

engineer and from the beginning I think I knew the end.

On sailing day I felt small and deserted and alone as I forced my way through the crowd on the Havana dock; some of them lugged chickens shut up in reed baskets; others hugged gamecocks, without which scarcely any native travels, to their sides. Near the entrance an old Negro, wearing a faded uniform cap with tarnished gold braid, leaned back in a rickety armchair.

"Passenger?" He spat accurately between the wide cracks of the floor boards. At my answering nod he led the way, and we catwalked up a short, steep gangplank, my guide boosting me from the rear.

The boat had all her cargo under hatch when I went aboard; rum, fertilizer, and cattle filled her hold to overflowing. She was a big, picturesque, trading schooner, square-sterned and squat, with patched, dingy-colored sails; on the stern was painted "*Santa Rita, Habana, Cuba.*"

Deck passengers were camped all over the best of the deck; their bulging bags and baskets were stowed beside them; fighting cocks were picketed safe distances apart. They were a happy crowd; a few had had too much to drink. Although slower than a liner, the schooner was infinitely more exciting. Even before we left port, cockfights and card games were in full swing; banjos twanged and voices hummed

constantly; a portly Negress shook the rumba with a half-breed from Trinidad; ardent love-making, primitive and convincing, went on to the accompaniment of the African drum, bamboula.

"Glad I took this boat," I assured myself, putting away books and clothing. "The cockfights are sure to be amusing." Chickens are in my blood. Always at home I had a few of my very own; Dad developed the Hulse strain of Rhode Island Reds, many of which are Madison Square Garden prize winners. "Maybe I'll do a little cockfighting myself," I thought. At seven I had staged a marvelous cockfight in our barn with two of Dad's prize-winning roosters, freshly groomed for the county fair. Dad did not show roosters that year. There was nothing left of the winner. I chuckled to myself at the thought of it.

Still, I had a queer sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. Everything was so strange. Why, after I had gone all the way to Cuba alone, didn't my husband meet me in Rodas, as we planned, instead of insisting that I go on to Bahia? Chains rattled, winches creaked, loud voices issued orders in an unfamiliar tongue. And the men—oily, smirking, musky males—I, a young woman traveling alone among Latins . . . I was tired, scared, miserable. Whatever had possessed me?

With unsteady hands I hung clothing on nails driven into the cabin walls. I thought of the Duke's warning before our marriage. "It sounds exciting, but it's a hard life," he said. "You've read too many

books; you're hoping for romantic adventures. They say no one ever finds adventure unless he takes it with him, but an engineer couldn't work that way, always keyed up; to us adventure is just part of the job. Civil engineers are really pioneers—we move from pillar to post, often only a few weeks in a place. If I were a mining man it wouldn't be so hard on you. They often stay with their families in one place for years."

"But look how long you were on the Amazon," I interrupted, thinking of his first job as a cub engineer; he worked on the final survey for the Madeira-Mamoré railroad in Brazil.

"That was a two-year contract," he admitted, "but no place to take a woman. You know the saying—a man died for every railroad tie spiked down. Much of my work is like that. If you marry me you must be content often with the bare necessities of life; sometimes you won't have those. You'll spend dreary days and weeks in furnished rooms; you'll eat badly cooked food, served worse. In the tropics you must housekeep in a tent, or in a palm-thatched hut where snakes live in the roof and three-inch cockroaches fall in the soup. Do you still think you'd like the life?"

"I certainly do," I replied promptly.

Yet the day I sailed on the *Santa Rita* I did not look ahead with so much joy. Before my eyes passed visions of a long, low comfortable room filled with happy, laughing people—my family. I discovered

that talking of going alone to strange lands was one thing; actually to go was another. For one dreadful moment I was tempted to pack my bags and run. But the pull of affection was greater than my fears.

I stood at the porthole and watched historic spots pass to port and to starboard, as the dirty green water widened rapidly between boat and dock. On one hand was grim, weather-beaten Morro Castle; on the other the crumbling walls of the Castillo de la Fuerza.

It was in the morning that I came face to face with the Professor again, striding around the deck, his first drink of the day in one hand, in the other his butterfly net, prepared even in mid-seas for the itinerant butterfly. He had netted two migrating monarchs, he told me, on the trip down to Cuba. However, the only insect that came to the Professor's net on this trip was a superior two-inch cucaracha.

We called at Veracruz. This was Cortez' Rich Town of the True Cross, a picturesque mixture of old and of new. The harbor was beautiful, with its docks, its ships, and its zopilotes, the huge buzzards which are the accredited street cleaning department. The Professor and I were now very good friends. We went bathing; we nearly missed the boat, as we stopped to have our pictures taken.

We called at Trinidad. It was early morning. As we approached through the inside passage, the Golfo de Paria, the tiny islands seemed unreal. Three peaks stretch steeply upward from the palm-clad hills, the

"Three Sisters" which had inspired Columbus to call the islands after the Trinity. Port-of-Spain, the capital, looks theatrical because of its cosmopolitan population. The Professor and I did not go bathing—he wound wool on a little bobbin for his wife. She was tall, gaunt, devoted, and righteous. We did not have our pictures taken.

We called at Paramaribo. I did not go ashore. Foreign ports are not much fun when seen alone.

Those were lazy days; we ate, we slept, we fished for sharks, but I was never bored. The schooner, being of light draft, sailed so near the coast that land was almost always in sight. The boat rolled considerably, even though the weather was ideal, as the South Atlantic is never calm—trade winds sweep its waters. We were seldom alone. Other schooners passed and repassed, their white sails carrying them swiftly along in the path of the trades. "Fuel is expensive, wind is cheap," say the Latins.

I saw the red ball of the sun drop behind the jungle chores of Dutch Guiana; the lights dotted over three isolated rocks—Isles du Salut—popularly termed Devil's Island, although the name belongs only to one, the infamous French penal colony; the muddy yellow mouth of the river Oyapok, which pours its silt-laden waters into the blue Atlantic—below this natural boundary lies Brazil. I saw a million heat devils dance on a purgatory of dead trees, swamps, and uninhabited islands that stretch south of Cabo de Orange to the jungles of Amazonia; a white bird

flying low over the line where café-au-lait waters from the Amazon meet the ocean's indigo-blue. I heard the sacred bells of old Olinda, standing on its palm-girt hill.

The fact that I was going into almost unknown jungle country worried everybody but me; at least, they all had a lot to say about it. I scarcely gave it a thought.

"Did your husband warn you about the berne flies?" asked the good Jesuit Father from *Missiones* one night at dinner. "They sting right through your clothes and lay eggs under your skin; little worms hatch out."

