

Rua Clarissa Indio do Brasil 36

Rio de Janeiro, Nov 5, 1929

(Tues.)

Dear Prof. Hitchcock,

I wonder if you are
nearing home by this
time. I hoped to find a

letter from you at the
consulate, but there was

nothing. American

Consul, please tell Miss

Hiles, is now on Praia

Flamengo, Rio de Jan,

(not mingo)

instead of on Avenida

Rio Branco. But they as-

ured me at the consulate

that mail would be

sent there, though addressed

to former place.

It is still raining, has rained most of the time since I landed. I have one pressful drying, including two things I did not get before, *Olyra micrantha*, very common on upper slopes but all past when I was in Brazil before, and *Panicum racemosum* (or perhaps *uvulleatum*). This is the sand binder on the coast outside the bay. It was all sterile last time. Sunday by searching a mile of it I got 10 specimens with panicles, nearly all I saw. My

first specimen of *Pasp. decumbens* spoiled my key. The first glume on the two splets of a pair are not alike, one is elongate as in others of the group!

The Southern Cross came into the bay after midnight and was at anchor at dawn, so we missed the impressive entry. My chum and I were out at daylight but fog covered all but the nearer peaks. We landed about 8 o'clock and Dona Maria Bandeira awaited us. We recognized each other

while we were still on deck,
she on the quay. She has
an automobile now, and
the Evanses having but
12 hours in Rio I played
truant, left all but my
hand baggage and we
all went off with Dona
Maria. I had been told
by State Dept to call at
Embassy here for free
entry permit, so did not
suppose I could get my
baggage out that day
anyway, but I learned
next day that Mr. Meyer
of the Embassy
was at the custom
house to get out my

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baggage. I was sorry, but
the one day in a lifetime
with Mrs. Evans to ride
around this wonderful
country was not to be
missed. We had planned
to hire a car (the Evanses
had). After taking us to
the Jardim Botânico and
over the famous drive
Avenida Niemeyer to Alta
Boa Vista, ^{Dona Maria} she brought us
back down town where
we had lunch and
then to the bank for
money. I thanked my
McLachlan bank for

advising me to take some money besides the draft I bought from them. The man said there might be delay in cashing it. I took the draft with a letter from the N.Y. bank on which it was drawn recommending me to Banco Brasil. After long consultation I was told they couldn't cash any of it until they had written or cabled to N.Y. and received an answer. So I went to Nat. City Bank of N.Y. and cashed a \$50 ABA traveller's

check. Mrs. Evans had another traveller's check which they demurred over, but finally a young man newly from N.J. appeared and they seemed to take his word for it so we got our money. Then Dona Maria took us to station for car up Pão da Assucar and left us. It was not a clear day so the Orçãos nuts were not in sight, but the view was glorious anyway. After that there was only time to buy

picture postals and return
to Southern Cross. Poor
George said he wouldn't
have to walk the deck
for exercise that night,
we had walked him
miles. ⁹ Dona Maria had
stopped here with my
hand baggage on the
way out Thursday morn-
ing. The pension is run
by a Russian, Miss Zoe
Brandt, whose father was
once ambassador from
the old Russia. She is one
of the dispossessed, poor soul.
The place is clean, haven't
seen a single cockroach.

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The rate is 300¢ a month, room, cafe (an orange and banana with it!) and evening dinner. That is about \$1.25 a day, very reasonable. The baggage is stacked up under shelter at one side of the patio and I was allowed to take an old table into the patio to put my plants in press. I used the patio for drying the one day there has been sun. My room has running cold water. A hot bath is 2¢ (about .25). I am keeping clean by means of my wash bowl as yet, I'm squeamish about

Brazilian bath tubs, even ⁱⁿ so
relatively clean a bathroom
as here. The meals are excellent
with vegetables, which I never
had before, except as garnish to
meats, save at homes of
missionaries. I hope Mrs.
Mexia will like it. Of course
it isn't convenient, no place
to put things except a small
wardrobe, but things in
Brazil never are convenient.
It took me some time to
find out where and when
the Villanger lands - 7:30
Monday morning. The
agent will take me out in
the launch, the boat does
not come to the dock. I
shall be glad to turn over

$\frac{17}{22}$ of this awful baggage to Mrs.
Mexia. I was glad to see
from her passport that she
is quite young, only 49. I'll
take advantage of my extreme
age to let her look after
baggage. I feel as if I'd had
my fill of it. Tell Miss
Niles the "jinx" followed me
to the end. As I said Mr.
Meyer took my passport
Friday and went down to
customs to get my bag-
gage, saying it wasn't neces-
sary to have the keys or for
me to go, so I went on to
the missionaries here to
whom I had letters, to learn
what to do about my draft,
etc. when I got back

here 20 pieces of baggage had
been delivered instead of 23
(one my cabin suitcase). I went
back to Mr. Meyer and we took
a taxi down (the way I've had
to spend money for taxis is
a crime) to customs. The customs
list said 20 pieces for me.
I had checked up ship's list,
21 in baggage, 1 trunk and
suitcase in cabin. Mr.
Meyer and I began to hunt
and found 2 in one place
and one in another, all
plainly ticketed with my
name. Mr. Meyer had
them brought out, then
list had to be changed (not
locating 23 apparently the

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customers men coolly
made it 24, what they
could find!) and Mr. Meyer
turned these over to a
carregador. About 6 that
evening the two trunks
were delivered, but the
suitcase the man wanted
to give me wasn't mine.
Miss Braudt came and
explained for me, and
then comforted me by
saying they would probably
find mine and deliver
it, next day or maybe
Monday, but "this is
Brazil!" It did come

Saturday about 10, so I joyfully
started out with my portfolio
for the first time - wasn't
raining either, though
everything was so water
soaked the steep slopes
slipped under foot. It was
a holy day - All Souls, the
Brazil decoration day, so
Dona Maria (whose father,
the doctor who attended me
when I had grippe, died last
Feb.) was not at the
Jardim. Her mother is
away with relatives
for a few weeks so
Dona Maria is free to

go to Pico da Bandeira
with us, to my great joy.
The season is not advanced.
I saw plenty of Pharus, none
with panicles yet, same is
true of Lasiacis. I am hoping
we shall not be too
early for Pico da Bandeira.
I haven't been able to see
Dona Maria ^{since}. I went out
yesterday morning, but she
gets to work at 11, and I
was to call on Ambassador
Morgan at 11, which I
did. He was very kind,
gave me a letter to min-
ister of Agric., to whom he
said I ought to pay my

respects. I am impatient
of all this calling our
officials in the middle
of the day. However, it
rained all Friday and
all yesterday. But I have
to appear in trim condition
so have to take a taxi.

Dr. Walds Schmitt said one
should always take a taxi
to any officials for the im-
pression it makes. I said
I was afraid the official
wouldn't be looking out
the window to see my
grand arrival. However
in the rain it is the only
way not to appear be-

17-120051 1909

dragged. A Dona Maria
told me the last pkg of
grasses we sent had
been opened at customs
and obviously mixed up.
She left them for me to
straighten. She said pkg
for the Jardim had never
been opened before, but there
has been much smuggling
of milk and customs officials
are getting "very bad" like
our prohibition officers who
make a show by attacking
small fry and letting the
privileged bootleg as they
please, I suppose. I am

going out to see her this
morning and call on
Senhor Moraes this after-
noon, Ambassador Morgan
made to appointment for
me. I want to go out to
see Sr. Sampaio and I hope
Sr. Editha Suthlage, but I
don't want to put off "pay-
ing my respects" to Sr.
Pacheco Leão and Sr. Campos
Porto. Sr. Kulilman is
transferred to the Florestal
and Dona Maria has
his place, so she is not
free to give all her time
to ~~masses~~ masses now.
I want to see Sr. Sampaio

before we go to Pico da Bandeira
because it was in Espirito
Santo (whence we ascended) that
he got Olyra Sampaiana, and
lac "Reve" is not on map.
I've just found it in Guia Levi
(Ry guide I bought first day).

By help of Senhor Braga,
Bras. Protectante to whom I
I had a letter I deposited my
\$2000 (16820# changed at Nat City
Bank, with 34# Bras. tax to pay)
at Banco Brasil and have
letter of credit on banks in
interior. Banco Brasil is
clearing house for all the
banks of Brazil. It took
half an hour of Senhor Braga's

time and an hour more
of mine to secure this. I
cashed 2 contos (about \$250)
so am conscious of my
money belt. The letter of
credit doesn't fit this belt
and I had to make
another out of a bag. I
had hoped I could open
an account and have
a check book but that
isn't done in Brazil
apparently. — Going to Jardim
Bot. — to be continued.

Very best wishes,

Sincerely

Agnes Chase
Here are Bras. air mail
stamps for you. Had an awful
time getting them with no letter to put
them on!

Memo 15

Nov 5 4 pm.

continuaçãõ

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

Through Dona Maria
and her car I've cleaned up
all my calls - it almost
persuades me to be a
wisher for an automobile.

This city is so frightfully
time consuming. First I

straightened out the
mixed grasses, ^{mentioned} labels
dumped together in the
middle, but all there.

I showed D. Maria the
piece of type of *Trisetum*
brasilense and told her
the author was a Trappist.

2
She is a devout Catholic, two of
her sisters were, so I do not
mention my Protestante
friends to her. She had
acquired some informa-
tion about how to get to
Pico de Bandeira. I men-
tioned wanting to call on
Dr. Campaio and she said
she would take me out
in her car. When I went
by street car before it took
two hours - it is away
inland at São Cristovão.
She stopped to let me
deliver my letter to Dr.
Morais (from Waldo
Schmidt). I promised to
send him a set of grass

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rusts etc. My sending a set of my grasses to Jardim Botânico certainly made a list and I've promised to do so again. I enclose a note for Mr. Swallen about duplicates from N. Amer. Dr. Sampaio speaks about as much English as I do Portuguese, but D. Maria interpreted. I had to listen again to the story of my adventure at Oliveira. A Mr. Gorham on the boat, after being introduced by Mr. Evans and learning I'd been in Bras. before asked me with a grin if I'd been at Oliveira. He knows Dr. Ralfs. I hope

that accounts for it and not
 that Liu "afamada" as the
 crazy women eating grass.
 Dr. Sampaio opened a pkg
 of the last lot we sent
 him. Specimens are laid
 in folders of firm white
 paper, not fastened in any
 way, but label and another
 museum label are pasted on.
 He had not received the
 report of his last sending -
 I left the letter for Mr. S
 to sign. Dr. Sampaio is a
 delicate looking man about
 Standley's size and age, with
 a scarf wrapped round his
 neck this cold day. He
 called Mr. Vidal who

had collected *Olyra lamparans*
and he told me which way
to go from Revere. It grew in
the matta (woods). Vidal has
not been up Pico de Bandeira.
Dr. Editha Smithlage is in
Amagoras. I hope she will
be back before I leave in
May. I missed her last
time. Coming back D.
Maria dropped me at
ministry of Agriculture, ^{down in the city} and
went back to her work—
she had given me full
half a day (Bras. day begins
ring at 11). I presented my
letter for Sua Excelencia
but the flunky pointed to
a notice that his ex-gave

audience on (quintafeira
 5th day, Thursday)
 So I asked for Dr. Campos Porto
 who is now asst. secy. When
 I handed him my card I
 said "Lembra-me o seu-
 hor?" He did, when he
 saw my name and was
 most cordial, but my
 Portuguese did not keep
 up with that first sentence.
 He introduced me to another
 whose name I did not
 catch. He knew me by name,
 he said. Then a few minutes
 later Dr. C-P and I were called
 into the presence of Sua
 Excellencia (who could only be
 seen on Thursday). He was

kind and polite. I understood enough Portuguese to know Dr. C. P. was telling him of my giving a set of my Bras. grasses to Jard. Bot. (which is under ministry Agric). Warrant it a wise thing for us to do! When Sua Ex (Castro his name is) asked me if I wanted anything of him I felt very happy inside to say "Nada, senhor, meo departamentos disse-me fazer o homenagem ao minister da agricultura da Brasil." (I'd been getting that ready). He smiled most complacent.

ly and bowed. I do want
a letter in Portuguese telling
whom it may concern
what I'm at, but Dr. C-P
can give me that. He is to
be at Jardim Bot tomorrow
at 10, so am I, and with D.
Maria to interpret I hope
we can make arrange-
ments for Pico da Bandeira.
Dr C-P may come, too. The
route I had picked out on
the map is not feasible.
We can go up through
Espirito Santo, stopping at
Reve where Chyra camp.
came from, but the best
ascent of the pico is from

Espera Feliz, just across the
Ninias border. Miss Rolfs and
I went to Caparaó, the station
beyond. After a visit of about
10 minutes with Dr. C-P and
the man whose name I
failed to catch, Dr. C-P called an
attendant, sent him down the
elevator with me - I didn't
~~know~~ why till he called
a motor car. I supposed he
took it for granted I always
used a taxi and I played the
expected part, but discovered
I was being sent home in
Dr. C-P's car! Assist-secy
of Agr at home doesn't do
that for me! It is agreeable
to feel I am welcome at Jardim
Botanico. It reminds me of

[70]

my cordial welcome at Vienna
in 1922. - So, in spite of con-
tinuous rain, things are
progressing. But I wish it
would stop raining. I ~~did~~
delivered ^{the things I brought}
for the missionaries, on rainy
days. I've just looked in phone
book and find Berlitz school
here. If it still rains tomorrow
after I've been to find Bot. I'm
going to Berlitz and take a
dose of Portuguese each day
it rains. A young Russian
who lives here, and who hand-
led my baggage for me when
I got out what I needed
was so fair I spoke to him
in German after agonized
efforts to say what I wanted

in Portuguese, and he answered. I remarked that I thought he was German but he said he was Russian. Sunday evening he watched me put plants in press in the patio and I told him about Lange-dorf and that we exchanged plants with Bot Gard, Petrograd. (I didn't say Leningrad - they are obviously Whites here.)

