PEREGRINATIONS

VOLUME III

Our Neighbors on the South

By

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PRESIDENT EMERITUS

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

Colombia
Panama
Ecuador
Peru
Chile
Argentina
Uruguay
Brazil
PEREGRINATIONS
VOLUME III
CONTENTS

FOREWORD

I. FAREWELL COMELY BANK

II. ON OUR WAY

III. COLOMBIA AND

IV. OVER THE ANDES

V. ECUADOR AND PERU

VI. DOWN THE COASTS OF PERU AND CHILE

VII. VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO

VIII. BUENOS AIRES

IX. THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROTARY IN SOUTH AMERICA

X. BRAZIL

XI. RIO DE JANEIRO THE BEAUTIFUL

XII. HOMeward BOUND

XIII. TIME TO SHIFT TO HIGH GEAR, WE ARE HOME AGAIN

XIV. AMBASSADORS OF GOOD WILL
FOREWORD

“Look then into thine heart and write”
- Voices of the Night

If this book has any distinguishing characteristic, the writer believes that its assumption that the people of all countries are fundamentally good and lovable is that characteristic.

The writer believes that rarely, if ever, are warring nations conscious of guilt, even though it may be the case that all belligerents are acting like Bedlam turned loose. If in time of war any citizen of a belligerent country preserves his sanity, he had better not let anyone know about it. If he stands out against the tide of public opinion, his name will be anathema throughout the length and breadth of the land, and he will find small consolation in the fact that some day, if he lives long enough, he will be better understood.

This is the contention of Sir Norman Angell, as I understand what he has written on the subject. If, as he contends, all wars are based on misunderstanding, and not on conscious guilt, what utter stupidity it is that they should be permitted to continue!

I recognize the fact that there is no probative force in the expression of an opinion, either Sir Norman’s, mine or any other person’s. The question is: Is there good, sound reason back of it, and if so, what is it? I will state one. I have lived long enough to have heard people of many countries, including my own, condemned as murderers and outlaws. No epithet of opprobrium has been sufficiently scathing to express the frenzied feeling of enemy nations, but frenzies eventually wear themselves out and time reveals mischievous misunderstanding.

I have talked many times with countrymen of mine, who have lived long in foreign countries, which have come under the ban of public opinion in American and elsewhere, and to those who have lived long in such countries and know the people intimately, there is always the same verdict and that is that they are all good.

I am fully conscious of the fact that the opinion above expressed is not in harmony with the majority opinion of the people of this age. I presume that some will conclude that such thought could only enter the mind of an impracticable dreamer who has had little opportunity to observe. Whether or not I can be truthfully classed as an impracticable dreamer I leave for others to determine if their interest carries them that far, but as to my having had little opportunity to observe, I will say that in the name of Rotary I have visited hundreds of cities on all five continents, and as a rule have spent more time in each country than the average tourist. I have been privileged to meet thousands of citizens, high and low; from members of royal families and presidents of republics, down to the most humble citizens, and while my opinion may be a minority opinion among those who have not had similar experiences, it is, I am convinced, the majority opinion of those who have had such experiences. If I am a dreamer, so also are nearly all others who have had equal opportunity to inform themselves.
The undertone of this book is in harmony with the so-called fourth object of Rotary International, which reads as follows: “To encourage the advancement of international understanding, good will and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.” The writer submits that none of the objects of Rotary is of higher pitch; none higher would be audible to human ears.
I. FAREWELL COMELY BANK

The best time to do a thing is the present; if I do it now, it will be done and I shall save myself much time and worry trying to make up my mind when and how to begin.

Moreover, the present time is in other respects a particularly appropriate time to begin the chronicle of events of our prospective trip to South American countries, which is scheduled to start January sixteenth, just ten days from date. To begin with, this is a good day to stay at home. Three weeks ago the weather man celebrated the beginning of winter by giving us six inches of snow, followed by zero weather, and today in his munificence he is filling the air with quintillions of feathery flakes sufficient to patch up all the worn places in the first blanket and make a top finish of pure white delightful to behold.

In the meanwhile the fire in the grate at Comely Bank makes sweet music in my ears as it snaps and splutters, giving off an aromatic odor congenial to my nostrils, and the lady of the house flutters about more briskly than the falling flakes, which after all are mighty lazy, considering the fact that they have nothing to do except to fall down. In other words, it is a great day for reverie and some of my thoughts may perchance ooze out through the point of my pen to my own enjoyment and to the delectation of the printer who has an insatiable appetite for copy.

It is a very suitable day to permit one’s thoughts to drift from frozen North America far down below the equator where snow flakes melt into rain drops somewhere between the high altitudes of the Andes and sea level.

Rambling along in my thoughts as above set out, I quite forgot about the storm without until I chanced to glance out the window where I saw the mail man bending under a heavy load, struggling through the storm and planting his feet in the tracks of the milk man, which had been made wider and deeper by the boots of the newspaper boy an hour or so later.

These homely incidents carried me back to my boyhood days in the mountains of Vermont and gave me a comfortable feeling of well-being and good cheer, somewhat dimming for the moment the anticipations of pleasure in our coming voyage on summer seas, where Jack Frost has never been known to place his devastating hand within the memory of living man. The flakes grew larger and larger, presaging the termination of the storm and dispelling fears tinged with something closely resembling hope that we might experience the thrill of being snow bound, completely shut off from our usual service of supplies in the village grocery store and fruit shops, so that it would be necessary to fall back on provisions in our cold room in the basement, provided for such emergencies, and also to meet the needs arising from unexpected visitors at times when the shops are closed.

After having added a few inches of whiteness to the foundation already laid, the storm subsided, and my thoughts turned to the business in hand.

We were about to embark on a long and probably eventful journey. Our anticipations were in the main pleasurable. The least that could be said of our
prospective journey was that it gave promise of being a grand opportunity to add to
our experiences and to extend our horizons, but few seasoned travelers are free from
misgivings when leaving home and friends most dear. We had ours to be sure. We
were not altogether happy even in leaving winter behind, though we had the
satisfaction of realizing that the closing weeks of 1935 and the first few weeks of
1936 had brought as much snow to Chicago as had been customary during the entire
season.

Some folks talk of escaping winter as though it were a calamity, but a true
nature lover admires it in all of its moods and garbs. The morning after the snow fall,
neighbors John, Henry and I were in the woods viewing the fairy land which during
the night had been visited by even more ardent lovers of the out of doors than we. The
delicate tracery of the field mice led to the tiny vestibules through which they had
passed to their domiciles in the tangles of long grass beneath the snow. Rabbit and
squirrel tracks were there in plenty, and wood sparrows and skylarks twittered their
appreciation of Nature’s artistry.

Jean and I are wondering what is to happen to our own special families of
birds and squirrels whom we have adopted and who come every morning to feed at
our feeding station, just outside our breakfast room window. ‘We have gotten to feel
that we cannot enjoy our breakfast except in the company of our little friends.

We shall also miss the harbingers of spring. They can be fully appreciated
only after a severe winter, and the first of them may be looked for in the Chicago
district before the close of January; in fact, they have already begun. We were thrilled
one recent spring-like morning by two red birds calling to each other from the tree
tops. We, of course, on that occasion notified our neighbors and we all enjoyed the
duet together.

All such things we were to leave for adventures far afield.

When one builds a house which he expects to be a home for himself and
family, he goes about it seriously. Houses cost money and of that there is 'none to
waste. The money invested in one’s home will constitute one of his most important
investments. If he is gifted with ordinary foresight and wisdom, he will employ an
architect, and then spend many hours discussing with the members of the family
details of the blue print. He can’t afford to do otherwise.

When one contemplates taking a long journey to distant parts of the earth, he
contemplates making a big investment of time and money. If he is gifted with
reasonable foresight, he will take the matter seriously.

To begin with, he will employ an architect in the form of a traveling agency,
Cook’s possibly, and he will then begin to study itineraries submitted to him. When
the route is finally selected, he will obtain books from the public libraries, book stores
and all other available sources, with the end in view of preparing his mind to absorb
as much information as possible during the course of his journey. He will, I say, do
these things if he takes his travels seriously. There are, of course, those to whom a trip
around the world is nothing of significance beyond its novelty, its entertainment
features, and perhaps the opportunity it affords one to be known as a widely traveled person.

If one is going to travel in the countries of South America, he will find it necessary to make more extensive preparation in one respect than he has ever been required to make before except in times of war. His past experiences will throw no light on what he will be required to produce in order to satisfy the health, immigration and customs officials of South American countries, assuming that he is not traveling through the various countries on a regularly conducted tour.

If one is to travel independently, he had better make up his mind at once that he has undertaken a serious piece of business. In our case, we began two months in advance. The police captain in our precinct had never found it necessary before to introduce himself to us personally; therefore we had to be introduced to him, after which he was good enough to introduce us to the chief of police of the city of Chicago, who was kind enough to issue not less than twenty-five duly authenticated certificates to the effect that I had not been under arrest during the last five years “nor any time”, and then Jean was favored with an equal number of duly authenticated certificates proclaiming to the entire world the same astonishing fact concerning herself.

Dr. Thomas vaccinated both of us against small pox, we having concluded to take our chances of getting by without further polluting our blood streams with serums for typhoid, yellow fever, and other maladies which some people still think it necessary to guard against. After we were vaccinated, Dr. Thomas satisfied the health department of the city of Chicago that we were OK in all respects and especially so with regard to certain specific troubles which the South American countries were particularly anxious to guard themselves against.

The health department then followed up in manner above outlined in regard to the police department. Photographs were attached to some of the certificates in order to make sure that we didn’t “slip over a fast one” on some one. I will not attempt to relate the troubles with passports and with visas, but will say that they were present in plenty. However, things are on the mend in South American countries; they really want us to visit them and will make it easier for us in the days to come.

To Jean and me, it was no hardship to read any and every thing we could find pertaining to the South American countries we were to visit; what more agreeable occupation could there be than sitting by our fireside in our suburban home, far from city clamors, confusions and noises, preparing our minds for what was to come?

We had literature provided by the steamship companies, books and endless pamphlets, sent in response to my request, by the Pan American Union at Washington. It was part of our preliminary educational plans to go to Washington for the purpose of making a brief study of the great institution which was the product of the creative imagination of John Barrett, made operative by a munificent gift, from Andrew Carnegie.

One of the most interesting of the books found at the public library was “South American Observations and Impressions” by James Bryce (Lord Bryce), a
former British Ambassador to the United, States, and author of “The American Commonwealth” which, though written especially for British and European readers, was acclaimed by American historians as a scholarly and fair appraisal of the institutions of the United States. An abridged edition is now in use in the universities, colleges and high schools of the United States.

In browsing about the branch library in our part of the city, my hand fell one day upon another book, the name of which, “Understanding South America”, appealed to me. To understand South America was the very thing I wanted to do. I soon became immersed in its contents, and considerable time elapsed before I thought of looking for the name of the author. My surprise and pleasure in eventually finding that he was none other than my friend, the late Clayton Sedgwick Cooper, of the Miami Rotary club, can be well imagined.

Both of the above named writers must have been charged with a high sense of responsibility; certainly neither of them was given to the habit of writing smart and provocative things. Both may be put down as pioneers blazing the trail to international understanding and good will.

Quoting from Clayton Cooper’s book: “We have been too much accustomed to think of South Americans from what we have been pleased to consider a higher plane. As a rule we have not realized that in many respects South Americans are superior to North Americans both as to their ideals and their manner of life in general.” Clayton Cooper was an ambassador of understanding and good will, and seems to have thought it necessary to his purpose that false and misleading impressions which sometimes lead to the unfortunate superiority complex first be removed from our minds. The reader of his book will, however, not be long in discovering the fact that his statements were inspired by love of his country and a desire to render it service. Naturally he recognized the fact that North America has its legitimate claim to superiority in many things and he did not hesitate to draw comparisons favorable to his country and to make criticism of South American institutions when he believed such course justifiable.

Perhaps it is unfortunate that some of North America’s achievements are so conspicuous that they even cause us to deceive ourselves at times. One can readily visualize a high building; it is not so easy to visualize high thinking. We must exercise due care lest we be unconsciously led to conclude that people who outstrip all the rest of the world in the height of their buildings must also outstrip all others in the height of their thinking.

It might be better for us if the first impressions of North America to be gained by South Americans or other visitors, related to our educational and cultural advancement, rather than to our commercial and industrial achievements, which are better known.

During the course of a talk with a South American friend a year or two ago, he quite frankly contrasted the effects of the business penetration of South America by North Americans with the cultural penetration by visitors from the Latin countries of Europe. He said, “Your high pressure salesmanship goes against our grain. Your traveling salesmen rush into our cities, capture all of the orders they care to obtain,
and then away again without having shown the slightest interest in our South American institutions, of which we are proud. Visitors from France, Spain and Italy and other European countries are generally cultured people - artists, university professors, etc. who are interested in our cultural advancement and who contribute to it through music, lectures and interchange of thought with little, if any, consideration of what they are to get out of it.

Our sentimental bonds to the European countries are very natural under such circumstances. It is not to be wondered at that our rich spend their money in Europe rather than in the United States. Our export of capital to Europe for pleasure and in cultural pursuits amounts to a fabulous sum of money every year. We export very little money to the United States in pursuits of that kind. Sentimental bonds have definite commercial value. We like to patronize those whom we admire, who understand us and are interested in us. American business suffers a great handicap in this respect.” No thinking person can doubt the economic value of good will, nor doubt the truth of the statement that the lack of it imposes a handicap on nations who do not enjoy it.

Prior to the entry of the United States into the World War, much of the commerce with Europe was necessarily deflected to the United States. Clayton Cooper was interested in the question of how long and to what extent South America would continue to buy in the markets of the United States after European production had been restored and the highways opened to commerce. Opinions expressed by South American buyers were to the effect that commerce would promptly return to the old channels.

Factors to be considered were not limited to sentimental considerations. They included also prices which were too high in the United States, long time credit which American manufacturers had not seen fit to extend, knowledge of the requirements of South American importers and a disposition to study them; and also careful attention to the boxing of goods to withstand the rough handling incident to unloading in lighters where harbor facilities were inadequate. The United States shippers had much to learn, and at the time apparently little disposition to learn it.

A study of the current statistics of the commerce between the two Americas would seem to indicate that North American shippers have proven themselves more adaptable than was anticipated, and that the sentimental ties have not always proven to be deciding factors, quality of goods, prices, and promptness of deliveries being necessary considerations.

The objects of Rotary do not include the promotion of international trade, excepting perhaps in some instances as a means of promoting international good will.