It was too hot for soup.

"Be sure and tuck in your mosquito netting every night," cautioned the Round-the-World-Traveler. "That prevents the snakes from crawling in bed with you. Why I know a man . . ."

It was too hot to eat at all. I left the table.

By the time I reached Bahia my mind was a confused jumble of worms, snakes, cannibal fish that ate human beings, temperatures of 120 degrees in the shade, savages that adored white girls but preferred them fat . . . in short, I was prepared for the worst.

We came to Bahia at sunset. The storm had blown itself out.

Houses slightly above sea level glided past. Red roofs and glistening domes showed above the green

ridges. In my nostrils was the smell of salt water and hot tar; in my ears was the sound of the flap-flap of the awning. Suddenly a lighthouse appeared, surrounded by circular walls; the schooner sailed in a great curve, turned to starboard, and entered the blue immensity of the Bay of All Saints.

Bahia, built on a peninsula—sea on one side, bay on the other—lay before us. It sprawled indolently, mile after hazy mile, on wooded hills near the equator.

Almost before the boat hove to, a tiny launch put out from shore. Officials and other important personages aboard were all in white. I scanned eagerly the faces of the dark-skinned men. I saw no face I knew. Leaning over the rail, striving for a clearer view, I scarcely saw the flock of canoes, with their white, three-cornered sails, from which brown-skinned men handed up green parrots and brown monkeys. The boats were low in the water, loaded with strange fruits: rosy mangoes, green avocados, breadfruit, and mamão—a yellowish-pink tree melon with a delicious orange-red pulp; there were many others, of which I did not know the name. The sight did not thrill me. I was interested in one thing only—a familiar face—and I had not found it. Even the Professor, my only real friend, had disappeared.

Men in white climbed up the ladder. My knees shook and my hands were icy cold. Look as I might, I saw no blue-serge-clad figure, such as I had seen last on a liner's deck, and later watched through a

mist of tears until man and boat sank below the horizon.

Sick at heart I turned away. He had forgotten me already; probably a jungle woman—my ideas of jungle women were confused. Shouts of laughter! Someone grabbed me close, although I tried to jerk away. The captain, too, was laughing. A joke? I looked again at the man holding me—short, stocky figure, massive head, close-clipped black hair, keen black eyes, a mouth with laughter wrinkles at the corners. I looked again. The sun-blackened face beneath the white helmet looked familiar. It couldn't be. It was.

Shades of my good Dutch ancestors! The bride had come four thousand miles to meet a stranger.

Chapter Three

CAMILLA OF THE PAMPA

*Sights of the city—The bridegroom is forgiven—
Strange food and a strange language—The market
place—Night in a honky-tonk—Black dancer with
red hair—Stalls of sin—The Professor and the
prostitute*

I GREW UP in those few seconds I stood on the deck of the *Santa Rita* and looked into the face of the stranger who was my husband.

Some mysterious psychological change happened to me as an individual when I married. I no longer belonged entirely to myself but was a part of somebody else; and to that person I felt I was bound forever, since to him I must return if I would be complete, as persons torn by many loves can never be. Now it seemed as though the warm, close, spiritual intimacy which tied us together was broken. Again, I stood alone.

The Duke helped me down the ladder into the tiny launch. As we chugged across the bay, the waters

glowed with a resplendent sheen from Nile blue to ultramarine, while wide streaks of emerald green cut the paler color. The side of the dock was wet and blackened by the encroaching tide.

The baggage turned up eventually under "H". While waiting, I watched the boats of all nations, dotted around the harbor, admiring the specks of white sails which appeared and disappeared in the far distance. Low ridges of hills nearly surround the immense bay and in many ways I think it more beautiful than that of Guanabara; the harbor of Rio is of course more dramatically, more startlingly, lovely, but it has not the old world charm, the poignant appeal of the Bay of All Saints.

The city was completely enchanting. Locally called São Salvador, the name Bahia being applied only to the state, the town is a double decker, like Natchez on the Mississippi. Lower town is a narrow strip of land at sea level; upper town, more than a hundred feet above, is on the plateau. American-built elevators carry the people from one level to the other, or they climb the steep streets or roads that wind around the cliffs. Houses—faded-pink, golden-tan, sky-blue, worn-crimson—cling closely to the hillside; they look friendly and inviting among dark trees.

A busy port, yet filled with the somnolence of too great an abundance of tropical nature. There seemed too much of everything. Already my French thrift, inherited from Dad, was up in arms at the apparent waste. People in white, often merely pajamas and

slippers, strolled about the docks, the customs house, and the tree-filled *praca*, the square, in O Comercio, the lower town. Gigantic Negroes lugged bales of hides, bags of cocoa beans, tobacco, and cocoanuts from the warehouses to waiting lighters—the last three products are raised on the islands across the bay. Hundreds of shacks housed poverty—Negroes and soldiers of fortune whom luck has deserted. Weedy in mind, emaciated in body, they haunt the docks and beg from kindly tourists the price of a glass of native rum.

We drove slowly up the precipitous road to our hotel on the heights. Past us flowed an endless stream of people. Black or near-black women, smoking husky native cigars, were adorned with dozens of bracelets and neck ornaments of tin or wire or both; nearly all carried bundles on their heads. Many of them were swathed in heavy clinging flowered skirts, with red, yellow, or blue shawls, worn over sleeveless camisoles, knotted under one armpit in the manner of their African relatives.

Walls towered above us—retaining walls, monastery walls, house walls. Among the crumbling pink stones of an old church a clump of blue-black aloes appeared tipped with frosty stars; a solitary century plant thrust its ivory spear of bloom above a pale-blue gate. I looked down upon walled-in gardens filled with crimson roses, purple bougainvillea, and scarlet tents of tuliplike flowers—flame trees in blossom, without leaves.

From our hotel window I could see the last slanting rays of the sun pour down upon low, distant hills. A little breeze wakened sleepy ripples on the smooth water of the bay; it rattled green, swordlike fronds on the royal palms.

"Tired?" asked the Duke apprehensively. He is beginning to regret the joke he played on me, I thought.

"Not much." I watched two sparrows quarreling in a jaboticaba tree—the blue-black fruits, about the size of a palm when mature, appear nailed to the trunk; it makes a good jelly, but a better wine.

"Sorry you came?" He moved closer. "You still can change your mind. But after we leave Campo Grande, a thousand miles from São Paulo, you can't turn back. I doubt if there's ever been a white woman where we're going; there's nothing there—no stores, no houses, no people—just jungle, and all the things that creep and crawl and fly."

The sparrows were a noisy pair.

"We'd have a swell time," remarked a casual voice beside me. Oh, how artful! "Game?"