Last night while I was eating dinner a man who dines at another table - an American I was told, but his English shows he is not American-born - told Senhara Brandt that Pilsudski had led an army into Polish parliament and was evidently going to become

dictator if not king. Miss
Brandt said a king is mooch
better - look at Brazil. The
discussion was interesting, the
man saying Brazil had an
exceptionally wise king who
did much for the country, but
one president (didn't catch his
name) had done more for
progress in 5 years than
all Dom Pedro had done.
But she was unconvinced -
France, all the countries, would
be much better if they had a
king. Poor soul, she is kind
to me and brave to work for
her living when she obviously
wasn't brought up to do it,
but her bitter scorn often
appears: "you pay them and

then you have to say 'Do me
a favor.'" ("Faca favor" be-
gins practically ~~begins~~ every
sentence demanding anything)
And I remembered that Brazil-
ian slaves revolted over 100
years ago, though many
remained to be peacefully
freed in 1888. It struck me
that revolted slaves and workers
who had wrought a revolution
alike demand "please" when
they work for one, even when
they are paid, too. ^{Getting away}
_(she has been here 5 years)
from the hated Bolsheviks, she
still has to say "facá favor" to
her servants and tradespeople.
Tough luck, she ought to have
gone to U.S. where "niggers
know their place" and where
workers that preach revolution

peaceful or otherwise are imprisoned
like Mooney, or electrocuted like
Sacco and Vanzetti, and where the
murderers of strikers are declared
not guilty, like the Penn. ~~state~~
mine policeman who killed a
Pole this year, and the men in
North Carolina who killed Ella
May, who composed workers'
songs.

I am wondering what
is happening in the world. On ship-
board I learned from radiograms
of Briand's resignation. The new
cabinet with Briand as minister
of foreign affairs wasn't definitely
settled when I landed. I ordered
Nation and World Tomorrow
sent to Amer. Consul for me.

I hope I shall get a letter
from you soon. I wonder if
you had time to look up in London
the questions I sent you there.
Very best wishes, Sincerely yours
A.C.

Sunday Nov 10, 1929

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

Yesterday Dr. Buttercourt called and took me to the *Estação do Serviço de Industria Pastoral*, in Ministry of Agriculture, and we did not find any of the other parts of the ministry but been to. This with animals and Est. Agronômica with grass plots, crops etc are like our Arlington, Bell, and the place beyond College Park - Beltsville - which our Dept Agr. has. The grass herb of Dept Agr. is in the place visited yesterday. The specimens are well preserved and labeled, but so

far as I went the identifications
are mostly incorrect. The
botanist on the staff, responsible
for the naming, is lame
with a broken leg so I
did not see him. I sug-
gested that Dr. B. send the
whole lot to Wash. to be
named and returned. He
accepted gladly and said
we were to help ourselves
to part of the material I
had that in mind. Most
of what I saw is from
Southern Brazil, which
I shall not see. It will
enrich our Brazilian
collection and be a great
help to our "colleagues."

When the building I saw
being prepared at Deodora
is completed the herb. will
be moved to that station.
I said to send the grasses
next May or June, for I
knew you and Mr. Swallen
would not have time
this winter for them. There
will be the equivalent, I
estimate, of 2 of our herb.
cases, but many specimens of
same species. As I said
in my last letter, Dr. B. needs
lacks books of all sorts. Yes-
terday he showed me his
typed copy of Hackel's keys
in Engler & Prantl's *Pflanzenfam!*

and among other typed
excerpts, the typed copy of
keys to genera from your
Grasses of Ecuador Peru and
Bolivia! You can sympathize
with such sincere desire to
accumulate necessary liter-
ature. The list I send is one
he made up (when he was
prof. at São Paulo I think)
from a price list our Div.
Publications sent him in
response to request for
some specified publications.
He says it is very difficult
to buy outside Brazil through
the Ministry of Agric. and
that if he orders through
book dealers here they

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make little effort to get
scientific papers and then
double the price. Can't you
explain to Div. Publications or
someone higher up that the
publications requested are
for a bureau of the Brazilian
Ministry (dept) Agriculture.
The gift will be known up
to the minister himself (even
my set of grasses to Jardim
Bot is) and ~~create~~ ^{further} paid attention
can good will. You see
Dr. B is a Frenchman used
to the libraries of Paris - now
wonder he is pretty desperate
here. Beside his official work
he is doing "biometrics" at

home, he showed me quantities of plotted curves and proudly displayed a very fine binocular recently bought for him.

He is young - under 30 I should think - and is going to a great deal to advance Brazilian agriculture. Can't US Dept Agr afford to send him Journ. Agric Research and Experiment Station Record.

He gave me a carbon copy of a typed copy of the elder Gaillard's "phytogeography" we'd call it. Its definitions of Bras. terms for habitats will be a great help to me.

- I stopped for morning coffee and to change driers.

It has stopped raining just now after pouring all night, but is still lowering. I do hope the sun will come out and let me dry up my great stack of driers. The Pico da Bandeira excursion is all arranged. We leave Wednesday 8 pm. with Dona Maria, probably Dr. C-P, and a man from Jardim Bot. And we go up from Espírito Santo side as I wanted to in the first place. This is longer but is unspoiled while the Minas side is "devastado" Dr. C-P said. Miss Rolfs and I camped in burned and down timber much as we find in Idaho and cattle trails were what

led us astray. From the nearest town on my way we go by auto mobile, then horse back, stay over night at a fazenda and probably camp one night. Returning I plan to spend several days, maybe a week or more in Espirito Santo (New Mexico, too, probably), but Donna Maria must return direct for her mother will be home about the 21st. She came because her mother is visiting a married sister. Her father, the kind doctor who attended me when I had grippe and refused pay, died last Feb. Dr. C-P will have to return direct also.

I learn that a complete set of Ule's plants are at

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the Museum Pac. Will you
please ask Miss Miles to
copy the Ule numbers and
names from our Myz
list (with other mus lists in
your bookcase, left hand
pile, shelf with key books)
and check in red or blue
as on that list. ^[see * next page] I'll look
them up at the Museum
before I leave next May.
Miss Baudouin says it is
difficult to use the herb
at Museum, that Dr. Sampaio
is reluctant to allow it, and
gets out covers himself, not
allowing one to go to cases
himself. (reminded me of

Florence, Italy). I hope it is only
jealousy between ^{Nat.} Museum and
Dept Agric (we know something
of Nat. Mus. disagreeableness
too!) and that Sampaio will
let me at the Ue graces.

I doubt if he has Meys' names
for them. [Besides, please have
Miss Niles look in type index
* for species checked in red
and give species Meys'
name is referred to if not
left valid.]

I failed to bring franked
envelopes - have but 2. If
Miss Niles will mail me
10 or 15 for embassy mail
it will save postage on

big letters. I hope I shall
find a letter from you
at the consulate tomorrow.

If it isn't pouring I'm
going up Carcavass this
afternoon. A gigantic bronze
figure of the Christ (a copy,
I think, of Christ of the Andes)
is being erected at summit,
and ascent is only allowed
on Sunday (when workmen
are not going on) at 2 pm, but
one train. It is always
raining in Serra do Caparaó,
we are told - and Miss Rolfs
and I fanned it so - so there
is no one hoping for fair
weather on our coming
trip, but I do hope it isn't too

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early for lots of grasses. I'll probably mail pkg 1 at consulate tomorrow. It is ready. Please ask Mr.

Swallen to open it and air for a while near steam-pipes. Ask him with each bundle to open and then stick the franked tag with number in the pkg.

Wednesday 10 am.

"Down to Jehenna, or up to the Throne,

He travels the fastest, who travels alone!"

Mrs. Mexia's boat, due yesterday, but which I was told by the agent, after waiting an hour for him one day last week, to meet

at 7:30 this morning is
expected Thursday - and
we had arranged to leave
for Serra da Caparaí Wed-
nesday evening. There
has been such an awful
lot of time consumed by
this doubling the expedition
- nothing that is in any
way Mrs. Meira's fault, but
certainly he travels the
fastest who travels alone.
Of course it will save expense
eventually. There is another
train Friday, but that
shortens Mrs. Meira's
time. I am going to
leave pkg 1 at the con-

culate. I hope I'll get a
letter from you. Tenha
paciencia seems to be the
motto of Brazilians - it
is terribly hard for a
American to adopt it.

Very best wishes, I hope
you are safely back in
Washington and feeling
well. I have not had a
letter from you for two
months. I know mails
are slow, but I hoped you
would send a letter here
from Europe. Very best
wishes,
Rising

HITCHCOCK AND CHASE LIBRARY
Smithsonian Institution

AC

Bitancourt, Agesilau

off title in Jan 8, 1930: Encarregado
da Estação Experimental de
Agrostologia Deodoro [Riodes].

Minister of Agri Lyra Castro

See Letter (oversize) from B to AC (in Rio)
8 Jan 1930 To Consulate

TAN

Date

where are papers of

George Black?

Other Data

Date of Photo

Present Position & Address

Tuesday Nov 12, 1929

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

A letter from Miss
Niles says you arrived in
N.Y. Oct 25. I hope you
had a smooth voyage
and that you arrived
feeling well. I suppose
my letters to you at
New marked "Hold" will
be coming back for a
month.

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I went to find Bob
yesterday, distressed by
delay of Mrs. Mexia's box,
and was met by Donna
Maria with the news that

her mother is to return next
Monday, so she couldn't go
to Serra da Bandeira and
neither could Dr. C.P. be-
cause there is a bill be-
fore the Senado in regard to
Fard Bot, which was to
have come up last week
and didn't. He can't leave
for it is his measure to
reorganize the Fard Bot.
(Doesn't that all sound
natural to U.S. Dept Agr.) So
letters have been prepared
for us to the fazendeiros
and Dona Maria wrote
out the schedule of trains,
both day and night,
and we shall go so.

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(So is Portuguese for alone) We shall probably go by day train to see the country, leaving 5:40 am, Sat. Staying over Sunday and departing at the junction in Esp. Santo. Or if boat comes early Thursday, so there will be time to get baggage and pack we can go Friday, but that will hardly be possible, even with kind Mr. Meyer's getting the baggage it isn't likely to get out here till late.

This is first clear day for a week. Yesterday in the drizzle I worked till 5 at

Jard Bot, sorting up Kubler
maria's Amazon grasses. K
is at the Florestal and just
left his grasses unlabeled
except for slips with loc
for the greater part. Many
have nothing. There I.
maria said to lay aside,
that Dr. Ducke would discard
them. I am to take duplicates
of all and there are 2 collections
of Panicum colossum Döll!
and quite a lot of bamboo.
Not all are Amazon, I forgot
some Stachys. It will be a
good haul for me - good
collecting on rainy days.
But today I go across the bay.
Best wishes. Yours sincerely
Agnes Chase

Chronicle of excursões to Serra da Caparaó

Left Rio Nov 19, 5:40 am. Train ran around the bay, Avicinnia mangroves before reaching Merity where Cuyler and I botanized in Jan 1925. Passing the mangrove marshes, long stretches of low ground full of Poep virgata group, P. millegrana commonest, and the one with long pyramidal panicles (no terrible name as I recall our list); Erianthus with lovely silvery-pink

panicles, quantities of Typha forming pure stands, grassy stretches again with Androp. bicar. rios, its bushy tops just fluffing out, Echinochloa sabulecola (E. crugallii crispus) I think, very tall, rather infrequent, another Echinochloa with long reddish runners extending into water, with colony of Panicum chloroticum nearby. Dry slopes full of Imperata (shorter panicle sp), some Androp. leucostachys (probably); Jaraguá (Hyparrhenia rufa) becoming abundant at north end of Est. Rio de Jan. After leaving bay region much sugarcane grown to Macaé on coast and north, Campos being a big town, center of sugarcane industry. Many carloads of cane, most red to crimson, and most of the children chewing cane. Oxen or bullocks and wooden-wheeled carts used for

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hauling. High very rugged mountains in distance throughout. Entering Espírito Santo the ground rose, *Olyra micrantha* and climbing bamboo bordering woods, the hills covered with coffee trees or weedy second-growth matta; not much original matta left. Land cleared by burning and hacking down as much as possible. Old big logs seen lying in coffee plantations and stumps of palm among corn (milho). A cucumber ^{about 4-5 cm. across} with yellow flowers, and small leaves shaped like those of hop-vine seems to be first invader of burned areas. Clear from Rio to end *Panicum barbinode* covered moist fields and waste ground and *Melinis minutiflora* the steep red clay ~~steeper~~ slopes, its characteristic heavy odor everywhere. *Pan maximum* also abundant. "Para" grass is *Capim de Angola* in Brazil. These 3 African grasses are the dominant grasses of the whole region, *Melinis* reaching clear beyond Sta Barbara de Caparas; up the cleared or partly cleared lower slopes of Serra de Caparas. We reached Itapererim at 20:10 (= 8:10 pm) and stayed over night. We had had 20 minutes for dinner about 6:30, the first real Brazilian meal Mrs. Mexia had had, rice, fajã (black beans), farinha soaked in fat, meat, egg. We left Itapererim at 6:10 am. (Nov. 20). Passed good Jaraguá pastures, many cattle, Paep.

