, grey residence of the Peruvian president. It stood on the site chosen by Pizarro for his Palace of the Viceroy.

"Look at that building and dream of the past!" commanded José. "In that spot the Spanish Conquistadors governed, and when, ten years after their arrival, there were no more Incas to murder, they quarreled among themselves."

The Conquistadors' original agreement had provided that Pizarro should have the northern half of the countries they might discover; Almagro, the southern. But when Hernando Pizarro carried the news of the Conquest to Spain, Charles V, seeing in this new rich country the means of replenishing his drained treasury, gave Francisco Pizarro jurisdiction seventy leagues below his previous grant. Almagro was given land two hundred leagues to the south of that.

"This redistribution intensified the Pizarro-Almagro feud which dated from Pizarro's second expedition," José pointed out. "Now both claimed the rich city of Cuzco."

Almagro knew that he was being swindled by the Pizarros. But he allowed Francisco, who wanted to get rid of him, to persuade him to set out and conquer Chile—which they hoped would prove richer than Peru. The Araucanians of Chile, however, who, unlike the Incas, were poor and warlike, drove him back to Peru. In revenge for not finding gold in Chile, Almagro seized Cuzco and imprisoned Hernando and Gonzalo Pizarro.

Almagro's lieutenants reminded him of the Spanish proverb, "Dead men never bite," and warned him to behead the Pizarros and advance on Lima. But Almagro still felt a sentimental attachment for his old partner, Francisco. He declared that he would retain Cuzco, but would free Hernando on the condition that he leave Peru in six weeks.

Quickly, Almagro regretted his generosity. Hernando re-

turned with an army and attacked Cuzco. "This was the first civil war between the conquerors," José reminded us. "No longer were white men fighting the defenseless Indians, but Spaniard against Spaniard."

Captured, Almagro pleaded in vain with the victorious Hernando for his life. He was beheaded in prison. His body was exposed in the public square. Ironically, at his funeral, the Pizarros were the chief mourners.

"So died the Indians' best friend among the Spanish conquerors," José wound up this sad history. "Almagro shouldn't have negotiated with Francisco; he knew he wasn't to be trusted. He paid for his trust with his life."

Almagro's death divided the Spaniards in Peru into "Pizarro's Followers" and the "Men of Chile," as the soldiers who had gone south with Almagro were called. Almagro's illegitimate son, young Diego, called on the old soldiers of his father to help him revenge himself on the Pizarros. They were only too willing, for Pizarro had deprived them of all their Indians and lands.

"On Sunday, the 26th of June, 1541, the conspirators sat in Almagro's house, which stood next to the Cathedral on this Plaza, drinking to steel themselves to murder the Governor when he came out from Mass." José's voice dropped to a dramatic murmur. "But, warned of their conspiracy by a priest to whom one of them had confessed, Francisco had stayed home.

"When they heard of this, the Men of Chile realized that their conspiracy was known. Knowing that they must act at once, they rushed out of the house and across this square, crying, 'Death to the Tyrant!' People, aroused by the noise, remarked: 'They are going to kill the Marquis.' Yet, no one cared enough about Francisco to go to his defense.

"An episode of the killing is amusing," laughed José. "As the conspirators crossed the plaza, one of them made a circuit to avoid a pool of rain-water in his path. 'What!' exclaimed the leader, 'Afraid of wetting your feet, when you are to

wade up to your knees in blood!' And he sent the man back to his quarters."

The aged Pizarro, deserted by the false friends who had been dining with him, and practically unarmed, fell before his enemies. Making the sign of the Cross on the floor with his blood-stained fingers, he kissed it and murmured "Jesu!" One of the soldiers snatched up an earthen jar and, as he died, pounded out the old man's brain. That night servants dug a hasty grave in a corner of the Cathedral and dumped Pizarro's corpse in. Not until years later, when his crimes were forgotten in recognition of his services in extending Spain's Colonial empire, were his remains placed in a coffin and deposited under a monument.

"Some day I'll write a play about Pizarro," confided José. "What a hero! Tall. Handsome. I'll emphasize his bravery when he drew that line in the sand on the island of Gallo, when he marched into the interior with only one hundred and sixty-four men against the great Inca army. I'll minimize, to keep him a hero, his butchery of Atahualpa, his cruel treatment of Almagro. Against the other Conquistadors, many of them dandies of the Spanish court, I'll play off his rough manners, the simple black costume with white hat and white shoes he wore, his temperance. It would make a good point that he could neither read nor write.

"D'you see Pizarro, as I do, the Cromwell of Peru?" Our scholarly young friend leaned forward eagerly. "Pizarro's enemies called him avaricious. But he wanted gold and silver to give to his men and to beautify the city of Lima; not to hoard it. In a country where wealth was so abundant as to lose its value, Pizarro never took over the rich grant of territory given him by the Crown. After his death, his heirs found themselves poor."

"You'd have to have a heroine," I reminded him. "Women didn't figure much in the lives of the Conquistadors."

José raised a cynical eyebrow. "Few Spanish women came out," he admitted. "But what of the Indian girls? Some Span-

iards had as many in their harems as a wealthy Turk. Even Pizarro: have you forgotten that he had two children by the daughter of Atahualpa?"

"The Inca Emperor he murdered?"

"Certainly! What's more, the Inca Emperor, before his death by Pizarro's hand, asked him to look after his children. Morals were different in those days. So there's my hero and my heroine. The play almost writes itself!"

After Francisco Pizarro's death forty-odd governors, during three hundred years of Spanish rule, governed without royal interference all Latin America from this Palace of the Viceroy. Sometimes they were serious legislators like the Marqués de Cañete, who tried to defend the Indians against the Creole estate owners. More often, ruling their little world cut off from the Mother country, the viceroys, either grandees, surrounded by the flattery of courtiers, or court favorites of low origin, their heads turned by new authority and caring nothing about Peru, enriched themselves by the sale of posts, drained the treasury, and wrung every penny by taxes to earn merit in Spain by sending the wealth of Peru flowing into the royal coffers.

The cruelest of these tyrants was Don Francisco de Toledo, who appeared in 1569. He regarded the Spaniards as a privileged class and forced the Indians to pay taxes and to work in the mines and on the farms. New taxes were constantly added. Commerce except with Spain was forbidden. The Holy Tribunal of the Inquisition terrorized Lima. Through this Palace of the Viceroy, one-fifth of the products of the mines and one-tenth of the crops flowed directly to the Crown. Peru, prosperous under the Incas, fell into decay. The Indian population began to die off. The magnificent Inca roads crumbled.

The original Palace of the Viceroy is gone. On the site we were shown through a modern municipal building containing the President's quarters, state banquet halls, and government offices. Only an old chapel remains from the original structure. In the courtyard an Indian soldier pointed out to us a

cross marking the spot where Pizarro was murdered. In the garden he led us to a fig tree, "Planted by Pizarro," he assured us. Only a bent stump and one branch are left. A soldier, climbing for fruit, broke most of this ancient landmark.

Returning from the Plaza de Armas, we stopped in at the Peruvian Senate Chamber. "What scenes have been enacted under this red-cedar ceiling!" cried José, referring, not to the activities of the modern senators, but to the three centuries when this room was the Hall of the Inquisition.

The Holy Office was so powerful while it held court in Lima, between 1569 and 1885, that it even dared to call a viceroy before it. Only his threat that his artillery surrounded the hall released him. Others were not so lucky.

"Don't judge Colonial Peru by Lima," José warned us as we strolled back through narrow streets overhung by carved-cedar balconies. "In the interior cities, Charcas and Cordoba, peopled by Indians, there were settled traditions and sobriety, but Lima was all luxury and license. Why, the jewels of a rich lady here were valued at 240,000 livres of silver!"

He stopped on the Calle Ucayali before a massive building. Along its front façade ran a balcony of carved cedar, characteristic of both Moorish architecture and Colonial Lima. From this, the ladies of the household could watch the life in the street below without being seen through the lattice work.

"Although it is now the Foreign Office, enough rooms in this Torre-Tagle Palace are open to give you an idea of how a Spanish grandee lived here in viceregal days." José opened massive oak doors studded with brass knobs. We entered a blue-tiled patio round which the mansion was built. "This palace was built in 1715 by Don José de Tagle y Brachio, first Marqués de Torre-Tagle, paymaster for the Spanish King.

"Enough money stuck to his hands for the Marqués to build himself the finest house in Colonial Lima," laughed our chubby-faced guide, as he stopped in the courtyard to show us a lion-headed post from which once hung the scales that weighed the silver delivered by the poor Indians. "The stone

for the walls was brought from Panama. The blue tiles of this patio came from Seville."

We climbed to a carved balcony, its wood imported from Central America, which encircled the patio on the second floor. From it, we walked into a private chapel with an altar of gold, then through a succession of salons still with their original furnishings brought from Europe.

In that perfect setting, among smiling portraits of grandees in powdered wigs and flowered brocades, time stood still. We were transported to the life of a bygone day.

The noble hidalgo of Colonial times, owner of vast possessions, governed his family and his slaves with the severity of a Roman patriarch. He could be neither merchant nor manufacturer. Commerce and industry were "low callings." Usually he did nothing but affect a decorative idleness. Publicly, he praised the viceroy; but in the café, he whispered criticisms of the government and the bishops, discussed the title to nobility of a new marquis, the purity of blood of an enriched mulatto. Childlike in his faith, he believed the saints and demons constantly concerned with his existence. Sickness was a proof of diabolic influence; health, the efficiency of an amulet.

While his wife told her beads surrounded by her slaves, the hidalgo passed monotonous days with prayers, lengthy meals, daily siestas, petty quarrels. Even better than a bull-fight, he enjoyed the days when sorcerers or Portuguese Jews were to be burned in an *auto-de-fê*—or feast of blood. Eagerly then he followed the funeral procession of chanting monks carrying statues of saints and virgins clad in velvet and glittering jewels towards the pyre. As the sorcerers, the blasphemers, the heretics, approached the fire, the spectators, seized by a sacred intoxication, scourged their own bodies until they bled. And the hidalgo, who that night would be dancing in some fashionable ballroom, would devoutly sniff the acrid stench of charred flesh and blood.

Love was one of his chief diversions. The patios perfumed with orange-blossoms, the murmuring jet of the fountains

evoked his passion. As a lover, he sighed under Moorish balconies. But his wife's fidelity was precious. In spite of his clandestine amours, he was quick to revenge himself for any transgression on her part.

Colonial Lima was the ecclesiastical as well as political center of South America. Even today it is a city of churches and convents. There are churches with silver-studded altars, with exquisitely carved pulpits, with canons' stalls of costly woods. Churches with portraits of venerated archbishops by Van Dyck and Rubens. Churches with holy statues possessing special orders of nuns or monks to change their crowns of gold and robes embroidered in precious stones. Churches whose sacred images have performed miracles. Old Spain lives again for us chiefly in these churches whose altars and stained glass windows are dreams of beauty.

Our walks would often be halted by processions of priests carrying lighted candles around the statue of the Virgin. While the bells of countless churches rang, mantillaed women knelt and bareheaded men watched the Cross passing with an expression of intense devotion on their faces.

We found shopping along the old "Street of the Merchants," which in Colonial days was paved with silver, but now, as the Calle Unión, has prosaic asphalt, an exciting experience. Most shops displayed cheap North American goods. Radio shops in every block tickled our eardrums with a howling bedlam of Argentine tangos, Cuban rumbas, and African jazz. The modern Conquistadors are overdressed dandies who sit in the movie-show cafés watching the latest North American film star and sipping *pisco sour*s (a Peruvian brandy of white grape and alcohol), or who stand at street corners draped over their reed canes, admiring the señoritas who parade along the street. But we might always stumble on some tiny hide-away, and unearth choice bits of Spanish silver, old laces and brocades, carved chests which had graced a viceroy's palace.

"I can even find you a pharmacy patronized since Colonial days," José boasted, "and buy the remedies of those days:

amulets, condor's grease, unicorn's hoofs, even that great cure-all, the claws of the 'Great Beast.' "

Poking around one shop, I saw dangling beside the cash register a repulsive object: a human head the size of an orange, dull mahogany in finish. The features were still reasonably human. The hair of brows and scalp apparently were possessed of a post-lethal ability to keep growing. Even the impish facial expression was preserved.

"*Tsantsas*, they're called. No self-respecting Jivaro home is complete without one." José, attracted by my exclamation of disgust, left the binoculars he had been examining with Tom. "They're shrunk and boiled, by a process little known except to the Amazon headhunters in Ecuador and Peru . . ."

"Thank goodness!"

José looked me over critically. "Yes, you'd boil well! Better not let the Jivaros see you. But at that, they prefer men. Among the Jivaros there aren't enough women to go around. So the tribe resorts to murder. When a Jivaro kills a rival he cuts off his head and reduces it to the size of an orange by pounding hot sand into the hollow skin bag taken off the skull. The head, once filled with thoughts of the Girl Friend, becomes—a *tsantsa*."

The mild-faced, grisly-haired little shopkeeper, mistaking my cry of horror for one of admiration, rushed forward. "Forty dollars, señora." He was disappointed when I refused this bargain.

The following afternoon José took us over the River Rimac to the northern part of the city. In the once fashionable Alameda de los Descalzos, named from the near-by "Church of the Shoeless Monks," he stopped before an old mansion fronted by a balcony of age-blackened cedar—the dwelling place of the Mengle family.

In the shabby gentility of a dimly lighted drawing room, we found Señor Mengle, a dignified old man, waiting to receive us. His stiff formal bow of greeting had all the old-world ceremony of a Spanish-born seignior.

Señor Mengle belonged to a Peru that is passing. Wearing



the traditional white wing-collar and the black silk scarf ornamented by a pearl stickpin, his black, immaculately pressed clothes marked him as one of Lima's ancient aristocracy. His grey hair was combed down with sweet-smelling vaseline. His hands, of which he was obviously proud, were as small and white as a woman's.

The old gentleman's conversation revealed that the life of a Peruvian aristocrat had not changed greatly from Colonial days. He spoke of having been to Mass. Each day, he composed a poem. After his siesta, he strolled to a table he had occupied for years at a fashionable café, to sip his *pisco* and watch the passing crowds. Sundays, he saw the toreadors vanquish the bulls imported from Spain.

Was Señor Mengle a millionaire? Hardly. We knew that, whether or not he could pay his bills, he, as a Peruvian gentleman, must affect this regal leisure of his Conquistador ancestors, who had Indians to work for them.

A handsome imposing dowager in a severe black dress, relieved by magnificent diamonds, entered. It was Señora Mengle. She was followed by Carmencita and María, plump, dark-eyed replicas of their mother, their skin gleaming camellia-white against their black convent clothes, black hair demurely parted, their only ornaments gold crosses on thin gold chains.

Being old-fashioned and withdrawn from the world, Señor Mengle, under his Latin politeness, pictured all inhabitants of the United States as shrewd, uncultured traders who worshipped the dollar and brandished the "Big Stick" over poor, but proud, Peru. Yet, by the time an Indian servant arrived with coffee and sugar-cakes, he, still dignified but no longer chilly, was saying: "You are so *unlike* North Americans!" (He called us *North* Americans; the people of his continent were the "Americans." On the Waldseemüller Map of 1507, the first to use the word "America," had it not been written across *both* continents? How provincial for us to monopolize the word for the United States!)

Carmencita and María, losing some of their timidity, saw

this as a rare opportunity to verify tales which José had told them. "Do ladies actually go unescorted on the streets of your country at night?" Carmencita demanded. "José says one may attend your opera and dine at fashionable restaurants in informal dress," María put in, her eyes wide with unbelief; "that men fail to remove their hats before passing funerals. Can such things be?"

Señora Mengle tried, by shaking her head disapprovingly, to silence her daughters. But this woman whose Church, family, and home were her world also had a veiled criticism of our civilization. "How has your universal suffrage pleased you?" she asked. "What folly for women to desire to vote! To wish to work in trade besides men! Do not they fear to lose their feminine charm? In competition with men to forfeit their chivalry?"

Señor Mengle nodded his approval of his wife's views. Like most Spaniards he had in him much of the Oriental male jealousy which the Spaniards caught from the Moors.

"Although José goes away for his education, Carmencita and María attend the convent as I did," continued the mother, who had been shocked by José's accounts of our noisy athletic games. "I question your system of education, teaching women things they should not know! Our girls return from abroad discontented with the ways of their ancestors, without respect for religion, unfit to make a peaceful home or properly bring up children. How can they settle down again happily to a life where a respectable woman can do nothing but go to Mass, pay calls, attend to domestic duties?"

"Your colleges teach the student no manners. The physical is stressed rather than the artistic or religious. Worse, they prepare the individual only to make money!" agreed Señor Mengle, himself highly educated by Jesuit priests. He had been hurt by his son's insistence on being educated in the United States rather than at Madrid, and now by his scorn of a governmental job befitting a Peruvian gentleman and his desire

to study mining and work as a common foreman in an Andean mine.

"José wouldn't have such notions," sighed his mother as she wished us goodbye, "if he had remained at our University of San Marcos, where Peru's greatest statesmen have been educated."

Later that day we drove by, on the Calle Inambari, this sleepy old University of San Marcos. Founded by the Society of Jesus under a decree of Charles V in 1551, almost a century before Harvard was conceived, it is the oldest seat of learning in the Americas. Reminiscent of the past are its quiet cloisters, echoing with the splash of fountains, fringed with palms. Occasional students passed us, heavy books under their arms and in their eyes an expression of surprise that we should invade their privacy. A football game, a prom, or a glee club would have been incongruous in this setting. Although the atmosphere of dignity enshrouding this ancient seat of learning has charm for mature minds, we could understand why boys like José Mengle flock to our northern universities.

Drugged by the charms of the ancient City of the Kings, haunted by ghosts of the grandees and soldiers of fortune of sixteenth century Spain, it was a rude awakening for us to find built around Pizarro's city a modern town of earthquake-proof buildings—the Lima which grew up after the War of Independence.

Still proud of their Spanish heritage but resenting the mother country's arbitrary and excessive taxation and her hindrance to free commerce, the South American colonies revolted in 1811 when Napoleon invaded Spain, ousted King Ferdinand, and placed his brother on the Spanish throne. However, on his restoration to the throne, King Ferdinand reconquered all but Buenos Aires. Then appeared the real patriots; San Martín, the Argentine, who marched an army across the Andes and freed Chile; and Simon Bolivar, the Venezuelan, who liberated what is now Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador, and came down to unite with San Martín in

the final crushing of the Spaniards in Peru. South America gained its independence on December 9, 1824, at the battle of Ayacucho, not far from Lima.

Out through this newer section we drove one afternoon with Peter Davey to his home in the most fashionable suburb, Miraflores. The Daveys were proud of their bungalow, standing in a garden irrigated by water from the Andes, gay with hibiscus and bougainvillea vines, near the country club. Their days were pleasantly filled with golf, tennis, tea parties, dances; pleasures made possible by the low cost of servants in Peru.

We described our visit with José's family. "It's because of the Señor Mengles that I and others like me are in Peru," declared Peter. As our eyebrows arched in questioning lines, he blamed Peru's chaotic history since the War of Independence.

After gaining independence from Spain, rival dictators misgoverned Peru in bewildering succession. Except for temporary stability under General Castilla, the country tobogganed from incessant civil war. Her troubles were chiefly financial. During a period of overexpansion, railways had been built, the nitrate mining had thrived, enormous sums had been spent on public works. English capitalists had eagerly taken the bonds the government had recklessly issued. The foreign debt had increased enormously. By 1876, the guano deposits approached exhaustion. Peru was in an alarming financial condition—accentuated after the War of the Pacific in 1879, when, allied with Bolivia, she lost to Chile. This disastrous war cost Peru her rich nitrate province of Tarapacá with the adjoining territory of Tacna-Arica.

"The loss of the War of the Pacific left Peru with a crushed pride and an empty treasury," Peter Davey declared. "Her cotton and sugar plantations were neglected; her mines, deserted; her guano and nitrate revenue, gone. Worse, the country was weighed down with a debt which could never be paid except by giving up her railways, her guano deposits, mines, and public lands. Peru had to hand them over to—well, fellows like me!

"The average Peruvian aristocrat, like Señor Mengle," he pointed out, "who considers it beneath his dignity to work, who prefers politics and basking in leisure while he dreams about the exploits of his Conquistador ancestors, is glad to have us come in and bring our foreign capital. He is happy to leave the development of his country to the British, French, German, and North American residents of Lima. And," he added triumphantly, "thanks to us, Peru's coming back to life again!"

The old city of Pizarro, centering around the Plaza de Armas, had proved too crowded for these strangers; the Spanish palaces of that region, too damp and unhealthy. In the suburb of Miraflores they built new bungalows along wide concrete boulevards. So many houses were under construction here that we almost believed Lima to be recovering from an earthquake!

On our visit to the Miraflores Country Club, the Daveys introduced us to many members of the foreign colony. All the group—North Americans, English, and Germans—agreed that they liked Peru.

"I wouldn't go home except, of course, to visit," the wife of an aviation official assured me. "In New York, we were overshadowed. In Lima, we're *something*."

The men of the foreign colony were nearly all aviation enthusiasts.

"Aviation, by opening up the hitherto hard-to-penetrate interior, will be the salvation of Peru," declared an English shipping official.

Our visit to Lima left us with impressions contrary to our expectations. We had thought of the "City of the Kings" as a Colonial town of Old Spain; and we were unprepared for these suburbs completely Yankee in spirit, which are turning the Peruvian capital from an old Moorish town into a progressive confident city run by foreigners.

However, lovers of antiquity may agree with the automobile salesman who growled to us: "City of the Kings? Eh!"

The fellow that named this dump that flattering title saw it after a year up in the Andean mines!"

Yet—driving one afternoon through a narrow arcaded street near the Plaza de Armas, we glanced up at an overhanging balcony.

A heavy-eyed girl, slim in black, was watching the traffic below. A black lace mantilla was draped over her dark hair. A high shell comb was caught in the lace. Against her pale cheek and rivaling her red lips, hung a rose. With one hand she held open the Moorish shutters of her balcony; in the other, she gracefully swayed a lace fan.

She saw us and smiled. From her hair she took the rose and threw it down into our open car. Then she slipped back into the shadows of the balcony.

Who says romance in Lima is dead?

## CHAPTER III

### WE STRIKE OFF INLAND

How should we get from Lima near the coast up into the interior highlands to Arequipa and Cuzco? The latter was only six hundred miles across the Andes; but there was no direct railway.

Except for some aviation lines, travel in Peru is mostly by coastal steamers that stop at every port. From these roadsteads railways extend inland only until they reach stiff grades. Beyond that you take your choice of traveling on mule, burro, or llama back over mountain trails designed only for the fleet-footed Indian runners of Inca times.

Realizing that we should have to go down to Mollendo before we could get a railway far enough inland, I suggested to Tom: "We'd better imitate the Peruvians. They understand the topography of their country and remain on the coast!"

"We'll be two nights and a day at sea getting to Mollendo; then it's a day's trip up into the Andes to Arequipa," Tom looked up from a sea of steamship folders, time tables, and maps. "By plane, we could reach Arequipa in six hours."

"And risk a forced landing among mountains as high as the Rocky Mountains laid on top of the Alps? No, thanks! I'd prefer to be reasonably sure of arriving in Arequipa."

A compensation for taking the longer route was that shortly after leaving Callao we would pass the Chincha Islands, a group of uninhabited rocks off the coast where the guano birds roost.

The Humboldt Current, cold and full of fish, provides

food for myriads of sea birds along the coast of Peru. Among them are the cormorant, pelican, lancer, and booby. Because this region is rainless, the excrement of these birds has accumulated through the ages and conserved its manurial value so that it forms huge white masses on the rocks.

Even the Incas knew the use of guano deposit as a land fertilizer and protected the birds. The Spaniards named these islands, which covered with their white saline incrustation resemble snow, the Sierra Nevada or "snowy mountains." But owing to their overcommercialization by greedy régimes, this valuable fertilizer is nearly exhausted. Recently government restrictions are trying to preserve what is left.

Beside one of the islands we saw a ship loading the deposit. Beyond the islands we ran into a flock of thousands of cormorants going out to sea to catch fish. For a half-hour they flew by our ship in single file, their long snakelike necks outstretched. When they spied a school of fish, they dived in unison, sending up tiny spouts of water like little whales as they disappeared under the water.

The second morning after leaving Callao we dropped anchor at Mollendo. The surf at Salaverry had been bad; it is always worse at Mollendo, which is an open roadway with nothing to break the force of the waves. Ships anchor well outside. This part of the Pacific Ocean has few storms, but it does have a constant groundswell which carries boats inshore like bits of driftwood.

Our launch was carried inshore by the long unhurrying rollers of the Pacific, which thunder incessantly upon this shore, toward the little settlement of tan houses crouched at the base of cliffs which rise almost perpendicularly from the beach. Rounding the end of a breakwater over which the waves were crashing, we approached a wharf only about twenty feet above the water; for, fortunately, that day the tide was high. True enough to the description of landing which had been given us in New York by returned travelers, a wooden chair, spinning on the end of a rope, was lowered



by a derrick from this dock into our boat while it bounced on the waves.

I sat myself in the chair. Tom stood on the rungs. Because when the chair has only one occupant it whirls about violently, bumps against the quay, and, as it is hoisted up, swings out over the water. Before I realized it, our chair had been lifted and deposited gently on the wharf. Our much dreaded landing at Mollendo was over.

To a terrace overlooking the harbor we climbed by stone steps. From this elevation, given over to scorching, blinding sunlight, swarms of flies, wilted flowers and palms, and Indians sprawling asleep on benches, Mollendo straggles some distance farther up the barren hillside.

We were escorted to the Gran, the town's leading hotel, facing this depressing terrace. One look at the place, and I hated to enter. However, the heat and dust and flies of the terrace finally forced us to crowd through the motley accumulation of ragged Indian beggars, painted ladies of varying shades of skin but all with peroxide-dyed hair, and urchins selling risqué French periodicals and postal cards, and to seek shelter in the hotel.

The windowless bedrooms of this low wooden building opened out, in Peruvian fashion, on a porch running around the hotel. Thin mosquito-netting inadequately served as bedroom doors. Although it was noontime, the occupants of most of the bedrooms were calmly dressing or undressing before the curious eyes of passers-by.

The proprietor—a leathery, garrulous old rascal—ushered us down a dark passageway, where the odors from without quarreled with the smells from within, into what he proudly called the “lobby.” This was only a windowless anteroom leading into the bar. Broken wicker chairs were placed about in dark corners under paper palms. In these we were evidently supposed to listen to an orchestra of three faded women who were making a valiant but hopeless attempt, with a piano, flute and violin, to drown out the din caused by an Indian boy pounding away on a drum.

Yet, in a fly-filled alcove off the bar, noisy with drunken Indians, we had a pleasant luncheon with an enthusiastic, young Norwegian couple going to Chile to start a bus line and a tall, taciturn, grey-haired man on his way to sell machinery to the mines. We laughed when our waiter, who had the spots of a year's meals on his coat, dropped our bread on the filthy floor, dusted it off with his soiled napkin, then handed it to us elegantly on a fork!

With a half-dozen North American miners and their families from our boat, a trainload of Indians with their bundles, we began after lunch the long journey up into the Andes.

Topographically Peru is divided into three horizontal zones. Along the shore extends a desert. Behind that rises the Andes. Then the mountains drop to semi-explored jungle.

The coastal plain of most countries is pierced with navigable rivers giving access to the interior. Not so Peru. As our railway wound south between the foothills and the ocean, we crossed a desert which sifted in maddening whirlwinds through the closed car windows and into our eyes.

After turning inland and mounting in long zigzags, during which the train pursued its own tail, we stopped at Tambo: a collection of huts in a flowering oasis watered from the railway tank, proclaiming the ability of this barren land to produce cotton, sugar, and fruit when irrigated. Here Indian girls sold us roses and bananas. Beyond the reach of the water-tower was desert.

Henceforth we were in another world; the vast highlands of the Andes. After two hours of climbing to four thousand feet altitude, we ran up into sunshine, leaving the clouds a dark wall behind us. Our train seemed imitating a mountain goat; but we had reached only the first step upward from the sea to the inner plateau of Peru.

This first wall of mountains was the Maritime Andes. Some of its peaks are blown-out volcanoes; others, still smoldering, caused the earthquakes which in 1746 destroyed Callao, Arequipa in 1868, and Valparaiso in 1906. To reach Lake Titicaca we would have to cross yet another wall, the

continental watershed of the Western Cordillera, the highest of the Andes. Then on the high Puno plateau, we would face the third and last wall, the Eastern Cordillera Real de los Andes.

A miracle of engineering is this Southern Peruvian railway on which we were traveling. It had been built by Henry Meiggs, an amazing gentleman, who built amazing railways. No world-beater in his native Catskill, New York, he reached South America by chaperoning a cargo of lumber around the Horn to Chile. The fortune he got from this he quickly lost. Looking around, he decided that he needed money; and that Chile and Peru needed railways.

Unperturbed by the fact that he was not himself an engineer, he knew that he could make the technical fellows surprise themselves. No yawning Andean canyon was too wide for Meiggs to bridge; no grade steep enough to stop him. His genius sent the Southern Peruvian up from Mollendo to Arequipa, over a grade nearly three miles high! Down in Chile, Meiggs harnessed the capital to the coast at Valparaiso. His greatest feat was the Central Peruvian railway, finished before his death in Lima in 1877, the highest standard-gauge railway in the world, which climbs 15,900 feet behind Lima to bring down the copper from the Cerro de Pasco mine.

Unfortunately for Peru, none of Meiggs' railways connect the *Montaña* with the Pacific coast. From our immediate objective, the Puno plateau, the Andes drop thousands of feet into a vast tropical region, still only partly explored, called the *Montaña*. This Peru is another world from both the Puno and the Pacific coastal plain. Three ranges of the Andes cut it off from the Pacific. Its only outlet is Iquitos on the Upper Amazon, famous as the most remote port in the world because it is reached by a two weeks' trip up the Amazon from the Atlantic; the ship nearly crossing the continent.

Near us in the car sat a dark-skinned planter of cinchona bark, from which is made quinine. Having quarreled with a rival settler over land, this shy little man with the bewildered eyes had gone to Lima to appeal to the government.

"From my plantation, I must travel by canoe many hundreds of miles through the jungle to Iquitos before starting my 2,300 mile journey down the Amazon to Pará," he told us. "At Pará I caught a ship to Buenos Aires, a train across the Andes to Valparaiso, another boat back to Callao."

"Now you face a similar journey home?" Tom asked, thinking of Iquitos only 1,268 miles across the Andes. But as the condor flies! And this unfortunate man was not a condor!

"I could cross directly by the Pichis Trail. But that means a month's hard and dangerous travel, señor. I prefer returning through Bolivia to Buenos Aires, up the coast again to Pará, before making once more my two weeks' trip up the Amazon and the canoe trip back through the jungle to my plantation."

"Wouldn't you save time by taking a Europe-bound steamer from Callao, then return to Pará and so up the Amazon?" a priest looked up from his book to say.

Our laughter was cut short by the planter's reply. "The time would be about the same and land travel is cheaper."

"Why don't you go by plane?" a lanky aviator suggested. In 1928, air service had been started between Lima and Iquitos. The thousand miles of mountains that this man had traveled so far to avoid had been crossed between sunrise and sunset.

"Afraid to risk the forced landing in the Andes, señor. Besides aviation does not completely solve our problem in the Montaña. Passengers may fly, if unlike myself, they can afford the price of a ticket. But we must have a railway to export our produce."

A towering, baldish civil engineer put down his bridge hand. "Wouldn't it help the Montaña if Peru continued the Central Peruvian railway to a navigable tributary of the Amazon?"

"Sí, señor." The planter's dark face brightened at this quiet man's intelligent question. Then he shrugged. "But even then, before our rubber, lumber, coca leaves for cocaine,

and cinchona bark could be exported to the Pacific, we planters must have another thousand miles of railway to Iquitos."

A discouraged sigh rose from our group. Trying to solve Peru's problems of communication was giving us all a headache.

With a feeling of relief we saw that our train was beginning to cross a bare terrace of brownish lava, six thousand feet high, scattered irregularly with crescent-shaped mounds of fine sand. These sand dunes, or *médanos*, are a unique phenomena.

Composed of a light gray sand, the crescents are more easily blown by the winds than the reddish brown lava of the plain on which they stand. The wind, which here comes continually from the south, blows sand always from the mounds' base onto their horns, up their convex sides to drift down into their hollows. The winds then carry the mounds majestically forward in the northward procession, inland from the beach, to sift into the mountain hollows in gray patches or else fall into the Chile River and be carried back to the coast to start their hopeless journey over again.

Circle behind circle, all one shade of gray, as perfectly shaped as new moons, with their points always on the leeward side, these crescents resemble an army standing in formation on their red lava carpet. It was hard for us to believe they were creeping across the desert at only sixty feet a year, with a glacierlike dignity that has carried them but five miles since Inca days.

Suddenly our train ground to a stop. With the other passengers we climbed down to see the cause of the trouble. A *médano* had blown across the track, defying the progress of the engine. The situation looked serious to us. But the firemen simply placed stones on the convex side of the crescent. Soon the sand blew away. We continued on our way.

Mrs. Mumford, a strapping Junoesque woman, sat across the aisle from us. On the boat she had boasted happily that she was coming to Bolivia to make a home for her husband, an engineer at one of the mines. Now seated beside aging,

indecisive Mr. Mumford, who had come down from La Paz to Mollendo to meet her, the proud smile on her mouth had faded to a grim line.

"Did you find us a house, Fred?" we heard her ask.

"We'll have to bunk in with another family—temporarily."

There was a sob in her voice when she spoke again. "Didn't they give you a raise for coming down to Bolivia?"

"They said they would"—his eyes avoided hers—"in a few years."

Mrs. Mumford began to cry softly. Her husband looked pained, helpless. After a while she dried her eyes, tried to smile, took his hand with a protective gesture.

Our train wound along the precipitous side of a second stairway of mountains, taking advantage of each ledge to draw itself up. We reached a canyon, where between perpendicular walls of rock the Chile River foams down over its rocky bed. This canyon widened to a valley, its sides carpeted green with alfalfa irrigated by the Indians, then opened out to level ground. Ahead of us soon twinkled lights. Had it been day down where they shone we should have seen Arequipa, a green oasis in a desert, nestling in a hollow where the three snow-peaks of Chachani, El Misti, and Pichu Pichu form an amphitheater around it.

Arequipa, meaning in the Quichua Indian dialect "Stay here," exists as a settlement from Inca times. It was a halting place for the swift Indian runners whom the Incas employed to bring up fish from the coast.

"You can't do better than emulate those Inca runners," the machinery salesman who had been our luncheon guest at Mollendo had advised. "Stop and rest in the pleasantest spot in Peru. Before going any further accustom your lungs to Arequipa's 7,600 feet altitude."

But the Hotel Pizarro, where we were to stop, was uninviting at first glance. From a dirty alley off the plaza we entered directly into an odorous bar, the gathering place for the men of the neighborhood to sip liquors and exchange compliments of an evening. The bar was also the lobby. Here

Señora Gonzalo, the buxom and capable wife of the proprietor, attended to the cashier's desk, sold stale American chocolates, and rushed down from her perch to shoo out the stray dogs and cats who were constantly wandering in from the alley. Behind her the doorway was blocked with ragged Indians staring in at a luxury beyond their wildest dreams.

Divided from the bar by Victorian beaded curtains was an alcove, for Señor Gonzalo, the rotund proprietor, wished it known that the Hotel Pizarro was a high-class establishment where the patrons did not eat in the bar. Here we dined in apparent seclusion, but not too far removed to miss the evening excitement when large parties of men gathered in the bar to roll dice for champagne, argue heatedly over politics, or recite the poems they had composed during the day. Then perspiration rolled down the red face of Señor Gonzalo, bartender as well as proprietor, as he tried to satisfy the insatiable thirsts of his guests. Shortly, according to their dispositions, these gentlemen became either quarrelsome or maudlin. Then through the beaded curtains would come exaggerated compliments, English *Damn you's*, the sound of kisses.

In our dining room were the more decorous family parties in which Latins delight. These were always occasions of ceremony about seating, with repeated toasts around the table with diluted wine. Señor Gonzalo gave his greatest attention to the bar, since it brought in the most revenue; but when a local dignitary chose the dining room to fête his family, our chubby proprietor, rubbing his pudgy hands, would bow and palaver around their table, and alternate this with dashing up to the balcony to prod into wakefulness the bored Indian whose duty it was to grind out on the mechanical piano pieces of jazz, as a doubtful compliment to us, and Spanish tangos for the pleasure of the Latin guests.

To our surprise and delight we found that the Hotel Pizarro, like most Moorish houses that present blank unpromising façades to the street, was built around a patio—in this case a tiled courtyard worthy of Seville. Our sitting room opened onto a balcony running around three sides of this patio, leav-

ing the fourth side open for an unobstructed view down the green valley of the Chile River to where irrigation stopped and the desert began.

We had no bath. When we requested such a luxury, Señora Gonzalo looked up with disapproval from the pile of centavos she was counting. "The Pizarro owns no bathtubs. But I could arrange for you to wash once a week at our hospital."

We could not bathe elaborately at the Hotel Pizarro; but from our balcony we could watch the play of sunlight on the snow and rocks of the mountain amphitheater around Arequipa: on Chachani, its black pinnacles turned to a dark violet and its snow splashed with rose by the sunset; on Pichu Pichu, its gray precipices softened to mauve and pink; and on El Misti, equaled in symmetry only by Cotopaxi and Fujiyama, its broad-based cone of lava rising nearly eight thousand feet to a peak of glowing reds and orange.

El Misti, which means in Quichua dialect "The Gentleman," dominates Arequipa. From the time we wakened in the morning, we were conscious of its presence as a background to every scene. Although part of a ridge, the land dips on either side, leaving this volcano cone to rise abruptly from the plain and crouch in solitary splendor like an evil genie.

Arequipans call themselves the children of Misti. Although no longer actually worshiped, "The Gentleman" is still venerated by the Indians as a supernatural force that must be placated. The belief that it is the source of all the earthquakes which have ruined Arequipa dates from prehistoric times. Within the crater are the remains of early temples; and on the top is an iron cross placed there in 1677 by Spanish priests to placate the mountain not to erupt again. On a road near the mountain are two heaps of stones. Even today, the Indians who pass that way often carry a rock from one pile to another, about a half-mile away, to appease the volcano for their insolence in approaching so close to its sacred person.

Also facing this view, the apartment on our right was filled to overflowing with a Peruvian family, whose retinue



of twenty-five included children, the aunts and cousins usually attached to Latin families, and numerous Indian servants. The latter, who slept on the balcony floor outside their master's door, were fed by scraps from their meals. None of the family descended to the dining room. They had brought their food with them. Piled on the balcony outside their door were crates of live chickens. During the day the fowls roamed the patio for exercise. Violent cacklings meant that one was about to become stew.

On our left, in a room decorated by photographs of men, lived a peroxide-blonde of uncertain age. From her voice, which we heard at her room phone constantly making engagements with this gentleman and that, she seemed to be English. Before her painted cheeks became shrunken, her thin shoulders racked by a cough, she might have been beautiful. Now she was only a faded shell, her heart wrapped up in a dirty poodle with a pink bow around its neck, which was continually escaping from her room and being teased by the children of the apartment to our right. At his cries his mistress would come flying from her room, clutching her dirty negligee unsuccessfully about her, her hair in curl-papers, grab up her pet, box the children's ears, and carry off her baby, cooing to him: "There, darling—there—there!"

Between the blonde and Señora Gonzalo there was a bitter feud. "Yes, I whipped her dirty dog yesterday. I had good cause," the faithful wife and churchwoman exploded to us, as she caught a whiff of the cheap perfume that the blonde trailed through the lobby. "Such a person is not suitable for a respectable establishment like the Hotel Pizarro. If I had my way"—her black eyes shot an indignant look at her easy-going husband distributing the extra-stale chocolates among the urchins about the door—"long ago she would be seeking more congenial surroundings."

Arequipa, the most conservative city in Peru, proved as entertaining as the Hotel Pizarro. Lima, too accessible from the coast, is losing its Colonial atmosphere through modern commerce; but Arequipa, without commerce, cut off from

the world by mountain ranges and desert, is today the religious stronghold, filled with churches, monasteries, and convents, that it was two centuries ago when the Church dictated even to the civil governor, when one-third of its population were priests, monks, and nuns, and fiestas and Mass were the only events that marked the days, except for an earthquake or an Indian revolt.

The faith of these Arequipans is childlike. In the streets we would meet statues of the Virgin escorted by priests between rows of kneeling worshipers. Every day is a fiesta of some kind. In many churches we saw crucified figures, operated by wires, going through all the contortions of death. We watched while specially ordained monks lifted them down from the cross, wiped off the "blood," laid them away until the next fiesta. Or we would go to the main plaza on "calling days" to see painted wooden statues of saints carried there from their churches by Indian bearers; and we would be as delighted as the rest of the crowd when they bowed and kissed one another.

The plaza, surrounded on three sides by low arcaded buildings, a huge Cathedral of cream-colored stone on the fourth end, was lovely in the morning when El Misti sparkled with the early sun. We found it doubly so in the evening when the setting sun sank behind church towers, turning the snow-mountains around the city to rose. Twilight deepened, bells tolled to evening prayers from countless churches as we lingered waiting for the ghosts of former lovers to parade under the palms. Instead flesh-and-blood *cholas* and their Indian lovers strolled around the fountain, while above its splash came the distant tinkle of a mandolin.

Spanish-blooded aristocrats, nuns, monks, priests, merchants, beggars, and Indians give Arequipa's streets their color. Street cars are only a recent importation from Lima. Some ride horses. Others walk. But donkeys, their little feet ringing on the cobbled pavements, are the popular beasts of burden in this medieval city.

As we walk down a street, a dashing hidalgo comes riding

along on a prancing horse. Will he stop at the baby wheel before this old convent? Here such aristocrats may deposit their illegitimates, ring a bell, ride away. The good nuns will bring up their babies for them. Along the street comes a later chapter in the story; a priest shepherding along his large flock of foundlings in their blue frocks.

The crowd around us is black with the somber garb of nuns and monks, then lightened by a flashing smile from under some señorita's black lace mantilla. An Indian boy paddles his barefoot way over the rough pavement, playing a weird, melancholy refrain over and over on his reed pipe. Two monks, with shaven heads and bare feet, walk through the throng, telling their rosaries. Four Indians stagger along, on their backs heavy earthenware wine jars. Then the whole street is blocked by a big herd of llamas, down from the High Andes for market day, urged along by the musical cries of their gayly dressed Indian owners.

Residence in Arequipa had by now made us familiar with these animals, whose shaggy bodies, slim, graceful legs and long tapering necks are covered with the long valuable hair of an Angora goat.

Being one of the few animals whose lungs are adapted to high altitudes, they are mostly used in the Andes as beasts of burden.

"Docile animals, really!" confided Señor Gonzalo as we stood one day before his hotel watching with amusement the supercilious expression in some llamas' limpid eyes, the tilt of their heads on their long necks, and the continual wagging of their jaws. "They carry a hundred pounds without a whimper. Given a pound more, they lie down and spit their saliva into their driver's face. Neither blows nor caresses can induce them to rise. Like the camel, llamas suffer from blood diseases. Their spit causes bad sores. Many's the wound I've had to treat."

Although they travel slowly and each carries little, a herd of llamas transports a considerable amount. These docile animals cost little to keep. They live on the mountain moss and

grass and, with a stomach like a camel, will go months without water. They can pass the night in the open without suffering from the cold and march on in the morning obediently to the voice of the driver.

In Inca times the llama was used less as a beast of burden and more for its fleece. Immense herds of llamas and their wool-bearing cousin, the alpaca, belonging to the Sun and the Inca, were scattered over the provinces under the care of shepherds. Many were sent every year to Cuzco to be eaten by the court or sacrificed at religious festivals. But these were only the males. No females could be killed. Their care and breeding were carefully regulated. At the right season the llama flocks were sheared; the wool dealt out to each family for the women to spin and weave.

After the Conquest, these great flocks were almost wiped out; many llamas being slaughtered solely for their brains—an epicurean morsel liked by the Spaniards. The poor Indians wandered over the plateau where once they had ruled, half starved and naked for loss of the warm fleece which had protected them. Yet if they stole a llama, they paid for it with a ghastly death.

Exhilarated by the pure desert air of this "city of eternal sunshine," we had come in from a walk out in the desert in the direction of the baths of Jesus; the springs that furnish the best drinking water in South America.

"Isn't there another spring out Juliaca way?" Tom asked.

"With great rivalry between the two establishments," Señor Gonzalo lowered his voice. "The good priests who own the baths of Jesus threaten excommunication to those who patronize their rivals at Yura!"

Señora Gonzalo had been taking a motherly interest in our welfare. She planned our walks, proposed native dishes to sample. This afternoon she was preoccupied. Another suggestion was coming.

"Unless you see our old families of Spanish descent, the proudest in Peru, you cannot realize how much more aristo-

cratic Arequipa is than Lima," began the señora, who always attended Mass at the fashionable Cathedral where she could mingle with society. In a more progressive community she would have been conducting a social column in a newspaper.

"You can best see our aristocracy at the races. They always attend," she advised. "You should go tomorrow."

The following afternoon Señora Gonzalo produced for us a motor car of the vintage of 1916. Its Indian driver jockeyed us into the procession of caballeros on horseback, carriages filled with dark-eyed, mantillaed women, Indians astride their burros, pouring out of town in a cloud of dust towards the track.

"Arequipan society," a few old families of Spanish descent, dressed sedately in black as at a funeral, occupied the front row of boxes in the grand stand. Ours was between that of a florid Judge and his two pale daughters from Lima, in whose honor the races today were held, and that of a priest who read his catechism without glancing up at the races. The cheaper seats, behind, were crowded with Indians.

More entertaining than following the inferior horses imported from Lima, however, were the periods between the events. Society, as in all countries, strolled through the paddock and admired the horses. The young girls, walking four and six together, dressed in black convent garb, giggled and rolled their dark eyes in response to audible compliments. These were uttered by youths, affecting sideburns and tight-fitting clothes, who lounged against the railing of the track, appraising them. For these races are the excuse for many flirtations in a society so restricted that on the second call the girl's father demands the young man's intentions.

When we returned to Arequipa the sun was sinking through the soft desert air of twilight. The flanks of Chachani and Pichu Pichu were turning crimson from the reflection of the west. Before us Arequipa, as Moorish in appearance as Biskra, was fading into the shadows. As we approached, this white city burst into a blaze of electric lights,

like thousands of fireflies, with the two white minarets of the Cathedral spires extending into the purple sky.

“Can’t we prolong this business of accustoming our lungs to the altitude?” Tom asked, knowing that that excuse for lingering any longer in Arequipa had been worn threadbare. Tomorrow we had railway tickets for the Puno plateau.

## CHAPTER IV

### BRAVING SOROCHE IN THE HIGH ANDES

THE following morning we joined a new set of travelers. The early morning scene, as our train wound out of the green oasis of Arequipa and up the barren hillsides, was beautiful. But most of these people, whom long residence in South America had satiated with magnificent scenery, read or played poker without a glance at passing snow peaks. More interested was a sandy-haired man, large and beefy and full of fun, with a red face comically ornamented by boned-glasses. Flashily dressed in a checked suit and red tie, this breezy Californian was the hearty kind usually called "Bill." And, sure enough, "Bill" was his name.

Our destination today was the Puno, the barren highlands of central Peru, which could be reached only by this South Peruvian Railway which crosses the Andes, at this place a wrinkled wall of rock four miles high.

"All these curves aren't necessary. It makes you wonder whether a llama stood in the engineer's path and, rather than shoo it away, they moved the transit!" A lean, baldish man, with a serious manner and conservatively dressed, put down his book on dynamos and glanced up over his spectacles, as our wiggling train gave us such frequent glimpses of the engine that we seemed to be dogging condors. "It shows this railway was built by the mile."

With this remark Henry Ross introduced himself. We later learned that, a college graduate, for the last twenty years he had been an electrical engineer at a large mine in Chile.

"Now I'm going to Bolivia to prospect for power sites *on*

*my own*. No more being kicked around by a big concern!" His laugh, meant to be carefree, succeeded only in being bitter.

Had his being fired—somehow, we knew he had!—been because he, an elderly man, had annexed this kitten-faced young Indian girl with whom he was traveling? Evidently he had not had Chita, as he called her, long. A studious, quiet-mannered man, he beamed dotingly on his plump olive-skinned sweetheart, bedecked in clashing shades of red, heavy gold earrings and strings of cheap beads, as she sat discontented and pouting, surrounded by all their belongings, a gramophone, radio, kitchen pots and pans, clothing tied up Indian-fashion in dirty rags. We noticed that Henry Ross wore a wedding-ring, while Chita, in spite of her love of barbaric adornment, did not.

"Pretty? You bet! Those eyes— Boy! But rather fat for my taste." A salesman's voice, from the other end of the car, carried above the noise of the train.

"They all have her black hair, nice teeth and eyes, when they're young; but they age on you," an engineer bellowed back. "Then if a guy's tied to them legally . . ."

Their vulgar talk embarrassed Henry Ross only temporarily. As our train climbed among the glacier-covered giants of the Western Cordillera above Arequipa, he watched Chita proudly. Meanwhile, she, unable to read and bored, turned her melting eyes from her unexciting companion to a young German diplomat and a boyish aviator from Kansas who sat near them.

At eleven thousand feet we came to a station before which were piled heaps of *yareta*, a mushroomlike fungus which grows in bunches on the Andean rocks. When dried, this moss is very inflammable. In this treeless country it is used for fuel.

Around the station were a few mud and thatched huts, dwellings for both stooping Indians and high-headed llamas who share, with a strange communion of beast and man, and an equal impassiveness, the constant struggle against a pitiless nature two miles above the sea.



Perched on the roofs were crosses to protect the houses from lightning.

"And on the crosses lightning rods to protect *them* from lightning!" laughed the German diplomat, a blue-eyed youth with tousled yellow hair going up to La Paz as secretary at his legation, leaning out better to see this incongruous sight.

We were now in the gaunt Andean country inhabited by slant-eyed, short, thick-set people known as Quichuas. With their southern relatives the Aymaras, they form today most of the population of Peru and Bolivia. Their old name, Incas, died when the Spaniards killed their leaders; and they became divided linguistically into Quichuas and Aymaras. They speak little Spanish but only their own languages; and they have retained many of the social habits of their Inca ancestors.

Inured to the hardships of their pastoral life, these Andean Indians tend their flocks or drive their llamas over the plateau swept by bitter winds, weave the blankets they wear, and raise corn and potatoes on the almost vertical mountain sides. Living at an altitude of ten thousand or more feet does not make a man energetic. After the day's work is finished, these Indians sit quietly and make music on their reed pipes, sip chicha (the local home-brew made from maize), or chew coca leaves, dreaming of the dancing at the next fiesta.

Into the crowd piled our third-class passengers to buy hot savory stews of chopped meat with onions and potatoes, big glasses of chicha, and small bags of coca leaves.

"Dare you to chew some of this?" Bill's foghorn voice resounded under Chita's window. He was outside holding up to her some dried coca leaves.

The chewing of coca leaf is an ancient vice. The ancient Peruvians used tobacco only for medicinal purposes and as snuff, but they found a substitute for tobacco in the narcotic of the coca. Its leaves when gathered, sun-dried and mixed with lime, form a chewing preparation like the betel-nut of the Orient; but its soothing qualities, when used to excess, have the bad effects of habitual intoxication.