I nodded. The sparrows were quiet now, close together on a limb.

The Duke put his arms around me, gently. I wasn't lonely any more. We stood there, not talking, and watched the last light die. The horizon was pale-green; in the sky floated purple and white clouds. Lights flashed from a million windows in the city. A sparkling cross was kindled on the bluff. For cen-



Upper: An Aztec Indian, the author, and a burro—"His-father's-name-Juanita." *Lower:* Covered boats are used on many Brazilian rivers, especially the Amazon and its tributaries. Entire families, often with no permanent homes, live on such craft.



Upper: Much of Latin America's traffic is by river or coastal launch—with livestock and human beings traveling on the same boat. *Lower:* A typical waterfront scene at Bahia.

turies before electricity, flaming reeds blazed this symbol on the hillside, the torch of faith.

Brilliant light poured through the diagonal blue slats of our shutters. I stretched lazily, luxuriating in the feeling of being stationary once more. From the heat I knew it was nearly noon. Suddenly I remembered that this was my first day in a Brazilian city. Rushing to the window, I peeked out.

Glittering white clouds hung motionless in a hot sky and were reflected in the blue flood of the bay. Huge trucks, piled with meat fresh from the slaughterhouse, snorted up the road; a wheezing matron with a basket of green and orange melons dropped the least of coins, the ancient vintem, in a drunken beggar's palm—he smiled and closed his dirty torn garment across his hairy chest; a pasty-faced clerk, pink shirt tucked into blue-checked pants, sloshed water over a blue-and-white tiled shopfront. Music; an archbishop, in a brocaded robe which swept the dust, walked under a gilt-and-purple canopy hung round with lace; fat monks in brown—brown beards, brown robes, brown sandals; a young seriema, a large, red-legged cranelike bird—yellowish-gray and brown—stalked with measured tread before the São João, imperial theater when Portuguese viceroys ruled the land; at intervals it uttered a shrill, piercing cry, then tilted its crested head as though listening

for an answer from the wilderness, the Sertão whence it came.

The Duke smiled at me cheerfully; mosquito netting made minute purple crossbars on his face. A knock at the door and a black girl came in, carrying a brazier and two tiny coffee cups on a crimson tray. She strained the liquid through an oily blackened cloth; the drink was fragrant, thick, delicious—a potent eye opener.

We breakfasted at a terrace café overlooking lower town; in the bay a hundred feet below, small boats clustered around a silver schooner with patched sails; across the roadstead, now a brilliant green, sped gently heeling sailboats. The Professor and his wife, and the Round-the-World-Traveler also ate at the café. Mrs. Professor eyed me with a jaundiced eye; she still disapproved of cockfights and of picture taking, even though I, too, now wore a husband on my sleeve.

I wanted to explore immediately the hot narrow side streets and the countless *pracas*, dotted with squat palms, but the Duke handed me a menu and insisted that I eat first; the menu was in Portuguese, the language of Brazil. Even today my linguistic accomplishments are practically nil; that morning my sole knowledge of Portuguese consisted of two words. *Bom dia*, good morning, I repeated over and over like a parrot. The Duke speaks three languages well and has a working knowledge of three more; my refusal to bother with verbs and the like annoys him. I pick up a collection of phrases in many tongues, hook

them together, wave my arms, smile, and proceed happily on my way. I don't recommend the method, but it works, with variations. In all large Latin-American cities, at least a few people speak a little English.

The Duke ordered his meal swiftly and efficiently, as did the other *Santa Rita* passengers. I took my time and without help chose odd-looking items from the menu by the simple method of pointing at them. *Sonho do Ouro*, golden dream, was an orange on a stick, its delicate skin peeled back like the petals of a flower. Encouraged, I tried *creme de abacate*—it turned out to be mashed alligator pear with sugar and lime juice; served ice-cold it is a wonderful dinner dessert, not so good for breakfast. *Vatapá*, much to everyone's delight, would have fed a family of five, let alone a portion for one small woman—it is meat or fish, shrimps, coconuts, red peppers, spices, and *mandioca* flour, cooked together in palm oil. I gave up and ate hot pan rolls and butter, with coffee.

Mrs. Professor went to take a nap; the Duke went to finish an estimate; the Round-the-World-Traveler, the Professor, and I went exploring separately. The Professor was on the hunt for one of the most prized of South American butterflies, the *Morpho babiliana*—the loveliest in the world it is said; as lovely as the little state for which it is named. Its rare beauty is its doom. Its metallic-blue wings are sacrificed for lockets, for trays, and even for table tops, and, unless

stringent laws are made soon and kept, the morphos are likely to become extinct.

"It a disgrace iss," fumed the Professor. "Some of the birds of Brazil protected are, but my peau-ti-full morpho, its wings in every dirty leetle shop are peddled. I go."

He went.

Markets fascinate me. Upper town could wait, I



decided and took the elevator to O Commercio, where huge blacks, male and female, loiter in the shade hour after hour in the hope of selling a penny's worth of passion fruits or other exotic delicacies. I never saw so many Negroes, not even in Southern cities in the States. Once the center of Portuguese-America's slave trade, more than three-quarters of Bahia's 346,000 peoples are black; formerly the capital, the city now is fourth in size.

For nearly two hours I sauntered through the

market place, crammed with all the fruits of the country except those native only to the torrid regions. Many of them I had never seen before, so I bought some of each to show my husband. I offered them a small copper vintem in payment and if they indicated that this twenty-reis piece was not enough, I gave them two. Arms filled to overflowing, I went back to the hotel, followed by droves of excited blacks, chattering and gesticulating about me. Fearful that I had broken some stringent law, I hurried to find the Duke. I remembered his description of a night in jail, during one of the revolutions; it did not appeal to me. However, I had merely violated an old Portuguese custom by carrying the fruit; in future I never carried so much as a new handkerchief; a servant walked behind me laden with the package.

Mangoes I liked. I held up an especially large pink and yellow specimen for the Duke's approval.

"Be careful how you eat those," he warned with a grin. "They say in Brazil you must never drink milk or liquor after eating mangoes or mangas, as they call them; they will poison you." South America is filled with such superstitions.

"What's this?" Ignoring his levity I held up a bright-green, prickly fruit, large as a melon.

"That's a jaca, a jack fruit. It grows directly from the trunk or bough. No stem." He cut it open to show the coarse pulp which surrounds the kidney-shaped kernels. The meat was sweet and very aromatic; the Negroes thrive on it. "This is a small one," he con-

tinued. "A single fruit often weighs thirty pounds. The tree was brought to Brazil from India the middle of the seventeenth century."