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virgata group (millegrana most prominent)
and Trichachne insularis standing untouched
in grazed land, mostly of *Axonopus compressus*.
Hills, where cleared, mostly in coffee. Reached
Alegre 10:18 with all our baggage, our U.S.D.A.
case (Al's) and 5 pieces of Mrs. M's, besides ^{our} hand-
baggage. We had a letter to Sr. Mario Almeida.
While Mrs. M. stood guard over the baggage at
station I set out to find Sr. Almeida. He is a
comprador de cafe and I found him in his
ware house, piled with coffee sacks. He said it
was impossible for the senhora to climb Capara's
and after trying desperately to make him under-
stand in my poor Portuguese that we were
going and only wanted him to help us get a
motorcar to Rio Pardo, I went after Mrs. M.,
whose Spanish is usually understood - they
nearly take it for bad Portuguese. We hired
a boy to stay with hand baggage and went
back to Sr. Almeida. A deafening jabber with
half the town taking part went on for an hour.
The road was impassable to Rio Pardo and it was
not nearest place to the mountain anyway. An
outlooker who knew the region said Santa Barbara

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de Caparaó was nearest, and a *caminhão* could make the trip. Finally Sr. Almeida said he would make arrangements for that afternoon if he could, now he must go to Almoscan. So we went to the very pretty little town park to wait an hour, where, at her request, I gave Mrs. M. lessons on grass structure from grasses there. We couldn't get a *caminhão* (motor truck) that afternoon, but could next morning, so we went to a "hotel" and Mrs. M. had noon meal, while I got baggage transferred to coffee warehouse ready for morning. Then we went botanizing (I'd been prospecting while Mrs. M. finished her meal). It wasn't much till we finally struck a bit of original woods (*matta*) where I found *Olyra Rampaiana* Hitchc. with tubers on its roots as related in fragment of letter sent. I had intended to stop at Reeve (type loc) on return to get it. The plants were found in two small colonies only, up a steep jingly slope and at its base. Relatively few were had inflorescence, I got about 10 specimens, about all the good ones I saw. I had been collecting some time before I found this. I dug some good sterile plants, cut off tops, wrapped base in big leaves and hurried back to Alegre to send them

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to Jardim Botânico to plant. I hope they reached⁵
them in good condition. Then I started out again
and collected one or two of every grass for Exp.
Santo locality. O. samp. was the only good thing
except 2 specimens of Pasp. I think is Döll's Paricum
resquiglume (aff. largui etc). The carinhão left
about 6:30 (it was due at 6) cost 150\$ with all
our baggage. The long ride to Santa Barbara de
Caparaó was delightful, though terribly rough,
through the hills with pale blue mountains
in the distance. We followed mostly Rio de
Caparaó, a beautiful stream with rapids and
one large slanting waterfall. Arriving at
Santa Barbara about 11, the driver, to whom Dr
Almeida had explained our object, explained to
the storekeeper (also hotel keeper and chief man of
the place). More talk by every man in the
place. Impossible for senhores, terribly
hard for men. It would take many days.
We said we were going to the camps above
the mata, if it took too long we would
not go to the Pico de Bandeira. By dinner
time (almoço I mean) he would see if he
could arrange. The man was a Syrian and

* In crossing the river, my pack mules bawled and I got into the water. "Any dry?" I thought in dismay. "Our food is soaked." Mrs. M. weilded. "But first I didn't get wet."

very intelligent. In afternoon I went botanizing, got *Panicum partrichum* (Chiriquense) again and some other *Panicums*, not much in all. We were to leave early next morning with 4 men, a guide and 3 others, one Antonio Timalhas de Cunha in charge, a man of confidence being godfather of the Syrian's children! We got off on mule back with our pack mules at 12:30! * Stopped about 4:30 at the house of

Virgents Barros, with a fearfully dirty Italian wife. ^{let us hang our wet things in the kitchen, it was raining of course.} She gave us hot milk and we made

a good meal from our own supplies. [We brought 3 long loaves of bread, 4 cans sardines,

- 1 Thomas cheese, about 2 lbs, 1 small roast chicken,
- 6 hard boiled eggs, rice, ^{about} 1 lb, beans very dirty same,
- large can of olives,
- sugar, salt, coffee, mate (Paraguay tea) matches, candles, a large tin box of crackers and a tin of gelade de abacaxi (pineapple) the last two I had.

I bought in Rio. The rice and beans, salt etc I protested against, I knew there would be no time to cook them, but Mrs. M. is terribly afraid of going hungry. The men took their own food and we finally gave them the rice and beans, the coffee, salt and sugar got wet and melted - I had not wanted the cafe. Oh, yes Mrs. M. had bought some

carried fruit to eat on the train and there was
 about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of that left, very good. Antoinis
 and the rest dispersed to their homes in the
 surrounding region. No one showed up
 till after 9 next morning, ^(Nov 23) we were packed
 and ready. Two men had backed out, it
 was walking from now on, and two
 more had to be found. Finally the guide
 and I started, ^{about 11} Mrs. M. to follow with the An-
 toinis and the two when they came. It was
 drizzling and after about 4 ~~or 5~~ kilometers
 we entered the rain forest with everything
 soaking above and below. We were to camp
 at a cave. We reached it about 4:30. It
 looked very inviting at first, ^{being dry} until the
 guide commented on the pulgas (fleas)
 then I saw the dusty earth was alive. I
 got back into the rain and began to col-
 lect while the guide burned dry palm
 leaves over the ground. I went back and
 warned Mrs. M. as they came up. It was
 raining hard now and I supposed we
 would have to stand the surviving fleas.

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I went back to the flea-infested shelter to put my plants in press, but Mrs. Mexia disappeared up the trail with Antonio and by the time my grasses were in she came back to tell me she had made camp for us, and there was a tent of "alligator skin" (a waterproofed silk, I think, strung between two trees. It was in a relatively flat place - far Brasil - but the slope above it would drain down, so we dug a trench on the up side. She had a sleeping bag with down comforts inside and waterproof outside, and she helped me make a bed out of my ground cloth, and blanket, with rubber poucho tucked in around the bottom. Her alligator skin poucho closed fairly well the windward end of the tent, and we peeled off our wet clothes and got into the dry ones which had been rolled inside the bedding. It was nice and snug in spite of heavy rain. We ate bread and chicken in bed. Of course I was cold during the night but slept some. We got back into our wet clothes at daybreak (Sunday Nov. 24) the men appeared

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with ^{hot} black coffee after a while - we had eaten and were ready - and at 6:30 we started, still raining but not hard. This was rain forest in very truth, the trail, where there was any, a deep sponge, or running rivulet, and every thing dripping water. In spite of the exertion of climbing it was cold. Serra da Gramma which I climbed with the Rolfs was the only rain forest I had seen before. Every thing was covered with ferns, from little filices to tree ferns. It was wonderfully lovely in spite of the discomfort and weariness. The trail had not been used for two years, the guide said, and he had to do a lot of cutting. It was very steep most of the way and very little going down across ravines, for which I was thankful, we seemed to lose very little by descending. Mrs. M. lagged, she can't climb fast, she said. I stayed near her or ranged between the men and her, for I am terribly afraid of losing the trail, and it was exceedingly obscure in places.

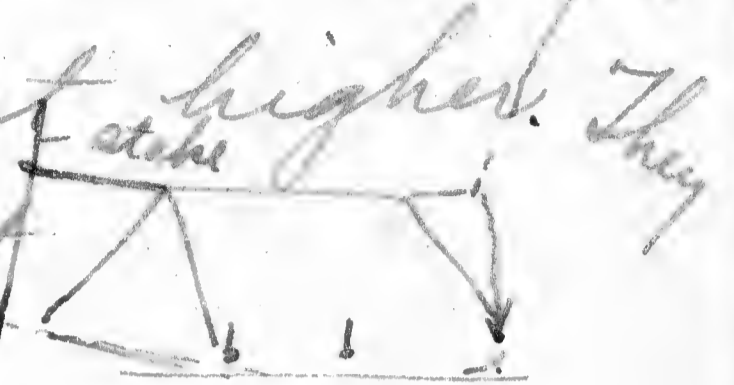
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My idea of following a trail is to keep in sight of the men ahead. I am as afraid of losing the trail, as Mrs. M. is of going hungry, and was scared several times when the men were too far away to answer shouts. Mrs. M. had no nervousness in the matter. When we reached the bamboo zone my heart rejoiced for that meant the camp soon. But this was really the hardest part of all for it was terribly steep, the bamboos (*Clusia trinitii*) tripped and caught us and showered us with water, though it had stopped raining and hope defered maketh the heart sick - it was up and up and up, stumbling and crawling for an eternity. My knees got so wobbly I almost went on all fours, my big knife serving as a good claw on one front foot. Mrs. M. lagged more and more to my dismay, but at last about 3:30 we struggled out of the bamboos and saw the men resting

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on the camp. I shouted for joy and old
Antonio grinned and said something
about "muito coragem" for senhoras
to make that ascent. He said no women
had ever done it before and very few
men. [The way to the Pic da Bandeira is
from Caparas in Minas, the way Miss
Roefs and I should have gone if we
hadn't got lost, but Sr. Campos
Porto said the Esp. Santo side was un-
spoiled, while the Minas side was devastated
— and I knew it was burned and
down forest.] We had a league still to go
[a legua is any distance in Brazil] to reach
the caseta, where we were to find shelter.
It was still climbing up the rocky camp,
but grasses all about rejoiced my
heart though my legs were wobbling
horribly. After about 2 km. of slow
going, the men away ahead, Mrs. M.
said she was too sick to go on, she had
nausea, and would have to stop. It

was then after 4. I hurried¹² after the men shouting my head off to stop them, and told them the other senhara was sick and they would have to put up the tent for her. We got her up somewhat higher. They set up the alligator skin tent



string on a rope tied from a point on a big boulder to a stake driven in the ground, all done very hurriedly because they had to get to the caseta before dark. One of them started a fire. I dragged up firewood, dug a trench, their being a long slope above us and got water. Mrs. M. recovered and made the tent more secure and laid out the beds - she certainly is an experienced camper. It began to drizzle and we shed our wet clothes - after I had a glorious fire going in the lee of the boulder - ate more bread and chicken and the last of the candied fruit. It was dark by that time. It began to

blow like fury, we were on an exposed shoulder of the mountain. We were afraid the tent would "come down". Then I noticed the firelight seemed very bright and I got into shoes and soaked raincoat, (shedding my dry sleeping garment) and got out to investigate. It was a beautiful fire but was too ardent to be safe in such a wind with all the brush I'd broken and piled near by for firewood, so I dug the clumps of mud and grass and threw on it, pulled out the biggest log and beat the fire out and finally left a little smouldering fire that I hoped would be alive in the morning - it wasn't. Mrs. M. got out later to refasten the porch to end of tent, so we both had a great night of it. The men were to come back in the morning and take us and our stuff on to the caseta, but it rained unceasingly and they did not show up. I tried to we got into our

wet clothes, after I had ¹⁴ ~~wring~~ ^{wring} them all as
hand as I could (I have much stronger hands
and wrists than Mrs M. has) and after we had
eaten in bed. ^(Nov 25) I tried to make a fire but
after using two boxes of matches and a
candle had to give it up. Every twig of
my firewood was soaking wet. We
left our things in the tent and started collecting
in arm loads. The dominant grass of the
campo here is a ~~Stenanthropis~~ ^{Calamagrostis} (?), a beauti-
ful sturdy thing with drooping purple
panicle. (I think I got it in 1925 on Caparas)
Danthorrias (2 sp I think) are next, Androp.
^{Androp. (Schizodrym)}
lateralis (?), Panicum superatum Hack., Pan.
aff. locum, Calamagrostis scarce, Axonopus
in dense clumps, a Bromus, scarce, Chus-
quea pinnatifolia in bloom, Briza calotheca
common - nothing startling, but all,
I think, will be new records for Esp. Santo
for my Grasses of Brazil. I collected several
sets for Mrs. M. too - it is too discouraging
sloshing around in the cold rain without
gathering something. We laid our arm loads

down by the edge of the tent and about 10 o'clock
 stripped again and got into the relatively
 dry clothes, sat on our bed rolls and, after
 eating a bite, started on the plants. We
 were just well under way when we
 heard the shout of the men. They had
 come to take us to the caseta. They
 wouldn't wait for us to put plants in
 press. We had made all that effort to
 get plants and neither of us wanted to
 abandon them - we were in perfect
 accord. They said the rains would have
 raised the rivers, we couldn't go back
 next day as we had planned - we
 had crossed Rio Capara^{twice}, on rocks
 and poles with aid of a hand of a
 man coming up - the men were all
 barefoot. All right we would go to the
 caseta the next morning early, but
 would remain in the tent that night. The
 guide got excited and said we might
 lose our lives - but what is life without

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the plants we came for, and we didn't believe
it anyhow. They went and we got back to our
plants and worked till dark - mine all in well
before and, ^{I'd put} several sets in for her. She is about
as slow a person as I ever saw (except my
eldest sister and Gen Van Eseltine). I had
deepened the trench at noon for the whole
mountain side was a running river,
but it hadn't been windy, only incessant
rain all day, and the tent seemed all right.
But after we'd eaten in the dark and laid
out our beds, Mrs. M. doing most of that,
it began to blow and pour. She stripped
to the skin and went out to make the
tent more secure, retie the pouches, which
I held from inside. She certainly has nerve
when it comes to facing cold. We finally
got into our beds and listened to the tent
flapping and billowing, hoping it would
hold - and it did. But after a few hours
we found we were lying in puddles - I
had been for some time but knew no
way out of it and she was asleep. When
she awoke her flash light showed our
trench was overflowing. We dug it out

with pick and knife and huddled in our wet bedding. Her sleeping bag had slipped toward the rock and was soaking wet at the foot as well. At dawn we went on putting her plants in, hoping the men would come early. They did, about 9. We got into our still wetter clothes, wringing out, left the tent and what we couldn't find, and set out in the cold driving rain up the rocky camp. Mrs. M. had several times said this seemed to her like Alaska, on the slopes of Mt. McKinley where she spent a month. Staggering along, we couldn't see 100 ft ahead of us hardly. I suddenly recognized the trail as one I had been over. I asked if we were in Mines. Yes. My heart sank, we were going to that awful hut where Miss Rolf's and I had spent a night. Some distance further on we looked down on the place, not besides the old hut was a stable or some such shelter and a wood house. O joy. We had been told there was a woman there. Drenched half-frozen and waddly and dirty

this blessed woman met us with a clean
 basin of hot water and a dry clean towel.
 Then she brought us cups of hot milk. The
 sympathy and kindness of it just upset me
 and I couldn't keep from crying. I was sur-
 prised and ashamed - neither of us had
 whimpered or whined at all. I tried to
 make believe it was a cold in my head.
 The hut had mud floors and the room
 they gave us had a platform built about
 half way between floor and roof. A fire
 was built on the floor. It was terribly
 smoky because all the wood was
 wet. We strung our ropes and straps
 across this tiny room above the fire
 and hung some of our things to ~~dry~~ ^{dry}.
 We were given dinner of rice and beans
 and salt mutton and olives (of all things!),
 and in the evening more rice and beans
 and just as we were going to bed the
 kind senhora called us again to the kitchen
 (next our room with door way but no
 door between) and gave us hot milk with

sugar and cinnamon in it. They had put two thin mattresses on the platform and sheets and some covers. We added my ponchos and wet blanket, and in nearly dry night clothes, ^{we} ^{a hen war} ^{cutting under} ^{the tail.} I had been wearing my new all-wood sleeves sweater for an undershirt - it saved my life. With the big sweater around my legs, my feet in its sleeves, I got warm at last, and slept. I had scarcely slept at all the nights we camped. We waked (Nov 27) to see the sun shining through the roof, blessed sight. We spread all our belongings out in the blessed sun, I went down to the stream and pounded rocks with some of our clothes (that's the proper way to wash clothes in Brazil). I didn't wash the khaki because I wanted to wear it. As soon as it was fairly dried out I got into it and my shoes and started back the old trail Miss Rolfs and I had come, wanting to find that little

new(?) *Danthonia*. But the clouds were settling down and soon I couldn't see 100 ft. I was afraid of losing the trail if I couldn't see the house in the little valley and had to give it up and collect within sight of it. Mrs. M. collected, too, and we put her plants in till dark. ¶ Antonio had snagged the side of his foot somewhere (how bare feet could ever endure that climb is beyond me) and it was inflamed and painful. He put some boiled leaves on it, refusing to take Mrs. M.'s advice to soak the foot in boiled water. But it was so painful he asked if we would put medicine in the water for him. "Put a drop of iodine in the water" she said. So I told him to boil water, keep his hands away from the sore. When the water was hot I put in the iodine and gave him my germicide soap to rub over the sore. I tore up one of my muslin bags (made to ship plants in), put iuguentine on a piece and

bandaged the foot. The next morning it was much better. I put on more Unguentine and fresh bandage, and the last day he was going barefoot back to Sta Barbara with no sign of a limp, but before saying good by he remembered his foot, said it was very bad and begged for Unguentine. We gave him a bandage with a little square with the Unguentine folded inside and he went off happy with his medicina. The family in the mud house on the mountain made me think they must be very much what pioneer Americans were, living in sod houses. The floors were earth, everything was smoky from the fires, yet things were clean. I wiped dishes and the dish towel was clean, she dipped the dishes into boiling water after washing them, and dipped water from the container (Standard oil can of course) with a separate can, not the one

they drank out of. Her lovely sturdy
 brown baby was kept in a big
 wooden box, with a dry quilt in
 the bottom. She fed him milk and
 bathed him in a big basin beside the
 day "stove." I wished for more
 Portuguese. I strongly suspect that
 she has somewhere been to a
 mission school. There were no
 images in the place now I recall
 either. My cold was developing and I
 shivered all night. My blanket (now dry)
 had slipped half off the bed and poor
 old Antonio "borrowed" it, passing through
 from the kitchen - the outer door was from
 "our room." ^(Nov 28) I waked and looked for my
 blanket in distress and shivered the rest
 of the night and had sore throat and
 cough worse by daybreak. We had come
 up from the cave campsite in one day, the
 men reaching this mud house the same day.
 Going back ought to be quicker and I was
 very anxious to reach Virgata Barras and

