

~~My contention~~ that Mrs Chase was one
of the chief contributors to the collection
of grasses ~~at the~~ which are now in the
Herbarium at the Smithsonian Institution.

~~Her efforts~~ She cajoled informed ^{on both her trips to}
and finally persuaded botanists ^{in Brazil}
~~both in 1924-25 and in 1929-30~~
to contribute

Corumbá, March 6, 1930
Matto Grosso, Brazil

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I've been to Bolivia, was there about 2 hours. Did you have *Gouinia* in Grasses Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia? I got it there, but precious little else except a new crop of the blister-raising chiggers and *Lasiacis*, 2 *Leptochloas* and a *Panicum* that may be *P. trichanthum*. The mosquitoes were quite as bad as on this side. I didn't have to pay anything for this salvo-conducto. The young Bolivian at the frontier warned me not to go too far into the bosque and get lost, a warning I heeded for it was an awful tangle. When I returned he gave me limeade! (Offered to put some whisky in it!)
Corumbá, like all Matto Grosso, has been disappointing. I

ly

was awfully discouraged the first day, but the second took an auto for a mountain 16 miles distant, Urucium. I took a boy there as guide and a young man with a gun invited himself. I got a number of things, an *Ichnanthus* I never saw before, *Raddia brasiliensis* with spikelets and a *Panicum* of Laxa group new for me. Yesterday I took an auto again, my feet being blistered from coming down Urucium in wet shoes, ^{5(?)} miles to Bolivian frontier, and got *Gouinia* in Brazil as well as in Bolivia.

This must be Spencer Moore's "*Pogochloa brasiliensis*." I saw his type. It is *Gouinia*.

I leave on the boat this afternoon for Porto Esperança, getting the train there at 4 a.m. for

São Paulo. I'm not sorry to leave Matto Grosso. There is one place seen from train where I'd like to stop, but I am more than a week behind the schedule I made out for myself. It took so long getting to Dourados and waiting to get there. I have so much hay in bundles my adjustable trunk is bulging. I think I shall despatch this trunkful, ^{from São Paulo} to Miss Brandt's at Rio and bring it home with me. I have a superfluity of trunks in Rio, having borrowed 2 from Nat. Mus and collecting cases of Killips to bring Mrs. Mexia's stuff in.

When I reached Corumbá Monday morning (boat came in during night) the carnival jamboree was on and hotels had no room. The auto driver, with my trunk, finally

took me to a pensão, which was
something awful. I started to get
out collecting outfit but decided that
place was impossible and went to a
hotel to ask for some family or some
thing. He asked, as usual, if I were
Allamão, but learning I was Norte
Americana he said there was a house
of N-Americans, giving me directions. I
supposed it was a pensão, but when
I came to the place and saw a sign
in Portuguese "The first commandment
is: Thou shalt have no other God but me"
I knew it was a mission and joy-
fully knocked. As usual they have
been heavenly kind to me. Mrs. Clark
said I couldn't possibly stay where
auto man had left me - it was worse
than dirty, it was disreputable. They
were just sitting down to breakfast
and invited me and I had coffee
with milk for the first time for
four or five days and a bowl

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of cornmeal mush. Oh, but it was good. The tower was full because of carnival, but if I'd sleep in their store room they would put up a cot for me. Naturally I was only too glad to accept. I have enjoyed being here. They are very interesting people. I am drying up plants and driers this morning. The boat today is the first one out since I came. Corumbá is hot, the first place I've been where it is hot at night. It reminds me of when I used to live down in the city in Washington, before I moved to Casa Contenta. Of course my mosquito net makes it still hotter. — São Paulo, Sunday Mar 9 night, at the Kolbs again. I was delighted to get your letters of Jan 18 and 28 when I got here this noon. I read them

but none of the other letters before
I scrubbed a 3-day accumu-
lation of dirt off me. The
"wash rooms" on Brazilian
dormitorios as well as day
trains are merely wash
bowls and water set in
a tiny recess, not inclosed,
so one can't wash very far
down.

Yes, only you (and Swallen)
understand the risks one
will take for grasses. However
I'm not foolhardy, by any
means. No, Mrs. Mexia wasn't
any help! I wasn't "laid up"
after the trip. I finished drying
my plants and dried all the
wet driers, did all sorts of
things and wrote that long

report, in stocking feet - heavy
"Bayville" stockings. I was off
to Cabo Frio in a week. (See refer-
ring to Smithsonian notes).

I hope your African labels
have come before this. My
sister writes that Rose is
mounting African grasses,
so I suppose they have. Please
don't have all distributed
before my return. I'd like to
see them. For Trichopteryx
you'll find in bookcase
under Chase, a Mrs. Com-
pilation of all species pub-
lished from Africa. It may
help a little.

Yes, I have a good compass,
but it doesn't find trails for
me. I suppose the getting lost

referred to was at Metallurgica.
One can't follow a straight
course by the compass here
in many places.

I am so thankful you
are steadily gaining. It must
have been an awful ordeal.
I hope your knees are strength-
ening. You must have taken
terrible risks by your trip to
Kenya.

Mrs. Hitchcock said
in her letter that you are
terribly worried over getting
fat! I suppose Capt. Amer
Grasses is out by this time. By
the way have you looked
at Contrib vol 28, pt 1, yet?
I don't think Mrs. Mullett's
drawings would help anyone
to identify the grasses. I can

March 21, 1920

fix up some of the old Agrost drawings. I think I've picked out some to fix and they are listed or indicated in some way. Nobody can do such work as Mrs. Gill did.

I am sorry I did not get more done on the Manual but I'll work on it for all I'm worth, while I'm waiting for Brazil labels.

Has Maxon had shelves put in our upstairs room yet? - - Letter of Jan 28: ~~Since~~ you are to sail June 6 I am going to write to Mumson to change my sailing to earlier steamer. I had said May 21, which reaches N.Y.

midnight June 3. I shall write
Munson to tonight for
reservation 2 weeks earlier. I
wish I hadn't spent so much
time in Matt's Groves, but once
there you can't get out right
away. I think the 1-cabin
boats are very comfortable
and have far nicer people
than the regular first class.
I went to Europe and back
in 1927 on 1-cabin boats. I am
so glad Albert and his wife
are going. Wait the father of
Dr. Hitchcock feel cherty going
about with his son! It will
be lovely for Mrs. Hitchcock
that the young "Fran Doctor"
will be there too. The present

Recy Agriculture seems to have
little appreciation of scientific
meeting. I've forgotten who he is
- only recall the Nation's comment
that all he knew about farming
was the foreclosing of farm
mortgages! You will surely
be one of the six, but the
young unknown workers
ought to be encouraged to go
if they care enough to pay
their own way. I am glad
you have been appointed dele-
gate from Bot. Soc. America.
Dr. Briquet never answered
your letter about that notice
he sent to bot. journals, did he?
I am awfully sorry about
C. R. Ball's trouble. Of all people
to have such a thing happen!
Did he resign as requested, or is

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he going to make them prove
him culpable? Of course he may
be a poor accountant himself.
Heaven help me if I were respon-
sible for funds! It must be
cruelly hard on him.

Good for Dr. Abbot, but I
wish you could have contributed
the introductory article for vol.
on botany. I wonder what
Maxon thinks. Has he written
anything yet? *Yucca whipplei*
is the "Joshua Palm" isn't it? I saw
it in Mojave Desert. Have you
written Japan about it? It is
certainly interesting that an
astronomer should ^{observe} discover
what botanists have not
noted in their own field.

I had a letter from Bitan
court, thanking me for getting
the publications for him. I

March 6, 1930

sent this to you some time ago, I think.

I plan to leave for the "triangle" of Minas and Goyaz Thursday morning. I shall have to repack. All ^{my} trunks will be delivered to ^{young} Mr. Kolb's store down in the city and I can repack there. All my clothes are dirty and I have to have them washed and estimate I couldn't leave Wednesday. One of the Kolb girls, teacher in the "American School" asked me to talk to her class tomorrow. I'd rather be skinned but can't refuse, they have been so lovely to me. I'll borrow freely from H & C chapter on grasses! And her mother

wants me to visit their temperance society here. She told me about it before - quite a strong group of women, American and Brazilian. The drinking among the Americans and English in Brazil is much greater than among Brazilians. I've told - heard the same in Rio. I must have my films developed, too.

The dreaded election uprising hasn't come off. Thank heaven. At Corumbá, with two girls from the mission, I heard a spell binder trying to stir up a group of men, but some laughed and the rest seemed indifferent. We three had gone for ice cream (so called, cold anyway) to cool

off a bit before going to bed. The man was shouting for Getulio and the girls said he was talking revolution. The government's candidate, Julio Prestes, was elected, I learn. Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Clark (of Corumbá) both say that the ballot here is not secret and that a really fair election is impossible under the circumstances. Neither seemed to think Getulio Vargas would be any better, however, than Julio Prestes. What Mr. Hummel said about its being merely a struggle between the Ins and the Outs seems to be their opinion.

I want to write of the beautiful trip on the Paraguay river, but I must write to

Mumson and write an outline,
at least, of what I am to say
to the children tomorrow.

I inclose a note to Miss
Wiles. I got a letter from
Mr. Swallen and shall try
to write him before I leave
this week.

Very best wishes,

Sincerely
A. C.

A letter from Mrs. Bracelin,
Mrs. Mexia's friend at Berkeley,
says that Prof Kennedy died
a short time ago.

Uberlandia (Uberabinha, still, on
the map - there ought to be a
monument for stability of
nomenclature in town
names in Brazil) March 14, 1930
7:15 am.

waiting for my trunks

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I was glad to get your
letter of Feb 6 just before leaving
Sao Paulo Wednesday. I reached
there Sunday noon, left Wed.
evening, busy as a bay killing
snakes in the meantime. I
shipped a trunkful of pkgs
of dried plants to Jardim Botânico
to await my return to Rio. Two
I couldn't get in, I took to Consul,
pkgs 19 and 20. I'll take the rest
back with me since I have
so many trunks at Rio.

Yes, a mattock would often be

handy - on a steam shovel - the difficulty would be in carrying it along. I did some strenuous digging in the "pontifical" at Porto Esperanza. It is rather not have that "Outline sketch of ^{my} ~~the~~ ~~works~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~Genoa~~ ~~"~~ sent to local notes. It isn't by a "professional" poet, True would not want to use it anyway. The Smithsonian and all its works (except Dr. Abbat) are so solemn. Isn't Ellington a pinhead! So afraid of simple truth, always thinking of appearances instead of reality. If an astronomer can interpret botany to the general public better than the botanists that tried, it is an interesting fact and nothing for the Smithsonian to be ashamed of.

Did Mr. Maxon ever write - finish, I mean, anything? He labored enough to write a cyclopaedia, from what he said from time to time about working on it. I gave a talk to the American school-botany in relation to man, I suppose it might have been called. I wrote it out to get it in order in my mind, but didn't read. Took half an hour. Miss Kolb said that night the teachers were discussing it and remarked "It made us think of so many things we never thought of before," so I felt relieved - it must have been dry for the children, poor thing.