Because of its ability to promote endurance the Inca run-

ner, pleasantly stupefied against pain by the wad of leaf bulging out his cheek, covered long distances over the cold Andean trails. Likewise today, "the descendants of the Incas" constantly use this drug to ease the burden of life among the snow and rocks, and, in a drowsy elation, are able to do a tremendous amount of work. Coca leaves are also shipped to Europe for the manufacture of cocaine.

Chita reached out a greedy hand for the coca leaves, but fearing the displeasure of Henry Ross, she hid them guiltily behind her.

Mirages of rivers floated over the arid plateau backed by snow peaks over which we crossed beyond the station. The only vegetation was great bunches of *yareta* and a yellow bunchgrass called *ichu*, which the Indians use to thatch their mud huts. Nibbling this wiry grass were hundreds of llamas.

The German diplomat smiled as we crossed this dreary wasteland. "I know the family that own this pampa. They lease it from the government and rent it to the Indians at twenty-five cents a year per llama. On the revenue they live in Paris in sumptuous style!"

Among the llamas we noticed a group of slighter, more delicate beasts, reddish brown as fawns, as graceful as antelopes. As we approached, the male stepped apart from his harem to look us over. Then, scenting danger, he galloped quickly away, followed by his females.

"Oh, vicuñas! Big rabbits!" piped Chita. For these creatures brought their front and long hind legs together when they ran.

The Peruvians in Inca times were never allowed to hunt these wild vicuñas. Their killing was protected by severe laws, for their silky wool was made into carpets and hangings for the temples and palaces. No one but the Inca could wear their chinchilla-like fleece. Even today their tawny coat is one of the most valuable furs in South America.

"You're lucky to catch sight of such timid beasts," a priest from Arequipa told us. "Had the *ichu* been green, we might

have passed close to this herd without noticing it because of their protective coloration."

"If not protected by the government vicuñas would soon be extinct, for they cannot be domesticated or shorn alive," Henry Ross was telling the young diplomat. "The skins for sale are supposed to have been in existence at the passing of the law ten years ago. But with no game-wardens up on these pampas, they're probably contraband."

"If you know the ropes, you can get permits to shoot them," volunteered a mining engineer. "Friends of mine hunted them by motor car. They said the shy, swift animals ran like hares. Their car was also moving. To hit one you had to be a crack shot!"

The mountain air was making us hungry. Not expecting to be fed, Tom and I had bought some oranges at the last station. A purchase that looked foolish when our Indian conductor slipped into a white linen coat and over a diminutive range cooked a bountiful luncheon.

Over a dreary landscape of frozen lakes, barren rocks, and snow, our railway climbed to the crest of the line at Crucero Alto (High Cross). A cross marked the top of the pass, 14,688 feet above sea level.

By now, many of our fellow passengers were showing symptoms of *soroche*, the mountain sickness which travelers sometimes feel when they come directly from the seacoast to the rarefied air of the higher altitudes. The German diplomat was nauseated. Bill, with a headache, insisted on drinking brandy despite the priest's warning, and was ill. But Tom and I, careful of our diet recently, the priest, and the aviator experienced not even a shortness of breath.

As we descended, the scene changed in a few hours from desolate mountain peaks to fertile pampa, where flocks of llamas grazed, tended by Indian shepherds. We had reached our objective during the long climb from the coast, the Puno plateau, lying between the parallel Eastern and Western Cordilleras, where rose the ancient Inca civilization. Three hun-

dred miles long and two hundred wide, its area of glacier and snow drains into the Amazon. Lake Titicaca, now shrunken, once covered it entirely. Although its only fertile parts are narrow valleys at ten thousand feet altitude, it is today the richest portion of Peru.

The railway line began to drop rapidly now between mountains terraced up their sides for thousands of feet with little patch-farms. Many of these farms were ancient Inca terraces. Fertile land in the Andes during Inca times was scarce. Every acre was preserved for agriculture by burying the dead in caves and planting the almost perpendicular mountain sides in a maze of toy gardens.

Bill looked with respect at these ruins. "Poor devils! Think of the labor required to build those level plots on those cliffs," he spoke feelingly. "And to get men to carry earth in baskets on their backs to cover those rocks before they could be cultivated! I couldn't get away with *that* in California." And we heard about his three-hundred-acre ranch near Los Angeles.

In modern times the Indians have greatly diminished, and few of these terraces are now used. However, the Indians that remain, deprived of the fertile plain by large landholders, are driven to cultivate some of the plots of their ancestors; and they till them as primitively.

The Inca government always encouraged the farmers by preserving the guano deposits for them and irrigating the arid sections. Having no foreign commerce, the peasants' scientific farming furnished the entire governmental revenue. To indicate that farming was a worthy occupation, the Inca, himself, set the example in the spring by appearing outside of Cuzco and turning up the earth with a gold plow.

The Peruvians had no draft animals, but their crude plow was the only one among the American aborigines. It consisted of a sharp-pointed stick with a horizontal footpiece by which the plowman forced it into the ground. Six or eight men dragged this instrument through the earth, pulling together to the chant of their national songs, in which they

were joined by the women, who followed behind, breaking up the sod with rakes.

The whole empire was divided between the Sun, the Inca, and the people. The lands of the Sun furnished revenue to support the temples and the many priests. The Inca's income went towards the royal palaces. The remainder of the land was held in communistic ownership. The crops raised—bananas and cotton on the coast; higher up, corn and potatoes, then and now the chief food of the Indians, and introduced from South America into Europe—were pooled and divided, apparently with such fairness that a scarcity in one section was made up from plenty in another; and everyone was satisfied.

No one was required to give more than part of his time to cultivating the lands of the Sun and the Inca. He was then succeeded by another for a like term. All so engaged were maintained at public expense. By this rotation of labor no one was overworked and each man could provide for his own household; yet each citizen contributed to the common welfare.

"But the poor Peruvian, however industrious, couldn't better his condition, materially or socially," pointed out the priest, as we discussed the merits of the Inca government. "Without money or property, without even time he could call his own, he paid his taxes in labor."

"You've stated only the dark side of the picture!" Henry Ross argued. "Peru, then as now, was rich in minerals; but money was unknown. Consequently, it had no millionaires; but also no paupers. If a man—of course, it couldn't be by his own fault!—lost everything, charity was not doled out to him, as with us; but the government replaced him on a level with his countrymen."

"Wasn't the Inca free from our ambition, avarice, and discontent?" asked the young German wistfully.

"And probably happier!" agreed Henry Ross.

In Inca times by law every Peruvian had to marry on reaching maturity. The Inca nobles were allowed many wives,

but the people were limited to one. No one could take a wife beyond his community; so the choice was limited. Nor could any but the sovereign marry his own sister.

After his marriage the bridegroom was given a house and some land by the State. But even over this the poor Peruvians had no proprietorship. The soil was redivided every year. The possessions of the tenant increased or diminished according to the children in the family.

At Juliaca we said goodbye to our companions bound for Bolivia. Bill, the big Californian, Tom, and I, taking tomorrow the branch line to Cuzco, dropped off at this cluster of houses grouped around a barren, wind-swept square to spend the night.

No wonder the Incas worshiped the sun. After sunset Juliaca grew bitterly cold. "A nine-o'clock town!" growled Bill, when at sundown even the beggars withdrew into their hovels. As the only light was a dingy lamp in the kitchen, there was nothing for us to do after nightfall but follow the example of the hotel's other guest, a Peruvian officer who had been strutting around before the village belles in his red and khaki uniform, and go to bed.

Although we had been warned against thieves in this inn we decided to leave the door open in our windowless room. Our courage had its reward. Before we fell asleep under a mound of alpaca blankets, heavy without being warm, we had a last vision of sleeping Juliaca. Over the low houses the Southern Cross, and lesser-known constellations of the Southern Hemisphere hung in the rarefied mountain air like lamps from a black void.

At daylight we were awakened by the incessant clang-clang of bells for Mass. As we had lain huddled all night fully clothed against the penetrating cold, we were soon out in the square, which, it being market day, was crowded with squatting Indian women, fat with colored skirts, their hair hanging in greasy braids, on their heads mannish derby hats. Every squaw had jars of chicha, frozen potatoes, and knitted dolls spread out before her. While her man, wrapped to the nose

against the Andean wind in a heavy poncho, stood behind her to see that she was not cheated.

Before the knitted dolls we found Bill, a child at heart, standing entranced. "Say, aren't these cute?" He held up to us a pair of dolls. "Look at this fellow! What a jaunty lid! Even playing a flute. See, the woman has a baby on her back." His neck already hung with dolls, he picked up another pair.

It was hard to associate the wealth and illustrious history of the ancient Inca race with these ragged, dirty Indians.

When Atahualpa was murdered, the subjects of the Inca Empire, who had risen above the barbarism around them, saw their civilization destroyed by ruthless adventurers from an unknown world, intoxicated by unaccustomed power and interested only in immediate riches. They became slaves for the next three centuries under a tyranny very different from the paternalism of the Incas.

The lands and persons of the conquered being considered the spoils of the victors, this country was organized into a system of *encomiendas*; grants of large tracts of land to influential Spaniards with the privileges of enslaving the Indian occupants of it and receiving tribute from them through *corregidores*, who were usually tyrants.

Under the Incas, the Indians had never been idle, but they were never overworked. Now slavery, labor in the mines, and neglect of the government-directed agriculture which had supported the large Inca population killed off the Indians. Especially in the mining districts. The population of the Inca Empire, which had reached twenty millions, was reduced to four millions. Still a village of a hundred was compelled to produce the same tribute as when it had numbered a thousand!

Yet, robbed of all initiative by the Incas' despotic rule, and naturally submissive and docile, the Indians accepted the Spaniards as successors to their Emperor, to whom resistance was impossible. Even the language of their conquerors was unintelligible to them. Miserably, but quietly, they lived in their villages, herded their masters' sheep, cultivated their

maize and potatoes, listened submissively to the priests, and meekly suffered whatever head-tax their masters demanded if only they could escape slavery and death in the mines!

Likewise today, the Indians, withdrawn as much as possible into the Andean highlands, fight the white man with the weapons of resignation and apparent indifference, which earns for them the reputation of being shiftless, stupid, and surly. Occasionally, they escape from their anguish through the pain-deadening coca, the trouble-obliterating chicha, and their sad music. Secretly, they delight that white officials, finding living unpleasant up on this Puno plateau, are glad to delegate the local control to native chieftains, *alcaldes*, or mayors, who strut around regally with their silver-mounted staffs.

This morning in the Juliaca market we saw why the white man cannot even control the Indians through their economic need of his superior civilization. Self-sufficient, they live in bare adobe huts. Their only possessions are a few llamas which furnish food, clothing, and transportation. Like their Inca predecessors, they do not need money. Producing all their simple life requires except chicha, coca, and dyes to color their homespun, they were getting these this morning from a few more enterprising neighbors by barter.

Picking our way through the crowded market square, we reached the station. On the platform we ran across our Indian porter who yesterday on the train had proved such a good chef. On our combined tips he had had a merry night with chicha and Juliaca ladies. This morning, still drunk, he was being led off by a soldier to jail.

Today our train consisted of only a second-class car, a third-class coach packed with Indians, and a flat car on which rested a blue roadster.

"I'm taking the car to Cuzco," announced a Scotch auto salesman named Macduff, who joined us as the train pulled out.

We noticed at once how the shoulders of this heavily built, strong-featured man in his early forties seemed weighed down



with care; we noted the worried expression in his intelligent brown eyes, the discouraged droop to his sensitive, humorous mouth. The sporty run-about, he told us, was for the daughter of a Cuzco government official. And in the quick intimacy of travel in out-of-the-way places he was confiding to us the cause of his anxiety.

"As you see, I've a bad cold." Nervously, he fingered the woolen muffler around his neck. "My doctor in Lima warned me that, coming up into this altitude, I was risking pneumonia. Well, pneumonia's certain death up here unless you're rushed to the coast by special train with a doctor pumping oxygen into you. A luxury I couldn't afford! But this fellow in Cuzco said he would buy a car only if I delivered it myself this week. My wife lies in Lima paralyzed, and I've three children. . . . I desperately need the commission from this sale."

Leaving Juliaca, we crossed a pampa dotted with grazing sheep. "Those animals are bred at the government stock farm at Chuquibambilla," Macduff leaned over to say. "The head of it, an Englishman, is a friend of mine. You'll be interested in an experiment he tried once. Horses, as you know, were introduced into Peru by Pizarro; but he never brought them up to these altitudes. My friend recently imported six horses up here to be used for breeding purposes. They died within two months. When their hearts were cut open, holes were found in them the size of a shilling!

"There's another side to the story," he continued. "These Indians, living here at twelve thousand feet altitude, their lungs enlarged, their chests overdeveloped, their blood packed with red corpuscles to pick up the small amount of oxygen in the air, die as do the llamas when they descend to sea-level."

We asked whether foreigners who live long up on the Puno do not also undergo a physical change.

"Indeed, they do! You'll run into plenty of them up here. Boasting that they've overcome the breathlessness and palpitation they felt at first. But take a look at them! Their faces are

pallid; their actions, listless. And don't their ribs stand out like the rings of a barrel?"

By the time we reached Chuquibambilla we knew that Macduff had once had a rich uncle in the shipbuilding business in Portugal. Expecting to inherit the uncle's business, our Scotch friend had learned Spanish. But the World War had ruined the uncle; left the nephew with lungs weakened from gas. Because of his Spanish, Macduff had come to South America to regain health and fortune.

"But even here," he concluded sadly, with a twisted smile that tried to be brave, "competition's keen in the automobile business, and an invalid wife and three children are expensive."

During our conversation the hills had closed in. The pampa had become the narrowing Vilcamayu valley. We were following the route by which, according to the favorite legend concerning the origin of the Incas, the celestial founders of their dynasty traveled from Lake Titicaca to Cuzco.

According to this legend, once the ancient races of this continent were all barbarians. The Sun-god parent of mankind, taking compassion on their degraded condition, sent from Lake Titicaca two of his children, Manco Capac (Great) and Mama (Mother) Oello. Brother and sister, husband and wife, they came along this high plateau, carrying a gold wedge. The Sun had directed them to found a city where the sacred emblem sank easily into the ground. In the valley of Cuzco towards which we were traveling, this wedge disappeared forever into the earth! Here the Children of the Sun founded Cuzco, Manco Capac teaching the men agriculture, and Mama Oello, the women weaving and spinning.

But when Bill, who had been playing solitaire on his suitcase, reminded us that we were traveling the route of those first Incas, Macduff, a realist, snorted: "That golden-wedge yarn was probably invented by the Incas to give themselves divinity. The travels of those mythical figures were only a pretty way of saying that Cuzco had been founded in the most fertile spot some wandering tribe had found." Then,

smiling at our disappointment: "However, that unknown tribe undoubtedly came along this valley from Lake Titicaca, where ruins of a civilization preceding the Incas has been found."

When we looked out of the window again, we were winding sharply under a sixteen thousand foot rock-tower and being confronted by a mountain range dripping with dazzling glaciers. This was La Raya, the high point of the line, the watershed between the Amazon basin and Lake Titicaca, at 14,518 feet.

On the pass were mounds of rocks. "It's an Inca custom to carry a stone up a hill to prevent fatigue," explained Macduff, "then leave it on the high point."

Once the trail crossing the La Raya pass was part of the great Inca highway south from Cuzco. The most remarkable work of the Incas was undoubtedly their two military roads extending from Quito to Cuzco, then south to Chile; the one along the coast, the other in the mountains. Only scattered fragments of them remain, for the Spaniards let them decay. But these are enough to show us that once they were smooth macadamized roads, marked off by milestones, tree shaded, and, especially in the mountains, crossing viaducts and suspension bridges, scaling precipices that would discourage modern engineers, miracles of engineering skill.

Along these highways, between fortress-barracks (*tambos*) placed ten miles apart, sped swift runners carrying dispatches telling of insurrections in distant provinces—or bringing up tropical fish and fruit for the royal table. The messages were often verbal, accompanied by a thread of the crimson fringe worn around the temple of the Inca to show his authority, like the signet-ring of the Oriental despot. Other messages were conveyed by means of the quipu.

The quipu, meaning "a knot," consisted of a cord about two feet long, composed of different-colored threads twisted together, from which smaller threads were suspended as a fringe. These threads, also of different colors, were tied into knots. The colors signified abstract ideas: (silver) white, and

yellow (gold). White signified peace; red, war. But the quipu was used chiefly by government officers established in each district, who forwarded to Cuzco records of the material distributed to the laborers, the quantity of fabrics made, the number of men in each village able to bear arms, and the births and deaths.

Along this road from Cuzco often marched the victorious Inca army as they spread their benevolent paternalism over the barbaric tribes from Ecuador to Chile. The Inca officers carried weapons mounted in gold and silver. Their heads were protected by golden casques set with precious stones and surmounted by the plumage of tropical birds.

Divided into companies marching behind the imperial standard bearing the sign of the rainbow, each soldier retained the costume of his province. They wore bright turbans, tunics of quilted cotton, and carried shields and bows and arrows.

Along this road also often had passed the Inca, carried in a litter rich with gold and emeralds, on his way with his retinue to one of his palaces. Then this road had been lined with people eager to catch a glimpse of their sovereign. Waving banners and strewing flowers in his path. Tradition revered the spots where he stopped to settle problems referred to him by the local courts.

In Inca times, each of these villages through which we were passing had a law court. Public office brought nothing to the occupant, only responsibility. The judges must decide every suit in five days; in case of neglect, the punishment of the guilty party was visited on the judge.

The laws related almost entirely to criminal matters. The Inca hacked off a man's head for theft, adultery, or murder. Removing landmarks on a neighbor's property, turning the water from another's land into your own, burning a house, he also severely punished. Death was the penalty for burning a bridge or any other means of communication. A rebellious city or province was burned; its inhabitants killed. The greatest of all crimes was blasphemy against the Sun or the Inca.

After an hour we had descended to a climate far from

warm, but more comfortable. Macduff loosened his muffler. His eyes somewhat lost their worried expression. Dropping below the tree line, we entered a valley planted with eucalyptus that looked intoxicatingly green after two days on the brown highlands.

At every stop Bill jumped off the train for a glass of chicha. In the huts around the stations, its sale advertised by a red rag flying from a pole, were jars of varying strength.

"It's only for my *soroche*," he excused himself, laughingly, although his florid complexion proclaimed him a heavy drinker.

As the liquor put him in high spirits and made him loquacious, we began to hear why this big, broad-shouldered, leather-lunged Bill had come to Peru. "Some Indians in Colombia—I was there visiting a friend in the oil business—told me of the buried treasures of the Incas. Well, Pizarro was lured to South America by stories he heard of the Incas eating from vessels of gold, wasn't he?"

"And the old boy has nothing on you?" laughed Macduff.

"Not a thing!" He leaned forward excitedly. "The Spaniards looted the Incas of incredible fortunes, I know. But they only found part of their wealth. Far more gold was in their tombs than in the temples and palaces. Those graves the Spaniards never bothered to open!"

"But haven't archeologists done it since?" asked Tom.

"They haven't found a thousandth of the treasure! I got this straight from Indians who know what they're talking about. There's still millions of dollars' worth of gold in countless Inca burial places—especially around Cuzco. You know, the wealth the Spaniards found there took their breath away!" He paused dramatically. "I'm going after that gold and silver if I have to dig up the whole city."

As we laughed, we felt the train stopping at Sicuani.

This station platform, like others along the way, was thronged with Indians. But even when we walked among them, they did not rush forward with their llama rugs, vicuña skins, pottery animals, oranges from the hot valley of

Urubamba seventy miles to the north. Characteristically they sat in placid rows on the platform with their baskets before them.

Just as the train started, Bill swung aboard with an armful of avocado pears, whose purple skins contain a creamy custard delicately fibered. "Aren't I the generous boy? All you can carry away for one centavo!" He dumped them into my lap.

"If we knew our Andes—we could look out at these stations and tell where we are," Macduff remarked, at the next station. "The Incas decreed that each community should have its distinguishing dress. The Indians along here still wear their old costumes."

We had observed this. At the previous village the men had worn broad-brimmed felt hats, over bright red skullcaps with earflaps, tilted over one eye, giving even their stolid Indian faces a rakish expression. At this settlement the most striking note of their costume was a long poncho covering short jackets and a scanty pair of red "shorts," making them look like Spanish toreadors.

Yet, the men were drab in comparison to their squaws. Dressed in clashing shades of red, hung with beads and silver bracelets, they put the painted houses to shame.

"Young or old, they all look fat in these petticoats," Bill voiced his disappointment in the Indian belles.

"One, they say," laughed Macduff, "for every year of their age."

"Then here comes Mrs. Methuselah!" Bill pointed out a corpulent damsel swaying along carrying a basket of avocado pears.

"The altitude can be judged, Peruvians say, by the increased layers of dirt on an Indian's face," the Scotchman replied to Bill's complaint that these solemn, red-cheeked maidens were picturesque, but a none too cleanly lot. "These Indians believe that washing in the higher altitudes cracks the skin."

"Well, these girls are taking no chances!"

The big Californian was amused especially by the headgear

of the women. They were as varied as the men's. At one village huge flat mandarin hats of straw decorated by strips of colored cloth were the fashion, at the next settlement little monkey caps perched saucily over one eye; while farther down the valley round felts or cloth-covered straws as wide as a cardinal's were the style.

"Say, there's the wife for me! An economical girl!" Bill, leaning from the car window, had spied an Indian belle proudly walking through the crowd, a battered white hat of European design, with a bedraggled pink ostrich feather trailing behind, perched on top of her broad-brimmed native felt.

Nearly every woman had a shawl around her shoulders containing a future citizen. This baby was always dressed exactly like its mother; the same bright skirts, the mannish "Panama" hat, the greasy black braids. Although Bill tried at every station to make these babies smile, he never succeeded in getting one to relinquish its stolid, resigned expression.

Externally, the life of these Indians is colorful. The flaming reds, yellows, blues, and greens of shawls, ponchos, and hats give the crowd a gala appearance. But this riot of color belied the spirits of the people and their sad resigned faces. We had already been long enough among these Indians to know that the gay colors of their costumes were not an expression of joy but a gesture of defiance.

As we approached Cuzco, we noticed that the wayside shrines were decorated with garlands of flowers. Indian women clustered around men who bore on their shoulders wooden crosses as big as themselves.

"Tomorrow is the fiesta of the *Cruz de Mayo*," Macduff answered our wondering glances. "Tonight the Indians dance, drink, set off fireworks. Tomorrow they'll carry these crosses up into the mountains to plant them on some high rock. Around them they'll confess their sins. Then, their consciences free for the year, they'll drink themselves insensible again with chicha!"

As our route turned northwards towards Cuzco, I wished that we had been approaching this once-Imperial city as the

Indians do. We should have cried, "O Cuzco, Great City, I salute thee!" and entered the sacred town carrying a stone on our back out of respect, a tradition often still observed by the Indians as when not even an Inca noble could approach the Emperor without bearing a burden.

In a sheltered valley, the train stopped. We looked out. In the semidarkness we could see only a station. No town was in sight, yet our Indian conductor assured us that we had reached Cuzco. We were amazed at his willingness to carry our baggage to the hotel until we discovered that the station was also the hotel. Both were a half-mile from town.

Had we arrived at the City of the Sun? Well, hardly! As we were to discover the following morning.



## CHAPTER V

### THE CITY OF THE SUN

WE SLEPT little that night. Although the Indian stationmaster, who was also the hotel proprietor, assured us that our room over the combined waiting-room, dining-room, ticket office would be quiet ("for you can sleep a week, señor, before the next train arrives!"), freight cars in the station yard below our window were switched all night.

At daybreak bells began tolling. Indians started unloading cobblestones. A whistle blew continuously. I went to my window. A foreman was blowing, with childish delight, a shiny new whistle. And flinging crisp orders at the bewildered Indians was a gentleman of about forty-five, who resembled a Hollywood picture director. A Basque beret perched on the blond hair of his close-cropped bullet head, soiled white riding-breeches and a gay striped blazer, emphasized his stocky figure, and riding boots showed to disadvantage his sturdy bow-legs.

As we were breakfasting, our "Hollywood director," in the same ridiculous costume, to which had been added a monocle, screwed into the side of his beaked arrogant nose, strode into the station-hotel and, to our amazement, up to us.

"I'm Aston Parks, Colonel Jenks' nephew. Uncle John wired me to do the honors while you were in Cuzco."

We became good friends with this nephew of the English-born Peruvian railway official, with whom we had come down on the boat from New York. After breakfast, Aston Parks took us out to visit his "private car" parked on a siding near the station; a bachelor residence that sounded palatial, except

that the car was only an antiquated discarded passenger coach with a cot in it, the roof punctured by the pipe from the stove on which he cooked his meals.

This car was a strange abode for the relative of an aristocratic English gentleman. We learned that Aston Parks was an Oxford graduate (which accounted for his monocle!); still a bachelor; and, until the depression, an artist (the reason for his Greenwich Village costume). Two years ago, destitute, he had appealed to his uncle for work in Peru. The English Colonel had insisted that he serve an apprenticeship as freight agent, section hand, conductor, and now district superintendent.

Had he regretted giving up his art?

"I thought I was sacrificing everything when I left London. Instead I've found a new inspiration in Peru." He took down from a shelf a portfolio of water colors. "The colors here—the quaint village scenes—the gorgeous Andes. Next month, when they promote me to the main office in Lima, I'm celebrating with a one-man show. Do you wonder that I love Peru?"

As we strolled over to the station together, Parks broke the news to us that the mule-drawn vehicle, the only communication between the station and the town, rattled the mile up to the city only on "train days."

"Obviously, you can't wait a week," he concluded; then called to the stationmaster, "Get us a motor-car, Gabriel."

"*Sí, señor.*"

We sat down on the station platform and waited. And waited. When after twenty minutes no car had arrived, Aston Parks called the Indian out and demanded an explanation.

"*Mañana*—it comes," the Peruvian shrugged.

"*Mañana* will not do," objected Parks. "We wish the car this morning. Now. *Pronto!*"

"All the garages in Cuzco are closed, señor. You know yourself that only your men work today which is fiesta," the stationmaster retorted, obviously glad to revenge his loss of holiday on his chief.

"*Cruz de Mayo?*" I remembered the Indians we had seen yesterday.

"No, señora," the Indian retorted, with veiled insolence, "that old Indian fiesta is now only celebrated in the rural districts. This new holiday is an international event—of Soviet origin."

"Of course, the first of May!" Tom exclaimed.

Aston Parks argued at the retreating back of the station-master, but no car was produced. The Indians, against the orders of the local police, worked around the railway.

"If I keep them busy," Parks explained, "they can't go up to town and hear those Communists."

As we found, when finally Macduff came by in the new roadster that he was delivering to the daughter of the government official and drove us three up to the city, everyone in Cuzco on the first of May sat in the doorway of a closed shop, twiddled his thumbs and gossiped, as if he had been in Moscow.

To Aston Parks and Macduff, Cuzco was a familiar story. But with emotion Tom and I approached this scene of the rise and fall of the ancient Inca Empire, which has bewitched historians, archeologists, treasure hunters, and adventurers.

Under an unbroken line of emperors from Manco Capac, who likewise claimed descent from the Sun-god, Cuzco became four hundred years later a city of two hundred thousand. Not only was it the Holy City of the Incas, to which pilgrims journeyed from all over the empire, but also the residence of the Inca and capital of the empire—its name translated means "Navel"—and the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere in the fifteenth century.

After Atahualpa's murder, the Spaniards rushed up to plunder rich Cuzco. Crowning Manco, half-brother of Atahualpa, as a puppet emperor to fool the Indians, Pizarro took over actual control of the city. The inhabitants began to realize bitterly that the Spaniards were their masters when their worship of the Sun was replaced by Christianity.

Indignant at the concealment of treasure in lakes and rivers, as they plundered the town of everything portable, the Spaniards put many Indians to the torture, trying to extort from them a confession of their hiding-places. The vast treasure—which exceeded Atahualpa's ransom—was piled in a common heap. After the finer specimens had been deducted for the Crown, the remainder was melted down by goldsmiths into ingots and divided among the soldiers. They even shod their horses with gold and silver.

With a resignation which inspired only contempt in their conquerors, the Indians watched their tombs plundered for gold; their residences turned into stables and barracks; the sacred Temple of the Sun demolished and the monastery of St. Dominic built of its ancient stones; the House of the Virgins of the Sun replaced by a Roman Catholic nunnery; their heaven-born aristocracy enslaved by the conquerors; and thousands of young nuns become the prey of the white soldiers. But, except for a few unsuccessful uprisings, the Indians did nothing. The Inca Empire was over; and the Spaniards were left alone to quarrel among themselves over rich Cuzco.

Soon Lima outrivalled Cuzco. The Inca highways, neglected by the Spaniards, crumbled. Cuzco sank back into the Andes, to become a forgotten village dreaming of its departed greatness.

In the ancient square known as the Plaza Matriz, which we were now entering, had once been deposited soil, brought from all parts of the Empire to signify its unity. From here, had branched out the four great roads: two north and two south.

The Plaza Matriz is still the center of Cuzco. On the south of the square, near the Cathedral, is the red sandstone façade of the University of Cuzco. It was once part of the Jesuit Convent of La Compañía, built on the site of the palace of Huayna Capac which Pizarro appropriated as his headquarters.

Through the open door of the chapel floated the strains of the "Internationale," followed by cheers and applause. Between speeches we heard a phonograph amusing the Indian audience with "My Blue Heaven" and "Kiss Me Again."

Edging our way through the crowd about the entrance, we saw tacked to a blackboard an announcement in Quichua.

"Revolt against Capitalism!" Parks, who understood the Quichua dialect, translated. "Hear Comrade Carlo Romano speak concerning the martyrs of Chicago."

"Better not go in! You'd get mobbed, looking so capitalistic," warned Macduff, as he drove off to deliver his car.

"Let's go over and sit in the square," suggested Aston Parks. "I'd like to do some sketching."

On a bench in the Plaza Matriz we recognized a lanky figure with a tawny mop of hair: Bill.

"I've been at the market buying picks, shovels, and spades. I've hired ten strong Indians to do my digging," he greeted us. "I was to begin excavating. Now I find that first I must get the permission of some Señor López, the local boss. Isn't that the limit?"

Worn out by his shopping, the Californian had dropped his big self on a bench in the sunshine. Too lazy to move, he was chewing a wad of coca leaves and taking photographs of the picturesquely costumed Indians.

"In this town a photographer doesn't have to hunt pictures, does he?" he said, having acknowledged our introduction of our artist-friend, but eying his Bohemian costume and his monocle with suspicion. "Let them come to you!"

To illustrate, Bill snapped a passing Indian child with a baby on her back.

An Indian man shuffled up. Holding out a grubby hand, he mumbled in Quichua.

"He says that anyone taking photographs in this Plaza must pay him two soles," Aston Parks explained. "Ignore him."

"Good business man, I'd say!" Bill laughed, tossing the Indian the money.

"Now you've hired him for the day, may I use him as a model?" Aston Parks motioned to the Indian that he was to pose. He then unstrapped his folded easel and a box of pastel crayons he had been carrying, and began blocking in on a

sketching pad the gay poncho and the picturesque rags of the old Indian.

As we sat down beside him, Bill announced: "I've also been over at that meeting listening to those modern Indian pinks rave. Why don't they copy the Incas' *constructive* Communism? At least, it was for the common good!"

"My hat's off to any intelligent Socialists who could domesticate the llama, perfect the mining of gold and silver and the woolen industry, divide the year into its twelve lunar months, protect the guano birds, learn to write by a series of knots in a piece of string; and, without iron or steam and only tools of tin and copper, build gigantic rock fortresses, roads, canals, and reservoirs," declared Aston Parks, outlining his model's sharp features. Then he added, sadly: "But tell me, what have the Indians accomplished since the Spaniards destroyed their despotic, but popular, Communism?"

This Plaza Matriz had once resounded to other shouts than "Down with Capitalism!" Staring in amazement at these modern Communists, I saw the ghosts of the Peruvian nobles who once gathered here for the feast of Raymi, held during the summer solstice, when the Sun, having touched the southern end of its course, retraced its path.

During three days of fasting no fire had been lighted in Cuzco. At dawn on the fourth day, the Inca and his court joined the people in this Plaza Matriz to see the sun rise. From the moment when the first rays struck the towers, shouts and songs greeted the deity's climb over the mountains. Sacrifices of maize, llamas, and sometimes a child or a beautiful girl were made. Dancing and feasting continued for days.

From a concave mirror of polished metal, which collected the rays of the sun into a focus, a flame was kindled and applied to some dried cotton. This sacred flame was cared for by the Virgins of the Sun. If it went out, the event was a national calamity.

On this Plaza Matriz each new Inca built himself his finest palace. (The Indians called their monarch "the Inca" to distinguish him from the Inca nobles.) As representative of the

Sun, the Emperor was a mild despot. He dressed in the wool of the vicuña, wore jewelry of gold and precious stones, a turban with a tasseled fringe of scarlet and two feathers of the *coraquenque* placed upright in it. And his subjects believed that only two birds of this species existed to furnish this royal ornament. His sceptre descended from father to the eldest son of the *Coya*, or lawful queen, among a host of concubines, chosen from the sisters of the Inca. A practice revolting to us but securing a pure-blooded heir for the crown of this heaven-born race.

The Inca nobility of the Incas' court consisted of two orders. The first group comprised the descendants of different monarchs. These nobles divided from the people by a distinctive dialect, costume, and education—were mostly priests, governors of provinces, and commanders in the army. They were very numerous as the Inca monarchs were polygamous, sometimes having two hundred children. The second order of nobility consisted of the *curacas*, caciques of the conquered nations, who were continued as subordinate officials under the Inca governors in their provinces.

In this Plaza Matriz the last of the Incas, Tupac Amaru, was decapitated in 1570 and his head stuck on a pike beside the scaffold by order of the cruel governor, Francisco de Toledo.

"They say, that when the ax fell, the wail from the Indians made even the hardened executioner shudder," said Aston Parks squinting at his sketch. "And all that moonlight night this square was packed with Indians kneeling before the last of their sacred line."

And here in 1780, a cacique, also named Tupac Amaru and heir of the Inca emperors, was torn in pieces by four horses for having incited the Indians to revolt.

"The spark kindled by that cruelty and nursed during centuries of apparent submission drives the Indians today to revolt against capitalism!" Aston Parks looked across at the Communist meeting.

Was it to lay these bloody ghosts that on the Plaza Matriz

the Spaniards built the third-largest Cathedral in Latin America? Requiring from 1560 to 1654 to build, its cost shocked even the lavish viceroys.

Attending services there the following day, Tom and I looked around us at the congregation of ragged Indians, gazing spellbound at the priest's jeweled vestment, the silver altar at which Pizarro received communion, and the gold communion service and candlesticks. Devout Christians, they appeared to have even forgotten their worship of the Sun.

While we were ambling about this pleasant little sleepy town, Bill, in the days that followed, tried to enter into negotiations with Señor López: a large-stomached individual, with squinty eyes and loose lips but a soft persuasive manner.

After the first call, Bill greeted us jubilantly, "Señor López says that, although most of the gold and silver from these Cuzco temples went to Cajamarca for Atahualpa's ransom, less than a tenth of this had been delivered when news of the Inca's murder reached Cuzco. He tells me the balance, en route, was hidden somewhere between here and Cajamarca. That I might clear millions without it costing me much to fit out an expedition to get it."

Two days later, Bill was not so happy. "Señor López says that recently the government has gone strict on treasure-hunting. But he says they *might* listen to reason. Well, it'll cost me a little—but he has telegraphed to Lima. He says the permit'll arrive in a few days."

"In the meanwhile, why not go sight-seeing with us?" Tom suggested.

Bill agreed. When we met next day in the square, he produced a lanky ragged Indian. "We'll get lost among this crazy-quilt of alleys. I've engaged Chico to find the remains of Inca walls scattered among modern buildings for us," our Californian friend announced.

Chico started us off at a dog-trot through the narrow streets.

"The Spaniards came in 1532," the Indian intoned solemnly, as we hurried to keep up with his long strides.



We agreed. This intelligent remark was a good beginning. After all, Chico might prove to be useful.

We were fully convinced of the extraordinary pedestrian powers of the descendants of the Incas by the time Chico finally halted before the Palace of the Inca Roca to show us a wall of large roughhewn granite boulders fitted to the adjoining stones in a hodgepodge pattern, but with the edges nicely fitted together.

"The Spaniards came in 1532," Chico repeated.

This time we agreed less enthusiastically. Surely, the Conquest had little to do with these Inca remains!

Farther on, Chico ran his finger along the crack between some huge rocks, adjusted so perfectly that it was almost impossible to discover the line of junction. A close inspection showed that a glue, now as hard as the rock and almost invisible, filled up the crevices between the blocks.

"The Spaniards came in 1532," he reiterated, looking at us in melancholy fashion.

"Ye gods! It's his one English phrase!" roared Bill.

The conquerors ruined these Inca buildings searching for hidden treasure and using their stones to build their own homes. Many massive Inca walls serve as foundations for frail Spanish adobe houses.

"And where the more recent buildings are crumbling, the Inca walls are as good as new!" Tom stopped before one period crazily superimposed onto the other.

The news of the Spaniards' greed reached Cuzco before them. When they realized the value of gold and silver to the conquerors, the priests began hiding it. On Pizarro's arrival, much of the metal had disappeared.

"I bet these old walls are full of hidden treasure!" Bill cried. Then he broke off. Chico had disappeared down a side alley. Lest we be lost in this maze of streets we had to hurry after him.

After ten minutes of searching we discovered Chico waiting for us at the entrance to the Calle de la Cárcel, once the center of Inca religious worship. Near here is the Convent

of Santa Catalina, in Inca days part of the building of the Virgins of the Sun.

These so-called Virgins of the Sun were taken young from their homes. Elderly matrons taught them to spin and weave the wool of the vicuña for the hangings of the temple and the clothes of the Inca and his household. The girls also watched over the sacred fire obtained at the festival of Raymi.

After they entered these establishments, the Virgins were entirely cut off from the world. No one but the Inca and the Queen could enter their sacred houses. Although the Spaniards accused them of affairs with the priests, woe to the maiden discovered in an intrigue! She was buried alive; her lover strangled; his town or village razed to the ground and "sown with stones," to obliterate all sign of his existence.

The reason for this supervision was that, although named "Virgins of the Sun," these girls were really brides of the Inca. At a marriageable age the most beautiful among them were sent to the royal seraglio. Later, when the monarch grew tired of them, they were not returned to this convent but, however humble had been their birth, established in luxurious homes of their own. Far from being dishonored for what they had been, they were revered all their lives as the Inca's brides.

Near by, we came to the spot where was located the magnificent Temple of the Sun, holy of holies under the Incas. Begun by Manco Capac, it was improved by each Emperor, until under the Inca Yupanqui, its roof and doors were of gold, its floors of silver, its garden filled with gold and silver statuary; and it received the name of *Coricancha*, or "the Palace of Gold."

So incredible were the tales told regarding the Temple of the Sun that even Pizarro believed them fanciful. Before coming himself to Cuzco, he sent a Fray Alonzo Martínez to learn just what was there.

"Covering the western wall hangs a golden image of the sun deity," the padre reported. "It is in the form of an enormous disk with a human face cut upon a thick plate of gold,

studded with emeralds and other precious stones, around which projects innumerable golden rays ending in stars of silver. This greatest treasure of the Empire is so placed that when the rays of the morning sun fall upon it, to be reflected by gold ornaments around the temple and the gold cornices, it illuminates the whole temple with a blinding light. Only those of royal blood are allowed to look at it."

"Too bad the great gold image of the Sun was dug up here forty years after the Conquest," Bill looked momentarily downcast; then he shrugged his broad shoulders. "Oh, well, I can't expect to unearth *everything*."

During Inca days on either side of the portico of the temple had stood twelve gold life-size statues of the emperors; while on either side of the gold sun were the mummies of the dead rulers, themselves, with their Queens. They sat on gold chairs, dressed in their jeweled robes. Their hands had been placidly crossed over their bosoms. Their lifelike faces had still showed their natural dusky color and their hair had been blackened or silvered, according to the age at which they died.

Believing that the soul of the departed monarch returned to re-animate his body on earth, these royal bodies, mummified simply by exposure to the cold, were treated as though they were alive. Their palaces were kept open and occupied by their servants. On certain festivals the revered bodies were brought out into the Plaza Matriz. A banquet was served to the living Inca and his court by the servants of his predecessor. The guests ate in the presence of the royal mummy with the same attention to etiquette as if the mummy were alive.

On the site of the Coricancha rises today the Church of St. Dominic. It is a Dominican monastery. Women are not admitted.

I was left alone outside until the men reappeared to tell me about the semicircular wall at the west end of the monastery. Once the outer wall of the pagan temple, the mechanical and architectural perfection of the only curved Inca wall is unequaled in the world.

"Each stone was polished into one curved block," marveled Tom as we walked away. "Think of it! After centuries of earthquakes, no broken joints and only one diagonal crack between those perfectly cut stones!"

Both men had been saddened to find the stone walls of the Temple of the Sun bare of its encircling gold band and the golden plates that once covered its interior walls; and the Garden of the Sun no longer dazzling the eye with gold statues of trees, animals, and flowers, but filled with monks cultivating prosaic cabbages and onions.

"Señor López said that only a few years ago some of the golden plates, a number of the gold flowers and animals from the temple gardens, were found," declared Bill. "But that no one has yet found the golden statues of the Incas. He says it might be expensive to get permission from Lima to dig for those—but, I'll cable back to California and get the money somehow!"

During Inca times, adjoining the Coricancha had been a Shrine to the Moon, the Sun's sister-wife, and mother of the Incas, decorated in silver. And near by had been temples to the stars, the thunder and lightning, the rainbow, the winds, earth, air, mountains and rivers. Cuzco, in all, once contained over four hundred shrines.

Hoping here to add to our collection gold and silver figures of the Sun-god, we appealed to Aston Parks. "Don't be like Bill!" he answered. "Do your 'excavating' in Señor Angelo's department store."

Señor Angelo, Italian-born Peruvian citizen, was an energetic little aristocrat with a close-clipped beard, whose stucco bungalow was built on the site of the old palace of Manco Capac, overlooking the city.

The modern Inca of Cuzco, his store occupied an ancient Spanish palace down in the city. He led us through an archway into a courtyard filled with auto-trucks, farming implements, and household equipment. The encircling three floors were equally crowded with dress-goods, gaudy silks, phonographs, glass beads, silver jewelry, tasseled harness for don-

keys, "skating-caps" with earlaps for cold Andean nights, silver pins for shawls, reed-pipes to furnish melancholy music, and piles of coca leaves.

Señor Angelo led us up a flight of narrow stairs, unlocked the door of a tiny back room. Before our astonished eyes was an assortment of Spanish and Inca relics fit to grace a museum. Carved four-post beds, oak chests, painted bureaus, antique tapestries, and church embroideries heaped helter-skelter with Inca pottery and pre-Inca silver.

"I'm not an antiquarian," Señor Angelo protested, modestly, as we cried out with rapture. "I've only collected these old pieces for bad debts on modern merchandise."

When we came out bearing our treasures, Aston Parks announced, "Now I'm going to take you where you can't buy, only look. We're calling on Professor Alvarado, history professor at the University and an authority on Incan goldwork. He has consented to let me show you his collection."

We found Professor Alvarado waiting for us in his humble adobe hut in the poorest quarter of Cuzco. He proved to be a little, crinkly-faced old man, dressed in shabby black and crippled with rheumatism over his cane. His world-weary blue eyes, pink cheeks, and shaggy beard typified the history professor and the collector of antiquities.

That at seventy-one he had retained the humor of his youth was apparent when, as he led us through his one-roomed hut and out into his sunny patio, he piped in cultured English: "I am a poor man of little learning. But I have one distinction; I am the only Spaniard in Cuzco who does not claim descent from Pizarro—that swineherd!"

Proudly and lovingly, Professor Alvarado showed us his trinkets of gold and silver, found during his excavation of tombs in Mexico, Central and South America.

"The early Peruvians were as skilled in working metal as in other handicrafts," he pointed out. "Their gold work was of the decorative, ceremonial, or religious character—its color being symbolic of the Sun—rather than utilitarian. But their mining methods were so primitive that they hardly scratched

the crust of the vast amount of precious metal stored in the Andes."

The aged historian showed us precious stones exquisitely carved. "That the Peruvians could cut emeralds, turquoises, and other hard stones is difficult to explain," he told us. "They didn't know iron, although the soil was filled with it. Their tools were only stone; or a combination of tin and copper, almost as hard as steel. That they could do this difficult work with such crude tools is amazing!"

Professor Alvarado's brown fingers caressed his treasures. Unlike our Chan Chan druggist who would have dumped all this artistic craftsmanship into the melting pot, this old gentleman loved his treasures for their beauty.

The Professor had us examine a chain of linked pendants and tiny balls. "The Aztec jewelry is often of ornate design and, like this, in filigree. Their art flourishes today in Mexico and Yucatan." Replacing the chain, he picked up an anklet of flat goldwork. "But this is Incan. Its smooth surfaces and bold design, you notice, are almost modernistic."

Professor Alvarado's shoulders suddenly became bent and old. "I have spent my life trying to discover some of the processes used by these masters of the goldsmith's art." His blue eyes blinked at us with the bewildered look of one who lives in the past, as he excitedly queried, "How were their utensils gold-plated? Not by our methods. Whatever their process was—today, it's a lost art.

"If Cuzco had only had such a cultured conqueror as Cortez!" he continued, passionately. "What he found in Mexico, he sent intact to Spain. More, he saw they were preserved. That's why I say—that illiterate swineherd, Pizarro, who left us so little by which to judge Inca goldwork!"

When we left, thanking Professor Alvarado for showing us his treasures, he told us proudly: "This collection is my life work. I am a poor man, for my teaching at the University brings me little. But even to buy bread, I would not sell one item. If you return to Peru after my death, you will see my relics intact in the museum in Lima."

Towards the end of our stay in Cuzco we saw less of the friends with whom we had journeyed from Juliaca.

Macduff was teaching the pretty daughter of the government official to drive her robin's-egg-blue roadster. Bill's sly old fox of a Señor López still insisted that more money be sent to Lima before permission to dig would arrive. Meanwhile, Bill's hired Indians, who had done nothing but lounge around the market place and drink chicha, were clamoring for their pay.

Yet, Bill was undiscouraged. "I'm going to drain a Lake Urcos near here," he announced excitedly to us, "if it takes every cent I have! Into that lake, the gold chain, which encircled the Plaza Matriz, was thrown to save it from the Spaniards."

And another day: "I've just wired Lima again. I've discovered that there's a tunnel down from the fortress of Sacsahuaman to the Temple of the Sun. López says that fifty years ago an Indian wandered into this underground passage. He reappeared three days later down in Cuzco, dying, but babbling of chambers heaped with gold—and carrying a big gold nugget! Because in the gold-rush that followed seven students were lost in this underground passage, the government blocked the entrance. It's been sealed ever since. But López says that, if properly approached, the government *might* unseal that tunnel!"

For a lasting memory of our stay in Cuzco, Aston Parks took us on the long climb up the road leading from the Plaza Matriz to the old Inca fortress of Sacsahuaman overlooking the town. This, during the first great Indian uprising in 1536, the Indians had captured. Here, Juan Pizarro was killed, leading his Spaniards to the recapture of the citadel. And the Inca chieftain, commanding the fort, hearing of Spanish reinforcements coming from Lima, jumped from the parapet.

Towards the town, where the cliff made defense easier, the old fortresses narrowed to a single wall. On the back and sides where the approaches were less difficult, it was protected by three parallel walls running around the hilltop. The walls were

one above another on terraces. Separated by the width of a road, the higher wall was always set slightly back above the lower, so that the defenders could hurl stones down on their enemies. They were further built in zigzag form. Thus, the entire wall to the next projecting angle could be guarded by a few warriors.

"It would be a hard job, even with modern machinery, to move such rocks, polish, fit them together with such accuracy," exclaimed my engineer-husband, as we stood on the ruins of the fortress, gazing at the heavy blocks of stone which comprised the walls and galleries.

"This fort's even more remarkable," agreed Parks, "when you realize that their quarry, where unfinished stones have been found, is a half-mile away. And they had no beasts of burden, beyond the slaves, to raise to this elevation and place these three hundred ton boulders. The Indian'll tell you that these enormous granite rocks were brought here and put in place in a single night by the Inca's magic, but twenty thousand men were said to have been employed here for fifty years.

"Yes, the fortress of Sacsahuaman holds a thousand secrets!" added our artist-friend. "Too bad the Incas wrote merely with a quipu, suitable only for keeping numerical records, and we have to decipher their history by guesswork from their stones and from the prejudiced accounts of their conquerors!"

Below the walls we walked across a level field, possibly once a parade ground, to a smaller knoll covered with stones of weird shapes and sizes, to which people of vivid imaginations have given silly names. Aston Parks dismissed "The Inca's Bath," "The Devil's Seat," and similar phenomena lightly.

"Some serious historians actually believe they've religious significance. But it's my opinion that they're only tricks of nature." Suddenly he laughed: "Has Bill heard of the secret hall supposed to be under Sacsahuaman—perhaps under where we're standing? It's one of the many places supposed to contain the lost gold statues of the Incas!"



Sitting down on a rock, Parks solemnly told us the legend which every Indian in Peru believes in his heart: "A Spanish lady, Doña María de Esquivel, was married to the last Inca. Having married him for his money, she constantly reproached him because he lived simply. Finally, exasperated, he retorted, 'You will see that no king in the world has a larger treasure than I have!' Covering her eyes with a handkerchief, he brought her up to Sacsahuaman, then down a flight of steps. When he removed the bandages she was in a vast hall filled with gold vases and other utensils, while arranged around the wall stood the twelve gold statues of the Incas.

"How sad to see our nice Californian friend fleeced by Señor López!" Aston Parks sighed. "I've told him that that old devil makes a business of preying on the innumerable treasure-hunters who are always being drawn to Cuzco to look for Inca gold. But he won't listen to me. I've also enlightened him to the fact that, were he to find Inca treasure in any great amount, the government would confiscate it. He might only get a small reward."

Before leaving the fortress, as the mellow tones of the great gold Cathedral bell, called by the Indians "María Angola," summoned the faithful Indians to prayer, we stopped for a moment beside the wooden cross which overtops Cuzco.

The steep hill fell almost perpendicularly to the town. Along the opposite horizon, snow-mountains rose from among purple hills to pierce the sky. At their base the faded red roofs of the city sprawled over the green valley. The rays of the sinking sun shot a lingering goodbye across the valley, touching the aged tiled roofs of Cuzco with gold-tipped fingers.

"If I could only paint that!" breathed the artist beside us. Then he added, softly: "Once again, Cuzco is 'bright with gold and gay with color,' as in the days of the Incas, the City of the Sun."

## CHAPTER VI

### SAILING A POOL OF ICE-WATER

TOM and I returned to Juliaca, then turned south. Our destination was Puno, where we were to take the steamer that sailed over the inland sea of Titicaca.

As we were being shown our cabin, on the trim little ship called the *Inca* which incongruously plies a lake tucked away in the clouds, we heard out of the darkness of the deck a shout: "Friends! Welcome aboard!" From the shadows appeared the plump form, the bullet head, of Otto Schwartz, the German salesman on our "Rolling Nellie" down from New York.

Since we had left him in Lima, Otto had been selling sewing machines through Peru. Now his round pink face, even his shiny bald head, radiated pleasure at seeing us. He had been living on the *Inca* for three days waiting for her to take him to Bolivia, and he was lonely.