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not camp out again. Mrs. M. prefers outdoors
to native huts. We had everything packed and
ready by 7 and after listening to the men argu-
ing for half an hour we set off up the
trail. When the trail forked, one going to-
ward Ponto Crystal, where Miss Ralph and I had
gone, the other to the right, we stopped and
waited. The men didn't come and Mrs. M.
took the Ponto Crystal trail. She was a long
way off when our host appeared on
horse back and motioned to the other trail.
He was able to make her hear, and lent
her his horse to climb the long steep
hill. She offered to let me ride part of the
time but I was anxious to have her
fresh enough to keep up going down so
we wouldn't have to camp out. (It isn't
that I like flea-infested native houses, but
my bedding wasn't half enough to keep me
reasonably warm.) ^{When we were} Over the big hill the man
took his horse and left and we climbed
down and up and down the rocky cañons,
collecting some, to where we had left the
tent. Pico da Bandeira stood out gloriously

in the sunlight, we hadn't seen it before,
 though it towered over our camp. The
 herdsman at the hut said it could be
 climbed on horseback, he had taken his
 wife up. These people live near Caparasi,
 Misias, and had come up for the summer
 grazing. I wish we could have climbed the
 peak, but neither of us was now fit to do
 it on foot and we had no horses. After
 taking down the tent and hunting for lost
 articles we started on, I going top speed and
 Mrs. M. lagging. ^{When she caught up and we entered the bamboo zone} I had ^{fallen} ^{at} ^{10:50.} and struck my
 hip on a rock, ^{and} so that added to the difficulty
 of the descent - you know how you slip
 and slide down a steep trail tangled in
 bamboo, wet shoes hurting worse every
 minute. I collected a pretty Festuca,
 several Panicums, ^{Agrostis} Schizanthus, and a
 lot of ferns for Mrs. M. - still trying to
 speed her up, but to no effect. The river was
 higher than when we came up. The guide
 felled trees to make ~~bridge~~ foot logs for
 us. I had lost my voice by this time
 and the guide did try to speed things up,
 but it was after 4 when we reached the

flea-infested cave. I begged to go on but he said it would be dark before we were out of the matter. So there was nothing for it but to camp. While they were setting up camp under Mrs M's direction I tried to cross the stream alone on my wobbly legs and fell in, getting soaked nearly to the waist. The men made a fire and I huddled by it. They cut down two "palmettos," slender palms using the leaves to floor our tent. They heated water and I drank a lot of it and Mrs. M. somewhere found a bottle and filled it with hot water for me to buy. About dusk while Mrs. M. was making our beds and I was trying to get warm by the fire with my blanket around me, the men brought us some cooked heart of palmetto - perfectly delicious. Then we went to bed. I had a hard time getting my breath and passed a miserable night, but it didn't rain, and we got started by 7 or so in the morning (Nov 29), reaching Vinzents Barras a little after 10. The horses now had to be sent for - we would have to wait till

tomorrow here. I urged (in a whisper! having no voice) that we go on today. The guide had some barrels of mercury and when Antonio went into the house he told me he would get me to Santa Barbara that day. Antonio returned and said we couldn't and Antonio was "in charge." I said we would pay tomorrow's wages if we got to Sta Barbara today and Antonio began to think it might be managed. Finally they got one pack mule and we all walked to the first river crossing - I had insisted we could walk if necessary. The river was high and we crossed in a dug-out, ourselves and baggage, 3 loads. Then we waited more than 2 hours for the ^{animals} ~~horses~~ to be brought, one pack mule and 2 riding ones, the men walking except the guide who stopped at his home and caught up on a beautiful little bay mule. We made the second crossing by dugout and walked the last mile or so to Sta Barbara, getting there a little before dark. We had a good supper, after

interminable waiting, a big basin (2 1/2 ft diameter, which is the bath tub of interior Brazil) of fairly warm water each, and I slept. Nov 30, Saturday we spent drying plants - our main supply ^{of driers} had been left at Sta Barbara - and putting last collections made on way down and morning's walk into driers. Sunday Dec 30 I left

6:30 AM on the caminhão, with a family who were moving, for Teads on the railway, just caught the train and reached Rio

8:30 yesterday Dec 2. My grasses all came through in good condition. (Dec 3)

Today I've been laid up for repairs, one foot I can't get a shoe on, changed driers and spread them in one ^(heavy) stocking foot. The Russian doctor who took the bitches out of my hands yesterday, treated my ^{little toe} foot today, not a bitches but an infected spot, the nail broken loose at base - from descending in wet shoes, of course. Mrs. M. stayed over at

Sta Barbara to get her plants dried and perhaps collect more in that region.

Here endeth the chronicle of Caparas. I'm very glad I've been there from the Exp. Santos side, but I'm mighty glad it is over. My cold is getting better - I had

a long soak in very hot water yesterday, after I'd been to Consulate to get letters, which took out most of the soreness, and my voice is back, though hoarse. I had a hectic time getting a

ticket ^{at Veados} and my trunk (collecting case) on the train in a hurry when I could only whisper. A young man who spoke English came to my assistance, bless him, and then when the train stopped at a place where food was sold alongside he came and asked if I had time to get any breakfast. I said no, and he went out and handed me up a glass of milk and two little cakes. A woman asked

"E seu filho?" [is he your son?] so kind he was. But he wouldn't take the money for the food, which was embarrassing even if he were nice as a son. He appeared again at Itaperu

crisis where I was to get sleeper ticket and
 led me to proper place to get it. I failed to
 get dinner [evening] on the train as I intended
 to. I was waiting for someone to call out
 "dinner is now being served etc" or for the
 European way of selling tickets for place
 at table. I asked the conductor three times,
 on his rare appearances, about jantar, but
 all I could understand of the flow of
 language was "espero," ^[wait] and the third
 time "nada mais," nothing more. I
 was very hungry so rejoiced when about
 9 or later, children again appeared along
 side with food. I bought a chunk of bread
 with a chicken wing and gizzard in the
 left and felt better. The "nocturne" was
 put on at Campos about 10:30 and I
 washed some of the grime off and dropped
 into my ^{lito} "inferior" (lower berth) and slept in
 spite of the terrific rocking and lurching
 of the narrow gauge Leopoldina Ry. Dec 4^{9am}
 I'm lazy this morning didn't get up till 7:30. My

feet are less swollen and when the doctor has treated my toe again I hope I can get shoes on. I wore a slipper (gym. shoe) on one foot yesterday and heavy stockings on the other. I'll get off pkg 3 of grasses today if I can get shoes on to go to Camaculate.

I forgot the snakes. - While collecting *Olyra Sumbaiana* in second colony at base of hill I saw a snake's body about as thick as my wrist, some 8 ft away. The tail disappeared in the brush, looking the other way I saw the head raised, the snake watching me as noticeably as I was watching him. I quietly stepped backward as if from the presence of majesty, respecting his privacy. The second was about 15 inches long, 5 mm. thick, and cream color. The guide lifted it on his machete when he was sitting up our camp the last night out. He laid it down and pierced its little head with the machete.

Rio de Janeiro, Dec 2, 1929

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

As soon as I got back from Caparas this morning I went to consulate for mail and learned from Miss Niles' letters that you had the first operation Nov 4 and the second (she cabled at my request) on Nov 13 "condition satisfactory." I am so sorry there had to be two, but she writes as if that was expected. It is such a relief to have it over - I know you and Mrs. Hitchcock feel that way about it, too. I hope the suffering has not

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been terribly acute - I know it must have been bad

enough. Now for renewed youth and strength! Dr.

Lowie, anthropologist, in "Are we civilized," which Sampson sent me to read on the boat, balances up advances with drawbacks. He says, among others, the average length of life has been prolonged and more men undergo prostate operations and more women those for cancer. Applies to the two of us, but I'm stranger today at 60 than I was ^{17 years ago} before my operation for cancer (and I never guessed it was cancer till you casually referred to it when Mrs. Rolfs died) - I have just got back

from the hardest physical feat of my life - and I am counting on your operation's reducing your age 15 or 20 years, too. Miss Wiles says you expect to be in the hospital two months. I hope you can sit up in bed part of the time and be comfortable enough to read.

Isn't it a blessing that Mr. Swallen can look after things as well as he does? The way that boy has developed since he came to us is remarkable, I think, - I wouldn't swap him now for a dozen Hatchkisses - H & C are pretty good "developers" I surmise, but we couldn't

have developed what wasn't there,
nor have made a conscientious
botanist out of a youth given
to "bluffing," a vice pretty common
among "the younger generation"
taught by their elders!

Miss Niles says you have seen
your proofs and looked over our
markings. If you are sleepless
while in the hospital perhaps your
proofs will put you to sleep -
they have that effect at the office.

Miss N. writes of Mrs. Gill's death.
I am not surprised. Dr. Jaeger told
me she might go any time, and
yet it took pneumonia to bring
the end. For her own sake I am
not sorry, but I am for the
manual. I can make spikelets
and diagnostic sketches, but I
am no artist and could never
make plants live as she did.

I got in about 8:30 this morning.
Mrs. M.^{Mexia} remained at Santa Barbara
da Caparas for a few days to dry
her stuff and collect more there.
That is the last semi-civilized
place on Rio Caparas. I shall
send you an account in a
day or two. I want to get this
off today. Miss Rolfe called
here yesterday. She is at Bennett
College (not far from here) and
leaves tonight. I went over to
see her after I got scrubbed and
bichas de pe taken out of my
feet and hands. The Russian
doctor who lives here took 6
francs around my fingernails.
I had operated on the palms
of my hands (Mrs. M's, too) and

Dec 2, 1929

on my feet, but I hesitated to go at my fingernails for fear of infection. The doctor soaked them in antiseptic for half an hour before taking out the mother and family. I took out 2 from my toenails, soaked the places with iodine, then bound them in sterile gauze with Unguentine. Only one place hurts now.

I enclose a piece of a letter begun nearly 2 weeks ago. A second part got so sopping wet as to be unreadable, so I threw it away.

I meant to say Miss Rolfs was not in and I'm going again now. She leaves tonight.

With keen sympathy and very best wishes,

Sincerely
A.C.

Rio de Janeiro Dec 4. 9:30 am

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I hope you are well
over the worst of the pain
now, a month from the
first operation, and that
you can sleep and have
a good rest.

I have a letter of in-
troduction from Ambassador
Morgan to a Frenchman in
Petropolis who knew
Glagian, I understand, and
who knows where "crete
de Morim" is, the place
Glagiophyton came from.
As soon as my feet are well
I'll go to Petropolis and see

him. I am sending the account of Caparas' trip, but you needn't wade through it unless you wish. As I glance over it it seems a rocambolesque account of hardships - I didn't mean it to be that but my many bruises and sores and itching remains of tick and flea bites seem to have guided my pen. Glad I had the trip anyway. It is annoying to be laid up with this foot, but I'm so tired all over I'm not as impatient as I should be otherwise.

I saw Miss Rolfe the evening after I arrived. She had been down two days (That's the last time I had a shoe on.) Her friend, a teacher at Bennett College, is returning to U.S. in about 10 days. I am going to send by her a little Russian linen dress that I think is about the right size for Aurelia. I'll address it to Mrs. Hitchcock. Miss Brandt, my landlady has quantities of lovely Russian work she is selling for her

Russian proteges here. She
had a sale and tea while
I was away and Ambassador
Morgan came and bought
a good deal. He is a dear.

Miss Niles said you were
to remain two months in
the hospital. That means
the holiday there and that
you can't go to Ad. meet-
ings. - Later

Someone is going out
and I'll send this letter to
mail. My toe is still in
a sling and I can't go out.
Very best wishes.

Sincerely

AB

Dec 5,

Dear Prof Hitchcock

I can't get a big envelope
without going down town
so I'm sending papers
in pieces - hope all will
arrive together, a piece
left out might leave
you in suspense as to
whether we were eaten
alive by bichas and
ticks. I could put on

my shoes this morning
and begin to feel myself
again. Went to Fred Bot
this pm and made
list Killip wanted.

Very best wishes

Sincerely

AC

Hargreaves, Minas Dec 21

The end of a perfect day

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

Dr. Ralfe advised me to stop off at Hargreaves (Argrayaves in Brazilian) and it has proved to be decidedly rich. Within a km I'd collected *Thrasya thrasyoide* (I think) plenty of it in fine condition, *Pasp sanguin* *cotentum* and *P. lineare*, *Leptocoryphium* (last 2 new for me in Brazil). I ran from 10225 to 10265. Good things (new for me) are a funny looking *Panicum*, aff *olypoides*, *Panicum* of group next to *Dicaeth* (or perhaps *Dicaeth*), *Axonopus* (3 Cabera may have collected it before). With such nice specimens I

lost my head and find, putting
in press, I got a lot of duplicates.
It was a comfort to get reason-
ably sized stuff after the gigantic
Paspalum of Vicosa which Liu
still drying. I had intended
to go on tomorrow morning
but with 3 presses I think I'd
better do some drying (Vicosa
stuff was in sun all day today)
and explore a bit more around
here and take 5:45 p.m. train.