I had agreed to be associate editor for Bot. Soc. Even when

away I can't be less use than
Dr. Gigg was. I'll be glad if they
appointed someone else, but if
no one was found willing to
continue. In a letter from my oldest
sister she says Rose is busy mount-
ing African grasses, so I suppose she
took them. She had a bad fall in
January and was badly shaken
up, though no bones broken. She
is so frail. I hope she is improv-
ing. There is another letter from
you I seem to have mislaid (I was
in such a rush) in which you said
Mrs. Swallen might do some
mounting. I heard of Justice
Taft's death while in S. Pauls - alas, that
Hughes succeeds him. I've been
out at intervals stirring up the
hotel about my trunks. On the
way here I saw some very good
grass country near the station
south of here, 22 km. I'm going
to take the train back there

Mar 14, 1930

a little after 9 and walk back to Uberlandia. I'll have a heavy load, but the heavier the load the lighter the heart. It is good to be back in Minas again. My spirits went up when I saw stretches of clean grass country. I'm planning to stop at Mangabeira on way back. I'm going to end of line in (probably Sunday) on by ^{gays} carrinhão to Annapolis, at least, then stop at places I select on way back. My best spots have been selected in this way from train. I wrote Mum can to change my reservation to May 7 or date nearest that. Please ask Miss Miles to notify office of chief of bureau for to send

Probably arrived by about May 21
notice to customs at N.Y. giving
free entry for all but personal
baggage. I'll have the things
I buy all in one trunk as before
and ready to be examined.

Mr. Maxwell said best route
to Cayabá was from here to Sta
Rita on Paranahyba, across
the corner of Goyaz. (But trying
to make the hotel people miserable
until I get my malas - it is hard
to make a Brazilian miserable.) I
shall not get mail again till I
return to Rio about April 20.

I have found your letter of
Feb 19 which came with Feb 6
and one from Miss Viles, Feb 10.
I hope there will be some inexpensive
editions of the Smithsonian volume
on botany. Otherwise it will be for
diffusion of knowledge among
the wealthy.

I am very glad you are going
to leave *Agrastis stolonifera*, *pales-*
tris and *alba* instead of var.
names. Mackenzie won't agree
with you on latter. His principle
seems to be if there is any possibility
of applying a name other than
as it has been applied it is one's
duty so to do. Please read ^{*}his letter
to me on *Pasp. ciliatifolium* and
my answer. I wonder what Fernald
will do. ^{He will have to differ from Sears & N.}
I run here and I'm ready
to start. Have about 10 min-
utes before going to train.
I can't keep hoping you can't
get Mrs. Mullett to do drawings.
When they don't suggest the species
what good are illustrations -
like most in B+B Illust. for
example. I can fix up old ^{Div.} *agrost.*
drawings in not much more
time than it would take to try

* Please put also my interest in P. and in P. beginning of letters from what

to give Mrs. Mullett an idea of
how the grass looks, and I think
these renovated illustrations
would be more helpful. I
checked up all the drawings last
summer, Mrs Mullett's in upper
case back of my table as well as
Mrs Gills', and I think Mrs. Nis are
not characteristic. I hope your
legs are getting back their strength
and springiness. It is hard to
think of your using a cane, but
I'm glad you are careful. The
risk you took in Africa is enough
to last you, I should think. Poor
little Oakley, I'm so sorry for him.

Wish I could hear your talk
on Africa. Congratulate you on
Cent. Amer. Grasses. It is nice of
Dr. Abbot to be interested in my work.
Must go. Good by, best wishes,
Sincerely
A.C.

Annapolis, Goyaz, March
25, 1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I had a glorious time at "Goyaz capital" (as it is always referred to. I took an auto out 15 km to some good open grassland seen ^{on the way there} the day before, and walked back. When I dismissed the car and started in I ran on *Pasp. lauciflorum* within two or three minutes and 2 ~~other~~ *Hackel Paspalum* I can't now recall name of. (I've started a new field book and last one is packed up.) Other new things for the day were *Pasp. aff. burchellii* (may be that

but rachis is narrow); a great
big Panicum of Virgata group
keys to ligularis, but doesn't
look as I ^{think} remember that;
another Thrasya that looks
very like my tall puzzle
but spikelets different; Androp.
sulcatus, I think; Arthropogon
not the species found before;
2 Cytherium as new for
me; Trichachne new for
me; that tiny Aristida -
sanctaluciae is one of its
^(capillares?) synonyms; Heteropogon
goyazensis I suppose, can't
recall if there were more.
In all I got more than
70 numbers, but there

were two or three ferns for
Naxos. It rained in tor-
rents about 5. I had engaged
the auto man to meet me
at 5 at a certain building
some 3 km. out (it is the
last few km with nothing
but weeds and a heavy load
that weary one) but he did
not come. I took refuge in
a hut where a kind woman
beckoned to me. I got a ride
back with a passing car. I
had left my press out in
the sun and hadn't seen
anyone around to ask to
take it in if it rained - there
was no sign of rain in the
morning. I was dreadfully

worried but hoped some one
took it in. As we reached the
edge of town the streets were dry,
the downpour had not
reached the city. I ran for
my press and got it in
just as the rain came down.

The heavens were merciful
to give ^{largely} The country around
is sand and gravel, and there
were little wet depressions
so no wonder the harvest
was so good. ¶ I had en-

gaged the auto youth to take
me back to Annapolis, tak-
ing two days, stopping when
I wanted to collect. After the
rain Saturday Friday night
he came into the hotel to say

March 25,
1930

it had rained, that's why he hadn't come for me! I told him to come early next morning for the start back, but he said he wasn't going! I bought a ticket for the postal auto, ^{to leave 7 am.} and after waiting and repeatedly inquiring the postal auto left without carrying by ^{I got my money back.} hotel Rosa! I finally got off on a camionhã after 12 o'clock - that is only a sample of travel in these parts. I am waiting now for a camionhã back to Viannópolis which was to leave at 7 o'clock. It is now 8:30. I stopped at Gaiabeiras ^(Saturday) over night - I'd collected a little when camionhã stopped here and there. One

thing was typical *Pasp burchellii*
with winged rachis. Sunday
morning I set out far
some matto to the north
and had a pretty good day.
I got a very tall *Panicum*
or *Ischaemum*, an *Olyra*
aff ~~form~~ *latifolium*, *cordifolium*
perhaps, *Panicum paniculatum*
again, both the little form
carpeting the floor of forest
and the large clambering
form of wood border; the
new(?) *Olyra*, and a lovely
little *Raddia* in fine condi-
tion, and a few common
things I hadn't had far
Goyaz. It had rained
lightly but I'd kept on.

About 2:15, as I was sitting
by the road putting plants in
the above-mentioned youth
passed with his auto and I
had him take me aboard.
It rained very hard before
we reached the village. He
was coming on to Annapolis
so I packed up and came
along, raining most of the
time. Yesterday morning
I took all my presses and
driers over to the hospital
and spread them on the
roof. There were glimmers
of sun occasionally, which
I hoped would eventually
dry the great lot I'd put

out. They invited me to almorça
over at the cottage and in
the middle of it it suddenly
began to pour. Everything
was soaked by the time I
got them gathered up. I spent
the rest of the drizzly day
putting plants on dry papers
and trying to dry driers on
the hospital and the home
stoves, but they are too
damp to put in the plants.
There is no sun this
morning - air wet enough
to writing out. I counted on
getting to Viannópolis in
time to spread driers if there
is sun and now the cam-
inhão (I've just been told)

March 28
1970

will go after almoço, which means not getting off till noon. It is not the "hardships" of Brazil that wear one out, it is heart breaking waste of time because the people never keep their word. One has to count in this waste of time - it seems to be inevitable - so I have given up going to Maranhão as I wanted to. Dr. Golden says the way to Cuiabá is from Uberlândia by way of Sta ^{Rita} Anna do Paranaguá, that there is an American missionary at Araguari (where I have to over-night) named Hurst who can give

me information. There
English people have been
lovely to me. One of the nurses
is an American from Chicago,
but the two doctors and other 3
nurses and the chief doctor's
wife are English. There is an
interesting boy 4 years old - I
shall send him some books
when I get home.

I leave Viannapolis at 6 in
the morning on the train,
reaching ^{Guyandera} Araguary about 2.
~~leave~~ This is a place I picked out
on the way up. I leave there
the next day, reaching Araguary
about 5; have to stay over night,
and leave next morning at
8, reaching Uberlandia about
10. I hope I can make arrange

ments that day for the trip
to Sta ^{Peta} ~~Cruza~~ and Cuyabá.
Don't try to hope my plants
won't suffer too much - if
once could only turn on the
sun - stoves are so feeble
(and filthy usually).

Araguary - March 27
I felt so cross inside I stopped
writing and went over to the
Janstones, ^(the chief doctor's) and borrowed a copy
of Punch I'd seen there. The sun
came out for about an hour
and a half and I spread the side
walk and thick mud walls with
kiers and got plants back in press.
Of course that meant handling
all those heavy trunks (3 of them
rather) again, but I was glad
of the sun. The carrinhão (another
one) left at 3:30! It rained

toward the dark. When it thundered
I climbed up the carrinhão (rode
with the driver) and covered my
presses with the big canvas.
There were 2 Japanese and a
black man passengers up
there and when it poured they
must have taken the canvas
for themselves - such gross self-
ishness! On arrival about 9
I found one press soaked and
the other wet on the edges. I fran-
tically got the plants out & soaked
one and after a bit of jantea spent
an hour or more getting the
worst soaked ones dried by the
big cement stove in kitchen. The
carrinhão driver had dumped one
trunk in upside down and I knew
the water must have run in
but I couldn't open up, or dry any-
thing if I did, that night. Left

Viamapolis at 6 am. reaching
Goyandira 2:15. Sun was shining
so I unpacked and dried
everything. It was the trunk with
driers on top that got wet, faster-
nately, not the bundles of dried
plants. It was 4 by the time I
had all in dry driers and set
out to collect. I got a lot of things
I hadn't had for Goyaz and one
(Axonopus) I hadn't had at all.
It rained before I got back at
dark and rained till almost
morning. (On Brazilian beds one
wakes to turn over often enough
to hear what weather is doing.)
I got up early, and washed out my
travel dress that doesn't need
ironing and got off about 7:30,
everything dripping wet. In all

Goyandira yielded a good harvest.
Another new is an *Ichneutes*
I'd seen (and collected with $\frac{1}{2}$ no. to
discard if I found better) with
inflorescence just coming out of
sheath. I left, with everything
dried or in driers at 2:20 and
have just washed up here, and
waiting for jantar.

March 28 Uberlandia

I saw the American mission-
ary, George Hurst, at Araguany
last night. He gave me a letter
to a "crente" ("believer, as Protestants
are called) here and I found his
house after much effort. After
convincing him that the
serikara could stand long
and hard journeys he said
after almoço he would

see someone about auto or
carriinhão and I am to
wait here at hotel till he
comes. I'm also waiting for
my trunks and for almoço.
Waiting seems to be my chief
occupation! Can't change drier
till my trunks are delivered. It
is raining. Gott sei dank!

It was most pleasant to
meet the Hursts last night. They
had gone to "cultá" (prayer-
meeting) when I found their
house. A neighbor was going
too, and I went with her. After
the meeting they took me home
and we had tea with lemon.
You have to endure many
thirsty days in Brazil to know
how good tea with lemon is!