Residence on board had given him a proprietary attitude towards the ship. He could hardly wait for us to get our baggage into our stateroom before showing us the clean cabins and wide deck-space, and taking us forward to meet his old friend, the Captain.

The master of the *Inca* was an aristocratic-looking Peruvian, his tall angular figure erect in a blue uniform resplendent with gold braid, his copper skin accentuated by a clipped white moustache and eyebrows which arched fiery black eyes.

This handsome Peruvian had been educated at the Jesuit University of San Marcos in Lima, but he had chosen to bury himself on this secluded mountain lake, better to study the

old Aymaran legends. His knowledge of them had made him famous throughout Peru.

We told him that his ship resembled a miniature ocean-liner.

Pleased, his long brown fingers caressed the gold toothpick, evidently his dearest possession, which he wore proudly on his watch-chain. "The *Inca* and her sister-ship preceded the railway in age," he told us. "Built in Glasgow, they were carried up the Andes on muleback, assembled here on the lake shore."

Formerly Lake Titicaca, an immense body of fresh-water, drained southeast into La Plata valley. While the rainfall here has so greatly decreased that the lake has shrunk to a puddle, compared with its original dimensions, Titicaca is still nearly as large as Lake Erie, and is famous as the highest navigable lake in the world. Over 12,000 feet above the ocean, it stretches 130 miles between Peru and Bolivia, filling an immense shallow cup between the eastern and western Cordilleras.

Over the crystal-clear waters of the lake, fed from the glaciers of surrounding snow mountains, our little ship, trim with white paint and gleaming brass, sailed silently at eighteen knots an hour. The pink glow of sunrise touched the barren shores and turned distant snow peaks to rose.

The *Inca*, like all ships, was a miniature floating world. But she carried few passengers.

At breakfast we found ourselves seated at the Captain's right. Opposite were three other passengers: two monks in brown cassocks, with shaven heads and bare feet; and their companion, a flashily dressed youth.

"You're fortunate in the day you chose for your crossing," the Captain greeted us. "Many's the time I've taken the *Inca* across with a stiff wind sweeping across from one snow range to another, whipping the water into high waves. Then, indeed, she tosses about; and, I must admit, sometimes scurries to shelter behind the nearest island."

"A treacherous lake," nodded the elder monk.

"But this morning the Indian balsas are far out on the lake," happily announced the youth.

The Captain showed his fine teeth and pounded the table with delight. "A sign of good weather! Those Indians know before I do. If a storm were coming every balsa would be hugging the shore."

We came up on deck again to find ourselves near a number of these Indian craft, similar to those which once comprised the Inca navy. The balsas, we observed, were made from reeds growing around the lake and lashed into four bundles. Two large pieces formed the body of the raft. Two smaller ones were railings on each side. The ends of the bundles, slightly raised, made a stern and prow, while a pair of sticks served as a mast to hold up a square sail of woven reeds like a rush mat, for these raftlike boats were sailed and steered. Only when the wind failed were they navigated by paddles.

While the boat skirted the south shore of the lake, we stretched out on the sunny forward deck. Lazily we watched the Indian huts along the shore, the terraced green patches of cultivation against the barren hills, the rocky islands reflected in water as blue as the cloudless sky.

The two monks followed us up on deck. With their youthful companion, they sat across from us.

The younger monk appeared to be only an aide. He sat apart from the elder Brother and the youth, holding his superior's binoculars when the latter was not using them, and was present chiefly to run errands. From the earnest conversation between the older monk and the youth we caught the words, "bonds," "good yield." Evidently, the youth was using this day on Lake Titicaca to talk the Brother into making some investments.

The sun, the glistening water, the placid sway of the ship, made Otto Schwartz talkative. He began to tell us about his twenty years "on the road" through the Andes. He was an expert on the subject of trade relations in South America.

"When I came to South America, France and Spain were the cultural influences; Great Britain, Germany, and the

United States were dividing the trade here. Of course, Great Britain and Germany were far in the lead; the United States, of not much consequence. I remember that I, representing a Chicago firm, was quite a curiosity. You know for yourselves what has happened since the World War. Germany has been crippled. And I'll wager that most salesmen you've met so far in South America represented, not English firms, but North American ones!

"Of course, I'm lucky being of German birth," Otto continued, modestly. "Latin Americans like to do business with Germans. They think Britishers old-fashioned. And they're jealous of North Americans."

We assured him that his genial personality had much to do with his success.

"*Danke schön!*" Otto's cherubic face blushed happily. "But I understand these South Americans. I've taken time to learn Spanish. I know the difficult Quichua and Aymaran dialects. More, I study the markets of the people; learn their wants. I respect their siestas and fiestas; and, most important, I've learned not to hurry them."

Abruptly Otto switched to his hobby, which, with his German thoroughness, he rode as hard. From his pocket he brought two pieces of old Spanish silver. "How d'you like these? Picked them up in Puno. Cheap, too, or I wouldn't have bought them. I'm no millionaire! They're for my collection of old silver, Spanish and Inca, which I keep at my shack in Ecuador."

"Then you *have* a home?" Somehow I had imagined him on a perpetual pilgrimage through the Andes.

"Just a hut in the eastern jungle. But I picked it out, after ten years of searching for the ideal place, because there's always a flock of wild parakeets flying around the door. The village near by has only a few hundred inhabitants, mostly Negroes, but seven newspapers. I own four of them. On the front page we run the news—local bits, of course. But the remaining three sell the sheet: love poems written by our readers, fellows to their girls, and all that! Awful stuff.

"And I'm also the mayor," continued Otto proudly. "After I'd given them two blocks of concrete pavement, they began calling me King Otto. We compromised on Mayor Otto. These two blocks of concrete running through the jungle between their huts—there isn't anything similar for a thousand miles!—enable all us leading citizens to own motor-cars. Bought secondhand in Quito. At sunset every afternoon when I'm home I lead the motor-car parade of five old busses up and down my two blocks of concrete. Every few minutes when we pass and re-pass our envious friends drinking before the café, we all solemnly raise our hats."

Our laughter was merry at this scene described so earnestly by our companion. We glanced up to see that our ship had begun to pass ruins along the lakeside.

We had reached the important Inca shrine of Copacavana. In Inca days this village, standing on a rocky ridge just above the water, had been a holy city from which pilgrims embarked for an even more sacred Inca shrine, the Island of the Sun.

When the Spaniards demolished the Inca shrines, they erected here as a rival attraction for the Indians the Church of our Lady of Copacavana. Indians from all over South America have flocked to it ever since a monk announced that he had seen light radiating from the gold crown and halo that surmounts the Indian face of the wooden Virgin. The figure, dressed in a silken gown and hung with jewels, measures about three feet high. Carved in the sixteenth century by a descendant of the Incas, it is famous throughout the continent for the miracles it performs.

The Captain stopped in his promenade of the deck to say: "You should come to Copacavana, señor, in August. Before the planting of the crops some ten thousand Indians gather here for the coronation of Our Lady of Copacavana; then they beg the Virgin's blessing on their year's harvest. A beautiful sight!"

"Amusing, too!" chimed in Otto. "I was at Copacavana once trying to sell the head priest a sewing machine. I told

him he could make the statue a new dress. In return I thought she might reward me with a miracle, make me a rich man. The old priest threw me out; but I saw the festival: a curious mixture of our Christian service, Aymara hymns, and primitive dances that date from Inca days, when Copacavana was a place of purification for the Sacred Isles. Then of course, like all Indian religious fiestas, it wound up with what I enjoy the most—a chicha spree!”

We slipped around the peninsula of Copacavana. We were now in the highest and largest elevation in the Western Hemisphere. How beautiful was Titicaca this sunny morning! The aquamarine water fed from the glacial snows of the surrounding peaks, piling into the sky and half hidden from the earth by clouds.

Just before luncheon we passed an important Inca shrine: Koati, Island of the Moon, which once contained temples to the Moon Mother, the Sun-god's wife. The Inca was said to have lived on the neighboring Island of the Sun and to have kept his wives, whose "Palace of the Virgins" adjoined the shrine of the Moon, conveniently near by on Koati.

When we returned on deck after lunch, our ship was just passing the more sacred Island of the Sun, traditional cradle of the Inca race. Coasting along its western shore we passed jagged black cliffs against which the lake splashed. Terraces of maize and potatoes ran a short way up the rugged valleys. Inland rose a ridge of hills.

Otto dozed in the sun. The Captain picked his teeth with his gold toothpick. Suddenly the German sat upright, pointed a stubby finger towards a cliff towering three hundred feet above the bay of Chala.

"See a light tan rock some twenty-five feet high on that cliff?" Schwartz was awake now. "That's the Inca holy of holies!" His blue eyes wide with awe, he questioned the Captain, "What do they call it in Aymaran?"

"Titi Kala." Then for our benefit: "Wild Cat Rock."

"Titi was the Indian Jaguar-god, wasn't he?"

"Their earliest deity, who, traced through legends, finally

emerged with the Sun-god. His name christened the cliff; the cliff, the island; the island, the lake."

"Which accounts for the Children of the Sun," Tom suggested, "coming from the island of Titicaca."

"*Sí, señor.*" The Captain shielded his eyes with his hand, better to see the cliff over the shimmering water. "If we were nearer I'd show you the yellowish grey veins across the rock that form the head of a cat."

"I've seen them. Only too close!" The German salesman shuddered. "I once visited the Island of the Sun to see an Indian who had some silver his ancestors stole from the Spaniards. Good stuff. After I'd closed the deal, I explored the cliff. It was twilight. Suddenly I came face to face with the Wild Cat Rock, out of which prophecies were said to have come. The cat's face snarled at me. I ran crazed with fear back to the Indian's hut."

The Captain had listened solemnly to Otto's adventure. "Titicaca Lake is truly haunted by Inca ghosts, priests, warriors, and Virgins of the Sun who float over from the Island of Koati." He spoke from his knowledge of Indian legends. "But it was Titi, the Jaguar-god, you saw, my friend."

We fell silent as we stared over the water at the passing island wishing those rocks could speak.

"Funny that the Spaniards saw no need to build a rival Christian church on the Island of the Sun," murmured Otto Schwartz. "The rites practiced before the Wild Cat Rock, unlike Copacavana, must have vanished before the Conquest?"

"Long before," nodded the Captain. "Yet—did you notice that Indian sailor bowing his head as we passed the island? They still reverence their sacred island."

All the rest of the afternoon we lay on deck lazily watching the clouds clinging around the surrounding mountains. On either side of the lake were two snow-ranges. To our left the Eastern Cordillera; the Western, to our right. Each, we knew, was a hundred miles off. In that clear air they seemed but a few miles away.

As our boat rounded the last promontory, the icy pinnacles



of the Eastern Cordillera glowed red in the sinking sun, then faded gradually against a purple sky to an ashen-white. The thin crescent of a new moon rose from clouds into a clear sky. The first star, just above Illampu, shone like a beacon-light. Then gradually, ahead, appeared from the haze the twinkling lights of Guaqui, our first Bolivian port.

At the Peruvian end of the lake, the land had risen abruptly with many rocky islands. Here in Bolivia, the rounded hills were terraced. Behind them in the rapidly deepening night, the grey ridges darkened into purple as they receded from the lake.

On the pier at Guaqui was the train that would carry us for four hours across the plateau to La Paz, capital of Bolivia. At the end of the train, a private car. Who among our passengers rated such elegance? The two monks and the bond salesman? Or Otto Schwartz?

But when the *Inca* docked, the Guaqui railway superintendent came aboard. "This way, señor y señora," he said, picking up our bags. The private car waited for us. Aston Parks' nice uncle, who had already done so much to make our travels in Peru more comfortable, had telephoned his district manager in La Paz to send his own car to fetch us. In the wilds of Bolivia, where we were supposed to be roughing it, here we were cradled in luxury!

The superintendent whisked us through the Bolivian customs. As we rolled out of Guaqui, with the awed Otto Schwartz as our guest, we were enthroned in wicker chairs on the car's observation platform, anticipating the dinner which our Indian steward was preparing in his tiny kitchen.

"You take this train ride to La Paz calmly; but when I came to Bolivia in 1903 not a railway reached the capital." Otto leaned back in his chair and lighted a cigar. "Then on mule-back, this trip took me a month. Now I have my choice of rail connections from three Pacific ports."

We exclaimed at the progress of engineering skill and the appearance of foreign capital in Bolivia during the last two decades; but Otto's face clouded. "While it's fine for us for-

eigners to have easy access to Bolivia, remember that these roads were built by outsiders for their own interests, not those of the Bolivian people. What does the Bolivian care, with his country's debt capacity reached, that we can come to La Paz by a choice of routes, even that he can go to Chile, Peru, the Argentine, but not around his own country?"

The Andes make two countries of Bolivia. The highlands which we were crossing comprise only one-third of Bolivia. The rest of this third largest country in South America lies east and below the Andes in Bolivia del Oriente, a tropical lowland which has no railway or road connection with the plateau. It is another country in climate, consisting in the north of virgin forests only partly explored, inhabited by tribes of Indians, some semi-savage, others cannibal. The highland contains the principal cities and is the political and economic heart of the country. It has three-fourths of Bolivia's population of three millions. Yet the plateau, the world calls Bolivia.

Our German friend stared at the passing landscape disconsolately for a moment then again broke out: "The plateau is closer to New York than to their far-off land of Bolivia del Oriente. Railway connections to outside Bolivia's frontiers, before she is linked up inside, are bad from a military standpoint. They open up the country to invading armies. Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and Peru, all have lines into Bolivia. But you couldn't get troops from Santa Cruz, the largest city in Bolivia del Oriente, up to La Paz in two weeks!"

At the infrequent stations on this wind-swept and almost deserted plateau Aymara Indians who, since Bolivia has had little immigration since Spanish days, still form the bulk of the population, peered into our car. We found them more independent than the Quichuas of Peru, but also darker of skin and more churlish and backward in appearance.

We spoke to them in Spanish. They shook their heads. They understood only Otto Schwartz, who knew their dialect.

The women were distinguishable from their Peruvian sisters by their skin being copper-colored instead of olive-brown,

and because they wore round felt derbies. Otherwise, they affected the same pigtailed, gay petticoats, layers of dirt on their round melancholy faces. The poncho-clad men had woolen "skating-caps" pulled down to protect their ears from the Andean cold, although just over the near-by snow range lay the Tropics.

We asked Otto whether the Indians' lot under their present so-called freedom had improved much over that of their ancestors, during three hundred years of Spanish tyranny.

"Of course, many are well treated; but others are worse off." We were seated at dinner, and Otto looked up from his bowl of soup. "The peons are often practically slaves on some of the estates of the descendants of the conquerors. And, in some cases, half starved. Their overseers, usually cholos, who pride themselves on their greatly diluted white blood, and who like many half-breeds are servile to the whites and treat the Indians harsher than do the whites, can beat them or work them to death. If they multiply faster than they are needed on the estate, these cholo overseers often rent the Indians out as servants in the cities or send them to the mines. They're the property of the estate, like the llamas and the sheep. Can you believe that when the land is sold here, the deed states not the acreage but the number of families on it?"

"Living two miles above the sea must have made these Indians of virile stock," Tom exclaimed.

"Their survival proves that! Although they're diminishing in number. Under such circumstances what does it matter to them whether Bolivia balances its budget or whether the sheep and llamas they herd belong to the Spanish Conquistadors or to their descendants living in Paris?"

"Don't they fear Indian uprisings?" I asked.

"Not much!" Otto Schwartz poured himself a cup of coffee. "The Indians on the plateau have lived too long in slavery. They are resigned."

"But in the cities and mines?"

"When preached to by agitators about their wrongs and the glorious days of the Incas? That's when trouble comes!

These Indians, generally subdued, are murderous if aroused. I was here near Titicaca in 1927 when fifteen hundred Indians revolted. It took troops two weeks to subdue them. No, I don't suppose there was anything about it in the newspapers! Or if something leaked past the censor, the government blamed it, as usual, on the Communist Internationale."

"But don't they indicate trouble in future?" I asked.

"The government is beginning to fear them," Otto admitted; but he shrugged his shoulders. "However, from what I see as I travel among them, Indian solidity is remote. I'm always amazed how little the Quichua of Peru, the Aymara of Bolivia, the Araucanian down in Chile, to say nothing of the savages in the interior of Brazil and Paraguay, have in common."

"Cannot even Indians of marked ability attain social and political equality with the whites?" I persisted.

"That's where the government has pursued a wise policy! Perfect equality." Otto pounded the table. "The ruling caste knows it need fear only if the color line is drawn and a clever mestizo leads the Indians against them in a race riot. But they're safe with intermarriages tolerated and every mestizo boy imagining himself President of Bolivia!"

Our train was slowing down. Our companion broke off to peer out into the twilight. Suddenly he jumped up and grabbed his bag.

"We're at Tiahuanaco, where I must leave you. I've a good prospect here," he exclaimed. "Come along! The train stops long enough for you to get a glimpse of the most remarkable ruins in the Western Hemisphere. Archeologists say this town is the oldest city on earth. . . . Oh, you've time enough! They're right by the station." And he hurried us down off the observation platform.

We stepped from the train amongst the cluster of Indian huts dotting the plain.

"Too bad I haven't time to show you the remains of an ancient mole for the landing of boats," sighed Otto as he hurried a few hundred yards north of the railway station. "It

would fascinate you because it suggests that once Lake Titicaca, which we left thirteen miles back, once reached to Tiahuanaco. The fact that the lake has receded within historical times bears out this theory."

Around us in the dusk we saw huge blocks of stone lying scattered over a mile of land. Their destruction suggested an earthquake, for they were too large to have been overthrown by human beings.

Near their center rose an oblong mound of earth about fifty feet high, with steep sides supported by stone walls. Below the mound a broad stair led up to a platform on which a temple may have stood. On this platform were many stone figures of animals and human heads.

The most striking object near by was a sculptured gateway. Its building having disappeared, it stood alone. Carved out of a single block of grey rock, it towered about ten feet high and twice as long, covered with sculptured figures.

"No, it isn't in such a perfect state of preservation as you'd think from here," Otto interrupted our exclamations. "It's badly cracked. Probably by lightning. The top is broken, too. I suspect by a fall. For my Indian pals in Tiahuanaco tell me that thirty years ago it was lying prostrate."

Walking back to the train we commented on the fact that these stones, unlike the Inca ruins, were carved.

"The Indians don't know any more about the origin of Tiahuanaco than the archeologists." The German shook his head sadly. "Back at the time of the Conquest the Spaniards, noticing the difference between the ruins here and at Cuzco, questioned the Incas as to the creators of Tiahuanaco. Even the Incas had forgotten. They said that the builders of Tiahuanaco had long anteceded their forefathers and vanished without leaving a trace. Who they were, from where they came, and where they went, the Incas knew as little as the Spaniards."

"Then what can you expect from the modern Indian?" I smiled.

"Some amazing stories!" was Otto's unexpected retort.

"When we run out of conversation, I always get a good laugh by asking them concerning the origin of these ruins. The Indian who runs the general store here said that giants created Tiahuanaco with invisible hands in a single night. The owner of the village café assured me that at Tiahuanaco had lived the creator of the sun and moon and stars, who made these images. While the old squaw with whom I board believes that these stone statues were once wicked people, who were so busy dancing when an Apostle of God came to preach to them that he turned them into stone still in the posture of their dance."

When we reached the train, Indian boys were swarming around our car with miniature copies of the giant prehistoric figures, which we added to our collection.

"The modern inhabitants spend their days whittling these replicas of their ancient gods," grinned our German friend, "and wondering why white visitors come to Tiahuanaco!"

The whistle of our train blew ominously.

"I'd like to see that ancient mole!" I told Otto Schwartz wistfully. "Perhaps we could stay over a train."

His laugh boomed out through the growing night. "My dear friends! In Bolivia you can't hop off a train, inspect ruins, catch the next train. D'you know when it passes through here for La Paz? Four days from now. Ever spent a night in an Indian hut? I'm used to it. But I hope you'll never have to. No ruins in the world are worth it!" Then, as our train began to move: "*Auf Wiedersehen!* See you in La Paz."

When we left Otto Schwartz, we saw it was dark. Our train rattled slowly and, now his cheery presence had left us, dismally across the table-land beyond Tiahuanaco. In the daytime the sun may somewhat moderate the penetrating cold of this dreary Siberian waste; but in the night it was the bleakest place imaginable.

The only sign of life we saw was at the occasional stations, where, in the faint glow of one light, would be a row of squatting Indians, wrapped in their ponchos, waiting for

what? Certainly, not for us. As we passed they remained half asleep, as glum as their wind-swept land.

Finally our train swung across the plateau, apparently running unbroken to where the mountains continued their march until they culminated in Illimani, rising 24,500 feet above the sea.

Suddenly, a glare of lights. The station of El Alto. We looked out to see a llama pack-train passing under huge flares beyond the station. Abruptly it disappeared. When the train reached the place where they had vanished, we leaned out to see what had become of that string of llamas.

To our amazement we were on the brink of a yawning chasm which pitched fifteen hundred feet down into a gorge: the canyon of the Chuquiapu River, whose walls were once supposedly scooped out by Lake Titicaca seeking the Atlantic. Far, far below in its depths, like stars reflected in a dark pool, blinked the lights of La Paz.

Our train descended the steep sides of the depression by electric power, in a series of sharp curves. The lights of the city grew brighter. At last we reached their level and ran into a station. Our Indian steward came forward with the magic words "La Paz" on his lips. We have arrived at *Nuestra Señora de La Paz de Ayacucho* (Our Lady of the Peace of Ayacucho), familiarly known as La Paz, America's most lofty capital, higher than the Rocky Mountains yet in a hole in the ground.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE WORLD'S HIGHEST CAPITAL

IN OUR sitting-room in the hotel overlooking the Plaza Murillo, center of the life of La Paz, no pictures broke the march from floor to ceiling of flamboyant roses. But we forgot the flies that droned about the center chandelier, the overstuffed furniture that from its musty smell may have been contemporaries of Bolivar, in rapture at the view from the windows.

In the clear mountain air the city's red-tiled roofs, filling the Chuquiapu's sheltered gorge, stood out with vivid intensity. Below us they were broken by the grass, eucalyptus trees, and flowers surrounding the bandstand in the Plaza.

As we sat chatting with Hugh Fairchild, the sandy-haired English railway manager whose private car had brought us to town, we heard puffings, wheezings, groans from the stairs outside. They grew louder as Nico, the old Indian porter and "chambermaid" of the hotel, climbed to our sitting-room with a breakfast tray.

A feeble knock at our door. Nico, his round face a livid copper, staggered in, dropped the tray before us. Then, his hand over his beating heart, he left the room apparently unable to speak.

Our English guest laughed at our solicitude. "Nico's too fat, that's all. He's been acting like that ever since I came here twenty years ago. He'll be doing it twenty years hence. It's for sympathy—and bolivianos!"

Over our breakfast we told our guest that an ex-American Minister to Bolivia had written to the President's wife of our visit to La Paz; and that we had brought down to her a bun-



dle of New York newspapers from him because "Luisa adores everything North American—especially the rotogravure section!"

This mutual friend had been an intimate of Señora Siles' father, since his death a foster father to Luisa and her sister. Luisa had asked his advice when Dr. Hernando Siles, a young lawyer-politician, had proposed. Our friend had cabled his blessing. The bride's family, rich and powerful socially, had been instrumental in making the youthful politician president of Bolivia.

"Strange! No word from the Palace." Tom looked across at the three-storied brownstone palace opposite our hotel. "Nico carried over the newspapers. Señora Siles knows we're here."

"A South American country takes itself seriously," the Englishman warned us, his blue eyes twinkling. "You can't waltz in on their President; you must have a cutaway-and-silk-hat audience. But, meanwhile, my wife'll take you informally to tea with his wife." Rising, he picked up his hat and stick. "Now I must go and put you up at the Strangers' Club."

After Hugh Fairchild left, we again heard Nico puffing up the stairs. He appeared shortly with an elderly man and a girl—Henry Ross, our friend of the Arequipa train, and his Chita.

"I've been up on the Puno until a few days ago trying to prospect for power sites." The electrical engineer, his face drawn and discouraged, sank into a chair. "It's the old story—the big interests wouldn't let me in. And Chita wept continuously for La Paz." His pathetic eyes sought the discontented-looking girl perched on the couch. "I've given up. Here we are—broke!"

Unable to afford our hotel, Henry Ross had installed his Chita in a shabby rooming-house and had come to us for help. His tale of woe was interrupted by a bang on the door.

When we opened it, a cheery voice boomed out, "We've come to call because we never stand on formality with North

Americans!" and our hands were being wrung by a towering grey-haired ex-Pittsburgher, Paul Haven, brimming with smiles. Once a mining engineer but now manager of a fleet of ships that carried away nitrate from Tocopilla, he had been in La Paz on business, and hearing that there were North Americans in town, he had rushed to call on us. With him was his wife, Miriam, a patrician brainy woman in her fifties who, after thirty years spent in Andean mining camps, managed to look smart enough to grace Fifth Avenue.

The Havens' cordiality was such that before they ended their call, we appealed to them to help Henry Ross.

"My agent here'll take you on." Paul Haven handed the engineer his card. "Sorry, the job is only temporary. Business is slow. We're engaging no new men."

A few days after our arrival was Sunday. Hearing nothing from the Palace, we set about getting acquainted with La Paz.

On Sundays the Indians come from many miles away into La Paz for barter. Then bedlam reigns, and the booths overflow the large roofed-over structure on the Calle Mercado, cover the adjacent squares and streets. Every alley is lined with Indian women, sitting cross-legged behind their wares spread out on a poncho. We found the crowd surging through the alleys a hodgepodge of upper-class Bolivians aping European styles and carrying canes, soldiers in gay uniforms, priests in brown cassocks, cholos with their mannish "derbies" tipped over one eye, "gringo" engineers down from the mines in khaki shirts and high boots, and the *alcaldes*, mayors of the Indian villages, with their silver-tipped rods of office. Through the mob of buyers stalked heavily laden llamas and donkeys, disputing the way with automobiles and horse-drawn carriages, filled with señoritas hiding their smiles behind lace mantillas.

Each Andean village specialized in the manufacture and sale of one type of article. So there were collections of hand-woven blankets, rugs, shawls in gay colors, llama hides, vicuña and alpaca rugs, frozen potatoes, pottery, Indian pipes and

flutes, leather sandals, and colorful ponchos. In one village the women knitted rag dolls.

The products of the plateau were being well patronized. But we found few buyers for the chirimoyas, oranges, and bananas, which the thinly clad Indians had brought south from the tropical Yungas valley. Except the popular coca leaves, the cost of transporting the fruit up over the Andes by mule-back had made its cost prohibitive for the plateau Indians.

Presently we ran into Otto Schwartz at a booth buying one of the baskets of roses and orchids brought up on mules from Bolivia del Oriente.

"And they're for you!" he greeted us, presenting me with the flowers. "I just arrived this morning. I was taking them to your hotel."

When we returned to the Plaza Murillo, the military band was playing in the bandstand. Society was about to engage in the old Spanish promenade, which, in all South America, is taken most seriously in La Paz.

In other Latin cities, the men circle the plaza in one direction; the women, in the other—the two processions smiling flirtatiously as they pass. But the higher end of the Plaza Murillo is fifty feet higher than the lower. Since at 10,500 feet altitude walking up this incline would be exhausting, we formed a continuous chain on the upper side of the Plaza, strutting solemnly two by two from one end to the other, making a right wheel and marching slowly back.

While we waited to be invited to the Palace, the comic-opera life of the city went on under our windows. Herds of llamas and motorcars disputed the right of way. Cholas made the square gay with their costumes.

Unlike most Indian women, the chola is neat and clean. Her high-heeled white kid shoes, coming halfway to her knees, hang with tassels. Around her shoulders she drapes two silk shawls, usually red and green, caught on her breast with a silver pin, their fringe touching the ground. A small round derby of felt or white straw is her crowning glory.

The following day was Election Day.

Having been warned about South American elections, we decided to remain at home on our balcony from which we could safely see, if it came, what a revolution was like.

The morning was quiet; but great was our excitement when in the afternoon we heard shouting. About fifty ragged Indians began parading around the Plaza, to the bored amusement of the street loungers, behind a pompous cholo in a worn frock coat and white spats.

The Indians were obviously paid to carry the politician's banners, which proclaimed him the "Savior of Bolivia!" and to shout as they marched, "Hail to Pedro Fernando, the People's Candidate!" But they had been too well fortified with chicha. When they forgot to shout, their leader dropped his dignity, dashed back, prodded his Indians with kicks and insults. The procession wound up before the President's Palace, where Pedro Fernando made an oration to the face of the building, appreciated only by the President's baby, whose nurse was airing him on the balcony.

But Election Day proved more fatal in other parts of the town. That evening we heard the news from Nico. "Two election booths mobbed." He shook his head sadly. "Three men murdered. Four go into exile."

Later, at the Strangers' Club, we found Henry Ross and Otto Schwartz finishing a friendly game of chess.

Henry Ross laughed at our serious faces when we told of the results of the election. Then, becoming grave, he asked, "D'you know what an executive faces in Bolivia? The majority of the people are uneducated mestizos or Indians, barely out of slavery, ruled by a small wealthy aristocracy. A ruling class further divided into political parties, fighting each other for control.

"Siles' problem is that of any good dictator," concluded Ross. "Imagine yourselves in his place! The public offices are filled with political favorites. If you replace them by honest men, you lose the good-will of the office-holding class. If you dismiss the useless, you get in wrong with the army. If you

don't finance an occasional war to keep it amused, the army stirs up a revolution on you."

Finally, with the election more or less satisfactorily over, those at the Palace apparently could think again of social affairs. A few days later Joan Fairchild said, "Oh, by the way, Luisa Siles will receive us tomorrow at tea."

Stopping by for us the next afternoon, Joan cautioned: "Take warm wraps. The Palace, like all stone buildings in South America, is unheated even in this cold weather."

Tom and I walked with her across the square, past the Indian guards, in old German uniforms, lounging around the entrance of the Palace. An intimate friend of the Sileses, Joan, unescorted, passed the bust of General Bolivar, up the marble staircase to state ballrooms and reception rooms on the first floor. In a hallway she stopped, pulled back a velvet curtain to open a door. Through this we followed her up some steps leading to the President's private apartments.

"These stairs are purposely narrow," she turned to say, casually. "A precaution against revolutionary mobs."

At the head of the steps a soldier barred our way with his bayonet. Then, recognizing our guide, he rang the bell of the door facing us.

After a wait during which Joan sighed, "Servants are no better in a Palace than anywhere else!" an Indian in worn livery ushered us down a hall to a large drawing room. There a young woman sat waiting for us.

"Luisa," as she is affectionately called by a surprising number of people in La Paz, was a slightly plump brunette of about twenty-eight. Her red crêpe dress was stylish, the cross-fox skin thrown about her shoulders—for the building was as cold as we had been warned it would be—suited her brown bobbed hair and dark eyes.

Señora Siles greeted us cordially. Her manner was so genuine and unaffected that, even as we sipped our first cup of tea, we were friends.

"I also speak French, Italian, and German," the President's wife admitted when we complimented her on her English,

which she spoke without an accent. "While my father was Ambassador in Germany, my sister and I were educated in Europe."

"You have traveled a great deal, then?" I smiled at her, liking her.

"But never to your United States. My sister has. Her husband is now Ambassador at Washington. She writes of bathing in the ocean, of cinema theaters that are as beautiful as opera houses. Some day, I hope"—her voice grew wistful—"my husband will give up the Presidency, take instead the ambassadorship at Washington. I know so much about Washington from my sister that I could go around the city blindfolded!"

Joan Fairchild drew our attention to some beautiful pieces of Biedermeier furniture with which the room was furnished. "Tell them about the Kaiser!" she begged.

Señora Siles acquiesced. "Those pieces were collected by my father when he was in Berlin as Ambassador, just before the war. Or rather similar pieces. Father had become friendly with the Kaiser, who helped him unearth many choice antiques. Then the World War broke out. Our family and the antiques sailed for South America. But our ship was sunk by a German submarine.

"Oh, we escaped—but the antiques sank to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean." Señora Siles smiled at our exclamation of distress. "Back safely in Bolivia, Father was desolate, remembering his lost furniture. But shortly there arrived a letter from the Kaiser, accompanied by crates bearing the Imperial Black Eagle on them. Inside was this furniture, as choice as the pieces which were sent to the bottom of the sea!"

Before we left she showed us a photograph of her three small children.

After our visit the Presidential sedan arrived every afternoon to drive us around the city; and in a few days Tom learned that he was to have an audience with Dr. Siles at the Palace.

The President, a short, olive-skinned man of about forty-

five with an earnest manner, received Tom in his office on the second floor, seated at a desk covered with telegrams and letters.

"I am delighted to meet you," Dr. Siles began. The telephone, on his desk, rang frantically. Some five minutes later, the President was able to resume: "I am sorry you have arrived during this election time when affairs have kept me almost a prisoner in this office—" An aide rushed in to interrupt the conversation again with a pile of telegrams, at which the President glanced with a worried frown, before continuing. "I hope you will enjoy La Paz. . . ." Again the telephone rang. Before turning to answer it, Dr. Siles rose and shook Tom's hand. The interview was over.

By now, we knew most of La Paz's foreign colony.

We motored one day down the eucalyptus-bordered Alameda, extending down the valley, to lunch with John Travis, an official of the La Paz to Antofagasta railway. Through terraces of roses and peach trees, we climbed to his hillside villa at Obrajes, residential suburb of La Paz; a cottage furnished with his rare collection of Spanish antiques and Indian pottery.

After luncheon as we sat on the porch looking down the gorge of the Chuquiapu River leading to the Amazon, where the soft red-clay soil was rain-gashed into fantastic shapes, the blue eyes of our handsome English host twinkled. We were teasing him about disappointing the pretty girls of La Paz after being for fifteen years the "catch of Bolivia." For John Travis, a wealthy middle-aged bachelor, was to be married the following month to a young girl from San Francisco whom he had wooed in a shipboard romance between New York and Panama.

We spent another evening on the Alameda at a Spanish villa called the "Casa Gringo." Our hosts were the youthful blond Jack Reynolds, formerly a Princeton football star, and now First Secretary and (with the United States Minister home on vacation) Chargé d'Affaires of Uncle Sam's business in Bolivia, and Bill Nevin, the boyish pink-cheeked North American Consul.

The background produced by two Yankee boys in a foreign country was North American collegiate.

Dinner was haphazard but delightful. Although we were but four, the table was set, as always, for twelve. Some Standard Oil men were half expected, and "you never know who'll drop in." Although the food was indifferently cooked and served by their one Indian servant, the Casa Gringo rivaled in popularity the Strangers' Club.

After dinner, sitting before the living-room fire in a typical male atmosphere of cigarette smoke, bookcases crammed with detective stories, soft chairs, old pipes, with an Airedale and a Scotch terrier asleep at our feet, we asked the questions that one is liable to ask diplomats: "Where have you been?" and "Where d'you expect to be sent?"

"I'm studying Russian, Arabic, and Japanese because I don't know," admitted young Nevin, amusingly serious about his career.

"I specialize in Latin countries because I married a Chilean girl and she prefers Spanish-speaking capitals," Reynolds told us. "She can't stand the altitude of La Paz. She's now with our baby down at Arica at sea-level. I join her when I can, but it's a two-day trip!"

One night Nico blew into our apartment, wheezing excitedly. "Those Paraguayans have taken our Mariscal Santa!" he blazed at us; he referred to the never-ending Gran Chaco war between Bolivia and Paraguay.

Bolivia has had boundary disputes with all her neighbors, but most bitter is her fifty-year-old quarrel with Paraguay over the ownership of the angle formed by the Paraguay and Pilcomayo rivers, known as the Gran Chaco or Chaco Boreal. Repeatedly, neutral nations have tried to arbitrate the matter of this inaccessible jungle, potentially one of the richest orchards in the world.

"Will Bolivia fight to regain this miserable outpost?" I asked Otto, when we met him in the square. Fort Mariscal Santa was a post so remote that the messenger who had



brought word of its capture had struggled on foot for three days through the jungle to reach the nearest telephone.

"It's a question of national honor! Therefore, it doesn't matter to the patriots that they don't know where Fort Mariscal Santa is on the map," Otto explained. "Besides, with every country except Chile and Uruguay sharing the jungle interior of South America, the peace will always be disturbed down here by their boundary disputes."

"A century ago, the nations didn't care enough to survey the wilderness! Why suddenly are they so ready to fight over it?"

As we walked back to our hotel, Otto answered my plaintive question.

"Peru is trying, by turning its eyes eastward, to forget the loss of its nitrate provinces to Chile in the War of the Pacific. Bolivia, deprived of its corridor across the disputed Tacna-Arica territory, has turned to the Chaco for an outlet down the Paraguay River. Paraguay wants the Chaco to recoup her territory pared down by the war of 1865. . . . Then, the jungle's become more accessible. Distances that once took weeks to cover on foot or by canoe are now quickly spanned by airplane. Trails run farther out. Wireless stations link one outpost with another."

"With lungs and bodies acclimated to the mountains, could Bolivians use Bolivia del Oriente as a place of colonization?" asked Tom.

"It's doubtful," he admitted. "But they'd like its oil and rubber."

We agreed that this Gran Chaco war was serious. Not in a destructive sense—with Paraguay's three thousand French-trained army and Bolivia's eight thousand German-trained Indians trying to get at each other through a hundred thousand square miles of Chaco wilderness—but because it might involve larger republics.

"In the Gran Chaco the Bolivians have dropped down fifteen thousand feet to fight the Paraguayans at their altitude,

haven't they?" Otto, who tried to be neutral but loved Bolivia, declared before he left us. "I'd like the Bolivians to dare those fellows to come up onto this plateau. You'd see them get trounced in this thin air!"

Our last night in the Bolivian capital, we gave a dinner at the La Paz Club. Worried about conditions, President Siles felt unable to leave the Palace. Señora Siles accepted, and said that she would bring as escort Captain Machado, the debonair young Prefect of Police.

We waited for the guest of honor, Señora Siles, in the drafty reception room of the club.

"Etiquette demands that, if Luisa removes her wrap, we must do likewise," Miriam Haven told us, as we stood huddled in evening wraps, the men wearing their overcoats.

Fortunately, when she arrived, looking petite and charming in pink taffeta, Luisa retained her warm Spanish shawl. Although the Club management furnished electric stoves behind the chairs that burned holes in our backs, but a foot away left the room cold as a tomb, we were glad to protect our bare shoulders with our wraps. The men slipped out of their coats only to dance.

Our table, seating twenty, had been covered by a flat centerpiece of pink roses over electric lights. This soft illumination cast a becoming glow on the dark beauty of the Bolivian women in their gay shawls, the English and North American women in their befurred wraps, while the dark clothes of the men formed a pleasing background to these brilliant colors.

"The orchestra plays badly because its soul is not in your music." On my left Señor Davila, Bolivia's dark, suave Foreign Minister, commented on the feeble attempts of the Indian musicians to play jazz. "May they play their native music, señora?"

At a word from him, the musicians produced their quaint instruments: an *antara*, or pipes of Pan; the *kena*, or flute; a homemade violin, a rude harp, and a drum completed the ensemble.

On these instruments, which had been used by their an-

cestors, the Indians began playing melodies which caused Pizarro to marvel at the highly developed musical art of the Incas at the time of his invasion of Peru. Music, based on the Chinese scale and as haunting as Oriental themes—totally unlike the voluptuous rhythm of the Spanish Conquerors, which is a mixture of the African Negro with the Moorish chromatic wail.

"Few of the old Inca tunes are written down," Señor Davila told us. "They are handed down from generation to generation. Many are today as they were played by the Incas."

First we heard a thin passionless wail from the flute that evoked pictures of the cold, bleak Puno across which Indians were driving their llamas; other Indians were raising corn and potatoes on the mountain side; the women were weaving ponchos. The music was sad, resigned and cold, because the Indian's life was hard. But shortly the violin and the harp told us that the Indians, their daily tasks and battle to wrestle a living from the Andean soil accomplished, had returned to their villages. Wads of coca leaves produced visions of past greatness. The drum took up a martial theme. Inca armies were marching to conquest; a great nation was engaged in austere rites in honor of the Sun-god. In their music, at least, the Indians had escaped from slavery!

"How often on the pampas have I heard the Indians, crouched motionless all night over their pipes, playing that tune endlessly until it gets in your blood!" murmured John Travis, on my right.

Down the table Otto was saying: "During fiestas from every hamlet, you'll hear the pipes, the bamboo-flute, and the harp squealing those melodies for hours accompanied—with amazing endurance—by the rhythmic stamping of dancers' feet."

Señor Davila leaped to his feet. "Who'll dance the *cueca* with me?" he asked.

The native dance of Chile and Bolivia being still too much "of the people" for respectable ladies to dance it, the women

around the table laughingly declined. A young North American banker offered to be the señor's partner.

We stood in a circle around the dancers, marking the beat of the wild music with our hands. The two men faced each other, holding out their dinner coats with one hand like skirts, while with their other hand they waved their napkins aloft.

The *cueca* is a flirtation dance; the gentleman pursues the lady, who retreats in quick whirling steps, luring him on with coy glances. As the music beat faster and faster, the dancers whirled. Then a last stamping of feet. They faced us, hot and exhausted, awaiting our applause. Although acclimated, both were gasping for breath. The *cueca* is no dance for an altitude of 10,500 feet.

Suddenly, the lights went out.

While waiters hurriedly placed candles on our table, the United States Consul rushed out to find the cause of the trouble.

Shortly he returned, frowning. "The Indians, who run the power plant, have been seduced by all this Communist talk," he reported. "They refuse, until their wages are doubled, to illuminate the city."

Amid our cries of consternation, Henry Ross sprang to his feet. "I'm an electrical engineer. I'll turn out the strikers, organize a new force to operate that power plant." He dashed out, his face happy at last!

"I'll go with you!" Captain Machado rushed after him. "I'll get soldiers. You'll need us."

That night La Paz remained in darkness. But the following night the power plant was reorganized and illuminated the city. Henry Ross had finally found himself. He was the new Light and Power King of the Bolivian capital. A radiant Chita was anticipating moving into a villa on the Alameda.

As our train was about to leave the next day, Captain Machado appeared, bearing a package containing a native costume. "Señora Siles assembled it for you herself in the market," he assured me. Her card pinned to it read:

"May you never forget Bolivia!—LUISA."

With regret we left our La Paz friends waving at the station and rode away in John Travis' private car, lent to us as far as Chuquicamata, with Paul and Miriam Haven. They were traveling with us to their home at Tocopilla, the port from which we would sail down the Chilean coast.

As our train slowly curved up the side of the hole in which La Paz is hidden to the Alto and the figure of Christ, with arms outstretched over the city, we looked longingly back. Leaning from our car, we watched the red-roofed city sink into its hole while snowy Illimani towered above it into the sunset sky. As the sun sank behind the mountains, the rose-splashed peaks faded to purple, finally receded into the night. Illimani stood white, alone, over the darkened pit. The plain, closing over the city, stretched apparently unbroken again to the distant Cordilleras.

At the junction of Viacha, an Indian jumped on the rear of our car. He handed me a package containing a stone figure, Inca-carved. Hugh Fairchild had sent this Indian on a two days' journey into the interior to get for me a type of idol I had mentioned being unable to find.

That's how friends treat you in South America!

## CHAPTER VIII

### TIN, SILVER, BORAX, COPPER, AND NITRATE

FOR seven hours the plain rolled past outside our car-window, flat and uneventful.

"But it's romantic country," Paul Haven reminded us, as we crossed this bleak pampa between the Cordillera by the La Paz to Antofagasta railway. "These are the regions near Potosí where, during Colonial days, Gonzalo Pizarro, the handsome younger brother of Francisco, possessed the estates containing the rich silver mines which had belonged to Almagro."

As leader of the Spanish landowners, Gonzalo resisted and defeated Blasco Núñez Vela, the new viceroy sent from Spain to enforce the unpopular New Laws which freed the Indian slaves, on the plains of Anaquito. He had a short triumph while the news of his revolt traveled to Spain by the slow communication of those days; then his punishment was ordered. Peru was too far away to send an army against him. Instead Spain sent out Father Don Pedro de la Gasca, a little deformed priest, with a gift of eloquent speech, who arrived alone and without an army.

From Panama, this smooth-tongued priest began to talk. "I'm only a humble churchman come from the Emperor to forgive all who revolted and suspend the New Laws," he announced. He promised everything except confirming Gonzalo as ruler of Peru. With the New Laws revoked, Gonzalo's rebels melted away, glad to be reunited with the Crown.

Gonzalo, fighting with only the remnants of his forces in the Valley of Xaquixaguana on April, 1548, saw even these

men, influenced by Gasca's propaganda, go over to the enemy. Deserted, he finally surrendered. He was beheaded. His estates here at Potosí were confiscated.

Then, having ordered lighter taxation and better working conditions for the Indians, Gasca, three years after his arrival, sailed for Spain in the same shabby ecclesiastical robes in which he had arrived. He returned to Spain to receive honors from his Emperor for having saved for Spain her richest colony, with the minimum of bloodshed, purely by the power of his eloquence.

Truly, this bleak pampa was romantic country! But as we entered the old mining town of Oruro, it seemed to us the dirtiest, coldest place on earth. This settlement, perched on the edge of the Titicacan basin, is the center of the tin industry.

"In Spanish days tin, mixed with silver, was regarded as rubbish," Paul Haven told us as our train pulled into the station. "The Spaniards were after gold and silver. They used the tin that they found mixed with silver to fill in the depressions. Now tin is the life of the plateau. Such men as Simon I. Patino, the Tin King, became millionaires by spurning precious metal for the material littering the world's dumps and forming the favorite diet of goats."

In Oruro we entered South America's great mining region. Gold and silver have been mined here since Inca days. So successful were the Spanish during Colonial times, that their galleons seemed about to transfer all the wealth of this inexhaustible treasure house to Europe.

To work their mines the Spaniards had ruthlessly enslaved the helpless Indians. Often all the male adults of a village were kidnapped. Or lots were drawn. The unhappy creatures who drew the bad numbers went off to meet death in the dark wet pits and galleries, bidding goodbye to their families like men stepping onto the scaffold.

During the night we passed Uyuni, the junction for Buenos Aires. Later in the night, between Chigüana and Ollagüe, we crossed the Chilean frontier.

We woke to find ourselves among the volcanoes of the Western Cordillera. Some were still smoking. Others had had their craters blown off. Their fires, turning the rocks red and yellow, had earned for this section the name, "Flower Garden of the Andes."

We were now in Chile. Some say that this name was derived from the corruption of the name of a local cacique, Tili, Lord of the Valley of Aconcagua when the Inca first invaded the country. Or from "cold"—in Quichua, *chiri*. Perhaps it came from their word *chili*, "earth's best." At any rate, it was the Incan name adopted by the country at the time of Almagro's invasion, for his men were called "Men of Chile." This name persisted in spite of the Spaniards' attempts to call the land "Nueva Estremadura."

Geographically speaking, Chile is unique. Except for Egypt, there is not a country in the world so strangely formed. Beginning south of Mollendo, the "tape-line republic" stretches like a narrow crumpled ribbon of green land between the icy Andes and the blue Pacific nearly three thousand miles south to curve around the tip of Cape Horn. Its average width is less than a hundred miles.

"Nature's been generous to every South American country except Chile. It's made up for it by giving her a variety of climates," wailed Miriam next morning as we shivered over our breakfast in the cold train, while the dust sifted in even through the closed car windows. "You freeze here. You cook down on the nitrate pampas and die of thirst. Central Chile's ideal, of course. But farther south in the lake region, it's even worse than this. Too uncomfortably near the Antarctic Circle and too much rain for me."

I wondered how it was that a country of this shape should be the most unified and patriotic republic in South America.

"It's because there's a difference between the Chile on the map and the actual Chile," explained Paul. "The republic is composed of three distinct regions. Discount the nitrate deserts in the north and the lake regions of the south, drenched by perpetual rains and furious gales, and inhabited chiefly by



Indians. It is in the narrow central part,—the fruitful, well watered Central Valley—where most of the people live. That's the home of the nation."

Our first destination was the desert north. From our car window we gazed on fantastic mountains, varied in color, bare of vegetation, their rugged outlines sharply defined against the bright blue sky. These peaks guard the lead, copper, borax, gold and silver which the desert of Chile holds.

Presently we skirted the dried-up lake of Ascotán. This lake, measuring twelve miles long by five miles wide, is the largest pit of borax in the world; and, in conjunction with two near-by lakes, furnishes the world with half its supply of this mineral. The rest comes from California, Siberia, and Tibet, where a similar rainlessness keeps the deposits from being washed out of the soil.

The lake was fringed with white. At one end, water held the borax in solution, while the rest was dry, a thin stratum of earth covering the three-foot bed of borax. When dug out, the borax is spread out on the ground to dry, then calcined in furnaces into a white mass of crystals that are shipped to Europe to be turned into the substance without which colors could not be fixed on china, enamels manufactured, nor metals soldered.

"Poor devils, working in this lonely spot!" Paul Haven, who had been a miner himself in such camps, exclaimed feelingly, as he distributed cigarettes to the men gathered about our car. "It's no joke working here with the temperature ranging from twenty-four degrees below zero to only thirty-two degrees above." Then, pointing to a pile of yareta beside the station: "That's the only possible fuel growing at this altitude. And it has to be cut with an axe!" His eyes sought the huge piles of borax, cut in squares, being loaded on our train for transportation to the coast. "It's remarkable that so much work can be done, while battling continually with high winds, rain, and snow!"

Rattling down the inclines, past San Pedro where reservoirs furnished the desert towns below with water, we suddenly

saw down on the barren pampa a green oasis. This was Calama, station for the branch line to Chuquicamata, locally known as "Chuqui," the biggest copper mine in South America and the largest North American mining camp in South America, which we had been invited to visit. This stop-over we were glad to make, for, although silver is still mined, copper is now the wealth of the Andes.

A representative of the company was waiting to motor us to the mine which we could see six miles off, hidden under a yellow cloud a third of the way up the barren mountain side.

Twenty years ago there was not a habitation, nor a blade of grass, in this desolate setting. The magician who first succeeded in extracting from the mountains their loads of immense wealth was the North American engineer, E. A. Cappelén Smith. It is due to him that there has been created in this desert a self-supporting community of fifteen thousand people with stores, clubs, hospitals, churches, schools and theaters. Modern bungalows have been built for the bosses and a village of seven thousand sanitary homes for the workmen. Water has been piped from the Andes into a reservoir, making possible that greatest luxury in South America—clean drinking water.

How welcome to us, homesick a bit, were the North American comforts of the mine's guest-bungalow! Clean bedrooms, simply furnished, but equipped with an electric heater, soft pillows and a private bath, they were as luxurious to us as an apartment at the Ritz. In the living room, decorated in gay cretonnes, we snatched as eagerly as the salesmen at the much-fingered North American newspapers and magazines, many months old, and sank down before the fire on the cobblestone fireplace to read them from cover to cover, including each advertisement.

From our window, we looked out over the mine and beyond to the desert. Directly below us were the machinery shops, the smelters, the crushers, the tracks lined with ore cars, the huge piles of tailings against which the miners looked like pigmies. In our ears rang the incessant creaking of ma-

chinery, the shrill whistling and puffing of engines. In the background we saw a wide expanse of pampa, from which rose the white peaks of the Western Cordillera. In the clear air we saw them outlined without a break, southward, until they ran over the horizon.

The guest-house, a "bit o' the U.S.A." tucked away in the Cordillera, was bossed by a lanky, slow-spoken miner with a great mop of grey hair, bushy eyebrows overhanging kindly blue eyes, and a warm, understanding smile. Everyone called him "Dad."