I had intended to walk back
20 km and take train to here, but
I was loaded to capacity in 5 km
by 3 o'clock (started at 7, couldn't
get cafe earlier, but there was milk
so it was worth waiting for) and
walked back. I'll be glad to

get away from this place.
The senhora is pitifully con-
sumptive and the children
have the sniffles (handker-
chiefs unknown) and hang
over me while I change
driers and put plants in.
I finally asked the worst
case "faça favor" not to
stay in my room. Shocking
manners, ^(on my part) in Brazil. After
being at the Rolfs' things seem
worse than they would
otherwise, maybe.

The last night in Rio, ^{Nov}
Brandt had Dr. Gerald
Golden to dinner with us.
He is an English missionary
physician

situated at Annapolis, Goyaz.
He was in Rio to take his Brazilian exam. to practice. Very interesting young man, invited me to their mission station. He said June to Oct was best time to travel in Goyaz, it is rainy season now. I asked what the vegetation was like in winter. "There isn't much, everything is dried up by August" so I was reassured that I had not chosen the wrong season. Too dark to see.

Bello Horizonte - Christmas eve. The second morning in ^(Sunday) Hargreaves, I got more news for me, a very hairy Cragwort.

5 Dec 21

E. polytricha (or ought to be) and
Pasp. guttatum. I topped a hill
and came on a colony of the
lovely thing shimmering in
the sun - a lovely sight. The
two racemes leaning to one
side, almost appressed to each
other, were so exactly like the
drawing I made of the type,
I knew the species at once.

All afternoon I changed and
dried repeatedly - the sun was
at its best and left at 5:45 for
Metallurgica, next station on
the line, in order to get to
Cerro Branco, advised by Sr
Campos Porto. When I left the
train about 6:40 and saw
the station and three mud
huts I laughed to myself.

wondering what I'd get this
time - I'd thought the perucão
at Hargreaves pretty terrible.
I asked the station agent if there
was a perucão. Não. I explained
what I was doing and asked
where I could stay over-
night. His wife was standing
in the door. She invited me
into their tiny sitting room,
next the ticket office, saying
that if I cared to sleep on
the cot in that room I was
welcome. Oh joy! The place
was clean and the two young
people intelligent. My trunks
were marked Vicosa and
they asked if I was from the
school there. I unpacked
my presses in the freight

room and next morning
put them on a shed roof in
the sun. With the help of my
host I engaged a horse and
camarado for next morn-
ing. I said 6, impossible, he
would come at 7. Not later,
I insisted - he came just
before 8. We reached a
valley at base of mts, having
gone down and up over a
high hill and down again
and crossed a river, by 9:30.
I sent the boy back with
the horses from there, I to
climb the serra and return
on foot. I had a glorious,
fatiguing, joyous, harrowing
day of it. Just as I started

across the river I saw a *Chusquea* in bloom and wheeled the horse around to get it. He couldn't understand and between us we got the reins over his head and all tangled up. I called the boy to hold him while I got the bamboo and the boy was about as puzzled as the horse. This is the first bamboo, except *Chusquea pinifolia*, I've seen in bloom this time. Hargreaves is so near that I did not collect the same species again, or only 2 or 3, yet I got 29 numbers, a lovely little *Raddia* with pubescent aphylls,

that may be *R. Haehneri*, ^a ²¹ *Sch-*
nanthus bambuciflorus
(got it in 1925) a *Leptocarpium*
that certainly isn't *laevatum*.
I had written *L. molle* to *lau-*
atum I think. If this is *molle*
it is very distinct, but it is
unlike anything I remember.
Xs are two *Panicum*. There

I got going up the mountain.
From a distance it looked
to be covered with low
brush. It was like the
chaparral of California
but less dense, 6 to 8 ft tall,
horribly tough and interlaced,
with quantities of the cat-
claw leguminous shrub.

The slope was very steep

all jagged rocks with the jagged edge my way. It was terribly difficult.

The little Raddia was in a ledge above a little waterfall. Millions of tiny gnats filled the air, got between my spectacles and eyes, around my ears and neck, stinging like red hot needles. They tortured me on the serra near Bello Horizonte ^{5 years ago.} ~~before.~~

The summit was almost as rough and finding ~~to~~ nothing up there I had- nit found climbing up I slipped and slid downward to the more open

camp near the base, getting an Androp of saccharoids group, not saccharoidites, and a few other things. Knowing my capacity for getting lost I told myself I couldn't get lost this time with the mountain ridge on one hand and river on the other. When I judged I'd gone about the right distance (we had crossed the river lower down, just before I sent the boy back) and struck a trail which led to river edge I took off shoes and stockings, pinned up my shirt.

and waded - wow, but it is
excruciating to wade a rocky
stream barefoot. Following
a trail I came to another
crossing and waded again
before I realized I must be
back on the mountain side
of the river. Going out to where
I could see, I was, sure enough,
so I took off shoes and
stockings a third time and
waded back. I was com-
pletely turned round but
knew I must keep the
mountain ridge at my
back. I climbed a high
hill, hoping to see the Ry
in the distance, but nothing
but more high hills. But

13 Dec 21

I found *Pasp sordidum*
(referred to something else, I
think) an *Eragrostis*, *Pasp*
carinatum, an *Axonopus*.
I decided I hadn't gone
along the ridge far
enough and struck to the
right over two more hills.
Then I came on a bay
driving some mules and
he pointed, down and away
to the right, and I finally
struck the trail we had
come in the morning. By
this time I was dead tired
and it seemed as if I never
would reach the end of
going up-up-up, there being

a deep valley between the ridge on which is Metallurgica and the Ouro Branco ridge. I got back about 6 and drank all the water in the filter. Then the kindly senhora filled a 3-foot basin with warm water for me in her bedroom and I had a bath and de-ticked myself. The bath and dinner refreshed me and I changed dresses by candle light, and put the day's collection in this morning at 6, leaving at 7:55^{am}. My hostess would not take pay for my keep, so I gave her my silver thimble (bought

in Vienna) "para lembrar-me". I shall certainly remember her. I reached Belo Horizonte a little after noon. I wanted to get more money on my letter of credit before going west, there being no other branch of Banco do Brasil till Uberaba. The Ralfe reach here ~~to~~ tonight, to spend Christmas with friends at Isabelle Hendrix school (where I stayed 5 years ago). I'm going to ask them to carry back pkgs 7 and 8, to go to Rio by Prof Muller, with 5 and 6 left

at Vicosa. After getting my
money I went over to
Isabelle Hendrix, thinking the
Ralph might be there already.
Miss Putnam, the present head,
invited me for the day to-
morrow, morning service
at 7, breakfast and dinner.
I was glad to accept and
take a day off, I'm pretty
tired. I leave Thursday for
Diamantina, staying 2 or 3
days, and changing here on
the way back for Laura,
getting there about Jan 1.

By the time this reaches you I
hope you will be quite well
again and gaining strength
rapidly. Very best wishes,
Sincerely AB

Poças de Caldas, Jan 20 1930

Dear Prof. Hitchcock,

Today's collecting southwest of here was very much better than Saturday on the mountain. I got 40 species, and only one repeated from Saturday - *Pasp. maculatum*, such gorgeous big specimens I couldn't resist them. And they smell so good, like cloves, when fresh dug that it is always a temptation to dig them. I got an *Andropogon* new for me - like a glorified *A. furcatus*, an *Aristida* (A-awned group) and *Panicum* ^{pub. idem} *aff. laxum* with pubescent spikelets - you *luticola*, I wonder. It grew in the wet. Also *Pan. emergens*, I think and ~~another~~ 2 of *Dichan- thoides*. What I really came to

this place for was to get the thing
which in the herb I've called (adint)
Pasp. pocillator, call. by Regnell,
much overmature. I got plenty
of it, but I'm not sure it isn't
P. yaguaronense. If it is new
I have plenty for principal herbaria.
I got *Panicum versicolor* again -
beautiful thing. I hope tomorrow
is sunny, my drying is going
slowly.

What has become of the
grass paper for the Smithson-
ian? Has Mr. Maxon ever
done his part? Mr. Ellington
did not take Mrs. Gill's wheat-
field that I thought was so
good. He paid for it. I told

him I'd like to have it, it could
balance the drawings I made
for nothing for the paper, so
he gave it to me. I can't recall
what I did with it. It may
be in the Rand McNally Atlas.
If anybody comes across it
please tell him it is mine.

I don't suppose you will
get much done on the Manual
this ^{coming} spring. I am so sorry I
hadn't got farther along with it.
Any of my ^{suggested} additions etc. you
can leave for me to put in -
just mark the slips "ok."
São Paulo, Rua Bacher 42. Jan 25, 1930
yesterday I was ever so glad to get your
letter of Dec 31, telling me you
were beginning to walk out. It
was a long siege, but I hope you

are gaining rapidly now. Thank
heaven you are thin, incisions
are slow in healing where there is
fatty tissue I've been told. I do hope
Washington isn't doing its worst
in the way of winter weather -
maintaining a glare of ice, dan-
gerous to walk on.

I am careful and conserve
my strength. That Caparas trip shows
how strong I am. And I parted
company with my slow companion
which was the best way to conserve
my strength. I am glad you
are to be recommended for the
Bot. Congress. What will you be a
delegate of? I wrote you (wonder if
the letter reached you) that Mr. Coville
had chosen himself delegate to repre-
sent Agriculture (or maybe Pl. Ind.
I forget, but it was something much
bigger than his office) and Maxon
said he was going to represent
from Smithsonian. And then it
is claimed the ^{International} Congresses are

Jan 30, 1930

representative! But even though
 it isn't representative I hope you
 will choose yourself delegate of
 something. I am glad your
 carrera behaved well. I shall
 be eager to see your pictures.
 So Dr Cotton couldn't keep up with
 you! We "old" agronomists can
 outdo most people yet. I hear that
 Prof. Muller (one of the 3 Cornell profs.
 at Lavras, age about 30) said it
 was mighty hard to keep up with
 Mrs. Chase. He was on the São Geraldo
 trip - the man who liked horseback
 no better than I did. We walked
 up hill and down a good deal,
 but I didn't know I was wear-
 ing him out. If Hubbard is going
 on with Trop Afr. I wish he'd had
 a better master ^{to follow} than Stapp. The
 more I use Stapp's Trop Afr the more
 weak I find it. That *Courmelindin*
 or some such name, including
 Hachel's *Pan gabonense* and another

species is a mighty poor ~~of~~ genus
and I saw *Hens no* -- in Delesert
(type of record species) and it is a good
match for *Hachel's species* ^{type}. I came
to São Paulo Thursday night and am at
the Kalb's, Mrs. Humnicutt's mother
and sister's home. They are ever so
kind. I leave Monday for Matt's Grass
-- had to come here to get train. My
trunk of clothes sent from Lavras
failed to arrive and I've been terribly
anxious, but I heard this noon
that it is here and will be out in
the morning -- today being holiday.
I have scraped acquaintance with
Dr. Hoehne and hope we can get
grasses from Inst. Biologica by
offering to name their collection.
There are a lot of *Usteris*. The naming
is appalling, at least of *Pasp.* I got a
collection near here -- Yperunga this
morning, more natives left in
the weedy ground than I'd ex-
pected.

Will you please have Rev.
Paspalum sent to Dr. Frederico Hoehne
Instituto Biologica, Rua Consolação 27
São Paulo Brazil. Very best wishes
Sincerely AC

Lauras, Jan 7.

1930
A. S. H.
JAN 29 1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock
HITCHCOCK AND CHASE
Smithsonian Institution

I have just received your letter of Dec 11 and very glad to get it. Miss Tules was kind enough to cable me to my great relief. I had no idea that you were in such bad condition when you left Africa. You wrote what the Johannesburg doctor said. You took far greater risks than you knew. Thank heaven luck was with you, ^{as you say} and that the operation has been successful. I am glad you had special nurses and that you were treated well. I hope you are gaining strength rapidly and that you will feel like yourself again soon.

I am so glad you had good collecting in Uganda. Isn't it thrilling to get into a new region and get quantities of grasses you never saw growing before. Yes, my sister will do the mounting. Have Miss Niles phone her that you are sending the plants and paper. She has plaster but will want paste. I shall be eager to see the grasses. I hope they will not be put away in the herb. before my arrival. I shall be eager to hear about your trip, also, the ascent of Kilimanjaro and the rest. Was there a terrible bamboo zone to go through?

A letter was received from Mr. Maxwell today saying

they are leaving Monday next, 13th, probably. So I am going to a limestone region a day's journey to the northwest tomorrow returning Friday, to be ready to join the Maxwell's for Matto Grosso Monday. If you look on the map below the triangle of Minas, where Rio Tiete empties into Rio Parana you will see where the r'y enters Matto Grosso. From Campo Grande on this line we go south to near the borders of Paraguay, among the Indians. I shall not "keep a gun in my hand" like Col. Dyott. When I heard Dyott at the Geographic Soc. lecture I concluded that he either was afraid of his shadow (like the eminent director in Mulford Exped) or was a vast humbug. At Bennett College in Rio I met someone from Matto

Grosso, mentioned a place I was going to there and she said Dyott had stayed at the mission. I said I'd heard his lecture and asked what they thought of him in Brazil. "Well - the missionaries didn't think much of him" was all she said. But Dr. Gerald Golden, the English physician said flat "Dyott is an absolute impostor!" I don't know how long this trip will take, a month probably. So far as I know no botanist has been there. Dr. Hurnicutt says it is exceedingly slow going up river to Cuyabá, so I shall return to Minas (or ~~the~~ ^{to} Casa Branca in São Paulo, close to the line - Dr. Campos Porto advised me to go there) and resume the itinerary I made out for

Jan 11, 1930

the triangle of Minas and
Goyaz and get into Mato
Grasso further north if there
is time. There are motor roads
but no railroads across to Cuy-
aba. I'll have mail held
here and then sent on to Uber-
aba, where Dr. Hume will
despatch my extra trunks of
paper, etc. I'll go as light as
possible with the Maxwells
because we travel by motor.
This will give me a chance to
collect when they stop to water
the engine and the like. I am
very glad of this chance to go
and hope the Maxwells do
start Monday. They say here
that the Mis are rather uncertain

as to making starts. If it is too indefinite I shall go on as I first planned, but I hope that this trip materializes.