These encounters with missionaries
are so refreshing, aside from
the information acquired. Mr.
Hurt suggested this hotel "Grande"
as less dirty than Gayana where
I stayed when here before. It is
cleaner and there is running
water. - 7:30 pm Plants

changed twice today and
almost all dry. Some yellow-
ed a bit from the repeated
wetting and rainy weather
but nothing ruined. I had
hoped to get off tomorrow, but
couldn't make it. Only one
man was willing to go to
Cupaba (that is one the crests
would vouch for - I didn't
try hunting one myself)
and it will take tomorrow

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for him to get his machina in
good shape, fill up on oil and
gasoline, etc (which I pay for)
I am to pay 100\$ a day, plus
gasoline, oil, road tax and the
man's meals and bed. It will
take about 2800\$ (= about 300\$) the
most expensive trip of all. I
have only cashed a little
more than half my credit
in Banco do Brasil, so have
plenty. I'm taking this
machina "particular," and
can tell the man to stop
when I want something.
He is a man of "confianca,"
so says the crente, but he tried
to hold me up for 120\$ a day.

plus expenses, but I said 100
only. If I couldn't go for that
I'd go by auto bus as far as I
could and give up Cuyabá.
Auto bus runs 3 times a week
and all these things waste so
much time at dirty little stop-
ping places, weedy in all
directions. I've only 3 weeks left
for the sertão and I do hope this
trip will be worth what it
costs. The road goes from
here NNW to Rio Parantiba,
across southwestern Goiás to
Rio Araguary (my only chance
to collect in Amazon ^{basin} ~~with~~)
and across Mato Grosso to
Cuyabá. We leave Sunday

6 am. "sem falta" (without fail).
Having tomorrow here I'll have
everything well dried to leave
here in trunk. I'm sunning
all dried packages every
chance I get.

I shall not write
again till I reach Rio - or at
least mail any letters, for
from here, on my return, I
go straight (by a very crooked
route) to Rio and shall get
there quicker than a letter
would. I hope to reach
Rio by April 22 or 23 if not
April 20. I look forward

to letters when I get there.
Here is hoping for luck
and all the species I haven't
found and Hitchcock's Brasil

ensis beside. In getting very
anxious because I haven't
yet found it.

Love and best wishes to our
Grass family. I hope you
are gaining strength stead-
ily. Very best wishes

Sincerely

AB

Rio Verde, Gojaz, April 1
1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

There is no getting a letter off but plants are changed and all done for the night and it is not quite 7:30. This trip is

going very well so far.

I have 101 numbers in the

3 days out. *Bauhinia*

brasilensis is the best find.

It was described from Mato

Grosso, and I was disappointed

not to find it there. *Pasp.*

reduncum, *Pennisetum*

retrosum, a *Chaetochloa* and

a *Pasp* along bank of Rio Parana

hyba, *Eragrostis hyphoides*.

you may not care to read all this, but please care it for me.

Pasp malacophyllum, ^{*Eupatorium*} *Parasya*
schumannii were the best
things. I've added a lot to
the number of species I had
from Goyaz. José is run-
ning shorter days than I
expected - I recall Annie
Peck's wish that married
women would tell her
how to manage a man.
But he is quite as good if
not better than any I've
seen driving before. Mr.
Maxwell couldn't make
his man get a move on.
Across Minas the road was
very good. We got off at 8:30
instead of 7 and reached
Alta Rita da Paranahyba

about 3:30, giving me time
to collect along the river.
There is no getting off early.
They don't serve cafe till
after 7, and Brazilians fool
around and fool around.
Now I have 2 presses full
I can use time changing
driers. In Goyaz the roads
are simply awful. José has
more sense than any Bra-
zilian driver I've seen. He
gets out and fills the worst
holes before driving into them.
The Agrian from Dourados
said that but I had not seen
a Brazilian do it. The regular
method is to drive into the
hole, run the engine hard

till it has churned the mud
up to the hubs, then get out,
light another cigarette, wait
till the companion caninhã
or car comes up and by
and by begin to fill
the hole in front

~~with~~

with grass or brush.
I had expected to make this
place last night. We got
here about 3:30 and I went
over to a wet place and
got some more things -
an *Arundinella*, that is the
same as the unknown of
Dourados, among them.
Tomorrow will be a short

run to Jatahy, so I shall take
more time to batonize. I
have not stopped the car as
often as I wanted to, only when
I saw something I wanted, not
at promising places. It has
rained in torrents and the
roads are terrible. I counted
on stopping on the way back,
but if we must make such
short runs I'll do a lot more
walking. Jasi says the country
along the Araguaya is campo.
If it looks good I'll stop over
a day there. The trip is costing
like fury. I am concerned
with the price of gasoline
for the first time. The road
tax is nearly \$2 a day - I wonder

what is done with the money. It isn't spent on the roads. There is a system of "post fiscal" places with gates.

Josi turned up Sunday morning nearly 7, instead of 6, in white corduroy breeches, white shirt, shining leather leggings and shoes. The light gray car was clean (though a bit scuffed) - "some class" to "my" car and "my" chauffeur. The car, as well as Josi and I, has been drenched in red mud since. The sun

came out during the morning ^{for} and during the wait for almaca I dried all the wet driers, changed presses and dried again. Josi ^{has taken} took it on himself to open portfolios and lay papers for me when I came back to car with grasses. He also helped spread driers and gather them up. So, even if I can't get him started till nearly 8 or after 8 I guess he is as good as could be expected. It is a great relief to have him do the explaining as to what I'm doing. At Sta Rita de Paranaíba the

Chief politico called to see me
Sunday night (perhaps I was
ready to bathe - in a bucket
quart of water - and I had to
dress in a sack (lawn). He was
civil engineer, studied
7 years in the U.S. To him he
said that I should be trying
to speak Portuguese. I ex-
plained my work to him
and he understood it per-
fectly and explained to
the others in the manner of
course I gave instances
of practical applications.
However, Jaci has no other

school building...
 at school... to...
 holding forth to the spec-
 tator. — probably...
 only...
 in your...
 but...
 (with...)
 I will keep up 25 or 30...
 a day. The unexpected was
H. and in...
 Dr. H...
 under the "upside" part of...
 ...
 patch of...
 could be...
 ...

but I said for a favor, would
let them alone. I forgot to say
that among "Daisy" Chaffin, who
was a pitman in the white country
and was digging the belt
full of coal, and a coal in
his pocket in a basket. It
was a bit of the effect on my
return from through doubt.
I cannot avoid it in case of
a rifle, too. He shot at
a little distance on target and
went out a hole like a big
gunner - pop and the white
bullet topped off. There was no
sign of blood when we saw
the place. After we reached
some stopping place Monday
he went off with his gun.

(not to be sent to my back
 anything. Today I saw a
 fox for the first time. He
~~was~~ and called attention
 before I thought. He got well
 used about repeatedly in hills
 I went to investigate in the
 other direction. It went away
 he said. I'm glad he is in
 pose a shot, but when I
 saw what he looked like a
 large prairie chicken I kept
 still. — He has just told
 me the bridge is out on
 the road to Merville. we
 shall have to go another
 way stopping nowhere.

... in all one to me. ...
... hotel ...
... in a
... with a sword ...
... the hotel is the most dirty
... you wanted me to buy
... to go on from here
... and half, because
... as bad. I do
... add more
... day and the
... some ...
... here are very
... for example
... some choppers
... and a

... but a dinner
... was 34
... The
...
... for 10
...
... 4

Sta Rita do Araguay ^{night} Sunday April 6
Matto Grosso

Leaving Jatalhy the road was
not the regular one, the bridge
being out on that. The road
was awful. Another car came
at same time - came to this
place. Drivers seem very
anxious to have a companion
car. I did not get much on

the way. We stopped at a "house"
of sticks set on end, top the
thatched with palm. I had
an hour or so before dark
and found a few things, not
much, unless a very small
Schmantz is one of the sev-
eral I'm looking for. This
case had an earth floor,
so uneven I staggered all
over it - my feet aren't used
to an uneven floor. "Jantar"
was eaten out of a granite
ware plate in my lap, hav-
ing helped myself to the
rice and beans in pots on
the cement stove. There
was some milk and I

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was glad to have some of that.
The others had eaten when I
got in. The ³men in the other car
~~strong~~ hung up their hammocks
in the large main room. There
was a bedstead with boards
across it at one end of kitchen.
Chunks of meat drying
hung above it. That was
prepared for the man, wife
and child in the other car. They
asked if I had a hammock,
No. I had wanted to stay in
the automobile but Joe had
said he was going to sleep in
the car, so I sat on my
satchel, prepared to sit there
all night if necessary. There

was a bench in the main room
with all the men but I
didn't think much of that.
After a while Jose asked me
where I'd prefer to sleep. I said
the car, but that he was
going to stay in that. He said
he would sleep in a hammock
and I could sleep in the car.
The men all protested at once
the serhara would be
afraid. Jose laughed and
said something I didn't
understand and carried
out my satchel. He fixed
up a tiny light inside the
car, showing me where to
switch it off. Then he took

off his pistol and put it in the
pocket on the door of the car
for me, got out his gun for
himself and said bonoite.
I took off shoes and spectacles
only and wrapped myself
in the big mosquito-net I
carry and slept most of the
night, doubled up on the
seat. I was grateful to Jose.
(This was only the third time in
all my journeying. I haven't
been able to undress - not so
bad.) We left with nothing
but a small (demi tasse) of cafe
no bread. [In the interior, ex-
cept in towns big enough to
have a paderia, there is no
(bakery) bread.]

We stopped for almocosa at a
fajenda. It took long enough
for me to spread driers and
change my plants. At the
hut the night before we
laid in a supply of oranges.
The place was in a lovely
situation, by a rushing little
stream and could have
been made into a comfort-
able home - if the people
would ever do anything
^{besides} instead of talking and
smoking. The woman
at this place was one of
those dull inarticulate beings
that seem scarcely human.
In leaving I gave her one
of my ribbons full of safety

pins. She looked at me in
 a dull surprise and carried it
 off into a dark cubby hole off
 the kitchen without a smile
 or a word - poor soul. I was
 glad not to see any children
 in such a "home," - probably a
 dozen dead. - We expected to
 make Sta Rita Araguaya
 Friday night, but a river,
 Rio Ortega, which cars ford,
 was so high, ^{two} ~~a~~ men from
 the other car ~~swaded~~ ^{swaded} across
 and got oxen from a fazenda.
 I went collecting until dark, getting
 an *Oryza* new for me, *O. subulata*
 I suppose, and a few other things.
 A *carrinhão* came up while
 we waited and it grew dark.

a tall handsome young woman
leading a sheep, and her father(?)
from the caminhões left their
machine and waded across.
Finally Jose said oxen weren't
coming, would I wade over
- he would stay with the car.
I asked what I'd do for dry
clothes if I did, but put my
money belt around my
neck if I had to wade. But
just about real dark we
heard the men with the
oxen (it had been more
than $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours) I had seen
to it that my plants were
up on top. The oxen pulled
the other car over first. Its
red tail light went under.

The water came over my
feet when we crossed. I had
press and camera in my
lap. Over, there was difficul-
ty in getting engines started
after their ducking. Ours
wouldn't go with all Jose's
efforts - he had stuffed rags
around certain parts of its
anatomy but they didn't
prevent trouble. Finally
he asked me to go on to
fazenda in the other car
and he would stay with
ours. They suggested he come
along for janta and return.
He did and early in the morning
arrived with the car again.

This fazenda had a big kitchen,
earth floor, but not filthy
- just picturesque. There were
4 grown girls and at least
2 young men, all remark-
ably good looking, and an
old man, the father. The
handsome girl was there
in a different dress, bare legged
as before (she had carried a
little satchel on her head). The
woman passenger and her
little girl, myself, and all
the men made a lot to
cook a record jantar for.
After jantar we women were
taken upstairs and treated
like company, all the girls
sitting around and talking.