After fifty years of adventuring from Mexico to Timbuctoo, Dad had more or less settled down to being Chuqui's head sampler, running the school for miners' children, and bossing Louie, the Chinese cook of the guest-house.

Louie had been born thirty years ago in Canton; but at the age of ten he had run away from China. Now he spoke Spanish and English; but he had forgotten his Chinese. Like many others, Louie hated Chuqui and loved it. Periodically, he would say to Dad, "I go away—far away," hinting darkly at returning to China.

"But he never goes beyond Santiago; and I never engaged another Head Boy," Dad grinned. "I know that some day my Chinese, informed by their mysterious grapevine of information, will tell me, 'Louie—he come soon'; and shortly Louie, without a word of explanation, will walk into the kitchen here and begin to cook."

After luncheon the broad-shouldered superintendent, Ralph Henderson, the typical handsome mining engineer in his khaki shirt, breeches, and high boots, a sombrero tilted on his tousled prematurely grey hair, stopped by for us in his car. His blue eyes shone at the prospect of showing off the mine that he had worked for fifteen years.

Soon we were standing beside him, admiring the strips of ore, running through the tawny rock in veins tinted blue and green by the copper sulphates, where giant steam shovels, placed on four or five different levels, had chewed away half the mountain in "benches." Trains of dump cars, some of

which had previously helped dig the Panama Canal, stood ready to cart the blasted rock to the crushers; others waited to cart away the refuse.

On our return Henderson stopped his car beside an Indian on horseback. "Bill, how is Gus? Is his skull fractured?" we heard him ask anxiously. He told us that a few days previously a shovel had accidentally picked up a stick of unexploded dynamite. It had exploded, wounding a number of men, among them the foreman, Gus.

It was dark when we reached the plant where the ore was prepared for shipment. The furnaces flamed into the night sky as we inspected the plant that sifted the air to keep it pure, the giant crushers, the electric power-plant where dynamos hummed, the machine shops, the smelters and refining plants where we looked into great vats from which the melted ore ran out in a gold stream into molds to harden. Finally we were shown the piles of copper bars, painted on their ends to distinguish their length, stacked according to size beside the freight cars that would carry them to ships at the coast. Here in the desert, apparently at the end of the earth, we found only the most modern machinery and methods.

As Ralph Henderson drove us up to his home for dinner, our heads were still swimming with visions of workmen like swarms of ants, the roar of blasting, the shriek of locomotives, the gigantic steam-shovels gnashing their steel jaws and tearing out huge bits of mountain.

Above the smoke and dust of the mine, the orange wooden bungalows of the gringo bosses were as much alike as those at an army post. The Manager, absent at the coast, lived on the crest of the hill. His officials were ranged below him.

The Hendersons rated the house directly below the Manager's. "But we're sentimental about our tenderly nursed pepper trees, the only shade in hundreds of miles of parched land," laughed Ralph Henderson. "We refused to leave them and move up the hill."

As a sweet-eyed woman, whose fresh complexion belied her greying hair, came out onto the porch to welcome us with

the cordiality characteristic of mining people, we understood why Sadie Henderson was beloved by everyone ever connected with Chuqui. "She mothers everyone, young and old," Dad had said of her. "She spends all year making Christmas presents for her friends. And she must have a million!"

Mrs. Henderson's bungalow was the background of a woman whose home was her world. Where in this desert had she found the flowers that bloomed, in fragrant splashes of color, on the mantelpiece and the piano? The furniture consisted of simple reproductions of Colonial antiques. Over the couch was thrown a soft vicuña skin. A Spanish shawl, draped on the piano, matched the orange silk curtains. Framed on the walls were photographs of scenes at Chuqui; on the tables, snapshots of a few of those "millions of friends."

Following a dinner that, after months of Spanish dishes smothered in sauces, tasted like nectar and ambrosia, we returned to the welcome warmth of the living-room fire. Our host lighted his pipe, with a sigh of contentment stretched himself out on the couch.

"Saturday nights, we have dances," he finally remembered his obligations sufficiently to say. "Tonight it's down at the workmen's club, known as the 'Bucket o' Blood.' It'll be tough. D'you want to go?"

Although nothing would have pleased us more than such a unique experience, he looked so comfortable that we had not the heart to disturb him.

On closer acquaintance we found Chuqui a pleasant place in spite of its desert situation. Modern mining, still a romantic life, attracts scientific men. The engineers were mostly North Americans, signed up on three years' contract, who had imported into the desert their machinery and social life—informal dinners, Saturday night dances, and bridge parties, to say nothing of tennis and golf—giving the camp an atmosphere more Yankee than Chilean.

The shift-bosses, gang foreman, and office clerks were an interesting assortment of nationalities and types. A few were college men; but mostly they had only been educated by

knocking about the world. They were unassuming men who seldom boasted of their past; but upon occasion they could, we discovered, spin yarns of bloodcurdling adventures from Alaska to Singapore. Added to this group were the workmen, composed for the most part of the hardy, trustworthy Chileans.

Most of the women seemed to be wistfully anticipating the time when their husbands' contracts would be up. Yet, a number of them admitted to me that when that time came, unless their husbands followed the usual custom and signed up again for another term, they would leave this mining life with regret.

Only Miriam Haven would have returned to her Boston home without a tear. Her only child, Jean, had been sent back to the United States to be educated. After graduation, she had married and was living in Chicago. Miriam was lonely without her.

"I've given Paul five more years. Then I insist on going home," she told me, desperately. "But—can you imagine him anywhere but in Chile? How could he start over again at home? Twenty-five years—he's taken root here."

Remembering Paul's shining eyes as he talked to us of mining, I understood her fears.

On their way up to La Paz, the Havens had left their automobile at Chuquicamata. Now they offered to motor us to the nitrate mine, María Elena, on the pampa between Chuqui and the coast, which we had also been invited to visit, and then on to their home at Tocopilla, where we could catch our steamer.

On the morning when we left Chuquicamata, the mine's fire siren blew. Ralph Henderson dashed off to where smoke was rising from the plant. An hour later he returned, rumpled and tired. The oxygen plant had nearly burned. "All in the day's work," he minimized the danger. Later we heard, that except for his bravery, the oxygen plant might have blown up.

For three hours we rode with Miriam and Paul over a bar-

ren mountain ridge of red and yellow rocks, then down across a vast pampa which presented a flat tawny face to the unchanging blue sky. The dust-laden wind swept across this treeless plain. We ate dust. We breathed dust. Chuqui and María Elena are within motoring distance, but this desert trip is so unpleasant that the personnel of the two mines seldom visit.

"Men, walking from one mine to another, sometimes wander off the road into those hills and go mad," Miriam remarked dramatically as we passed a man sprawled in drunken slumber. "Don't be nervous!" She noticed my shudder. "Paul has his gun. He always carries it on this trip. There's been so many hold-ups on these pampas by bad characters, fired from the mines, who turn bandits in these hills."

Above the flat desert hung an enormous bowl of transparent sky. In the clear dry air, we saw far away a yellow cloud hovering over the pampas. It was María Elena. But it took us three hours to reach the mine.

During those three hours, after the sleeping man, we saw nothing alive; neither man, animal, nor vegetation. The tawny dunes on either side displayed no sign of life; for not a drop of water could escape the burning sun. Our motor was a moving cloud along a road that was a straight ribbon of dust.

Chuqui, on the mountain side, had been bitterly cold. Here, on the pampa, waves of scorching heat and dust rose from the sand. The sun threw vertical floods of sunshine upon the naked desert until the sand quivered with heat and its relentless burning breath filled the world. Sand sprouts rose through the apparently breezeless air in a misty spiral of brown and moved at leisurely pace across the desert.

Suddenly at our left appeared a lake. At our exclamations of surprise, Paul gave a hearty boyish laugh. "Fortunately, you're not like poor Almagro and his men staggering across this desert dying of thirst. That water you see is an optical illusion. It's only a mirage."

This was the Desert of Atacama, which long had been a

barrier of terror to the Spaniards, and had prevented them from extending their power southward. Among these sands Almagro lost half his men, nearly perished himself, when he marched from Peru to conquer a Chile which he hoped to find rich but which proved to be poor in gold and inhabited by wild, fierce Araucanian Indians so different from the cultured Incas. This disappointment sent Almagro back to try to take rich Cuzco from Pizarro.

Even now, because of its waterless state, this desert is shunned even by animal life. It cannot support any life that has not been artificially introduced. Yet it is because of this very rainlessness that these pampas supply the agriculturalists of the world with the chemical which gives new life to sickly earth. The aridity of the soil preserves the deposit of nitrate which on these pampas parallels the seacoast for four hundred and fifty miles between the Andes and the ocean. Rain would have washed this precious substance down into the Pacific.

Curious, we asked Paul Haven concerning the origin of the nitrate beds.

"Darwin says that long ago some volcanic upheaval created the coastal range," he answered, "and imprisoned between it and the Andes a vast sea. As the water slowly evaporated, skeletons of marine life and seaweed rotted into nitrate of soda—the greatest mineral fertilizer and high explosive the world has produced! But others say that the caliche drained down, under the soil from the mountains, and was pushed up by subterranean pressure. Perhaps the beds are due to steam from the volcanoes around here. Some even say that they come from the guanos you saw along the coast. No one really knows! But I believe that because of the remains of shellfish found in the caliche and the presence of iodine, the first theory is correct."

The nitrate pampas were known for what they were for several hundreds of years before the industrial boom of the late nineteenth century. The Incas recognized the nitrates as fertilizers, but seem to have preferred guano. During Colonial



days, the Viceregal government used the "saltpeter" in making gunpowder for firearms and for blasting purposes in the mines. The Jesuit fathers also found it useful for filling fireworks to burn at festivals.

It was not until after the War of Independence that sales of nitrate to foreign countries began. The farmers of the world did not use nitrate of soda until the scientific study of soils demonstrated the value of this chemical as a crop fertilizer. When this was understood, Chile began to ship her unique deposit in big quantities. Production rose steadily and boomed during the World War; for nitrate, which goes into the making of gunpowder, naturally responds to war demands. Now the synthetic manufacture of nitrate is a serious rival to the natural product.

As we approached María Elena, there was a sudden energy in the pure dry air. Giant shovels were digging on either side of the road. Dumps of waste material and great holes dotted the pampa. Everywhere dump carts, on narrow-gauge rails, were carrying off lumps of rocks. Farther away, puffs of grey smoke and dust rose where the rock was being blasted with dynamite. Glinting particles floated through the dancing heat waves.

"Are they digging a road?" I inquired.

Paul was amused. "They're breaking up the nitrate. It's down under layers of crust."

The caliche beds vary in position and thickness. Great areas within the rainless region show no trace of nitrate; while in others the layers run twenty feet thick. Sometimes a caliche is on the surface, offering only a thin, sand-mixed layer of little value; at other times it lies several feet beneath the earth, a shining white bed many feet thick. Its color, too, varies from white to grey, even violet. It may be loose, porous, or as hard as marble.

Once the caliche is discovered by test blastings made in all directions, a simple method is used to obtain the nitrate from the rocky beds of mixed composition. A shaft is sunk through the surface deposits and the caliche. Dynamite is exploded

under the hard, white substance. The fragments are taken to the factory, to be prepared for market.

Ahead, against the sand, we saw the black outline of the factory, its chimneys rising through the quivering air, its grey tin roof standing out in sharp outline. Around it was the artificial town of which each nitrate plant is the center, and because of which the cost of production is so high. For the company must build not merely the houses of the workmen, with stores, schools, churches; but farther away, the more elaborate bungalows and tennis courts of their managing staff, and often the railway and port to ship out the nitrate. All merchandise must be brought in. Every drop of water must be piped down from the mountains. Cattle have to be driven over from the Argentine for food. Even human life, workers and officials, must be imported.

Around the Manager's stucco bungalow, as elsewhere on the desert, grass was impossible. Only a few thirsty shrubs grew with effort. As we drove up a Chinese boy, who was on the porch tending some cages of exotic birds, ran in to announce our arrival. For the Manager, Colonel Warren, and his Superintendent were waiting to show us their plant before luncheon.

In contrast to his Superintendent, a big man in khaki breeches and high boots, Colonel Warren was slight and dark, well groomed in a dark blue suit. He resembled more a society man than a miner; but looks are deceiving. "He's one of the cleverest mining men in South America," Paul Haven had told us on the way over. "He can dance until two o'clock in the morning, turn his guests out, and work until dawn. At the end of the year he's turned out better work than anyone in camp."

We could believe this account of Colonel Warren as, alert and businesslike, he showed us the refining plant where the nitrate was prepared for shipment.

We saw the tanks filled with water into which the raw material is thrown. Pipes, containing steam at a high temperature, pass through this water. The nitrate of sodium boils

and dissolves. The liquid mass is then drawn off, and as it cools, the nitrate crystallizes. This whitish powder is then spread on cement floors for two weeks, until thoroughly dry.

"It's during this drying stage that nitrate would be spoiled by rain," explained the Colonel. "This belt is not absolutely rainless, although we've had nothing for many years in succession."

We also visited the plant where the by-product, iodine, of which more than half the world's supply comes from Chile, is extracted from the "mother liquor" that has deposited its nitrate of soda. The yellow liquid, chemically treated, leaves purple crystals. These are of so pungent a quality that, as we peered into the storeroom where they were packed in little wooden cases for export, a whiff was almost blinding.

Returning from the boiling desert into the Colonel's house, whose adobe walls shut out the heat, was like going into a refrigerating plant.

Dropping the rôle of efficient engineer, Colonel Warren showed himself to be also the gracious host as he ushered Miriam and me into a dainty bedroom, furnished in white enamel and rose taffeta, to the left of the hall running through to the center patio of his Spanish bungalow. In the adjoining porcelain-tiled bathroom, with its monogrammed towels, bath salts, and scented soap, the like of which I had not seen since New York, we washed off some of the desert dust.

During luncheon Tom and I learned that nitrate is Chile's chief source of wealth. This dependence on one industry has harmed as much as helped the country. For the northern provinces, inhabited by only one-eighth of the population and largely run by foreigners, are the barometer of the economic life. When there is a depression in Chile's leading industry, the whole country feels the slump.

"What a serious conversation for a hot day!" interrupted Miriam.

Paul turned to her in amazement. "Is it hot?" Then in answer to our laughter: "You get accustomed to this all-year-around heat. When I have to go up to the States on business,

I find myself homesick for the arid, hot pampas and far horizons of home."

"You call Chile—*home!*" Tears glistened in Miriam's eyes. Then, shakily, trying to laugh off her outburst: "I suppose, after twenty-five years, Chile ought to be 'home' to me. But aside from having lost Jean, I miss the concerts in Boston. I feel so out of things, artistically. Of course, I get books and newspapers. But the newspapers I almost hate. They're always referring to things I ought to know about—and don't!"

Coffee was served to us in the center patio, tile-floored, roofed over by glass, with wicker furniture and parrots perched among the palms. The music of a splashing fountain made us forget the desert outside. In one corner was a grand piano, for here Colonel Warren kept up the morale of his camp by giving frequent parties.

To the coast at Tocopilla from María Elena was another three hours' ride across the desert and the coastal range without our meeting a soul. Between the nitrate fields and the sea lies another strip of unprofitable desert, traversed by the hills which parallel the Pacific Ocean along the west coast of Chile and Peru.

It was sunset now. The arch above our heads had flushed to a miracle of pink and pearl. The pampa had taken on deep amethyst shadows. The high peaks of the distant Andes, alone visible against the changing sky, faded rapidly into a sapphire mantle that shrouded the desert under the first brilliant stars. Already, a few moments after sunset, the scorching heat was being replaced by sharp cold.

From the mountains we looked down on what we thought was water. "No, clouds!" laughed Paul, as we began racing down into them, paralleling the railway that carried down the bags of nitrate. The grade was so steep that we coasted the last two hours of the trip.

By dark we arrived at Tocopilla, a shipping-point for nitrate, iodine, and copper. The town was only a strip of houses wedged between the mountains, which rose from the

crescent-shaped bay, and the beach. But it is a popular resort with Andean mining officials and their families.

"I have them down all I can," Miriam said. "It means everything to them. Just to escape the dust and glare of the desert, ride horseback along the beach, attempt sea-bathing—although the water is too cold for more than a plunge!—and watch the ships go by."

There was no time for a visit to the Havens' house, out along the beach.

"Hurry! We've already held the boat two hours." The steamship agent could hardly conceal his irritation as, after a hasty goodbye to the Havens, he urged us into the company's launch. Out on the dark water, we saw the lights of the *Don Pedro* that would carry us down the Chilean coast. As we stepped aboard, an officer, relieved, dashed away to notify the Captain. Bells rang. The anchor rattled up. Five minutes later, we were sailing for Valparaiso.

## CHAPTER IX

### ABOARD THE DON PEDRO

WE WENT from Tocopilla down the Chilean coast to Valparaiso on the *Don Pedro*, a coasting steamer of four thousand tons. I felt as though I were going to sea in a rowboat!

The passenger list was small and made up mostly of salesmen and mining engineers with their families. Truly, a coasting ship's company!

Tom and I had thought we wanted a single table in the dining-room, but when we saw Captain Kelly and found ourselves seated at his table, we were glad to change our minds. He was delightfully like the Foxy Grandpa of our youth with white hair fringed around a pink bald spot and a jolly laugh that shook his plump short body, pushed his red button of a nose into ruddy cheeks and squinted his blue eyes into merry slits. We soon came to know his love of a joke, his strong cigars, and his enjoyment of good food. He said proudly that his ship was always known among his miner passengers as "Kelly's boarding-house" because of its fine table. For twenty years Captain Kelly had commanded freighters and passenger ships on this West Coast, yet a storm still laid him flat in his bunk, and the sight of a menu-card often turned him green. I felt a special sympathy for the Captain!

Our other table-mates furnished variety. Hugh Clyde was an official of a North American airplane company, traveling to Santiago to bid for a contract on planes for the Chilean government. A conservative man with good clothes, serious grey eyes, and quiet manners, he was much more the business man than the dare-devil pilot he might have been. He ad-

mitted one day that "he preferred four wheels on the ground to wings above the clouds." For contrast there was "Bill," once a vaudeville "hooper" but now reduced by age to the dull routine of a coal salesman. Still slim, but fighting consumption, still dapper in dress but his hair almost grey, he clogged, drunkenly, for the crew each evening. Opposite the Captain sat Señor Carlos Rivas, a paunchy white-haired man, sad-faced and obviously dyspeptic. He was the passenger agent of the line, and on this maiden voyage of the *Don Pedro* was charged with the trying duty of giving lavish good-will banquets to the leading citizens at each port. When we made two ports in one day, as we frequently did, Señor Rivas suffered, though nobly, and resorted to bicarbonate of soda.

This variety of passengers was repeated throughout the dining-room; salesmen "traveling light" with rumpled suits that must last the voyage, and mining men in khaki and high boots. Two men at a table for four were conspicuous in their dinner coats every evening, as meticulous on this coasting ship as they would have been on a crack trans-Atlantic liner.

The older man, gray at the temples and portly in build, had the pointed nose that denotes curiosity but the strong chin of the cautious. His companion, a pale, clerical, commonplace individual with unobtrusive looks and a wispy brown mustache, talked to him steadily in Spanish and English. His secretary, we decided, from the deferential manner. One could see that the older man, sitting silent but quietly alert, was more interested in the passengers than in conversation, for his keen black eyes saw everything. And his magnetic personality filled the crowded room.

"Emanuel Cordo," said Captain Kelly, "the famous Chilean statesman. He is the man who is really responsible for Chile's place in the A-B-C of South America. He served twenty years as Ambassador to Sweden and London. You probably heard of him when he presided as president of the League of Nations. Señor Cordo was foreign minister three times before he was twenty-six years old! Now he lives in Paris."

As he left his table, Señor Cordo spoke to the head steward

who had been hovering anxiously near by. We heard him say quietly, "Tonight, Juan, the sauce was perfect. I see you learned your lesson well. Remember, always three drops of onion!"

"Cordo's a great epicure," explained Captain Kelly. "Member of the *Société de Cent*, the French society of epicures. Every time he sails with us he goes right out into the galley and shows our chefs how to make a number of special dishes. The crew worships him!"

Further gossip revealed that Señor Cordo, like most South Americans of wealth and position, always traveled with a retinue and brought along his private bed-linen and embroidered towels, his china and table-silver. Even on this ship known for its good food, he had with him crates of alligator pears, jars of caviar, tins of special delicacies and choice wines which the steward must keep at the proper temperature.

But the journey held more to interest us than even this curious mixture of passengers. For five days we were to sail slowly along the northern coast of Chile, stopping two and three times a day. Chile with its long coast-line has sixty-five harbors, and the *Don Pedro* was to make nearly all the fifteen important ports to Valparaiso. The provinces still depend upon sea travel for their real connection, because the railroads that connect the ports do not offer a service equal to the ships.

We were skirting the northern coastal desert which reaches almost to Valparaiso. Day after day the ship followed the shore line, sometimes just out of sight of land and often paralleling a rugged chain of barren cliffs gay with mineral color. Back of these the snow-capped Andes rose into the clouds, the peaks sometimes lost to view.

"If you remember the width of the country, you know that you have all of Chile before your eyes, here from the sea!" Captain Kelly reminded us as we watched this inspiring spectacle of mountains and sea.

This was the country that Captain Pedro de Valdivia traversed in 1540 on the second attempt to plant the Spanish flag in Chile. Commissioned by Francisco Pizarro as Lieutenant



Governor, Valdivia, a dashing young man of thirty-five, set out to conquer the southern part of the old Inca empire with an army assembled with difficulty because this country, poor in gold, had been held in poor repute since Almagro's disappointing expedition.

Valdivia traversed this coastal desert as far as Copiapó, then the northernmost inhabited valley, without loss of a single man. Meeting as little opposition as Almagro from the mild Indians of northern Chile as he continued southward, he founded in the Mapocho valley of central Chile his capital of Santiago.

Receiving his formal appointment as Governor and reinforcements from Lima, Valdivia, led on by false reports of gold to the south, then made the mistake of crossing the Bio-Bio River to try to conquer the fierce Araucanian Indians in their own forests of southern Chile, now known as the Lake Country. He managed to found Imperial, Concepción and Valdivia; forts that were to be burned and rebuilt time and again amid Indian raids still famous in history. Atrocities were practiced on both sides. The Spanish cut off the hands and noses of hundreds of Indian prisoners and set them free to spread terror among their people. The Indians retaliated by crying, "Is it gold you want?" and pouring molten gold down the throats of their Spanish captives. So many white women were kidnapped that certain tribes began to show fair skin, blue eyes, and pink cheeks.

Finally the Araucanians defeated the Spaniards in a fierce battle. Valdivia was captured. The Indians, led by his former groom Lautaro, cut out his heart and ate it!

The Spanish settlers fled in terror from Araucanian territory to the northern provinces, where milder Indians were faithful to the Spanish flag. The Araucanians retreated to the south shore of the Bio-Bio River. There for a hundred years they resisted armies and Jesuit priests trying to subdue them. Only when the infiltration of Spanish, German, and English settlers reduced their numbers and altered their attitude, would the Araucanians send an ambassador to Santiago. They were never

conquered, either by the Incas or by the Europeans; but when the Chilean Republic was formed, they voluntarily joined as citizens.

These Araucanian wars in the south so absorbed the attention of the Spanish governors that the central and northern provinces of Chile grew slowly. Along this entire northern coast in Colonial days there was but one large settlement, La Serena, and the mining town, Copiapó, farther north.

When we visited him one night in his quarters on the bridge, Captain Kelly showed us an old print that pictured Valparaiso as a shabby row of houses along a beach, defended by forts at either end. Valparaiso, today the most important West Coast port south of Panama, was then but a starting-point for mule trains to Santiago.

"Chile was always more an agricultural than a mining country—a vegetable garden for Lima—therefore the Spaniards showed little interest in it," said the Captain, who we discovered also had a serious side and shared our interest in Colonial history. "The early settlers here were the dregs of the population from Peru, and criminals sent down by force. No one wished to face Chile's earthquakes and fierce Indians except adventurous soldiers. The Araucanian wars made Chile a school of arms for all South America. Its trying captaincy-general was a stepping stone to the viceroy of Peru."

Another treasure of the Captain was a model on his mantel of one of the famous galleons, that, with its protecting warships, arrived once every four years from Spain with luxuries sold to the wealthy and the Jesuit establishments at high prices. The bulk of the people were too poor to buy. They had only the pleasure of seeing this frail link with civilization sail into the harbor.

Chilean trade was entirely with Spain. Intercolonial commerce was forbidden; nor could Chile traffic by the short way through the Magellan Straits. Everything must detour the long way around through Panama and over the Isthmus.

However, these galleons from Spain were never safe again after the smuggling English and Dutch began to ravage the

coast. Finally, when even her governors had a share in the smuggling profits, Spain had to permit free trade. Chile then could traffic legally over the mountains with Buenos Aires, and began to prosper.

Noon of our second day on shipboard was marked by the first appearance of Señora Cordo. Before her arrival, there were careful preparations by the deck steward and a young English secretary. Chairs were moved to a secluded corner. Pillows and books were brought. A mahogany frame with an unfinished tapestry was set up.

Señora Cordo, when she made her dignified appearance, proved to be one of those svelte, sophisticated women whose beauty makes them ageless. Slim as a girl, her reddish hair framed a white face of exquisite refinement and regularity of features. Her dark mysterious eyes, her beautiful clothes worn with individual chic, drew the eyes of everyone on deck. Yet the Captain had told us that this charming, brainy woman, aristocratic as well as beautiful—being related to the great Alba family of Spain was a grandmother, with her only son living in Paris. Seeing her, we could hardly believe it!

We remembered that Captain Kelly had spoken of Señor Cordo's connection with the War of the Pacific, and the constant thought of those passing nitrate fields piqued us. Tom and I began to study Chile's modern history. What was this "Question of the Pacific"?

We recalled that since the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards of upper Peru cast greedy eyes on Arica as a port for their silver mines at Potosí, then shipped only by way of Lima, Bolivia had wanted Arica as an outlet. We knew that from 1850, when nitrate was first commercialized and it was discovered that the Peruvian province of Tarapacá contained virtually all of the world's natural supply of nitrate, Chile had longed to possess it.

Chile, learning a lesson from the Spanish blockade of Valparaiso in the Peruvian-Spanish war of 1865, collected a navy. By 1879 it was the best in western South America. When Peru and Bolivia tried to stop the energetic Chileans from

crowding up the coast and monopolizing the nitrate business, Chile declared war and, because of her command of the sea, defeated the allies.

Peru's rich nitrate province of Tarapacá was deeded to Chile by the Treaty of Ancón in 1883; Chilean occupation of the Peruvian provinces of Tacna and Arica was arranged for ten years. At the end of that period, a popular vote was to award them to the victor. In December, 1884, Bolivia signed a treaty ceding to Chile all of her seacoast, leaving herself hopelessly landlocked.

That noon, as we sat with Captain Kelly and Hugh Clyde in the palm-court, the Tacna and Arica question crept into our conversation. They talked. Tom and I listened eagerly.

"The Treaty of Ancón, like many other treaties, didn't settle the Question of the Pacific," declared the Captain. "On the contrary it has ever since poisoned the relationship between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia."

"Tarapacá produces for Chile an enormous revenue from her nitrate; and Tacna, which Chile uses only as a buffer state between her nitrate provinces and Peru, Bolivia wants because it offers Arica and other seaports, useless desert though it is," explained the aviation official. "Chile has invested huge sums in improving the nitrate region, but pays heavily for her advantages by the constant agitation in Peru and Bolivia."

Peru has been obliged to accept her loss of Tarapacá. But the plebiscite in Tacna-Arica has never been held. Chile and Peru cannot agree on terms for its supervision; Bolivia's fate is bound up with Peru. Not until 1921, after many years of "squabbling," did a definite offer come from Chile to hold the voting. Peru demanded a vote under foreign military protection so that her people could vote without endangering their lives. As it grew apparent that a fair plebiscite could only be held under a third party, Chile agreed to arbitration before the United States. The plebiscite board arrived at Arica in August, 1925.

Peru wished to reopen the whole Treaty of Ancón; Chile

declared that only settlement of Tacna and Arica was under discussion; Peru wished the plebiscite delayed until she could return the voters driven out by Chilean mobs; Chile claimed that registration of voters was finished and demanded the plebiscite at once.

"And Señor Cordo, leader of the Chilean delegation, was so clever that he completely outwitted the North American arbitrators and secured for Chile everything she wanted!" boasted Captain Kelly, proud of his distinguished passenger.

"The plebiscite has not yet been held," added Hugh Clyde. "Our North American board decided that mob terrorism against the Peruvian voters made a fair vote impossible, thereby planting in Chile's mind a suspicion of North American favor with Peru and drew the United States into the dispute. Meanwhile, Chile retains the nitrate beds; and Peru agitates for their recovery."

"Permanent peace will never come," the Captain agreed, "until selfish persons along the West Coast stop stirring up the Question of the Pacific to bring on war—"

"Not in Chile!" cried Señor Rivas, who had joined our group.

"Indeed, no!" retorted Hugh Clyde. "You Chileans have what you want."

Even Señor Rivas laughed. And we went down to lunch.

Later that afternoon on the bridge Captain Kelly introduced us to Señor Cordo. We found him an interesting mixture of Yankee and Latin, a blend that is characteristically Chilean. He had a quick businesslike walk with hands thrust deep into his pockets. As he talked his mobile features and expressive eyes reflected the play of changing emotions. He talked rapidly and slurred his words to keep pace with the quick flow of his thoughts, and often he spoke in monosyllables straight to the point, scorning, as do most Chileans, the flowery phrases of the Peruvians, copied from the Spaniards. He was a "Yanqui" among Latins.

For two days our ship had followed the Coastal Range. Behind its barren cliffs rose the snow-capped Andes, etched

against a sky of startling blue, peaks dim in the clouds. Between the ranges lay the nitrate beds, the richest land on the West Coast, over which the neighboring republics had been at one another's throats. Narrow-gauge railways zigzagged down over the Coastal Range, carrying the endless stream of nitrate bags to the ships. During the past forty years the development of the industry has built a series of ports along this coast, transforming struggling little fishing villages into important links with the world. The smaller ports are mere open roads lashed by the gales, with tin shanties clinging to the narrow ledge of sand between the cliffs and the sea. The larger ports are rendezvous for the ships of the world.

The metropolis of the Atacama desert, Antofagasta, lying between the rocky shore and high cliffs, is an example of this development. Once a fishing inlet, today it is the chief port of northern Chile. Modern office buildings line the bay at the base of the mountains, housing the nitrate and railway companies, the mining concerns, the shipping lines, brokers and bankers. Water has been piped from two hundred miles up in the Andes—once they paid two dollars a gallon for drinking water brought on the ships, or drank champagne! There is a park and a country club with golf links, actually green with grass in this desert country.

We found Antofagasta's harbor life more interesting than the town. Ships flying the flags of many nations were loading nitrate and copper. Seals and sea lions sported in the water while pelicans looked on solemnly from their perches on the buoys. An exotic bird life was spread before us.

Happily Tom discovered that the wireless operator—a shy, rosy-faced young American giant—was a charter member of the American Ornithologist Society. He had contributed valuable material on the guanos and pelicans to its publications.

"The West Coast of South America is one of the most interesting bird routes in the world," he assured us, as he apologized for borrowing so often Tom's binoculars. In need of money—his little girl was ill back in his New Jersey home—

he had sold his glasses. Now he peered, without half seeing them, at the birds which were his all-absorbing interest.

As we left Antofagasta we celebrated the Captain's dinner, but without the Captain. We were entering the Humboldt Current. The salty Captain, a weathervane for seasickness, had taken to his bed!

Sailors have feared this region for centuries. Every year brings its harvest of wrecks along this dangerous stretch of Chilean coast. The south wind blows up continual gigantic swells from the South Pole and ships on the southward journey leave so much of their cargo at the nitrate ports that they ride the high waves like empty shells. This bad sea continued until we left the nitrate ports behind and reached Caldera and Chañaral, copper ports, situated near a region of exhausted silver mines, rich back in the nineteenth century.

While the coast by which we sailed grew less arid as we traveled south, our admiration for Señor Cordo had grown. His qualities as an epicure no less than as a statesman claimed our tribute. We learned too that he was an author. He had written a book on Chilean history, customs and scenery, and he presented us with a copy of the English edition.

Gradually we learned that he would remain in his native land only two weeks. His voluntary exile to Paris six years ago had followed on the political defeat of his party. Now he was returning at the invitation of the opposition party, who had grown to appreciate the services he had done for his country, to preside over the Chilean Tribunal. Señor Cordo and his beautiful wife were happily anticipating this honor, after which they would return to their home in France.

While our ship was in the harbor of Coquimbo, we came upon Señor Cordo, gazing pensively towards the barren shore.

"Coquimbo is filled with memories for me because here began our family in Chile," he told us. "My great-grandfather was a surgeon on a British warship. On shore-leave here, he fell in love with a beautiful Chilean girl of Irish descent," a romantic light crept into the Señor's eyes. "Can you blame him for deserting? While the navy police hunted for him, he

hid in her house. His ship sailed away. They married. Their children acquired nitrate beds here and founded our family."

When we reached Valparaiso, after all the bleak country and small harbors, we felt we were at a world port. True, it is the commercial capital of the whole West Coast and the terminus of the transcontinental railway to Buenos Aires; but as a harbor it is a consistent failure. Tons of rock have been dumped into the water, but the abrupt slope from the shore makes an apparently bottomless sea-floor, and the harbor is always at the mercy of the dreaded southwest gales. A break-water has been floated on a hollow concrete structure and gives some protection, but even so, ships are often smashed against their docks here in a storm.

Few captains go ashore at Valparaiso, as we found when Captain Kelly regretted our invitation to dinner. "If a captain is ashore when his ship is wrecked, no insurance can be collected," our jolly Captain explained, sadly, for he loved a party. Vessels stay only long enough to transact business and prefer the open sea.

Tom and I had puzzled the West Coast press. We did not classify as mining people or aviation people, or in any commercial capacity. In Callao a bright reporter had unearthed the fact that Tom was active in politics, and that we had a letter from our Secretary of State to our Ambassadors in the South American republics. Immediately Tom became in the Lima newspapers "*una personalidad de importancia en las esferas comerciales, políticas y sociales de los Estados Unidos de Norte América.*" The Bolivian press, not to be outdone, had promoted him to being an "*amigo personal del Presidente.*" And by the time we had reached Antofagasta, in laudatory front-page interviews with his picture the newspapers had promised that his visit would settle many problems troubling South America.

"A large order!" exclaimed Señor Rivas.

At Valparaiso we were photographed for the leading newspaper (owned by Señor Cordo).



"What do you think of Valparaiso?" asked a reporter.

We said complimentary words concerning a city that we had not as yet seen, but a Santiago news correspondent objected: "You say 'yes' and North Americans say 'yap.'" Then as we laughed he showed off his fluent English: "I speak U.S.A., señor. Everything O.K. Hunky-dory. You bet!"

We did not so much mind leaving the bobbing little *Don Pedro* as the friends we had made on shipboard. We said goodbye to Captain Kelly on the bridge. Hugh Clyde was dashing off at once for Santiago. The wireless operator from New Jersey, happy with the gift of Tom's binoculars, was writing an article on guanos. As we left, Señor Cordo was greeting a delegation of government officials who had come down from Santiago to meet him.

We went ashore with the United States Vice-Consul, a dark-haired engaging youth with football shoulders. Our Consul-General had sent him to meet us with an invitation for a dinner-party at the Embassy in Santiago.

"But you stayed so long in Bolivia," he handed it to us, embarrassed, "that it's now three weeks old!"

Valparaiso means "Vale of Paradise," and, coming to it as we did from the barren nitrate region, its hills looked delightfully green. An amphitheatre of hills rises from the semi-circular bay, and layers of white houses follow their line. We thought of Messina and Naples. Back of the city, on a clear day, looms the tallest of South American mountains—Aconcagua.

The city dates from 1536, but most of the houses were rebuilt after the earthquake of 1906. On a quarter-mile strip of land, between the sea and the cliffs, are found all the business offices, banks, shops, shipping companies and public utilities, as well as the poorer homes; the rest of the city, a jumble of white houses, climbs the hills. The lower town is built on reclaimed ground and suffered more from the earthquake than the houses on the cliffs.

Señor Rivas, looking less glum than usual, offered to show

us Valparaiso, his native town. Now that his constant banqueting was over, he had his digestion and his native good humor restored.

The next afternoon he took us in a rack rail cable car, crawling like a great bug up the hillside, to the residential heights where was the European quarter. This was Latin America—high-walled Moorish villas shrouded in purplish bougainvillea, steep cobbled streets with peddlers belaboring their donkeys and crying their wares in musical tones. At the southern end of the cliffs, overlooking the bay, was the Naval School; on the northern extremity, the seventeenth century Church of the Franciscans.

"These are the homes of the men who control the nitrate and mining business of northern Chile, and the shipping people," said Señor Rivas. "Everything in Chile, except politics, is run from Valparaiso."

As we looked out from the edge of the cliff at the panorama of the port and the half-circle bay specked with steamers, Señor Rivas recalled for us the Valparaiso of the sixteenth century.

In the Colonial period it was a collection of hovels called the "Port of Santiago," the prey of pirates. Its only excitements were these marauders, the earthquakes, and the occasional visits of the galleon, loaded with gold and silver, en route for Panama to trade with a Spanish ship for European goods. Sometimes, during the wars, they were shut off from the world for fifteen years at a stretch. This obscurity and poverty lasted up to the eighteenth century. Independence from Spain heartened the whole country, and a railroad, built by a progressive Colonial governor of delightful name, "Don Ambrosio O'Higgins," connected Valparaiso with Santiago. Time and again the city has been destroyed: once by Spanish bombardment, five times by earthquake within one hundred and fifty years, and three times by tidal waves.

"But the Valparaisans were not disheartened," said Señor Rivas proudly.

The next day Señor Rivas motored us out to Viña del Mar,

a fashionable suburb six miles to the north where the business men of "Valpo" have their villas by the sea.

"You should be here during the summer months, from January to March," said our guide. "Then the fashionable Chileans are down from Santiago and crowd our race tracks, polo grounds, golf links and tennis courts."

We admired these clubs, gay with gardens and set out near the sea against a pine-forest background, but unfortunately it was May. In Chile that corresponds to our November. The crisp air had the "fall smell" of burning leaves. Chill winds from the Andes, aided by the icy breeze from the Antarctic current, whirled dead leaves around the closed villas. All the gay crowds were at their winter homes in Santiago. A bit homesick, we remembered that at home it was spring—May!

Everywhere, both in Viña del Mar and in Valparaiso, we were reminded of Señor Emanuel Cordo. At Viña, Señor Rivas pointed out to us the Cordo summer home, where Chile's long-time Ambassador to England had entertained the Prince of Wales on his visit to Chile. At "Valpo" a great stone building housed Señor Cordo's newspaper, the leading daily of Valparaiso, and across the street was his bank, impressive with Grecian pillars.

We had called on the Consul-General of the United States in his dingy office up three flights of dark stairs. There, sitting under the portrait of Washington, we indulged our homesickness!

We invited this lanky six-footer, who hailed originally from Kansas, to dinner at our hotel the last night we were at Valparaiso. In his booming voice he entertained us with stories of the posts he had held along the coasts of Mexico and Africa. He was a veteran of many picturesque but uncomfortable ports and also, we learned, an authority on tropical diseases and fevers since he had suffered most of them.

In Valparaiso he was also known as the Swedish Consul. "I don't know why, unless it's because I've never lived in *that* country!" he said. "In Tocopilla they called me the Irish Consul. I used to run up a piece of green bunting when I

signaled the ships to send in their mail launches. Some jokers among the foreign colony told the Mayor that I had been appointed to represent the Irish. The Chilean officials dressed in cutaways and silk hats called to pay their respects! So I opened a case of champagne and invited in the town to drink 'to the health of the new Irish Consul.'"

Dining with us also were two National City Bank men. The elder, a spry little man with an unruly mop of red hair, beamed jovially through his spectacles and puffed contentedly on his cigarette because he was to be transferred back to Wall Street; while the younger, a lanky blond Southerner, who was to replace him, sat looking like a snapping turtle, murmuring pessimistically in a soft Louisianan voice, already homesick for the steaming jungles of his last post, Honduras, after two weeks in the ideal climate of Chile. Even the famous *langostas*, large tender lobsters from near-by waters, failed to comfort him.

The lobsters come from the islands of Juan Fernandez. One of this group is known as Robinson Crusoe Island from the experience of a castaway Scotsman from Fife, one Alexander Selkirk, who lived there alone for more than four years, early in the eighteenth century. When he was rescued he had forgotten how to speak, although like a good Scotsman he had read the psalms daily. It was his adventure that gave to Daniel Defoe the theme of the famous Robinson Crusoe story.

"If Selkirk lived off these lobsters, he'll get little sympathy from me!" smiled the older banker. The young Southerner showed no enthusiasm.

"Cheer up!" grinned the banker with a steamer-ticket to New York in his pocket. "The first hundred years in Chile are the hardest!"

"You said it!" his associate groaned. "When they-all send me home, I'll be too old to care!"

## CHAPTER X

### THE YANQUIS OF SOUTH AMERICA

GOODBYE to the Pacific! From Valparaiso we faced eastward as our train wound up over the Coastal Range toward Santiago, one hundred and sixteen miles inland. Three hours' travel and we reached the Central Valley, that fertile stretch that extends from Chile's northern desert to the southern archipelago. We saw Santiago below us, and across the valley beyond the city, the jagged snow-capped wall of the Andes.

At the Mapocho station we heard a cheery English voice. It was Carlos, the young secretary of Señor Cordo, come to meet us. With him was a tall, thin and elderly gentleman, dressed in sedate black, staring at us soberly through gold-rimmed spectacles. He was Ross, interpreter and general factotum for the United States Embassy. Sent by the Ambassador of the United States, a friend of ours, to escort us to our hotel, Ross collected our luggage and guided us out to a limousine which bore our national seal on its door.

We could get nothing out of Carlos about Santiago. "I've seen little of the city," he confessed in the car riding up to the center of town. "Santiagoans say, 'Come, we'll show you the town'—but they only take me out and buy me a cocktail!"

At the hotel we found Hugh Clyde, already busy with his government negotiations, but thoughtful enough of us to reserve an apartment in that crowded hotel.

"Santiago is the end of the West Coast jaunt," he explained, "and everyone turns up here sooner or later."

We lost no time in taking a look at Santiago. Situated on a plateau seventeen thousand feet above sea level, the city itself

is quite flat, but the magnificent panorama of mountains is everywhere in evidence. On the west loomed the wooded slope of the Coastal Range, while to the east the high peaks of eternal snow glistened against a sky of intense blue.

In February, 1541, Valdivia built his fortress on the summit of Santa Lucía, the most defensible refuge, rising a sheer rock four hundred feet above the plain, and around the base of the hill grew up the settlement of Santiago de Nueva Estremadura, named for Valdivia's own patron saint and his province in Spain. The location was strategic, for the Mapocho River forked here to make a natural moat about this steep rock, and the fertile land and ideal year-round climate were favorable for expansion and development.

However, the city did not grow without protest from the Indians. When Valdivia arrived with his little group of one hundred and sixty adventurers, some eight thousand Indians were living in the fertile Mapocho valley. Six months after the settlement was founded, while Valdivia was away to the south bent on further conquest, ten thousand Indians attacked and burned the settlement. The name of the gallant Inéz Suárez is a romantic part of this story. Mistress of Valdivia and the only Spanish woman in the colony, she escaped with the little company of besieged Spaniards to the fort on Santa Lucía, where she bound up the wounds of the men and herself beheaded the six Indian chiefs held as hostages. One can imagine with what passion she flung out the heads to defy the besiegers! It was Inéz, in a coat of mail, who led the Spaniards out to massacre the Indians when famine threatened the heroic little group—and scattered the enemy!

The settlement had been completely destroyed, houses, provisions,—everything! Then began a stubborn struggle for existence; for a time life was sustained on roots of plants and rats. New implements had to be made, and clothes fashioned as best they could manage. But the climate and the fertile land prospered the settlers; the city was rebuilt and, with his own hands, Valdivia laid the cornerstone of a church dedicated to the Virgin where now stands the Santiago Cathedral.

Today a bronze statue of Valdivia stands on Santa Lucía Hill to watch over the city he founded at such a cost, but, as Tom and I discovered when we walked up there our first morning in Santiago, this historic spot is now a jumble of artificial gardens with balconies and balustrades set with stucco vases, ornate little restaurants and motion picture theatres. The view from the hill is magnificent—the whole metropolis with its people is spread in panorama and beyond rises the lofty San Cristóbal Hill with its figure of the Virgin to bless the city, and down the “Valley of Vineyards” are the snow-capped peaks of the Cordilleras.

Between wars and earthquakes, most of the original Spanish city has been destroyed. The oldest part of the town is around the Plaza de Armas, once a bull-ring, and the centre of the Colonial settlement where Valdivia erected the first houses for his Spanish settlers. There the band plays in the evening and the *paseo* is still observed—although more self-consciously than up in La Paz!

Although we were impressed, especially after Lima and La Paz, by the new and modern appearance of Santiago, yet the modern traffic of trolleys and motor cars was often blocked by oxcarts piled high with fruit and vegetables, driven by peasants in gay ponchos, black felt sombreros and leather sandals. Porters carried heavy trunks on their backs through the streets from the station to the hotel. Girls with baskets of grapes or the red *copihue*, Chile's national flower, wandered along the Alameda de las Delicias (Avenue of Delights) and lent a touch of the old world. Some of the streets were connected by *galerías*; glass-roofed passages paved with tile and ornamented with statuary where the people thronged on rainy days or at night.

About the city there was an air of prosperity and confidence, more of pride in the present than reverence for the past. There were no loitering Negroes or impassive Indians lounging around the squares. The people were of pure European stock with little mixture of native blood.

The first settlers in Chile were adventurous soldiers looking

for quick riches, or criminals, but after the attempt to conquer the Araucanians was abandoned, Spain sent out some real colonists from northern Spain: hardy industrious farmers and merchants who developed the country. Mixed with the strong aboriginal strain, the resulting Chilean of today is admirable.

Later, in the eighteenth century, immigration was freer and many Anglo-Saxons came out to Chile. Educated, capable people, they made money and married the señoritas and were quickly assimilated so that today many Chileans are of Anglo-Saxon descent. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, they are none the less patriotic and seldom use any other language than Spanish. British, German and Irish names are commonly found in all walks of life.

Also Santiago boasts the most beautiful women in South America. All down the West Coast we had heard of North American and English men who had married in South America, but always Chilean wives!

Through Hugh Clyde we met Señor Enrique Blanco, typical of the substantial citizens of modern Chile. A wiry, grey-haired man of sixty, he had blue eyes and spoke fluent Spanish, though he was born in England. He had come as a boy of fifteen with his father, and had grown up a Latin, so that now he spoke his native tongue with an accent and with Latin gestures. The small piece of land where his father had settled outside of Santiago had brought prosperity to the family; now Señor Blanco, *né* Henry White, owned many haciendas in the Central Valley and was a wealthy man. He had married into a prominent Spanish family and his children were thoroughly Chilean.

We enjoyed Señor Blanco, and often joined him on the hotel terrace as he sat talking with Hugh Clyde. His old tweeds and riding boots were out of place in Santiago. We suspected this sartorial tendency was a holdover from his English origin.

"I'm not one of those wicked absentee landlords you read about," he said with a twinkle of blue eyes, when Henry Clyde asked him why a man of his wealth did not own a house in Santiago. "I love my hacienda. I have all the comforts there—



horses, shooting, fine gardens and orchards. Why should I live in the city? Moreover, I'm father, counselor and friend to a small army of *inquilinos* (tenant farmers). I give them a house and land and a small wage for their services. They would miss me. I think I like the life of a feudal baron!"

Though only a first-generation immigrant, Señor Blanco was an ardent patriot for Chile. His conversation was enlightening. He pointed out that unlike the Argentine, Chile was really knit together in blood and culture, and little influenced by foreign elements.

"Chile is too far out of the way to attract a variety of European immigrants. She has been free to develop her life on a common blood, one language, and undiluted traditions," he pointed out. "Santiago is not a melting pot as is Buenos Aires. When the Argentines and Uruguayans boast of the purity of their blood, they mean they have no strain of the aborigines. But the Chilean is the only race of Spanish blood in the Western Hemisphere that is uncontaminated by a hodgepodge of alien elements."

This isolation of Chile, an island surrounded by mountains and desert and sea, had produced a hardy, homogeneous people that assimilated aliens instead of yielding to them. Señor Blanco claimed that the growing power of Chile in international politics was due to these natural factors that had developed a strong nation, as well as to a militaristic attitude born of the climate, geographical demands, and the Araucanian inheritance. His faith in his adopted country won our admiration.

True, there is no black or yellow population among the four million people in Chile, and no noticeable mestizo type resulting from the intermarriage of black or yellow with white. But there is an evident Indian strain from the intermarriage of the Araucanian with the Spanish Andalusian and Basque which has produced a hardy and industrious race of working people. In their independence and self-respect they are a contrast to the humble cholo of Peru.

The social life of Santiago is in keeping with the modern atmosphere of the city. We found it quite delightful.

Soon after our arrival we attended a meet of the Santiago Paper Chase Club, as guests of our Ambassador. The meet was a lively scene, and except for the snowy Andes closing in the plateau and a Latin touch here and there with the priests among the guests, it might well have been old England. The hunt breakfast, however, was decidedly Spanish, with its steaming bowls of stew (*cazuela*), hot coffee and *empanadas*, patties of chopped meat and vegetables.

We followed the hunt in the Embassy car as best we could, now and again in sight of the riders. At one place we joined a farmer's family waiting beside the lane to see the hunt pass. The men were in the ancient Chilean costume with heavy black ponchos over their shoulders, broad-brimmed sombreros cocked at a rakish angle, spurs and stirrups elaborate with silver. The women, sitting their horses side-saddle, seemed to have been poured into their tight white coats above their full black riding-skirts. Wide sombreros, tied under their chins, accentuated the small pinched waist-line.

At noon we met for lunch at a rambling old house a few miles from the city, the country estate of Señor Rodriques, one of the members of the hunt. A military band played on the porch. The hunt trailed in. Tables were set in the orchard, and chefs served from a big stone-lined hole in the ground a dish of meat and vegetables, *curanto*, adopted by the Chilean epicure from the Indians. With this were served slices of *charquí*, a fried meat similar to the jerked beef of Texas, and great mounds of Chilean beans (*porotos*). Dessert we took for ourselves from the orchards of apricots, oranges or avocado pears, and the vineyards.

The day closed with an *apertiz-dansant* at the clubhouse in the late afternoon. It was a memorable finish for the day, with the happy hunters dancing or lounging under the spell of a dreamy tango, their red coats gay spots against the old oak panels of the assembly room. Before the party broke up, they gathered around the piano to sing the club song:

*En las montañas y en los senderos  
Un grito alegre repercutio:  
Paso a los zorres y a los monteros  
Y a jaurias del Tally-ho!*

*(In the mountains and in the paths  
A merry cry reverberates:  
Make way for the foxes and hunters  
And the bounds of the Tally-ho!)*

We learned that these sporting events serve the purpose of flirtation as well, for Chile still clings to many old Spanish customs and a young man rarely calls at a girl's home until he is a declared fiancé. If he does, his intentions are promptly investigated by the girl's father! Wary young men seldom allow themselves to be compromised, and romance flourishes as best it can at these sporting events.