Commercial competition frequently causes serious international disturbances, but competition also serves good purposes. We shall learn how to control this force for the general good when we become wiser. Competition even within national boundaries has not been satisfactorily regulated as yet.

Rotary’s objects do include the promotion of international understanding and good will. The sentimental ties between South America and Europe are not to be
deplored by North American Rotarians; they are to be admired, encouraged and the example emulated. There is room for all.

Lord Bryce treats the question of the social and cultural affinities of the people of the two Americas. He first draws attention to similarities. The topographies of the two continents are somewhat alike, the Rocky Mountains in North America corresponding with the Andes in South America and the Appalachians comparing with Atlantic coast ranges in South America. Explorers visiting the western hemisphere found both continents thinly peopled. On both continents the European invaders subjugated the Indian tribes or drove them out of territory which they chose to appropriate. The colonists on both continents eventually rebelled from their mother countries and established republics of their own.

But Lord Bryce found the dissimilarities no less pronounced. The racial stocks of the pioneers were entirely different, one class coming largely from the northern countries of Europe, the other from the southern. The immigrants to North America were from the middle classes and expected to become permanent settlers; to enjoy religious liberty and equality of opportunity. They believed in a constitutional form of government and intended to establish institutions on plans of their own, free from the control of European sovereignties. The prevailing religion was Protestant.

Many of the first voyagers to the South American continent were of the upper classes, and they had no intention at the time of breaking with the monarchial form of government or with the prevailing form of religion. They expected to establish Catholicism in the conquered territory.

According to Lord Bryce, the bond between the two Americas which seemed for a time to be the most significant was the bond of sympathy occasioned by the respective revolts against the domination of their mother countries. The prevailing sympathy in this respect was given expression by the people of the United States in the Monroe doctrine which was not vigorously opposed by the people of South American countries when danger of domination by European countries seemed to menace. When that period was passed, the people of the South American countries showed that their next concern was to make certain that they would also be free from the domination of their neighbors on the north. They were proud of their achievements and felt quite able to take care of their own affairs in manner suited to themselves, and their sense of dignity made the voluntary protectorate of the United States seem little short of affront.

Their fears were further inflamed by the war between the United States and Mexico, which resulted in the annexation by the former of territory of the latter. When was this to end? Did the U.S.A. have in mind the acquisition of all of the territory included within the Western hemisphere?

The policy of the United States in relation to Cuba and the Philippines has doubtless served to allay suspicions and to increase the faith of those who believed that the proclaimed objective of the United States was sincere; that the neighbors on the north were interested in protecting the smaller countries of the Western hemisphere and were not intending to acquire more territory.
However, even to the most intensely patriotic people of the United States, even to those most deeply imbued with faith in the high idealism and lofty purposes of this country, it should be clear that the conduct of affairs with the countries of South America must be above suspicion; that there must be no forced protectorate; that the people of North America must cultivate the respect and the friendship of the people of South America, not with commercial advantage in view, but because they are our neighbors, and as such are entitled to every courtesy and every kindness within our power to extend to them. Happily the spirit of the recent Pan American conferences has been in keeping with this view.

In his book, “A Tropical Tramp with the Tourists”, Harry L. Foster has set up with striking - almost shocking - clearness what the conduct of a visitor from North America to South America ought not to be. His experiences with tourists on a certain luxury liner convinced him that most of them at the beginning of their voyage were entirely ignorant of the countries they were to visit and that their condition was not materially improved on their return. To Mr. Foster, it seemed that most of them were not only ignorant of conditions in South America, but were also proud of that fact.

His comments on his experiences remind me of an incident I learned of during our visit to the Antipodes last year. Malcolm Kennedy, an old and beloved member of the Rotary club of Hobart, Tasmania, had occasion to visit a tourist ship which was lying at anchor in the harbor. On the deck were several gaily bedizened and highly painted tourists, one of whom looked at him from the depths of her deck chair and said these words: “My Gawd, you Australians do look funny to me!” Clearly she was entitled to classification in Mr. Foster’s list of those who are not only ignorant, but are also proud of the fact.

Such travelers injure the cause of international good will beyond understanding. They are not confined to any one country. Wherever one travels abroad he is sure to find them, whether on luxury liners or elsewhere. Travel is one of the means of broadening one’s outlook, but I sometimes think that the genius which inspires our cooperative agriculturists in prohibiting the shipment of inferior fruit and agricultural products outside the state or country where they are grown might be invoked to prohibit the embarkation for foreign travel of citizens whose conduct is likely to reflect against the reputation for intelligence and decency of the country from which they propose to travel. Perhaps there might also be efforts made to educate travelers on their duty to the country which they voluntarily represent. Whether a traveler knows it or not; whether the people whom he contacts in other countries realize it or not, the way he conducts himself will be carefully studied and whatever he may reveal himself to be, wise or ignorant, cultured or uncultured, decent or indecent, will reflect directly upon his countrymen and his country. If he is arrogant and overbearing, his countrymen and his country, strange as it may seem, will be considered arrogant and overbearing. Are such considerations of moment? Do they have any bearing on the all important questions of war and peace? I believe that they have bearing; that they are of the very essence of the question. Such experiences, repeated time and time again, either pave the way to war or they pave the way to peace.

At this time when the nations of the earth are concerning themselves with questions of disarmament and with similar questions relating to the preservation of
peace, it might be timely to give some consideration at least to ways and means of removing the causes of international misunderstanding and ill will.

Whatever discouragements there may be in the efforts to bring about understanding and good will, the two Americas may congratulate themselves on the fact that serious, conscientious and determined efforts to that end are being made by Rotary, the Pan American Union, and associations of scientists, educators, musicians, artists and other cultural agencies.

Two developments in radio programs occurring during the period of our study of South American affairs were helpful and extremely opportune. One was President Roosevelt’s broadcast in which he emphasized the importance of neighborliness between all of the countries of North and South America; and the other was the weekly broadcast under the caption of “The Other Americas”.

An incident in connection with President Roosevelt’s broadcast will bear relating: A representative of the United States press happened at the time to be sitting in the office of the publisher of a great South American newspaper, the policy of which had been aggressively anti-North American for many years. When the broadcast terminated, the publisher rose from his chair and walked to the window where he stood for some moments looking down into the street. He eventually turned around and said: “If that is so, I have nothing more to say.”

The broadcast, “The Other Americas” gave me helpful information, and as a manifestation of the newborn interest of North America in South American affairs pleased the people of the other Americas very much when I told them of it.
II. ON OUR WAY

The day of our departure from Chicago broke fair. The thousand and one little jobs for the plumber who drained the pipes, and other mechanics representing gas, electric light, water and telephone departments had been done. An expert from a nearby garage had drained our car, removed the wheels, battery, etc. to relieve possible marauders of the temptation to enter our defenseless garage, and We Were soon off in hot pursuit of our luggage which had gotten a flying start.

While we were changing cars at the Englewood station, Rose Wandell appeared bearing a bouquet of roses, a parting gift from the board of directors of Rotary International. Just why Rose was selected as the bearer of the gift instead of some messenger boy I cannot state with certainty, but I have a strong suspicion that some discerning person at headquarters, possessed of a very delicate sense, surmised that roses from the hand of Rose would have special meaning to us and so they did. Who will volunteer to paraphrase for us the words from “Maud Muller”, “A sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed”?

With a sigh of relief we sank back in the comfortable seats in the library car. Barring occasional desultory thoughts, we were for the first time in weeks in position to say that no pressing duty clamored for attention. It is fortunate that there are these moments of respite from the affairs of this busy world. They are like landing places on a stairway where one can stand and catch his breath before resuming his climb. One hears two Spanish words so frequently spoken that their meaning is well known. One “siesta” and the other “mañana.” Neither is reconcilable in spirit with Theodore Roosevelt’s “strenuous life, but possibly after all, life would go on just as smoothly, just as profitably, more happily, and certainly” far more healthfully if there were more siestas and mañanas - more landing places on our stairways. Of course, we would miss some of the conveniences which are the products of strenuous lives, after having had them; some of our luxuries after having indulged in them, but there would be more opportunities for reflection and constructive thought. Shakespeare never saw a movie, nor did Socrates ever employ a chauffeur or have his hands on the steering gear of an automobile, and yet they found ways of passing their time.

We enjoyed sinking back in the easy seats of the library car, responsibilities past for the time being, nothing to do but to view the beautiful snowy landscapes and let our lazy thoughts drift wheresoever they would.

As we glided through the beautiful dune lands bordering on Lake Michigan, we thought that we had never seen the soft browns of the swamp grass and the oak leaves, still clinging precariously to the trees, appear to better advantage than they then did, silhouetted against the crystal whiteness of the snow.

The day before our departure, International Director Gaete Fagalde, of Santiago, Chile, had telephoned his brother-in-law Sr. Trucco, the Chilean Ambassador at Washington, that we were to pay the headquarters of the Pan American Union a brief visit and the Ambassador had extended to us an invitation to lunch with him, his official family and Dr. Rowe, the director of the Pan American Union, at the embassy, in order, so Gaete put it, that Jean and I might see what Chileans are like.
On our arrival in Washington the morning following our departure from Chicago, we were met at the station by the secretary of the legation and taken to the Pan American building, where we were greeted by Dr. Rowe and shown about the sumptuous and ornate building donated to the cause of promoting understanding and good will between the countries of the two Americas.

Without attempting to catalogue the various activities of the Pan American Union as they were revealed to us by its director and moving spirit, I will say that two impressed me deeply. Possibly they seemed especially impressive because of their being unexpected. I was indeed surprised in seeing a library of eighty thousand books by authors of the Pan American countries. I was both surprised and delighted to learn of the department of intellectual Cooperation between educators, scientists, musicians and artists of the countries of the two Americas. The department serves as an intermediary to gather and disseminate information on all cultural pursuits for the benefit of all who may be interested, and conferences between representatives of the various forms of cultures are arranged in the different countries, in order that the participants may profit through the interchange of thoughts and experiences.

The variety of the services rendered is amazing. No service which tends to promote the cultural life in the countries of the two Americas can be too difficult.

Under the aegis of this department, two distinguished groups of Latin American educators visited the United States during the past year, the first being a Brazilian Commission composed of leaders in vocational and secondary education; the second a Chilean commission consisting of the deans and other members of the faculties of law and engineering of the University of Chile. Their visit extended from coast to coast and ended in a brilliant reception and banquet tendered the visitors in Washington by the American Council on Education. The Secretary of State addressed the gathering. Other activities fostered by this department were: A visit to Peru of a group of students of Archeology from the University of New Mexico; a cruise to the Caribbean by thirty-seven students of Clark University, and a tour by one hundred and five Columbia University students to study rural education in Mexico.

Individual as well as group visitations have been given assistance. Many college professors have been enabled to contact the universities of South America and to deliver lectures under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The summer schools of the universities of the two Americas have afforded excellent opportunities for the promotion of intellectual cooperation, and the facilities of some of the universities have been taxed to the utmost in some instances by this influx of students anxious to, expand their horizons to include countries other than their own. The University of Panama established a special summer school which was attended last year by eight hundred students, including fifty from the United States. On account of its strategic position, it is expected that this institution will contribute largely to the inter-American rapprochement along cultural lines.

Three important Pan American gatherings during the past year brought scholars from the United States and Latin America together. They were the American Scientific Congress, the Pan American Child Welfare Congress and the Assembly of the Pan American Institute of Geography and History.
According to late reports, nine hundred Latin American students are at present registered in North American universities, twenty of the number being recipients of scholarships secured for them through the Institute of International Education in New York. Other Latin American students received scholarships from the Guggenheim Foundation for research in the fields of medicine, public health, palaeontology, biology and electric engineering. Dartmouth College conferred honorary degrees on three distinguished Latin American scholars during the past year.

The Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh holds annual international exhibits of paintings by celebrated artists, the Pan American Union cooperating with the Institute in this special gesture of good will. Latin American artists were included in the 1935 exhibit, Mexico sending eight pictures, and Chile, Argentine and Brazil sending three each. It is expected that the proportionate representation of South American artists will increase rapidly.

Among many with whom the Pan American Union has cooperated is a young man by the name of Beach Conger from New York State, who for sheer vision, idealism and courage seems to me to be wore thy of place in the front ranks. His unique scheme is to promote understanding and good will between the people of the two Americas through the children of the schools. He has successfully promoted the exchange of correspondence between children of hundreds of schools on the two continents. If his efforts continue, a new high mark may be set. More power to you, young crusader, par excellence.

To enumerate the varied activities of the Pan American Union in providing exchanges of cultures of the character of those above named would require far more space than is available in this record. Sufficient to say that the Pan American’s opportunity is each and every opportunity known to human ingenuity to promote international understanding and good will between the countries of the two Americas. The field is not limited to the promotion of understanding between North and South America; it includes also the promotion of understanding between the different countries of South America and between the United States and Mexico.

The expense of operating the Pan American Union is partially provided by the Carnegie Foundation. The remainder is paid by the countries of the two Americas enjoying its benefits. The Secretary of State of the United States is permanent chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Several Pan American conferences have been held in different countries and it is interesting to note that many of the resolutions introduced and favorably acted on were calculated to gain advantages for the countries of South America as against the United States. For instance, one momentous act provided that no nation belonging to the Pan American Union must interfere with the internal or external procedure of any other nation of the Union.

When big boys play with smaller boys, the big boys are more likely to be the aggressors, and it is logical to assume that the framers of the resolution had the big boy in mind. But what matters it, so the act be fair and reasonable? When big boys play with smaller boys, they must grant the smaller boys equal privileges to be sure.
And so, one by one, injustices and inequalities are being scrapped as obsolete; and fair and equitable provisions, based on equality, are taking their place. Success to the Pan American Union and the conferences which they promote.

As one becomes acquainted with the progress thus far made, one becomes more optimistic and enthusiastic over the prospects, and the figure of the great iron master, Andrew Carnegie, grows in proportion. One marvels at his many-sidedness; his purposefulness, determination, strength, idealism, and his almost supernatural vision and unswerving allegiance to the most exalted of all human conceptions, that of a world at peace.

One’s mind naturally reverts to the story of the little twelve year old Scotch boy, who with his chest containing his only worldly possessions, embarked on a boat sailing from his native land to the new land of promise and unlimited opportunity to bless it with the spiritual qualities with which he had been amazingly endowed, never forgetting the debt he believed he owed to the country of his nativity.

One cannot help comparing this man with the British-born Colossus, Cecil Rhodes. Their qualities of character were similar; the great difference is to be found in the fact that one surrendered his allegiance to the Crown and became unreservedly American because he had faith in the institutions of America over and above all; while the other believed just as fully in the institutions of his native country and served them with all his heart and mind. Both dreamed of bringing about a reunion of the two major branches of the English-speaking people.