There were 3 beds, laced with strips of hide with the hair on, but no bedding. I waited and waited - hadn't had my clothes off the night before and the hundreds of "bichos" were torturing me and I was wet half way to the knees. After 9 I began nodding as a gentle hint - I wasn't sleepy, the chiggers and fleas - 2 days' accumulation of them - saw to that. By and by they began to bring in bedding. I asked if I could have some water to wash and they offered me a bath which I joyously accepted. A bath in the sertão is taken in a large basin, 2-3

feet in diameter. (Mine are usually, as here, taken in an ordinary enamel basin, but twice on this trip a kind woman has offered me one of these big basins of warm water.) The basin was set on the ^{earth} floor in a sort of store room off the kitchen. You said once it took a lot of agility to get a meal (in camp) without stepping in the food. That occurred to me when I found how much agility it took to take a bath on an earth floor, ^{dry oneself and} get into footwear again without stepping on (no chair or bench, of course.)

the earth floor. With that good bath and my mosquito net I slept well. The handsome girl slept in another bed. She hopped out while I was dressing and was all ready having slept in her dress.

The next river, Rio Babylon, had a ferry. The area and ferry were at my charge, of course. We reached here about 11^h ^(Saturday). The country changed before reaching Rio Ortega, we were in Amazonian watershed, I surmised, and when I got a beautiful *Eliornus* I never saw before and an *Aristida* new for me, my

hopes went up, then down again
as red clay, more or less
sandy returned and even the
sandy ground about Rio
Ortega had but little new. And
the region became more and
more grazed and weedy. There
is a Sta Rita de Araguaya about 3
miles south on ~~the~~ Goyaz
side of river - utter desolation
all about. José had said
the country at Araguaya was
campos. When we reached
here and I got all my
presses and supplies but I
found that the pkg of
dried plants had got wet.
They must have been
splashed, for things below
them were not wet. I put

all into fresh papers, feeling awfully blue over the run of bad luck. Things had refused to dry, though I managed to change all over, mostly twice a day. It rained every day till Friday and every night till Thursday (my night in the car). And from what I could see of Araguaya it was pretty hopeless. Also I was desperately hungry. Cafe was cafe only, no milk, no bread. I had eaten 2 oranges but they weren't very filling. When cafe is cafe only almuerzo is mostly about 10 or 10:30 but it was 12 here at Sta Rita. After rice and beans I set out

toward the river; struck some
wet ground and back water
and collected that *Oryza* again
- this being a different state. I
got *Paspalum pictum* at last,
Duperata tenuifolia, missed
in M G before, *Hymenachne*
amplex, *Pasp acuminatum*,
and some other things I hadn't
got in M G. I got a *Paspalum*
that seems to be *P. melano-*
spermum (never collected that)
and what I thought was
Pasp flaccidum again, but
now it is drying I see the
sterile lemma is cross-
wrinkling like *P. Proximum*
Döll - the thing *Trinius* called *P.*
arquistipalium Nees, not *Neesii*.

I think it is that, hope so. I
crossed over to Gaya, and got
a few more over there. The
Araguaya is narrow here,
not as wide a Rio Babylonia
which is an affluent.

I had expected to get here
Friday night, stay over Sat.
in this piece of Andean region,
and go on on Sunday. José
said he had to have a day
to make repairs to his
"machina", so I'm a day be-
hind. I do hope we shall
not have rains this week.

I set out this morning -
I asked for bread, saying I
wouldn't be back for *almoca*
and I ate a banana I took
from table last night.

I found the "new" *Olyra* again.
I'm wondering if this is *O. acumi-*
ovata Trin., if I was mistaken
in reducing that to *glaberrima*.
This seems too ~~common~~^{frequent} to be
new. The "campo" was no-
where in sight, but Jose had
said if I followed the road
to ^{the} right "large" I'd come to it.
I heard the roar of a falls
and saw there was a great
fall in the Araguaya. I cut
my way down the jingly
steep slope, but couldn't get
a good view for there was
a straight cliff 25 ft or so
below me I couldn't get
down. I got five specimens
of *Lasiacis ligulata* near top

of this slope. Farther along I scrambled down again, using the bed of a rivulet for trail, but the river had turned. I got to water's edge, but falls were not in sight, only whirling waters below. There was a house and sawmill where I first went down, the approach to the jungle slope a filthy stretch of muddle and weeds. There was no trail down. All this beauty has no attraction or interest for these people. Later from higher camps I got a partial view, but nowhere is there

a vista. Any civilized people would preserve such a piece of beauty and make it accessible. The foam rose high in the air. The slope I climbed down and up was certainly more than 100 ft. Except the *Olyra*, *Lasiacis* and *Oplismenus setarius* and *Hirtella* I didn't get a thing. I went away back and started another road, but it was nearly noon before I got anything new for me. Then in a boggy place "varzea" I found a Pasp. that I recall in herb, but can't remember name of - it is ungrouped at end. I meant to bring Mrs ~~ham~~ ^{to} list

Pasp., wanted it most of all, but failed to do so. I think we have one specimen. And in the same place *Panicum caricoides* or aff. I began to feel better and forgot the torturing ridges and how hungry I was. In a bit of campo I got Pasp. reticulatum, new for Matt's Gross I think. As I recall only Gardner and Clayton had collected this besides myself in Minas. It was described (Gardner) from Goyaz. I got some more things to represent distribution, 45 numbers in all, 87 for the whole "Amazon" region, and only 6 I'd never gotten before. And my hopes ^{had been} were so high!

I saw three toucans in a

tree across the river (about 30 ft away)
yesterday, the yellow-billed. They
were making a racket like
parrots.

I have 2 packages of dried
plants sewed up in bags, and
shall leave them here with
the ^{semi-}intelligent "hotel" keeper to
avoid wetting en route - my
trunk isn't water-tight. My
suitcase with clothes got
wet but that didn't bother
me. I got back in time for
bath ^{today} (in small basin) and change
of clothes. My feet have been so
soaked for a week they feel
delightfully comfortable in dry
stockings and shoes. It is past
9, but a Victrola is doing its awful-
est with scratched jazz records
and my room is not partitioned to
the ceiling, so I couldn't sleep - hence
this long letter.

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Bozuto, Matts Grasses, April 8, 1930

6:30 am.

waiting while things are being done to
the car and hoping for some milk
before leaving.

I can forgive Matts Grasses a good
deal for yesterday. The road near the

Sao Lourenço, April 9, Wed 5:30
nearly dark

The call to milk came just
then and though I had almost
nearly an hour more before
the sun really started setting
things always have to be
finished in first and done
withhold them for they
are slow enough with
the coming of morning for
the later of the year.

all around me, the organ
will get over if I don't
catch out. The things they
tell about animals are
very funny. They don't
catch clamps or worms to
its breast and they have
to pierce with its long
claws. The little fox I
saw attacks people, and
others are seen to
and lying in wait for
overcoming animals.
And yet I am perfectly
afraid of things of which
they have no fear.

couldn't bear to sleep in
 one of those round tents
 which harbor the bug
 that carries the pleurisy
 I hate to have these fleas
 bother me, I don't like to
 wander about with these
 things on me. I have to let
 everything touch these places
 which they are all spotting
 over. I have my little book
 and a pen and a paper and
 a pencil. I have said he
 was going to take a paper
 [big bag, etc] because the
 roads were very bad. I
 decided I would not go

to pay my share. It
would be very little to
each. How much the
was going to pay the
boy himself, I had no
objection. The girl with the
hair in braid he had seen
this state and he said it
the road was detouring
I wanted and was pay
for trip but she would
pay my share. I have
never seen her before
and she was just like
the one I had seen
the night the road was

the state was very
good (perhaps) and
the road was very
but some flowers were
in the train. I saw
them at night and I saw
the state twice today
just at 4 o'clock. I
felt when I was in
London and the boy went
back to that place. He
was sitting just
back of the train
he had seen (and I saw
not as far as I know)
there were nothing

back to staying here tonight.
It is the same house, 3 hours
outside of port. The country
is very sparsely settled. On
this journey we left the port
about 7:30 and passed
last one (deserted) tent
till we reached the mouth
about 6 pm. I had
had nothing to eat
all day - had to eat
safe-canned food, no bread
before leaving. The boy
had brought a big
bag of food and I was
so hungry while the trip

about you at the moment
brought you a message
from the (Garrison) his
management with you to
about his direct interest
in a new business, with
the
expressions attached in it
you see I am surprised
I had not sent you a copy
of my business card
interest. It is interesting
we had a person will
do rather than a
(I am not sure however
I shall be able to do so)

to something of the kind, for
 which, however, he was by
 no means (I believe) -
 anxious - you would it
 for your article in the
 Acad. I was glad to
 see that Sir John the
 president, says Sir John
 to full up (almost) on the
 books the account of the
 that is, I believe, in the
 account of the thing
 that you have been
 to find in your book.

... again I
slept in the car again. The
I took a bath by the
little stream by night
light so, not at all. Can
should have in the
and one part of it
was blowing while
was flying. The
was also on the other
of part in going to
the simple gift in the
sides of Bonnet. The
reducing the work
have from one part
of the work in
... through
I had had from ...

Ferry at São Lawrence, Friday, April 11

We left the fazenda where I was writing last, where I slept in the car again - after stepping into a train of army carts and having an awful time ridding myself of most of them with no place to undress, moonlight and the car close to the house full of men. The oxen pulled ~~up~~ about half a kilometer, then we came under our own steam to this Riv. It took a long time to get the man to pay any attention to hawks and pistol shots. Then he bailed the dugouts for half an hour or more. The ferry is a platform on 2 dugouts. ^{slipping crossed} Then the men asked me to go on, they wanted to take a bath. I didn't blame them but asked them not to stop long. That

and then waiting for coffee (a tiny
cup of better coffee) took nearly an
hour of precious time and it was to
be a long day's drive to next house.
We could not buy food here, as I
expected. The men ate what little
was left of the cheese, I ate nothing
but a few oranges. About noon
we got into an awful stretch of road.
Three times the men had to work, lift-
ing the wheels by a plank used as a
lever over some ~~logs~~ logs. These
lying by the way indicated that
our predecessors had used them also.

[The I helped by standing on the
lever, between times wandering
over the swampy ground. They were
more than 2 hours getting over this
place. It had been raining a
steady drizzle all night and all
morning. It stopped as we got

started. [I'm sitting in the auto, fighting
mudges by the million while I write.
That's why this writing is worse than
usual.] At this verge (grassy
swamp) I found a *Panicum* new
for me, *P. feibrigii* probably, of the
trachyspermioides group, anyway, and
several other pretty good things, new
for me for Matt's Grasses. After this delay
we went at a good rate, except
for a puncture, till we reached Rio
Itu. The bridge was out. We had
been told ^{at the ferry that} the *carinhão*s with Mr &
Mr. Thomas, missionaries, had
passed here the day before, so the
bridge must have gone after
they passed it. The river was high,
certainly couldn't be forded. Joel
said we'd have to return here
and "espera." I agreed we would

have to return, but said I could
not wait, we would go on
back. I had expected to get more
money at branch of Banco do
Brasil in Cuyabá but I would
have to stop over at Uberaba,
(on the Ry some 15 hours south
of Uberlândia) and get money
there, and send registered to
Jose. He said, very kindly, that
it was all right about his money,
I could send it any time, but he
didn't have gasoline enough to
reach Sta Rita Araguaya where he
last got a supply, he had to go
to Cuyabá to get gasoline. How? the
bridge was out (said); return as
far as gas held out, hope to get
some from passing caminhão

(though we passed but 2 (stuck in
the mud) in Matt's Gross). He could
reach Roudanopolis on what he
had, he agreed, so I said we'd
telegraph there - (I'd seen an office)
to Sta Rita to send gasoline urgent.
I collected between times of this
argument. The two had to sit on
the wrecked end of the bridge and
talk and smoke. After getting a
Mesoctenium new for me and
some other interesting things I
told them if we were to return
to start now and presently they
did. We had another puncture
during repair of which I walked
ahead and got Paspalum
I surmise. With its white hairs all
soaked in rain (it was raining
again) I didn't guess its group at first.