I have 4 bundles of grasses ready but no way to get them to the consulate. I may send a trunkful to Miss Brandt with key and money to pay a boy to take pkgs to the Consulate. I have sent 9 - the last taken back by the Rolfs from Bello Horizonte.

I am enjoying it here at the Humnicutt, good drying weather (even those big fat Paspalems have to dry in this sun), a bed with spring, mattress and feather

pillow. Mrs Mexia said these Brazilian pillows must be made of "spun lead." They feel like it. It is amazing how much I can eat of good food after Brazilian diet. I'm hard as nails now, had a very hard climb yesterday ^[Faria] and still harder descent and had to hurry to catch the train, but the fatigue did not hang over to today.

I am so sorry we did not get those shelves up in the room upstairs before you got back. I asked Mr. Maxon several times, until it seemed wiser not to ask him "when" any more. (Mr. Caville is it the only one who gets balky if urged.)

With your African collections
and mine from Brazil the
herb will need to expand also.
How I wish we could go into
Agriculture - maybe we can
when the series of buildings
is up.

Central American Grasses
will be out in a few weeks
now, I suppose.

My Nations have not come,
not a single issue, so I've no
idea what is happening in the
world. I have been reading
a Dec issue of Literary Digest
here, mostly about Hoover's mob-
ilizing against a panic following
stock market losses. Wise move,
those "losses" were only gamblers'
losses, yet people might get scared
and cause bankruptcies. I'll write
before starting for Mato Grosso. Very
best wishes. Sincerely AC

Diamantina, Minas, Dec 29, 1929 Sunday

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

A. S. H.
JAN 23 1930

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This has been a diamond mine to me.

The old town is on a steep slope, the streets paved with uneven much worn stone blocks. There is a deep ^{narrow} valley to the east and northeast and a long rocky ridge rises beyond. (My pen is nearly dry and I don't want to bring the nib with me). I came up from Belo Horizonte on the northeast, with in a comfortable car, the only way to avoid staying over night at Curitiba. The journey east to Diamantina was by day, 8:30 to 3:30, passing all the way through a beautiful grass country. Stations are so far apart I can't walk from one to another and take train back in places I'd like to - the one toward Belo Horizonte is 36 km, but there is probably a good one 12-14 km from here and I can get a train back at 3 pm. In afternoon I arrived I went out toward the ridge, getting only into the rocks near the sea. It is badly grazed by mules and goats but I found some nice grass, including Paspalum! Stenotaphrum securum, and Paspalum securum first time, or

far as I recall, away from the coast. I don't
 know ~~enough to know~~ ^{enough to know} what these
 were ~~roughly~~ ^{roughly} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been}. There are ~~remnants~~ ^{remnants} of
 the rocks of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ridge~~ ^{ridge} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~here~~ ^{here} ~~from~~ ^{from}
 many ~~sections~~ ^{sections} ~~known~~ ^{known} to be ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~least~~ ^{at} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}

see book 20-10334

I wouldn't find it any
 that ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 above. I ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 to ~~get~~ ^{get} ~~a~~ ^a ~~good~~ ^{good} ~~sample~~ ^{sample}, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 to ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~where~~ ^{where}, ~~id.~~ ^{id.} ~~because~~ ^{because} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 limestone ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~least~~ ^{at} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 for there is a ~~great~~ ^{great} ~~deal~~ ^{deal} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~sand~~ ^{sand}, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~soil~~ ^{soil} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 there is ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~least~~ ^{at} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 clay, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~little~~ ^{little} ~~amount~~ ^{amount} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}

Natural ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~least~~ ^{at} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 - a ~~case~~ ^{case} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~least~~ ^{at} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 day ~~along~~ ^{along} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ridge~~ ^{ridge} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~least~~ ^{at} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 The ~~number~~ ^{number} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~10327~~ ¹⁰³²⁷ ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~10369~~ ¹⁰³⁶⁹, ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~include~~ ^{include}
 several ~~Erica~~ ^{Erica} ~~species~~ ^{species}, ~~taken~~ ^{taken} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~Dr.~~ ^{Dr.} ~~Hamilton~~ ^{Hamilton}
 (you ~~told~~ ^{told} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~least~~ ^{at} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 specimens ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~US~~ ^{US} ~~Nat~~ ^{Nat} ~~Herb.~~ ^{Herb.} ~~I~~ ^I ~~do~~ ^{do} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~feel~~ ^{feel} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~if~~ ^{if} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place}
 when I think of ~~Thursday's~~ ^{Thursday's} ~~climbing~~ ^{climbing} ~~away~~ ^{away} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~lovely~~ ^{lovely} ~~lot~~ ^{lot} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~Ericaceae~~ ^{Ericaceae} ~~I~~ ^I ~~got~~ ^{got} ~~before~~ ^{before}
 and ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~others~~ ^{others}, ~~except~~ ^{except} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~few~~ ^{few} ~~Ericaceae~~ ^{Ericaceae}

and Polypus as I had separated out myself
 and given to Messers Kelly and Blake. They
 have never turned up so far as I know
 and Kelly in had the impudence to tell
 the people at Jackson Bottom that it was
 useless to send Brazilian ferns to US Nat
 Herbarium now, that Stuebel was at
 Field. Brazil plant chock other. I told
 them Stuebel had never visited our Brass
 plants, that US Nat was as where every
 body come to study collection. Stuebel
 had success of Encouragement as hermit,
 and all his material is from Messers who
 very collect was with he of one to several
 some day - my how - stand by his game
 and I think Kelly will work them. I
 got a few little ferns too. This is classic
 territory. Martens was here and Beaumont
 visited by us again and again. I wonder
 if Martens had as good a time here as
 I have having. The summit is practically
 unspoiled. I struck out for another view
 some 3 hrs away. This and the town
 below kept me from seeing any more.

Run for me was another silvery Paspalum -
 there are at least 7 here, 2 Andropogons,
 a Messeturum, a Sporobolus (as usual),
 a most annoying big ^{new} grass, can't
 place it in any group I have in mind, a
 Poep I know in herb, Hees sp. but don't know
 name of, pinus in heavy grass - not grass of herb.
 I got a lot of it. If the night I should have
 only fragment of types, Hammelia is the third
 species, not the usual Hammelia, an
Elionurus (2-toothed), another Panicum
Doctanthus name probably. Got out a
 few minutes after 7 (as soon as I could get
 safe) and got back just by 6. This
 morning I stunk back up the very high
 land, deeply, quilled in place in intending
 to walk to a station 13 km. and take
 train. At a ^{little past} 5 km. I was loaded and the
 began to rain so I returned the 5 km.
 soaked to the skin (had a hat as Roos -
 always puts on) and got pieces changed
 and this one - got in before quarter (dinner)
 a little before 6. Today's new ones for me

Dec 29, 1929

are: *Tristachya* the hairy original one, also
 only found *Hackelia* ~~leucostachya~~ before, and
Carlina *Panicum* (*Pteris* *dim*) beautiful
 things, another *Panicum* as in the in
 brush along the road; *A. undulata* var.
leucopoda (the same as one), *A. undulata* var.
 (*S. subg. undulata*); *Therapsis* ~~petraea~~ ^{petraea}, which I had
 hoping for, it is well named *petraea*, grows
 only in the stoniest places; a great big
 beautiful *Panicum*, ~~petraea~~ ^{or *Taxi* *locum*} *Panicum*
 grows: *Adiantum* with a great dense
fern (the only what I got near Chocoma
 in 1925); *Paspalum* another *Eriocaulon* *gracile*
Eriocaulon as usually, but not the little usually
 one; *Trichostema*, I got up on the road
Panicum ⁽¹⁰⁴⁰²⁾ from the ridge. I had seen it
 among the rocks from the train, but
 its disjunct *Panicum* of some *purple*
 spikelets had some growing as to the ground.
 I had intended to leave to morning but
 there were things farther west I have not
 yet got. I think, so I'll stay till Tuesday.

and walk to next station and beyond
 tomorrow and take train back. Hoping
 is more too good but most of the plants
 are there and try quickly. I have a bag
 of us by the side through it is now
 cold. I have a bag of my collection
 tumbled over in some way and it was
 gone at night. The bed in house on the plain
 but I sleep most of the night. They found
 some roots - not American - but used for
 some - did me good. Yesterday I climbed up
 and down was pretty hard but I was
 exhausted.

To the west the water along way shows
 a light color. Sandstone with layers of
 pink or red soil ^{pink} and layers of
 gray shale (?) or of laminated lib. mica. This layer
 disintegrates into a fine dust (fuller's earth, is
 it?) I am so glad I came to Guanajuato.
 I hope you are all over the pain by this
 time and see nothing more of my's rapid.
 I am hoping for letter when I reach home.
 Very best love from sincerely
 the to our Grand Mother "Staff"

10418

Dec 30 - Arrive in ... 10409 to 10418
with 2 new *Andropogon* ...
before, ^{rare *Stenochloa*} *Stenochloa*, *Canavalia*, *Dicella*
feruginea, another *Parsonsia*, a *Poa*
with big spikelets like *Triodan* ...
of *Poa* ... osium with ...
a lot of species I got in 1945. I had ...
... across ...
... like to stay
... my ...
and it was ...
... half ...
... along ...
... but kept ...
... I got ...
... *Leptocarpus* ...
... of ...
... there are 3 of these ...
... and just
... of grasses
and as time to buy a ticket. I have 2 presses
as thick as straps will hold and a big
bundle out of press - thanks to the ...

Faint handwritten text, possibly a letter or journal entry, covering the majority of the page. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through from the reverse side.

- and his

Legation de Belgique, Bruxelles
Friday, June 17, 1950

Dear Mr. H. H. H. H.

I am in a terrible state
of mind, with a very poor
memory in the (old) part of the
with apocrypha and feathers
by the pollen. And I am
determined to bring the form I
am expecting, assuming etc. from
before hand to know. It
is not clear to me what
you mean by your last note
to the Legation de Belgique at Bruxelles
on the 10th of June last year in
Paris. But it is very interesting
to see what you say in your note

would be doing well along
and a heavy load of several
years of paper weight as I
remember I think, and being able
to take the trade as a whole
had quite time for both
trading and to take from time
to time business, involving
great labor and risk of the
kind had very little to do
all day but one hour and
a half or so. After having
I was as hard as nails and put
myself to rest I would then
amplify. Her labor about
as well as pretty much by the

about 1000 feet from the
Kangaroo Island and the S
Penguin ends of the north, west
feeling as if I had been
going to visit to the island of
which is a beautiful island (I mean
for my health) and I was
compelled to leave almost
pleasantly today. At the station
I asked the porter of the train
a hotel where they spoke to me
that he had gone to a hotel and
I asked him a name and
a name and he gave
me the name of the hotel
I went there and all night long

found *Chrysomelids* at various points
which like *Taraxacum* on *Linum*
and *Carduus*. It is common
to be pretty numerous at the
whole stretch of country, as
I found *Taraxacum* *bracteatum* which
is on the *San Paolo* side of the
islands.

I found a curious *Chrysomelid*
quite new. I found one of them
in a garden near the *Hotel*
Marquise in 1925. It is both
like *P. gibbata* (because it looks
like honey *frank*). I found one
more in *Quito* *bracteatum* but
on the *San Paolo* I found it
as part of a plant of *San Paolo*
frank and found a new

very best one, never thought
I had found many plants of
filices. I determined it as a
specimen on the log cut from
that I found it with.

Yesterday afternoon I
was flitting back through the
tower I had followed the trail
a long way and came down
several miles away - a boy
with a cart (about what we
call a cart) hauled me down
I had him drive and he
told him to come at 7 tomorrow
morning. We have been told
we to be good, and in the
end I'll stick for the boy
from the tower.

It is a little hard, it looks
rather than for work this only
it is interesting to note the
effect of grazing on the plants
Some of the samples looks very
spongy, others the grasses are
thickly covered with grass
and other plants, but in
general, samples. I don't see
any common grasses, some
are ^{very} ^{small} ^{and} ^{are} ^{very} ^{common}
The tall grasses are the
species almost disappeared
and the most important
and the most important
species from the samples
and the most important

of the forested area, a small
spot, in some cases also
to the end of the grass, and
in some cases, some of the
samples, and I don't see
any spongy, but also, but
these, ^{are} ^{very} ^{common}
they are already green, the
samples, instead of being
through, but later than

- Sunday night. It has rained
all afternoon, worse luck, for my
presses full need the sun. The swamp
stuff from Areado is still in press.
I had nothing to read with me,
not even a Portuguese grammar
and after doing my mending
I used most of the afternoon

(as you might do ^{cross} word puzzles
or play solitaire under similar
circumstances) in concocting
the sketch I inclose. The metallic
blue and gold humming bird
dipping into a head of scarlet
flowers on the summit yes-
terday was exquisitely lovely.

I asked to have my mail
sent to São Paulo. I expect to get
there Wednesday and hope I shall
get a letter from you (or from
from Miss Miles) telling me that
you are gaining strength rapidly.
Mrs. Harricott asked me to stay with
her mother and sisters in São Paulo.
Mrs. Harricott is the kindest, most
hospitable soul.

With very best wishes,
A. S. H.
FEB 6 1930

Sincerely yours
Agnes Chan

An outline sketch of Minas Geraes

A sky of brilliant blue with clouds of snow
And ancient rounded hills in living green,
With rust-red roads meandering below
And palm trees waving in a far ravine.

The summits gleaming silver, bronze and gold
Of wind-tossed grasses-waving spike and plume
A hummingbird, metallic blue and gold,
On whirring wings above a scarlet bloom.

Rua Backer 42, São Paulo,

Jan 31, 1930

S. H.
FEB 20 1930

HITCHCOCK AND CHASE LIBRARY
Smithsonian Institution

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

Miss Niles wrote the joyful news that you are back at the herbarium. I hope you will soon be good as ever and better than for the last year or so. You probably will not be playing tennis this spring, though, but I hope you can by fall.

I wrote Miss Niles that I was sending pbps 15, 16, 17. Yesterday I took 18 to the Counselor here. He had held the other 3, so I took down the

Off for two days
5:30 - Feb 2

special passport and two
letters with gold seals. Consul
was very nice - said he
would send them down to
Rio one at a time, their
mail pouch being small.

I have not heard from Miss
Brandt about those I shipped
to her in a trunk, but I am
assuming they trunk reached
her. I'd be heart broken if it
didn't for that was my
precious Diamantina lot.