One would have had the older branch abandon its form of government and become a republic, and the other would have had the younger branch become a part of the British Empire.

Andrew Carnegie’s hope extended far beyond the English-speaking people; nothing short of a World at peace would have satisfied his ambition. The Peace Palace at the Hague constitutes an enduring expression of the expansiveness of his purpose. If anyone, living or dead, is entitled to the characterization, “World Citizen”, that man is Andrew Carnegie.

After leaving the Pan American building, Jean and I picked up a taxi for a run about the city during the few minutes at our disposal before luncheon. I wanted particularly to see the new home of the Supreme Court. We asked the chauffeur to stop his car in front of this truly majestic building. He did so and waited what seemed to him to be a reasonable time for the purpose. Time evidently soon began to drag, notwithstanding the fact that his meter continued to work in due form. Fortunately for him the means of relieving himself from the tedium of standing still was close at hand, and after a careful study of his radio dial, he turned on the tune, “Turkey in the Straw”. Could anything have been better suited to the mood of an American lawyer, worshiping at the shrine than the time-honored jig tune “Turkey in the Straw”? I ventured to tell the chauffeur what I thought about it. However, after we had gotten under way again, willy nilly he regaled us with further melodies of the same order which he designated as “Good Old Hill Songs”. He also gave us the benefit of his philosophical deductions regarding what he considered the great
American menace, too d----much education. He opined something should be done about it.

Ambassador Trucco greeted us with cordiality and with Castilian politeness, and one by one the members of his two families, one official and the other his own family, consisting of charming daughters and other relatives, were introduced. Director Rowe soon appeared. The Ambassador thereupon led Jean to the table and the luncheon proceeded without further formality.

A sense of the solidarity of Latin American families was again brought home to us. North Americans could advantageously follow the example set by our friends from the other American countries in this regard. Family ties have not meant so much to us as they should.

We were reminded of a visit which we paid some years ago to our friend Urbano Trista, of Santa Clara, Cuba. Twenty-five, including Jean and the writer, sat down together. Most of the party consisted of elderly ladies and my first thought was that Urbano must have included among his activities that of the management of an old ladies’ home. I was soon disabused of my false impression by my host’s introducing them one after another as his aunts. I had never thought that anyone in the world could be so abundantly blessed with aunts. There were aunts to the right of him and aunts to the left of him, a veritable tidal wave of loveliness.

I learned that the custom was that the prosperous Cuban households are considered the legitimate and proper refuge of all relatives, particularly aged spinsters. I was led by the circumstance to speculate as to what would happen in an American family if stormed by a platoon of aunts, amiable creatures though they might be. If I knew my United States, and I thought I did, Papa and Mama and all of the children would capitulate on the best terms possible and retire to parts unknown. No discerning person could, however, think of voluntarily disengaging himself from such a charming family as that of Ambassador Trucco. I could have remained there happily much longer. I felt that I could make satisfactory answer in case Director Gaete Fagalde were to ask me how I liked my first sample of Chilean hospitality.

Being desirous of learning as much as possible of the ways and of the thoughts of the people of our neighboring countries, I plied all in attendance with as many questions as seemed to me compatible with good manners. For instance, I reminded our host of the prediction of Lord Bryce that the South American countries were destined to wield a powerful influence upon civilization, and asked his opinion as to the direction it would take. He said that it seemed to him that the countries of South America were coming to the forefront at a period when old world countries were fagged and worn out and that the youthfulness and virility of the South American countries might save the day. I asked for a more definite opinion as to just what South America’s contribution would be likely to be, and he said that some of it will be cultural, particularly music and art.

The party broke up early due to the necessity of catching our train for New York. To save time, Dr. Rowe sent his car and chauffeur to take us to the railway station. Our chauffeur proved to be of unusual intelligence and deeply interested in the buildings of the Capitol. He was a college graduate who was working for his law
degree. We were glad that our previous chauffeur was spared the pain of seeing this example of the pernicious effects of education; that he was permitted to go his way in sweet oblivion of all save the dulcet strains of “Turkey in the Straw”.

As our train sped through familiar Princeton Junction, we caught a fleeting glimpse of buildings on the University campus four miles distant, and momentarily the weight of nearly half a century fell from my shoulders. I was a student once again.

Newark, the scene of a visit only four months earlier, was a blaze of lights as we sped on and New York soon engulfed us, bag and baggage, sorrows in separation from home and friends, and hopes and expectations of events to come.

On the following morning we drove from our hotel to Pier No. 31, North River, through a pelting sleet and our taxi skidded about deliriously. No better day could have been selected for our departure from the North while it was still fast in the grip of what had proved to be one of the most relentless winters of recent years. Perhaps it was not quite fair to our friends to stand as we did behind our plate glass shelter, feasting our eyes on the driving storm, but we did that very thing. Never mind, dear friends, we were destined soon to expiate our untimely exultation.

We soon discovered that our sumptuous cabin and bath, No. 142 on the Santa Elena, which had been especially selected near the center of the ship because of Jean’s susceptibility to sea sickness, had been sold from under us through a blunder on the part of employees of the Grace line, with the result that we had to take quarters in a cubby hole in the bow of the ship. During the stormy days which followed, our quarters were certainly the bowingest quarters we had ever seen and poor Jean accompanied every bow with a groan. The quarters were ordinarily occupied by the purser and chief steward, who had been compelled to turn them over to us, every stateroom on the ship having been booked. Jean and I were the two most disappointed people aboard with two exceptions, and the two exceptions were the purser and chief steward who had been compelled to resign their cubby hole in our favor. They made the best of the situation and preserved a calm demeanor, but we felt that inwardly they must have raged at the imposition. “Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.” Even a cubby hole in the bow of an ocean sailing steamer may have its charms, and anyhow, no one likes to be put out of anything anywhere.

More grief was to follow. The Grace line boat, the Santa Monica, on which we had booked state room and bath from Buenaventura, Colombia, to Callao, Peru, had been subsequently switched out of service. There being neither railroad nor highways connecting these ports, the all-absorbing question was, “How shall we ever be able to keep our engagements with Rotary clubs as per schedule?” It was bad enough to have the bottom knocked out from under us in one of our contracts with the Grace line, the only line conducting scheduled passenger service down the west coast of South America; it was more than aggravating to learn that we were to be let down a second time by the same company. The Grace line has undoubtedly been an important factor in building up trade with the west coast of South America and is entitled to un stinted praise for having found this outlet for trade, but we, in common with others of whom we have learned, were the victims of mismanagement in their passenger service, which seems to be deserving somebody’s attention, and the fact that these boats are
liberally subsidized points to the conclusion that the “somebody” in question is to be found in Washington, D. C.

There must be some way of working things out. An institution with such a fine tradition as that of the Grace line cannot be beyond redemption. It seems to me that what is needed is a good shake-up in the managerial department, and I believe that such a procedure would result in good to all parties concerned, including the Grace line itself; because after all there can be no permanent success except that which is based upon service. Subsidies tend, of course, to create monopolies and monopolies tend to create indifference and even arrogance.

Do I mean that subsidies are unjustifiable? No, without subsidies our merchant marine presumably would soon disappear, but I do mean that subsidized shipping should be subjected to close and competent supervision to the end that travelers’ get the service intended. Had our experiences been isolated instances, I would not be writing as I am, but I am convinced that they are not. One Canadian traveler said that it seemed to him that much of the trouble apparently arose from the lack of cooperation between the offices in different cities. Other travelers related unhappy experiences of their own. However, in many respects we found the service commendable. The officers seemed anxious to please and the cuisine was excellent.

After rounding Cape Hatteras, the storm increased in intensity, and all who were squeamishly inclined, including my Jean, took refuge below. The captain, preferring safety to speed, turned the nose of the Santa Elena into the wind and idled along slightly off the direct course, which maneuver resulted in our being thrown twelve hours off schedule, just half the time lost as a result of tornadoes which we encountered a year ago in crossing the Pacific.

The first leg of our voyage was to be from New York to Panama on the Santa Elena which was temporarily being used as a cruise ship destined for San Francisco via the canal and return. The accommodations had been one hundred per cent over-subscribed, due to the fact that the disturbed state of affairs in Europe had diverted much of the tourist traffic to other parts. It was our first experience on a cruise ship, sometimes facetiously called luxury liners, and we were interested in drawing our own conclusions as to the truth of Harry Foster’s observations concerning the type of passengers frequently encountered on such ships. I think that I may be justified in accepting his conclusions so far as most of the passengers were concerned; that is to say, the majority seemed deeply interested in bridge and other forms of entertainment and little, interested in cities and countries they were to visit. As Foster stated, they neither knew much about the ports to be visited nor cared to learn.

I asked one of the passengers, who was probably a good and useful citizen in his home town, whether he intended to disembark on arrival at Puerto Colombia and make the delightful little trip to Barranquilla, to which he answered an emphatic no, that he would not get up at seven o’clock in the morning to see any South American city. When I reminded him of the fact that he was a long distance from home and that he might never have another opportunity to see the beautiful Colombian city, he answered that he had seen one South American city and that was all he cared to see; that they were all alike. But my friend was not by any means alone in his indifference. The great majority of the passengers passed up the first of their two opportunities to
touch foot on South American soil because of the unconscionable hour of landing, seven A. M. However, there were, I am glad to say, some who had a better sense of values.
III. COLOMBIA AND PANAMA

The Rotary Club of Barranquilla had planned an evening banquet at the Del Prado, a superb hotel located on a hill overlooking the city and surrounding country. The delay in our arrival at Puerto Colombia frustrated their plans, but the large gathering under the leadership of Commissioner Baker which greeted us on our arrival made partial amends for the failure, and a drive over beautiful hills, among which a modern American subdivision had been laid out by enterprising Americans, completely restored our good humor.

The subdivision was not the only indication of American influence in Colombia. The substantial and immaculate docks at the port and also the equally fine and modern docks which we saw later at Cartagena were financed by U.S.A. loans, as were also many other enterprises which served to modernize the country. The Vanderbilt School, the head of which was one of the members of our reception committee, is a Presbyterian institution and its enrollment, nearly one thousand in number, included representatives of various sects, Protestant and Catholic.

The above mentioned features and others combined to create the impression that Colombia, our most accessible South American neighbor, is more like the United States than is either Mexico or Cuba. The hills are rolling and abundant rains make all vegetation look fresh and green. North Americans feel very much at home in the northern part of Colombia.

The economic ties between the States and Colombia are strong. In common with others, Colombians need American automobiles, trucks, buses and farm and other kinds of machinery, while Colombian coffee is in great demand in our markets. The renewal of service on American loans and the recent commercial treaty have served to create a better feeling between the two countries.

I was fortunate in having opportunity to enter into a frank discussion with a highly intelligent Colombian on the U.S.A.-Colombian relationship. He seemed inclined to admit that the attitude of his country regarding the servicing of the two hundred million dollar loan had not been just what it might have been, but he thought that the United States should not overlook the plight in which Colombia was placed because of the depreciation of her currency, etc., and that if it was true that some American money paid for coffee had been used to buy German goods, instead of being spent in the United States, that was due to the fact that rates of exchange were more favorable in Germany. He ventured the opinion that if Americans had been as smart as the Germans, they would find ways to equalize matters.

Having succeeded in discussing economic questions agreeably and rationally, I concluded to take further chances. I had long wanted to get a Colombian’s slant on the Theodore Roosevelt episode in Panama, and perhaps no time would be more favorable than the present. I experienced no difficulty in getting my friend to talk. The following is substantially what he said:

“The story is brief and so far as I know is not controverted. The States having purchased the rights of the French Company, headed by de Lesseps, for forty million
dollars, had been negotiating with Colombia for the rights to dig the canal in Panama which at the time was a part of Colombia. Colombia not being willing to accept the terms laid down, President Theodore Roosevelt began bargaining with the Panamanians who were at the time in a rebellious state of mind. Naturally under the circumstances they were not hard to deal with. Roosevelt agreed to back the Panamanian rebellion with the naval forces of the United States. The Panamanians signed up and Roosevelt sent into the Caribbean a fleet of war ships with which, of course, Colombia was unable to cope. Everything that happened after that was detail, though years afterwards, through the influence of Woodrow Wilson, the United States did pay Colombia the sum of twenty-five million dollars. I suppose that Panama, as it was then, seemed to North Americans to be merely a strip of fever-infested land, but for the purpose which it now serves it was of vast importance. Colombians were aware of its possibilities, and we still feel that we might have managed to finance the undertaking somehow; but valuable or not valuable, it was a part of Colombia and we contend that its integrity should have been preserved. What would the people of the United States have thought if European powers had fomented the rebellion of the states of the Confederacy for the purpose of insuring themselves uninterrupted supplies of tobacco and cotton at stipulated prices?"

Not being sufficiently posted to make answer, I resolved to check up later through talking to North Americans living at present in South America, thinking that I might at least discover extenuating circumstances.

Assuming for the purpose of argument that the above outline is substantially correct, would our government act now as it is reported to have done then? Probably not. To begin with, there has never been but one Theodore Roosevelt, either in public or private life in America; and then again the tide of thought has changed greatly in the U.S.A. during the past third of a century. No? Vide the records of our country in Cuba and Hawaii and the more recent record in the Philippines. There is no gainsaying the fact that some people of the countries of South America are still ill at ease. The experiences of Mexico and Colombia are fresh in memory. They would like to think well of us; in fact, nothing could give them greater happiness than to believe sincerely that the “Colossus of the North” is really a friendly, kindly Colossus who would not intrude upon their rights as members of the family of nations, who would consider South American countries by reason of their position in the western hemisphere entitled to the friendly appellation which our present Roosevelt has given them, “Our neighbors on the South”.

I like the term neighbor and always did. I like it so well that I have for years had a wood sign permanently attached to my house near the front door overlooking our friendship garden. The sign bears the legend, “Neighborliness makes for Happiness” and so it does. Neighborly people are happy people, while those who keep shut within their own walls are likely to be the very opposite.

The world has been hearing quite enough of international pacts, treaties and agreements. They have more frequently led to war than away from it. Men for centuries have been trying to create the perfect alliance, one so formidable that all the remaining powers on earth would be impotent against it. Of course, to its creators such an alliance would always be fair and even benevolent in its domination of the world’s affairs, but the trouble is that the countries outside the alliance would not
share the happy optimism of those within. Even assuming that the “Ins” get along very well together, which is not always the case, as long as human nature is human nature, suspicions born of jealousy would soon build up a rival coalition and the nations of the world would be at war again. No, the spirit of neighborliness, unadulterated with domination of any character, is preferable. If the countries of the two Americas can get together in true neighborly fashion, and without reference to war, offensive or defensive, we shall be blazing a new trail, one which perchance others may of their own volition choose to follow.