I forgot to say that at the verge
of long delay on sand beyond
it, I got *Thrasya petrosa* or affinis,
probably Pilger's var. *minor*. That
leaves my tall *Thrasya* unpress-
able. It is too frequent to have
escaped description. It is prob-
ably described as *Panicum*, one
of the names I haven't placed.
Altogether, it wasn't a bad day
for me and I wasn't as sorry
to turn back as I might have
been. The "voyage" has been so
much slower than calculated
I've been very apprehensive about
getting back to Rio by $\frac{1}{2}$ April
23 or 4 at latest, giving me time
for the Petropolis trip and possibly
Itaboraia again. As Mr. Maxwell

said, Brazilians have no con-
ception of time. I found Jose did
not know the date we started
nor how long we'd been out.
He is very good, as Brazilian go,
but I couldn't but be uneasy
about his getting me back before
the first of May if true. He said
Sunday "it was impossible" we
should not reach Curitiba by
Friday, probably before. He had
one box of gasoline, 2 tires, when
we turned back. It had taken 4
from Sta Rita. According to my
map we were not much more
than half way. Neither of the men
understood the map or could
pick out where we were on it. S.

last night, in the automobile which
is my regular bedroom, when I
waked I did ^{not} lie trying to figure
out how soon I could get back.
I have not found lots of things
I hoped for - my first impression
of Matt's Grasso is strengthened - it
is the most disappointing, filthiest,
insect-ridden place I've ever been.
- No Paul's Affonso was more dis-
appointing, but for torments and
miseries piled up I have never
experienced anything like it. We
got back to the ferry a little before
dark, getting some rice and beans
- incredible carne was also served.
We were all soaking wet and
very hungry. I managed to
change my clothes in the dark
in a second "room". There was

no door to the doorway so I
called to Jose not to let the
men come near there while
I changed to dry clothes. He
came and barricaded the
doorway and I did some
more stunts in balancing,
standing on this pressing
paper. — This has been written
between 7 am. and 10 o'clock. There
was cafe (nothing more) then I changed
driers on yesterday's lot. My things were
inside the hut so I couldn't get at
them until the men got up - that
is turned out of their hammocks
ready dressed. The ferry boat has
gone down stream and the boat
man and his small boy were trying
to bring it back. After a while our 2
men and finally the owner of this place

added their efforts. Then wouldn't I
take the photos of the populace. I focused
on the car and finally Jose got them
all lined up. It was cloudy so I
feared the result wasn't much. Then
it was about 8:30 and we were
to wait for almoco. I'd seen the
man preparing a chicken and
feared we would wait for it. Almoco
over the sun came out a minute and
I unwisely suggested trying another
photo. Our men "bustled" the popu-
lation and I kept calling "vem
ca agora" and they came hurry-
ing about as fast as a sloth
moves - in spite of the fact that they
were eager to be photographed. After
that I asked what we were waiting
for. The boatman was making
a paddle. About 10 the car was

driven on to the ferry and it was
carried down stream around a
bend. That's where we are now.
The slow moving boatman moved
fast for once in trying to prevent
this. His wife had another one
and his boy another. (I gave
the boy a mouth-organ this
morning.) The river is high and
the current strong. The ferry is tied
to a tree now and we are waiting.
I don't know what for, maybe
for the river to go down. The men
are at the other side of the ferry
landing waiting for us. It doesn't
bother them and their drivers to
wait. When we bumped here
I grabbed *Hymenochne douglasii*
and *Panicum zizanioides* to the
amusement of Jose. I'm now

thankful every minute that I'm on
the return journey. Jose says we
are awaiting more men. It is
so characteristic to wait till it
happened and then get more
men. The river is high, they were
all talking of the possibility of
being carried down stream. The
men will have to talk and smoke
and wait for more coffee before they
come, of course. We are all lumpy
from insect bites and scratches and
cuts. Coming back yesterday when
we reached the place that nibbled
us 3 times the men sought a
detour through the cerrado. While
Jose drove I went on ahead carrying
my camera which I didn't want
bumped. It was raining and
awful going through the brush.
The whole day had been so hard

that I told José (he hadn't complained except of the awful roads) that I would pay an extra day's wages for that day. He can share with his friend, if he chooses.

We saw deer twice, ^{as we were} crossing Matto Grosso, flocks of curved-billed birds, "curicaca", parrots by the hundred, notes many as at Dourados, and ^{orange-billed} toucans. Saturday afternoon last I saw 3 toucans making a lot of noise in a tree across the Araguaya. I have seen them, solitary and in 2's and 3's several times since. Their flight is ^a quick labored working of the wings like the parrots, but after working for a minute they glide, then work again, then glide. It is so characteristic I can tell them at a distance. I didn't meet

any ouças. If the woods are full of them, as Jim told, they must have seen me first. This is the first place I've encountered people sick with "febre," which means malaria. (Jim thinking of things to be afraid of.) I've wrapped myself in my mosquito net carefully each night. In spite of awful food or none, being wet every day, and sleeping ^{doubled up} on the front seat of the automobile I'm perfectly well, no headache even, nothing the matter with me but tormentingly itchy bumps. I got into another army of ants this morning, but saw them in time to avoid more than a few dozen. I retired up the road and went hunting them. They are terrible. The men were waiting over the formigas, too.

A woman, who helped paddle, has been standing on the running board looking on at my writing part of the last quarter hour. This is good manners, apparently, here. It is so frequently done. I'm sitting in the car as the least midgy place, but they are awful. It is now 11 o'clock.

That *Paspalum* at Sta. Rita Araguaya is approximatum. I'm so glad to have found these additional *Paspalums*.

That falls near Sta. Rita ascend the falls of the Araguaya. The cachoeira de Araguaya is some 30 leagues down stream. This, the São Lourenço, is a beautiful stream, but I'm not in a mood to appreciate it. The men are chopping along the shore, making ready to pull the ferry back by using chains around trees, I suppose, and women are bailing out the dug outs. It is sunny at last. If only it would stop

raining. It is past the rainy season
now, but I seem to be a rain maker.
Those awful Goyaz roads are to be crossed
yet. — A green and black humming
bird is darting about a colony of red
flowers on the wet bank. — I often
think how good it will be to get on board
ship, have enough water to bathe, run-
ning water for my teeth, enough water
to drink, and good things to eat, as well
as a clean bed, and no mud any-
where. I'm not going to be seasick
this time. I'm going to stay well and
enjoy it all. I keep thinking of milk-
toast and such for breakfast. I dreamed
of a big loaf of graham bread, could
smell it. Some one was slicing it —
and then I waked — cruel awakening.
Another woman is leaning over me.
These people seem to be a mixture of Indian
and negro, as is Jose with white added,
about half, I'd guess. The aquiline nose
of the Indian seems to be a "dominant"

character, like the kinky hair of the negro. Joe has a face Indian and white, but almost kinky hair.

4:45 same day, other side of São Lourenço, where I was on p. 37 and which I thought was just about "the limit." Last night's was so much worse that I'm thankful to be back here, and especially thankful that we finally got across the river. I was feeling pretty desperate. If we waited for the river to go down we might wait a week or more. The men were tortured by farmigas and the food was scant and very badly cooked, beans and rice about half done, chicken today likewise. I'm glad it was so bad or we might have stayed there. I went back a mile or more out of the weeds

telling Jose I'd return at 2. The men were working to get the barca (ferry boat) back up stream. Shortly after I quit writing they got the automobile back on land and to the hovel where we passed the night. Then I struck for the camps. I got an *Eragrostis* in eroded sand that I don't think I've had before, but *Eragrostis* are so variable I never know whether they are new or old.

I got a few other things just for locality, the tall *Thrasya*, *Leptocoryphium*, *Elioinurus* and such. I got the Paep that I think is Hackel's *Eriochloa castanea* that I got at Tres Lagos. [The midges are still biting and my face and neck are all sore from them and very sensitive.]

About 3 Jose said we were

going to try crossing at another place. If we couldn't make it we would have to wait for the river to go down. I was mightily relieved to have him try and felt hopeful when I saw several husky men at the ferry, which was farther up stream than the regular place. I never saw men work so hard in my life, in the water and at the paddles in the dugouts. They got the ferry up stream in the less rushing water near the shore, pulling on trees, swimming with a rope in the teeth, tying it to a tree, the others pulling on that. In less than an hour we were up stream about a thousand feet, then swinging out, the men's muscles like great cables, and down stream to the other landing. Again they swung ashore and tied up. It was a magnificent display of strength. I gave Jose 10¢ extra to give the men.

would have been glad to give more
(that was the figure ~~just~~ ^{suggested} but money
would do nothing for them but buy
tobacco. It is incomprehensible ~~at~~
why men who can work so hard
(the same men that swore like
sloths usually) and intelligently
together, do not build a bridge
and roads and decent houses
instead of living in such abject
squalor. The oxen had been
waiting hours on the other side and
brought us over the bad place. We
reached here about 4:30, too late to go
on today. José has gone off on
horse back - I hope he has some
project in mind looking toward
finding gasoline somewhere. I've
numbered the day's collection but
can't put in driers until car is
unloaded. I've taken a partial
bath down at the river and

done a little washing. I'm awfully sorry we couldn't get off the 500 for gasoline today. We may have to wait 2 or 3 days for it. But I am glad this happened, if it had to happen, on the way to Curitiba, not on the return after so much delay getting there. We ought to get back to Uberlandia at worst by April 23 and I hope before.

This will be mailed in Rio, so when you read this far (if you ever do) you'll know I got out alive - what the bridges have left of me. I'm hoping we may be able to get some gasoline from a passing carinhã, the Dr. Campos Grand Road joins out ours on tomorrow's run. There is a mission at Rondonópolis where I stopped just 5 minutes to say

How do in English. I hope they can
tell us some place near where
we may be able to get gasoline.
Jose thinks gas ^{we have} will take us to
Herschuma, beyond Rondonopolis.
Our SOS will order gas sent there.
The telegraph office is near the
mission. I ask the missionaries
to word the telegram to mean
hurry - if there is such a word in
Portuguese. Jose says he has a
friend in telegraph office and he
will wire "urgente"

There is a beautiful pink and
gray sunset, though the sun hasn't
been out. "Where every prospect
pleases, and only man [and
insects] are vile."