From a young sportsman at the *apertiz-dansant*, who had been educated at Yale, we heard the problem from the man's angle. "After the paper chase last week, I found by the roadside a girl thrown from her horse and badly injured," he told us. "I drove her home in my car. But her father, a Chilean of the old school, instead of thanking me for rescuing his daughter, accused me of having compromised her by riding alone with her!"

However, conditions in Chile, as everywhere, are changing. Today the sons and (sometimes) daughters of wealthy Chileans are sent to North America or to Europe for university training, and they bring back a new freedom that is gradually superseding the ancient customs. Though the *paseo* (promenade) may survive among the poorer classes, the girls and boys in more fortunate circumstances attend the popular six-o'clock cinema, the "vermouth," hold hands in the darkness, and go afterwards to the hotel for cocktails and dinner—unchaperoned. While Chilean parents, product of the convent and the old Spanish life, worry—like parents in other countries—about their Wild Young Things!

Like the English, whom they so closely resemble in many respects, the Chileans are a race of riders and are passionately fond of horses. Santiago's *Club Hípico* is beautifully situated against a background of snow mountains rising nineteen thousand feet above the city, twice as high as the Tyrolean Alps.

As far back as the eighteenth century, horse racing was the national pastime. Although races then were private affairs and the rules "subject to change without notice," still the crowd risked its money; and bags of money, silver table-services, even herds of cattle and in some instances slaves, were exchanged without benefit of the *pari-mutuel*.

Today the races are run by rules as strict as any in England or France, and the horses are of fine pedigreed stock. Every week thousands of spectators—aristocracy, laborers, shopkeepers and servants—are drawn to the track by an irresistible fever, or place their bets over the telephone.

We attended one afternoon with Hugh Clyde, and thought almost we were at the English Derby.

"Racing is good for Chile," said this astute Yankee who understood the country. "There is no other sport that draws rich and poor so closely together."

Less democratic than the races, by far, was the opening of the Chilean Congress, which we attended as guests of our Ambassador. The lower classes in this country are only now beginning to come into power; heretofore the government posts as well as the ownership and management of the large industries have been held closely by the landed aristocracy, descendants of the early Spaniards who received large grants of land in this fertile Central Valley where the peasants have worked as laborers.

The opening of Congress at the huge *Congreso Nacional*, near the Plaza de Armas, was a spectacle. The wide marble stairways and the luxurious great hall made a suitable setting for the aristocratic company of legislators and the Diplomatic Corps.

Afterward, at dinner at the Union Club with Señor Blanco and Hugh Clyde, we discussed the historic struggle of the

young republic, after having won her independence from Spain, to organize itself as a nation. At first, of course, the aristocrats ran the country. Then followed troubled years of struggle between the conservative Church-aristocrat group (the *pelucones*, so called from the wigs, or *pelucas*, worn by old-fashioned Chilean gentlemen) and the Liberals, who worked for administrative reforms; a lower tariff, more libraries and schools, the repeal of ancient Spanish laws, the curtailment of Church privileges, the separation of Church and State. First one element, then the other, gained control.

"The Liberals broke down the bars and paved the way for the Communists," declared Hugh Clyde. "Today the great issue here, as in many other countries, is not between the landed aristocracy and the middle class, not a dispute of liberalizing the laws; but now aristocrats and democrats are working together against a common enemy, the Communists!"

Among the many kindnesses shown us by our Ambassador, the most memorable evening we spent at the Embassy was at a dinner given in honor of the Chilean Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Peruvian Ambassador, to commemorate the *apparent* settlement of the Tacna-Arica dispute.

The United States Embassy at Santiago is housed in a large white stucco mansion on the Alameda, once the home of a wealthy Chilean who made a fortune in nitrate and lost it after the World War. Set on a terrace, its white pillars are reminiscent of our own White House. Inside, the rooms are spacious and richly furnished. Dinner was served in the great State dining room, a colorful occasion with officers in uniform and diplomats distinguished in red ribbons across their white shirt-fronts.

Our Ambassador, recently transferred from Roumania, had added many personal touches to soften the stately formality of the rooms. As "visitors from home" we were signaled out for special courtesy, and were shown by his wife their collection of Russian ikons, the signed photographs of the royal family presented on their departure from Roumania, and some interesting Inca pottery given them by the President of Peru.

Our Embassy is typical of the homes of wealthy Chileans, who now build under French rather than Spanish influence. France is the social arbiter today in South America. These houses, when adapted to the Chilean patriarchal family system, sometimes cover a city block, and may have as many as a hundred and fifty rooms. They often include a ballroom, private theatre, gymnasium, swimming pool, tennis and squash courts. Elevators are installed. Bathrooms are larger than the living rooms in New York apartments. But, with a climate much like that of New York, these houses seldom have a central heating system! In May, with damp snow frequently in the air, we found coats more welcome in these great drafty rooms than out of doors! Usually these houses are so large and so expensive to heat that the family gathers in one suite, and huddles around an old Chilean brazier.

We were told that when Señor Cordo had rented his great home, with a heating system, to the Brazilian government for an Embassy, the Ambassador's first act had been to disconnect the heat. He said it was unhealthy!

The smaller houses in Santiago are built according to old Spanish design; four stone huts placed to form a square around a central patio usually open to the sky. It was here that the lord of the manor, in Colonial days, deposited the harvest brought in from the hacienda in creaking carts hauled by oxen through muddy streets. The barred windows and the one heavy wooden door made each house a miniature fort; but in these modern times the interior courtyard has been converted into a charming patio, with a fountain, flowers and statuary.

The North American colony at Santiago, brought by the many interests from the United States in mining, banking, trading and even the telephone system, is small enough for everyone to gather at the same place at the same time. Lunch at the Golf Club or the Union Club, cocktails at eight-thirty at the Savoy, dinner at nine-thirty or ten—that was society's daily program. Social life was active in May, the beginning of their winter, and from the time of our arrival we were in-

cluded in a gay succession of luncheons, bridge parties and dinners, both with Chileans and the foreign colony.

Through the courtesy of one of the Guggenheim officials we had an opportunity to go on a three-day trip to *El Teniente*, a copper mine owned by the Braden Copper Company. The party included the Superintendent and his wife and their friends, the Naval Attaché at our Embassy with his wife—a cosmopolitan pair who had spent their six years of married life in the Philippines, Tokyo, Honolulu and Porto Rico.

Our early-morning train took us southward through the Central Valley across the best agricultural and grazing land of Chile, past rich pastures, olive groves, vineyards and orchards and wheat fields. All were orderly with neat wooden fences, hedges, and bramble-bordered lanes. We might have been in England, except for the occasional glimpses of a volcano peak, a patch of *copihue*, or a farmer in poncho and silver spurs riding the muddy road.

At Rancagua, famous for the battle here between the Patriots and the Spaniards during the War of Independence, we changed to a big motor-bus that ran on railway tracks for some forty-three miles up into the mountains. Clinging to the tawny shoulders of the Andean peaks high above the banks of the racing Cachapoal River, careening around corners, swaying on the narrow track over the deep ravine of the river, and our wheels sometimes spinning helplessly on slippery rails, it was a perilous trip.

"Suppose we meet a train coming down?" the Naval Attaché asked anxiously.

"They've cleared the track for us," the Superintendent tried to calm us; then he spoilt it all by adding: "Of course, last month a car coming down *did* get out of control! The driver stayed with the car almost to the bend in the track, urging the salesman aboard to jump—but the poor fellow was too frightened. He was flattened against a rock."

Thinking of this story, we were glad when we reached Sewell at the top of the ridge. This little town at seven thousand feet elevation, clinging to the rocks and half buried in snow,

enjoys one of the most spectacular situations in the world. Mountains rise on every side to a height sometimes of thirteen thousand feet, and a great gorge drops away from beneath the town. Bungalows, banks, clubs and stores hang on a slope so steep that the streets are mere staircases between the brown, barracklike buildings.

An enthusiastic delegation met us at the station: the resident manager and the doctor, with their wives. We were put up at the comfortable guest house, much like the one where we had stayed at Chuquicamata, and learned again that luxury grows in strange places. A "rough" Andean camp rates high!

Next morning, after breakfast in bed, we bundled up in heavy coats and galoshes to visit the mine. *El Teniente*, north-east of Sewell, burrows into an old volcano through countless black gaping holes which open to an intricate system of shafts. One gallery runs all around the crater, three-quarters of a mile wide.

The wife of the Superintendent told us a pretty legend of the naming of the mine. "A legendary lieutenant of the Spanish army was fleeing from his debts over the Andes when he stumbled on this copper deposit. He paid off his pursuers with its rich mineral—thus *El Teniente*, the lieutenant."

The mine has been worked for two hundred years, but was never successful until 1905, when a group of North Americans headed by William Braden began operations. Today the Braden Copper Company is owned by the Guggenheims, and *El Teniente* has its own smelters and refining plant at Sewell. The company provides an electric light plant, a first-class hospital, and a clubhouse that boasts not only a tiled swimming pool but a theatre for private theatricals and cinemas, with occasional visits from Santiago stock companies. We were told of a miners' band, Scout troops for girls and boys—"but no saloons! *El Teniente* is dry except for the uncensorable salesmen or the bootlegger (*gauchuchos*) who manage to get through." To safeguard this prohibition, visitors are forbidden to all but the officials of the company. There is strict freedom of worship, and Catholics, Protestants and Buddhists thrive



equally—"to the end that some bigoted Chileans claim there is no god in Sewell except copper!" said the doctor.

We left Sewell with some regret, for the hospitality of these marooned people who put on so brave a front, was touching. It would be difficult to get them to admit that they do not enjoy their life at that forsaken spot! For us, even the careening down the mountain side back to "civilization" was trying enough!

We made a brief stop at the smelter to watch the huge kettles of liquid copper being poured into the furnaces. Then we continued down to the dam which absorbs the refuse from the mine.

The refuse, after the copper is extracted, is diluted with water which carries it down into this dam. When the water runs away, a greyish, sandlike sediment is left. Gradually, this forms an embankment across the valley.

As we followed down the winding course of the Cachapoal River back to Rancagua, we noticed that its banks were coated with this greyish substance. We made inquiries. Soon the Superintendent was reconstructing for us the worst tragedy that *El Teniente* has known.

"During the last earthquake, during which the earth shook for a minute and twenty seconds (it seemed like a lifetime!) our dam broke," he told us. "The mass of water, heavy with sediment, swept down the canyon of this Cachapoal River, carrying, as in a flood, houses, trees, rocks, everything before it. Forty-five people were drowned—or rather buried alive in the oozing sediment that choked the canyon! Only the shoe of one person, who had tried to crawl out and reached a foot from the edge, was found. But for weeks after, arms and legs floated down this stream!"

The story haunted us clear to Santiago.

Our days in the Chilean capital were drawing to a close, but there was the dinner with Señor and Señora Cordo for a final experience—and experience we knew it would be, for he had promised us a feast of Chilean dishes.

He had warned us that he could not do the occasion full

justice, for their own house was leased to the Brazilian government and their temporary home was in his brother's house on the Alameda. It had been lent to him furnished but without servants, and this dinner was to be the only party they would give while in Chile, for he was extremely busy, attending to his newspapers, his real estate, insurance companies and bank interests, and getting ready to return to his home in Paris. To entertain us meant hiring strange servants, inexperienced in their ways, and collecting linen, silver and wines from storage.

Promptly at nine o'clock (*hora inglesa*, rather than the ten or eleven o'clock dinner favored by the Spanish) we entered their drawing-room. We found there the editor of Señor Cordo's Santiago newspaper with his wife, and shortly the Señora's pretty young niece entered with her husband. Señora Cordo's English secretary was quietly present, but Carlos came late with many and contrite apologies. The epicurean Señor Cordo knew that food must be served promptly if it is to keep its flavor, and he received Carlos' apologies with some sarcasm.

Seated at the table, Señora Cordo confided to us in informal fashion some of the difficulties of entertaining in a borrowed house. The silver had been delayed, and was found to be quite black when it finally arrived, just two hours before dinner. None of the uniforms brought by the hired footmen was alike. . . . She laughed merrily, sustained no doubt by the knowledge that she would soon be back in her well-managed home in Paris.

We were of course frankly interested in the food that this great epicure served. First there were steaming bowls of hot water in which floated cups of a thick brown beef juice, *ugodobia*; for Chile is near the beef country of the Argentine. Then Chile being famous for its sea food, we anticipated the fish course; tiny crawfish, *camarones*, or shrimp, were served. Señor Cordo had to show us how to hold the head with one hand and pull off the shell from the tail to get the meat, which was dipped in mayonnaise.

The *pièce de résistance* was *martinette*, a Chilean game bird

as large as a pheasant but tender as a squab. Served with this was Indian *cupilca*, a powdered maize paste mixed with native hard cider, *chicha*.

With the game also was a salad of avocado pears served with a sauce whose recipe he would confide to no one, said Señor Cordo. "This sauce, when I served it in France, brought me the congratulations of my Paris confrères!" he added, proudly. For that dinner to the *Société de Cent*, Señor Cordo had chartered a ship to travel one month to Chile and one month back again to bring the fruits and foods of his native land. Epicure or patriot? It was a fine question!

We were served for dessert great helpings of *quelghen*, a wild white strawberry, covered with thick cream. Then followed the inevitable *dulces del país*—sticky sweets that seem to be both chocolate fudge and maple syrup. Then, because no country excels Chile in fruit, platters of *limas*, *tunas* and *chirimoyas* were brought. *Tuna* is a cactus fruit, hard and green outside with a sweet, jellylike, and very seedy substance. *Chirimoyas* are perishable and hard to export; they are a custard fruit, pinkish inside, filled with many black seeds, tasting like strawberries.

When we left that night, thanking the Cordos for their hospitality, the señor gave us a new insight into his highly interesting personality. "Yesterday I had another menu planned for you—*cueca* and other Indian dishes. But this morning I woke in another mood. Yesterday's menu was inadequate today, so I composed a new one. . . . But always remember, as I told my confrères in a speech before the *Société de Cent*, that the most appreciated dinner was the first food ever placed before man—the apple that Eve gave to Adam!"

## CHAPTER XI

### OVER "THE HILL"

THE night before we crossed "the hill," as the Andes are familiarly known in Chile, we gave a dinner to our friends in Santiago. Our Ambassador had put Tom up at the Union Club, which boasts the finest club building in South America, and here we entertained.

The Union Club occupies a huge white stone structure covering an entire block. The first two floors are reserved strictly for men; on the third floor are the ballroom, dining and reception rooms where ladies may be entertained, and may look down through a centre court at the male paradise which they are forbidden to enter! For such an elaborate establishment the membership is naturally enormous; something like three thousand. Yet, the Union Club is a social institution in Santiago. As one member said, "One must belong if only to get into its barber shop."

We greeted our guests in a small Louis XV ballroom, the same room where the Prince of Wales had been entertained at a gala ball in 1911. As our dinner was held on the same night as the weekly dinner dance in the ladies' dining room, we asked for a private dining room. The club management refused, for their standards forbid that gentlemen and ladies dine together in semi-seclusion. Our table for forty was set in the large dining room!

We made one serious *faux-pas*. Tom refused the request of newspaper men to photograph our party, a private dinner. We learned later that our guests had been disappointed, for this is always done, and every newspaper constantly carries

pictures of parties, large and small. Indeed, even at private parties, the negatives are quickly developed and the prints are bought by the guests!

Our Ambassador was seated at my right, the guest of honor. At my left was the Chilean Foreign Minister, who confessed a hope to become Chilean Ambassador to the United States. The joke was on me when I tried to tell him the high points of interest for him to visit in my country, only to find he had been Consul-General in Brooklyn for seven years. "And should I see beautiful Hoboken, too?" he teased.

During dinner our friends tried to persuade us to stay on in Santiago. A North American telephone official who had lived in the Argentine three years assured us we should not like Buenos Aires. "Their buildings are beautiful, but the people are cold," he said. "Here the buildings aren't so much, but aren't the folks *simpático*?"

"You're foolish to attempt the Transandine crossing so late in the year," our Ambassador declared. "Stay here until the snow melts in October. Let me find you a house."

An English shipping man alarmed us further by telling us of his attempted crossing of the Andes during this same month of May, four years before. Before reaching the frontier the train was blocked by snow. The first-class passengers were bundled out into an unheated inn for mountain-climbers, with snow piled to the second-story windows. They gave them only scant rations of food, iron bedsteads with one sheet. Yet, the proprietor, knowing the travelers were at his mercy, charged them twenty dollars a day! They all went to bed, piled their clothes on top of them, and drank whiskey to ward off pneumonia. On the second day the starving third-class passengers, left behind in the unheated train, stormed the hotel, where three people had died, and tried to burn them out. Our English friend bought a mule to carry him across the Cumbre ridge. For a frightful day he fought hurricanes and blinding snow, then, defeated, he was driven back to the snow-bound train. Finally a snow plow succeeded in

breaking through the following day and returning the passengers to Santiago. Then, it being imperative that he reach the Argentine, our friend was obliged to go by steamer through the Straits of Magellan, where, delayed by storm, he suffered two weeks of seasickness.

Hearing this tale, we knew that we had stayed on in Santiago too long for prudence. It had been raining for two days. That meant deep snow up in the Andes. It was ominous that the friends we had invited from *El Teniente* to the dinner had not been able to get down through the snow.

It was a pull to leave this first cosmopolitan city of our South American acquaintance, for we had found Santiago delightful. It would have been pleasant to stay there until the Andean snows melted somewhat in October, but there were other adventures ahead. We wanted, too, to take the next semi-weekly train in order to travel with Señor Enrique Blanco, who was to sail for England from Buenos Aires. So we made our farewells, taking good care of our autographed menu cards; another South American custom that is invariably followed. The Foreign Minister had signed mine, "Your Hoboken friend."

Our anxiety over the trip was not relieved when we met Señor Blanco at the station at seven o'clock next morning. He was easy to find in the crowded station, tall and conspicuous, dressed as usual in tweed riding clothes and puttees. His spectacles trembled on his beaked nose.

"If we're thinking of suing them, the railway doesn't guarantee to get us to Buenos Aires!" he announced nervously, showing us such a notice stamped on the ticket.

The station platform was crowded. Our friends were sleeping after our late party, but every other person had at least a dozen friends come to see him off. Finally the gong struck. Engine bells rang. Guards clapped their hands to indicate the departure of the train. This only began an epidemic of kissing and weeping, or back-slapping first on one shoulder and then on the other. As the train pulled out, these people seemed by

their tearful goodbyes to be sending their dear ones off to a war!

At least we were on our way! With the rising of the sun, the rain stopped for the first time in three days, but that did not mean that the mountains were any the less impassable. We thought a good deal about that snow our friends had warned us about.

The train wound through broad valleys running from the Pacific towards the Andes, valleys made green by the height of the mountains that intercept the rainclouds from the Pacific. This is a case where Chile's gain is Argentina's loss, for over the range is a long stretch of desert country.

This dividing range of the Andean Mountains, running down the continent, is higher than any range in the world except the Himalayas. Crossing is possible in only a few places where traffic is organized and the dangers understood. Even there, it is not entirely safe except perhaps in summer. Witness the careful note on our tickets! The most famous of the passes known is the Uspallata, our route, which dates in man's journeys from before the Spanish Conquest, when the Indians had followed their curiosity and discovered a way through this labyrinth of mountains. The Spaniards rechristened their path the *Camino de los Andes* (Andean Trail) and used it for connection with the eastern province of Chile, Cuyo, now a part of the Argentine.

As our train wound through one winding valley after another, up through the clouds into a clear air with a sky of intense blue, we became acquainted with Señor Blanco far better than we would have done in Chile. It seemed to us romantic that he should be returning to his native England after forty years, but he declared his trip was only from necessity. He was not anticipating the rain and fog of London with pleasure, after the perfect climate of Santiago; besides, his family in England were small tradespeople, and in Chile he was an extensive landowner, an important man. He confided the startling fact that his wealth was not entirely produced by his land; on the side he was a munitions and arms agent,

dealing with belligerent governments, revolutionists, and anyone who wished to stir up trouble! Many years of this exciting business had been profitable but had finally shattered his nerves. He was off at the doctor's orders on a rest trip, but somewhere along the way he would "put over a big deal"! His heart was bad and he had wanted to travel with someone he knew, as he feared the high altitude would bring on a heart attack.

At Santa Rosa de los Andes—commonly called "Los Andes"—we changed to a narrow-gauge railroad. Los Andes is a popular resort, about three thousand feet in elevation.

Here is a monument to the brothers Juan and Mateo Clark, who laid the first rails of this railway which ranks second only to the Peruvian Central in engineering and in scenery. The project for a Transandine railway had been conceived by one William Wheelwright of Newburyport, Massachusetts, a sailing captain who was stranded in La Plata in 1798. His project failed, but in the nineteenth century the plan was revived by the Anglo-Chilean Clarks, engineers, who laid a telegraph line between Chile and the Argentine. They decided that the old mule and carriage road, known as the Uspallata Trail, would be ideal. English capital built a railroad from Buenos Aires to Mendoza; the Clarks began work on the Chilean side. But not until 1904, when a new company took over the task abandoned by the Clarks in 1892, when their capital was exhausted, was the project revived and the two systems joined at Las Cuevas by boring a tunnel under the Cumbre ridge. For several years passengers had crossed this ridge by mule-back or in carriages to piece out the railroad journey. After thirty-seven years of work and discouragement the first trans-continental railway in South America was opened for traffic in 1909.

The passengers thinned out at Los Andes, when we lost the big company of "seers-off" who had impetuously jumped on at Santiago to be with their friends a little longer. Again we had the loud confusion of tears, kisses and back-slappings,



and half a dozen languages in a babble floated into our compartment from the corridor.

"This train is the meeting place of the entire world," laughed Señor Blanco, but his laugh turned to fury when the waiter, an expert in judging nationalities, recognized his English origin at a glance and suggested ham and eggs for his lunch. He, a *Chilean!*

Our party in the compartment was increased at Los Andes. We acquired Señor Juan García of Buenos Aires, a stocky, middle-aged gentleman of obvious prosperity, returning from a business trip to New York and—a demonstration of the value of the Transandine—saving time by this route through the Panama Canal and across the Andes; and at the last moment in gay confusion, Señor and Señora Raoul Núñez, returning from their honeymoon in Peru. Señora Núñez, a pretty brunette dressed in red, I recognized as the daughter of an old Chilean family whom we had met with the Cordos at the races in Santiago. Señor Núñez, a sleek elegant Argentinian youth with a silken black mustache and melting eyes, elected to give Tom and me a Spanish lesson as the train proceeded.

This *Transandine Chileno* we now traveled followed the ancient mule road for some forty-five miles, climbing by the rack system. This section had presented the worst difficulties in construction and was the last of the road to be completed. The route lay along the bank of the brown Río Aconcagua, flecked with white foam as it hurried down a steep ravine, along the brink of precipices and under overhanging cliffs.

As we zigzagged upward the green cornfields gave way to rocky gorges. Our train squeezed through passes hardly wide enough for a track and the torrent that plunged down from the glaciers. The mountains grew more awe-inspiring hour by hour until they were sharp-pointed pinnacles with snowy tops standing out vividly against a turquoise sky. The Aconcagua had worn a deep V-shaped gorge only a few feet wide; the track lay on a shelf of rock, and overhead the cliffs almost touched one another and shut out the light.

Legend tells that a young Chilean officer, escaping his Spanish pursuers during the War of Independence, jumped his horse over this chasm to escape. This gave it the name *Salto del Soldado*, the Soldier's Leap.

Other ghosts of Colonial days haunted these Andean passes—shades of the smugglers, who carried contraband goods over these mountains between the Argentine and Chile during the years when Spain forbade her South American colonies to trade with each other.

What an amazing panorama spread before our eyes as the train labored on upward! The valley below El Portillo was surrounded by mountains; great weird masses of colored stratified rock and pinnacles of ice sparkled in the thin air, one side glowing in the sun only to make the shadows on the other side more intense. The Río Aconcagua divided here to become the Río Blanco and the Río Colorado—swift torrents of silver and copper water. Gigantic boulders balanced on frail-looking bases overhanging the abyss. Waterfalls dropped from precipice to precipice. All this water spoke eloquently and noisily of the glaciers high above us all!

Now our train could only crawl up this grade, and that only by the rack-rail system. Listening to the labored puffing of our engine as it toiled upward, almost digging into the track, we could readily imagine it to be a live animal with lungs overtaxed by herculean effort in this altitude. It was only when the engine stopped to cool down, every quarter-mile or so, that we could hear the dashing of the mountain torrents, and the howling of a wind that grew stronger, *and colder*, as we climbed.

Finally Tom and I were obliged to bundle up in coats and mufflers; the bride and groom sat close together for warmth, and Señor Blanco huddled into his coat and turned up the collar, his nose purple. Señor García produced a thermos bottle of steaming coffee and passed it around. The large jug of chicha that he guarded so carefully was to be a gift to his wife. The coffee was more than welcome, but Señor Blanco warned us, "You'll all get *soroche*," and refused the warming

drink with fear in his eyes. As the hot drink took effect and pinched blue lips relaxed, conversation grew animated again. Only Señor Blanco sat wrapped in his corner, awaiting the expected heart attack, white and shivering with his eyes fixed on the thermos bottle. Sadly he shook his head in silent refusal when the coffee went round again, and wound an extra suit of clothes about him, stiff and utterly distressed. The train continued to climb and the temperature continued to drop.

In compassion Señor García again offered the coffee. "*Sor-roche* wouldn't make you feel any worse, Señor Blanco."

The miserable man capitulated. "One can die but once," he agreed, reaching out his hand.

The Transandine does not reach the greatest railway altitude in the world, but it does rise to the greatest height in the shortest distance. We all deserved to be ill, but none of us was.

At a snail's pace the puffing engine dragged us upward, upward, until at last we reached the deep snow, where only an occasional rock pierced the white blanket. The savage wind blew blinding whirls of snow and threatened to blow us back again to Santiago.

With eyes weak from the glare of sunlight on the snow, I tried to see the giant vulture of the Andes, a condor. But I had no luck. Usually condors are soaring, a speck against the sky at an altitude of twenty thousand feet, their keen eyes searching for a dead carcass. They will follow a mule train for days waiting for a sick animal to drop behind, when they swoop down and kill it. They sometimes even attack human beings.

"Condors fly so high that it's almost impossible to shoot them," said Señor Blanco, who had gone condor hunting. "They are killed by placing a dead animal inside a fenced enclosure as a decoy. When the birds have eaten their fill and are too gorged to fly away, the hunters beat them to death with clubs."

Suddenly a black ridge appeared against the snow, seemingly a bar to our progress. On its steep face we saw a zigzag

track. It was the old Uspallata Trail where mules and foot-travelers climbed to the Cumbre Pass. Before the railway was finished this old pioneer trail was the only way across the Cumbre to Las Cuevas, the Argentine railhead. The pass was notorious for its blizzards and could only be traveled from daylight until nine o'clock in the morning because of the hurricanes. Passengers went by foot, by mule or by carriage; mules followed with the baggage. Now the picturesque mule drivers are gone. A few Indian railway laborers met our train and stared in at us through their dark snow-glasses. Only the ruins of the stone refuge huts built by the first O'Higgins remain, occupied by the railway work-gangs. Although it is still passable, few people now cross the Cumbre Pass by this old trail.

Again our train moved slowly upwards with the aid of the cog wheel. Tom spoke for all of us when he asked: "Why should a railway *have* to climb to the height of this Cumbre Pass? Aren't there easier crossings elsewhere?" For we all knew that two or three new transcontinental lines, that would open up rich sections, were under consideration.

"Won't this Cumbre route ultimately be abandoned?" echoed Raoul Núñez.

Señor Blanco and Señor García exchanged knowing smiles. "Any transcontinental line that doesn't pass through Santiago is impossible!" said the Chilean, Señor Blanco. "And we would not wish to hurt our prosperous Mendoza!" added Señor García from Buenos Aires.

The two men hoped that there will be no more railways built over the Andes. The danger of international disputes would be too great, the defense of Chile made more difficult; moreover the short route to the West Coast through the Panama Canal reduces the necessity, and the growing popularity of automobiles and airplanes has become an issue in a decision for such a tremendous investment.

After Juncal, where we changed snowplows, most of the route was protected by snowsheds against the great avalanches of snow, too deep for the plow to penetrate. In August

and September the crossing of this Pass is so uncertain from these drifts that travelers between Argentina and Chile either cross by mule or go around through the Straits of Magellan, at their stormiest period.

We saw the beautiful little *Lago del Inca* (Inca's Lake) nestled in its little hollow at nine thousand feet altitude, a mirror of sapphire for the surrounding snow peaks that rise abruptly from its shores. From there we climbed still higher until we reached the mouth of the tunnel at Caracoles. It is here, over ten thousand feet above the sea, just before entering the tunnel, that with luck one can see the famous Christ of the Andes.

The story of this great bronze statue is known to the world. It commemorates the peace between the two republics, so nearly lost after the treaty of 1881 because of a boundary dispute. The services of Edward VII of England and a commission arbitrated the dispute in 1902, and the women of Buenos Aires began a fund for a statue of Christ to be erected at the new frontier as a symbol of eternal peace. The Argentine cannon were removed from the frontier and went into the metal for the figure of peace. It was carried by rail to Mendoza, dragged by mules on a gun carriage up into the mountains, and when the mules began to slip on the ice, Argentine and Chilean soldiers and sailors hauled it by ropes to the mountain crest.

Señor García and Señor Blanco had both been present at the dedication on March 13, 1904. They spoke with feeling of the occasion. "We Argentines stood on the soil of Chile," said Señor García. "And we Chileans stood on the soil of Argentina," added Señor Blanco.

"Remember how the booming of the guns and the music of the bands echoed and reëchoed through the mountains?" said the Argentinian. "And the moment of silence when the monument was unveiled? Remember how that bronze statue was outlined against the sky, facing northward, one hand holding a Cross and the other extended in blessing over both countries? Can you forget the tenderness in the face, or the words

of the Bishop of Ancud when he dedicated the statue: 'Not only to the Argentine and to Chile we dedicate this monument, but to the world that from this it may learn the lesson of universal peace?'

"And I remember," said the Chilean, "that around the rock pedestal of the statue are these words: 'Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the people of the Argentine and Chile break the peace which they have sworn to maintain at the feet of Christ the Redeemer.'"

Señor Blanco nodded solemnly. "So far we have kept our pledge of peace, although we have our jealousies, like all nations."

I glanced over to see whether this symbol of eternal peace between their respective countries meant anything to our international bride and groom. They were engrossed in their own affairs, quarreling amicably over a game of double solitaire.

Señor García told us that only a few people travel up over the Cumbre Pass to see the statue, now that the railway is completed. Most travelers Christus-bound go up from Puente del Inca on the Argentine side.

"It is only when I am climbing around here that I see it," said Señor García, whose hobby, we had discovered, was mountain climbing. "It gives me a feeling of awe to find *el Cristo* so lost in the silence of this deep snow, deserted, isolated, storm-swept, dwarfed by the mountains around it. I always feel sorry for it!"

We all hung out, with snow-blinded eyes, to search the peaks for the statue, but none of us found it—and the train entered the two-mile tunnel. In the darkness we passed across the national boundary. Ten minutes later we emerged into the sunlight again, and a government official came through the train to examine our passports.

"Welcome to the Argentine!" said Señor Núñez. "But remember, you're still a long way from Buenos Aires." True indeed, for we had to cross the Argentine, the second largest of the South American republics, at its widest reach!

Had we crossed the Pass on mule-back, we should have been prepared gradually for the view from the summit. Now from the blank darkness of the tunnel, we burst out between the granite walls of the main range of the Cordilleras and descended into the gorges of the *Paramillo de las Cuevas*, once the terminus of the Argentine Transandine. The valley ahead was wider here than on the Chilean side; the mountains rose in bolder precipices; there was less snow and the air was drier.

To the north Señor Blanco pointed out a ridge of dazzling ice, arched into two domes with a precipice of black rock facing south, sharp-cut against the sunlit sky, and surrounded by mountains of seemingly equal height. It was Mt. Aconcagua, the highest mountain in the world after Mt. Everest—a little sign, planted in the snow, said so! But it was hard to believe, for from our height of ten thousand feet and twelve miles' distance, it had little of the majesty of its true height. Moreover the neighboring giants of Mercedario and Tupungato served further to dwarf this 23,080-foot master of them all. We had had this same experience with Mt. Everest, and could only be philosophical over losing the sharp thrill of a nearer view.

Señora Núñez asked Señor García if he had ever climbed Aconcagua.

"Indeed not! Aconcagua is almost impossible to climb," Señor García laughed. "The weather is frightful, even in summer. There are terrible winds after sunrise. Blizzards are continuous in winter. The hurricanes and the rarity of the air and severe cold are worse than the steep slopes. Only a few men have dared that intrepid feat!"

We were in a land of glittering glaciers, bright sun, whistling wind, torrents and chasms, boulders as big as houses, and cold bracing air, ringed by some of the highest mountains in the world. This desolate solitude boasted not a tree, shrub or blade of grass. The rocky slopes were wrinkled by torrents that flowed down from the perpetual glaciers of

seventeen thousand feet altitude to reach in their course the pampas of Argentina.

This was the scene of one of the most melodramatic incidents of the War of Independence. It was the route taken by the young Argentine patriot, José de San Martín, the "George Washington of South America," in his historic march over the Andes. With the independence of the Argentine fairly well established, San Martín knew that he must bring his Argentine army over the mountains to free Chile before going up to help Bolívar liberate Peru; but crossing the Andes his little force of four thousand men suffered unspeakable distress from the snow and mountain sickness.

The Spaniards at Santiago were tricked into believing that this "Army of the Andes" would descend into Chile by way of the southerly Planchon Pass. Instead, it crossed by the Uspallata Pass and one to the north, and appeared near the plain of Chacabuco on the 12th of February, 1817. The Spaniards rushed to the spot, amazed that this army had already crossed the Andes; but they misjudged the efficiency of these hardy gauchos, used to wild country and able to march for days on a bit of sun-dried meat. At the battle of Chacabuco, and later at the battle of Maipú, the "Army of the Andes" proved itself superior even to the veteran Spanish troops, and with the Chileans finally drove the Spaniards from Chile.

"San Martín's crossing of the Andes is justly called the most remarkable accomplishment of mountain warfare," declared Señor Blanco, "greater than either Hannibal's or Napoleon's crossing of the Alps, where the passes are lower."

"Not until after San Martín had been crowded out of command by Bolívar and had gone to France, where he died poor and blind in 1850, did my country appreciate our great hero," said our Argentine friend, Señor García. "Then San Martín's remains were brought back and buried in the Cathedral of Buenos Aires. Now most South American cities have erected monuments to his memory, and our Argentine youths are taught to reverence, even more than Bolívar, their



own San Martín, liberator of at least four of the South American republics."

Our train was hurrying downgrade. We passed the *Puente del Inca*, a famous natural bridge formed by the crust of stratified earth cemented together by the mineral deposits from the neighboring hot springs into a roadway sixty-six feet above the roaring Mendoza River; then, on through a region of brightly colored volcanic mountains, carved by the wind through the ages into fantastic shapes. They are called *Nieve Penitente*, "Penitent Snow," because the high rocks resemble a Gothic Cathedral and the smaller stones on the slope seem to be penitent sinners in black robes, kneeling before the shrine.

"Some day I wish to climb those rocks," said Señor García. "I want to see for myself the erect corpse of an explorer who was said to have been frozen on his feet up there, and ever since has been preserved by the cold."

Then on down, through the gorges of torrential rivers and around such curves that our train seemed sure to run off the rails. The higher Andes slipped away with their crests lighted by the setting sun. The wind whistled less viciously. At six thousand feet our train plunged through the canyon of a churning stream and out onto the plain of Uspallata, a dreary stretch of cactus set against surrounding precipices of a gorgeous pattern, almost as though painted, in green, violet, pink, blue and yellow. The setting sun tinted the snow on the western mountains with rose, the dry eastern range glowed purple in the fading light.

Downward we sped, crossing the Mendoza River time and again, and following this faithful guide through zigzagging gorges that twisted between frowning mountains, clouded, and grim with shadows. Gradually the valley broadened. We shrieked past many small hamlets until at Cacheuta, another hot springs settlement, we returned definitely to civilization. Stunted shrubs and cactus on the mountain slopes gave way to the grape and peach orchards of the rich Mendoza Valley as we entered the irrigated lands.

By ten o'clock that night we were in the lighted station of Mendoza. Here we were to change to a sleeper.

"We have achieved the crossing of the Andes!" cried Señor Blanco, happy to be back at a reasonable elevation where he need not fear for his weak heart. "Once a perilous hardship—today the most luxurious of trips!"

"Yes," I said quietly to Tom, "but some of those precipices and steep grades and the snows might have changed the story."

Mendoza is a fertile oasis on the edge of the pampas desert. It was the first Spanish Chilean settlement on the east side of the Andes, and for centuries only an outpost against the Indians and a resting place for the journey between Chile and the Argentine. On Ash Wednesday, 1861, the then prosperous town was destroyed by earthquake—a terrible disaster increased by fire and bandit raids.

"My father, visiting in Mendoza at the time, was one of the survivors of this tragedy," Señor García told us. "He was sitting at the window smoking his pipe when he heard a crash. Immediately he found himself buried under the ruins of the house with a broken leg. All that day and the next, while fires raged around him and a frightful thirst tormented him, he remained unable to move. Robbers sacked the ruins around him, but they only mocked him when he begged them to help him. It was the third day before my father could bribe a robber with his gold watch to lift him from the débris and carry him to a hut."

Nothing remains today of the old town save the pillars of the cathedral whose walls crashed in upon the Lenten crowd of supplicants. Candles are still burned among the fallen stones and broken arches by the relatives of those who perished there.

The new Mendoza is the most important commercial city of western Argentina and the capital of its province. It is laid out with wide streets, roomy squares and parks, but the low houses are built to withstand earthquakes, for frequent tremors are a constant reminder of danger. A depressing place to

live, perhaps, in its isolation and insidious danger, yet it is one of the few Argentine cities with old-world charm. Its cool climate of over two thousand feet altitude and its view of the snow peaks of the Andes attract many visitors from all over the Argentine. Its avenues are planted with double rows of poplars; cool streams of glacier water run along the gutters at each side of the street. One beautiful boulevard leads to a rocky hill with a monument to San Martín and his troops, for here began the famous march over the Andes and many Mendoza men were in the army.

In our short look at the "Garden of the Andes" we noticed a new bustle, more North American than Chile had been. Mendoza is an important wine center, and while numerous sidewalk cafés give the city a European atmosphere, all about the city for miles the land is planted to vineyards and fruit orchards. This system was started by the industrious Guarpes Indians and prospered by the irrigation introduced by the Spaniards; now the wine industry is managed by Italians who have settled here in great numbers. Beyond the irrigated land is desert.

Curiously, the Spanish colonization of Argentina spread out from near this Mendoza, from Asunción, now the capital of Paraguay, not a port on the coast. The early explorers, Juan Diaz de Solis, Ferdinand Magellan, and Sebastian Cabot, the Englishman, were not the usual seekers after gold but travelled up the Rio de la Plata searching for a short cut to Asia.

During Colonial days, Asunción was the ruling center of the Argentine; in turn, subordinate to the gold-producing vice-regency of Peru, for when the Spaniards failed to find gold in the Argentine, it became merely a despised and neglected farming country without glamour to attract the Conquistadors. The Argentine could not trade directly with Spain, but all goods must travel through Peru and over the Isthmus. Not until 1776, the time of our independence, did Spain recognize the importance of Buenos Aires and detach it from the vice-regency of Peru with a governor of its own.

The new vice-regency of Buenos Aires consisted of the four countries today known as Bolivia, Paraguay, Uruguay, and the Argentine.

We left Mendoza on a broad-gauge line of the Buenos Aires Pacific Railway for the six hundred and fifty-five miles' ride to the capital, about twenty hours through unbroken pampas. Next morning we woke to stifling heat, half smothered in dust that sifted through the windows and doors.

"Have we hit a *pampero*?" Tom asked Señor García at breakfast. These hurricanes that rip up from Patagonia are the great discomfort of these plains. They blow mountains of sand across the track, sweep cars off the rail, and can even propel them along if you hoist a sail! When the great woolly cloud framed in gold appears on the horizon, even the birds and beasts seek shelter.

"Oh no, this is just a pleasant day on our pampas!" smiled the Argentinian.

The mountains had completely vanished. Our way lay over a monotonous desert similar to that of southern Texas. The track ran ahead in a straight ribbon of silver. For hundreds of miles not a hill, bridge, curve, river, valley or forest—only *space* and the wind blowing clouds of dust into our eyes and mouths. Was it only yesterday we climbed so slowly through the snow and wound by torrential waters? Rolling along in the comfortable observation car, protected from the heat and the worst of the dust, we ate our luncheon and enjoyed our triumph.

"They said in Santiago that this Andean crossing was dangerous!" I reminded Tom.

Tom laughed, "They said we'd be snowed in!"

At Villa Mercedes, junction for Córdoba, an aristocratic white-haired man and a vivacious bobbed-haired girl of fifteen burst into our car and warmly embraced the bride and groom. They were Raoul's father and sister, unable to await the arrival of the bridal couple in Buenos Aires, who had traveled down on a local train to greet them. The father had many eager questions about the honeymoon trip in Peru, and

the young girl sat on the arm of María's chair, one arm around her new sister, stroking her admiringly.

From Villa Mercedes the desert scene changed to pasture land. Herds of cattle stood knee-deep in lush pasture, and all the cattle cars bore a sign: *Sé compasivo con los animales*—"Be kind with the animals."

Tom, ever the ornithologist, discovered an abundance of bird life on the pampas. Flamingoes, standing on long legs in the marshes, were spots of brilliant color against the tawny earth. Once our train frightened a herd of rheas, the South American ostrich so numerous on these pampas. They raced away from us across the prairie, long necks thrust forward, long legs jumping over the low fences that hedged the fields.

"They are a smaller species than the South African ostriches," said Señor García, who owned an *estancia* on the pampas, "and their feathers not so valuable; yet they bring a good revenue to the farmer. To hunt them is forbidden, so the birds are very tame."

Soon came wheat and corn fields, stretching on both sides to the horizon. Towns became more numerous and larger. By late afternoon a succession of warehouses and grain elevators signalled the approach to a great city. At seven o'clock we rumbled into the Retiro Station of Buenos Aires.

"From the Pacific to the Atlantic—nine hundred miles in thirty-six hours!" exclaimed Señor Blanco happily, as we collected our baggage.

A large company of Raoul Núñez' family were gathered on the platform to greet the honeymooners; elderly aunts, young cousins, impressive-looking uncles, brothers and sisters. They kissed our bride and groom and carried them off with arms around them. Only María's bewildered maid was left on the platform, frantically trying to collect their many pieces of baggage.

The next morning Tom and I were reading the newspapers in our hotel in Buenos Aires. Suddenly he cried out: "There's been a terrible earthquake in Mendoza—where we were yesterday!" Then, reading rapidly: "The worst earthquake since

1861—fourteen people killed, thirty-four injured, ninety per cent of the houses destroyed! People roamed the streets in terror, homeless—stealing and murdering! Large fissures opened in the ground, shooting out boiling water. At one point between Mendoza and Buenos Aires the International Transandine line sank one meter for a stretch of fifty meters, wrecked a freight train, killed ten people! The line will be impassable for a week! . . .”

Our Chilean friends had warned us about the *snow!*

## CHAPTER XII

### THE PARIS OF SOUTH AMERICA

OUR first morning in Buenos Aires, Tom and I went down to see Señor Blanco off for England. The docks were humming with business. Heaped-up trucks ran back and forth from ships to warehouses or to the miles of waiting railway cars. The masts of the ships made a forest. Every flag in the world seemed to be on display. Passenger steamers, businesslike freighters, dingy "tramps"—all were here, either tied up at dock or riding at anchor until they could get dock space to discharge cargo. Giant cranes swung and creaked raucously on every side.

"Watch my ship as we sail down La Plata," Señor Blanco said. "The Captain says he will be fined if he leaves the channel."

We realized then that the Río de la Plata is less a river than an estuary, and receives along its course the Paraná, Uruguay and Paraguay rivers with their waters loaded with sand and mud. Constant dredging of the channel is necessary to allow steamers to reach Buenos Aires, one hundred miles inland from the sea. Freakish tides, influenced by the direction of the wind and the amount of water in the tributary rivers, make a further complication to traffic. When the dreaded *pampero* coincides with the rising tide, the water is blown out of La Plata. Sometimes for days ships dare not enter this shallow estuary. From the mouth of the estuary, one hundred and eighty miles wide, the "river" narrows until at Buenos Aires it is but twenty-eight miles across. Above Buenos Aires only small ships can navigate.

Yet with all these handicaps, Buenos Aires has become the greatest port in South America. Fifty years ago this land along the water-front was a mud-flat, thirty feet above high water. There was no real harbor. Ships anchored two or three miles out in the river. Freight and passengers were rowed ashore and delivered into high-wheeled carts which backed into the water to receive them. Today these swamps have been drained. The water-front has been built with docks for a stretch of two miles. The improvement, completed in 1897, cost over thirty-five millions. The ramshackle huts, rows of saloons and sailors' boarding houses were destroyed—or moved to the suburb of La Boca, a part of the old town—and the beautiful *Paseo Cristóbal Colón* (Columbus) has been substituted in this district.

There is little manufacturing in this great metropolitan city, the largest in South America. There are no smokestacks and the air is clean—truly *buenos aires*. It is a rich capital of a rich country, serving as the gateway from the whole land of the Argentine. These immense docks, so recently built, are already too small for the vast export that flows through them.

This is the most populous federal district in the world, for one-fifth of the population of Argentina's eleven million people live in Buenos Aires. Its size and influence give it a control of national life enjoyed by no other capital in the world. Here the money made in the interior is spent; rail and river traffic converge upon it, and so much of the industrial, commercial, banking, political and social life is concentrated here that other cities of the Argentine are dwarfed in consequence.

This importance has not been easily won. The history of the city, like that of many others in South America, has been a troubled one. Founded first in 1536 by Pedro de Mendoza, it was abandoned after a year because of famine forced by hostile Indians. Founded again seven years later, it was again abandoned. The third attempt by Juan de Garay, in 1580, was successful. The little settlement clung though it was not until the smuggling trade flourished in defiance of Spanish trade



restrictions that the town began to prosper. Its location on the Río de la Plata, offering communication to the sea, made it important.

Only a century ago Buenos Aires was still a mud-bank peopled with some three thousand Spanish adventurers and Indians. With a vast prairie spreading around them, the city was huddled together in a jumble of narrow streets. Unlighted, unpaved and without sewers, lined with shanties, these alleys were breeding places for crime. Honest citizens dared not go out at night for fear of being robbed or murdered. Land sold for the proverbial song.

Modern Buenos Aires dates from the opening of the first passenger wharf in 1855 and the construction of the pioneer railway in 1857. Then, as the Argentine developed, the city was rebuilt—an amazing story.

No longer a Colonial, the Argentine farmer who had risen from peasantry in Europe to wealth in this new country, suddenly realized that his capital was no more than a ramshackle town on a mud-bank. With Paris as an ideal, our Argentine, flushed with prosperity, called in foreign architects. The site had no natural beauty—no harbor as at Rio de Janeiro, no snow mountains as at Santiago—only the monotonous pampa.

Expense was ignored, buildings were destroyed, streets were widened in wholesale fashion. The Plaza Congreso is an example of their success. Here stands the Palace of Congress, their Capitol in Greco-Roman architecture, completed after thirteen years at a cost of nine million dollars. Then, three months before the Centennial in 1910, the city fathers decided that this Capitol, too crowded by lesser structures, did not show to advantage. Calmly they demolished four blocks of buildings at a cost of five million dollars.

Today only a few alleys in the downtown business section remain of the original city laid out by the Spaniards in an era when the only traffic problem was the passing horseman. Then the narrow streets offered welcome shade from the sun. Today the city is complete and perfect, with broad avenues and noble vistas. Great boulevards lead to the new sub-

urbs, Belgrano and Las Flores, where many foreigners live in modern houses, surrounded by gardens—a far cry from the old Spanish houses with secluded patios and barred windows. Some of these still remain in the old part of town.

When Señor Blanco's ship had sailed, with our good wishes to the Captain that he might not miss the channel, we made our way to the office of *La Prensa*. An Argentine newspaper does not send a reporter to interview you—you are invited to call on them! Tom had been asked to give his views on political conditions in the United States.

After the interview was over, a Señor Gomez showed us through the building. *La Prensa* (The Press) is one of the world's best newspapers. A daily sheet, with fine editorials and extensive foreign cable news, it has a large circulation and exerts a wide influence in the Argentine. It is the hobby of a wealthy family and is housed in one of the finest newspaper plants in the world. We were amazed at the gymnasium, the fencing salons, the concert and lecture hall for the staff, the reporters' grill, the medical and dental clinic, often without charge to the poor, the law office offering free legal advice—not to mention the large library also minus fees, and even a suite of furnished apartments where distinguished foreigners may be entertained.

We asked Señor Gomez to lunch. He took us to a restaurant on the Plaza de Mayo, frequented by journalists. The Mayo is a beautiful Plaza—at one side, the Cathedral, its façade a replica of the Madeleine in Paris, and the residence of the Archbishop; near by, the Bank of the Argentine Nation; across the square, Government House, official residence of the President, called from its color "La Casa Rosada"; and at one side, the historic Cabildo, erected in 1711, formerly the seat of government and the place where the new republic first declared its freedom from Spain, July 9, 1816.

In this historic atmosphere, Señor Gomez confessed that he was writing a history of the early years of the Argentine Republic. He sketched briefly for us the period he intended to

cover—the struggles between the Federalists, representing the loosely connected provinces wishing to be independent, and the Unitarians, whose powerful province of Buenos Aires wanted to rule the rest of Argentina as arbitrarily as Spain had done.

“In other words,” said Tom, “federal versus state rights?”

Señor Gomez nodded. “You settled it in the United States by war. So do not blame us for fighting it out, señor!”

The long argument was finally settled by separating the city of Buenos Aires from the province and making it the national capital. This removed the preponderance of this great city, the cause of friction between the provinces.

“Today Buenos Aires is the strongest tie binding the provinces,” concluded the young author. “Every Argentine feels an ownership and pride in our beautiful capital!”

As we lunched and talked, we heard the Cathedral bells across the square tolling, and saw crowds of people collecting. It was the Feast of Corpus Christi. Now we heard music approaching down the Avenida de Mayo. We went outside. A band was leading a long procession of religious societies, children from Convent schools, Boy Scouts, priests, nuns, and penitents, both men and women, carrying religious banners. The long procession stopped at an altar built on the steps of the Cathedral. We stayed for the impressive ceremony.

Later, we returned to our hotel by way of the *subterraneo* which runs for two miles across the city under the Avenida de Mayo. That unique smell of the underground, the news stands and penny slot machines along the tiled platform made us homesick for the Interborough back in New York, but our dream was shattered when the blue train glided in. There are no express trains. No one shoved from behind, no disgruntled guards cried, “Step lively,” or slammed the doors. A passenger who accidentally backed into me, embarrassed me with his profuse apologies. A whistle warned us politely that presently the train would start. An inspector ambled through the train to examine our tickets and remind us they must be

returned on leaving the subway. Our ride back to our hotel in this subway was almost a rest-cure! Shades of Times Square!

The following day we presented our letter from the Secretary of State to the United States Embassy. Our Ambassador was in Paris, but a big, ruddy Chargé d'Affaires, the son of a former ambassador to England, received us, and brought his wife to lunch with us next day at the hotel. To our delight we found that this charming, smartly dressed Mrs. Ferris was the sister of a friend in New York.