One by one he named the different fruits: sapotes, many kinds of bananas, custard apples—*fructa de conde*—whose soft pulp is eaten with a spoon, papaw or *mamão*, which is much like our cantaloupe or melon. The papaw, also called papaya throughout the tropics, is one of the most common, as well as the most useful, of fruits. The immense leaves are used in place of soap; tough meat, wrapped in the leaves and cooked, becomes very tender. Breadfruit, *frutta pão*, picked green, sliced and fried, makes an excellent substitute for bread; the white pulp has been for centuries the chief food of the Polynesians.

We went for a walk at twilight. Above the quiet of the bay a blue-white star peered forth. A liner was putting out to sea; its lights sparkled in the black water like molten gold, brown smoke belched from its funnels and a faint bronze stain remained against the cool green-yellow of the sky.

The top of the plateau is thickly settled, its streets crisscrossing in every direction. To the Duke, with his dislike of cities and crowds, it was an old story. To me the lights, the dark faces, the strange language—musical, with a metallic undertone—the hot, spiced food, went to my head like wine. Would I ever get enough of it?

Stores, hotels, theaters, churches—legend claims one for every day in the year, by actual count they probably total a hundred. Many of them are only picturesque ruins, but there are dozens of the massive colonial ones in use, with lovely old gardens and magnificent views; monasteries are plentiful, built in choice spots overlooking the bay or the sea, and crowded with fat monks.

It was Saturday night. Everything was very gay. Crowds, in from the suburbs for a night in town, jostled about, drinking, laughing, fighting, all in fun. The narrow streets were brightly lighted. Once we passed an open door, like an eye in the wall; from the garden beyond came the scent of dying flowers, the smell of rotting fruits.

We dined in a native honky-tonk. The Duke was worried. "It's cheap, vulgar," he protested, "not safe." But tomorrow we were sailing for São Paulo and his work. I couldn't bear to be cheated of the tiniest bit of life. I was afraid to go, but I couldn't stay away. We went.

The low, ramshackle building was of mud—red, like the Brazilian earth. Tall red candles, stuck in tins, burned fitfully; they cast deep shadows in the corners of the long room, flickered over the smoke-blackened eaves, and glinted on the shiny dirt floor. Occasionally the door of a brightly lighted room in back opened and light shone on dark faces and gaudy clothes. Rows of Negro men lined the walls. A few planters, a couple of German salesmen, a half-dozen

sailors on a spree, sat around tiny bare tables eating and drinking.

Fumes of raw tobacco and rawer rum hung heavy in the air; mingled with it was the tang of gin tonica, favorite drink of the native women. A Negress with a narrow, childlike countenance, tiny piglike eyes and straight black bangs, proudly passed the drink around in an American mustache cup; "To My Sweetheart" was stenciled in gilt letters round the edge.

An old Negro, blind eyes deep-sunken, skin tight and polished like bone itself, twanged a few chords on a guitar. A slim, gypsyish girl, oval face the color of old ivory, smooth golden throat encircled with strings of scarlet seeds, crouched on her haunches at his feet and sang, as though to herself, a strange monotonous tune. Her voice was shrill and quavered a little, but still the wailing melody, broken by strange intervals, went on and on. In Bahia these popular ballads are a mixture of the medieval folk ballads of Portugal, combined with weird half-savage rites of primitive Africa. I was so entranced I almost forgot to eat.

The food was tempting. For the first time I ate the national dish, *feijoada completa*, with *mandioca* flour sprinkled over the black stew until it became white and thick as mush. Floury black beans, *feijoa preto*, are the base for this dish; in Bahia it is cooked with *carne do sol*, meat dried in the sun, but in other localities tongue, pork, sausage, or bacon, with spices, is

added. Mandioca meal or farinha is derived from a Brazilian plant, the manioc or bitter cassava, which belongs to the poisonous Euphorbias; starch extracted from manioc is the tapioca of commerce. Centuries ago the Indians discovered that roasting the huge tubers of the cassava would remove the poison, hydrocyanic acid. White people profited by their experience and produced tapioca, but I prefer the real native farinha.

The singing stopped. Then the music started again, a different tempo, wild and stirring. A rough board, crudely lettered read: "Camilla of the Pampa." She apparently was a great favorite; they paid her the tribute of silence.

A girl whirled through a tiny door in the wall. She spun on her crimson slippered toes like a dervish, then stamped, looked contemptuously at the men lined against the walls and surveyed coldly the elite seated at the tables. Black, naked, except for a crimson skirt hung from a belt around her slender waist, she slowly extended long arms, fingers curled in strange mystic shapes, tremors rippled snakelike down her slim, emaciated body. Light, orange-red hair clung in tight curls to her small skull. Head tipped back, eyes half-closed, she swayed to the music; big brass earrings swung against her long dark throat. Softly, from some unseen spot, a drum began to beat, thudding in an unvarying monotone—never higher, never lower—on and on the rhythm pulsed through the hot darkness until the room was filled with savagery. Hips,

arms, body writhing, the girl bent backwards until red curls touched black skin; tiny tip-tilted breasts, crimson rouge smeared thickly on hard berrylike nipples, stretched taut. She whirled faster and faster; the full skirt stood away from her bare body like a crimson flame. Sweat poured down her face, enormous nostrils in her flat nose distended, pale Negroid lips curled back from white teeth. The great drum boomed . . . louder, louder . . . a furious, rolling crescendo. . . . The crowd leaned forward, tense, expectant. I could hear the sound of their labored breathing; lust, desire, held them captive. Slower moved the spinning figure . . . slower still . . . she dropped to the floor . . . rose . . . sank again . . . was gone.

Early Sunday morning I went for a walk. The Duke was still asleep, but I was restless, excited by the strange land I already liked so well. I wandered down a street, stopping occasionally to admire some colorful crowd on their way to market. A man and two women were especially intriguing—they carried on their heads large baskets packed with live chickens, legs up like a helpless turtle.

As I turned a corner I found myself in a soft-earth lane that ran through dense bush to a green valley dotted with clusters of Negro huts; even within the city limits there are many of these seemingly rural spots. The huts were small, one room, with little fur-

niture—a hammock, a chair, a rickety table. A long, slender arm of the bay reached into the valley, cool and quiet. Green grass ran down to golden sand. Over the huts were twined and twisted wine-red bougainvillea; gold and white and lilac orchids perched on trees. Men and women swung idly in hammocks slung beneath the mangoes, whose dense crowns afforded welcome shade. Breadfruit, alligator pears, and other tropic fruits were theirs for the picking. With all those things before them they felt no need of palaces, of furniture, or wealth.