This is not a new thought; it was given expression by Henry Clay in 1826 when Simon Bolivar brought about the first conference of South American States to study among other things the implications of the Monroe doctrine promulgated three years earlier.

We were glad to learn from Hubert Baker that he had been directed by headquarters to accompany us during the most difficult part of our contemplated journey. Hubert, who has passed away since our return, was an American with twenty years’ experience in South America, besides several years in Cuba. He had perfect command of the Spanish language, knew the ways of the Latin Americans, and had suffered all manner of hardships, traveling on the backs of donkeys over the wild regions of the Andes. I don’t know that he had ever been bitten by poisonous snakes, but he had been bitten by many other creatures and he considered himself entirely immune to typhoid, yellow fever, etc.

We made a few hours’ stop at Cartagena, visited the very ancient cathedral, sped part way up the steep hill overlooking the city and surrounding sea in an automobile, and walked the remaining distance. On our return to the city, we attended a meeting of the Rotary club in the magnificent home of the young president. The spacious dining hall was open to the starry skies and could easily have accommodated a much larger number. The patio and gardens extended back a full block. Our big ship, the Santa Elena, could have rested within its walls.

After an interesting meeting, we returned to our berths and slumber. We were to see more of Colombia further south, but on the day immediately following we were to arrive in the Canal Zone, a place of superlative interest to all travelers, particularly, of course, to those of the United States.

A tabloid historical sketch might run somewhat as follows: A succession of explorers, from Columbus to Balboa, navigated the Caribbean in hopes of finding a water route to Cathay. Balboa was eventually successful. After twenty-six days of hardships in the penetration of the jungle, he had the satisfaction of viewing the great western ocean from a hill top. To show that his heart was in the right place, he claimed the whole smear, Pacific Ocean and anything else that might be lying around, for the king of Spain. That’s how ambitious he was.

Balboa was followed by other Spanish adventurers, who blazed a trail across the isthmus, and by means of small coastal vessels explored the rich “diggings” on the other side. Pizarro was one of the number, of which fact the Incas soon became aware.
The forays of some of the many explorers were successful and the present city of Panama was founded. In Panama stores of silver and gold were held pending transport across the isthmus and shipment to Spain. Now Sir Francis Drake enters the picture. To that doughty warrior it seemed a pity that so much gold and silver was being transported to Spain while there was still room for it in England. Being a practical man, Sir Francis acted on his hunch before it could get cold. His raid is said to have netted him a pile of silver bars seventy feet long and approximately twelve feet high. As a lover of free silver Sir Francis has had no equal, not even excepting William Jennings Bryan.

What remained of Panama after the raid of Drake was completely demolished by his fellow countryman, a true buccaneer by the name of Henry Morgan. Henry was said to be the last word in this line of endeavor. What our boys in the U.S.A. were doing at the time, I do not know; it looks as if they were missing opportunities. One might go on like this for many a page, but what’s the use? Then as now morality in international affairs could stand a heap of mending.

Some reference has been hereinafter made to the political issues leading up to the beginning of the digging of the big ditch. The story of the conversion of a pestilential area into a clean, sanitary district by General Gorgas, as a preliminary to operations, has been too frequently told to bear repeating; as has also the story of the stupendous engineering achievement which followed under the leadership of General Goethals. The forty-six mile crossing of the isthmus from Colon to Panama, which took Balboa twenty-six days, is now taken in comfort in a few hours by boat, if one wants to take it leisurely and enjoy the scenery, which certainly is worth seeing; or if one needs to save time, he can hop across in an hour or less.

From early morning until late in the evening ships from all parts of the world are to be seen passing through. We were thrilled in seeing a boat from New Zealand, a country which we were visiting less than a year before, passing through on her return trip from England. If one wishes to visualize the importance of the Panama Canal to the shipping of the Eastern world, he has but to study the map. The digging of a canal across the isthmus was manifestly one of the jobs which the Creator intended man to do. The thirty or more day trip around the Horn or through the Straits was not to be long endured by restless, ambitious, indomitable man. The job had to be done. I doubt if there is any country on earth which would like it undone, not even Colombia. The Panama Canal is a world asset. To the countries of the Pacific coast of South America it is vital.

The number of ships passing through is increasing rapidly, as financial conditions improve. Resort to simple expedients will afford accommodations for increased traffic should it prove necessary, and however improvident Uncle Samuel may be in his extra-territorial dealings, he is not chargeable with lack of foresight with respect to canals across the isthmus. A concession by the government of Nicaragua to the United States opens up entirely independent possibilities for the future. The Nicaraguan route would further shorten the distance for traffic within the Northern hemisphere.

Just before the evening meeting I planted a friendship tree in a public park overlooking the sea. The evening meeting - a joint meeting of the Rotary clubs of
Colon and Panama - was one long to be remembered. The President of the republic, members of his cabinet and leading educators attended.

We left the Santa Elena at Colon on the Atlantic side of the isthmus, and embarked upon the Santa Maria at Panama, on the Pacific. The latter was one of the small ships of the Grace line. No misfortune befell us. The service was excellent and the boat was not being used as a cruise ship. Most of the passengers were going somewhere in particular and were not on pleasure bent. Admitting that I am somewhat old-fashioned in my views, it does seem to me that my countrymen are at their worst when at leisure. North Americans rank high as business men. Their influence on the habits of life of other countries is manifest. It is not always the best influence. Some of it is good and if the people of other countries will accept the good and eschew the bad, all will be well; in fact, as much can be said of the influence of all other countries. A discriminative sense is essential, very essential in view of the fact that bad habits are contagious and quickly communicated to those least able to resist them. It is much easier to break down the morale of a people than to build it up. The educated classes are fortified against unwholesome influences, but the masses fall ready prey to them. Upon the shoulders of the educated rests great responsibility.

New and potent influences are constantly presenting themselves. Probably the most potent influence on the moral standards of the mass is the moving picture. It carries its message, good or bad, to literate and illiterate. It is the product of large combinations of capital attracted by prospective profits, not by philanthropic motives. Rivalries between producers and prospects of large returns are responsible for amazing technological advancement. What part is the public to have in this play of titanic forces? The public will have two parts to play. From beginning to end, if there proves to be an end, the public will pay for it, and eventually the public will decide the rules of the game. In other words, what the public seriously wants, it will have in the course of time. A billion dollar enterprise has arisen in a day; it has potentialities beyond the ken of man. No Lilliputian agencies will be capable of coping with this Gargantuan enterprise. The moving picture is now a world force. We are all interested in it and have right to be heard. What has the future in store? It remains for the nations of the world to determine.

It was good to be with the passengers on the Santa Maria. They were mostly business men and their families, returning to their homes, permanent or temporary, in South America. They were living their normal lives. We could have happily prolonged our voyage on the Santa Maria. We had been told that the most difficult part of our trip was immediately before us, and we could have enjoyed more rest in preparation.

We disembarked one hot and sultry morning at Buenaventura, a small city which had been famed for its plagues of yellow fever, typhoid and other ills to which human beings are subject in tropical countries where sanitary conditions are not good. Conditions have been immeasurably improved, but heat and humidity still characterize this city bordering upon the equator.
While at Buenaventura and prior to leaving on our long journey by rail and auto across three ranges of the Andes to Bogota, the capital city, sometimes called the Athens of South America, our worries as to whether the Grace line had made reservations for us on the Santa Lucia began in earnest. There was no rail transportation down the coast, and the possibility of being marooned near the equator was not a happy prospect. Cook’s in Chicago had advised us that suitable accommodations on the Santa Lucia had been guaranteed, but so also had our accommodations on the Santa Elena. We were unable to obtain any information from the agents at Buenaventura as to what disposition was to be made of passengers who had bought transportation on the Santa Monica which had been taken out of service, and we therefore began a barrage of telegrams to officials higher up and to all other possible sources of assistance in our dilemma, but without avail. There was nothing to do but to place our trust in Providence and proceed on our journey over the Andes.

Rotarians from Cali had come to meet us and a private car had been provided for our party. As we ascended into the mountains, both the tropical heat and the humidity abated, and a grand panorama of mountain and valley scenery began to unfold before our admiring eyes. As we approached the higher altitudes, a wide and fertile valley, in the center of which meandered a sizable river, gave us so much pleasure that we forgot about the equatorial heat, the humidity and our anxieties which had so sorely oppressed us far down below at sea level. It doesn’t take the human animal long to restore his spirits; action soon follows reaction and bodily comfort has much to do with it. It is my observation that most of the discomfort of a sojourn in the tropics is mental. I am sure that it is in my case. We have crossed the equator six times in the last three years and anticipation has always exceeded realization; in fact, when one crosses the equator at sea there is little, if any, discomfort in the crossing. To those who may be contemplating a trip down the west coast of South America, I would say that they need not fear the heat or the humidity while on the sea. The beneficent Humboldt current flowing from the icy waters of the Antarctic ocean assures travelers comfort even in the equatorial belt, where the sun’s rays come straight down during the entire year.

Toward evening we approached the attractive city of Cali, the altitude of which is about the same as that of Denver or Johannesburg. The air was fairly cool and free from excessive humidity, though the high lands of the Andes can be humid at times.

Were the Rotarians waiting at the railway station? They certainly were, in force, and with customary dispatch they spirited us away in an American car to our hotel where a reception had been arranged. The ceremony over, we were taken to a sumptuous suite of rooms which was right in all respects save one; it was on a narrow thoroughfare where all the automobiles in the city seemed to be scurrying past. It was not merely that there were many of them, it was even more because every chauffeur of every car seemed to be vying with every other chauffeur of every other car to outdo him in noise. Cali is not a large city and the chauffeurs seemed aware of that fact and desired to make amends by making as much noise as possible. They manifestly have no noise-abatement society in Chili. I would not be at all surprised if they have a
noise-encouragement society. The volume of noise in Cali seemed to me to be about equal to that of the cataract at Niagara.

We explained this matter to the manager as best we could in pidgin English, and they ordered us removed to less sumptuous but more quiet quarters. We then dressed for dinner which was to take place at the beautiful home of the president of the club. It was a quiet, restful party, and one of the older members of the group regaled us with stories of the rapid growth and improvement of the city, very much as an old resident of Chicago might have done, but when he told us that as recently as 1910 he had fought before the city council for an ordinance to permit wheeled vehicles to pass through the city and had failed because of the contention that all necessary goods could be transported on backs of donkeys as had always been done and that the wheels of ox carts would cut up the streets, Joan and I were prepared to admit that the romance of the rise of Chicago from trading post to metropolis had a rival down there in the mountains ycleped the Andes.

On our return to the hotel we went at once to our rooms and were thankful on observing that they were quiet and restful. We were gratified also to note that what we took to be a shower had suddenly sprung up, cooling the air and giving us the contentment that comes from listening to falling rain. I fell asleep quickly not waking until the night had been far spent. I was surprised and pleased to note that the fall of rain still continued and I went to the window to get a glimpse of the sky in the coming dawn. I looked down into the street expecting to see wet pavements, but was surprised to find them dry as a bone. Whence then came that grateful sound of falling water? Looking across the street I saw a beautiful park, and what was that other object that attracted my attention? Nothing more nor less than a shallow river rushing swiftly over small rocks and stones, singing sweetly as only brooks and small rivers can sing; there was also other music. Birds of unfamiliar species were beginning to sound their praise at the break of a beautiful day. What a contrast with the night before with its honk, honk, honk of automobiles! Here indeed was peace. I lay me down again glad that I was alive, and as I lay there dozing on my pillow the thought came to me, why should the song of babbling brooks and of the wild birds of the forest not be sent through the air by radio to patients in hospitals? Possibly as facilities for broadcasting improve sick folks may be lulled to rest by the music of their own favorite brooks, those of their youth perhaps.

Henry Van Dyke says: “The music of the brook plays the tune of a contented heart over and over again without dullness, and charms us into harmony.”

“A noise like the sound of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.”

When one has the love of the song of brooks in his heart, nothing else entirely satisfies. I have a favorite brook; it is located in the ravines of southern Indiana, where I frequently go in the winter. My brook is known as McCormick’s Creek, and its soothing voice drives dull care away; but I was on the other side of the world that morning in Cali, and many a mile separated McCormick’s Creek from the stream of the Andes.
During the following three days we drove about the city and suburbs and up into the foot hills of the mountains which surrounded. We also found time between Rotary duties to sit tranquilly and contemplatively on the banks of the singing river, watching the industrious native women, who, standing in the clear, cold stream were doing their weekly washing. If circumstances ever make it necessary for me to take up the laundry business, I think that I shall establish myself on a stream where my workers may stand in swift flowing waters regaling themselves with music as they labor. In any event I must admit that way down yonder near the equator and high up in the Andes mountains, I saw the only laundry that has ever had much heart appeal to me.

South American cities have been so unfavorably advertised because of yellow fever and typhoid plagues which were at one time prevalent in certain cities, that most visitors harbor a degree of anxiety wherever they may chance to be. One would think that water coming from the high altitudes would be dependable, but it has not always proven to be so. Treatment plants have been found necessary even in communities high up and remote from any possibility of contamination through human agencies. Cali had a superb treatment plant erected by American engineers.

We took dinner one evening at the home of the manager of the electric light and power plant, one of the properties of the American and Foreign Power Company, operated by the Electric Bond and Share Company, formerly a subsidiary of General Electric. The house was located in the snuggest and coolest valley imaginable. Down the tiny valley dashed another mountain brook, from the turbulent waters of which the power for the city utilities was generated. In the moist garden of this retreat wild orchids grew in luxuriant profusion.

The Rotarians of Cali celebrated our visit with a big meeting of members from the district. The city officials were in attendance, and the mayor spoke in glowing terms of the friendly relations between the United States and Colombia. He stated that economic relations afforded the best and most natural foundation for friendly relations and that the United States and Colombia were fortunate in this regard. Each country needed the products of the other; Colombia’s high quality coffee was in demand in the United States and the products of American factories were necessary to Colombians.

While at Cali we received a telegram from Mr. William Dawson, the American minister at Bogota, inviting us to be his guests while there, an invitation which we accepted with gratitude, and early one morning Hubert Baker, Jean and I, in company with a small group of friends, made our departure for Bogota, via Armenia and Ibague. At Armenia we changed from train to automobile and began the ascent of a still higher mountain over roads that, though stony and winding, were undoubtedly a great improvement over the mule trail that constituted the only artery of transportation between Armenia and Bogota less than ten years ago. The astonishing thing to me was the fact that somehow a center of education and culture had been established high up in the Andes and that such a city had been made the capital of the country at a time
when mule power was the only method of covering considerable of the distance which separated the capital from sea port towns.