Later that afternoon we joined the parade along the Calle Florida. This most fashionable of the shopping streets is a narrow alley, one of the streets of the old town only four blocks back from the water-front. So crowded is it with shoppers and idlers that no traffic may enter from eight in the morning to nine at night. Anything may be purchased here, if one has the price—for prices are high in Buenos Aires. But the cattle breeders, come into town for a spree, have plenty of pesos, and the señoras and señoritas of the wool kings and beef magnates fill the narrow street. Young dandies stand at the corners, twirling mustaches and smoking, admiring the ladies. Idlers fill the club bars and restaurants. For more than a generation, Calle Florida has been the promenade of the élite that is characteristic of every Latin town.

Just as we reached the famous Jockey Club, a voice hailed us: "How do you find Buenos Aires?" It was Señor García, our fellow-passenger on the Transandine journey from Chile.

We were glad to accept his invitation to tea at the club, for few foreigners except those in the diplomatic circle succeed in becoming even honorary members of this famous club. Its members' are chiefly Argentines.

Seen from the outside it is a big gloomy mid-Victorian building; inside it is furnished lavishly with the artistic taste of the Latins. From the marble entrance hall, we looked into the library, rich with first editions but almost empty of readers. Upstairs, room after room impressive in their richness; fencing halls, a solarium, and not one but *two* Turkish

baths. Here was another male paradise even more luxurious than the Union Club in Santiago.

We had tea before the fire in a drawing-room, and Señor García ordered *yerba de maté*. This drink is served in every Argentine home. To refuse it is an act of great rudeness. It is made from the leaves of a shrub, the *Ilex paraguayensis*, resembling a large orange tree, that grows wild in Paraguay and southern Brazil. "Jesuits' tea" is one name for maté in the Argentine, for the priests first taught the Indians to pluck the shrub. It is a bitter infusion, stimulating and recuperative and not injurious.

The dry powdered leaves were brought in tall coffee glasses. Over them we poured boiling water. We drank the liquid through a silver tube (*bombilla*) with a bulb at the lower end, pierced to serve as a strainer.

"Maté is hard to get now in our better restaurants," said Señor García. "The good hotels think it savors too much of the pampas. Fortunately the Jockey has more sense. The poor unfortunates who don't belong here have to go down into the slums to drink our national drink!"

We discovered that his enthusiasm for maté was partly due to the fact that he represented plantations which cultivated the shrub extensively. He was making the world "maté-conscious."

"Maté is the elixir of life that moves fifty million South Americans every day. Why shouldn't it also become the favorite stimulant of North America?" he exclaimed, drinking to our health.

Over our warming drink Señor García told us more about this wealthy club. Besides the high dues, the club has an enormous income from its ten per cent of the gate receipts of the *Hipódromo Argentino*, the club's race course. Since all surplus beyond expenses must be turned over to the government, the club annually makes large gifts to charity and collects each year paintings, statuary and first editions worthy of a museum.

On the train, Señor García had seemed to us only a hand-

some middle-aged man, carrying home a jug of chicha to his wife. Here in his native city he expanded. We learned that he was one of the legendary millionaires—chief export of the Argentine. He was typical of the Argentinian aristocrat who has made his wealth by the automatic growth of his rich campo land. Son of a poor pampa farmer, he had lived a simple country life and looked upon his acres only as a source of food and shelter. With the railway had come a fortune from these acres, and Señor García longed for the glamour of Buenos Aires. He had bought a magnificent house here, married into a prominent family and joined the Jockey Club, where he followed the odds on horses as closely as he did the price of wheat and cattle. During frequent visits to Europe he had acquired a cosmopolitan veneer and learned to speak English and French, but he was a patriot at heart and preferred to spend his money in the country that had produced it. As a Porteño he was interested in politics and aimed to make Buenos Aires the finest city in the world; as a ranchman, for he had kept the old *estancia*, his hobby was breeding pedigreed stock.

Señor García was no idler, if he did say *mañana* frequently. He had little respect for Spanish tradition, but like most Argentines, he was enamoured by the modern spirit contagious in the air of Buenos. Polite, affable, foppish in dress, fond of conversation and all the pleasures of life, he was a Latin, but a Latin of the temperate climate, strong and vigorous, as energetic, as progressive, as much a “go-getter” as any Yankee.

When a few days later a national holiday brought a fiesta, Señor García invited us to Palermo Park and we met his attractive wife, the first “modern woman” we had met in South America.

Born of Spanish and Italian parents, Señora García had the beauty of both races accentuated. Her skin was the perfect *morena* (Spanish-Moorish). Her dark hair was delicately lined with silver. With her large eyes, dark and radiant, she could say in a flash and with more expression thoughts which

took ten minutes of words from us, Anglo-Saxons! Small and slim, she was smartly dressed in the latest Paris fashions.

I talked with her, as we drove out, of her work to improve the status of women in her country.

"Our Buenos Aires women were suppressed by tradition for centuries, but now with their entrance into professional, artistic and commercial circles they enjoy a freedom which would have aroused indignation ten years ago. And it still does among the older generation!" replied this lady, not only easy to look at but stimulating to listen to. "Fortunately our women's days of viewing the world from behind grilled balconies are passing. Once their life with no exercise, big dinners, lying around in negligees until their afternoon drive in the park, robbed them of their beauty when youth was over—they grew stout!" with an expressive gesture of her slim hands. "All that is changed now in Buenos Aires. The revolt is spreading even to our provinces although Spanish conservatism dies harder there."

It was the Moorish strain in Spanish blood, Señora García explained, that brought about this Oriental seclusion of South American women. This same inheritance had influenced the architecture and built the white houses with grilled windows where courtships were held. No "nice" girl was allowed on the street without a chaperon to prevent clandestine flirtations. "That is," she added with twinkling eyes, "unless the lover crossed her palm with sufficient silver!"

"Aren't times changing?" I asked, for I had noticed in Buenos Aires many young girls, apparently "nice," unaccompanied by chaperons—a sight extremely rare on the more conservative West Coast.

"At last, yes! Our modern girls wear Paris fashions, in school and cinema learn the customs of other countries. They have rebelled against such a ridiculous system. Today a young girl can concern herself with other things than love and religion. A matron need not sink into a domesticity that includes only her husband and children. Our women love tennis. Half the players on our golf links are young girls." Then

with a sigh: "But many of them still refuse to play in mixed foursomes without a chaperon."

I asked whether the señorita, unchaperoned, was not at the mercy of the men who whisper "*Por Dios*, how beautiful you are!" as she passed on the streets.

Señora García rolled her great dark eyes. "Only you foreign women resent the flattery and admiration of our men. We Latins would feel discouraged if nobody told us as we pass that we are pretty!"

At this moment we arrived at the *Hipódromo Argentino* in Palermo Park, the monopoly of the Jockey Club and source of its great wealth. Only the Longchamps course outside Paris excels it in magnificence. The season is continuous, but the fashionable day to attend is Sunday or a national holiday.

Over the massive gates runs the inscription from Buffon: "*Le cheval est la plus noble conquête que l'homme aît jamais fait.*" Thousands of people, sometimes fifty thousand in a day, attend these races. The Argentines are born gamblers, and all classes are passionately fond of racing. They love horses, and possess some of the finest horses in the world.

From the Garcías' box in the central grandstand, reserved for Jockey Club members, we looked across three tracks, one within another, and a lake and flowers in the centre, to the red-brown line of the Río de La Plata stretching to the horizon. Around us were none of the Indians in ponchos, priests and nuns, or mantilla-draped señoritas as at the Arequipa races, but as smartly dressed a crowd as one finds at Deauville. I watched the tense faces. Obviously nearly everyone had a bet up.

Between races we had tea—that is, *yerbe de maté!*—at gay canopied tables in the Jockey Club enclosure. Meanwhile the crowd wandered about, visited the betting booths or watched the blackboard for the postings.

"Ten per cent is first deducted for charity," our host explained, "another ten per cent goes to the Club. The balance is divided among the bettors."

There is no better place than at the races to see a cross-sec-



tion of Buenos Aires' two million inhabitants. Half of them are foreign-born, with Italians in the majority. Larger than any city in either Spain or Italy, it has more Italians than Rome, more Spaniards than Madrid. With also large colonies of Germans, French and North Americans, one can hear almost any tongue spoken on the streets.

Spain has given the Argentine her religion, her language, and the complexion of her people, but Spanish civilization is disappearing. The old Castilian aristocracy, their pride centred in the past, have retained some social supremacy, but they are being shoved into the discard by an energetic, ambitious new plutocracy interested in making money. Perhaps it is the commercial importance of the Argentine, for money and not family is the open sesame to most social life here.

Whatever his antecedents, the "lazy Latin" is a different man in Buenos Aires. Everywhere there was activity, work in progress. Except for its French architecture, its English sports and Spanish language, we might have been back in New York. Another difference occurs to me—the politeness of the gentleman who offered me his seat in the subway!

Buenos Aires covers an area four times as large as Manhattan Island, three times as large as Berlin and twice the size of Paris, yet it is still growing. More than any other city we had visited in South America, it was a "North American" city. Yet there was something of Europe permeating its parks, its fine buildings and sidewalk cafés on the broad new avenues. It had Latin gaiety and sophistication, and reminded us of Paris.

"We have harbored the best of both civilizations," Señor García declared, "and made them into something essentially Argentinian."

The Garcías kindly took us to see the rural cattle show, the *Sociedad Rural*, as typical of the Argentine as the Jockey Club. "In our cattle-raising land, a live-stock show is also a social event," Señora García explained. "We Argentines make aristocrats of our cattle."

Tom was interested in the immigration problem in the Ar-

gentine, and Señor García escorted us to the Immigrants' Hotel, a hobby of his, where immigrants are given five days' free accommodation. The immigrant here meets with none of the delays and embarrassments of many other ports. His goods enter free of duty, his money is changed at the bank without fees; he is instructed in his own language by cinematograph lectures on the agricultural and industrial conditions in different parts of the country, and he is transported free to the section of his choice and there kept for ten days at the expense of the government.

Small wonder that every steamer brings to Buenos Aires its quota toward the hundreds of thousands from Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, Syria, Portugal, Poland—a sprinkling of every race except the Negro and the Oriental. The Argentine's temperate climate, rivers, railways and sparsely populated plains are a great attraction. Now that the United States has reduced its quota, it is the immigrant's land of promise, a melting-pot greater than Canada and the United States.

"The reason for our government's paternal care is to induce the immigrants to go on the land," explained Señor García. "They clutter up Buenos Aires, and our great population now is not good for the country or for our capital. It accounts for our high cost of living, and for periods of unemployment. Rosario, Tucumán and Mendoza are over-supplied with labor, while our pampas and Gran Chaco are underdeveloped for lack of labor. What can we do but urge them to settle our pampas?"

Buenos Aires has a serious problem with her immigrants—mostly of the excitable Latin nature and many still allied with European anarchist movements. In this new home, crowded into the cities, they continue to spread the propaganda absorbed in Europe and fight out the battles of the old country. Buenos Aires has had frequent strikes and labor troubles, with demonstrations, mobs, bombs, and martial law. Protests here on the Sacco-Vanzetti trial were bitter. The Ambassador of the United States was even threatened. Yet, as

visitors, we were at first unconscious of this undercurrent of unrest.

Buenos Aires gave less evidence of the depression than any other city we had visited. Everyone seemed to have money and to be spending it. Prices were high, but the people were well dressed. Theatres, given over mostly to musical shows and farces, were crowded. The Argentine thinks of his capital as a town of pleasure equal to Paris. The Latin love of gaiety shows by its many restaurants. Argentines love to eat, and will linger all evening over a meal. The smell of cooking meat, characteristic of the country, permeates the city. Many restaurants furnish free "talkies" along with food and music.

"It's a funny town!" Señora García exclaimed on one occasion. "Our cabarets are so 'broad' that respectable people can only attend the opera. At the café the Argentine drinks maté or milk, not wine. And our gaucho costume is now worn in the city only by the grooms of the players at the Polo Club!"

Through the Garcías and other friends we met many Argentines. I was impressed by the advanced styles worn by the Porteña ladies but more by their quiet Latin modesty. Years of sequestered life on their *estancias* or in great mansions in the city have given them a reserve that their new sporting life on the links and tennis courts does not change. And the men . . . Certainly nothing about them of the Argentine gigolos we had seen in Paris; rather were they clear of complexion and energetic in step, interested in business and horses.

Señora García took us to call at several homes of wealthy Porteños. Only the older houses are of Spanish architecture, for increased land value now forbids the luxury of the patio. The newer houses are French, the Argentines being enamoured like other South Americans of French culture.

When I mistook these astonishingly elaborate palaces, covering sometimes a city block, for public buildings, Señora García laughed. "Only a private house! These homes are like your apartment houses. Children marry; but, in the tribal

manner, they occupy separate apartments under the family roof. Each apartment has its private entrance and separate kitchens. The family meet only if they wish to." She indicated one mansion of four floors, covering an entire block. "In that house I've been entertained at dinner on every floor, yet no party ever included the other branches of the family."

In Buenos Aires we learned to do things on the "fashionable day." On Monday we attended the cinema; on Saturday we lunched at Harrod's, a branch of the London institution; Wednesday night was *Nuit de Gala* at the Plaza Hotel.

At the dinner dance we entertained Señor and Señora Enrique Cook, Anglo-Argentines to whom we had a letter of introduction from a New York friend. The husband was the manager here of a London firm. From long residence in the Argentine these fair-haired, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxons spoke in Spanish. Señora Cook's Irish brogue when she spoke this foreign tongue was indescribable.

"I've forgotten how to speak English," laughed Señor Cook, speaking it with an accent and Latin gestures. "Fancy that!"

Many nations were represented in the smartly dressed, cosmopolitan crowd dancing that evening. To my surprise I learned that, here in Buenos Aires, the tango was remembered as a dance of the Boca quarter, down by the harbor, and hardly proper, although French dancers, touring the Argentine, had admired it and taken it to Paris, where they "cleaned it up" and made it presentable for polite society. Now Argentines go to Paris to learn their national dance. At home it still bears the stigma of its Boca origin and is disapproved of by respectable Porteños. Orchestras in hotels play the music for the foreigners who think themselves "so Argentine" when they dance it!

The Cooks left soon after dinner, but it was three o'clock in the morning! They admitted that they kept these late hours nearly every night. "But I'm always at my office by 8:30 every morning!" declared Enrique Cook as he said good-night.

The day of a Porteño has quite another schedule from that of a business man in the United States. He is up early for a light French breakfast of maté and rolls. Offices and shops open at eight-thirty. Everything closes for luncheon and a siesta from eleven-thirty to two o'clock. Tea or maté at four o'clock accounts for stores and offices working until eight o'clock. Dinners begin from nine to ten o'clock. No wonder Enrique Cook had been amazed to find business offices, when he had visited New York, closing at five o'clock!

Our last gala evening in Buenos Aires was the opera. We were guests of the Ferrises, with the North American Consul-General and his wife. The opera was "Falstaff." The company is financed partly by the government, to meet the cost of bringing high-salaried artists down to Buenos Aires. The Teatro Colón is one of the world's largest opera houses, seating four thousand people.

Tuesday is the fashionable night at the opera. Society was there—though late. Not until the end of the second act were all the seats occupied. The Colón on such nights becomes a marriage mart, with daughters of rich *estancieros* casting glances at young members of the Jockey Club or handsome polo players from Hurlingham. The interior, with its old rose upholstery in tier after tier of gold boxes, made a flattering background for pretty brunettes, who seemed all to have worn white! Gowns and jewels in the horseshoe rivaled anything at the Metropolitan, for nowhere can wealth and beauty be found in greater abundance.

Boxes at the Colón, as at the Metropolitan, are a mark of social position. Many cattle barons gladly pay a thousand dollars a season. The President was attending that night, entertaining some military officers in his box. I learned that an old Spanish custom that high-class women do not appear in public with men survives, and our hostess pointed out the women of the President's family, seated near the stage. There were grilled boxes for those in mourning, who did not wish to appear in society yet did wish to hear the music. During an intermission I was amused to see a black-gloved hand appear

through the grille and wave gaily to someone in the audience.

Returning late that night from this high point of wealth, luxury and beauty, chance sent our motor car on a wide detour through a slum district. Shabby houses, dirty and squalid, built of old boards and corrugated iron scraps for roofs, surrounded the big meat-packing plants. Here the poorest immigrants from Spain and Southern Italy live. As our car passed through these narrow streets where many of the Buenos Aires bomb outrages are plotted, I chanced to look into a dimly lighted store. There, seated around a table, talking earnestly, was a small group of people. Two beautiful girls. Three or four rough-looking men. On the table stood the red flag of Communism.

## CHAPTER XIII

### FILET MIGNON ON THE HOOF

THE Argentine is made up of Buenos Aires and "the Camp." Foreigners forget everything but Buenos Aires, but the Argentines remember their great prairie for it is the root and source of their luxurious life in Buenos Aires.

"Buenos Aires is too close to Europe, too much like it. If you wish to understand the Argentine, come and let me show you our *Campo*," said Señor García. He was leaving for a visit to his *estancia*, and Tom and I were glad to go with him.

His *estancia*, source of the García millions, was situated in the province of Buenos Aires. This great province, with an area of over one hundred and seventeen thousand square miles, half the size of France and twice as large as Illinois, is the most fertile portion of the Argentine.

From the suburbs of Buenos Aires, Señor García's limousine followed a straight road over the level pampas toward La Plata, the capital of the province, thirty-five miles away.

We found La Plata to be a city of Latin magnificence, elaborately and perfectly laid out as a model city without slums, with broad avenues shaded by eucalyptus trees, palatial law courts, a cathedral, a remarkable museum, a zoölogical garden and an observatory. Each public building stood in its own park and faced on its own boulevard. These structures were equal in size and architecture to any in Buenos Aires and seemed designed more for a federal than for a provincial capital.

"The greatest folly we ever committed!" said Señor García, speaking now as the provincial. The State capitol, he told us,

was built as an indignant protest when Buenos Aires was appropriated by the national government for the federal capital. They had even constructed a fine port, Enseñada, five miles away on the Río de la Plata, where a non-tidal harbor that needed no dredging and was thirty-five miles nearer the sea was expected to draw the shipping trade from Buenos Aires. But Buenos Aires constructed larger docks and kept her pre-eminence. La Plata, designed for a hundred thousand people, now has hardly half that number. And many of the State government employees commute daily even from Buenos Aires!

Leaving La Plata, we were almost at once on the pampa again. The road stretched ahead for mile after mile with scarcely a turn. This was the same road where in early days long caravans of huge-wheeled, covered wagons, drawn by three yokes of oxen, floundered through the mud or rolled through the dust, for a long time the only transportation between the hinterland and the ports. Now the pampa is netted with railway tracks. Long trains of cars, luxurious for passengers, or loaded with wine from Mendoza, wool and mutton from Patagonia, or livestock and grain from the pampas, shoot along these level stretches to Buenos Aires.

The pioneer railway over the pampas was built by William Wheelwright of Massachusetts, the man who first dreamed of the Transandine line. But it is to English capital and engineers that Argentina owes her modern efficient net of railways. Over half these railways date from the beginning of the present century. The land is so flat that engineering presents no problems. The only drawback is the lack of stone.

This same absence of stone has retarded road-building. The Argentine, accustomed to traveling the plains on horseback, considers roads unnecessary. *Estancieros*, fearing heavy taxes for road-making, encouraged the government to grant concessions to foreigners to build railways, and opposed construction of roads. Now there are little but trails, narrow rutted cattle paths, except for a few expensive roads near the big cities.

"And the advent of the motor car," admitted the Señor,



“created a personal problem for us short-sighted *estancieros!*”

All about us, from horizon to horizon, stretched the boundless, eye-tiring pampa. The widest level plain in the world, it was as flat as a pool table, an unbroken ocean of land, unrelieved by river, lake, forest or hill. Over it the wind swept the whirling dust and rippled the grass, several feet high, like waves of the sea. It was not unlike our western prairie; fertile where there was water, with a temperate climate. Good cattle land and with no stones or trees, ideal for agriculture. A land with a beauty all its own, it has little historic interest but a great future.

“Unless you are interested in farming the pampa is monotonous,” pointed out our host; “but you’ll find this ride will give you a good opportunity to study the rural life of Argentina.”

In gaucho days the grasslands were unbroken for hundreds of miles; now we passed an occasional distant farmhouse marked by a grove of poplars or eucalyptus or the stark steel skeleton of a windmill. Sometimes we met riders on horseback, or high two-wheeled carts drawn by oxen jogging along to the village store. Always the prairie was dotted by immense herds of cattle and sheep, for this province is one of the great stock districts of the republic. Indeed to the discerning eye there was a great deal of life on these apparently empty pampas.

Tom, as usual, was looking out for birds and was interested in watching the sea gulls hopping after the plow and pecking at the bugs turned up, or clustered around the water tanks where the cattle crowded. He pointed out humming-birds, vivid with gold and scarlet, and a bright-colored thrush, the *bien te veo* (I see you well), named for the sound of its call, and the oven bird whose mud nest was built with a doorway.

“That bird will not build its nest on Sunday!” Señor García solemnly assured us.

Our host reminded us frequently that these pampas are the economic heart of the Argentine. It was easy to believe as hour after hour we passed the leagues of grain and corn, the square miles of sheep, the troops of horses standing knee-deep

in rich grass, the herds of fat cows and fatter bulls, all evidence of the fertility of the land. Argentina was well named, for though it never produced much silver, its fertile soil proved as valuable as mines.

"What really is 'the Camp'?" I asked, for in Buenos Aires we heard the terms "Camp" and "Pampas" used interchangeably.

"Everything outside of Buenos Aires," our host replied. "In reality it is derived from the Spanish word for country, *campo*, and is applied to all rural Argentina, the flat plain extending more than two thousand miles from the Straits to Paraguay, suited to agriculture and pasture, which constitutes ninety per cent of the Argentine Republic. The pampas proper are a triangular plain extending fanwise from Buenos Aires, six hundred miles from the Atlantic to the Andes and from Córdoba down to the Río Colorado. The Indians called this region by their word for plains, *pampas*, and the Spaniards adopted the word. Usually it is used for the pastoral regions rather than the agricultural."

The swift growth of the pampas is recent. The Spaniards found them empty, occupied only by a few nomad Indian tribes of low civilization. For three centuries they were merely a route of travel for the trade over the Andes with Lima, with a few forts established to protect the caravans of freight wagons from the Indians. Under protection of these forts the first settlers pushed out into the land, but there were Indian raids and no security until General Roca drove the Indians from the pampas.

While the wars with Paraguay and Brazil were determining the fate of the country, while San Martín was leading his army over the Andes to drive out the Spanish, these pampas were slowly developing to a place of supreme importance in the economics of the Argentine. Bred live stock was introduced, alfalfa seed was planted, the railways were built, wheat was planted.

"Every *estanciero* should honor the men who scattered prosperity over the Argentine by transforming scrubby sheep and

big-boned lean cattle into fine fleeces and fat stock," said Señor García with emphasis. "Tellier the Frenchman, inventor of cold storage, and the worthy Italians who by their labor changed the country from pasture lands to a granary!"

The development of the pampas is one of the economic marvels of the century. No other region, in so short a time, has changed so much. European capital built railways, and immigrants from Italy and Spain swarmed across the Atlantic and out along these railways, laying out farms. Soon the prairie where Indians had roamed and the gaucho had lassoed wild cattle was broken by wire fences into huge fields of wheat and corn and alfalfa, miles long, alternating with grazing land. To this virgin land the settlers transplanted their European civilization—their speech, religion, customs, animals, fruits and flowers. They turned a wilderness into a great farm so valuable that it can fix the world price for meat and bread!

Occasionally as we rode along we passed through a town. This was a cheering sight after the unbroken stretch of fields, in spite of the few ramshackle houses lining the unpaved streets. There was always a combination store-saloon with a contingent of shaggy ponies saddled in sheepskin, front feet bound with rawhide thongs; always a wind-swept barren plaza for the Sunday band concert; inevitably the stock pen where bellowing, kicking, grunting cattle were being clubbed into stock cars. These towns were reminiscent of our early mining towns in the western states. One hamlet with a half-dozen shanties had a wide street lighted by electricity,—an ambitious gesture that amused Señor García. Often these hamlets were called by English or Irish names. And always there was a clump of trees off on the horizon that marked the place of a ranch-house. The town was merely a gateway for some vast *estancia*.

Argentina is a land of big things. The Camp is broken up into ranches covering from five to ten square leagues—a unit of measure that of itself signifies the bigness of the country. The man who owns only one league—six thousand acres—is a small farmer.

Land was cheap when the Camp was settled. The federal government permitted the best of it to be absorbed into feudal estates instead of dividing it into homesteads. These estates are now too large for the economic good of the country. They are owned by a few men whose wealth gives them a political influence out of proportion to their numbers. Some made immense fortunes by importing blooded stock; others profited by the rise in value of their land and then moved to Buenos Aires to live on the income from properties they rarely see. Very soon the new settlers could not secure good land, colonization was retarded and cities overcrowded. Now, too late, the government is willing to deal in smaller tracts, and laws limit the amount of public land that any one person may acquire.

"Our estates will gradually decrease," predicted Señor García. "Many of my friends, like myself, are splitting up our land and renting it on easy terms to independent farmers. Some have contracted debts at high interest to keep the estates running, and must sell off land. Although small properties are still few, a middle class of farmers will soon develop."

The railway coöperated with the government in the settling of the pampas. Many provinces paid for rails with land at each side; the railways established farm colonies at set distances along the route, and gave desirable settlers free transportation, sold them land and buildings on the installment plan. When they arrived they found wooden houses, village centres. Money was advanced for fence wire, tools, machinery and provisions in return for a share of the harvest. The immigrant had only to get to work!

From such a railway village we lurched out on to a road even rougher than any we had yet encountered, quite without improvement, treeless and deep with dust.

"Be thankful we've had a dry period," laughed Señor García, as we bounced around. "After a rain the whole pampa is a marsh, and my road a quagmire! Even the thatched roofs at my *estancia* begin to sprout!"

We entered a grove of trees through a gate with a brick

lodge, roofed with thatch. Ahead stretched a seemingly endless avenue of eucalyptus trees. I wondered whether it was the "twenty miles from gate to house" that I had heard of. On either side the prairie was divided into pastures of from one to five hundred acres each. Miles upon miles of wire fencing separated these pastures.

"My father, who knew this pampa in the wilder days, used to say that he realized when he reached a wire fence he had found civilization though nothing else was visible!" laughed our host.

Indeed wire from England and windmills from the United States were large factors in developing this cattle country. Here on Señor García's fields the windmills gave a picturesque touch; from them radiated long lines of galvanized iron troughs. There is little surface water, for the glacier rivers from the Andes get lost in the desert, and during most of the year water is to be had only by pumping it from subterranean sources. Before the windmills were introduced millions of cattle died of thirst during the drought periods.

Somewhere near the centre of the property we glimpsed white walls through the trees. Our journey was ended. We had reached the señor's home, built on the site of the old ranch-house where he had been born. It was a large one-storied rambling building of plastered brick, roofed with tile and surrounded by landscaped grounds and gardens of fruits, flowers and vegetables. Near by stood a smaller house, the home of the manager, while farther away we could see barns and stables, and the barracklike quarters for his gauchos.

"Don't judge my *estancia* by its buildings!" he warned us. "The materials must all be carried for long distances. So I haven't built anything elaborate. My wife prefers our villa at Mar del Plata and uses this place only for house parties during the hunting season. But do admire my windbreak of eucalyptus trees—you know trees on this treeless plain are as much a symbol of wealth as a dowager's diamond tiara!"

Señor García might call this "only a ranch-house" but when we had seen the billiard room, the swimming pool, the

tennis courts and golf course, the polo field and pheasant hatchery, and had admired the \$5,000 painting of a \$20,000 bull hanging in the great oak-paneled hall, we decided that these kings of the pampas had arranged for themselves a very easy life!

Set down in this vast open plain, this fine country place seemed impressive, but it is typical of many others owned by wealthy English and Irish families where guests dress for dinner, and where all the customs and paraphernalia of sophisticated life are maintained.

Luncheon was served on the terrace under an ombú tree beside a white-domed well. It was a typical Argentine meal, beginning with a meat soup, followed by three kinds of meat, and ending with a *dulce* (sweet).

While we ate, Señor García entertained us by describing the life of an *estanciero*. "It's a free, healthy existence! When I'm here I rise early and spend long days in the saddle. I usually keep the house full of guests. And there's always a fast railway to carry me back to the luxuries of Buenos Aires when the simple life begins to bore me!"

After the midday siesta, universally observed on these hot pampas, we went with our host on a tour of inspection of the peons' quarters, the dairy, barns, and corrals. There was every facility from harness shop to hospital, a community as self-contained as a feudal domain. Many *estancieros* live in Buenos Aires or on the Continent on the income from their pampa estates and leave the administration of their property to capable managers, often Englishmen. Señor Smith, manager for Señor García, was from Devonshire.

"You mustn't overlook the herds and crops that pay for our polo teams and private golf courses!" said our host as we set out to see this vast estate.

We visited the shearing sheds, where machinery has taken the place of the traveling experts of other days. Next, the dipping troughs where stock is washed several times a year to protect it against its deadly enemies, scab and tick. It is worth every effort to keep these animals in condition, for the wool

export of the Argentine furnishes about one-tenth of the world supply, and refrigeration makes the meat industry a valuable item. Shepherds on horseback watch these flocks to prevent herds from mingling and spreading disease. The Argentine has more sheep than any other country except Australia, and now that breeding has developed a fine wool, Argentine *merinos* rank with the best in the world.

Señor García's property was dotted with fine herds of cattle, many pedigreed by crossing European bulls and cows with the original Spanish stock. "Along with mountain climbing and horse racing," he told us, "it is my hobby to breed cattle and compete at the Rural Cattle Show each year in Buenos Aires."

The evolution of pedigreed stock in the Argentine took a long time. The pampa Indians tamed the llama, alpaca and guanaco, but it was not until 1552 that the "seven cows and one bull" were introduced by the two Portuguese Goes brothers and stock history began in the Argentine. During the sixteenth century the Spaniards turned loose thirty mares and seven stallions, as well as cattle, sheep and goats, and these animals multiplied so rapidly that by the seventeenth century great herds of cattle and horses, unbranded, roamed these plains. Anyone could take up twelve thousand wild cattle without even a government permit. For two centuries men's chief occupation here was the pursuit of wild cattle, which they killed for the hides and tallow; and these they used for money. Many more were skinned to make huts, tents, sleds—even fences. Horse grease was burned in lamps. Wild cattle were so plentiful that a gaucho would kill an animal merely for a meal; or to tether his horse to its horns in this treeless land.

By the eighteenth century the manufacture of dry jerked beef, known here as *tasajo* or *charquí*, became an established industry. But this could be made from inferior cattle, and no one bred good stock. Only when Europe's growing hunger for meat and finally the freezing process for long shipments demanded more and better stock did the industry really begin to develop. Pedigreed stock was brought in for breeding; care

was taken in herding, and fattening diets of alfalfa were devised. Soon the short-horned stock replaced the old long-horned *criollos*, the wool clip improved in quality, and horses began to show form and fire. Today the Argentine is one of the great beef and mutton exporters in the world and one of the chief sources for hides.

So that we might see his cattle and horses to the best advantage, Señor García staged a rodeo for us. We stood near the corral and watched his herds of steers winding towards us over the plain followed by a cloud of dust. As they came nearer we could see the gauchos galloping on either side of these red and white armies, urging them along. At one central point beside a big barn they were kept tramping around and around, to prevent stampede and injury. As they went through a passage just wide enough for one animal, they were counted, and after inspection the herds were separated and driven back to the feeding ground.

As they came near us the gauchos showed off their horsemanship and skill in lassoing. The equal of our western cowboys, they are expert horsemen, almost born in the saddle.

"My men, like all gauchos, believe themselves to be the greatest horse authorities in the world," Señor García observed, proudly watching his boys. "When he is not making love or sucking maté, it's a safe wager that a gaucho is talking horses!"

We saw them race their horses to the noisy accompaniment of betting. "Natural gamblers, always ready to throw away their money on a game of chance," said our host without censure, for horses were with him too an intense emotion.

A flock of rheas such as we had seen from the train from Mendoza were let into the corral and ran around frantically in long skating strides, lifting their stubby useless wings. A gaucho lassoed one with a *bola*, the Indian lasso with weights on its ends that curls around the big bird's legs. The Señor whistled to a bird so tame that it came directly toward him, long neck outstretched inquiringly.

"Their feathers have little value," he said. "I keep this herd



to amuse my guests and because I'm a sentimentalist. They remind me of pioneer days on the open pampa. Any link with that past is precious."

With the multiple processes of cultivation, harvest, stock raising and shipping, the care of the buildings and the business connected with all this, the administration of Señor García's estate was a highly organized industry. Besides the manager there was a host of assistants, foremen, overseers and helpers; an army of men with their families who lived around the *estancia* like feudal dependents. These were of two classes: the larger being the peon farmers, from Italy and Spain mostly, and the other group the cattlemen, descendants of the old gauchos who made the romance of the pampas.

Ordinarily the cattleman dresses like any farm hand, but at this rodeo in our honor many of Señor García's men had put on their ancient finery. The gaucho who had lassoed the rhea was mounted on a shaggy pony decked out in silver-studded saddle, bridle and stirrups. A large black felt sombrero was tilted at a rakish angle and tied by a black ribbon, coquetishly, under his chin. His erect figure seemed to be poured into a tight fitting black coat open at the throat to show a green shirt and white silk scarf knotted around his neck, and a long fringed poncho, slit to go over the head, was thrown with studied abandon over one shoulder. His full pantaloons, *bombachos*, were of spotless white; at the ankle they were tucked into high tight-fitting boots made of calfskin and ornamented with silver spurs. These colt boots were obtained, according to our host, by removing the skin from two legs of a colt without cutting them open, then thrusting the feet into it and letting the skin shape to the foot.

Although it is against the law to carry arms, many of these gauchos were walking arsenals. Short leather whips swung from their wrists, and revolvers and knives a foot long were thrust into their leather belts.

The heavy features and swarthy skins of these men reminded us that a generation ago these gauchos had as much Indian blood as Spanish. There was no room on the early

boats from Spain for women, so the pioneer men mated with Indian women; and from these unions came many mestizo types, among them the gaucho, true native of the pampas. The word "gaucho" is a derivation from the Arabic word *chaoucho*, used in Seville for "cowherd."

Before the pampas were civilized by immigrants and railways, the gaucho was king here. Indian raids forced him to be a half-savage, illiterate, hard-riding plainsman, courageous and self-reliant. He was better at throwing the bola and fighting with a knife than with the modern gun warfare. In his softer moments he sang to his guitar. His costume was elaborate in style, and his horse loaded with all the silver he could get on the harness; but his hut was humble, and for the most part he moved in gypsy fashion wherever grass and water was best for his cattle.

Indifferent to politics, these men nevertheless supplied their country with cavalry during the civil wars, and it made little difference to them what side they fought with!

But in the course of time, as the pampas were settled, the picturesque gaucho gradually disappeared. He was obliged to hire out to do the chores around the *estancias* to get a living; he intermarried with the Spanish and Italian colonists, and his descendants forgot the wild ways and the skill with the knife. They began to live in buildings, to work for wages, to send their children to school. Today their savage ancestors would hardly recognize them!

"My cowboys would rather ride a bucking motor-car than a wild pony; rather go to a cinema than sing to a guitar," sighed Señor García. "They eat chocolate candy instead of *armadillos*, and they talk like their favorite actor, forgetting the old Spanish slang of the corrals. Their idea of a holiday is to gallop down to the railway station and watch the trains go by. Those long knives they wear are used to open food cans! Gauchos weren't so ladylike when I was a boy!"

Señor García saw that we were interested in these men. After dinner he suggested a stroll down to the camp store,

centre of life on this *estancia*, where the men lingered for gossip, song, and a drink of maté.

When we arrived the room was filled with cigarette smoke. It curled around the shelves of canned goods, the heaps of nails and padlocks, the lamps and coils of wire, the knives in bright leather sheaths, the rubber boots, overalls and sombreros, bottles of patent medicine and a carved native saddle,—all displayed for easy choice. A dozen or more gauchos in all sorts of clothes were sitting around a stove on packing cases. At ease in their own environment, they were shouting and laughing all at once.

They were rough uneducated men but they made us welcome, for their hospitality is famous. It spoke for the Señor's popularity with his men that the talk did not stop when we entered. Apparently he often dropped down to visit informally with his men at the store, for he, like they, hated superiority; they knew this, and served him faithfully.

"I don't know why they should like me, for I see that they never get much liquor!" laughed the Señor. "When they are drunk they often commit serious crimes—not for money, but to revenge some real or fancied slight." Then thoughtfully: "Perhaps it's because I know they have inherited from their ancestors a love for a carefree, easy-going existence and find it hard to accustom themselves to the restraint of private ownership. I keep them as stock-riders and never ask them to farm for me."

A dried gourd, filled with maté leaves, made its appearance. The storekeeper poured boiling water over the leaves. Then the gourd was passed around the circle for each man to suck a bit through a straw. Frequently the gourd was replenished with the boiling water. This is the primitive manner of drinking maté, inherited from the Indians.

As the fire burned low one boy, evidently a *payador* (troubadour), began to strum his guitar. The others joined in a wailing song of their melancholy sentimental ballads, rude poetry reciting the gaucho life, most of them handed down by ear.

Next day we learned that Señor García's *estancia* was not all pastoral land. We rode through miles of yellow wheat fields, enormous cornfields measured in leagues, great stretches of flax, an endless succession. The Argentine is famous for her wheat, corn, and flax crop; and today her wealth is largely agricultural, although still a pastoral country.

"The cattle trade and farming go logically together," maintained Señor García. "Our pampa land is accessible and cheap, but we're short of labor to develop it. The pampa could support many times its present population."

We visited the homes of the peons, mostly adobe huts with one room and a dirt floor, near a windmill. The Italian settlers prefer to "live primitive" and send their money back to Italy. Señor García furnished them, according to custom, with food, seeds, implements and work animals to put in the crop. He had built a school for the children and insisted they should attend it.

To some of these peons he paid wages; others gave one-quarter of the crop as rent; some paid cash rent, and a few bought their holdings outright.

"Even a peasant without a peso can become rich on the *Campo*," said Señor García. "He can take a piece of my land and raise a crop, paying a portion of the harvest as rent. My *pulpero* (storekeeper) will furnish him with house, seeds, animals, tools, agricultural and domestic necessities. A succession of good harvests will make him a capitalist, and he may soon own his ranch and be importing other workers from the old country."

"But if he has a bad harvest the first year before he has accumulated a reserve fund?" I hesitated to spoil the idyllic picture.

"Only a wasted year! In bad years I resign myself and try to be a philanthropist, for during good periods I get back my money many times over."

We had about decided that the Argentine farmer lives in a continuous paradise of whirring reapers, mooing of contented cows and grunting of fat pigs, when Señor García began to

talk, with groans, of the locusts. It came out then that his visit to the *estancia* was to consider protection against a recurrence of the locust plague that had invaded his land the year before. An army, nine miles wide and several miles long, had destroyed millions of dollars' worth of grain in the Argentine. Señor García had suffered heavily, among many others. The government had passed a law requiring each landowner to fight the locust on his own land or be fined; obviously united effort was the only effective system.

"If we could find the hatcheries somewhere in Brazil, and destroy them, our country would be rid of this pest in a few years!" cried the unhappy Señor.

On our return journey to Buenos Aires we stopped to visit the large *frigorífico* near La Plata to which Señor García shipped most of his cattle.

Adjacent to the plant was a village for the employees, with stores, schools, a club and athletic fields, and a freight yard clouded with dust and noisy with men's shouts and bellowing cattle, with pens where the cattle were classified according to their best purpose. This *frigorífico* beside the beautiful river in the green country had none of the dinginess and ugliness usually associated with slaughter houses.

The manager, Señor Carpenter, entertained us at lunch in the company cafeteria (luckily the wind was blowing in the right direction), then we signed the guest book in his office, and started out. We put on long white robes as for an operating room—"so the blood won't spatter on you," cheerfully commented the manager.

"We'll begin with the killing," he said. "We slay about a quarter of a million beasts a year."

"I couldn't possibly!" I burst out unexpectedly, for I had promised myself not to be a sentimentalist here.

Señor Carpenter showed his disappointment. I could see that he had a poor opinion of me, but he took us by elevator to the top of the main building and into a vast room where rows of carcasses hung by the heels from a chain that moved them around the room. The throats were cut and dripping blood.

"They're unconscious when they're killed," said Tom, trying to calm me in my horror, but sounds from the adjoining room belied the perfection of the system.

I put aside my faintness and heartache to admire the efficiency of the men, standing a few feet apart, who removed the pelts. Each had a special task to perform as the carcass passed him. They worked in silence, mechanically, with not a wasted moment—the most skilful and highest paid workmen in the plant. When the carcasses were entirely stripped they were cut in half, inspected by government men to guard against hoof and mouth disease or infected glands. They were then cut into hind and fore quarters, washed in clean water and classified for quality. After forty-eight hours in the refrigerating rooms—to visit these we donned heavy overcoats—they were sewed into white muslin for protection and hung on hooks in the insulated chambers of meat boats, where the temperature of 28° F. preserves them so they arrive ready for immediate consumption.

"'Frozen beef' travels in chambers cooled to 17° F., and must be thawed before it can be used," said the manager. "It is as wholesome as the chilled beef but prejudice requires that it be sold at a discount."

In one room we saw girls, dressed in white, packing sausage into cans and separating fat from meat for margarine.

The by-products of the meat trade are enormous, for not an inch of the carcass is wasted. "Even the tails are made into soup," said Señor Carpenter triumphantly.

It was late afternoon, to our amazement, when we emerged from the plant. Back at La Plata, the hospitable Señor García suggested that we run down to his villa at Mar del Plata, a fashionable seaside resort two hundred and fifty miles south of Buenos Aires. He painted a delightful picture of bathing, golf on links overlooking the sea, a shore drive of several miles, and a Spanish promenade at noon along the *Rambla*, a covered boardwalk beside the sea.

We were charmed with the Argentine—the vastness and

silence of the pampas, the mirages, great distances, and the solitude—but we had to get on to Uruguay.

“Then we’ll stop at *El Tigre*,” the Señor compromised. “It’s the Thames of the Argentine, only eighteen miles from Buenos Aires.”

“The Tiger” is a popular boating resort for week-ends, an island formed by the Río de la Plata and its branch, *El Tigre*. Thirty years ago the banks of the network of streams along the shore of the Plata were as bare of vegetation as the early pampas. But Buenos Aires discovered *El Tigre*, planted the barren shores with poplars and eucalyptus, and built many hotels and cottages. Motorboats wind in and out through the maze of winding streams. Countless yachts lie at anchor before the boat clubs and flower-decked villas.

Dining on a terrace of a boat club beside the water, we looked out on a fairyland. Under a big moon and the brilliant Southern Cross, launches darted in and out of the shadows at the landing stage. A circle of light thrown from the terrace showed a host of punts and canoes, tightly packed, and filled with young men and their señoritas from the near-by villas, listening to the music from the restaurant. In a lull of a song, we heard faintly the twinkling notes of a guitar from some boat out in the darker waters.

When we thanked Señor García for his parting gift, a silver maté bowl and bombilla with two packages of choice maté, we asked him why he had been so kind to two wandering *gringos*.

“On my first trip to New York I was so homesick for the Argentine that I couldn’t do my work,” he answered. “A business acquaintance took me to a little café near your docks. ‘Will you have coffee or maté?’ he asked me. Imagine—maté! I discovered this man had once lived in the Argentine. Drinking our national drink, talking with someone who knew and loved my country, I was happy again. And since then, if I can do something for a North American, I feel I am somewhat repaying that kind act!”

## CHAPTER XIV

### SMALL BUT OH, SO NICE!

*"It's a long way to Tipperary, but my Heart's right there!"*

OFF key, but jovial, the voices sang the familiar words with a Spanish accent. Standing on the dock at Buenos Aires, a group of disheveled but happy men in evening dress were serenading the chubby, blondish young man who stood grinning beside us at the boat's rail. Tom and I were passengers on the night boat for Montevideo.

As the *Viena* backed out into the River Plate this amiable fellow in high spirits continued to wave until his playmates were but specks on the dock. When he realized that we had enjoyed this send-off, he impulsively confided: "They don't know what they're singing about! They learned that song to serenade me because I used to be English. Now I'm a Uruguayan. I'm in the meat-packing business in Montevideo—they're some of my agents in the Argentine."

Every night these steamers, much like our Great Lakes boats, cross La Plata between Buenos Aires and Montevideo. The two capitals, only one hundred and twenty miles apart, are closely linked commercially, so the boats are always crowded with business men such as Señor Alfredo Hartman, once Alfred Hartman of London but now a hundred-percent Montevidian.

"In the summer the Argentines come over to our beaches," said Señor Hartman, "and in winter Uruguayans invent business in Buenos Aires, if necessary. Their theatres are so much better than ours!"



We were headed eastward across the Río de la Plata toward the smallest republic in South America; a little triangular country hardly larger than our New England states. Uruguay, with her 72,180 square miles, is fitted neatly between gigantic Brazil and the huge Argentine. It is a country nearly surrounded by water; a peninsula with the Atlantic Ocean on one boundary for one hundred and twenty miles and the Uruguay River on another side for two hundred and seventy miles.

We spoke of being interested to compare Uruguay with the Argentine. Señor Hartman was amused: "But Uruguay is a rose garden between two cabbage patches! The Argentine's a plain; in Uruguay you'll find rolling country. Our weather is much the same, the healthiest temperate climate in the world, but we have better rainfall than across the Plate. We've had less immigration. Our people are all cowboys, not some farmers like the Argentines. You *can't* compare us!

"You'll miss spectacular scenery in Uruguay," continued Señor Hartman as we talked of our impressions of the South American countries we had visited. "No Andean peaks, no deserts, no Inca ruins or picturesque Indians. It's just a pleasant land of rolling plains and occasional low hills, and hundreds of miles of navigable rivers. Of course this absence of mountains and deserts makes all our land available for farming and grazing. We're not much of a manufacturing or mining country, you'll find."

In early Spanish days Uruguay (*Banda Oriental*—eastern bank) was a province under the Governor of Paraguay. Later it was governed by the Spanish Viceroy in Buenos Aires. The "Orientals" were inclined to think of themselves as a separate nation from their neighbors across La Plata. Early in the nineteenth century when the British took Buenos Aires and Montevideo, *Banda Oriental* remained loyal to Spain although the Viceroyalty of Buenos Aires revolted, so the two sections of this southern country broke apart definitely. In 1814, Uruguay won her freedom from Spain after a long struggle under the patriot José Gervasio Artigas, only to become a

bone of contention between her powerful neighbors, Brazil and Argentina, who wished to control the mouth of the Río de la Plata. It was not until 1828 that Uruguay was recognized as a separate nation. The name, Uruguay, was taken from the river along its boundary, and is a combination of three Tupi Indian words, meaning "River of the Birds."

Tom ventured a question: "Does Uruguay consider herself still a part of the Argentine and only temporarily estranged?"

"Indeed not!" retorted this newly-adopted Uruguayan, indignantly. "You sound like my Argentine friends. We're quite as good as they are—better, I think!"

The night journey by boat was comfortable. As we woke we were entering Montevideo harbor. Señor Hartman joined us on deck.

"There's my *frigorífico* over there. I'm manager," he said, pointing to a group of buildings at the base of a small rocky hill across the harbor from the city. At the top of the hill we could see an old Spanish fort. "Of course you know that's an historic hill?" he added.

It was along these waters that Magellan sailed, believing the broad estuary offered a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific. His outlook caught sight of this hill, rising conspicuously for some five hundred feet above the flat plains, and cried, "Monte vid'eu!" ("I see a mountain!") The capital of Uruguay, to be, was named! On this hill was built the first fort. Around the fort grew the town. The only hill along a thousand miles of river, this "knoll" was never taken by storm. Today it can no longer be considered impregnable, but it boasts many a poem and legend in its honor, and is moreover honored on the Uruguayan coat-of-arms.

As our ship passed close to the shore, entering the harbor, we could see that only slaughter and packing plants, and some squatter's shanties, remained to keep company with this pride of Montevideo.

"I tell my Argentine friends they ought to buy a hill and move it over from the Andes,—then they'd have a real capital!" boasted Señor Hartman.

The city presents a striking sky-line as one approaches by water. Situated on a rocky promontory at the eastern bank of La Plata, where the estuary meets the ocean, some of its buildings are visible for miles. A sheltered harbor lies at one side of the city, and on the Atlantic side the beaches stretch away in the distance. The estuary is deep enough at this side for large ships to come into the good harbor, and the city has built some of the best equipped wharves in South America.

Tom and I had a special anticipation for Montevideo, for Anthony Walden was stationed there in the United States Embassy. We had met "Tony" two years before at Oslo, just as he was leaving to be one of the secretaries at this new post.

"Tony Walden? He's one of my best friends in Montevideo," exclaimed Señor Hartman when we mentioned him. "Fine fellow. We must have a party with him and my wife."

As Señor Hartman said goodbye he called back: "Be sure to see our Penitentiary. It's a model institution." We were to hear those words again.

On the dock, for some reason we picked up an antiquated taxicab. Its driver was a fierce-whiskered old man, shabbily dressed, his emaciated body shaken by a cough. He put us in with a grand flourish and, garrulous by nature, quickly entered into conversation. "Call me José Gervasio, señor,—after our Uruguayan George Washington!" The old fellow's deep, ferret-black eyes had shrewdly spotted us as North Americans. "I know Montevideo well, señor. I am qualified to drive you about and to be a guide as well. Will you be in Montevideo for long?" His pathetic eagerness made us suspect that he had not picked up a fare in many days.

As he talked we chugged along through the old business section of town. A jumble of flat-roofed houses with the Cathedral towering above, old Montevideo was crowded together in the familiar Spanish manner. We sniffed the salt air with delight. As we rode, we could see the harbor filled with ships at one side, and white beaches with blue ocean at the other side, each but a few short blocks away.

In the Plaza Constitución, which José Gervasio told us was

the oldest part of the city, we saw the venerable Spanish Cathedral and the Cabildo, the meeting place for Congress from Colonial days until recently. The fashionable Club Uruguay and the English Club completed the square. From there we entered the new city, rolling along the fashionable shopping street, the Calle Sarandí, to the Plaza Independencia with its spacious gardens and lawns and shade trees. José Gervasio pointed with pride to the monument of his name-patron, General José Gervasio Artigas, leader in the war for independence. The Casa de Gobierno, the presidential mansion, faced on this square and the Solís Theatre, the opera house of Montevideo. Old José's gossip continued:

"Uruguayans love music, and we're particular, too. Once we even hissed Caruso for a bad note! I was among the crowd, señor." And we learned that the old fellow regularly spent a share of his hard-earned money for standing room at the opera.

Our shabby old taxi turned into a stately thoroughfare lined with residences and sidewalk cafés shaded by trees, the Avenida 18 de Julio. With a flourish José Gervasio helped us out at Number 1052. "The United States Legation!" he announced.