A girl of eight or so herded the young fry to the inlet and poured water from a painted gourd over their shiny plump bodies. One tiny tot escaped her clutching hand; protruding tummy thrust out, he paraded up and down before an admiring audience—all the younger children had enormous banana bellies.

Watching, I laughed aloud at a vivid mental picture of another child—a white child in a distant land—that at three walked stark-naked down the main street of her native town; they say I stopped often to shake hands and to greet politely all my parents' friends. That night I went supperless to bed. At the sound of laughter, black faces turned my way; a few tolerant of the white *Senhora*, most indignant. Bahianas resent intrusion.

Back in the city I decided to stay out a while longer. No doubt, I assured myself, the Duke is still asleep; a pity to wake him. I sauntered along Rua Victoria out to the old lighthouse and fort. The stone benches scattered over the sloping greensward were all occupied. Most of the couples were of the lower class, but a few serious students read ponderous tomes while other persons watched gannets drop plummet-like into the sea.

The sun cast no shadow when I started back. I took a short cut, thinking the Duke might worry as I had been gone a long time. But somehow—just how I never knew—I found myself in a strange but colorful street, gay, well-kept, the street of alien prostitutes. The Duke had said never to go down that street, but it was only a couple of blocks from the hotel and I was already there. . . .

I walked slowly and took a good look down into each of the tiny stall-like apartments; the "cages" in this particular block were about two feet below the sidewalk. They were plainly furnished—two chairs,

a stand with a pitcher in either pink or blue, a bed in an alcove screened with curtains. The girls were extremely elegant; all types, all kinds. I had supposed they would look like a different race, but they appeared just like anybody else. I was bitterly disappointed.

Suddenly I stopped. Through a crack in sagging, broken blinds I could see into a narrow room. There I glimpsed a familiar figure. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. There was no mistake. Net in hand, it ran rapidly around the room, closely pursuing a broad-faced Amazonas female, clad only, so far as I could see, in a blue satin kimona and feather-trimmed mules with high gilt heels.

Chapter Four

POOR BUTTERFLY

Rescue of the Professor—Camilla, sweetheart of bandito—Down to Santos—Mae West invades our cabin

THAT SUNDAY I stood a long time in the hot street, undecided, wondering what to do. It wasn't, definitely, my affair. I thought uneasily of the Duke; he disliked interference in other people's business. "That," he once said unkindly, "accounts for your nose."

But I adored the Professor; he was so childlike. Something had to be done.

"Professor," I called. "Come right out of there. Suppose your wife sees you!"

That stopped the performance. But only for a moment. "*Morpho babiliana*," he panted despairingly. Once more the chase began. But it became apparent now that it was the woman who was chasing the Professor. Over went the pink pitcher; the chairs followed suit. Howls of rage from the female. Heads

appeared at windows all down the block. It must have been quite an unusual spectacle.

A hand shoved me aside. "Me, I get," said an imperious voice. Camilla, red head high, strode past.

"Loco! Loco!" screamed the frightened woman in the cage of sin. I heard the smack of hand on flesh, the voice of authority, and the wails and sobs changed to sniffles.

One eye to the crack, the other watching the street, I saw a stocky red-faced individual crawl slowly backward from under the bed. Held tightly, yet tenderly, between two pudgy fingers, the Professor clutched his *Morpho babiliana*—a painted insect in a street of painted women. Gently Camilla touched the blue-metallic wings, edged with their characteristic mourning band of black.

"Poor butterfly," she said. A shadow fell across her face—fear, sadness, heartbreak?

Sheepishly the Professor started for the door. The red head pointed to the broken pitcher. The Professor laid a milreis on the stand.

Convulsed with laughter, I leaned helplessly against the wall. A flicker of mirth twitched the wide mouth, innocent of rouge, as Camilla herded the Professor to the street. We followed silently as he marched down the walk, chin in air; injured dignity radiated from his every pore.

Later I came to realize how little anything meant to the Professor except his work; during the excitement of a bug chase everything else took second

place, in most instances nothing else existed. When field artist, later, for one of his expeditions in Central America I have seen him, time and again, literally crawl on his tummy through fetid mangrove swamps, while snakes and alligators slid aside at his approach. How he escaped being bitten I never knew. The prize usually was some measly, moth-eaten insect I wouldn't give houseroom. Of such caliber are scientists. More power to them!

When we reached the corner I grabbed his sleeve. "Wait," I begged. There was something I had to know.

"Who taught you English?" I asked the girl.

She smiled a tired, wise smile. "Sailormen, salesmen, all mens. Rio, Buenos Aires, everywhere." She opened her arms wide.

I was sorry I had asked.

"Me from pampas. I sweetheart bandito."

Bandit. This was life with a capital L. "Aren't you scared?"

She shrugged a Latin shrug. "He good so long he like; then he cut out tongue, cut ears, cut throat . . . so . . ." She drew a slim finger across her neck. A twinkle in the keen black eyes. "He ver' jealous." A quick glance at the Professor. "Ver' dangerous."

The Professor started off at a rapid trot. He looked slightly green. The sun, I thought. We covered the couple of blocks to the hotel in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. The Duke would be mad as hops, I knew. I'd been gone for hours.



From the street, no indication is given of the magnificent gardens enclosed by foot-thick house walls. The flat roofs are used as "penthouse" gardens, where the family sits each evening to enjoy the cool breeze and the sights of the town.



Tropical jungle through which all trails must be cut with a machete. So luxuriant is the growth that only a few weeks is sufficient to completely obliterate all signs of passage.

"Hmmmml!" The Professor cleared his throat nervously. "Hot," he puffed, wiping his bald dome. I said nothing.

He hesitated at the entrance, took off his specs, polished them briskly with a piece of toilet paper he carried especially for the purpose, squinted through them against the light; apparently satisfied, he pushed the steel bows over his ears, then regarded me owl-ishly. I said nothing.

Finally. "My wife . . . er . . ." he stammered.

"Too late, Professor," said I wickedly and pushed past him up the stairs to make my peace.

From our deck chairs on the flat roof of the saloon we watched the fading lights of the city. I begged to stay until the last of Bahia dropped below the horizon.

We were aboard one of the Brazilian costeiras—clean, comfortable coasting steamers that put into all the shallow lagoons along the coast of the southern states. After the hustle and bustle of sorting baggage and last-minute errands, the cool and quiet of the tropical night had never seemed more welcome.

It had been so hot on the deck, waiting, just before we sailed. The song of a thrush, the chestnut-colored *sabia*, had filled the air with poignant melancholy; the song, so wild, so sweet, like that of thrushes of northern lands, reminded me of home and family, thousands of miles away.