I am still held up here
by the washout. The railway
said "probably a week"
when the track was washed

out and if the train goes Sunday
night, as I hope, that will be
just a week. I saw the
Maxwells yesterday. They said
they would be glad to have me
go with them to their station in
southern Mato Grosso. It is
2 days by carinhãs south
from Campo Grande. I'll come
back alone and go ^{to the} western
border and botanize back
eastward. The Maxwells go
on the Tuesday train, I on the
Sunday (if it runs) and wait
for them at Tres Lagoas, giving
me two days to collect there.
It is terribly trying to one's
patience to be held up here.

The country round about is too cultivated and weedy to botanize here and it has rained every day. I collected at Ypiranga and had to dry the stuff in the gas stove oven. I had been hoping to go Thursday and now I hope to go Sunday. Dr. Haebue gave me a card permitting me to collect at the biological station at Alta da Serra an hour from here on the train. It rained torrents Thursday and yes today so I haven't gone. If it is not raining in the morning I'm going, but hoping to leave Sunday I don't want wet clothes, wet shoes and a pressful of wet ~~clothes~~ ^{grasses} to take along. // Dr. Haebue has given

Jan 31, 1930

me his publication with map
on Matto Grasses and two
others on plant geography.

I told him I had written back
asking that Pasp be sent him.

// Please send him Panicum and
Trop. Panicum, Schumacher etc
to Cereales and Pennisetum.

I think it would be worth
while for Mr. Mayon to send
some papers. Hachue isn't par-
ticularly interested in grasses.

with Dahlgren telling people
~~to~~ it wasn't worth while sending
plants to Nat Herb anymore, Stand-

ley being at the Field, I think it
would be to the advantage of Nat
Herb to cultivate the few botanists
of Brazil. Dr. Hachue said he

would send the grasses for

us to name. I enclose memo
for a letter to him if you
think best to write. I wish
we could turn the grasses
to U.S. vote away from Berlin.
I haven't mentioned that I plan
to prepare a Grasses of Brazil.
Hochue is Kuhlmann's brother-in-
law. It might stimulate K
into publishing a lot of supposed
"new Arten" without trying
to look them up.

— Sunday morning

I went to Estação Biologica yesterday
morning. It is a beautiful preserve
of rain forest with good built-up trails.
Not many grasses, except climbing
bamboos. I got a *Chusquea* in bloom,
not *C. trinii* which I got in bloom
at Passos de Caldas. I got one of Mez's
allies of *Pan. cyaneus*. We merged it
tentatively (or it is in Swallen's key) with

June 11/30

Pan helobium Mez, but I think it is distinct. I got *P. helobium* at Pacos de Caldas. I also collected an *Axonopus* that I don't think I've had before. I restrained myself, so as not to have a lot of wet plants on my hands. It rained, of course, but not very hard. It rained all night and is still raining. Yesterday the Ry had orders to sell tickets for Sunday for the week, but order was recalled in afternoon. I'm going to find out this noon if I can go tonight or not. If I can't I'm going on tomorrow by morning train as far as the line is open and collect around there till Ry is running west. It isn't as thickly settled as here, anyway. If this were Bahia or

Please put photo with mine

Pernambuco I'd give up and go to Bahia, but São Paulo is proud of its railways and this is a Paulista line. Mr. Kalb says that all possible is being done. The rains have been continuous. I think the line goes to Lins, about $\frac{2}{3}$ across the state. My ³trunks of supplies have gone on to somewhere. The nocturno (the only through train) does not carry baggage. I sent my trunks down the day before to go on a day train. The chefe at baggage room said they are probably at Lins. I've lost a whole week - tough luck.

At Estação Biologica yesterday I looked over visitor's book after signing it. I saw Lyman Smith, Howard, Douglas Houghton, Campbell, Harschberger, and a name that gave me quite a thrill "Marie Curie." She was here in 1926. Very best wishes.
Sincerely
AC

Tres Lagoas, Matt's Gross,
Feb 5, 1930


Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I did get here at last
and have had two days col-
lecting, waiting for the Maxwells
who arrive tonight. We all
go on at 5:40 a.m. to Campo
Grande. If they don't arrive I
go anyway and wait (and
botanize) at Campo Grande.

I've had pretty good luck
here, some 54 species including
10 weeds, taken because it is a
new state for me. The campos
here is different from Minas
campos, level and only 313^m~~km~~
alt. I have several species

I never got before, *Trichopteryx*
flammarida for one. I saw the
big thing from the train in São
Paulo and was most curious
to know what the big golden
plumes were. I got a beautiful
Mecostema, new for me, I think,
^{a *Sorghastrum* 2-3 M tall.}
an *Elymus*, and, last thing,
almost, today Hackel's *Eriochloa*
castanea which is a *Paspalum*
(*P. pyriforme* C. med). If I'm right,
and I think I am - it has such
a funny swollen base, this
is new for Brasil. It was
described from Paraguay and
I've never seen any but the
type coll., one of Hackel's I think.
I had to come in early to get
plants changed, in press, and
trunks ready to go to "despachado."

Mais tarde. - Trunks off. It was a
relief when I saw my three, sent
a week before, in the baggage
room here. The railroads in
this part of Brasil are pretty
good - of course they rock
and bump furiously, but
they are usually on time.
Coming here it arrived at
midnight instead of 7:30
and tonight it is 2:30 late
but I've seldom been more
than half an hour late in
Minas or São Paulo. When
the train passed the wash-
out I didn't wonder it took
a week. A great piece of em-
bankment and the culvert
below were washed out, the
big culvert pipes lying every

the rails sagging over the gyp
which way, The new track
made a big half circle
around it. The low place
was filled with wooden
railroad ties, piled cross-
ways , several tiers
of them and the rails
were laid on top. The
train ran very slowly.
Leaning out the window
one could see the whole
thing. Much of the country
looked like Illinois in a wet
spring, crops and trees
sticking up out of the water.
Coming west from São Paulo
the country gradually flattens

Feb 5, 1930

out (only relatively flat, however)
and the ^{Rio} Tiete flood-plain is
inactly broad. It is a beautiful
river, obviously in high water,
so many trees were in water
like the Illinois, ^{R.} in spring. The
country is all coffee and maize
mostly coffee - miles and miles
of it. It wasn't until about 2
hours west of the wash out
that I saw country worth
hunting grasses in. I marked
the station and may stop over
a day on the way back. As
the altitude lowered the country
became wooded, by dark it

looked almost like my idea of the Amazon jungle. Being more than 4 hours late it was dark long before we reached the Parana. It was raining and pitch dark, so I did not see a bit of this great river. The bridge seemed to me as long as that over the Mississippi at St Louis, but I don't know how much of it was approach. I hope to see it going back. For the last three hours the mosquitoes were a perfect torment. For the first time since I was sixteen I wished for long skirts. I had to double up like a jack-knife to wrap my legs in my short shirt. Hackner's map gave Tres Lagoas region as

sub-xerophytic cerrado (camps with scattered low trees) and coming to hotel from station through the wet, my feet recognized sand instead of clay, by the lack of weight, and my heart rejoiced.

I got started about 7:30 in the morning and after getting away from town and weeds I thought I had struck it rich. But the country isn't diversified. After collecting about as fast as I could for a couple of hours I went on for hours not adding on the average a species a kilometer. The same species were found throughout nearly. Today I struck out in the opposite direction and

added only 9 species, ~~4~~ of them
weeds. But I visited two of the
3 lagoas and only added *Panicum*
aquaticum and *Axonopus fissi-*
folius. But that queer *Pasp. pyrri-*
folius was worth all the
kilometers I tramped and all
I had to endure from midges.
They were worse yesterday. I'm
all lumpy around the ears
and neck. It is raining again
now (evening) but sun came
out long enough this after-
noon to dry my driers, so I
could pack them dried, ready
to change tomorrow night at
Campo Grande. The train leaves
5:40, reaches Campo G at 7, so I'll
have a whole glorious day to
see the country. I'll have to stay up
tonight to meet the Maxwells. Very
best wishes, Sincerely AC

Some things that I have found in the
optical case some for one, some for two
te, several with apertures, 2 or 3 by 100
and something in the shape of a small
beam the opening it is taller than broad
with a broad base like that seen
before but much larger and with fine
apertures. It is very striking but I don't know
anything like it in the herbaceous world
perhaps in either the green or brown thistles of
the green into a proserous and it isn't that they
appear to be related. I have not seen

from the Campylopus, Stenopogon, and
some other things taken at the same place
but I don't take them. I think that in the
the filling up of the head with Spitz
I don't know if there is any relation to
Macmillan says that about 3 or 4
the "Proserous" figures as I have already
found the remarkable anything at all
for water. I had such an enormous
found I don't know if it is a
drying device. I don't know if it is
helpful the Macmillan would be

... from the ...
... the ...
... the ...

This is a fine town ...
It spreads over a ...
the ...

I had ...
... the ...
... the ...

I thought a very ...
... yesterday ...

... the ...
... the ...
... the ...

... the ...
... the ...
... the ...

... to see ...
 ... the ...
 ... the ...
 ... the ...
 ... the ...
 ... the ...
 ... the ...
 ... the ...

... to ...
 ... the ...
 ... a long time to ...
 ... about ...
 ... from ...
 ... upon ...
 ... the ...
 ... to ...
 ... by this time ...
 ... having a ...
 ...

Campo Grande Feb 24 1930
Monday

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I think I wrote you before
leaving for Damasco Feb 14.
The "very early" start turned out
to be nearly 12 o'clock. The
drivers of camionhoas like to
travel in pairs, to help each
other in case of trouble, so
after Mr. Maxwell's was
packed and ready, about 10,
a merchant agreed to send
down a load and we had
to wait for that. It gave
us more places to ride, so
was an advantage to us.
Mrs. Maxwell and the baby

remained in Campo Grande till Mr. M. could get a horse in some sort of condition. The trip was supposed to take 2 days. We reached Dourados at dusk Monday - four days. Mr. Maxwell had said

"There are no dangers to be encountered in Matto Grosso, but there are plenty of hardships." That fits the case - rain and mud and terrible roads and more terrible places to stop at night, swarms of midges and little black and white flies that nearly drive one crazy, and chiggers that raise blisters - nothing like so romantic as Didiacans

with poisoned arrows. I collected while the carnicachos were being dug out of the mud, punctures repaired, etc (lots of etcs) but the grasses of Campo Grande continue all the way down, 302 km. New for me on the way was *Panicum trachyepemum*, a *Panicum* (of Laza group?) spkts in racemes, much larger than *Laxum*, boliv. and poligonat. It looks very like *P. hermitanum*, but has gls half as long as spkts; a Paep of *Livida* group. I think that one of Parodi's I once called *P. buckleyanum*.

last two

4

* tell him to look up E. matto grossoensis Polg.

There, I got near a tiny lake where I saw two marmon birds, white bodies and black heads and necks; "tuyuyu" is the name. Also got Synth cuyabense there and other things I hadn't yet found in Matto Grosso. Farther

south I got a fragile-pau de Eragrostis that keeps to Swallen's E. viscinodis - awful thing to put in press, fragile as spun glass; Eleonurus chlorostachys possibly, green, anyway. I found Pasp ~~pusilliflorus~~ again. I got 66 numbers on the way down, not or scarcely repeating species. Of course

the machines never broke
 down in the best spots. We
 were losing so much time
 I didn't want to ask the
 driver to stop, though
 I was distressed to pass
 some things new for me
 at Bourados. But as it turned out, I
 got all I had seen enroute
 and missed collecting. At
 Bourados, the weediest ^{region} ~~place~~
 I ever saw except Illinois
 bottomlands. I got into a
 marsh (varzea) Tuesday
 morning and sloshed
 around in it several
 hours - most awful going.
 The vegetation, mostly sedges

an
and, enormous umbels
much like Eryngium of
Illinois wet prairies, Erianthus
etc. was high as my head
and very dense. The water
was from an inch or so
deep to at least 3 feet, for
I went in once to my
hips - I couldn't see where I
was going. The best find
resulting was Panicum
caaguense Nees. undoubt-
edly, ^{and} new for Brazil, and
~~only~~ collection other than
type, so far as known. I
think I told you a dupl
type of that was in Desert
herb. and it was quite

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different from species under
that name in Grasses of
Andes. My find was
tangled in a hummock
of grasses and sedges, ex-
ceedingly difficult to get
out, with its very slender
culm. I only found 3
specimens - all one plant.
I found a ^{hypochoeris} Chaetochloa
2 meters or more tall which
I recall in herb, but do not
remember name of. We
have it from Argentina.
A Syntherisma ^{balansae} as tall as
I am with tiny spikelets I
don't know at all, an

10959

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Arundinella with spreading
whorled panicle-branches,
and short awns. I don't recall
it in herb. *Sorghastrum parvi-
florum*, new for me, I think
in Brazil; a ^{*Brychella*} *Syntherisma*
with awnless panicle - the one
I'm calling *S. biflorum* Pilg is
long-awned. I got all the
species there which I habit
collected in Matto Grosso,
making an enormous
load to struggle out with.
There was no rain all the
time I was at Dourados and
the blazing sun dried things
beautifully. The next day,
after plowing through
weeds, higher than my head,

I got into a bit of weedy campo
and got a few more things -
nothing like so many as
in the march. The next
day, Dorca Ligia, Senhor
Ethan and I went horse-
back to Rio Dourados, 3 leagues
(12 miles) to the south. We
were to start early but Sen-
hor Ethan (age 20, the Indian
teacher) is also the dentist of
the community, and a man
came to have an aching
stump extracted just as
the horses were ready, so
it was 9:30 when we got
off. My saddle and stirrups
were the worst implements

of torture I ever endured. We reached the river about 2. I had stopped to collect only a few times for the grasses were the same as a whole as I'd had all the way from Campo Grande. The woods on the river margin were "devastado," and I only found a few things, *Olyra glaberrima*, *Panicum parviflorum* and an allied species, *Oplismenus* and a couple of ferns for Mr. Mason. I wanted to start off and walk most of the way back, but Ligia is 16 and in Brazil it would never do to leave

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the young ones alone to eat their lunch and fallow. Esthan swapped horses with me and I rode back in relative ease. I noted that he rode most of the time with his feet out of the terrible stirrups, which were on a broad strap that turned one's feet in. It was about 8:30 when we got back. This 24 mile ride is probably the longest ^{in one day} I've ever had. Esthan's horse had an easy gait. The land is full of cattle. Whenever we approached