Tony Walden, a slight, darkly handsome youth, received us with enthusiasm. "Our Minister's away and our first Secretary is ill, and, believe it or not, I'm in charge of Uncle Sam's business in *all* Uruguay!" In spite of his dignity and his cosmopolitan manner, the native boyishness of the twenty-five-year-old Virginian broke through. "Now if the President of the United States would just drop in—"

Tony suggested a hotel out along the Atlantic beach in the quieter and pleasanter part of town, so we went on further, always with the benefit of José Gervasio's voluble guiding. We passed the Parque Central, where Sunday crowds watch the soccer games, drove through the Prado with its lawns and lakes where we had a look at the world-renowned rose gardens that give Montevideo its name of "City of Roses," passed

the Hippodrome, where the races are held from March to February, and at last came to the ocean.

José Gervasio urged a drive along the boulevard to see the beaches before we went into our hotel. We agreed. From the Playa Ramirez, the beach at the Parque Urbano, the shore curves around a succession of rocky promontories with crescent-shaped sandy beaches between.

"You know that Montevideo is called the 'Riviera of South America,' señor? You won't find better hotels anywhere in this part of the world," boasted José. "From December to March they are filled. We have many rich Argentines and their families here during the summer. The beaches become so crowded that they divide them into sections—one for women and children, another for bachelors, and a third for mixed bathing. It's done that way for propriety." Old Spanish South America, we thought.

Whatever they were in summer, that day the only sign of life was some race horses being exercised. Villas and hotels were closed, their windows boarded up. Bath-houses that in summer carry the modest señoritas down to the water's edge were wheeled up beyond the reach of winter waves. We could only draw on our imagination to appreciate the famous beaches of Montevideo.

Our hotel was the only one open along the ocean. As José Gervasio put us down there, he suggested eagerly that we visit the Penitentiary, "one of the cleanest and most comfortable jails in South America"; but we put him off in favor of lunch.

The hotel was an immense ornate structure, and very well run. Clerks, bell-boys and porters went through all the motions; there was an orchestra for dinner; but our room was the only one occupied in a vast wing. There was no heat. The rooms were large with high ceilings, and the wind penetrated the closed windows and whistled through empty corridors. From our window we looked down on great waves breaking over the rocks to splash on the deserted beach.

"Br-r-r!" I shivered. "A resort hotel in winter!"

The night we had Tony Walden and Señor and Señora Hartman for dinner there was not a handful of guests in the dining-room; but the *maitre-d'hôtel* was very much present, the waiters scampered about busily, and the orchestra played seductively. The dinner was excellent.

Señora Hartman, a vivacious pink-and-white blonde whose mother was from California, was woman tennis champion of Uruguay. We found her charming in her defense of her country.

"We have been called the 'Reno of South America,' but really our divorce law is an enlightened one," she pointed out. "Divorces are not aired in the press here. They are a private matter between the judge, the lawyers and the parties concerned."

We all agreed that the United States would do well to adopt that custom from Uruguay.

The Hartmans also defended the gambling casino connected with the hotel and run by the government.

"The profits go into the municipal treasury," declared Señor Hartman. "It's a good way to tax the rich to help the poor. But you'll find few Uruguayans playing—the annual harvest comes mostly from the foreigners."

As our guests left, Tony said: "Be sure to see the Penitentiary. You can get in, and I'll see that they let you out again."

That Penitentiary again!

José Gervasio had taken up his stand outside our hotel, regardless of the scorn of the other taxi drivers. As soon as we appeared at the door, he would rattle up to us, fling open the door of the cab invitingly and rip off his shabby cap with a cheery "*Buenos días, señor y señora!*" We hadn't the heart to kill that eager look in his old eyes, so we resigned ourselves to seeing Montevideo from his funny old cab.

There was no evidence of cosmopolitanism in this city. Somehow the up-to-date boulevards, the fine shops and modern wharves had not disturbed its quiet Spanish homelike atmosphere and solid respectability. In the old quarter we often

caught glimpses into low Spanish houses whose red-tiled roofs, grilled windows and flower-filled patios gave a flavor to the city.

"It's unfortunate to visit Montevideo after Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro," Señor Hartman had said to us. "Compared with those larger cities, we seem small and provincial, but many foreigners agree with me that it is the pleasantest place in South America to live."

Remembering Señora Hartman, we guessed that he had other reasons for preferring Uruguay!

About a quarter of the two million population of Uruguay live in this capital, yet the city is closely connected with the hinterland by a network of railways, mostly British-owned. About one-fifth of the population is foreign-born, but the immigration has been largely from northern Italy and especially from northern Spain. Large colonies of French, Germans, British and Swiss modify the national type somewhat, but for the most part the population is homogeneous. There are some Portuguese and Negroes in the north near Brazil, but the Charrúa Indians were thoroughly exterminated by the white Colonials.

José Gervasio showed us with some emotion a statue of a gaucho on one of the avenues, placed in commemoration of the cattlemen who freed the little republic during the War of Independence.

"I too was once a gaucho," he declared. "I was born in the Basque country, but I came out to Uruguay as a young man, fifty years ago."

Encouraged by our interest, he told us of his wandering life in those days, his long days in the saddle riding after his cattle, his skill with lasso and gun, even about the beautiful señoritas. Now his days of glory were gone forever. Tubercular and rheumatic, he had crept into Montevideo and with his meager savings bought this antiquated taxicab, pitiful substitute for a bucking pony. Yet his valiant old heart still longed for the open country, and he dreamed of going back.

"Idle dreams, of course," he apologized as he wiped his eyes

openly with his crippled hand, coughed, and started the old car chugging. "But I hope to get back there to die—that won't be long now."

The old man had never lost his cowboy manner of breezy recklessness, nor the dependable and frank nature that makes the cowboy so attractive. His personal dignity made his courtesies sincere. There was no fawning. We liked his honest, unpretentious simplicity.

"Typical Uruguayan," said Señor Hartman when we told him about José Gervasio. "You can't help liking them!"

What with Señor Hartman in the meat-packing business and old José eager to talk of his gaucho days, we were very conscious of the pastoral character of this Uruguay. It is the greatest cattle-raising country for its size in the world. There is little industry of any other nature. The wealth of the country is invested in cattle, sheep and horses. The export trade is largely in these and their products. No other land has so much of its area devoted to pasturage, the rich black soil producing the best feed for cattle in all South America. The land is mostly held in large estates owned by wealthy men who live in Montevideo.

We visited Señor Hartman's slaughterhouse, and the huge kitchen at Fray Bentos where great caldrons constantly bubble to produce the world's extract of beef and consommé; but what with one thing and another, we never found an opportunity to visit the Penitentiary.

"I'll introduce you to the three North American inmates," promised Tony one day. "There's a sailor from Baltimore and a circus man from San Francisco and a touring evangelist from New Orleans!"

"Hot and cold baths," said José Gervasio wistfully, "and elevators so the prisoners need not climb up to their cells."

Once, with Señor Hartman, we actually started to see this pride of the city; but the Chamber of Deputies was in session, and Tom, who was studying the South American governments with keen interest, decided to go there instead. So we ended up at the magnificent Palacio Legislativo, birth-



place of the progressive legislature which has given to Uruguay her reputation as an advanced republic.

The Senate was not in session, so we went into the visitors' gallery of the Chamber of Deputies.

Señor Hartman pointed out the Blancos on the one side and the Colorados on the other side. Uruguay has but two political parties, dating from the early days of the republic and named for the colors of the banners carried by rival generals, Rivera and Oribe, who won the war and then began to quarrel for leadership. The Blancos are the conservative country-and-church party, the old Spanish aristocracy, the clergy, professional men and estate owners. The Colorados are the liberal, anticlerical men, who have been in power since 1864. Between them, these two factions have kept the country in political turmoil for three generations. "Sometimes feeling runs so high that a man doesn't dare to wear a white carnation in his buttonhole!" said Señor Hartman.

Even as late as 1903 their quarrels were continuing almost to the point of ruining the country.

"Did the political reforms come when Uruguay became important in international trade?" asked Tom.

"It was the expansion of the cattle industry by foreign firms that stopped the fighting, and the influx of European immigrants," nodded Señor Hartman. "Political stability is necessary, of course, to attract foreign capital. When we were only a country of local cattle-raisers a few feudal lords could rule us. It's different now."

As we talked, we suddenly sensed the feeling in the hall below us growing tense. A Blanco member was objecting to the long speech of the Colorado. The gallery joined in with boos and cat-calls and even entered into the debate. Both men gesticulated angrily and pounded the desks with their fists. The Speaker rapped his gavel in vain, like a school-teacher who could not maintain order. "I will clear the galleries if the spectators do not behave!" he shouted.

"Is it the beginning of another revolution?" I managed to ask through the noise.

Señor Hartman replied, undisturbed, "Only a little Latin temperament."

Sure enough, in ten minutes the galleries were quiet. The Speaker again smoked his pipe placidly while the Colorado spoke on calmly, his sonorous voice flowing like liquid music in beautiful Spanish.

I was relieved. Uruguay has not had a revolution since 1910, and even that fizzled out in the country before it reached Montevideo. In 1919 a new constitution was adopted. Since that time the Colorados have introduced many liberal reforms, such as the secret ballot, proportional representation, full manhood suffrage with an illiteracy disqualification, woman suffrage, separation between Church and State, minimum wage and hour laws, compulsory elementary education, and divorce—which is unusual in a Catholic country. Cock-fights, bull-fights, prize-fights and religious processions are forbidden.

"Uruguay is much like Belgium and Switzerland," said Señor Hartman as he drove us back to our hotel, "too small to be important in international affairs; but surely with her national spirit and progressive legislation she ranks with the best in South America. Only her small area and the fact that her name doesn't begin with 'D' keeps her from a place with the progressive and alphabetical A.B.C. nations."

We were inclined to share his enthusiasm, for we liked everything Uruguayan, from the trim white gloves and sticks of the traffic police to the musical cries of the urchins who roamed the streets, selling lottery tickets. We were ready to agree that it is "the most lovable country south of Panama." Just about that time we had to leave.

José Gervasio drove us to the docks, where Tony Walden and the Hartmans had come to see us off. Our boat looked palatial—13,000 tons! She was bound for London but would drop us off at Santos, in southern Brazil.

There was no trace of homesickness in Tony Walden's eyes though he knew we were heading back for New York. Tony was a career diplomat, born of a line of diplomats. There

was wanderlust in his blood. He would always be at home no matter where his duty took him.

But something worried him. As our ship pulled away from the dock he called after us: "Come back soon . . . see our Penitentiary . . . one of the sights . . ." His voice was swept away by the wind. Tom and I had failed him!

The last thing we distinguished on the fast-receding dock was old José Gervasio who had found a spot apart from the crowd. He was flourishing his old cap in lively and gallant farewell.

## CHAPTER XV

### IT SMELLS GOOD

THE third morning out from Montevideo we awakened to find our steamer nosing around a lofty cape into the fantastically beautiful harbor of Santos.

There is no thrill like the first day in a new country, and Brazil, the largest country in South America, promised to be an especially thrilling experience. There were all sorts of reasons for visiting Brazil—so many that we had difficulty in planning our time there. What should we select, for instance, as the most interesting places to see in a country that is bigger than the United States and covers almost half of the entire continent? With a variety of scenery and population, and several outstanding industries—rubber, diamond mines, coffee—the choice seemed a hard one.

Señor Hartman had advised us in Montevideo: "Brazil can't be considered as one country, as Uruguay can. The different sections of Brazil vary as much among themselves as the countries of the West Coast. The best settled part of Brazil is the southeastern plateau, especially along the Atlantic coast. Why not go there? You'll find most of the forty million population and the majority of the Europeans there, and that section is so different from the rest of Brazil that you'll compare it with Rio de Janeiro as though it were another country. Start with the State of São Paulo—it's the most prosperous and the most influential politically in all Brazil. After you've been to Santos and São Paulo, you won't think that Brazilians are slack and lazy!"

So we had sailed from Montevideo for Santos, the great

coffee port; from there we were to go by railroad to the State capital, São Paulo,—and here we were!

What a difference in climate those two days at sea had made! And what a contrast to the stern barren western shore of the continent where we had begun our trip in rough seas under cold grey skies! We leaned on the rail, charmed with this return to a land of palms and a sea of vivid blue, with the feminine breath of the tropics caressing our faces.

Directly before us, beyond a narrow coastal strip of rock, was a deep bay lined with strange jagged peaks, densely wooded and shrouded in heavy mists. The Guarujá River was bathed in light. Here and there through the palm groves that stretched along the white sands of the coast we caught sight of gaily colored villas.

Santos is one of the early Colonial settlements, more than four hundred years old. Three miles inland on the Guarujá River, it is situated on a plain between the mountains and the sea on a corner of the Island of São Vicente that becomes in the dry season the "peninsula" of São Vicente. The city faces the water on three sides.

In its population of 145,000 many races mingle, for Brazil is more a melting pot than even the United States. Every combination of Portuguese, Italian, German, Negro and Indian is to be found somewhere in this vast country; in the southern states Italian coffee pickers and German immigrants have intermarried with the descendants of the early Portuguese, and the population in the São Paulo district is largely of Caucasian blood.

It is only within the past hundred years that this southeastern temperate section has been developed. The first settlements in Brazil were in the tropical north, where the tobacco and sugar plantations were worked with slave labor, and in the gold and diamond district of Minas Geraes. Indeed, Portugal was more than casual about this great country for a hundred and fifty years after it was assigned to her by Pope Alexander VI in 1495. About 1500 a Portuguese captain was carried across the Atlantic by storm to an unknown coast and as

"Terra de Vera Cruz" he took possession in the name of Portugal. A brief attempt was made by Amerigo Vespucci to explore the new country; but the Indians were unfriendly, and Portugal was more interested in the silks, spices and precious jewels of India. Vera Cruz became only a port where ships returning from India took on the bright red dyewood whose colors suggested *brazas* (red-hot cinders). The country came thus to be known as *Terra de Brazil*. This vast undeveloped country was fair game, therefore, for France, Holland and England, and it was only after Portugal had won her independence from Spain, in 1640, that she regained by purchase most of the rich land assigned to her. Parts of the Guiana country still remain under foreign control.

Santos, begun by the Jesuits with a chapel and a hospital, is today the world's greatest coffee port. The little brown beans swamp everything else going out from São Paulo, for sixty per cent of the coffee supply of the world is grown on the plateau back of Santos.

It was readily apparent that Santos was a port of consequence, for the river was lined for miles with long rows of wharves, and ships were anchored two and three deep. As we went on shore the hot breath of the Tropics was fragrant with the familiar odor of coffee. Behind the wharves we saw the warehouses and from their doorways an endless double string of stevedores—Portuguese, Italians and Negroes—jogged from train to warehouse, from dock to ship, ceaselessly, day and night. A picturesque crew they were in ragged trousers and skullcaps, most of them naked from the waist up, their muscular bodies beautifully developed and glistening with sweat until they looked like sculptured bronze. Each man carried a bulky sack on his back, moving with an odd jerk of the hips, holding his body rigid.

"Thirty years ago this coffee carrying was done entirely by African slaves," the Captain told us. "I remember how they used to trot in time to their melancholy chants. Only a few ships are loaded by hand now. The human carrier is too slow."

We saw the carrier conveyors, an intricate system of belts that covers the waterfront, and the mechanical tubes by which the sacks are sent direct from the warehouses to the hold of the ship. Day and night the docks echo to the hum of machinery.

The development of the Brazilian coffee industry and the education of the world to this familiar drink has been one of the industrial romances of the nineteenth century. The first plants were brought from southern Arabia in 1727 and planted at Pará; from there they spread into the four southern states. Especially the *fazendas* cropped up in the State of São Paulo, until it holds first place in coffee growing. Its tableland, two to four thousand feet above sea level, has an ample rainfall and the plant flourishes in the "red earth" found here in such abundance.

Coffee was everywhere in Santos. In the warehouses in the wharf district women and children were picking over the beans; all along the streets in bewildering abundance were cafés, and over everything the pungent aromatic odor that is like nothing else in the world.

En route to the hotel we amused ourselves guessing at the street signs, all in Portuguese and often quite like the Spanish words we had become accustomed to. But our first negotiations in the money of this new country gave us a shock.

Brazilian money is calculated in the real, a unit so small that it exists only in theory; consequently only the plural, reis, is used and they in turn are handled only in thousands, or milreis. Figures are written with the "dollar" sign *after* the numerical indicator—as 9\$600 for a taxi ride. Once we understood this, spending money in Brazil took on the nature of Midas as we squandered literally thousands with a light heart.

One way to spend money here was evidently to buy coffee—all day long, every day—and there was ample provision for the habit. In spite of a seething activity, we found that Santos somehow retained a subtle air of leisurely living. The phlegmatic Portuguese and the easy-going Negro have taught the

European immigrants how to waste time gracefully. Soon we too learned their habit of stopping several times in every block to sip a cup of this thick strong Brazilian coffee. Especially in the heat of the day these coffee shops were a welcome resting-place. Sawdust on the floors, marble-topped tables, and mirrors to reflect the gaudy paintings that covered the walls. An eloquent Latin gesture and the waiter brought tiny thimblelike cups, filled them half full of sugar and poured in the strong hot black liquid. We sipped it, leisurely and with growing pleasure, then dropped our *tostão* (100 reis) on the table, and wandered on down the streets only to find ourselves shortly in another shop, again enjoying this national drink. The Brazilian rarely drinks anything stronger than his coffee.

The street life and street people of course engaged our curious attention. There were no Indians evident in the crowds, for the union of the native Indians with the early Portuguese was accomplished long ago. But there was abundant evidence of the intermarriage of blacks and whites, for their children in varying degrees of the mixture form a large percentage of the population and give the street crowds a distinctly different character from those in an Argentine or Uruguayan city. We saw, too, many European types, especially Italians, for Brazil was the first South American country to encourage European colonization. It is this European blood that has made São Paulo State the most progressive and the wealthiest part of Brazil.

One afternoon we were taking our coffee promenade with the crowds, enjoying the carefree atmosphere of tropical indolence that pervaded the street, making our way along the sidewalks that were blocked with clumps of seated sippers. We had stopped at a café overlooking the Praça da Republica, where the tables had spilled out over the sidewalk and we could look out on the statue of Braz Cubas, who founded the city on *Todos os Santos* (All Saints' Day) and so had given the town its name.

As we gave our order a man rushed up to Tom. He was a



dapper little blond, definitely Anglo-Saxon in spite of his green suit and purple tie and a handkerchief embroidered in pink roses showing in his breast pocket.

"Aren't you Tom Desmond, Harvard '08?" he asked. "Recognized your picture in this morning's paper. I'm Jack Shay, also '08. Remember me? I roomed near you."

He insisted that we join his party. "I'm down here in the coffee business—a broker," he explained as we made our way between the tables.

This was not surprising, as most of the wholesale commerce of Brazil is run by foreigners. This leaves the Portuguese Brazilians free to devote themselves to the professions, the retail business, but chiefly to politics!

Jack Shay was dining with a buxom Russian of perhaps forty, a faded bleached blonde with a hard shrewd face and an over-assured manner. However, her husband was obviously an aristocrat. He was a dignified old man of nearly seventy who looked, with his lean tall frame and white beard, like a Bernard Shaw gone to seed. From the conversation we gathered that this was the second wife. We knew there was a story there.

The old man was destitute and ill. "We came from Moscow," he wailed. "The revolution destroyed everything we had."

"And I ran a beauty salon in Vienna to support him, and another in Berlin and another in Paris. I've had one in Santos for three years," put in his wife in a carefully "ladylike" voice. She lost no time in working up trade: "You'll be in Santos for some time?" she addressed me. "Of course you'll want to be attended by a skilled operator such as I am."

The old husband bent over his coffee. "Always her business fails," he murmured, "in Germany, Austria, France—always. It was bankrupt here until Jock came along—"

"Shut up! You fool!" she shot at him angrily. "You don't know what you're talking about!"

So "Jock" was financing her establishment. In return we discovered she was teaching him Portuguese and Spanish, for

she was a born linguist. The old aristocrat prided himself that he spoke no Portuguese although they had lived in Brazil for three years. Besides his native Russian he spoke only English, learned as a child from his English governess, and French, the old court language.

We sensed an affair between the buxom blonde and her "Jock." We guessed that the old man too realized the intrigue, but the capable young New York business man was evidently valuable to the shop and thus to the family finances.

Jack Shay offered to take us around the next day and show us the old city. He took us first to the *Rua Quinze de Novembro*, a narrow crooked little alley, one of the most famous thoroughfares in the world. Here clustered the leading banks, coffee exchanges, and clubs where the coffee brokers, dealers, commission men, shippers and roasters play poker and, between drinks, come to terms. I noticed the complete absence of women. Everywhere tanned men in white clothes, collars wilted and foreheads wet, hurrying along in the midday heat with a preoccupied air and a bustle unique in the Tropics.

"We've a short business day," explained Jack Shay. "Everything is done in the hottest hours around noon. You see, most of our merchants commute daily from São Paulo and leave the city about four o'clock. I'm one of the few brokers who live in Santos."

Did we guess the reason why?

Santos has all the beauty of old Portugal. There was a quaint old-Colonial atmosphere, especially in the old quarter. As he led us through the narrow winding alleys, many of which had survived from Colonial days, Jack Shay pointed out the rows of red tiled roofs on the plaster houses, stained in pink, yellow or blue. Faded frescoes still adorned the crumbling walls. Some were tiled in the old Moorish manner so characteristically Portuguese, with weather-beaten images of saints perched along the front of the flat roofs. He knew a wealth of tiny *praças* tucked away in obscure corners of the city. I remember one that we found just at sundown when the bells were pealing from the squat tower of an old

church. He even unearthed for us in an unsuspected alley a once-beautiful and still majestic mansion, a forgotten relic of Colonial days, with patched and crumbling walls and cracked columns rising from a tangle of palms and tropical flowers.

The old quarter is a maze of narrow streets clinging around the rocky Monte Serrat, at the top of which is an old monastery, the Santuario de Nossa Senhora. This is an ancient place of pilgrimage. The chapel is filled with crutches and lurid pictures to mark the gratitude of the beneficiaries.

We visited this old hill on the day of the feast of St. John the Baptist, patron saint of Brazilian boys and girls. After dark, on this day, outside each house fires were lighted in honor of St. John. Lovers test the fidelity of their sweethearts. Girls learn their fate in marriage. We stayed on Monte Serrat to see their tiny balloons float up into the night, punctuating the darkness, rivaling the stars.

"If your balloon floats away, your *senhorita* loves you," explained Jack Shay. "If it falls and lights a fire, that's a bad omen!"

There must have been many sad young hearts in Santos that evening, for the fire department was busy all through the night, fighting fires.

In contrast to this old Santos was the new city that spread out along the beaches and fringed the ocean. Santos has local fame as a holiday resort. Along the scalloped coast were villas and hotels, each with its pearl-white bathing beach, fronting the ocean. Santos is surrounded by beaches, and the ocean drives are a delightful relief from the intense humidity that hovers over the city the year round. We were not surprised that the coffee brokers preferred to live at the pleasanter altitude of the interior table-lands.

Tom and I decided to follow their example, for the tropical heat was getting to be too oppressive. We would go to São Paulo as we had planned. We invited Jack Shay to go with us. A vacation from his Russian lady-friend would do him good, we thought.

"Unfortunately pressing business keeps me in Santos," he

flushed. "But I'll go with you to the top of the Serra do Mar."

It was hotter than ever the day we left for São Paulo, two hours—fifty miles—away; but I wore a heavy tweed suit, on Jack Shay's advice. He assured me I'd soon be glad of the warmth. It was hard to believe.

The four o'clock train for São Paulo was crowded with the commuting coffee brokers. Before we left the station an inspector passed through the cars and noted in his book, when he came to Tom and me, our names, where we had come from, and our destination.

"There's an epidemic of yellow fever in Rio," Jack Shay announced cheerfully. "Santos and São Paulo are taking precautions. If you'd come from Rio instead of Montevideo, you'd have been quarantined here in Santos and a health officer would have visited you every day for a week."

This was disconcerting news, for we intended to go on to Rio de Janeiro from São Paulo.

The railway route followed the old Jesuit road built to connect the coastal colony of São Vicente with the São Paulo mission, for the early Fathers, finding the coast unhealthy and the Indians unresponsive, had soon sought the highlands to make their converts. At São Paulo the Indians were gathered into "reductions," something between a mission and a plantation, where the priests converted, fed and protected them. But when the Portuguese coast planters had killed off the Indians around them from overwork, they sent the *mamelucos*, who were children of Portuguese adventurers and Indian women, up onto the highlands to kidnap the Indians in the Jesuit "reductions" and bring them down to be slaves on the coast plantations. These raids continued until 1758 when the Jesuits were expelled from Brazil.

Beyond the coastal swamps we had run through miles of banana plantations; then suddenly we found ourselves face to face with a sheer granite wall, forbidding and apparently unscalable. These heights are called the Serra do Mar (Sea Range) but really are only a precipice where the plateau breaks from its height of two or three thousand feet toward the sea.

At the foot of the Serra we ran into virgin forest. Great trees ranged in ascending rows up the slope. Only here and there a smooth waterworn granite bluff showed through the foliage. Our train ran between walls of ferns and bamboos that reached almost to the tops of the trees, straining to reach the precious sunlight. Every inch of ground was covered by some growing thing, while a bewildering profusion of ferns, moss, orchids and parasitic plants embraced the tree trunks and swung, festooned, from limb to limb. Even the rocks dripped with plants that had found a tiny foothold. It seemed we could hear the drone of insects, the intense respiration of the jungle, above the noise of the train.

"No wonder the early Portuguese left this coast country for the plateau," commented Jack Shay. "Can't you see the struggle here, the law of the survival of the strongest working its way?"

"Just what I thought Brazil would be!" I sighed with satisfaction. But Jack Shay was amused.

"Jungle and snakes!" he replied. "If you had just kept to the coast, as most travelers do, you'd go away believing that Brazil is covered with forests. But you'll only find this tropical country along the Atlantic coast and in the Amazon basin. Wait until you see the pasture land of the interior—it's another Brazil!"

Of course, it is this rocky wall extending for over a thousand miles along the coast here that collects the ocean humidity and produces these jungle forests. The Amazon is nearer the Equator and has a natural humidity. Jack Shay was right, on the highlands we should see "another Brazil."

The conversation turned to railways. Until forty years ago most travel between Brazilian territories was along the coast and by water. Even today the railway system is quite out of proportion to the size of the country. The Amazon basin has neither railways nor roads, and there is only one coast railway, between São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Most of the railways are in São Paulo State, but the three systems that have been built there to connect the ports with the plateau have to nego-

tiate the jungle and climb the Serra do Mar, a "wall without gates," before they can reach out into the interior. Of all the railroads yet built, this funicular from Santos to the State capital is the most fruitful financially because it taps the richest of the coffee country.

In the old days the journey we were making in two hours required two days. Then the mountain road, too steep for wheeled traffic, was the only outlet to the sea. The old Jesuit highway had been replaced in 1790 by a new road—with one hundred and eight curves before it reached the plateau! Mules in thousands carried the coffee down these slopes, for the rich red-lands of São Paulo were quickly planted to this profitable plant.

The railroad, comparing in its engineering achievement with many Andean lines, was built by English engineers in 1867. It cost so much to build that it is called the "Road of the Golden Spikes."

"But," said Jack Shay, "it's also one of the world's money-earners. The cost of making this line was so high that it's never had a competitor. When the coffee industry expanded and new railways branched out from São Paulo across the plateau, they all had to be grafted on this original trunk over the Serra. It became the channel for half the world's coffee, and—the company can fix high rates! Their charter restricts dividends to shareholders to a part of the invested capital and the surplus goes to the government."

"How do they get around that?" asked Tom.

"By increasing operating expenses! That's why they have these palatial trains and all the safety devices you'll appreciate later when we go up over the Serra. And they pay high wages to the employees. They say the engines are silver-plated—anyway the company keeps its profit below the point where they pay the State!"

Coffee trains rumbled past; there seemed to be no end to them. "They give me a headache!" said Jack Shay. "Brazil has lived on booms—sugar, cotton, gold, diamonds, rubber, and now their coffee bonanza is bursting!"

The coffee-planting fever lasted from 1885 to 1900. All other industries were neglected. By 1901 there was over-production; the harvest of 1906-7 dumped a big crop into a saturated market and prices dropped. Brazil, with more coffee than the world could drink, had to compete with other coffee countries. The government purchased the surplus stock. It destroyed or stored it. São Paulo now prohibits new planting. "And the higher prices bring about new planting in other states!" said Jack Shay, shaking his head.

This conversation was interrupted by the ascent of the Serra, which began at Piassaguera, a tiny jungle station. A small, important engine was attached to each two cars, and the cars hooked to a steel cable that ran on upright wheels between the rails. The cables were connected with a power station above, and the schedule so arranged that a down train served as balance for an upgoing train. The ascent was made in a series of five inclines, each a mile long, with short level stretches between. Each section had its own power station. The whole climb is something like twenty-six hundred feet in six miles with an average gradient of eight per cent.

As the train lifted us with a noisy rattle of cables, the world spread out before us. We looked directly down a steep slope covered with tropical forests, here and there a waterfall streaking like quicksilver through the jade-green. Santos became a multicolored modernistic handkerchief dropped at our feet.

We saw what Jack Shay meant by safety devices. Everywhere there were drainage ditches and miles of cemented cliffs to protect the track against washouts and landslides. Fine bridges, power houses, employees' cottages—this "Road of the Golden Spikes" obviously did find a way to use its profits!

At Alto da Serra we were literally on top, and in a temperate climate where my heavy tweed suit was not enough to keep me from shivering. The mountains were gone. We were in a sparsely wooded pasture country; another world from the Tropics just beneath us. Here Jack Shay was to change for the return trip. But first we walked to the "jumping-off place"

where travelers from the interior have their first view of the ocean.

"Coming down this funicular is like jumping off a skyscraper!" said Jack.

We urged him to come along with us to São Paulo, but he pleaded business, then: "Tell you what I'll do. You'll want to see the coffee plantations. I'll write to the Visconde de Porto Bello. He owns a big *fazenda* out at Campinas. I handle his coffee. He'll have you out. And I'll write some other fellows I do business with in São Paulo." Then with a gay wave, he hopped on his moving train, to "jump off the skyscraper" as he said, and go back to his Russian beauty-parlor and the hot noon-day struggle in the coffee markets at Santos.

For the next hour we rolled across the country, marked frequently by eruptions of anthills, from eight to twelve feet high. Just before dark we came to São Paulo. Our journey ended in the glass-vaulted modern Estação da Luz, the finest station on the continent, that marks the terminus of this palatial line.



## CHAPTER XVI

### WHERE THE LITTLE BEANS GROW

WHO said Brazil was tropical! After the sweltering heat of Santos, Tom and I sat shivering in our São Paulo hotel apartment. But the bracing air of the plateau made us ambitious and we decided to explore Brazil's leading commercial city, and get warm!

The alarming reports of yellow fever in Rio de Janeiro made it seem that we should be in São Paulo for some time. A permanent car and chauffeur would be convenient, and the hotel porter presented a middle-aged Englishman. Tall and gaunt, with tousled reddish hair and moustache stained and unkempt, his shabby clothes and linen none too clean, Fred was not inviting; but something about the way he hobbled around on a wooden leg and seemed so anxious to please secured him the job. Ten minutes later we had started out to see this coffee capital.

São Paulo was founded in 1553 by a Jesuit priest, José de Anchieta, a hundred years before any North American settlement. For nearly three hundred years the Paulistas earned their livelihood by herding cattle but after the introduction of coffee, in 1875, the village grew rapidly into a real city. Today with its eight hundred thousand people it is the second town in Brazil and the third largest in all South America. A vision of cream-colored buildings with red-tiled roofs, with many parks and gardens of semitropical shrubbery, it sprawls over a dry country of plump low hills and red soil.

The first day we rode out five miles to Ypiranga to see the Independence building where Dom Pedro I had declared the

independence of Brazil. A fresco by Pedro America, one of the largest murals in the world, pictures this historic event. When Napoleon invaded Portugal in 1807, Dom João, regent ruler of Portugal, had fled to Rio de Janeiro. Here on this new continent he set up his court, the only European royalty except the ill-fated Maximilian to invade the democratic freedom of the whole Western Hemisphere. Eleven years later he returned to take the throne of Portugal and left his son, Dom Pedro, as Regent in Brazil. It was this Pedro I who defied the royal order that would have reduced Brazil again to the status of a colony and in 1822 declared Brazil an empire, and himself its Emperor.

Fred had hobbled after us into the museum. The picture did not impress him. "I've known plenty of royalty—not Portuguese either, real ones!" he volunteered. "Emperor Francis Joseph, Queen Victoria, King Edward." He turned his back on a "mere Braganza" and told with pride how Queen Victoria had reviewed his regiment as they sailed for the Boer War. "But the Queen had no eyes for us," he added, sadly. "She was lookin' at the Scotch regiment ahead. The Queen loved the Scotch, 'cause of an old servant she always had with her."

Fred had "known" King Edward, too, when he was the Prince of Wales. "After the Boer War, I went back to me village in Yorkshire. Neither me Old Man nor me Old Lady had ever been far from home, and me Old Lady wanted me to take her up to London. We was in Piccadilly Circus. Some soldiers marched by escortin' a carriage. There was a gentleman in it—Edward, Prince of Wales! He was the honorary Colonel of me regiment, 'The Prince of Wales' Own,' and I saluted. The Prince lifted his hat! The Old Lady nearly fainted for pride. 'Lor'! He speaks to the likes o' you! The Prince bowin' to me boy!' She told our village about it for months," concluded Fred with a pleased grin.

Fred's life, we learned, had been a series of lean years with only an occasional "break." Stranded in London after the Boer War, he saw an advertisement for old cavalymen to

tour with Buffalo Bill. "That was the best year of me life!" said Fred. "I toured Europe with the circus and our act was the feature of the show. Six pegs were planted in the ground and we rode down on 'em full gallop, six lancers abreast. Each man, sir, cut off his peg with his lance."

One night in Vienna the Emperor Francis Joseph, old friend of Buffalo Bill, occupied a box. He had come to see the Indians in the circus. The officers in the Emperor's guard watched the lancers' act. One whispered to the Emperor: "We could beat them at that."

"All right, my men will challenge you," cried Buffalo Bill, always alert to get the crowds. Buffalo Bill promised six months' pay to the lancers who tipped their pegs. The circus men made good their challenge—and Fred got his six months' pay!

As we rode about São Paulo we discovered that the city had grown too fast to preserve much of its antiquity. The old town that saw the birth of the Empire is now merely the commercial quarter; a network of narrow crooked streets called the Triangle, where most of the banks, stores and office buildings are gathered. From this nucleus broad avenues radiate, lined with elaborate buildings of Italian architecture. The finest of these is the Avenida Paulista where the coffee kings live in palatial houses, with sunken gardens, tennis courts and swimming pools.

Only in Brazil could there be a State capital with such beautiful buildings as we saw here. Brazil was an Empire from 1822 until 1889, when, owing to the discontent that followed the emancipation of the slaves, there was a bloodless revolution. The Emperor, Pedro II, was shipped off to Europe. Brazil became a republic; but the immense size of the country permits an independence to the States unknown in any other federation. And São Paulo has always been recognized as the most powerful of these "States within the State."

There was a distinctive atmosphere of energy and progress about the city. This is due not alone to the consciousness of its wealth and its commercial status. The early Portuguese

settlers intermarried with the Indians, and their descendants have grown into a hardy race in this temperate climate. During the coffee boom great numbers of Italians came in, and they were in evidence everywhere. We heard Italian quite as much as Portuguese on the streets.

The business section of the city was a succession of jewelry shops. The windows were invariably decorated with ornaments made of beetles and butterfly wings, and (always in this country of precious and semi-precious stones) trays of emeralds, sapphires, garnets, amethysts, tourmalines, aquamarines, beryls and agates. What more fitting in this country than that each profession should have its special stone? The doctor is recognized by his emerald ring; the lawyer by his ruby. Engineers affect sapphires; professors, the green tourmaline; dentists wear a topaz; and commercial men, the pink tourmaline.

A few shops were ablaze with diamonds. I thought of the coffee crisis, remembered how near the diamond fields of Minas Geraes were to São Paulo, and imagined myself buying a diamond bracelet for a few milreis. Hadn't I seen at the Theatro Municipal a display of diamonds that would put many opera audiences to shame? In Brazil diamonds are considered the right of every woman, and even the poorer people own good stones. Our hotel maid wore magnificent earrings.

When the *bandeirantes* of São Paulo looking for gold first found diamonds in Brazil they did not recognize them. Bright, half-transparent pebbles, they made good poker-chips or playthings for the children. Then a priest brought out a handful of these "baubles." The news spread to Portugal. There followed a diamond rush to Diamantina. The Crown had a government monopoly on the mining until 1832.

"If a fellow found some good stones the Governor would invite him to his house, murder him, pocket the diamonds and dump the body down a trapdoor!" Fred declared. "There's many a house up in Diamantina where skeletons have been found in the cellar."

Fred, in his varied career, had once worked at Diamantina.

Primitive methods of mining were still used in Minas Geraes, he said. "You just scoops 'em up like pebbles from the stream. You got to know 'em when you see 'em." He told of working in a diamond-cutting establishment which paid low wages to its ragged and hungry men, working always with thousands of dollars in stones always within reach. "But I couldn't steal any. The overseer was always lookin'. Besides, I couldn't have smuggled it out of the country. Spies everywhere. And everyone watchin'." Then he added, "But the state export tax killed the trade, and the diamond cutters went back to begging on the streets—it paid better!"

With my mind set on a diamond bracelet, we went with Fred to see Senhor Machado. The store was dark and dingy, the merchant's hands unadorned. All his stones were locked in his safe.

As he spread his bracelets before us, Senhor Machado told of the days when Brazil had produced many of the world's famous stones. "The largest stone ever found in Brazil was the Estrella do Sul (Southern Star). It weighed two hundred and fifty carats, uncut, as much as the Kohinoor. A Negress washing clothes by the riverside found it; later it sold for a half-million dollars to the Gaekwar of Baroda. Then there was the Dresden, the Crown of Portugal, the Braganza, the smaller but finer Regent of Portugal, and I remember the red diamond that sold in London for three thousand pounds. But the Brazilian market has been crippled by the rise of the Kimberley mines in South Africa. Our stones are better, but the Cape diamonds control the market with their modern mining methods and their propaganda. We're handicapped in Brazil by bad mining laws, the high cost of transportation and high tariffs."

While the merchant was selling some of his beetle jewelry I looked at the price tags on the bracelets. No point in buying here unless one were willing to smuggle them in!

"Why are these diamonds so expensive?" I asked the merchant on his return. "The stones are mined just up here in Minas Geraes."

Senhor Machado looked discouraged, as though he had often made this explanation. "The big stones must be sent to Amsterdam to be cut, then to France to be mounted, and the finished article comes back to Brazil to be sold at retail. Duty is paid on the rough stone when it is exported, and again on the finished jewel when it comes back. Ready-to-wear jewelry is as dear in Brazil as in New York."

We returned to the hotel without a diamond.

Next day we motored out some miles from the city to call on Dr. Mendez, a coffee-broker friend of Jack Shay's, who had invited us to see his private zoo. On this ride Fred gave us another chapter of his history.

"I was middle-aged, married, livin' off here in Brazil, when the war broke out. I needn't have, but I went back by steerage to England to enlist. I told the recruitin' officer about me cavalry record in the Boer War. I was proud, ma'm, cavalry was the crack branch of the service then. The officer shouted at me that there weren't no cavalry any more. Imagine that! I begged to have somethin' to do with horses. He puts me into the *infantry!*" Fred had lost his leg at Ypres. He had been gassed at Mons, taking a church. Armistice Day had released him without even a medal to show for these losses.

We spent the afternoon with Dr. Mendez at his Granja Julieta, a rambling mansion of Spanish architecture set in an extensive park on a hillside overlooking the city. We wandered along the paths under the trees, past the paddocks where African ostriches, South American rheas, anteaters, raccoons, armadillos, zebras, and flamingoes roamed almost in freedom. We saw a tapir, the largest of South American mammals, and a spotted jaguar. There was a little kinkajou, a "honey-bear," that looked like a cuddly toy Teddy Bear. White herons, storks, and owls nested in the trees. There were pools with many strange species of ducks, and cages with monkeys and parrots.

Everything the Doctor had made in the coffee business had been spent on his animals. We complimented him on their sanitary quarters, and their evidence of good care.

"Nothing has been too good for them," he said; "but now with coffee being exchanged for wheat and Brazil possibly on the verge of a civil war, my pets are too heavy a drain on my depleted fortune."

This reference to a possible civil war, as the State of São Paulo tried to resist the Federal Government's attempt to curb its power, was disquieting. Ever since our arrival in Brazil we had read in the newspapers threats of secession from the Republic by one or another State. We began to wonder whether civil war or yellow fever was the better choice. Dr. Mendez assured us that while war was always threatening it was not imminent, and we decided to engage our hotel apartment for another week, and continue our sight-seeing.

Next day we drove out to the celebrated "Snake Farm," more properly the Instituto Butantan. This Institute was started as a hobby by Dr. Vital Brazil. Alarmed by the high death rate in Brazil from reptile poisoning, he collected the one hundred and eighty species of Brazilian snakes, especially the ten poisonous varieties, studied the effect of their venom and produced serums to fight it. This antidote he shipped for a small fee to the snake-infested areas of Brazil, particularly to the Amazon basin, and so maintained his Institute until the publicity given it by Theodore Roosevelt's visit and the farm's success in reducing the mortality from snake-bite induced the government to take it over.

We stood beside a low wall looking over a shallow moat at a group of half-spherical cement houses, about four feet high, where hundreds of jararacas lay basking in the sunshine. This is the most feared snake in Brazil. We watched the perilous process of "milking" the venom, skillfully and we thought courageously performed by a Negro. This poison, accumulated in the fifteen days since the serpent had been milked, would be used to make serum for the inoculation of men and animals in the jararaca-infested areas of tropical Brazil.

"A national law requires anyone to ship to the Institute all venomous snakes and any new species of non-venomous snake," the attending doctor stopped to explain before he

hurried to the laboratory with the venom. "Deadly snakes will not eat in captivity, and they die in about six months. To keep up our supply for venom we get about twenty snakes each day. They are transported free by the railroads."

"The job of opening the mail here is exciting, but not sought after!" laughed a big broad-shouldered young man who stood near us. Conversation developed that he was Senhor Goyaz from the Amazon, where he owned a rubber plantation. He had come down to get his annual supply of serum. He accompanied us in our tour of fascinated inspection.

The harmless snakes were kept in another enclosure, and here we witnessed the destruction of one of the deadly jararacas by a mussurama, a larger black snake that is immune to its poison. The State breeds these useful reptiles in great numbers here and ships them over Brazil to exterminate the jararacas.

Down near the stables where the mules receive the inoculation of poison and produce the life-saving serums, we found the Museum with its display of herbs, images and other fake remedies that are peddled through Brazil by witch-doctors. This is a difficult "profession" to stamp out, as half the snake bites are from harmless varieties, so the herb cure seems to the ignorant man as good as the government serum.

Senhor Goyaz told us that Brazilians are fond of snakes, and along the Amazon many of the harmless varieties are kept as pets and live in the grass roofs of huts. "I was spending the night in a hut on the Amazon one time. I felt a great slimy thing fall and coil around my body. My screams brought my host with a lantern, and my bedfellow was a large but fortunately harmless species of constrictor. My friend was indignant at me for alarming the household. 'Senhor, don't be so rough!' he protested. 'That's only our Anita who lives on the roof. See, you have hurt her feelings! And she is so *sympático!*'"

But the Snake Farm is only a side-show here in São Paulo. The main show under the Big Top is coffee, and we were happy therefore when the Visconde of Porto Bello invited us



out to Campinas to see his *fazenda*. This was by courtesy of Jack Shay, as he had promised.

We took Fred along to entertain us on the two-hour railway journey. The train was crowded with dark-skinned planters traveling out to their estates. But what did we hear? The limpid Brazilian words intoned with a typically "Southern" drawl.

"North Americans?" asked Tom.

"Not exactly!" Fred grinned. "They're from Villa Americana beyond Campinas. A town founded after your Civil War, sir, by five hundred of your compatriots from the Confederate States who wouldn't join the Union."

I looked across at the group of young men and girls, fourth-generation "Southerners." They looked much like the Brazilians around them.

"I used to know Villa Americana well," Fred continued. "I married a girl from there. She came from Atlanta, Georgia. Her Old Man was a doctor there, but here he became a farmer. He served in the Confederate Army and was always talkin' about the war. Sometimes he thought of goin' back, but he wouldn't because they took his slaves away. Funny thing, when they took his slaves down here he didn't get mad at the Brazilians. Maybe he was too old to care!"

Fred told us of Villa Americana as he had known it in the days when he had fallen in love with his wife's fried chicken. In those days the families at Villa Americana spoke only English. They had kept their hospitality of slave days and their color prejudice. Now these young people were almost Portuguese.

Hard times had brought Fred and The Wife to São Paulo. "I drives a car," said Fred. "It belongs to a fellow I know. The Wife runs a rooming house, but it don't go so well. We lost a German family yesterday. Why, d'you suppose? Offended because I keep me German helmet on the mantel-piece!" He paused and eyed us dramatically: "I captured it at Ypres, swapped my leg for the fellow that wore it. I wasn't goin' to hide that helmet!"

"But that helmet isn't me most cherished possession," he went on. "The thing I love is me old candy box. When I went to the Boer War, Queen Victoria gave each man in me regiment a box of candy with her name written on it. How I've cherished that empty box! Four years ago me an' The Wife was hard up—pretty bad," he rubbed his stomach significantly. "I didn't tell me wife but I took the candy box down to the store and told the fellow to sell it. Next day The Wife walks by that store window and sees me box. She comes runnin' home with it and sayin' she'd rather beg on the streets than have me part with me box!" He frankly wiped the tears from his weak gassed eyes. "I've always loved The Wife, but then I knew I lived with an angel."

Looking at the simple old fellow, wreck of an adventurous life, I decided that probably "The Wife" could pay her tribute also.

The map of São Paulo State shows a huge green spot stretching to the frontier of Minas Geraes. This represents the thousands of *fazendas* that make the coffee wealth of Brazil. At the centre of this area is Campinas, which we found to be a straggling town of some one hundred and fifteen thousand people, picturesquely strewn over the rolling coffee-covered hills. Every street ran out into coffee fields that stretched away over the horizon. The red soil had sifted through the town until all Campinas had a tinge of color.

Fred selected the hotel for luncheon, run by a friend. He was to wait for us there while we visited at the Visconde's *fazenda*.

Nothing could have been worse! The Hotel Amazonas faced on a muddy *praça*, unkempt and unadorned. The hotel lobby was decorated with imitation palms and innumerable parrot cages hanging from the ceiling. Every chair and sofa was dressed up in dirty lace petticoats and pink bows. Seething with travelers, salesmen and servants, this vast room which opened from a cobbled alleyway was also a rendezvous for the town's newsboys and lottery venders, a playground for the ill-bred urchins and dogs constantly racing through it.

The proprietor, also the local dentist, doctor, postmaster and undertaker, was a big bronzed Italian with a ferocious black moustache. The day was hot. He had removed his shoes, but, true to Brazilian etiquette, he wore a heavy dark suit. A colored handkerchief knotted around his neck took the place of a collar. His pudgy hands and bediamonded fingers played with the gold watch chain stretched across his prominent abdomen as his puffy, shifty eyes watched us slyly, but he greeted Fred with an affectionate embrace.

Senhor Gorkha gave his entire care to the bar. All other parts of the hotel were given over to swarms of flies and a bedlam of women servants shrieking above the squawks of the parrots and the barking of the dogs. Native life with a vengeance!

A jangling bell demanded that we come at once into the dining-room for eleven o'clock *almoço*, or go hungry. There the decorations were patent medicine advertisements. Breakfast was an avalanche of tough cold meat courses slapped down, all together, on the long table. Vegetables, even potatoes, apparently were a luxury. Evidently we must grab what was eatable before some one else did! This all-meat meal was finished with the inevitable *dulce de membrillo*, the hard quince jelly that we met all too often in South American meals. There was nothing to do but try to ignore our table-mates wolfishly mouthing their food, and the flies in the food, and the waiter dropping our bread on the floor.

We should have liked to ignore the bill: "Senhor Gorkha must be in a hurry to make his fortune and return to Italy," remarked Tom as he paid.

We left Fred happy in a little inside room with no air, but with a bed wider than the alley outside the hotel, and graced with a one-inch mattress. In a ramshackle car we chugged out a half-hour or so from town to visit this *fazenda* that had played its part in the coffee history of São Paulo. Soon in a world of coffee bushes we had forgotten the Hotel Amazonas. An ocean of dark green shrubs in lines of unbroken symmetry stretched as far as we could see, like an army on parade.

Then from the summit of a ridge we saw the *fazenda*, set on the side of a hill. A band of Italian laborers met us at the gate, playing for us "The Star Spangled Banner." Inside the garden wall, standing before the rambling white house with wide porches covered with bougainvillea, surrounded by orchards of orange and lemon trees, pineapples and avocado pears, the Visconde de Porto Bello was waiting with his "*Bem vindo*," the Brazilian welcome.

He was a charming old gentleman, true aristocrat in appearance with a gentle, almost effeminate manner, and punctilious in his courtesy. As he met Tom with a courtly bow and kissed my hand, I was reminded of the saying: "The Brazilian laughs at everything except a stranger speaking bad Portuguese."

His old-fashioned manners were those of the days when the Portuguese court was held at Rio de Janeiro, for his title descended from the Empire. Brazil has always had an aristocracy, and, unlike in many South American countries, her aristocrat is a man of the country. The early Spanish stayed in the towns, the first Portuguese went out on the land. The land still belongs to the aristocracy and these wealthy landowners run the country. Not so wealthy now, however, with the coffee crisis striking at their chief source of income.

"The distances between our estates are great, and neighbors are few," said the Visconde as he escorted us into his house. "You'll find our self-contained communities are out of touch with the world."

When we came down to dinner we met the Viscondessa. She was a handsome dark-eyed woman, richly dressed in black and sparkling with diamonds, and from lack of exercise and many candies quite stout. Yet she ate heartily, for in Brazil the compliment is "How fat you are!"

The Visconde had a large family; four handsome sons who helped manage the *fazenda* and three plump, pretty daughters giggling with the excitement of guests from the outside world. The boys talked of tennis, football and rowing as English lads do; the girls had been educated in France. The

strong family tie of the Latin was apparent, and they kept up a gay battle of wits during dinner, speaking in several languages (but never Spanish, which they professed to detest) while their parents smiled on them indulgently.

The Viscondessa was obviously contented in her domesticity. Betting a few milreis on her favorite animal in the *bicho*, the illicit lottery so popular in Brazil, was her only excitement. She seldom left the *fazenda*. Her husband encouraged this content, for he had been educated in a Jesuit college and clung to the Moorish-Iberian tradition of the rigid seclusion of women. Had we not been introduced by his friend, we should not have seen the women of his family. No Turkish seraglio was more jealously guarded.

After dinner the daughters played for us the latest French songs, and we all went out into the rose-garden. From our wicker chairs beside the swimming-pool we looked out over the hills where the millions of berries were ripening, but it was not of the coffee crisis we talked! Butterflies and humming-birds danced around us and the setting sun made red slashes along the evening sky, while the Visconde talked French philosophy and politics. He was keenly aware of Brazil's problems; the scattered population to be drawn together, the Amazon basin to explore and settle, the roads and railways to be built, the masses of Negroes and Indians to educate, the development of vast resources, the political parties to be joined on issues rather than personalities. It was a fascinating evening.

The following morning was hot, yet the Visconde and José, his eldest son, were punctiliously dressed in heavy dark suits. Most planters in the Tropics wear comfortable linen clothes, but not these Brazilian apostles of good form! If Tom had taken off his coat they would have been shocked.