Partings, even from chance acquaintances, carry with them something of sadness, of regret, of nostalgia. So, as I said good-by to the Professor, I discovered the meaning of *saudade*, the most beautiful word in the Portuguese language, for no other word so well expresses all of these.

A moon rode slowly through the sky, a pale baby moon, that seemed cut from cellophane. A star appeared, another, another, until the sky was spangled with their twinkling lights. The city now was dim. "Let's go below. I'm hungry," said the Duke. But I hung back. I was in a panic because of what awaited us in our stateroom.

But the moment could no longer be postponed. The Duke steered me firmly below. Even before he inserted the key in the stateroom door we were greeted by strange sounds—scratchings, soft scurryings.

The Duke looked at me questioningly. I swallowed a funny sort of a lump, but said nothing. He threw open the door, thrust his head around the jamb and peered within. The storm lantern with which each cabin was equipped had been left lighted; its dim radiance shone upon my present, the basket standing on the floor, with the Professor's card upon it. A thoughtful bribe. But the lid was off. Our cabin had turned into a chicken coop. On the top berth a pouting cock with bright red comb and superior wattles was pursued by a bold and chesty hen. From the lowest part of the commode issued a plaintive and sickly

clucking. The place seemed full of chickens. They had taken possession! On the curtain rod before the wardrobe a sleek and self-contained pampas beauty was grooming herself. She stopped decorously to greet us with an operatic series of cluck-cluck-adoos.

Disapproval sat glumly on the Duke's brow. He glanced at the upper berth. "Brigham Young certainly knows his Mae West," he observed drily.

"Brigham Young, Mae West!" I laughed. After all my trouble, I was not going to be defeated.

"What do you plan to do with this menagerie?"

"Keep them, of course." It had cost me a whole milreis to smuggle them on board.

The plump pampas beauty, fluffing her oversize bosom, fluttered down onto *my* pillow. The little hen in the commode clucked admonishingly as she scratched around to locate herself for the night. "Lydia Pinkham," said the Duke slyly, "seems like a sad female."

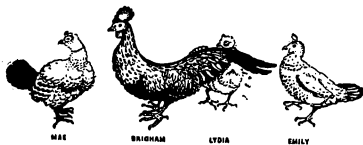
I was relieved by his apparent acceptance of my contraband; at least, he had not said I couldn't keep them.

"What shall we call that one up there?" The pampas hen took off from the curtain rod and lit on the Duke's shoulder with a welcoming cluck.

He laughed in spite of himself. "She has the good manners to make us feel at home," he said as he brushed off his coat.

"Brigham Young, Mae West, Lydia Pinkham . . . Emily Post," I said chuckling. Our family was com-

plete. They were to beguile many a tense moment and to furnish us with many an egg—except Brigham, of course.



Chapter Five

AN ENGINEER'S HEADACHE

Steamboat on the Paraguay—An engineer's problem—Santos—"Road of Golden Rails"—Death of Lydia Pinkham—I never saw the snake farm—A surprise for the Duke—Matéo and Onca—Days on a river boat—My first Indians—Birds and animals along the upper Paraguay—Adventure with cannibal fish—Paddling up a jungle river—The Duke's headache—Green Hell

LATE ONE AFTERNOON in January a small steamer cast off her moorings from the Corumbá landing and threaded her way along the winding palm-fringed Paraguay. She moved slowly, pulling an added burden, a barge loaded with horses and pack oxen. The Duke had intended purchasing these at San Luis de Cáceres, but Matéo objected. They might be hard to secure there, he said.

The Duke took Matéo's advice. He was very anxious to have the job run smoothly and rapidly, as he preferred this type of work and hoped to secure more

commissions like it, where he was on his own and could use his own initiative. Most of his jobs were preliminary surveys or construction work for large companies, such as International Paper, White, Du Pont, Habana Central, Empire Engineering, the McCormick interests, and various firms of consulting engineers. But occasionally he reconnoitered the field for individuals like Tex Rickard, who bought large tracts of land in the Gran Chaco for cattle raising. His client here was a wealthy Brazilian who dreamed of repeating Rickard's experiment in Matto Grosso.

I was in high feather. The air was cool and fresh on the river, and I bustled about my unpacking with a light heart. The week's trip to Cáceres, which might have bored persons less interested in the country and its beauties, seemed to me a gift from the gods.

All the way from Bahia to Santos I had been seasick; the coastal steamers, flat-bottomed and practically keelless, rock frightfully at all times. I remained in bed, even in the harbors. All I saw of Rio was the glittering strings of lights of the Avenida Atlantica, which every night flood Copacabana's promenade in a scintillating blaze. I cried, I was so infuriated. The Duke said not to mind, we'd see all the sights on our return.

We rushed through Santos, the great coffee port of São Paulo, so quickly I had only a glimpse of the city with its long strings of docks and warehouses. Brazil produces more coffee than any other country in the world; at least half of the crop is grown in the state

of São Paulo. Long before we docked, the aroma of roasting coffee came over the water; a delicious volatile oil, air-borne, a delicate fragrance such as we in the northern hemisphere seldom may enjoy. Coffee for export is shipped unroasted.

All else that I remember about Santos is that the beach seemed alive with great birds the size of turkeys—urubús or vultures, locally called "Old Johns", hunting their breakfast of dead fish or other booty cast up by the sea. The sun glinted on their outspread wings and corpulent black bodies. Vultures are a common sight in the interior as well as along the coast. I have watched them congregate like ghouls around a wounded animal, their evil eyes watching every twitch of its misery, and, if birds can think, probably wondering how soon it would die.

The Duke had business in São Paulo, the capital of the state of that name, otherwise we would have taken the train for Puerto Esperança from Rio. São Paulo stands on a plateau at approximately 2,500 feet. The fifty-mile broad-gauge mountain railroad leading up to it, the Duke said, was an engineering feat of gigantic proportions; it is called "The Road of Golden Rails" because it cost so much to construct.

I never questioned his statement as to the difficulties of surmounting a climb of over 2,500 feet, up sheer cliffs, in six or seven miles; nor did I deny the ingenuity with which the British engineers built the cableway, as the switchback principle employed by Meigs on the Oroya Railway in the Peruvian Andes

was impossible. My husband was so absorbed with the odd little engine, whose chief function seemed to be to hook the cars to the cable, that he paid no attention to the magnificent view. But I refused to be enthusiastic over what looked to me like a glorified elevator. I thought the scenery was stupendous.