Sta Rita do Araguaya, Goyaz
[there is a Sta Rita do Arag on each
side of the river, this about 3
mile farther up stream]
April 14, 8:15 pm
Jose's homeback trip was to look for
his ring. He lost it during the
day and was discouraged.
Next morning he left me and
the car over an hour, when
we got reached the main
road to go back again and
search, he and his friend.
It cost 250\$ he said. I told
him if he got me back to
Uberlandia Sunday April 20
I'd give him the price of the
ring and he could get another.
That isn't as generous as it

sounds. I pay him 100¢ a day
and living. If he falls along
till Tuesday or Wednesday I'll
have to pay him for those days.
I think this will get me back
Sunday. hope so, and will
cost me no more or but
little more. I don't think
Jose is sharp enough to fig-
ure that out. He cheered up
after I told him that and vows
he will get me back next
Sunday. At least I'm out
of Matto Grass. When I've
gone about "sozinho" (all
alone), which makes people
marvel, I've been thirsty and
hungry, tired and insect-
tortured, but I never

suffered anxiety, while I've been
anxious and worried all the
time I've had this "help." There
has been so much waiting
for him and his friend that
there has been no time for
me to stop as much as I
wished. A rocky place we
passed rather late going I
intended to explore when we
returned. It was almost
dark when we reached it.
Last night - the men had
stopped to talk to men on
a caninhã passing, at a
house, where they waited for
cafe, and had kept me waiting
more than half an hour in

the morning. I feel so help-
lessly at their mercy. This
inability to control my
doings keeps me worried.
If I go far ahead of the car
I don't know if they'll ever
come - they have no watch,
Jose's being broken. I walked
some 4 or 5 kilometers ^{day before} yes-
terday and in 3 hours started
back. I'd left them fixing
something about the car
that they said would
take them an hour. That
was the day they delayed to
search for the ring. At a
but some distance of the

main road, they inquired
about gasoline. There was a
supply on hand and after
talking for some time the
woman went at a snail's
pace to find her husband.
After a long time he came
and after more talk he
said he'd sell 2½ boxes, neces-
sary to get us here, for 120\$ a
box. It is 75\$ a box here. But
if I telegraphed here I'd have
to pay 2 days' wages to have
it brought to us, so I bought
at 120\$ and was greatly
relieved that we could get
it. It was there the additional
3 hours delay occurred.

We reached the mission

at Rondonopolis about 4. I
asked if I could stay over
night. I was welcomed
most kindly; the men
were given a clean wooden
cabin nearby to hang their
hampers. They went off
to the river to bathe and I
had a warm bath in
one of the great Brazilian
baths on a clean floor,
a delicious dinner of vege-
tables and fruit and tea
with lime, and home-made
American bread, and slept
stretched out on a clean
cot. The men were given
dinner, too, and cafe con
leite

and bread and butter in the morning. We had waffles, the nurse of the mission, who let me share her room, having gotten up very early to prepare this treat. They asked if I would stop for morning devotions. I said I would, but let the men wait for me for once. But I was mistaken. Ten minutes later I couldn't find them, harked the horn and finally located them in a house up the road. In a moment they'd come. They aird at the ferry, stopping to talk again after the ferry and planks were in position. they wasted more than

half an hour. Then two more stops to talk and it was too dark when we reached the rocks for me to stop. I lay awake in the car last night trying to put my protest into Portuguese and this morning delivered my lecture, but we were long getting off, nevertheless. But I stopped for half an hour on a gravelly hillside and again 10 minutes to dry driers. We reached here just before 6. José says he has to make some repairs. That he will try if possible

to leave after Chuaca (11 or 12) tomorrow. In staying on the Goyaz side. The road loops back into Goyaz from Sta Rita in Matto Grosso and crosses the river higher up. I'll run out to a bit of varzea near the river in the morning. I've had no startling discoveries on return journey. Found an *Axonopus* new for me, I think, an *Isachne* in water, also new for me; a little more of the sect *Arundinaria* with spikelets, pretty old ones, *Pasp. approximatum* again, only enough for 3 specimens, and something

I hadn't had from Matt's
Grass. ¶ We saw 3 deer today
and a flock of 5 emus. We
seen toucans every day and
parrots, ^{large woodpeckers} and other interesting
birds. At Rucdariuspolis, the
place I called Indian Reserva-
tion, but which is General
Rucdarius's fagenda instead, there
was a large bird somewhat
like a cassowary, but smaller
and very handsome. For
some reason it followed
me around when I was
spreading driers and even
when I went up the road
to collect. It kept up a con-
tinuous querulous croak.

April 15 11:30 am ⁸⁵ Same place.
I've just learned that Sin tied
up here for the day. Jasi sent
word by someone over from
the Matto Grosso side that he
can't get the car ready to go
by noon. We'd have to leave
then in order to make a
stopping place. Well, I'm
thankful to be in this decent
place anyway. This morn-
ing I went out to the wet
ground along Rio Araguaya
Goyaz side, and got about 20
numbers, nothing new for
me, unless a *Panicum* of *thians*
group should be. I came
back to dry driers and be
ready for Jasi. I'll go out
again after almoço. It is
good to get decent food again.

I forced myself to eat all I could along the way at "pantais" the evening meal, but as soon as the keen edge of hunger left, disgust overcame me. It is rice harvest time, most of the fazendas where we stopped, both in Goyaz and M.G. had great piles of rice in the hull (spikelets) in the main room of the house. People and dogs walked over it and sat down in it.

Later 7 p.m. This afternoon I struck south and in a little ravine found *Olyra heliocaria*, which I missed in M.G. "whence described." It is a handsome thing, new for me. I also got *Pasp ellipticum*, I think,

a species new for me; anyway. And I was glad to get *Pasp. pictum* again on the Goyaz side, also the slender *Pasp.* the name of which I can't recall, ungrouped at end. I forgot to mention a big *Panicum* of *Virgata* group new for me, found Saturday. It rained suddenly this afternoon about 3 and I got back soaked to the skin. The kindly senhora offered me wine, which I begged out of. "Faz mal?" "Sim, nunca bebo vinho." Then as I was bathing came a tap at the door and a ~~tray~~ tray with hot milk ~~and~~ and cafe and biscoitas. Sim (crackers).

trying to guess who these people are. They aren't native Brazilians. She is Portuguese, I think, speaks of things in Portugal. The man, keeper of the store, and supplies etc., may be Italian or "Turk" - "Turk" here is Syrian, Armenian or any kind of near-Oriental. He has good manners - conspicuous here.

I think I've discovered the source of the myth of the perils of Matto Grosso. The travelers who have endured its multitude of discomforts and torments feel entitled to medals for valor. If they told of the insect-torture, of filth and mud and such, people at home would only laugh, so they tell of Indians with poisoned arrows, snakes and such. The natives are

full of fears. I was repeatedly
 warned about onças. The fact
 that onças are more afraid of
 man than man of onças
 never occurs to them. I'm sorry
 to say I didn't see an onça, but
 the men did yesterday - I was
 looking for grasses the other
 side of the machine. The onça
 was bounding away when
 they caught sight of it and
 stopped the car. They didn't
 get a shot at it, to my joy.
 The ant-eater, (of all things) tears
 a man to pieces, the cobras
 swallow him whole. I tried
 to tell José, who has been worried
 about my going far from the
 car, that I was not

because I did not carry arms.
That it was his weapons (he was
oiling his revolver at the time) that
made him fear. I didn't have
enough Portuguese to make it
clear, and the idea was too
strange for him anyway. No,
he wasn't afraid, he had revolvers
and gun! All the men go
armed. Neither of these men
went left the car, even to cut
palms or hunt logs to fill
up holes, ^{in the road} without taking their
guns, and their revolvers
were in their belts. Most
men wear knives besides.
No wonder they live in fear.
They are like an admiral in
command of a fleet of war-
ships. I told ~~him~~ Jose if I

could kill bichos [insects] with
a gun I might carry one. The
nurse at the mission at Ran-
doopolis gave me a lotion
she made of alcohol, carbolic
acid, camphor and other stuff
to relieve insect torment. It was
a wonderful relief. It numbs
the skin enough to let one far-
get for a while. I rubbed
all over with it after my hot
bath and regained my sanity.
She gave me a little bottle to
take along. I forgot that
besides ~~the~~ onças I was warned
against Indians. When we
stopped at Raudon's fazenda
last week for almoca, I struck
out for the thick cerrado. Jose
hurried after and told me it

was perigosa to go into the woods.
"Porque?" "Os Indios!" in a tone
of fearful warning. No
wander magazine writers
tell long stories about Matto
Grasso. Both Dr. Golden and Mr
Maxwell say there are desperadoes,
fugitives from justice and "bad
men" like our Jesse James a
generation ago, toward the
headwaters of the Amazon. Mr.
Maxwell remarked if he met
any of them nothing but the
Lord could save him, anyway,
and a pistol would not help
any. The insects and the fitch
are the only "dangers" I encountered.
When, from a height, we saw
the Araguaya yesterday, Josi
exclaimed "Gracias a Deus e
nesso Senhora" and I felt

like saying amen. I guess I'm
 sore because *Messacatum*
ancatum, and several other
 things described from Mato
 Grosso eluded me. There
 is much that is beautiful
 in M. G. With the car going
 at a pretty good rate, 20 km
 or more an hour, the insects
 couldn't keep up and I could
 enjoy the country. Toward
 the east side, yesterday's run,
 there are flat-topped serras,
 (chapadas) some deeply eroded. One,
 seen across the deep valley
 suggested (much reduced) the
 wall of the Grand Canyon, the
 shadows deep blue, the sunlit
 parts red. Towards evening

evening as we went down
a slope a picture spread before
us that might have been
an allegorical one. The deep
valley below lay in shadow,
the narrowing road ran
straight up hill beyond to
the summit flooded with
lovely after-rain light, and,
seemingly joining the ~~top~~
top of the road, the end of a
segment of rainbow, reach-
ing to white clouds above.
It was a remarkable and
beautiful "composition." The
sunset was glorious.

I spoke of the many
parrots seen. I saw a
few "araras" also, the very

large parrots of gorgeous blue
and yellow, that call
"ararra."

- Later. Jose has been over
to say he will be here at 6:30 am.
I wonder! I'll be ready, however.
Olyra helicocoma, ^{Pasp. ellipticifolius} and the Goyaz
localities for Pasp. pictum and
the other, have made sure less
provoked with him. He has
friends in Sta Rita in Matt's Grove
and I suppose has been talking
and drinking coffee most of
the day - for which I have to
pay him 100\$. But when I
think of Mr. Maxwell's men,
and the Goyaz man that kept
me waiting an hour and a half
and then went off without me,
after my paying for passage,

I must admit José isn't so bad, but I shall be glad when I'm rid of him and can manage my quings and camings myself.

April 17 - Jatahy. Half way across Goyaz and reasonably sure now of reaching Uberlandia (the railway) Sunday, leaving Monday morning.

When I had a chance to turn the lens on Paep "ellipticum" as I thought I found it was Paep monachyrium, equally good. José showed up after 7 instead of 6:30 and it took nearly an hour to pack up gasoline and my stuff. He had picked up another man to my disgust, for me to pay

for almocoba and jantar for. It
 is easier to pay than to try to
 argue in Portuguese. As I
 wrote after leaving here
 going west the bridge is
 out on the *caminhões* or
 motor road by way of
 Mineiros, so we had to use
 an old oxcart road far to
 the north. We had a com-
 panion car going, and I
 think José got this fellow to
 help find the road back.
 Much or most of it is a
 complex of ruts and gullies
 averaging 100 to 500 meters
 wide, sometimes eroded into
 deep chasms and arroyos

as much as 25 or 30 ft deep.
We backed up about as much
as we went forward and
I waited long while the men
went path finding nothing
to collect in this awful bad
lands. It is appalling what
ox carts do to a country. The
oxen have to graze and they
eat all the good plants for
a long distance each side
of the "badlands" made by
cart wheels. We got off
early this morning for
the first time, having
stayed at a very dirty
hotel. I slept in car, as
usual. There was a

thunderstorm and I (and
Jose, too) had forgotten my
rubber pouch, leaving it
at Sta Rita. He had had
his rapadura done up in it
and it was a mess of
stickiness. I washed it off
and shaved him when I
spread it on the fence right
by the car, to take the last
thing. It was as much
my fault as his that we
left it there. Jose brought
me his sobretudo, a great
circular, ^{waterproof} cape. He had his
hammock in the house.
I asked if he wouldn't need
it. He said the umbra

needed it more. About 5
I heard someone open the
door and I got up. It was
poor Joe nearly frozen. It
was wonderful moonlight.
He stirred up the family to get
cafe and packed the little
we had unpacked and
after half-warmed cafe
we got off by moonlight
before 6. But we lost
some 2 hours before we
had gone far, hunting
roads. A barbed wire fence
cut directly across the ox-
road [we didn't encounter
this on way west, so we
must have gone another

road, though equally bad].
 Driving a long way across
 the brushy campo we came
 to the end of the fence, then
 drove back on the other
 side to the road. A little
 more and a puncture.