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a bunch the youngsters galloped their horses, and I latched the horn of the saddle, over my collecting portfolio, and galloped, too. I didn't brandish a whip in my right hand as Ligia did. This Brazilian girl is contrary to all one's ideas of Brazilian girls. She is a student at Bennett college in Rio (Methodist), the daughter of a well-to-do physician. She wants to be a missionary to the Indians - and she is about as contrary to one's ideas of a missionary as to those of Brazilian girls. She is

very pretty (which is not un-
common in Bras. girls) with
hair bobbed, skirts above her
knees, stockings rolled below,
powdered, rouged and lip-
sticked like any little flapper.
She obviously enjoyed the long
journey by carruinhãs, stood
everything good naturedly,
washed at a horse trough
with the rest of us and pow-
dered her nose and reddened
her lips afterwards. She had
not been properly outfitted
for the journey, her silk
stockings and dainty
shoes were splashed with
red mud. After spoiling

2 pairs I induced her to wear
a pair of my heavy "Boyville"
stockings. Her parents, friends
of the Maxwells, asked them
to take her for six months.
She would give them no
peace and they think six
months will cure her
desire to be a missionary.
She is to return to Bennett to
prepare herself to teach the
Indians. I quite fell in love
with the girl. Brazil is going
to start moving if Ligia
is a sample of the young
Brazilian girl. But I sur-
mise that the fact that
her name is Wagner

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has much to do with her
independence and venture-
someness, though her
father is Brazilian born. - This
is a digression, but the girl
was as interesting to me as
were the birds and deer I
saw. - I wanted to return to
Campos Grande ~~Fluores~~ ^{Friday}
start to, I mean, and had
passage in an auto that
was "probably" to leave Fri-
day, if not certainly Satur-
day. (It didn't leave Fri nor
Saturday, but Sunday) Friday,
after waiting all morning
(drying plants and washing
my clothes) for another auto
to take us to the Indian

reservation, I went in the
 afternoon east to the woods,
 with no hopes, for the woods
 I'd been in were horribly
 spoiled. These woods were,
 too, but I found *Lithachne*
pauciflora, new for me
 in Brazil and southernmost
 record I think, *Streptochaeta*
spicata! *Pharus*, *Olyra*
glaberrima, *O. latifolia*,
 and other things, a *Panicum*
~~*apovalifolium*~~ ^{*overly*} *overly* *overly* *overly*
 of same group. ^{110 ft} These
 vine-like things tangled
 like yarn are awful to
 collect. Nidges by millions
 stinging and both hands
 needed to untangle the

delicate culms, and a horrible nettle, 2 meters and more tall, branching all the way down, stinging worse than *Urticastrum* (Laportea) sure to be somewhere in the tangled mess. Saturday we did go to the Indian reservation. They are anything but wild Indians. I took some photos, which I hope will turn out well. In the afternoon I went back to the torturous woods, going farther (getting more bitten and stung) and got two more *Paricurus* of the *Dichanthoides* group. My ears and face are still sore and lumpy.

Saturday night the auto man
said we would start at 4
Sunday morning. Mr.
Maxwell was coming back
for his wife and another
carrinhão load of goods. His
hadn't all arrived when we
left Campo Grande. We were
ready at 4. At 6 we heard
the auto (the man's house
was near by) and at a
little before 7 we started.

It was a good 6-cylinder
automobile, 4 people beside
driver and loaded with
our hand baggage, inside
and out. We passed 4
disabled carrinhãos on

the way. Mr. Maxwell, going
to speak to one driver whom
he knew found it was the
carrinhão which left Bour
ades Thursday with my
trunk on board. I was
willing to pay anything if
our automobile man would
take it, so Mr. M. told him
"I'd pay well" and, being a
Agrarian, instead of a Brazil
ian, that induced him to
add this heavy thing to all
the other stuff on the run-
ning board. The senhora,
as well as the others, had
to climb in over baggage
and closed doors. (He only
charged 25¢ - about \$3.25 - not

bad when I was ^{no} at his mercy.)
It had not rained for several
days and the mud holes were
dry. They were still holes,
however, and we were
bumped unmercifully but
arrived before 9 p.m. The
whole distance in less than
14 hours. I leave tomorrow
morning for the western-
most ^{Ry} station, Porto Esperanca.
Everything here has taken so
much more ^{time} than I counted
on. I shall not stop any-
where between here and Pto
Esperanca unless ~~the~~ I see
a very promising place. I
hope the "revolution" will
hold off. Saturday next is
election day. Everybody out

here is for Getulio (the first name
 only is commonly used) the
 "Out" candidate. Soldiers
 are everywhere. The "govern-
 ment" (the Ins) takes the
 Woodrow-Wilson attitude
 that it is disloyal not to
 "stand by the president." (L'etat
 c'est moi, as Louis XIV put it)
 When the president says Julio
 it is disloyal to shout for
 Getulio. But they are all talking
 Getulio out here. I am won-
 dering if these drafted soldiers
 will actually fire on their
 own friends and relatives if
 there is an uprising. It will
 take some time for the

returns to come in so the
"revolution" isn't likely to
start for some time after
election. It may go off
half-cocked, however. All
the men out here wear
cartridge belts and pistols.
We passed 2 trucks of soldiers
going south as we came
north yesterday. It looks
as if the "government" is
piling up dynamite to be
set off.

In spite of rain, mud,
and all the rest I enjoyed
the trip south. It was
thrilling to see emus and
other strange birds. The

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emus were mostly in
small groups, often with
the cattle. Once we saw
19 (Mr. Maxwell's count, I
was too excited to count), 2
hens and the rest "little"
chickens only about two
feet tall. The Curie was
less common and I had
seen it before. Hawks
were many, the great
hawk, gavião, nearly as
big as an osprey, perches
on termite nests. I saw
small owls several times,
one by a burrow, but
the others on low trees or
fence posts. The guero-guero

(from its cry) a beautiful bird
allied to the plovers. I judge,
is very common. At
Dourados ~~so~~ parrots by
hundreds flew over at
dawn going from cer-
rados to the mata, and
in the evening they fly
back, roosting in the
low scattered trees of the
cerrado. As we rode back
from the river we dis-
turbed numbers of them
as we rode through the
cerrado. They are nearly
always in twos, the two
nearly in groups. They

"talk" continuously as they fly.
 It waked ^{me} in the early morning
 and I'd get up to watch them.
 The flight is short, rapid and appears labored.
 In the evening they passed
 so low some times that I
 could see them plainly.
 They are the green of Mr.
 Mason's Loretta and very
 like her, so far as I could
 see. Mr. Maxwell says
 these are the ones commonly
 caught for sale, being good
 talkers. There are parakeets
 in the country too, but I
 only saw them captive.

We saw two deer on the
 way down, smaller than
 our mule deer, and grayish

brown. We saw two more
coming back, also more
erius, but not so many
as going. Armadillos are
common. I kept sticking
my foot into holes in
the camp (while something
was being done to trucks).
I asked what made them
and learned it was the
armadillo. I saw the
"shells" but none alive.

I hope to get back to
São Paulo in about 10 days
and look forward to getting
lots of letters.

I have been making
up my bundles of hay
today. I have two from

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the Dourados trip and one
press still drying. One thing
I forgot. Besides *Lasiacis lig-*
ulata, of which I got good
specimens at Dourados, I
got another *Lasiacis* Satur-
day in the ridge-infested
matia. I think it will
turn out to be *L. sarthoides*.
The region south of here, es-
pecially south of Rio Prilhante
to Rio Dourados, is the most
fertile I have seen in Brazil.
Things are so rank, like Illinois
bottomlands, and the mud
bottomless, too, like Illinois. The
land has been badly abused,
grazed till *Aristida pallens* and
other species, *Trachypogon*, and ^{perhaps used}
composites higher than my

head, occupy miles and miles of country. Senhor João of the mission is starting planting of various things. *Pennisetum purpureum* (elephant grass) is luxuriant, so is jagua and alfalfa, ^{and peanuts,} The Indians gather mate (Paraguay tea) common to eastward.

7 pm.

I waded a mile through the mud of this town to see Mrs. Maxwell and the baby who are with the Baptist missionary here. This missionary told me the boat for Coimbra leaves tomorrow ^{connecting} ~~meeting~~ ^{connecting} with train from here, then another in 4 days. I want a day or two at Pto Esperanca

but not far days as I am
 going to Aguiduana tomorrow
 row, and two days later to
 Pto Esperanca. Two days there,
 then to Corumba and leave
 there Thurs Mar 6, reaching
 S Paulo Sunday. Mr. Maxwell
 says that just over the
 divide of which Campo Grande
 is the highest point, it
 drops into low sandy
 region. "Aguiduana is in
 this region so it might to
 have a different flora. Saw
 so tired of red mud. It
 rained most of today
 and it is like walking
 in lard or soft soap.

The Dourado trip did not cost nearly as much as I expected. It was 300⁰⁰ fare both ways and it cost me just that from Alegre to Santa Barbara de Caparas a run of 4 hours, 150 each way. The agronomist's wife refused pay for meals (cafe and jantar) so I put 25⁰⁰ in the little boys bank for schooling. Little Erasmo tries to abrin the bank but can't do it. I paid 15⁰⁰ for the rattletrap automobile that took us to the Indian reservation and I'm send-

ing a wire mud-scraper mat^{12⁰⁰} to Dona Guilumina, who gave me meals and let me pound my dirty clothes on the board at her well and iron with her charcoal iron. So altogether the entire cost has been about [#]44. It ^{I forgot the 25 for trunk} would have been much more if I had gone alone or made arrangements myself. The horse to river cost nothing, being a mission horse.

I hope Aquidnana will realize some of my dreams of Matt's Grasses. It hasn't been bad collecting

on the whole, but I haven't
found "Panicum" (Mussotum)
arsatum, Ischaemum molle
and all sorts of lovely things
described from Matt's Grass.
I have collected some described
from MG but I'm yearning
for sandy region.

I enclose letters to Miss
Niles and Mr. Sheels asking
for them to send publications
and seeds to Durado

It is an awfully long
time without letters. I
hope you are feeling quite
yourself by this time. Very
best wishes,

Sincerely yours
A.C.

Porto Esperanca, Mato Grosso

March 2 1930 7:15 am

Sunday

Dear Prof Hetchcock,

I am waiting for the boat
for Corumbá due to leave 9
last night. It waits for the
train which was due at 2:40
^{pm.} yesterday. It is said to arrive
at 9 this morning, then the
boat goes. The "Pantanal"

(fresh water marsh) which
extends for many miles
eastward from Rio Paraguay
has given me pretty good
collecting - and most awful
torture. I have had two days
here, the first going east along
ry. which forms a causeway
across the marsh which I
waded into where I saw

something I wanted. New
for me are: *Panicum* the
bristly spikelet ally of *P. fasciculatum*
described by Mez; *fasciculatum*
itself (?); what looks like *fascic.*
var reticulatum, and another
ally; 2 *Pasp.* of *virgata* group,
whales of things to dry; a
great *Andropogon*, which I
hope is *A. luxurians* Ehrh;
Pennisetum nervosum (?), the
Pasp. Hackel called *var of*
ovale (which - *dilatatum* or
something else) which I have
in herb as *Pasp. paraguayense*;
it forms almost pure
stands in places along
Rio Paraguay; *Panicum* of
virgata group, what you call
P. tricholeuroides I think;

Androp. off *saccharoides*; *Trachypogon*
with enormously long
ligular-auricles - hope it is *T.*
macroglossus. *Pasp. fasciculatum*
(awfully glad to see that myself)
great colonies of sterile plants
along the river with rather
small flowering plants on
the bank; *Eriochloa argentea* (may
have had this in 1924-25). The
big things are so lush I
did not take much collected
before in Matto Grosso. I got
very large plants of *Panicum*
~~*virgatum*~~ the place for it here
near Bolivia; *Borghastrium*
parviflorum, *Marrisuris fasciculata*
Cenchrus myosuroides and others
I hadn't had in Matto Grosso. The
first day, Friday, I went ~~west~~ east.

The midges and mosquitoes were something terrible and to go down into the marsh and stir up more of them, literally clouds of them, took all the nerve I had. I was in such torment I took to singing to steady my nerves. It occurred to me that if anyone saw me wading into the marsh and coming out in a cloud of mosquitoes and midges singing "The strife is over the battle won" he would have good reason to think I was crazy. One might think my singing might scare off the torments but it didn't, but it did ^{quiet} allay my nerves a bit. I'm so peppered with bites I'll be glad to get out of Matto Grosso. I hope

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Corumbá will repay the time it takes to get there. The mosquitoes are feasting on my leg now and distracting my mind. There is a German sitting here talking to me, too. He is going to Corumbá. I think he is from Paraguay. He and his son don't think much of Brazil, especially the Essen here. But this hotel is so much less filthy than the last one at Aquidauana that I'm satisfied.

I hope to leave Corumbá next Thursday, but if there is an earlier boat I'll take that, unless the collecting is very good. There were some good spots west of Aquidauana I'd like to stop, but there is no

stopping less than 3 days. This side of Campo Grande there are but 2 trains a week, so I shall not stop anywhere.

The German is asking prices of everything in U.S. and comparing them with Germany and here.

On board, 9:15 and the train has got arrived. It takes 18 hours to reach Curitiba, so we get there early in the morning, in time for a day's botanizing. I have my presses in the sun here on deck.

I said I hoped the mosquitoes were not so bad on the river. The German says they are *nach schlechter!* I have my mosquito bed net along. That is my life-saver. Most hotels have nets but they are mostly too

small. They say the train is coming!

Botanizing along the Parana river and washing the mud from roots in the river gives me a feeling of wide travel I haven't had before. It is 107 meters alt at Pto Esperanca - I guess this water goes over Iguassu falls, ^(It doesn't) the map isn't quite straight in my head. It is a beautiful stream; just here it flows west, making a turn a few kilometers down stream. - In my letter on Downy,

I mentioned birds but forgot the toucan. We saw one flying quite close, nearly half beak.

6 p.m. It has been a wonderful day on the river. Just here *Pasp fasciculatum* stretches eastward almost to the horizon, but there has been much

* Mr. Clark says there is no fall, alt 107 must be error.

brush and some trees in the marsh. There have been distant hills both sides of the river - on the west side all the way. I looked at the map and see Rio Paragway has nothing to do with Iguassu - that is Parana. I wonder where Paragway does fall.* I have seen many birds, gray herons, white herons, two tinamous again, near enough to see they are like storks. I saw a wild turkey and three jacares (crocodiles) these pointed out by some young men. I heard them say "peru" and point and I saw the turkey. The river is about the color of the Potomac or browner, but is silvery now - the sun is low. I have seen many small floating islands and one good sized one with small shrubs on it. and I saw a few cactus in the margin - I had seen two big ones east of Porto Esperanca.