Cubatao and Pissaguera are little towns in the banana and pineapple plantation districts; almost from the very edge of the cultivated lands the sierra rises abruptly to the abertura, the pass in the mountain range at Alta da Serra. It was my first trip through real tropical jungle and the most enchanting thing about it was the unreal color of the light—a weird pale green—like sunlight filtered through water. Parrots screamed, monkeys chattered and chirred. Trees were gardens of blossoms—red, blue, yellow, white, I never learned their names. Long creepers dropped tentacles from every bough; a special patrol is always on the lookout so that vines do not fall upon or loop across the tracks.

I didn't see how one train could pass another, as the track had only three rails. At the halfway point, however, the track broadened to four rails. Trains always pass here, as they work by a "balance of power" system. The five table inclines are broken by short stretches of slope between; each incline is about a mile long.

At Alta da Serra we had a short wait before finishing our run over the grassy slope to São Paulo, Brazil's second city in size; roads and bare banks showed

blood-red against the green. Treetops, covered with exotic orchids, reared their heads from the pale clouds of mist that billowed and drifted across the world spread out below; waterfalls sprayed pearl-like drops upon flowers and birds near by. For the first time I realized the immensity of this man-made railway. No elevator this, but an awe-inspiring spectacle second to none, even if it was intended in the beginning, as a freight railway to carry millions of bags of coffee. I shuddered at the thought of what would happen if the cables should break, though every safety device possible has been added.

I looked at the chickens and gave them a drink. Brigham and the two hens with him were in splendid condition, but Lydia Pinkham seemed droopier than ever; she refused to eat or drink. I had been worried about her for days and wished I had a pink pill to give her, the same kind that we always put in the chickens' drinking water back home.

The Duke was cross because I fussed over the chickens and did not rest; the air was cool and pleasant after the heat of the jungle. As soon as we reached the railway station, the Estado da Luz, in São Paulo, I looked in Lydia's basket. She was lying on her back, alas, her small yellow feet upturned. I gave the porter a milreis to see that she had a decent burial.

While the Duke was busy I sat in a park, the Garden of Light, which forms an admirable waiting room for the city's great railway station, or drove around the wide modern boulevards and admired the build-

ings; the business streets were older—narrow and crooked—and traffic is, of course, congested.

The most interesting building in São Paulo, to me, was the Ypiranga Museum, standing on a little hill where Dom Pedro first proclaimed Brazil's independence from Portugal. After seeing the splendid collections of beija-flores, kiss-flowers or hummingbirds, and pica-paos, pick-sticks or woodpeckers, I went to the stationery store and laid in a large supply of pencils and notebooks. The bird life in Brazil, to say nothing of the flowers and insects, is almost unbelievable.

I am undoubtedly the one person in the world who has visited São Paulo and not seen the Butantan snake farm. I console myself with the reflection that one cannot see everything, but it is poor comfort. I like snakes almost as well as chickens. The Instituto Serumtherapico is one of the most remarkable institutions in the world. Its founder, Dr. Vital Brazil, has prepared three serums to act as antidotes for the bites of poisonous snakes—one for the Bothrops group, to which the fer-de-lance and the bushmaster belong, another for the Cascabel or rattler group, and a third for general use when the identity of the snake is in doubt. The Duke bought sufficient serum for our party.

The train ride across the continent had been long and tiresome. Campo Grande, with its wide red streets, sidewalk cafés, and cosmopolitan population—Portuguese, Italian, Japanese, Indian, Negro and

half-breeds—was interesting; but, hot and dusty as it was, Corumbá had seemed like paradise. I was glad when we reached the end of the journey and started up the Paraguay; we had traveled so many, many miles. I wanted a home of my own. After all, I was still a bride and I had never had a chance to use my grandmother's wedding silver which I carried with me in the bottom of my trunk. I had also purchased an adorable set of native pottery in the Corumbá market.

The Duke did not know it. I could hardly wait to surprise him. Our first home would be in the far reaches of the Matto Grosso, almost at the foot of the high plain, the Plan Alto. What would it be like?

A broad-beamed, tubby little boat, the *Dom Pedro*, took us up the Paraguay. She was an old two-decker, painted white, with a river draught of some six feet, but even so she sometimes, in the dry season, stuck fast on a mudbank. A cargo of dark, sweet-smelling bricks of a toffeelike substance called rapadura, made from sugar, were piled on the first deck among sacks of coffee, rice, beans, maté, and bolts of cheap calico. We had a tiny closetlike cabin on the second deck; the afterdeck held a few chairs, a wooden table, and here, too, the passengers slung their hammocks. Two pet monkeys, belonging to one of the passengers, roamed the deck and begged bananas from the cook; all other livestock was on the barge towed a few feet astern in the churning wake of the *Dom Pedro*.

Since leaving Corumbá, I had been so busy unpack-

ing our baggage that I had no time to go on deck. When I did go out, I was astonished to discover that although we had covered miles of the winding stream, the city was still in sight; long after dark we could see, against the sky, the mellow glow of its electric lights.

The boat was crowded with cattlemen, hunters, a Jesuit missionary and a Parecis Indian traveling with him; most of them had been to Corumbá for supplies. Someone left the boat at nearly every cluster of huts along the way; the steamer must have stopped at twenty little landings. We barricaded a small portion of the deck with our baggage and slept on folding cots, as the tiny staterooms were hot and stuffy—the thermometer read 110 degrees. Matéo insisted on sleeping on the barge with his huge stallion, Onca. Frightened at being shut up and enraged at his nearness to the other horses, the stallion had to be put into a sling and hauled, kicking and squealing, high in the air, then lowered carefully into the padded stall prepared for him. Long after we were in bed we could hear Matéo's soothing voice in the darkness, his quiet, steadying, "So, Boy . . ." and could visualize the huge hand touching the trembling arched neck as caressingly as a lover touches the satin skin of his mistress.

The first morning I awoke just as the sun lifted its head above the horizon, to flood with light the water, the marsh, and the strange tropical trees. All over the

deck were spread the sleeping forms of our fellow voyagers, a few in hammocks, but most of them draped carelessly over the bare boards, heads pillowed on an arm. I pushed aside my mosquito net and tip-toed across to sit on the edge of the Duke's cot.

As far as we could see, over the boundless wastes of the pantanales—vast marshes dotted with little islands of pasture lands and groves of trees—the world seemed truly new, freshly dew-washed. Bend after bend, loop after loop of the brown stream wound through lush marsh and tangled swamp, wild and uninhabited, save by birds and animals and reptiles that both crawl and climb. Hyacinth macaws, largest of the parrot family, flew screeching into the swamps at the boat's approach; sunlight glinted on their dazzling blueness. As do others of the parrot family, the hyacinths often travel in pairs. Later Matéo told me that if one bird is killed, its mate will stay beside the body until it, too, dies.