I walked on during repairs
 and found another barb-
 wire, followed it far
 enough to find it formed
 a great rectangle, so I
 hurried back to tell José.
 It was after 9 when we
 finally struck a road
 (excavated "road") We got almost

in the "porcaria" where I first slept in the automobile.

There has not been much to collect on this return journey through Gayay. I got everything I saw going west, and there has been no time to get off and explore places. From here east we follow the auto road, bad enough, but nothing like so bad as the ox road.

We saw deer yesterday and today several times, today two half grown ones. In spite of the need

to hurry José has to stop and shoot at them. When I protested he said he wanted the senhora to have a hide to take to North America (made up on the instant, doubtless) but I told him I wouldn't take one. He has never hit anything, so I'm not greatly worried any more. But the deer have so little sense. They stand and look when they ought to be running. Today while walking on ahead while water and gasoline were being filled up I came across a deer quite close. It ran a little then turned

and stared at me. I would
have enjoyed it greatly if
I hadn't feared Jose would
see. I tried to keep between
the deer and the car so he
wouldn't dare shoot, and
I tried to scare it off, but
it only stared the more.
But when the noise of the car
started it went flying, to
my relief. I saw a little
fox curled up at the side
of the road, just the color
of the red-clay dust. He
slipped into the tall grass
and Jose didn't see him.
We saw erms several
times, once the largest

flock I've seen, must have been 25 or 30.

I find people are shocked that I'm going to travel to-morrow, ~~Holy~~ Santa Seixta-feira (Good Friday) - and Saturday they'll all take part in a jamboree burning Judas in effigy and carrying on as U.S. does on halloween. I tell them it is necessary, and José wants the price of another ring bad enough to drive tomorrow. — Rio Verde

April 18. I discovered the cause of the concern about my supposed irreligious

disregard of Good Friday.
This morning Jasi delayed
till after almoço at 10. I got
in a little botanizing before
that. The senhora of the
pensões, who very kindly
gave me a big basin of
warm water in the kitchen
last night for a bath, asked
several times this morning
if I was going to travel
today. I supposed she was
distracted over my lack of
religious observances. When
I wanted to stop about 10
o'clock, the sun blazing hot
to dry my stack of

driers, Jasi objected. He wanted
to reach Rio Verde early, he
didn't want to work all day
this holy day. Iin fed up on
Jasi's wishes and insisted
on getting out my driers.
As I spread them I thought
out in Portuguese "If the
senhor gets paid for
Santa sexta-feira, the senhor
must work on Santa sexta-feira."
I delivered this statement
after driers were in the car
again and all was ready
to go. Jasi looked at me in
genuine surprise. "But I

am afraid to drive the auto.
move on Santa ~~sesta~~feira,
something bad may happen."
It was so like Brazil and
yet it hadn't occurred to
me. I had to laugh, and
João grinned, but somewhat
dubiously. I thought he
was getting religious all of
a sudden. He will probably
tell all his days of the
foreign Senhora so ignorant
she didn't know Indios
and ouças were perigosa,
who didn't know any
better than to eat oranges
in the morning, even before

safe, and who didn't know
 Santa septapira was the
 most unlucky day of
 the year. And the sechura
 was so stupid she couldn't
 even learn. I wonder if
 he doesn't think I have some
 especially efficient "santina"
 who protects me in my
 reckless career. It is funny
 but tragic, too, that this
 beautiful country should
 be full of imaginary water-
 olent beings to its inhabitants.

I found 3 species new
 for me today. At Rio Dace

where I found *Naurolepis*
sturensis growing in water
(it is now in mud only) I
found *Panicum pterygodum*
itself; at least it is not the
same as the other species
of this group which keyed
to *versicolor*. I told Jari
I would walk the last 10
km here, to let me know
when about that distance.
He let me off near a little
stream where I got several
things, not new for me, but
on a sandy slope not far
off I got what I think is

Pasp. minarum at last.
It is new for me in any
case. In another piece of
campo, badly invaded by
Melinis I was delighted to
find *Pasp. heterotrichou*. It
was very unpromising
territory and my mind
was thousands of miles
away, in Washington in
fact, but my eyes were
on the job and brought
me up with a jerk. After
getting a nice lot into the
portfolio I walked back a
little to see if I'd missed
it, but didn't find any.

Tomorrow is a long run to
Sta Rita de Paracaluyba. We
took 2 days coming from
there here, but 2 short days.
I hope we get off early.

The electric light in my
room is about $\frac{1}{2}$ candle
power. I had a hard time
getting my plants in press.
The boy came to squirt "Flit"
around for the mosquitoes
so I came out to dining
room where the several
lights combined are a little
better. Jasi has just come
to say we shall leave at 5.
I shall be ready and wait
dear knows how long.

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Sta Rita do Paranahyba April 20
Waiting (as usual). A spring
brake in the car yesterday
and a new one had to be
put in here. I think it was
done last night, but Josi
says it is necessary to stay
here till after almoço. This,
Easter, is a holiday. There
was firing off of pistols,
(or giant firecrackers maybe)
before daylight and a
procession singing. There
was a man's voice, priests
I suppose, then choruses of
women's voices. The church
is across the square, and by

the sound I judge they paraded around it.

We did get off early yesterday. Jose came to my door at 4:45 while I was changing driers. Cafe (warmed up) and bread and butter were ready at 5 (I gave the girl a tip for getting up so early) and we were off by moonlight. It is surprising how much the country has dried up since we passed 3 weeks ago. The campos are now well past their best. I guess I went just about the best time. I got more *Bouteloua brasiliensis*, more nature

than before. I walked the last 6 km (according to Jose) but I think it was more. I think he has no more idea of distance than of time. ^{Day before} Yesterday's 10 km. was certainly not that much, and yesterday I had to stumble along the road the last half hour in the dark. Goyaz is higher than Matt's Grass and it is very cold at night. The last few nights I've shivered all night, though I add the voluminous mosquito net to the bedding.

I have greatly enjoyed this trip, at least when I wasn't

half-fruits from clouds of
midges. The Brazilians call
them mosquitoes, but they
are not mosquitoes - there
are plenty of them, besides, but
tiny flies that suck blood. Wip-
ing off a lot ^(crushing them) leaves the skin
smeared with blood. 9 Gogay
is (this southern part of it) a
succession of chapados,
plateaus with gently sloping
valleys between. The altitude
is from 400 to 700 meters. The
country is mostly campo
and cerrads. "Cerrads" is the
term used for open or
rather dense woods of low
crooked gnarled trees, with

grasses, or grasses and brush
 between. *Tristachya leinstachya*
 up to 3 M tall is conspicuous,
 growing nearly as thick
 as a corn crop, in large
 areas. I wanted to get a
 good photo of it, the one
 I took on the way to
 Dourados not being good.
 The tawny parrots against
 the blue sky are striking
 as viewed, but it is awfully
 hard to get them to show
 well in a photo, they are
 constantly waving. I mean
 I didn't succeed in getting them
 to show. But it takes time

to get out the camera and tripod and yesterday we did hurry, making in one day what had taken two going. About sun up the car stuck in the mud crossing a varzea (marsh). Jose said the sun in his eyes had made him rise into this bad spot. We had dropped the second man, to my relief, at Jatchy, so when Jose had found pieces of logs and a plank (these things seem always to be around somewhere near the worst places) and to lift the ^{back} wheel I helped

by sitting on the end of the plank and pulling for all I was worth on clumps of grass to hold myself down. Jose said something about my not being pesado. I'm quite a bit lighter than when I started this trip, I think. If a woman wants to "reduce" she can do so by botanizing in the far sertões of Brazil. The lever was ~~was~~ too short, really. But he finally got enough grass stuffed below to try to pull out. The wheels whirred but did not go forward. Then I pushed as I had seen the man do, and to my surprise and

delight out it went. "Powerful
Katrinka!" José said something
about "poderosa." I wondered
what this whole experience is
doing to José's "ideal of woman-
hood," - thinking of ex-president
Taft's pathetic plaint ~~as to that~~
~~what~~ woman's demand for
equal rights was shattering
his "ideal of womanhood." It
is certainly true Brazil de-
veloped "suffragettes."

We saw a half-grown
deer quite close yesterday. It
stopped to stare, to my dis-
tress, but a dog that had
insisted on coming with
us from Rio Verde, riding on the
running board, took

after it and the little thing
 bounded off into the dense
 cerrado, before Jose could
 fire. Jose had received not
 unwilling to let the dog
 come (though he wore a collar
 with a number), flattered, as
 people are, by the dog's attach-
 ment, but when the dog re-
 turned from the edge of the
 cerrado Jose gave the poor
 beast a "kick in the stats"
 and called him names. I
 rewarded the dog by a chicken
 bone when we stopped for
 alvissca. I have made up
 my account with Jose. I shall
 have to send him 1500\$ from

Uberaba. Of the 36000 I had
with me I'll only keep enough
to get to Uberaba (where I change
trains anyway and where
there is a Banco do Brasil) and
then owe Jose a conto and a
half. The whole will have
cost me a little more than
5 contos, some \$550. My
trunkful of dried grasses is
the most costly baggage I
ever had. But I'm glad I
went, though sorry I missed
so many things.

I'm going out to walk in
the sun and warm up before
almooça at 10. I'll be glad to
get back to clean clothes and

a sweater this evening. I brought
no wrap, except the rubber poncho
and left that, unfortunately.