Fancy our president and his cabinet, our members of congress and the supreme court having to cross even the comparatively low Alleghenies en route to Washington on the backs of mules. Of course, I know that some would say, “Goody, the very thing, far better so”, and I am not prepared to discuss the political expediency of such an arrangement. Even granting for the purpose of argument that it would be a salutary provision if some law makers were required to go to Washington mule back or not at all, we shall all agree that it would be hard on the mules. It is said by those who are in position to know that while mules are natural born trail blazers, as road builders they will never do. Horses always step on high ground wherever they can find it, thus tending to smooth the path. Mules step on the low ground, thus tending to make the path rougher. If a mule can find the track of another mule to step in, that is where he will step. The result is that hoof holes grow deeper and deeper until it gets to the point where pulling his feet out of holes is the mule “s principal occupation. I don’t profess to know much about mules and I have little idea what they have in mind in their selection of low spots to step in. Perhaps they just want to be different.

It was interesting to hear Hubert Baker relate some of his own experiences traveling over Colombian mountains in the interests of Rotary. We had heard him in Chicago tell of difficulties encountered, but not until fortune led us to South America did I come to full realization of the difficulties incident to planting the flag of Rotary in South American cities above the clouds.

American sightseers do not ordinarily include Bogota in their itineraries unless they fly from one of the port cities or love adventure. I am a member of an organization in Chicago known as the Prairie Club. The two thousand members, young and old, male and female, make expeditions to all parts, climbing mountains, fording streams, and camping out wherever night overtakes them. To the Prairie Clubbers the prospect of a trip to Bogota mule back would be glad tidings, but the average tourist is not of that class. He would be better satisfied with the air service, which is reported to be satisfactory and the best way to travel if one has no stops en route to make. There is a route from Barranquilla by the Magdalena river most of the distance, thence by auto into Bogota, but it requires more time than is ordinarily available.

If one travels by train and automobile from Buenaventura, he will not like the sanitary conveniences of some of the way stations, nor the food in the smaller cities. He may find his body covered with blotches telling of nocturnal visits of voracious fleas, but he can’t help wondering at the progress that has been made within the past few years after he has learned how primitive things were so brief a period back. He cannot fail to admire the courage and indomitable spirit of the pioneers who in search of gold blazed the trails over the high mountains.

It is interesting to know that Bogota was the result of the fact that three trails, which were throughout most of their courses widely separated, focused at that point. All three parties of trail blazers had been lured by extravagant tales of great riches. All three failed of their objectives, but Bogota remained a monument to their courageous efforts.
Gold has always been a magnet to strong and venturesome men, along whose trail civilization has eventually slowly and timorously crept. The lust for gold made the world conscious of the existence of California, Australia and South Africa, and on the trails of the seekers of gold the superb cities of San Francisco, Sydney and Johannesburg arose.

If one is fairly vigorous, he will be compensated for such hardships as it will be necessary for him to endure during the course of a trip overland to Bogota, by the panorama of mountain views. The Andes differ from the Rockies, Alps and Himalayas. Lord Bryce rates them as less beautiful than the Alps, but more beautiful than the Rockies, save perhaps those in Mexico. To Jean and to me, the Andes were astonishing in their soft outlines as seen from a distance. Their atmospheric coloring seemed not so striking as those frequently seen in the Rockies, but the light green of the foliage compensated for that.

The necessary infrequency of visits by district governors and Rotarians from neighboring cities complicates the problem of club maintenance, and the clubs in Ibague and Bogota are both sufferers because of their isolation. Perhaps the wonder is not so much that attendance records run low, as it is that the clubs have managed to hang on. However, widely separated clubs in Colombia, Ecuador and Chile will soon have relief. The district comprising those countries is to be divided so that the governors can cover them properly. Better times are coming, Ibague and Bogota. Your adherence to the cause under existing handicaps is to be rewarded.

We were delighted in being met at Ibague by Governor Cesar Andrade, whose home is in Guayaquil, Ecuador. Cesar was to accompany us to Bogota and all the way back to Buenaventura.

As night fell at the close of the second day from Cali, we entered the Capital and were welcomed at the home of the American minister and his hospitable wife. It was a beautiful home and Mr. and Mrs. Dawson were charming and experienced hosts. Moreover, Mr. Dawson had the honor of having been the first president of South America’s first Rotary Club; that of Montevideo, Uruguay. The wide acquaintance of our minister in diplomatic circles resulted in our having opportunity to meet the representatives of many countries in Bogota.

During our sojourn at their home, a luncheon was given which the president of the republic was good enough to attend. On that occasion His Excellency treated me to something of a surprise by remarking that he thought my country was not well versed in international diplomacy. Thoughts of the Panama Canal incident, through which Colombia had been bereft of some of its most important territory, served to restrain my impulse to make answer, and the minister of foreign affairs, who sat opposite me at table, and I soon fell into conversation regarding the valuable service of Princeton’s famous Professor Kammerer in advising the Colombian government in relation to its fiscal policy.

While in Bogota, we visited the home of the “Liberator”, General Simon Bolivar, frequently called the George Washington of South America. Bolivar is credited with having wrested four countries from the dominion of Spain. The only
name rivaling his in the history of the South American countries is San Martin, whose
activities began in Argentina and extended across the Andes into Chile and later into
Peru. To San Martin and General O’Higgins belongs the glory of having achieved the
liberty of Chile and of having temporarily established the independence of Peru. It
remained, however, for Bolivar to make the conquest permanent and San Martin’s
glory faded in the superior effulgence of the comet of the North.

In some respects the lives of both of the heroes of the South American
revolutions paralleled that of Washington; both were of the upper strata. San Martin
had a distinguished war record and Bolivar inherited a large fortune, of which he gave
unsparingly, if not exhaustively, to the cause he espoused. San Martin had served in
the Napoleonic wars in Europe and was therefore better qualified in a military sense
than Bolivar to become the liberator of South America, but Bolivar had visited
Europe on two occasions and had visited the United States on his return from his
second trip and there had made study of the working of free institutions, and gathered
inspiration from the life of George Washington. In their aspiration for liberty, the
people of the two Americas had an ideal in common and that common ideal
constituted the one strong sentimental tie which has survived the differences between
the people of the two continents.

One morning early in our stay, an immigration official of the Colombian
government called for the purpose of making a formal investigation of our right to
remain in the country. We were afterward informed that a special dispensation had
been made in our favor. Ordinarily it is necessary for visitors to go to the official,
instead of his coming to the visitor. However, if the official made unusual concessions
in calling on us, he certainly is not subject to the charge of having neglected any detail
after his arrival. For a long time we were held under his gruelling examination and
cross examination.

Eventually after passports and visas had been examined, he produced a well
inked pad and instructed us to ink each and every finger and the thumb of each hand,
and to press each inky finger and thumb firmly upon a sheet of white paper provided
for the purpose, and to rock it from right to left and from left to right until every
particle of surface had made its imprint, and then the job had to be done all over
again. “So”, said I to myself, “this is what finger prints mean.” I had traveled in
nearly every part of the earth, and it remained for Bogota to initiate me into the
society of suspects. If the police of London, Paris, Tokyo, Stockholm, Washington,
New York, or even Chicago want to get a line on me, they will not want in vain. One
comparatively small city high up in the Andes has had the prudence to get matters
down in black and white. Bogota has done the job and done it well. After Jean had
been put through the same paces; both our appetites sharpened, we sat down an
denjoyed a generous lunch which Mrs. Dawson’s servants spread before us.

Considerable apprehension had been expressed as to my being able to stand
the high altitudes of the mountains. Though we had descended considerably from the
high points, even Bogota was nine thousand feet above sea level. I seemed during the
first two days to be doing very well - no palpitation of the heart, and my lung capacity
seemed to be sufficient. The doubting Thomases did, however, say that Old Man
Altitude might find some other weak spots to explore; the liver, kidneys or what not,
and even if the altitude did not get me, there might be other enemies to encounter in
Bogota. Parasites, for instance, might be lurking around waiting to pounce upon unsuspecting me. Even to this day I don’t know what hit me. It might be either one or the other of the two above named miscreants, but whatever it was, it took cowardly advantage. It struck me in the very last spot one would think of. I could neither stand up nor sit down. Posteriorily speaking it was agonizing beyond endurance, nor did it cease its persecutions until during the fifth day I reached lower altitudes again. Who was guilty? I do not know, but it certainly was a rowdy attack on a defenseless American citizen way up there in cultured Bogota.

The solidarity of Latin families was evidenced to us again. The Secretary of the club, Miguel Antonio Atuesta, now governor of the 88th district, brought his entire family, consisting of twelve children, with him on two occasions during our brief stay. To the children, the center of interest at all times was their fun-loving, companionable father whom they manifestly adored. That their solidarity may long continue unbroken is the earnest wish of two childless North Americans.

Hubert (Don Huberto, as they sometimes put it in South America) engineered us back along the erstwhile mule trail, down one range of mountains and up the next, until the twinkling lights of Armenia far down in the valley were discernible. Thus far we had retraced our steps over two of the ranges one must surmount if he entertains an ambition to travel from Buenaventura to Bogota.

After spending a night at Armenia, we digressed from the route for the purpose of making a side trip to Pereira and Manizales to attend special meetings of the Rotary clubs in those cities. From Manizales we came back through Pereira to Armenia where Governor Andrade completed the organization of a club which he had been working on for some time. I was much impressed with Cesar’s earnestness and with the self-sacrificing efforts he was making against the handicaps of great distances and mountain barriers to hang up a good record during his term of office. Such examples are inspiring to all and go far to justify Rotary International in expenditures necessary to effective pioneering in remote parts.

While at Bogota, Don Huberto continued long distance telephoning with Grace line officials who finally informed him of the fact that cabin “C” on the Santa Lucia had been assigned to us for the voyage from Buenaventura to Callao, Peru. This information afforded us considerable relief, but we had never heard of alphabetical designations of cabins on the “Santa” boats and naturally wondered where cabin “C” would be. We were not long left in doubt on that score after arrival in Cali on the return trip. We consulted the diagram of the officials of the Grace line and there discovered the legend “Servants’ quarters” where cabin “C” was supposed to be. It was an inside cabin, and inside cabins are not considered desirable at any time, certainly not when traveling in the tropics. We refused to accept the assignment and resumed our barrage of telegrams. It is to be borne in mind that we had not only engaged but also paid for first class cabins, both on the Santa Elena from New York to Panama and on the Santa Monica from Buenaventura to Callao.

In my desperation I tentatively engaged a cabin on a Dutch freighter which I managed to reach by radio it was approaching the Panama Canal. It would have thrown us still further off schedule, but it seemed preferable to either of the other two alternatives; knuckling down to the Grace line again, or remaining another week in a
steaming town on the equator. Further misfortunes, however, awaited us. News came that the Dutch freighter had been delayed. In the meanwhile Grace line officials had apparently become uneasy over our predicament and sent an agent to see us, begging us to go to the Santa Lucia, which had in the meantime put into port, and inspect our proposed quarters. I stoutly refused at first to be moved by his blandishments, but on his second visit I consented to go. We saw the quarters and I promptly refused them. The captain eventually came to the rescue and offered us the use of one of his two rooms and I capitulated, assuring the captain, however, that only the direst extremity could influence me to compromise our rights a second time.

We had one more reservation made for Grace line accommodation, and that was on the Santa Inez from Callao to Valparaiso. I will jump ahead far enough in my story to relate the fact that the quarters reserved for us actually were held for us, and barring the comparatively unimportant fact that our “private bath” proved not to be a part of our suite, were in accordance with specifications. The service on the Santa Inez; in fact, on all of the four Grace line boats we traveled on, was entirely satisfactory in all respects, save those named above. I think it due them to say that much, but I do hope that they will so arrange their affairs as to enable them to deliver to future patrons precisely what they pay for.

At Cali, Jean, Cesar and I parted with Don Huberto, who intended to fly back to Barranquilla via Panama and Jean and I left Cesar at Buenaventura, i where he took flight to Guayaquil, in Ecuador. We were to meet Don Huberto again at Valparaiso and Cesar at Guayaquil.
V. ECUADOR AND PERU

"Let observation with extensive view
Survey mankind from China to Peru."
Samuel Johnson

The Santa Inez arrived in the Gulf of Guayaquil early in the morning, and our forty mile run up the Guayas river to the city was made in the early morning hours, the best time of day to see the life of the busy river.

Guayaquil, hanging almost on the equator, is in the minds of travelers generally associated with yellow fever and extreme heat. The annual range of temperature is, however, from sixty-five to ninety degrees. Contrast those figures with New York’s and Chicago’s twenty below to one hundred above and we shall see that the spread between the extremes of heat and cold is four or five times as great in the northern cities. Ergo; if New Yorkers and Chicagoans want to enjoy an equable climate, I can recommend Guayaquil, though of course, it will be a wise precaution for travelers to equip themselves with rain coats, umbrellas and galoshes, if not with boats, in the event that they propose to visit that city between January first and April first. The yellow fever scare is entirely groundless. While it is true that Guayaquil was at one time the plague spot of the South American continent, that day is past. Travelers can rest assured that no evil will befall them.

What has the United States been able to do for Ecuador besides buying their coffee, cocoa and Panama hats (which really are not Panama at all but Ecuadorean instead) and other sundries? To make passing mention only of the automobile which makes it possible for citizens of Quito and other cities to climb their mountains in luxurious ease and citizens of Guayaquil to bowl over their excellent road to the seashore Sunday afternoons, there are certain other things which impress one; for instance, shortening the sea route from Ecuador to Europe and the Atlantic coast of the U.S.A. approximately nine thousand miles by virtue of the Panama Canal; sending General Gorgas and his assistants to cooperate with the Ecuadorean officials to redeem Guayaquil from its dreaded pest; the work of the Rockefeller Foundation to the same end; the help rendered by Professor Kammerer and other experts in framing banking laws, in currency reforms, taxation systems, customs administration, accounting system, etc.

What has Ecuador done for the U.S.A.? Among other things, given us the benefit of their unexcelled tropical products, which we cannot products our-selves; the inspiration of their ancient art and culture, and the friendship of a very lovable people. Our relationship with the Ecuadoreans is surely mutually beneficial and the “Good Neighbor” policy fits wondrously well.