It was chilly, the sun not yet being high enough to warm the air. A small dugout paddled by two scantily clad Indians—a man and a woman—shot out from a small wooden landing; an open palm-thatched hut stood in the clearing. Smoke from the cooking fire filtered bluely through the overhanging trees; strange blossoms, brilliant red and yellow, gave forth exotic fragrance. The boat slowed, stopped, and the couple came alongside. The dugout was lashed fast to the ladder. The carcass of a large red marsh deer, the cervo, was hauled over the side of the steamer; its

tail was black underneath, instead of white, as in our whitetail deer at home. A small bag of salt, a few bricks of rapadura and a length of bright cloth was handed over in exchange. The dugout glided back to shore, and the paddle wheels churned a foaming swirl as we again forged ahead against the strong current; in the few minutes necessary to take on fresh meat we had drifted nearly a quarter of a mile down stream. Later we passed a small lagoon where a half dozen lontras, big, six-foot, sealike otters, were disporting themselves; these otters are found only in Brazilian rivers. Their protruding eyes and long silky whiskers give them an elderly appearance; one of them looked so much like a church usher, back home, that I was almost homesick. Every time the otters came to the surface they opened their mouths and mewed at the kis-ka-dee flycatchers, which calmly surveyed their gambols from the swinging loops of the tacuaré, the climbing bamboo, that was suspended from tree to tree.

It seemed to me that I was always hungry. By the time the eleven o'clock Brazilian breakfast was served, I felt starved and forgot that I had eaten four rolls with my coffee at eight. These breakfasts were much the same and took a long time to prepare. Meals in camp, I decided, would be à la Américaine, in so far as time and food permitted. The basis was always feijoada, which I had liked so well in Bahia. After you have eaten all you possibly can of it, your plate is heaped with fried, boiled or roast beef, sometimes

monkey, sometimes venison, or other game, fish, eggs, and once in a while a vegetable—usually quiabo, a long, green, pointed vegetable fruit which is cooked with meat; it grows on a high bush, and tastes like our tender green peas. A pumpkin with orange-colored flesh and quantities of small green-and-red pepper pods, soaked in vinegar, are also served as vegetables and relishes.

The chickens were always hungry, too. Fearing they lacked greens, and recalling that Dad always put pepper in the hen's laying mash, I asked the Duke if Matéo could go ashore and get them a green pepper. Matéo looked as if he were about to beat his breast and roar. But he went.

Matéo had constituted himself my bodyguard. In the face of his obvious disapproval of me, his solicitous attitude was ludicrous.

After breakfast I squatted on the edge of the barge to watch some cows that were grazing on the pasture along the bank; they had bells fastened to the tips of their horns. Without thinking, I trailed my hand idly in the water and, because it felt so cool, splashed a bit. I heard no sound, but suddenly a hand grasped my belt and jerked me upright so quickly that my feet swung clear of the deck. I gasped in astonishment at Matéo, who held me. "Idiot!" he snapped and walked away.

"What's the idea?" I blazed at the Duke who was running toward me, mopping sweat from his face

with a handkerchief. "If you think I'm going to let that big gorilla—"

"Now wait a minute," the Duke interrupted. "Look at this!" Part of a freshly killed steer, being prepared for lunch, was lying near by; the Duke dropped a chunk overboard. Instantly the water was alive with darting fish. That piece of meat was torn into a hundred shreds. It disappeared in half as many seconds. With rabid, ferocious snaps, the wedge-shaped sharklike teeth of these small fish drove through flesh and bone; in their eagerness to get the meat they even bit each other and any member of the school so wounded was almost instantly devoured by his kind. This last has been denied by some scientists, but I saw it happen again and again.

Matéo returned with Mae West in his hands and made as if to drop her overboard. "I, too, show you what happens," he glowered.

"Piranha, cannibal fish," said the Duke, quietly restoring Mae West to safety. "I should have warned you, but I thought of course you knew."

I did know. Long ago I had read everything I could find on the subject. But the river looked so safe—rippling water, wavering shadows where palms leaned to peer at their reflections; the marshes looked so peaceful, cows grazing, and water birds wading in the shallows, it might have been a scene along the Suwannee River in Florida. That is why the tropics are so cruel; in their very beauty, their utter peacefulness, lies their deception and their danger.

Matéo, as though to make amends, dropped on the deck a short, chunky fish with blunt head and gaping massive jaws; the lower one projects considerably. These fish are easily caught with hook and line. The piranhas are all stoutly built, even though they may be eighteen inches or more in length. Evil, coldly malignant eyes stared at us unwinkingly for an instant. Then, with a shrill squeal of rage, it flapped over and over on the bare boards, snapping viciously at a piece of stout copper wire that held the hook; the wire was cut through like a cord. A little sick, I turned away.

A school of piranhas will strip off the flesh, leaving only a skeleton in a few minutes; a wounded person has little or no chance and they often attack human beings or beasts who are merely wading across a shallow stream or pool. Most killers attack prey smaller than themselves, but not the cannibal fish—the larger the game the better they like it! I had an opportunity later to see for myself how dangerous these fish really are. I would rather meet the painted onca, the jaguar, any time.

Now and then we passed little ranches—a house of palm logs, or wattle-and-daub, with steeply pitched roof of thatch, a mango tree, a patch of mandioca, and occasionally a field of maize or yucca fenced with bamboo.

Their inhabitants were chiefly settlers who had emigrated to the region because of the ease of living; with an abundance of game and fish, and wild fruit

which could be had for the picking, the acquisition of their daily bread was a simple matter. A quarter of beef usually could be begged from the large fazendas or cattle ranches, or obtained in return for a few hours' work.

The Negro and Indian huts or encampments often looked more prosperous than those of their white neighbors. Plantains were grown, and clumps of guava, orange and banana trees were more numerous. Men and children on the bank stood and watched with envious eyes the small white steamer—their sole connection with the outside world—until it passed from sight and the thin, blue, wood smoke which belched from its funnel merged into the blue haze of the distant mountains. Women were never seen. Woman's place is in the home; they never show themselves to a stranger.

Even my restless spirit could not withstand the soothing quality of the midday heat. With a book, *The Commentaries* of Alvar Nuñez Cabeza de Vaca, famous explorer and one-time governor of Paraguay, I settled myself comfortably in a hammock.

The steamer made slow progress; the load it pulled against the current acted as a drag. A few hours later we tied up to take on firewood near the mouth of the São Lourenço. Two Indians, clad only in a smile, were fishing from a dugout.

The Duke gave them fishhooks in exchange for the use of their boat and we paddled up the narrow, swift brown stream, picking out points of interest as de-