Monday April 21. Uberlandia -
waiting for train time 9 am.
We didn't get off from Sta Rita de
Paranaíba till nearly 1. Jose
meant to get the price of his
ring by reaching here Sunday,
but characteristically the last
minute. He was working on
his car the last hour or two
before leaving. There was
no time to search the few
bits of matta in Minas as
I had hoped to do. Jose had
the nerve to remark the
night before that I'd miss
him. I'll miss him as I miss

the mridges. I did find one
thing new for me yesterday, as
we sped along at 40 km an
hour or more - this Minas
road is very good - a beauti-
ful tall Sporobolus, one speci-
men. There were others, but
with spikes all fallen. I feel
that if Jose hadn't wanted
so much time, so that I could
have had time to linger in
promising places, I would
have found much more.
I've lost more on this trip than
in all the rest of my journey-
ing: 2, ^{of my} straps disappeared
from the automobile; the
pouches, ^{a hat,} soap, my best pair

of knickers, Eversharp pencil, I
lost. The serious loss was
yesterday. When we unpacked
here last night my camera
was missing. I watched, ^{as usual} to
see that everything was packed
and the camera was wedged
in the back. Jase ties ropes
across the whole, his baggage
as well as mine, and I
supposed the rope would
run through the handles
of the camera cover as usual.
Jase had said he wanted me
to take a picture of him and
the car and he wanted to take
one of the "automovel and
the senhara." I'd said he

might, but didn't say I'd send
him a print as he expected. Of
course I wouldn't. He has
fussed when I untied the
ropes before to get the
camera and this time,
because he wanted a
picture, I he must have
left the camera untied.
I feel desperately bad over
it, but my first thought
was thank heaven I had
not put my field book in
the camera case as I have
done some days, fearing
it might drop out of the
packet in my portfolio
with my hurried jumbling

in and out. All The Goyaz-
Matth. Gross exposures, 10
only, were in the camera
case. Well, I can buy another
camera and I couldn't
replace the field book. If I
had acceded to Jose's wish to
stop and take picture of him
and the car and another
of the car and me I'd have
discovered the loss sooner.
I had so much packing
to do that night, and he
had started so late and
then spent 15 minutes
visiting at a house (I
walked on but it was
all grazed and weedy), so I
told him there wasn't time.
— Uberaba, Tuesday 8:30 am

The bank wasn't open yesterday. Easter Monday being a holiday. The best (quickest) way to Rio is by way of São Paulo. Though it is longer there are good connections, while ~~westward~~ eastward, as I'd hoped to go, I'd have to wait over a night, ^{at Anaxa} and several hours in other places. So I leave at 1:30, ^{having} time to get the money. I reach Rio ~~Thursday~~ ^{Wednesday} night. I don't know how I'm going to wait till 9 next morning for mail at the consulate. When I found the bank closed I changed into khaki and went out north. This

is the second largest city in
Ninnes and it took an hour
to get away from weeds. I
had seen *Pasp splendens* and
Pasp stellatum from the
train not far from here
and wanted to quiet my
perturbed spirit by collecting
them once more. I'd scarcely
slept at all the night before -
had, ^{unpacked, and} packed till midnight
and then too upset to sleep.
Most grasses are past their
best now, but much of these
two beauties was still in
perfect condition and I got
several fine duplicates. I said
good by to lovely *Pasp splendens*

I'll probably never see it
growing again. These and
P. stellatum were unusually
large plants. I got a few
other things, nothing new
for me. These have to re-
main in the portfolio till
I reach Rio. I slept well
last night. — Thursday morning
Apr 24. Back in Rio and scrubbed
in a bathtub of hot water — the joy
of it. Got in last night. I'm waiting
impatiently for 9 o'clock for the
consulate to open to get my
mail — more than 6 weeks
since I've had any. I'll wait this
on my way. Very best wishes,
Sincerely Al

Rio de Janeiro April 24 1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

I was glad to get your letter of March 7 and 29, but I am very sorry you had an attack of grip. I am glad you recovered so quickly. I enjoyed your account of the Bot. Soc. dinner. Wish I could have been there - that is without being away from Brazil just then. How that beard, with the ends thrown over the shoulders, has diminished! - almost as much as Waiter's curly locks.

U. S. Grass herbarium has certainly come to be the grass center of the world - that has so long been my dream. What a wide training Mr.

Swallen is getting. I am glad Mrs. Swallen is doing the mounting. And awfully sorry Mrs. Mullett is doing quarrers. It makes me shudder to think of her depicting the "parcels of the smaller Peruvian". Did you go over the old Baldwin drawings I sorted up and put in the old type cases? There are some really characteristic drawings among them, P. Chamaelouche for example. However, if you like Mrs. Mullett's work I might as well keep my groans to myself.

I am glad the shelves are up in the annex. The 10-foot ladder will remind

me of Vienna. Do you remember the safety railing around the top of the ladders there?

I enjoyed Will Rogers' report of his interview with Coolidge. I certainly rejoice over the new bookcases. Now if I can get an extensible neck to enable me to get my eyes at the proper distance maybe I can find books without asking Miss Wiles' help so often. You aren't troubled with non-focusing eyes, I believe. I shall enjoy seeing my rearranged room.

I wish I could hear your talk before the Bot Soc and see your slides. I'm missing a lot. I'm glad your trip is approved - of course it would be in your case. But

I deplore the narrow policy
of present secretary in not
permitting the lesser ones
to go, who care enough to
pay their way. I fear Mr.
Brignet and the other Europeans
are too clever when it comes
to the handling of congresses
for simple Americans. It is
Clemenceau - Lloyd George
vs. Woodrow Wilson, ^{over} again,
they do as they please with
the Americans. I'm awfully
sorry, but I'd given up hope
of anything good to come of
it for nomenclature, anyway.
I hope if Dept Agriculture "dele-
gate" (FVC) and Rutherford
"delegate" (WRM) are appointed
there will not be any slip in
your appointment as delegate
of Bot. Soc. The laws are

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going, sailing July 18 on Western-land. If there are to be "delegates" (it reminds me of the way Kansas was peopled by slave holders and abolitionists to secure the popular decision as to slave or free) you may wish to get Van to be a "delegate" to support your motions on nomenclature. He doesn't know much about it, but neither do the others. The Exp. Station at Geneva might have a delegate, I should think. He ranks on state payroll, as professor in state Agricultural College, (which is divided between Cornell and Syracuse) This suggestion

is offered in case you can ^{to}
secure votes. I've long been
disheartened over the whole
business.

I have my steamer
ticket. I sail ^{New York} May 8 and
arrive ^{Southern Cross} May 21. Will you
please ask for the free
entry letter offered when
I left? I haven't counted
up but I shall have
something like 13 trunks.
I am not sending any
more through Consulate
as I have these trunks to
get back anyway. I
^{rapidly} checked over list of Brazilian
grasses (one of my waiting
spells) and find there are 15
genera I have not collected.

Some are Amazonian, Parana,
Spheneria, etc, some extreme
southern, Oryzopsis, Nassella,
but I saw Tripsacum from
the train and some of the
others I had hoped to find.
However, I shall have made
in these 2 trips by far the
largest collection of grasses
ever brought out of Brazil.

I got my money, the last
on letter of credit. Flag was at
half mast but bank open.
I went to Jardim Botânico but
Sousa Maria wasn't there. I left
a note. I want to make the
trip to Cete de Morim Monday
and Tuesday and hope she
can go with me. Then I
hope the Itatiaia trip ma-
terializes. I am going up

Morro Theresa here in Rio to-
morrow. It rained all today
and it took all day going to
the various places (including
bobber-shop). I'll get the
packing done between times.
Now I know I can handle
loaded trunks I don't have
to wait for the young Russian
down stairs to stack them
up for me - not that I
enjoy lifting the awful
things. I had a letter from
Mrs. Mexia among my
mail. She is still at Visora.
She said it was safe for me
to go into the swamps. I was
too light to sink, - also that
her skirts are getting so
short she "looks like a
ballet-dancer," being taken
up by increasing girth. The

APRIL 24, 1930

Rolfs meals are certainly an excuse to overeat if anything is. Clarissa writes "I have Mrs Mexia quite 'house broken' - don't wait meals, even when she is in the house - - - after she had cold meals alone a few times she has found it possible to get in almost any time." I'm certainly glad for I have felt distressed about burdening the Rolfs with her. She had a letter of introduction from Merrill, so would have been invited there in any case. Dr. Rolfs writes that she is doing good work collecting. She certainly has every convenience for work, besides free board, good American room, bath, etc, and use of mules and saddles.

I find Miss Brandt, my Russian landlady, happy over having a Russian priest here, arrived from Argentina in time for Good Friday and Easter services here in her house. He has a gorgeous gray beard, like cartoons of Russians, except that it is beautifully brushed. Miss Brandt is trying to raise money to add him to her "colony" at Theropolis. He is a trained agriculturist and will work land there. He is a widower, and Russian priests do not remarry, she says, and he has no family.

Last night I had a piece of Russian "Easter bread," nearer cake than bread. I am giving her a letter to Dr. Bitancourt, who can help this Russian agriculturist to adjust himself to Brazilian conditions.

Mrs. Walker writes of their delight over being invited to your home for dinner and of how much they enjoyed the evening. Miss Niles wrote of it, too. You and Mrs. Hitchcock made the young ones very happy.

I got one copy of the Nation and one of the World Tomorrow, the only ones received of the whole ^{five} ~~six~~ months. I read them on

the street car today and while waiting dinner tonight. That naval conference seems to be worse than useless.

Thanks for clipping and Smithsonian Notes. I think I wrote (though you may never get that far in the long letter I mailed this morning) that all my Goyaz and Matto Grosso exposures were lost with the camera. I forgot. I have at least one pack, and I think two, in the tin box in my suitcase.

Very best wishes,

Sincerely yours
A.C.

Rio de Janeiro April 29, 1930

Dear Prof Hitchcock,

The Itatiaia trip didn't materialize. I may have written you that Dona Maria Bandeira's mother died in January. She was in Petropolis when I got back and I didn't see her till Sat. evening. She sails for Europe tomorrow, so there was no chance for a trip together. I went to Furnas Aguaris beyond Gavea here in the hopes of finding one of Mey's *Panicum* we haven't identified, described from there. The only likely thing I found is *Hymenachne condensata*. I hope it's

description answers to that.

Yesterday I climbed Tijuca to summit of Pico. Cuyler and I went up in Jan. 1925. I think I got a few things not found then, but I did not find any bamboo in bloom, my chief desire. I had the whole mountain to myself and a most wonderful view. It was cloudy when Cuyler and I went up. Today I got out the duplicates at Jardim Botânico which I'd written labels. Things are in pretty much of a mess there. They are building an addition and tearing out walls. The sickness of Dama Maria's mother kept her away,

and somebody chucked these grasses away somewhere, but Dama Maria was there today and located them. I have a large bundle, many or most of them Amazonian. I take the 6 o'clock train for Petropolis in the morning ^{returning next day.} to go to Crête de Morim. Hope I'll find Scleroisphyton. After that it will be packing, though I hope to get in one more day botanizing.

Mrs. White's friend, an American here to whom she insisted on giving me a letter was here to dinner Saturday. I hadn't met him. I mailed the letter

just before leaving for Vigosa.
A man boarding here works
in same place and told him
I'd returned. He wrote inviting
me to dinner. I got out of it by
inviting him here. To my
surprise he was very nice
and interesting. After dinner
he took me to a movie, Lou
Chaney, and then to an Amer-
ican lunch room for waffles
and maple sirup, and chocolate
Sunday after that. For once
I was full - I'm still hungry
most of the time. Brazilian
cafe, even here at Miss Brandt's,
isn't much to go all day on.
Mr. Harricutt was in Rio
and I went to church with
him and his sister-in-law
and when we entered Mr.
^{Mrs White's friend,}
Harrison, charmed us to a seat.

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I'm to take dinner with him next Sunday. He is going to send back some things to his daughters by me.

Have you these stamps?

This will be the last letter. I think my letter to you or Miss Niles written before leaving Rio, asking her to send list of Mey's species based on Ule which we lack failed to reach you, or her list failed to reach me. I'd received notice from Rio post office of what I supposed was registered letter. I'd asked consulate to get it but they couldn't. Friday I spent 14\$ at 4 different windows and more than 2 hours.

and when I got it it was
franked envelopes! It had
been sealed and first class
postage was paid - there was
no reason for the Bras.
post office to hold it for
customs duty. Not knowing
what it was of course I
paid all they demanded.

Maybe you can get
Samuira to lend Ule's speci-
mens. I hope so. Miss Bau-
deira says that Olypa Samuira
and is growing in the yard.
Bob, several plants of it. I
mailed them to her from
Alege, the afternoon I found
it. Ate logo, as they say
here, "until a little."

Sincerely yours
AB