Governor Cesar met us as planned and we were awarded a delightful reception and luncheon. During the course of the reception I was the recipient of a very high honor from the Ecuadorean government; I was awarded the Order of the Sun. During the course of our trip three other South American governments awarded me honors. I considered them fine tributes to the Rotary clubs of the countries presenting them. The Rotary which the officials of the governments of Ecuador, Peru, Chile and Brazil
knew, admired, and esteemed was the Rotary which was the result of the devoted efforts of local Rotarians. Through them Rotary had proven itself.

We felt just a bit lonesome as we left Governor Cesar for the second time since first meeting him. He had proven himself a delightful companion, responsive to the call of duty, and almost boyishly happy when the time for relaxation came. Jean and I loved to study his moods. When we were serious, he looked very serious indeed, almost sad at times, but when he saw our faces break into smiles, he broke into laughter. A true Latin is Governor Cesar Andrade, and it became clear during our stay at Guayaquil that he occupied a warm spot in the hearts of his fellow citizens.

The sun shone bright the morning we landed at Callao, Peru, a city charming in its own right, and it is also the port of the so-called City of the Kings, Lima. These two cities were to afford us our introduction to the historical little country, Peru, with its three known civilizations; the present civilization, which is modern and progressive, that of the Incas, and the pre-Inca period.

History has little to say of the pre-Inca period, but the Incas had made great advances up to the time of Pizarro’s conquest. Not being a war-like people, their numbers counted little against the forces of the Conquistadores. Their civilization was soon submerged by the whites from across the seas, who gave them a new and strange religion for whatsoever consolation they might find in it.

How clearly we see the faults of others and how obscurely, if at all, we see our own. Who was it drove the noble red man back from point to point in North America?

“Who killed Cock Robin?
‘I said the sparrow,
‘With my little bow and arrow
I killed Cock Robin’.”

And so Mr. Sparrow came clean; why I do not know. He could, of course, have pleaded “Not guilty”, but maybe he was a wise little sparrow; he may have known that there was a lot of evidence stacked up against him. He knew that the judge was human, and probably concluded it to be the part of wisdom to throw himself on the mercy of the court. If nations were as wise as Mr. Sparrow, they would not spend so much time in pointing out the shortcomings of other nations, and the world might get somewhere in the course of time. In other words, the time honored tragedy was repeated in its customary form in Peru.

Spanish Conquistadores on the Pacific coast of South America however had foes to contend with which were more formidable than native tribes. English, Dutch and even American privateers were infesting the waters of the summer seas, and if there was any occupation more congenial to them than looting the natives, that occupation was looting the looters. To this activity they gave themselves with joyous abandon, with the result that much of the plunder intended for Madrid found its way to London, Amsterdam and New York. It was a profitable period for human sharks. Though business was conducted on a much smaller scale and was less scientific, it compared in other respects favorably with the predatory industry as conducted by nations in modern times.
After disembarking we drove in company with Lima Rotarians and ladies over one of the boulevards which connect the two cities, approximately ten miles apart. At the intersection of the boulevard, on which we were traveling, and another thoroughfare, we beheld an interesting sight. It was a monument crowned with a wrecked automobile. On the base of the monument a phrase in Spanish had been carved. At our request our friends translated it. It read, “He who walks one step at a time travels far.” Nothing more; in fact, nothing more was needed. Our friends stated that at first a Ford car was given the high position, but that the Ford agency in Lima, not wishing to monopolize the honor, had supplied the city authorities with a wrecked car of one of their competitors in exchange for what remained of the Ford - a delicate compliment for the discerning Mr. Ford to pay a rival.

As we sped along the fine road of concrete, we feasted our eyes on the agricultural land near by. On the pastures, cows were feeding and in the distance, mountains almost surrounded the two cities, the side toward the sea being the only one entirely open, but even on that side rugged islands projected their heads into the sky.

As we approached Lima, we became increasingly conscious of the fact that we were about to enter a beautiful city. All was clean and orderly. The boulevards were lined with noble trees, and every few blocks the avenue on which we were speeding widened out into flowery parks dignified by historical monuments. In Lima, we became for the first time in South America conscious of the originality and artistry of the public monuments. No two were alike, and all portrayed life and action. The passionate love of beauty was manifest in the architecture of public buildings and private houses. Nowhere was there anything which in form or color jarred one’s sensibilities. Lima is more than a well groomed city; it is a beautiful city. It was well named, the City of the Kings.

In Lima, and in fact, in all other South American cities which we visited we witnessed what seemed to us to be a veritable apotheosis of beauty. Emerson said that beauty is a necessity. It certainly seems to be that in South America. When we in North America are considering making a public improvement, our first thoughts are directed to the question of usefulness. If the project commends itself in respect to usefulness, we next consider the financial problem. Can we afford it? And if the project survives that test also, then and not till then are we prepared to give beauty a chance.

There is only one form of public expenditure, it seems to me, which North Americans are willing to make without careful scrutiny of all of the questions involved, and that is expenditure for education. In the interest of education, most any town, city or state is willing to mortgage itself to the verge of insolvency. South American political bodies seem to be willing to proceed just as blindly in their quest of beauty. Almost any South American city or state seems to be willing to authorize the expenditure of public funds for the erection of monuments, assuming that they are to be beautiful and expressive of a noble sentiment. This proclivity prompts them not infrequently to erect monuments in the cities of neighboring countries. In fact, to the plain matter-of-fact North Americans, it seems that sentiment more than anything else turns the wheels in South America. How far sentiment can be relied on to serve as a
motivating power of a nation is a question beyond me to answer. No one can doubt that sentiment is a necessary element in the affairs of men; it illuminates the dark spots. Stabilized and rationalized sentiment makes life worth while. Our admiration of the people of South America increased immensely as we pursued our course from Country to country.

While in Lima and Callao we were to be in the hands of Fernando Carbajal, governor of the 71st district of Rotary International, who had joined us further north. Governor Carbajal is a personality not soon to be forgotten. He is vigorously erect and bristling with energy. Not being overly tall, he wears a soft hat with crown extended high, and he cocks it just a bit to the side. I know not why, but it always seemed to me to add a bit to his appearance of alertness and efficiency. He seemed at all times ready for any emergency. His expression was habitually attentive and serious, though it was subject to immediate and complete change when time came for it. A joke or an expression of appreciation for his thoughtfulness and there comes a transfiguration; off goes his serious expression, and his face breaks into a network of funny little happy wrinkles. When he addressed us as Paul and Jean, we had the feeling of having been caressed. In his serious moments he reminded me of Clemenceau; in his joyous moments he was just another charming Latin American whose manner might well be copied by us more staid and unemotional people of the north.

The first meeting scheduled was in Callao, so we returned to the city by the sea as soon as possible after having spent a few moments in the room which had been engaged for us. If I ever speak at a Rotary club meeting with measurable satisfaction to myself, it is when the atmosphere of the meeting is pleasing. The atmosphere of the meeting in Callao was pleasing. The subjects discussed were of public interest and pertained to the betterment of conditions of society.

One Rotarian from an adjoining city spoke of a movement, which had been sponsored by his club, to create public sentiment in favor of memorializing the sacrificial services of poor school teachers henceforth, instead of continuing to erect monuments in honor of war heroes. I complimented the club for their advocacy of what seemed to me to be a highly praiseworthy project, and the club’s spokesman thanked me and solicited my further interest in the matter. If by the means proposed the psychology of nations can be even slightly changed, Amen! Of war propaganda, God knows that we have had enough, of education far too little. Brass bands and statues for the teachers, say I.

After luncheon we adjourned to visit a popular restaurant which was being partially supported by the government. The building was of mammoth proportions, architecturally beautiful and spotlessly clean. Excellent meals were served at a cost of between five and ten cents of American money, and patrons were treated to a musical program as they ate. Thousands were fed there daily to the betterment of health, social attitudes and moral concepts. It showed that the Latin Americans are interested in the welfare of the poorer classes; that they have a sense of social justice, a fact that is not too well known in North America. Since my return home I have read of another institution of the same character having been established in Chile, Valparaiso, I think; thus do good ideas spread. Many thanks to you, good folks of Peru and Chile.
We had been in Lima a few hours only when Manuel Gaete Fagalde, of the board of directors of Rotary International, joined us. He and his daughter had flown all the way from Washington where they had been visiting with Ambassador Trucco. It was good to meet these friends again. Manuel is the personification of urbanity and Chilean gentility, and his daughter is charming. They were to be our companions part of the way to Valparaiso and Santiago, and we were to meet them again later in Buenos Aires.

When I talk with North American travelers in South America and am brought to realization of the fact that they have learned little of the lives of the people, and after all it is the people who count, I think myself fortunate indeed in being a member of a great, world-wide organization made up of men who are willing and glad to open their homes to Jean and to me. One may see the mountains, rivers and lakes, and still what matters it if he fails to become acquainted with the people? I am convinced that much more could be made of their memberships, by traveling Rotarians if they would always remember to obtain an official international directory at headquarters and then make use of it. Their pleasure and usefulness would be still further enhanced if they would make a study of the development of Rotary in the countries to be visited. The Lima club has in its membership a number of men who have served Rotary long and faithfully; several as district governors and one as a member of the International board of directors. The faces of some were familiar to me, and I was frequently in their company while in Lima. During our stay in Lima, we were quartered at the Grand Hotel Bolivar, named after the “Liberator”.

It was our privilege to meet Oscar Alfredo Benavides, the president of the republic, not in the palace at Lima, but at his seaside home, a much better place to meet a president with whom one wants to talk. I found the president of Peru informed and glad to talk of the problems of a new, old country. He was also much interested in the political developments in the United States; was well posted in Rotary matters, and considered the movement helpful.

Peruvian Rotarians love to tell the story of how the personal friendship between President Benavides, of Peru, and President Lopez, of Colombia, recently saved their respective countries from a bloody war with each other. The stage had all been set and war seemed inevitable. There was but one last chance and that was that the long-standing friendship between the executive heads of the two countries might save the day. It did save the day; war was averted. It was a satisfaction to know that I had shaken the hands of both presidents; it gave me a sense of having been near the heart of things in those two countries of South America.

At Callao and again at Lima I planted good will trees in public parks. In Lima the tree was planted near a public play ground, which had been equipped with apparatus manufactured in the United States and paid for by the Rotarians of Lima. I had the honor of opening the play ground. At a given signal the gates were thrown open and a hundred children, who had been studying the facilities from a distance, burst through the gates and within sixty seconds of the ringing of the bell every piece of equipment was working to its capacity and children were waiting for their turns.

Further interesting features of our days in Lima were: A reception by the faculty of St. Marco, the oldest university in the western hemisphere; a reception by
the Peruvian bar association, who conferred honorary membership on the writer; a reception by Dr. Carlos Concho, minister of public works, including awarding to me the Order of the Sun; tea with the American ambassador; luncheon with the American consul; a visit to the cathedral and the tomb of Pizarro; two splendid meetings of the Rotary club of Lima and adjoining cities; a foot ball game between Argentine and Peruvian teams; visits to hospitals; interviews with newspaper men; dinners with present and past officers of the club, and other luncheon and dinner parties.

We also visited the American and English schools. The former was founded and is maintained by the Methodist church of the U.S.A. It was the first of several American schools which we were to visit. Some were of the Methodist denomination; others were supported by the Presbyterian church of the U.S.A. When these schools and many English and Italian schools were first organized, the need of them was great, and there is undoubtedly still need, though rapid advances have been made in the establishment of free public schools in all South American countries. The popularity of the American school is kept up through the loyalty, gratitude and devotion of graduates who have been the recipients of benefits which at the time could not have been obtained elsewhere.

One of the graduates of the American school at Lima expressed the prevailing sentiment when she said: “Science, history, definitions, experiments, etc. may be forgotten, but those high ideals which We came to love in our school days improve our lives much more”.

The prevailing religion in South American countries is, of course, Catholic and nearly all Rotarians are of that faith. Whether they view the educational work of Protestants as an insidious form of proselytism or not, I have never learned from anything that was said. From what was not said; that is from the fact that I heard no Word of criticism, I inferred that the protestant schools had justified their existence in the minds of Catholic laity through the capable rendition of important and much-needed service, very much as Catholic hospitals have justified themselves in the minds of the Protestant laity in the United States.

The farewell dinner was given at Callao, and on the evening of our departure, a fine send-off was given us. Many hands were stretched upward to us as we stood on the deck of the last of the four Grace line boats upon which we had engaged passage.
VI. DOWN THE COASTS OF PERU AND CHILE

Jaime Linares, a member of the Lima club, took passage with us, announcing his intention to perfect his English en route. Jaime (pronounced Hi-me) was fat, jolly and handsome. If he ever had any serious moments, I do not know when or where. As a matter of fact his English could stand improvement, but his humor, never. No one enjoyed his mistakes more than he.

He announced his intention of enriching the English language with a few much needed embellishments and at times he improvised considerably. In this respect he rose to great heights while at table in the dining room. Our waiter soon learned Jaime’s meaning when he ordered “Quack, quack” and “Peep, peep”. The former meant duck and the latter chicken, of course, and Jaime smiled amiably in his realization of the fact that he was making excellent progress. When Jaime was searching for an English word he generally kept at it until he found it or invented a substitute reasonably expressive and far more poetical. His knit brow frequently betrayed the intensity of his purpose, but when at last the wanted word or substitute was found, the sun shone again. On one occasion his distress was pitiful. He kept repeating the word “pleume”, but no one seemed to realize what he was after until he finally said, “Clothing of the chicken”, and someone then answered, “Oh feathers”, at which his joy knew no bounds. Whatever we may have done for Jaime, he did much more for us on our trip from Callao to Valparaiso. He kept us roaring with laughter much of the time.

During the journey we made frequent stops at small cities in Peru and Chile, and Jaime was always in the forefront acting as interpreter. Whether he understood what I had to say or not seemed to make no difference. He always told them something; he was always eloquent. I thought I saw tears glistening in the eyes of some in the audiences at the termination of his remarks. They all grasped my hand warmly and some seemed inclined to embrace me. Even Jaime himself seemed deeply affected. I feared that he was going to break down at times. I have often wished that it might have been possible for me to have learned what Jaime did say. I had strong suspicions at times that he and I were talking on entirely different subjects; however it didn’t matter greatly. I shall always think of Jaime as the most potential and effective interpreter. I have ever known. We saw him from time to time at Rotary club meetings in Chile and he never failed to give us a laugh. I hope that we shall meet again.

Besides the receptions in the lounge of the Santa Inez, we attended receptions and dinners which had been arranged to take place in port cities while our ship was loading and unloading. In several instances Rotarians came from long distances over the mountains or along the coast. Their devotion to Rotary could not have been better expressed than by coming such distances just to see us briefly and to shake our hands. Many came with good will offerings, notwithstanding the fact that we had let it be known that we preferred not to be presented with gifts. Having nothing better with which to manifest our appreciation of the spirit shown, we gave the clubs signatured photographs of Jean and myself taken together.