His *fazenda* was, as our host had said, a self-contained little world with its general (*very* general!) store, church, school, hospital, restaurant, and even a cinema.

Eight million trees! Six thousand workers, including the various mechanics necessary to keep this community going as

well as the Italian coffee-pickers who lived in a village of their own.

"A nomadic crowd, moving around from one employer to another with each harvest," said the Visconde of the Italians.

Coffee is an exhausting crop and fresh land must be planted from time to time while the old land rests. The trees grow from eighteen to twenty feet high, thick with shiny oblong leaves. Old trees are cut back and grown again from the stump, and in this way some of them bear for one hundred and twenty years. The yield does not come until the fourth year.

"In the flowering season in September, my *fazenda* is beautiful," said the Visconde with enthusiasm. "Then the shrubs are covered with waxy white blossoms, like snow, and seem to offer up incense."

These sweet-scented flowers last only a few days. When the blossoms fall they are succeeded by clusters of green berries nestling in the axils of the leaves. The harvest is from May until November, when the berries are red ripe.

It wasn't the planting season, but the Visconde graciously invited me to plant a tree. Tom told me afterwards I was an international meddler in the coffee crisis!

We were fortunate that we had come when the berries had turned red and the picking was under way. The whole *fazenda* was a bustle of activity. Men, women and children with clothes smeared red from the soil, were stripping the berries from the branches down to the cloths spread beneath the trees. The great bundles were then carted away to the store-houses.

"This picking is only the beginning of a lengthy process," said our host, as we followed the carts to a group of buildings near the laborers' village. "Between the outside of the berry and the twin beans within there is a layer of yellowish pulp that must be washed off, then a white parchment and a thinner layer, a silver skin, that must be removed."

The old method was to dry the berries in the sun and shell them, but the Visconde had built up his business by using the

modern "wet," or West Indian method. His berries were soaked in concrete tanks, then drawn off into pulping machines and run between a rough cylinder and a curved iron plate to grind away the red skin and yellow pulp. The parchment was removed in another tank, and the berries spread out to dry, then passed again through rollers to remove the final silver skin.

"The beans then are cleaned, and are graded for size through sieves, the damaged beans being removed by hand," explained José, apparently as well informed as his father. "These processes required about ten days."

We left the *fazenda* next morning, taking with us a charming picture of Brazilian rural life. The Visconde bade us goodbye as though we were old family friends. "It is I who should thank you, for your visit!" he said. Then with a handshake and a pat on the back for Tom (the usual Latin-American embrace between men), and for me a basket of tangerines ("For my fruit is as famous as my coffee!"), he escorted us as far as the garden wall.

The Visconde must have been thinking of our conversation of the night before. "Our critics call Brazil the land of *mañana*," were his final words. "It is too soon to be despondent. Remember we have been a republic only since 1889, we had slaves until 1888. The oldest civilization in South America stands ready to emerge as one of the great nations of the world. Think of our nearness to Europe, our importance as an airplane bridge! Our critics will eat their words. In a real sense, Brazil *will be* the land of tomorrow!"

## CHAPTER XVII

### WHO'S AFRAID OF A LITTLE MOSQUITO?

MOST people roll down to Rio de Janeiro, but we rolled *up*. We planned to have our first glimpse of this beautiful harbor city under ideal conditions, from the sea at daybreak. We might have gone by train in ten hours from São Paulo; instead we returned to Santos and came up by boat.

Just at daylight we strolled up on deck. Our steamer was passing a series of beaches along a chain of hills. Over the tumbled mass of the Organ Mountains, thirty miles across the bay, the sun rose, glowing. Its gorgeous light, hot and white, touched the granite peak of Corcovado jutting straight up from the water, flooded down its precipitous sides to break into the bay and pick out the islands that clustered at the harbor entrance. Forts crowned some of these islands. Others were a mass of tropical green.

Our ship passed through a narrow channel between two old fortresses. At our left rose a triangle of granite nearly a thousand feet high, a strangely familiar shape that we soon recognized as the cherished Sugar Loaf, so often photographed. We had reached Rio de Janeiro.

"Remember the legend that God set this rock as an exclamation point to emphasize His masterpiece, Rio's bay?" Tom's voice shook with emotion at the beauty of the scene before us.

Rio de Janeiro's name is misleading. There is no river, but a landlocked gulf, flanked by mountains and dotted with islands, about twenty miles long and seven miles wide. When a commander of a Portuguese fleet reached here in 1531, he



believed he had entered the estuary of a large river. He named it for the month of his arrival, January. Several years later the bay was explored and though the city was found to be named in error, the name has stuck.

With all that we had read of the beauty of this bay, we still were unprepared for the actual breath-taking sight. Nowhere in the world had we seen mountains of such weird contour. Purple precipices ran to the water's edge, often broken by a mass of vivid jungle green. The turquoise harbor was punctuated by bits of rocky islands, each with its tuft of green. The city, gay with brightly painted buildings, ran from the water's edge toward the sky. At places it seemed lost in lush foliage, again it was pasted in bright patches of purple granite. And over everything, everywhere, a flood of sunshine! One of the glorious sights of South America indeed.

Already, in this beautiful harbor, we were glad we had come, although ever since that day on the train at Santos when we had heard of the yellow fever epidemic, we had seriously debated passing by Rio de Janeiro. Then, as we had stayed on and on in São Paulo rather than expose ourselves to yellow fever, one day we had read in the São Paulo newspaper: "Many foreigners in Rio de Janeiro are ill with the fatal yellow fever. Six have died. A North American sanitary commission is endeavoring to clean up the city. The leader of this commission is Dr. John Logan."

Dr. John Logan, specialist in tropical diseases, had married a girl I used to know in Washington. We telegraphed him to ask whether it was safe for us to come on to Rio de Janeiro. His reply was: "Never believe anything you hear about Rio de Janeiro in jealous São Paulo. You will stay in my house. Mosquitoes never bite my guests."

When we docked we found Nora and John Logan waiting for us on the old quay, the *Caes Pharoux*, where King João landed as a ruler over Brazil. One glance at towering, big-boned John Logan with his thoughtful eyes and his impressive high bald head, and hearing his deliberate voice, and you knew why nations sent for him in time of trouble, why Nora

followed him over the world. Eight years under a tropic sun had drawn the skin tight over his strong features and colored it a rich brown. The hot sun had also faded Nora's taffy-colored hair and left its mark on her once clear complexion, but she was the same slim, vivacious girl with the saucy nose and sparkling eyes who had charmed Washington. She had been engaged to a British diplomat, the heir of a wealthy Earl, and seemingly fated for a gay life in the social capitals of the world. But when she met the middle-aged Dr. Logan she jilted her Englishman and eloped with him. Their honeymoon was spent in Ecuador where the Doctor was sent to fight the bubonic plague.

"We've been here in Rio for six months," explained John Logan as he drove us through the alleys leading from the docks. "After Guayaquil, a series of plague-ports along the Peruvian coast and swampy Venezuela, you can know that we find Rio a paradise!"

Even to mention yellow fever in such a heavenly spot seemed like introducing the serpent into the Garden of Eden. I hoped that they had forgotten our timidity about coming, but the Doctor spoke of it. "They'll always tell you in São Paulo that there's an epidemic of yellow fever in Rio. Just as Brazilians will say that bubonic plague has broken out in Buenos Aires, or that the wind has blown all the water out of La Plata, if you are going to the Argentine from here."

John Logan told us a little of the history of this city with its beautiful bay, and the origin of this "yellow fever tradition." The Portuguese and the French fought many years for possession of this harbor, and the Portuguese won. Along in the middle of the eighteenth century it was made the capital of the Viceroyalty of All Brazil. Early in the nineteenth century Don João of Portugal opened the ports to foreign commerce and rebuilt the city. Parks and public buildings adorned the city and the royal palm, now so much a part of the city's beauty, was introduced. Even so, the mangrove swamps persisted and the half-million people lived for the most part in a labyrinth of flimsy houses lining the congested

cobbled streets and made their way about by mule carts. Sanitary conditions were indescribable, and the mosquito and other insects constantly spread tropical diseases. Yellow fever had been a curse here for nearly one hundred and fifty years, and Rio de Janeiro was one of the plague-ports dreaded by sailors. During the hot months the wealthier residents withdrew to Petropolis in the mountains, where the Emperor, Pedro II, had his summer residence.

Rio de Janeiro was then the capital of the Empire. When it was overthrown in 1889 there was strong consideration of moving the capital to a healthier spot, but instead the local engineers and physicians set out to rebuild the city, as the Argentines had made over Buenos Aires. Acres were added to the city by blasting away the hills. Slums were cleared and streets widened. A swamp was filled in to make the beautiful boulevard, Canal do Mangue, and a sewage system constructed. In 1903 Dr. Cruz began his war on the mosquito. Breeding places were cleaned out and treated, vaccination became compulsory, and stringent laws on the handling of contagious disease were put into effect. Today yellow fever in Brazil is confined almost entirely to the Amazon basin. Still, Rio de Janeiro is a tropical city, and even under the best sanitary control, yellow fever occasionally lifts its ugly head.

"Rio's very healthy now," insisted Nora. "If Petropolis weren't so accessible by train and road, and such a pretty place with such charming villas, none of the rich Brazilians and foreigners would go up there any more. It's the Simla of Rio, you know."

The Doctor assured us there had been no illness among the foreign colony, and all the sick were isolated on an island in the bay. The government and the newspapers were giving full measure of help, even to destroying some dangerous sections of the city, and only the ignorant people were hostile. As he talked, his eyes sparkled; and we could see that Nora loved this life of service and adventure as much as he did.

"As soon as John gives this city a clean bill of health, we'll move on to another pest-hole!" she said. Her happy eyes on

her husband proved her satisfaction with the life she had chosen.

As we rode along we discovered that this fantastic city with a population of nearly a million and a half is built on a narrow alluvial plain, fitting itself into crevices around the hills and divided into sections by wooded ridges that run down from the hills into the sea. At places the city shrinks to a quarter-mile width, in other places it climbs the hills to the jungled summits and spills down into the valleys beyond. The suburbs sprawl along the coast in a series of semicircular beaches.

We turned into the Avenida Rio Branco, a wide boulevard that bisected the congested old district and ran for more than a mile from the inner harbor to the beginning of the Beira Mar and the sea-front beaches, with Sugar Loaf rising dramatically at the end. This avenue was the Broadway, the Rue de la Paix, of Rio de Janeiro. Along either side of this main artery were the best stores, the banks, clubs and newspaper offices. Theatres, cinemas and innumerable coffee houses lined the street. Strolling pedestrians admired the displays in shop windows, stood in conversation, or drank from tiny cups of coffee at the sidewalk tables.

"In the evening the Avenida is brilliantly lighted, and the cafés and theatres are crowded," said Nora. "The people are well dressed and every woman is an advertisement for Brazilian diamonds!" It was evident that Nora was enjoying the urban life of this metropolis after her months of seclusion in small ports.

"You should see this Avenida the week before Lent—it's like New Year's Eve, only better," the Doctor told Tom.

"We've seen Carnivals in other Latin-American countries, but none of them equal the abandon of the Brazilians," said Nora. "Perfumed squirt-guns—and naughtier devices forbidden in other cities—are encouraged here. The streets are full of people in fancy costumes, throwing confetti and paper streamers, and all night long there is a parade of motors, elab-

orately decorated. Hotels and clubs give fancy-dress balls, and the cabarets and theatres have special performances."

I noticed that the sidewalks of the Avenida were of black and white mosaic in fantastic patterns; butterflies, flowers, cartwheels, geometric and futuristic designs. Nora pointed out the horse's head before the Jockey Club and the anchor at the Navy Club. She said these designs were useful in guiding one through the city. The buildings along here were conspicuous for their elaborate rococo architecture and ornamentation.

"They try to live up to the dramatic setting of the city," said the Doctor.

Our route took us past many of the public buildings, libraries, museums and theatres. Just as we entered the Beira Mar we passed the Monroe Palace. Built originally to house the Brazilian exhibits at the St. Louis Exposition, this imposing mansion was now reassembled to serve as a meeting-place for the Chamber of Deputies. It is named in honor of the Monroe Doctrine, which is highly endorsed in Brazil although detested by many South American countries.

"Brazil is our best friend among all the Latin American countries," said the Doctor. "We lead all countries in trade, and there are millions of United States dollars invested here."

The Avenida Beira Mar is the finest seaside drive in South America, and quite as lovely as the famous Corniche Drive. We began to realize that Rio de Janeiro is a city for superlatives!

The Logans had rented a villa on Botafogo Bay, in one of the residential suburbs near the beaches. Gaily painted, covered with flowering vines, it stood against an incomparable background of rock and sea. We turned through a gate in a wall thick with scarlet hibiscus and purple bougainvillea into an avenue of Brazilian nut trees leading up to their door.

The Logans, we found, had another guest. Paul was a pale, dreamy-eyed youth, with a shy nervous manner, who had been with them for six months.

Dr. Logan had been working at a rubber plantation on the

Madeira River, one of the upper tributaries of the Amazon, and had heard of a white boy who had appeared a few weeks before out of the jungle. Unable to tell his story, he only sang over and over, "Marietta . . . naughty Marietta." Dr. Logan had nursed him back to comparative sanity and had brought him along with him to Rio de Janeiro.

The Doctor never permitted anyone to mention his adventures to the youth, but he told us the boy's story. Son of a wealthy family in New York, Paul had been promised a year of adventure between college and business in his father's brokerage office. All senior year, he and his roommate had planned a trip in Brazil to hunt the deadly coral snake for a New York museum. Paul knew something of tropical diseases and had begged his roommate to take quinine, but he ridiculed the idea and in the northern jungle of the State of Matto Grosso, the roommate had died of malaria. The Indian bearers were superstitious after the death and insisted on turning back, but Paul demanded they push on to the Amazon. The Indians began to mutter threats against his life and finally bound him to a tree and deserted him, leaving food cruelly just beyond his reach, and no equipment for his use. The boy could not bring himself to talk about his struggle to free himself from his ropes or his terrible journey through the jungle to the plantation where the Doctor found him. Once he had stammered to Nora, "Things happened on that trip—I can't tell anyone. . . . Things just for me—sacred things . . ." He never spoke now of his escape.

The Logans' hospitality was ideal for the boy, as it was for us. Nobody took us "sight-seeing." Social dates were not thrust upon us. Rio de Janeiro is a literary capital, filled with writers, actors and artists still influenced by French thought brought in with the Portuguese court more than a century ago, and except for the tropical surroundings we might have been in a European capital. But we cared little for theatres, night clubs or the races here. Social activities seemed trivial in such a magnificent spot. After a day of intoxication by the beauties of nature, we much preferred to dine quietly on the

Logans' terrace and drink in the fairy-land beauty of the city spread before us against the brilliant Southern sky.

From our window we looked out over the Bay of Botafogo. Across the harbor we could see the fantastic sky-line of the city silhouetted against the blood-red sunset. The soft tropical night-air was scented with the *dolce far niente*. The dark pinnacle of Sugar Loaf, a perfect cone against the sunset, was reflected in the quiet waters of the bay as in a mirror. On the city side of the bay, lights sparkled along the hillside. Around the horseshoe curve of the bay, each light was doubled by its reflection in the dark water; Nictheroy glimmered through the pink haze of the coming dusk. Far in the distance we heard the everlasting roar of the Atlantic.

Often the four of us took long walks together. Nora's favorite haunt was the old quarter of imperial Rio de Janeiro, down by the Caes Pharoux where she had met our boat. It was this congested quarter of the city that John hoped to erase in the interest of sanitation, but it was full of old beauty; softly colored stucco houses with red tiled roofs, Colonial mansions tucked away on some forgotten *praça*, and queer winding streets reminiscent of old Portugal.

One street, unusually narrow, ran from the Avenida to the waterfront. By the street signs it was Rua Moreira Cesar, but Nora called it by its ancient name of Ouvidor. This is the shopping street of Rio and is necessarily reserved for pedestrians, for it is really one broad sidewalk lined with shops of every kind to appeal to women. There was a constant milling back and forth of people in a leisurely way and paper boys spread their newspapers on the pavement. It was all very friendly and gay.

Near by, hidden in an alley back of the post office, was the marble and bronze Candelaria Church with its ecclesiastical treasures, the richest in South America—which is to say *something!*

Out in the harbor we could see the Ilha das Cobras, an island where once stood the summer palace of Dom Pedro, now used as a political prison. On the old Praça Quinze de

Novembro was the residence of the Portuguese Colonial governors and of King João, now headquarters for the Telegrafo Geral. This was the building where the emancipation proclamation for the slaves was signed by Princess Isabel in 1888, a coup which precipitated a bloodless revolution, overthrew the empire, and made Brazil a republic.

Except in the best families, the Portuguese have intermarried freely with the Indians and the Negroes, and mixed blood is more common here than in any other South American country. Perhaps this is because the Spaniards and Portuguese had associated so long with the Moors that they had little or no color prejudice, perhaps also because the abolition of slavery was accomplished without high passion or bitter feeling. Whites and blacks live together happily. The Negro of Rio de Janeiro is not color-sensitive; his Latin blood gives him self-respect and courtliness and adds to his intelligence. The whole mental and physical combination is admirably suited to this tropical climate.

Our acquaintance with the Brazilian Negro was mostly through the Logans' cook, Carmencita. Child of a Portuguese mother and a Negro father, she showed her mixed blood in characteristic and opposed traits. Fat, soft-voiced and courteous, Carmencita worked just enough to earn her wages. She liked mostly to sit in her kitchen in a soiled wrapper and bare feet, a picture of blank idleness! It was not so much that she was lazy as that she was entirely unconcerned for the future! She liked to gossip and she played *bicho* every day. As a pious Catholic she attended Mass regularly, but her "evenings out" were spent behind innocent-looking façades along the Avenida where African voodoo rites were practiced. Her milreis went to medicine men for love philtres or incantations against her enemies. On her "day off" she went out proudly dressed in an overpowering weight of velvet and ostrich plumes, diamonds blazing from ears, arms, neck and every finger—a Brazilian lady!

Carmencita preferred to spend the day *en négligé*, and most of her shopping was done at her own door. The exertion



of carrying that weight of finery through the streets and into the shops was too much to be regularly endured. We had a never-ending interest in the arguments she conducted so publicly with her "enemies," the street venders, who passed by the house all day. Indeed, we could not escape them if we would!

First thing in the morning it was the milkman driving his cow with the tinkling bell. Carmencita would oversee the milking with critical eye. No sooner was she in the house with her pitcher than along came the vegetable-fruit man, or the fish-shrimp man, or the cake-candy-ice-cream man, or the chicken man with his fowls in baskets swung from the ends of a pole over his shoulder. One after another, Carmencita met with shrewd bargaining, hot arguments—shrieks and insults on both sides followed until a bargain was struck. On special days the parade was increased by the scissors-grinder, the dealer in tinware, the Italians who sold small notions. The plant-flower vender, a daily visitor, was one of Carmencita's special "enemies," and afforded her extraordinary opportunity for invective and finesse. There was also the raucous howl of her favorite *bicho* boy, and a steady procession of newsboys.

Small wonder we were up and away on our long walks early in the morning.

Rio de Janeiro, the most tropical city we had yet visited in South America, was a paradise for Tom, our botanist. Almost at any moment, in any place, he could pursue his study of tropical flora. Palm trees were everywhere, in a profusion of varieties, for it is illegal to cut down a tree within the city limits. Wherever there is a slope too steep for building, the jungle breaks out; a veritable tidal wave of green—palms, gigantic ferns, flowering vines, fragrant orange trees—has swept over the city from the edge of the sea to the mountain tops. A half-hour's walk in any direction from the Avenida brought us into the jungle.

We visited the Quinta da Boa Vista, once the Emperor's private park, and in the world-famous Botanical Garden we

saw the *Victoria Regia* water-lily, its leaves measuring five feet in diameter. Here also we saw the avenue of royal palms, each a hundred feet high, planted a century ago from the mother seed brought from the West Indies.

"King João tried to monopolize the royal palms, senhor, and he decreed that all seed not planted by the royal family should be burned," said the old caretaker. "But slaves stole the surplus seed and sold them. That's why you see so many of these trees all over the city and on the seashore and on the mountains."

Good for the slaves, we thought, for the royal palm is one of the noblest of trees!

We appreciated the glorious beaches at Rio de Janeiro, but we were mostly impressed with the mountains. Grotesque peaks spring up from the very gardens of the houses and give the city an air of unreality, like a painted back-drop or a Maxfield Parrish painting. And always beyond the town, the peerless skyline—square-headed Pico de Gavea, the sleeping Giant; Sugar Loaf, guarding the entrance to the bay; and high Tijuca against the broken pinnacles of the Organ range, thirty miles away. By rack-rail train, Tom and the Doctor climbed the needle peak of Corcovado, and by motor and train went to the top of Tijuca, far above the ocean's roar.

We had saved Sugar Loaf for our last night in Rio de Janeiro. The Logans invited Tom and me and the youth of the jungle experience—now recovered and returning with us to New York—for a farewell party on top of this spectacular mountain.

"A visit to Rio is not complete unless you have seen the city from Sugar Loaf," said the Doctor. "It wasn't until about fifty years ago that people could get up there. Then a German company succeeded in building a cable railway to the summit."

We were quite unprepared for the thrills of this aerial journey. As we approached the monolith it grew more and more gigantic. "Are we actually to be swung up to the sum-

mit on that *cobweb*?" I asked. Even Tom hesitated and thought we would be risking our lives.

With laughter and persuasion our friends got us into a little car carrying about fifteen people, which swung from an overhead cable, and we started the mile-long journey at a forty-five-degree angle. I noticed that the windows were covered with heavy wire grating.

"To keep you from jumping out," laughed Dr. Logan.

The first car took us to a rocky hill, the Penedo da Urca, in about four minutes. There we walked about on shaky legs, to calm our nerves.

"No turning back now!" teased Nora.

Grimly we stepped into another car which carried us across a wooded chasm between the Penedo da Urca and Pão d'Assucar. This was the most terrifying part of the journey! Our little car swung drunkenly from side to side on its sagging cable, buffeted by each puff of wind. We seemed certain to crash into the cliffs ahead. I closed my eyes and braced for the end. Then, five long minutes later, we were set down gently on the famous Sugar Loaf, over a thousand feet above the sea.

Fear was soon forgotten in the wonder of that view. It was late afternoon, on a clear day, and the whole Bay with its archipelago of islands was spread below us. The great rock beneath our feet threw a black triangle across the entrance to the harbor. Toy ships, in reality large vessels, moved as if by magic here and there, breaking the tranquillity of the harbor waters. From the Fortaleza São João came faintly the sound of a bugle call. Granted the view here is not as extensive as from Tijuca or Corcovado, but we had the charm of detail even while we were removed from actual presence in the scene. There was a flavor of omniscience about this view that touched us with awe.

As we dined in the restaurant perched on the rock, the tropical twilight darkened quickly into night. The colors of the bay faded from rose, and suddenly became purple. Then a light sprang from the shadows around the bay, another and

another, until all the city and the suburbs, every ship in the harbor, was outlined in twinkling stars. With our coffee came the tropical moon in dramatic entrance, rising slowly above the jagged mountains, silhouetting their fantastic line behind the city.

Dr. Logan leaned toward me, a teasing light in his eyes: "And you were going to let a little mosquito keep you away from Rio!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

### THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

AND so now for home!

We planned to sail with Paul direct from Rio de Janeiro to New York on a fast ship which made only one stop, at Trinidad. It was a long, monotonous journey over a hot, glassy sea for eight days with no more excitement than a far glimpse of Pernambuco one day as we skirted the shoulder of Brazil and the muddy waters that marked the mouth of the Amazon. All day we lounged in our deck-chairs and read, and in the evening we studied the Southern stars, so brilliant from the deck of a steamer. We even crossed the Equator with no more than a salute to the heavy red line on the globe in the library back home.

Then one morning we woke to find our ship sighting a blur on the horizon that was the island of Tobago, a lonely spot of land which Defoe used for his setting in *Robinson Crusoe*. Off the other side of our ship we could see the northern point of Trinidad, those same three mountains that had filled Columbus with joy in 1498 after his long third voyage and earned from him the grateful name of *La Trinidad*—The Trinity.

Columbus had followed the eastern and southern shores of the island and entered the Gulf of Paria through a rough crisscrossing of currents that well merits his name *La Boca Sierpe* (Serpent's Mouth). We entered this gulf through its northern passage, equally cursed with rocks and currents, by which Columbus had made his way out, naming this passage *La Boca del Drago* (Dragon's Mouth). Columbus then went

on to Santo Domingo, unwittingly turning away from the great southern continent that lay so near.

This island, La Trinidad, held no gold and the Spanish neglected it save for occasional slave raids. A little settlement seven miles inland on the Caroni River appeared in 1584, and had to struggle for existence between Indian attacks and raids from English and Dutch buccaneers. Some two hundred years later, when foreigners were permitted to settle in Spanish colonies, the town began to grow. First came a group of French refugees from the revolution, and then came the English until the Spanish population was in the minority. The prevailing speech was French. After Trinidad was ceded to England, following the Spanish defeat in the war of 1797, the island began to prosper.

Our ship anchored two miles offshore in the immense sheltered, though shallow, harbor of Port of Spain. Immediately the waters were full of bobbing rowboats filled with boys, their naked black bodies shining in the sun, who importuned us with shouts and wide toothy grins to throw them pennies. This is the usual greeting for a big boat at these island ports.

Paul, Tom and I, went ashore in the tug, and had a good view of this typical West Indian seaport. Spread over a semi-circular plain against a background of hills, Port of Spain was just another pleasant tropical town. Yet it ranks next to Havana in West Indian trade, for Trinidad is rich in asphalt and petroleum.

Once on shore, we observed that the water-front was lined with substantial stone buildings; offices and warehouses. From the docks we entered Marine Square. This is really a busy thoroughfare, part park and part street, that extends across the city. Near by was the old Plaza de Armas, now Woodford Square, where the Red House (government buildings) and the stone Anglican Cathedral were grouped. After the fire which destroyed the town in 1903, the city was laid out with wide streets well paved with asphalt, many plazas, and stone buildings to replace the frail Colonial structures.

We welcomed the chance to put our feet on solid ground, so we sent the luggage by car and elected to walk to the hotel. We had not gone far along the famous Frederick Street when we realized that Port of Spain was a thriving English town, tropical climate and Spanish traditions to the contrary. The street hummed with activity. We constantly dodged first a donkey cart, then an automobile or an Englishman on a bicycle, or a barefoot Negress carrying a bundle on her head. It was a characteristic island medley of traffic. Along this street are the tourist shops with their bewildering array of curios and tropical products, gold and silver jewelry and hammered brass made by the Hindu inhabitants of Trinidad.

The four hundred thousand people of Trinidad, and about seventy-five thousand of them live in this port city, are one of the most heterogeneous mixtures in the Western Hemisphere. The French refugees and the ruling Britishers together with some of the original Spanish, form the small white element of the population. The majority are African Negroes, a few drifters from Venezuela, and the East Indians. These last form a third of the population, living apart from the other residents in their own villages where they retain their native customs. They were originally brought in as laborers on the sugar plantations, along with some Chinese, when the Negro slave trade was abolished in 1839.

Our walk ended at a rambling hotel, built for the Tropics, with a central palm-filled patio and wide verandas. It overlooked a broad savanna, Queen's Park, covering some two hundred acres. Here, in true British style, were the cricket and soccer fields, a golf course and a race track. Grouped around this park were the bungalow homes of the British officials; a mass of bougainvillea and hibiscus. From our hotel room we could see across the park the famous Botanical Gardens with the Governor's Palace set in a nest of trees, and behind the palace the Lookout, where tourists go for a panoramic view of the city.

The hotel dining-room was not to open for some time. Paul suggested that we take a chance on a local restaurant.

Down the street we found a native café with battered dirty china and last week's linen.

With some prodding, an indifferent Negro waiter brought us lunch, but we were afraid to eat the greasy food and odorous fish. Even local color was not persuasion enough. While more unappetizing were our fellow diners; a dirty unshaven Britisher piling his knife high and guzzling his ale and a fat Venezuelan frankly and thoroughly picking his teeth. The third at their table had his back toward us.

Then suddenly at this neighboring table there was a quarrel, almost a fist-fight, until the third man interfered: "Gentlemen, you misunderstand each other! Let me translate!" This he did in a crisp cultured voice, speaking fluent Spanish and real English.

As we left the restaurant we looked over at this self-elected mediator. He looked like a young British cavalry major with his fine well-bred face and its tiny waxed moustache, and his aristocratic bearing. Certainly, he was out of place in the dingy native café. We observed that his suit was shabby but well pressed. Grey suède gloves were folded beside his hat. He met our gaze with understanding and a wistful smile; a smile that faded too quickly as though he regretted his friendliness.

Outside, we speculated on this engaging stranger. Paul expressed the hope that he might board our ship bound for New York. Then we forgot him in our preparations to drive to La Brea to visit the "Pitch Lake."

"To visit Trinidad without seeing the Pitch Lake," had declared Paul, "is like going to Rome without entering St. Peter's."

We left town by the island's principal road, travelling east through sleepy little St. Joseph, the former capital. Then south to San Fernando over a smooth asphalt road and west through a district of tobacco, sugar and cocoa plantations and fruit groves. In between and all around was the forest that runs from the coast to the hilltop. For most of the way the road was shaded from the sweltering sun by tall palms and cedars, silk-cottons and the rooty banyans so revered by superstitious



Negroes. Parrakeets, parrots and humming-birds made brilliant streaks through the deep rich green of the woods.

"No wonder," sighed Tom, with delight, "the Indians called this island Iere—Land of the Humming-Birds!"

Some sixty miles from Port of Spain we came to La Brea, where is the greatest asphalt supply in the world, though this pit will take second place when Venezuela fully develops her asphalt pit, ten times as large.

"Pitch Lake" is half a mile across and covers one hundred and fourteen acres, depth unknown. It is a carboniferous deposit of vegetable origin, like coal or peat, formed from the petroleum escaping from the oil sand beneath. To us it looked like no more than a large black patch of asphalt pavement, edged with palm trees. But Paul was determined to be impressed.

"There's a legend that this spot was formerly dry land," he told us. "A tribe of the Chaimas Indians built their village here because of the pineapples and the humming-birds. But they killed the humming-birds, although they believed them to be possessed with the souls of their dead, and for this impiety the Good Spirit in one night sank the whole encampment. Next morning nothing was visible except this Pitch Lake."

Sir Walter Raleigh in 1595 had used this "pitch" to close the seams of his ships. He declared the supply was inexhaustible, and modern geologists agree with him, for as fast as the bitumen is dug out, the holes are refilled by pressure from within and show no mark after twenty-four hours.

"An arrangement most satisfactory to our government," said the company guide who accompanied us. "This asphalt, with the oil found near by at Fyzabad, give us a perpetual income."

At a model village for the employees in one corner of the lake we saw laborers chopping out chunks of the asphalt with picks and loading it into swinging buckets which move by cable to the port of La Brea, a mile away. Our guide explained

that the pitch solidifies again during transportation and has to be chopped out of the hold of the ship when it is unloaded.

It was a sizzling-hot spot, with the sun beating down into this humid bitumen, but we ventured to walk out on the surface of the "lake." A little way out the pitch was so soft that our lightest foot-mark left an impression, and we began to sink a little.

"Is it safe to go further?" asked Tom.

"Yes, if you keep moving. I have often crossed this lake on foot," said a voice behind us. It was our stranger who had settled the quarrel in the café.

"You've been here before?" asked Paul.

"Many times."

"Then you live in Trinidad?"

"I'm only a visitor."

"Here for long?" asked Tom.

"Until tomorrow."

"We're off ourselves then," Paul continued cordially. "Sailing with us to New York?"

"No. For Venezuela." The stranger appeared not to like this cross-examination. He interrupted it with a click of his heels and a crisp bow. "Excuse me for intruding. I must be going." He walked briskly away, leaving us with the feeling that we had been dismissed with displeasure from the presence of royalty.

The mention of Venezuela set Tom and me off on an idea. Why hadn't we planned to visit Venezuela? Our wanderlust was not satisfied yet. And this stranger might prove a pleasant travelling companion.

Back at the hotel Tom made inquiries. "The proprietor says that a steamer came into port today that's going to Venezuela tomorrow," he reported. "Want to see Venezuela?"

The following morning we made some quick changes. At noon we waved goodbye to an envious Paul, who was due back in New York. That night we were crossing the Caribbean Sea.

But we could not find our stranger on board. "Perhaps he

changed his plans," said Tom, disappointed. Philosophically, we agreed that it was quite enough to be again sailing toward the unknown!

Venezuela lies between British Guiana, Colombia and Brazil. It is twice the size of Germany, and has a population of over three million. By natural formation it falls into three sections: in the south, the Llanos in the Orinoco basin; to the east, the unexplored Guiana Highlands near the Orinoco delta; and the north-central district, where the Andes cut across into the Caribbean Sea. This last is a high plateau with a healthy climate, and has the best communications. The capital, Caracas, is located here and this is the district where visitors concentrate.

By four o'clock next day we came into La Guayra, the port for Caracas. When we came up on deck we found our stranger standing beside the rail. He seemed glad to see us.

"We changed our plans," Tom greeted him, "and decided to see Venezuela."

"Are you stopping at La Guayra," I asked, point-blank, "or going up to Caracas?"

"To Caracas, madam."

"Then let's travel up together on the train," said Tom.

To our amazement the stranger flushed and stammered: "I—have business in La Guayra. . . . I don't know—when I can leave."

The Captain strolled by and stopped to advise us to drive out to Macuto, a near-by resort, to try its sea-baths and restaurants. Tom tried again to be friendly to the stranger.

"After you finish your business, won't you run out to Macuto with us for dinner? We could take a late train up to Caracas."

"My business will keep me until I leave for Caracas," he answered, almost rudely, and turned to make a remark to the Captain about the breakwater. Then he left us abruptly, "to pack."

When our boat touched the quay the stranger was the first person to hurry ashore. He disappeared into the crowd of

Negroes that lined the docks. We decided that he had regretted speaking to us in Trinidad, and let it go at that.

The water-front at La Guayra was a busy place. Most of Venezuela's exports come out through this port. It is a hot uninviting town built on a narrow strip of level land, with rows of colored houses climbing the sand-colored hills. We decided to go on to Caracas. But on inquiry, we found that we had missed the afternoon train.

Uncertain whether to go out to Macuto, as the Captain suggested, or hire a motor car to drive to Caracas, we wandered into a restaurant behind the quay and sat down at a little table under the trees. We were gratefully drinking the Venezuelan thirst-quencher—green coconut milk and diluted sugar syrup—when suddenly the stranger appeared and dropped down at our table.

He looked happier now. "You've missed your train to Caracas," he announced cheerfully. "You'll have to come by bus with me. It leaves in fifteen minutes. I've engaged seats for you."

Down the block waited an old dilapidated omnibus, about to fall apart. Beside it stood the driver, a short weak-faced fellow with shifty eyes, lighting one cigarette from the stub of another, smoking incessantly. Guardian of our lives for the next hour over the dangerous mountain road!

Two fat housewives, market baskets in their laps, were installed in the back seat. A young couple sat in front of them. Beside the driver's seat, a priest was reading his catechism.

"How slow the fellow is!" complained our stranger as the driver took his time strapping our bags on the roof of the bus. He seemed like a man fleeing from something.

At last the driver climbed aboard. With a roar of the muffler that awakened even the street loafers, we shot out of town and along the road toward Caracas.

Up from La Guayra the trails climb straight over the sheer Andean wall that rises five thousand feet from the sea, as though in a hurry to escape from the hot port to the plateau above. Our newly built concrete automobile road and the rail-

way set out more decorously through green sugar-cane plantations, along a shore lined with coconut palms. Caracas was twenty-three miles away, over the mountains.

The housewives slept and snored. The young girl dropped her head on her companion's shoulder. The priest continued to read his prayer-book. Only the stranger, Tom and I had eyes for the beauty of this coast country.

"No wonder the buccaneers thought they had discovered a heaven on earth," sighed our companion, "when they saw this shore!"

Venezuela has the distinction of being the first bit of mainland in the Western Hemisphere to be discovered by the Europeans in their search for a new route to India. The next year after Columbus had landed at Trinidad, Alonso de Ojeda set out to explore the land that Columbus had sighted west of the island. From the peninsula of Paria he skirted the mainland for four hundred miles, as far as the present Colombia, but there was not a break in the mountains. The barrier rose directly from the sea to a height of five to nine thousand feet, the slopes thickly covered with forest. In the Gulf of Maracaibo, Ojeda saw Indian villages with houses built on piles near the shallow shores. From these watery streets he named the country Venezuela, or "little Venice." It was the first bit of Western land to receive a name.

This voyage also brought the name America to the continent. On Ojeda's ship was a Florentine merchant named Amerigo Vespucci, who was the forerunner of the modern travel writer who looks at the shore only from his ship. This Amerigo later went to Brazil and then wrote up his voyages, claiming to have been the leader in the first expedition to the mainland of the New World. Whereupon geographers gave his name to this whole continent, a third of the land on the globe!

Again, as with Trinidad, the Spanish neglected Venezuela except for the pearl fisheries on the island of Margarita, and the Indians they took for slaves. Not until 1567 did the Spanish explore the valley of Caracas, which is accessible from the

sea by easy passes. The healthy climate and the easily defensible plain was a natural selection for a government centre, and Caracas was founded with La Guayra opened as a port. However, the Spanish attempt to monopolize trade for the Panama route and the consequent raids by the determined buccaneers from other European countries forbade any progress to Venezuela for some years.

Tom and I had grown accustomed to climbing into the clouds in South America. We sat back and enjoyed again the sensation and the views of mountains and sea that alternated as the road turned and climbed. Our mysterious companion had been chattering in fluent French with the priest, a visiting dignitary from Martinique. Then he addressed the driver in Spanish.

"You're a linguist, monsieur," I complimented him, hoping that his answer would disclose his nationality. "We observed that when you settled that quarrel in Trinidad."

"One must be, in South America," he shrugged. "I speak English, French, German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish."

No clue there! Was he a diplomat, a secret service man, a writer incognito to gather material, a statesman on a secret mission—or an escaped convict from nearby Devil's Island! The more he built a wall about himself with his silence, the more I wished to penetrate his mystery!

Our wretched-looking driver was a favorite along his route. Children ran to greet him. Señoritas flew to the door to wave. For all he had a gay call or a wave, with both hands off the steering-wheel.

As it grew dark I knew that this ride up to Caracas would be a nerve-racking experience. Usually I delighted in the picturesque traffic on South American roads, but now each loaded donkey trudging by was a danger. They leapt into the ditch as we shot past. Pedestrians were shadowy in the fading light. Flattened against the houses, our heavy bus tore past them without even a warning toot of the horn. We missed them by inches.

I was glad to have our stranger divert my mind with stories

of the early explorers of Venezuela and their search for a mythical El Dorado—"where rivers ran over silver sand, where gold palaces with doors and columns of diamonds and emeralds were reputed to be found; and where the Inca each morning covered his body with gold dust and jewels, and plunged into a lake of Parima." Evidently he was well educated and well read, and most entertaining when he forgot himself; and apparently he knew Venezuela, past and present, thoroughly.

Now it was dark. We were winding upward along a deserted road with mountains of loose earth and rock above us, sudden death dropping way down the hillside below us. With the cut-out open, our bus roared along, swaying recklessly around hairpin turns on two wheels. A heavy rain that day had brought down big rocks into the road at unexpected places. We had often to slip to the edge of a precipice, a thousand-foot drop, to avoid them.

"At this rate we'll make Caracas in ten minutes!" groaned Tom, clutching the seat.

"Hope he gets pinched!" I prayed.

"He must have a date with a señorita in Caracas!" laughed the stranger, with a white face. Still he tried to console me. "It's as bad by train. The track is all curves with only two straight stretches—one at either station! The guard on the rear of the train can whisper to the engineer any minute. You know De Lesseps said there was only one dangerous part on the La Guayra and Caracas line. That was the stretch from La Guayra to Caracas!"

All this time the driver nonchalantly continued to remove his hands from the wheel whenever he wanted to light a fresh cigarette or gesticulate in conversation with the priest! I decided to do a little diverting on my own account, and continued my third degree on our companion. Tom and I had been quite naturally frank about ourselves, but we did not even know this man's name, or his nationality. What was his motive in such secrecy? I led the conversation to travel; at least, that should reveal his nationality.

"Delightful hotel, the Grand, in Stockholm!" he replied. "Have you tasted their *brioche de foie gras*? I never had it like that anywhere except in a restaurant in East Fifty-eighth Street in New York and at the old Russian Embassy in Paris!" His conversation drifted to a conversation with Mussolini, a game of golf with the Prince of Wales, and bear-hunting in Alaska. Mostly this mysterious man liked to talk about Venezuela . . . no progress in solving the mystery!

We had passed the summit of the range at thirty-three hundred feet. Afterwards, we rumbled headlong across a plateau country. About eight-thirty we saw lights below us. Our bus careened down the last hill, and so to Caracas. What a long breath we drew as we hopped out, giving thanks to the gods of the mountains for sparing our lives!

We stopped in the Plaza Bolivar, with the Cathedral, the Archbishop's Palace, the Capital and the Palace of Justice, and the usual statue of Bolivar, grouped in the true South American style we had come to know so well. Our hotel faced this square, and we asked the stranger to join us for supper. As usual, he was "stopping somewhere else."

He hesitated. We thought he was going to refuse again. Instead he cried, with evident feeling: "You ask me again? You don't mind my shabby clothes? You must want me. I'll come, gladly. But not tonight—now I have important business." An embarrassed shadow crossed his face. "But tomorrow night, if you are free, I will dine with you."

That time we parted from him as from a friend.

From that first night Caracas had a peculiar fascination for us. Something about the fresh mountain air after the hot port and the long days at sea. . . .

The city lies on the south, or under, slope of the coastal Andes, on the north bank of the river Guaire. This sloping location, the straight streets laid out with regularity, makes the city into a series of rivers during a heavy rain storm. Low, one-storied houses lining the streets would do little to restrain a real cloudburst.

Caracas seemed to be more modern than the West Coast



capitals we had seen; and North American influence is stronger here than in any other South American country. There were no Indians in picturesque costumes, and few of the old Spanish houses left after the earthquake of 1812. But it was, after all, Latin America with the hoarse screams of the lottery venders, the cry of the milkman riding his horse with cans dangling beneath their legs, and the bread man with his barrels flung over each side of the animal.

We climbed El Calvario Hill to get a panoramic view of the city from Independencia Park. We had chocolate and cakes at noon at a popular restaurant near the Municipal Theatre. Sunset found us motoring along the fashionable Avenida El Paraiso, lined with fine residences, to see the old Spanish bull-ring.

"Evidently this city leads the world in the great men it has produced!" I finally sighed, weary of admiring statues. But here was a bronze statue of "Don Jorge Washington," erected during the centenary of Bolivar in 1883, which made us homesick!

At last, we found the shrine we had come to Caracas to see. It was only a simple stucco and tile-roof house on a narrow street, but a tablet indicated that it was the site of the birth-place of Simon Bolivar.

In Venezuela, the South American revolt began, and Caracas saw the first flare-up against Spain in 1797, a premature explosion. When Ferdinand was driven from Spain by the French in 1808, a Junta deposed the Captain-General here. In July, 1811, Venezuela—the first republic in South America—declared her independence. But this too was premature. The revolution was not a movement of the people but the ambitious venture of a Creole aristocracy. Just a year later Spain again took command of the government.

Among these young Creole patriots was a young man of noble birth, Simon Bolivar. Born in Caracas, orphan heir to a vast feudal estate, he was so spoiled by wealth and authority that he grew up arrogant, ambitious, and confident that he was destined for great things. When his young wife died he

journeyed to Europe to find consolation. There, he came under the influence of Napoleon's republican spirit. At Rome he made a vow to devote his life to independence for his native South America. A visit to the young republic in North America, on his way home, cemented this determination. When the revolution broke out in 1811 he offered his services to the junta of Cartagena.

Undaunted by the recapture of Caracas by Spain, Bolivar grew in power and by numerous successful attacks on the Spanish gained control over most of New Granada and Venezuela. He entered Caracas to the cries of "Liberator! Father and Savior!" and in July, 1821, broke Spain's power in the battle of Carabobo.

In 1819 Bolivar had united Venezuela and New Granada in a Great Colombian republic. But the "Liberator's" theories of government were republican, and the democratic congress of his new Colombian republic rejected his proposals. Also his federation of Spanish-speaking republics with headquarters at Panama proved a failure.

Bolivar left in 1822 for the south to free Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, amid a flood of jealousy from other generals, leaving a dissatisfied Venezuela linked to New Granada and friction everywhere in the north. The fiery young patriot struggled in vain against the rising tide of federalism. Public opinion defeated him. Although he succeeded in his hope to defeat Spain and release South America from her rule, his estates were confiscated, his assassination was attempted; and, sick and discouraged when his own Venezuela even repudiated him by breaking off from New Granada, as tragic a figure as Napoleon at St. Helena, he retired to the seacoast town of Santa Marta on the deserted Colombian coast, where he lived on the charity of friends until his early death in 1830.

Atonement for this injustice is evident throughout all the South American countries. There are monuments in every city. Here in Caracas, his birthplace, a replica of his house is preserved as a museum. We stopped at the Pantheon where his

body has now been placed in a marble monument under the central cupola.

After Venezuela had established her independence in 1829 the centralized constitution, advocated by Bolivar, was scrapped. An orgy of federalism began. A series of revolutions in the latter part of the nineteenth century made Venezuela a byword for chaos. Taxes were crushing, but the treasury was emptied by a succession of dictators who used public funds for personal purposes.

The worst of these was General Castro, who kept the country in a turmoil from 1900 to 1909. He quarrelled with foreign governments, insulted their representatives and seized their ships. They retaliated with a blockade of ports and capture of the Venezuelan navy. Then Castro slipped off to Europe, leaving word that his vice president, General Juan Vicente Gómez, should be assassinated. But General Gómez by a bloodless coup seized power. In 1910, he was constitutionally elected president. Under his long and benevolent dictatorship Venezuela enjoyed a peace and a material prosperity unequalled in its history.

Foreign residents told us also another reason for Venezuela's present prosperity. "Not to belittle Gómez' efficient administration," said a North American doctor living in Caracas, "but this country's comparative prosperity when every other South American country is suffering from the depression, is mainly due to royalties and taxes on petroleum that was discovered during Gómez' régime."

These revenues have changed Venezuela since 1922 from a backward defaulting nation to a country of financial independence with a wide program of public works and education. Foreign debts have been wiped out. Taxes are lower. There is no unemployment.

Happy over Venezuela's fine economic condition, we awaited our dinner-guest that night. Now would we penetrate the stranger's engaging mystery?

He joined us at the appointed hour in the quiet cool patio

of the hotel. His shabby traveling suit had been carefully brushed; his face shone. He greeted us with more warmth than at any time in our sketchy acquaintance. Looking about him at the luxurious court, the splashing fountain and the thickets of acacias and palms against the walls of Moorish tiles, he sighed: "This is as it should be!"

In that atmosphere of soft rugs and courteous service our mysterious guest appeared more at home than he had in the shabby democracy of the motor-bus. We saw him take a long sensuous breath of the acacia perfume that floated in from the patio.

After dinner, over a cigar, he began to speak softly, with downcast eyes. "Do you wonder why I haven't told you anything about myself? I never talk about myself, but I owe you an explanation for your hospitality. . . . My name is Francis Duval. Once I was wealthy, I had houses, yachts, motor-cars and polo ponies. I knew important people in both the social and the political world. I travelled, all over, for pleasure! Now—I travel to live!" He laughed, bitterly. "I lost everything in Wall Street in 1929. Like yourselves, I am North American. I live in New York. After the crash, my only asset was a knowledge of languages. I had expected to use them in the diplomatic service. But they only served to get me this job as a lowly oil salesman!"

Then he unburdened his lonely soul, told us how he had been attracted to us, his own people, in the dingy café at Port of Spain and had hurried through his business at Fyzabad to go out to Pitch Lake, hoping to meet us. He had been glad to find us on the ship. He had wanted to go with us to Macuto, but his sensitiveness over his reduced circumstances, his appearance, his inability to return our hospitality, had made it impossible to be at ease with us and had forced him to his seeming rudeness. He had wanted to tell us this story on the bus, but he was afraid we would snub him if we knew the truth.

"I thought you were a diplomat," I told him, disappointed that he was not an escaped convict, "on a secret mission!"

Francis Duval grew serious. "Perhaps I *am* a diplomat, though I seem to be only an oil salesman." He paused, dramatically. "To you, my friends, I confide a secret. When I lost my money I thought I saw the end of my dream for a diplomatic career. But no! Now I preach my doctrine of Pan-Americanism as I travel around South America on my simple business. It is needed; everywhere I go I hear complaints about the Monroe Doctrine!"

We too had heard criticism of this North American doctrine, even though it had helped the struggling young republics of the South to get on their political feet without European aggression.

"I find that the Latin Americans, except in Brazil and Peru, are fearful of our imperialistic claws!" said our guest sadly. "My colleagues in the oil business, especially in Chile and the Argentine, say that the Monroe Doctrine should be abandoned, that it is no longer needed, and is now only an excuse for the United States to police the Western Hemisphere and interfere in affairs that are not their own."

"What d'you tell them?" asked Tom.

"That if they wish to be equal with the Colossus of the North they shouldn't have us for their bankers, their engineers, and school-teachers. I say, 'Stand on your own feet!'" He leaned forward eagerly, obviously launched on his favorite subject. "But, to you, I say that the Monroe Doctrine should be replaced by a Pan-American treaty of mutual protection! Why should we be the self-appointed guardians of all Latin America? The responsibility should rest jointly with both the Americas! Pan-Americanism is the only solution. I tell that to everyone who will listen. The nations of this Western Hemisphere shouldn't be hostile rivals but friends, standing together, bound by a common interest and ideas of democracy, by mutual good-will and trust. I argue that the United States supreme is a danger to Latin American countries, but a hostile Latin America combined is bad for the United States. I tell them that, separated, we are subject to the world's rivalry, but united we are strong."

Our guest looked at his watch, and rose with a sigh. "If you knew what this evening has meant to me! To be invited again to a first-class hotel, to have a dinner like this! Once I took luxury so thoughtlessly. I'll remember it many times, in surroundings . . . well, not so pleasant!" He walked with reluctant steps toward the door. "I leave tomorrow by motor-bus for La Guayra, then on to the Maracaibo oil fields. I'd like to go down by train, but the bus is cheaper. I've been ordered to keep down my expenses"—with a grimace.

Then clicking his heels in military fashion, Francis Duval shook our hands. "May we meet again, in happier times, when I can return your kindness!" he said gaily. And pulling on his hat with a flourish, this brave man who was making the best of bad fortune, disappeared toward a hotel that Baedeker would not have starred.

Next day we returned to La Guayra, and back in Trinidad caught our steamer for New York, really facing home at last. We brought with us Francis Duval's message:

"Tell people back in the United States that we must stop using the strong-arm method on South America. We need to make them our friends. Remember that the United States would be humiliated to be protected by another nation, even if it was for our own good. We must not tactlessly insult South Americans or hurt their feelings. Let us mind our own business, and let them mind theirs. We must combine with them for the common good, use the Golden Rule, treat them as they wish to be treated.

"That's what I want you to broadcast at home! If I can get that idea across, perhaps the market crash didn't lick me. Perhaps after all I am a United States ambassador-at-large to South America—without portfolio!"



















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