It was a joy to meet Rotarians from Arequipa, Mollendo and Tacna in Peru and Arica, Tocopilla, Antofagasta, Chanaral and Coquimbo in Chile. It will be
remembered that the Tacna and Arica mentioned are the cities whose names were made familiar to us during the Tacna-Arica boundary dispute. Members of the Rotary clubs of the two cities played important parts in bringing about the compromise between Peru and Chile, and the two clubs have always been on the most friendly terms.

The meeting at Antofagasta was memorable because of the distinguished men in attendance. After having been shown the sights of the city, including a vacation school, sponsored by Rotarians, for poor and ailing children from the dry districts of the interior, we assembled at a modern golf club overlooking the sea, where the luncheon was held. It was a magnificent setting and the spirit of the meeting was par excellence.

After the meeting we assembled for a group photograph and I incidentally was taught a lesson I shall remember. The photographer was exceedingly unhappy about something and it soon became clear that I was the cause of it. He ran back and forth from me to the camera and from the camera to me, talking to me both going and coming. I could not understand him and no one saw fit to explain his trouble. As time passed he became more and more excited until finally in desperation he gave me an imitation of my own unsatisfactory posture. I saw the point and straightened up, to his great joy which he expressed in ecstatic capers and radiant smiles. Never again shall I sit before a camera without assuming proper posture - this through contact with a Latin American photographer who knew what he wanted and would be satisfied with nothing less.

The refinement and the high intelligence of the people in the small coastal cities of Peru and Chile was apparent. Some were Americans engaged in copper mining, the nitrate industry and oil production and refining. Most of the Americans were engineers.

We traveled comfortably six days and nights down the Western coast of South America on the Santa Inez. The Humboldt current kept the air and water cool, and the long ranges of the Andes mountains afforded us relief from the monotony of constantly gazing on the sea, though there was little variety in the mountain scenery. Today’s views were almost precisely the same as those of yesterday, etc., etc. The soft outlines of the coastal ranges made them look as if draped in velvety, iridescent shrouds, the colors changing with the movements of the clouds above them.

Once we saw an aeroplane lazily moving northward, probably en route from Valparaiso to Lima. The distance made its progress seem slow. Only by tracing its course above successive mountains and gorges could we gather any comprehension of its speed. As important a part as air transport is beginning to play in the United States, we are not dependent upon it; we have our railways and highways connecting city with city; but on the Western coast of South America one must choose between the speedy but expensive aeroplanes and slow travel by water.

When travelers learn of the important part that the United States plays in the exploitation of the natural resources of the countries on the Western coast of South America, they are given to wonder why more of it is not done by South American companies. Several reasons are most frequently mentioned, among them: The
VI. DOWN THE COASTS OF PERU AND CHILE

commanding position of North American schools of technology; the organization ability and cooperative spirit of North American industrialists which makes it possible to draw the capital of many investors into large pools and, through the use of such capital, conduct enterprises on the mammoth scale necessary to success in competing with other heavily capitalized companies in the markets of the world.

When one sees the Standard Oil Company driving Oil wells; companies directly or indirectly controlled by the Guggenheims mining copper and operating in the nitrate fields, one realizes that the development of natural resources, such as those above named, under conditions which now pertain throughout the world, is necessarily the work of great combinations of capital capable of vast production on small margins of profit; that game is not one for individual operators whose methods are necessarily uneconomic, and who would not be satisfied with small margins of profit on money invested.

Fortunately other products of South American companies do not call for vast accumulations of capital and do, at least at present, afford opportunity for individual enterprise and the employment of comparatively large numbers of laborers, cotton production for instance. There are indications, however, that cotton may not long be an exception. The rich virgin soil of Brazil and its ideal climatic conditions combine to make it the world’s greatest cotton producing country of the future. Who is to develop it? That remains to be seen, but it is reported in Brazil that large areas are already in the hands of North Americans who know the science of large scale production and who are not in sympathy with the policy of plowing under every other row, or with any other form of production curtailment, such as is in vogue in the United States. Restless energy may be successfully dammed up for a time, but it is likely to break through eventually, or make new channels of its own. This fact is now well known to producers of rubber and other commodities of universal demand. Few countries possess monopolies of natural resources and those which still continue to think that they do, whether they be producers of cotton, corn or coffee, would do well to think of the havoc which synthetic nitrates created in the supposedly impregnable position of Chile.

Moreover, South Americans are apt students. They now have technological institutes of their own and graduation from their schools is a requisite to the practice of engineering. If the student desires to continue his studies in technical schools of the United States or elsewhere, that is his privilege. The Guggenheim Foundation of New York has financed scholarships in North American institutions for many promising students from South American countries. Somehow things find ways to adjust themselves in this world of ours. Justice may be delayed at times; but eventually it makes its appearance; equity prevails and all works out to the benefit of mankind.

When one travels for days along the Chilean coast, he begins to get something of a comprehension of the country’s proportions. Though Chile is only a narrow strip, it is nearly three thousand miles long. The Cordillera extends along the country north and south and between this coastal range and the Andes lies the central valley, which constitutes the agricultural area. Chile has more than sixty ports on the Pacific and its total area is greater than the combined area of the central European countries.
Economically, Chile, singularly blessed in natural resources, has suffered more and continues to suffer more than any other South American country; the Chilean peso counts for five or six cents only in American money. The depression is only one of the factors which have contributed to Chile’s adversities.

The discovery by German scientists of methods of atmospheric fixation of nitrates was a severe blow to Chile’s most unique and important industry. Prior to the discovery, about all the government of Chile had to do in order to maintain its economic well being was to draw its royalties on shipments of nitrates. Hundreds of millions of nitrate manufacturing plants in the form of gigantic birds accommodatingly ground up fish gathered from the waters of the nearby Pacific ocean and converted them into nitrate which they deposited at places convenient for the use of men. Not only were the gigantic birds doing it then, but they had been doing it for a million years, blissfully unconscious of what they were doing for mankind.

If there ever was such a thing as a copper lined and riveted cinch, it belonged to Chile prior to the exasperating discovery by the unromantic German professors in far away Leipzig. The silly birds, not yet having heard of the economic disarrangement, continue to manufacture nitrates in the same old-fashioned, out-moded way, as was made clear to us as we ploughed our way against the Humboldt current off the coast of Peru. The result is that the world market is glutted.
VII. VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO

So far as Rotary is concerned, Chile is one of the most intensively organized countries in the World. That country now stands fifth in number of clubs, being out-ranked only by the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, Canada, and France. Chile’s remarkable record is due to the devoted and capable, organization Work of the good pioneer Dr. Eduardo Moore, past vice president of Rotary International. To Dr. Eduardo, Rotary was a movement of which his country stood in need. He believed in its principles I, and he threw himself into the advancement of its interests.

It was a great satisfaction to meet this smiling, intellectual gentleman in his home city, Santiago, and to be with him later in Valparaiso. Dr. Eduardo had been selected as the most logical person to introduce me at the banquet of the Ibero American conference.

We arrived in Valparaiso one morning several days in advance of the conference, and were taken at once by automobile to the beautiful sister city, Viña del Mar, which is Chile’s most attractive summer resort. The Hotel O’Higgins, where apartments had been engaged, was named after the fighting Irishman who rendered conspicuous service in Chile’s struggle for independence, and is one of the best in South America. I was surprised beyond measure to learn that even in this country of artistic talent, a North American artist had been selected to paint the murals which were one of the distinguishing features of the famous hostelry.

Valparaiso has its own charms, and was characterized “the city of bouquets” by an American traveler. Why? Because many clumps of flowers have been planted in cracks and crevices in the rocks that rise above the drive skirting the sea.

Valparaiso and Santiago are located between parallels 30 and 40, about the same distance south of the equator as Buenos Aires, Cape Town and Sydney. Norfolk, Virginia, Gibraltar and Yokohama are about the same distance north. Though on the Pacific coast of South America, they are directly south of New York, the distance being approximately five thousand miles.

The German element is in evidence in Valparaiso, though it is more in evidence further south. One of the institutions of commanding interest is the school of technology, the equipment of which was all imported from Germany. In some respects, it seemed to be in the nature of a declaration of independence of the technological domination of the United States, though the sentimental ties between the two republics were given expression in a fine portrait of George Washington hung in a conspicuous position in the main office.

Generally speaking, the sentimental ties between the United States and the republics of the Pacific coast of South America are more marked than the ties between the United States and the republics of the Atlantic coast, Brazil only excepted. Portraits of George Washington are frequently seen on the Western coast where the inspiration of his struggle for liberty was most felt. The English influence in Valparaiso was manifest in several excellent English shops. Is there nothing ugly in Valparaiso or other South American cities? Have the city fathers of South American
cities built better and more beautifully than all others? Considering the time they have been at it, perhaps they have built more beautifully than any others. Would it be fair to say that the watch-word in North America is “education”, in South America “beauty”? Anyhow, that is the way this writer is going to put it.

I am sorry, however, to say that there is ugliness in Valparaiso and other South American cities if one cares to dig for it. Under the guidance of a friend, we dug for it in Valparaiso and we heard of it in other cities. Back from a decent looking street in Valparaiso we discovered what would have been called in Edinburgh a “close”. It was a veritable hive of destitute humanity. The main difference between South American cities and cities of the United States seems to me to be that they bottle their ugliness up, while we permit ours to flow wherever it will, so long as none of it shows itself in the prosperous sections.

Features of our pre-conference visit to Valparaiso and Viña del Mar were calls on the president of the republic, the governor of the province, and the mayors of the two cities. I cannot begin to express our appreciation of the courtesies shown us by these high officials. They would not have been extended to us, were it not for the reasonably good understanding between the United States and Chile and also the high standing of Rotary throughout the republic.

Our first call at the magnificent summer residence of President Arturo Alessandri failed of its purpose because of our arrival there three minutes later than the scheduled time. The president had been spirited away to fill an important engagement. Whether his A summary action was a matter of necessity or intended as a reminder of the fact that it is not good form to be late in attendance at engagements with presidents, I do not know. However, we made certain that the clock did not get ahead of us when we called again the following day. President Alessandri was on hand together with his inseparable companion, an enormous police dog, and conversation flowed without restraint.

The president, in common with the chief executives of other South American republics, was an admirer of President Roosevelt, whose “good neighbor” and “new deal” policies seemed to have scored high. North American companies operating in South America are doing good work, and most of them take differences of mentality into consideration. The fact that the managers of South American branches of North American companies speak well, frequently admiringly, and at times even lovingly of their South American friends is a hopeful sign. So far as I have been able to discover, they are held in equally high esteem by South Americans, who like the North American goods, the promptitude with which deliveries are made, and the efficient, honorable and dependable methods of transacting business.

This is in striking contrast with conditions which pertained twenty years ago. At that time American manufacturers were little disposed to study the requirements of the South American trade, but acted on a “take it or leave it” policy.

President Alessandri is said not to be enthusiastic about Chile’s membership in the league of nations. It is his belief that the countries of Europe are concerned with problems of their own, arising from treaties and agreements to which Chile is not party; that Chile is not interested in the spoils of war; that the day of open diplomacy
has not arrived; that new commitments are constantly being made; that the way out for the countries of Europe is not through involving all other countries of the world in matters which are extraneous to themselves, but rather through their own serious and thoughtful efforts. President Alessandri is reported to have said that of the forty important political questions considered at Geneva, only three have direct new world interest.

If Upton Close is correct in his diagnosis of present European disturbances, commercial rivalries, the prevalent manias for empire building and the spoils system are responsible for it all. The countries of the Western hemisphere are not interested in such matters. None of the formulas for acquiring world supremacy, either through empire building or through alliances of nations, have worked satisfactorily. Aspirants for premier positions have fared poorly. One would think that they would eventually conclude that it is not worth while; that a nation may occupy a highly respectable position, even though not ranked among the mighty.

At the termination of our first visit to Valparaiso, we were motored over the mountains to Santiago by one of the most delightful couples we had ever met, Dr. and Mrs. Luis Calvo Mackenna. Calvo Mackenna being a resident of Santiago and governor of the district, we naturally were under his charge while in Chile.

It is not an easy matter to catalogue all of the items that enter into the make-up of charming personalities, but it is certain that, gentility and natural grace are qualities common with the better classes in South America and those qualities could advantageously be cultivated by the matter-of-fact, business-like Nordic people.

The charm of South Americans finds expression, not only in the play of features; it appears in their use of terms as well. For example, while driving about Valparaiso with the Calvo Mackennas, we asked them to interpret an inscription which appeared on the gateway of a fine estate. They said, “It reads ‘Evening Peace’. “ On further inquiry we discovered that “Evening Peace” meant what we would less considerately term, “Old People’s Home”. Is there not charm in the expression “Evening Peace”? I fancy it has caused many a faded face to light up with new hope. Another illustration: When the Calvo Mackennas left us at our hotel after rides about the city, they did not say, “You can go and get a rest now”. They said “You will now enjoy an hour of tranquility”. Another illustration: When Jean used an English word unfamiliar to Señora Calvo Mackenna’s ears, she did not blurt out, “What’s that you say?” She leaned over toward Jean, looked up into her eyes smilingly and apologetically and in soft, musical tones said, “Please, Mrs. Harris, please”. In such ways and in a thousand other indefinite ways little known to the folks of the North the gentility of South Americans finds expression. It is possible to be too business-like at times. Business is an excellent servant, but not the best master. Little touches of sentiment here and there set life aglow.

En route from Valparaiso to Santiago, we refreshed ourselves with a cup of tea at the estancia of the sister and brother-in-law of Mrs. Calvo Mackenna. We were glad of the opportunity of seeing how life is conducted in the agricultural regions of South America. The estancia, (ranch as we would call it) was said to be typical of large-scale agriculture. It consisted of several thousand acres which were devoted to sheep and cattle raising. The stock was from imported sires of the best grade money
could buy. To quote Mrs. Calvo Mackenna’s words precisely: “The papa of all the sheep you see grazing on the hills came from Scotland”. The four hundred employees at the estancia rendered every form of service necessary to the successful operation of the plant, which included store, blacksmith shop, school and church. In fact, the proprietor himself being of an artistic turn of mind did with his own hands all of the ornate and elaborate wood carving which embellished the interior of the chapel. Our host and hostess, in true Latin hospitality, pressed us to remain with them several days, an experience which we would greatly have enjoyed had it been possible to accept.

Dr. Calvo Mackenna is the grandson of an Irishman by the name of Mackenna, and is therefore one quarter Irish. If there ever was a Latin, however, it is Dr. Luis Calvo Mackenna. All that remains to tell the story of the Irish progenitor is the name, but that stands high in Santiago. It cannot be forgotten because it has been given to one of Santiago’s beautiful boulevards which the famous Irishman caused to be laid in what once was the bed of a river, which, like the Chicago river, was compelled, to abandon its meandering habits and find a more direct route to the sea.

The original Mackenna performed another and an even more conspicuous major operation on the scenery in Santiago. The one hereditary blemish on the fair landscape of the city had been a huge mountain of rock which, coming from nowhere in particular, had thrust its head high up into the clouds. Not being able to grow over the mountain, the city, acting on the theory that what can’t be cured must be endured, had grown around it, though the city fathers would have apotheosized any human who could have found a way to pick the thing up and hurl it into the sea. No one ever thought of it as a thing of beauty any more than a man would think of a wart on his nose as a thing of beauty, until along came Mackenna, the idol of esthetics and the anathema of tax payers, with the result that for a generation residents of Santiago were wont to see regiments of patient mules slowly creeping up the sides of the forbidding rock over paths which had been hewn out for them, and carrying loads of precious black dirt, the richest that could be found. In short, Santiago’s blemish was turned into beautiful "Santa Lucia” through the sheer audacity of a beauty-loving Irishman.

The writer suggests that a mission be sent from Johannesburg in South Africa, where they are at present wrestling with the problem of what to do with their mountain of sterile soil dug up from the bowels of the earth in the course of mining for gold. The original Mackenna has long since passed to his reward, but his example may still be followed by the good citizens of far away Johannesburg and other places where the same conditions pertain. It is small wonder perhaps that Dr. Luis Calvo Mackenna, governor of the sixty-fourth district of Rotary International, is just the kind of person he is.

The Rotary club of beautiful Santiago includes in its membership present International director, Manuel Gaete Fagalde, the revered past vice president of Rotary International, Dr. Eduardo Moore, as well as Governor Calvo Mackenna, of which fact it is justifiably proud.

The hours of our four day visit in Santiago were filled with meetings, dinners, receptions, etc. tendered us by Director Gaete Fagalde, Calvo Mackenna and others,
and an inter-city meeting and picnic held in a winery a few miles distant from Santiago.

The last day I was attacked by an intestinal disorder which caused me considerable discomfort, but did not prevent my return to Valparaiso at the scheduled time. We returned over a well equipped national railroad at an expense of approximately one-half cent per mile.

On arrival in the conference city, I was guilty of an indiscretion in feasting on an abundance of extremely palatable shell fish. The result, which might have been foreseen had I been more prudent, was an aggravation of my intestinal disorder which prevented my participation in the opening exercises of the conference; in fact, it was so severe that Dr. Calvo Mackenna peremptorily and professionally demanded that I abandon my plans of cutting short my attendance at the Ibero American conference and speeding across the Andes in time to attend the final sessions of the conference of the 63rd district at Mar del Plata in Argentina. Several of my advisers were insistent that I abandon the East coast trip altogether and catch the first boat to New York; but Jean and I had made our own survey of the situation, reminding us of the fact that I had risen out of a condition, which was as bad or worse, a year before in the Philippines and out of another in Colombia.

After two days in bed I arose and was soon making speeches, attending luncheons, dinners and banquets as usual, a wonderful regimen for ridding oneself of murderous animalculae; only the hardiest of such creatures can survive after-dinner speeches.

The conference was attended by delegates from all of the South American countries and one from Cuba. One of the outstanding speeches was delivered by Chile’s minister of foreign affairs, who pleaded for the development of better understanding between the countries of South and Central America. The speaker had come all the way from Santiago to deliver this timely and significant address. It was another indication of the possibilities of Rotary as a force making for international understanding and good will. While there have been many reports of effective work by South American Rotarians in bringing about the restoration of peace after hostilities had begun, here was a far better method; that of promoting understanding and good will as a safeguard against such outbreaks.

The minister of foreign affairs availed himself of the opportunity to confer upon me the Order of Merit to the apparently great satisfaction of the delegates in attendance.

Among other noteworthy features of the conference, were a reception given by the mayor and City Council of Valparaiso and a luncheon given by the mayor of Viña del Mar. We shall not forget the exceptional charm of these two public officials. I remember the pleasure shown by the mayor of Valparaiso when I told him that there is a small city in the state of Indiana, within commuting distance from the city of Chicago, which is named Valparaiso; and I also remember the appreciation of the mayor of Viña del Mar of our admiration of the city of which he was the chief executive.
All functions began later than the scheduled time, in fact, the time element didn’t seem to enter much into consideration. Eventually dinners began and eventually they ended, and no one seemed to care when. Banquets began at about the hour when they finish in North America. I was reminded of an old English expression, “How goes the enemy?”, which means “what time is it?” Time may be the enemy of Nordic people, but it certainly is not permitted to enslave, intimidate or even worry Latin Americans.

This fact was brought home to me clearly one morning when I arose unusually early to attend a meeting of the delegates, which was to be called to order immediately after breakfast. After breakfasting in my room according to the prevailing custom, I hurried to the convention hall, but found no one there -not even the janitor. Returning to the hotel I launched out again at ten, eleven and twelve without results. At one P. M. I found the hall open, and two or three men wearing delegates’ badges in attendance. In answer to my question as to when the session was to begin, I received the answer, “After breakfast”. In momentary expectation of the appearance of the presiding officer, I found a comfortable seat in a park on the other side of the street and not far distant. From that vantage point I could observe what was going on at the entrance of the convention hall where the two or three “early birds” were contentedly waiting about until “after breakfast” and enjoying the passing hours in conversation. Once or twice I sauntered over thinking that, for one reason or another, the session might have been abandoned, but no, it would take place “after breakfast”.

It was fully four P. M. when the meeting was called to order. No one seemed unhappy about it, not even I, though I must admit that I was perplexed. Later I learned that breakfast is not the coffee, fruit and rolls which is served in one’s room, in the wee small hours of the morning, sometimes as early as eight or nine o’clock. Breakfast is the first meal of the day to be taken outside one’s room, and it may be taken any time and anywhere. I was the only one to be deceived by the announcement in the program, and I was deceived not because anyone wanted to deceive me, but because I was ignorant of the prevailing customs. In reality it is not a question of principle at all; it is simply a difference in expression of thought, I will illustrate by the following anecdote. Some years ago Federico Pezet, Peruvian ambassador to the United States, who was at the time visiting in our home, stated that it was not infrequently the case that in closing an important contract in his country, one party would say to another, “Do you really mean that you will buy my goods at the price quoted?” If the other party meant, which he frequently did, merely that he admired the goods and would have loved to favor his friend with an order were it possible, he would in words intelligible to both let his feelings be known. If on the other hand he really desired to place an order, he would say “Yes, I mean it English”, so my Rotarian friends of North America, let us make sure when dealing with our Latin American friends that our minds meet. The soft words which seem to us to imply a promise may be merely kindly expressions of good will.

This reminds me of an experience of my own in Chicago. My wife and I tendered Rotarians from different countries an invitation to dinner and all accepted. At the last moment those from the countries on the south notified me that subsequent events had made it impossible for them to be present. We were, of course,
disappointed, but we had the satisfaction of feeling that the invitation had been accepted, even though the acceptance had been withdrawn later. We were certain that had the situation been reversed; had we been the recipients of the same kind of an invitation from them, the withdrawal of our acceptance would have given no offense.

Who invented precision? Certainly it is a Nordic device. Precision to the thousandth part of an inch is necessary in the manufacture of certain parts which go into the make-up of an automobile; but the automobile is a machine, and our friends from down below the equator are human beings. Let us not make a god of precision in dealing with them. Their ways, to be sure, are not our ways. They are not so practical as we are, but we must remember that they are far more gracious and kindly at times. We North Americans frequently use curt, brusque expressions when soft, considerate words would serve the purpose far better.

We must not think of our friends from South America as procrastinating and inefficient. They move with remarkable speed and determination when they have some definite objective in mind. Chicago, a city of three and one-half million inhabitants, has for many years been trying to evolve a plan for a subway which will be satisfactory to the various groups which are especially interested. In the meanwhile Buenos Aires, a city of two and one-half million, has reconciled its divergent elements and built three subways. To raze old buildings and to make new, broad and beautiful boulevards and plazas requires determination and energy. They are doing it right and left in many of the South American cities.

Before having visited cities in Mexico, Cuba and South America, I thought that the word mañana (tomorrow) was the word most expressive of the spirit of the people. After visiting them, I am convinced that in matters which engage their deeper interest, pronto (forthwith) is a more apt term. This is particularly true where sentiment is involved.

Who is there who has not heard of the “Christ of the Andes”, the titanic statue erected high in the mountains, on the border-line of Argentina and Chile? Pursuant to a resolution passed at the Rotary conference in Valparaiso, a bronze plaque has been fastened upon the pedestal of the monument. The plaque bears the inscription: “These mountains will crumble to dust before Chile and Argentina violate their oath of peace made at the feet of Christ”. How could the inviolability of a peace pact be more sacredly sealed? And who but a determined, deeply religious and sentimental people could have surmounted the difficulties incident to placing the Christ figure there? It causes one to speculate on what the effect of such statues erected on other border lines between Christian countries would be. Would the psychological effect be better or worse than that of huge, grim fortresses bristling with ponderous guns? Chileans and Argentines say better by far. What say other countries throughout the world? Upon their answer much depends. Will the example of these two South American countries reveal a way to universal peace?

Wherever statues are placed in South American countries, they are expressive of the emotional natures of the people. As Italian singers in grand opera abandon themselves in outbursts of song, so do the volatile Latin painters and sculptors in their respective forms of art.
Some of the more recent works in the United States display this emotional quality, but nothing could be more lugubrious and depressing than the statue of a Union soldier in customary uniform and with usual equipment, resting upon arms on the top of a rectangular monument. They are still to be seen in public squares in the small towns of our country. To produce works of art, one must have the emotional nature and the ability to express it. In viewing a work of art, one must be made to feel that the artist has given something of himself to his creation; otherwise it leaves one cold.

Some sessions of the conference which had been well advertised and at which speakers of note were scheduled to speak were well attended. Occasionally, the theater in which they were held was practically full. Sessions devoted to discussions of the practical questions of Rotary were not so popular. Banquets, dinners, receptions and balls were always well attended and on such occasions spirits were high.

All things considered, the conference was a success and will bear being frequently repeated. It is certainly of vast importance to the countries of South America that their citizens of influence be more frequently brought together. Governor Calvo Mackenna says that even residents of the same cities need to know each other far more intimately than they have in the past; that it has been too much the custom for individuals and families to live within themselves; that Rotary is leading the way to more open and friendly lives. If Calvo Mackenna’s words were justified, and I am sure that they were, coming from so thoughtful a person, one must wonder at the spontaneous outbursts of good will at club meetings. While reserve gives way quickly in Rotary club meetings in North America as compared with those of most of the European countries, it seems to have been outlawed in South America.

While I attended and greatly enjoyed all of the events of the conference, there was one that I shall remember with deeper satisfaction than any other. I refer to the tree planting. While I have participated in many, I am certain that the ceremony has never been taken so seriously by so large a number. It seemed to me that every delegate from the various countries represented, every one, from the mayor of the city and the members of his council down to the scores of humble onlookers who were attracted by the music of the band and the serious faces of the participants, sensed what was going on and found inward satisfaction in the proceedings.

An unusual feature of the planting was the fact that the delegates from the various countries each brought with him a sack of soil from his own country and solemnly emptied it in the hole dug for the tree. Could their sympathy have been better expressed? I doubt it. One of the delegates from Brazil during the course of his speech said that to his mind, the simple gesture of good will would prove to be of more lasting effect than any other feature of the conference. This expression of opinion was very heartening to me. Personally I have always, from the day of the planting of the Walter Drummond tree, in my own friendship garden, thought well of tree plantings as symbols of good will, but I have considered them as experiments, to a certain degree, as I have considered all things which are new in Rotary. One can never state in advance whether new plans are to meet with popular approval. Some, of which we had high expectations, have failed to stand the test; others, of which little has been expected, have made good.
Bruce Barton says: “Long after my name is forgotten, there will be great trees in which birds of the air will make their homes, and under which the sons of men will find rest - the trees that I planted. In the life of my trees, I shall lift my face to the sun and cast shadow upon the earth for a hundred years.”

These words echo in my own heart. I am glad that the writer thinks of trees as I do. I have planted them on all continents of the earth and on islands of the seas. It is my hope that my trees at home and abroad will stand for generations, friends of birds and friends of men.

It is well that there is nothing in Rotary so sacred that it cannot be set aside in favor of things better. This is an experimental age in a changing world, and all things which are worth while and progressive are the cumulative effects of preceding successes and failures. The trees planted in Valparaiso and other cities we visited during the course of our trip presumably will stand for generations as living expressions of international peace and good will. Thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of people will rest in their grateful shade, and the eyes of most of them will be directed to the tablets bearing the message of good will.

If we are not above indulging in flights of imagination, we may perchance find our usually staid and unemotional selves raised to a sense of exaltation as we contemplate the coming of the day when the genius of men will all be directed to constructive undertakings and the roar of cannons heard no more. Merely a gesture to be sure, but dire have been the consequences of gestures of ill will and there have been an abundance of them. It is high time that there be more gestures of good will, and what better or more appropriate than the planting of trees, living, growing and beautiful things, symbolizing the living, growing hope of the realization of the highest concept known to man - universal peace?

While it is generally something of a shock to Americans when their eyes first light upon their hotel bills in countries of depreciated currency, it was more than usually severe in our case, when we were presented with our bill at the Hotel Astor in Valparaiso. To be charged fifteen hundred of anything dignified by the name of money for a few days’ accommodation at a middle class hotel would at first blush seem a devastating calamity, comparable with an earthquake or flood, and when I received mine, most naturally I thought of a good many things, among others the expedient of letting ourselves out of our window at midnight by a rope ladder, but second thought brought to my mind the fact that someone had stated that twenty Chilean pesos was the equivalent of one dollar only, and when I eventually got round to divide fifteen hundred by twenty, my temperature returned to normal.

The conference drew to a close and one morning we drove to the railway station where a large group had gathered to shake our hands and to see us on our way. They had become dear to us as they had continued throughout the conference to minister to our wants. Some had invited us to their homes and patiently borne with us when we found it impossible to accept their generous hospitality. To stand and shake hands with these good folks, most of whom we would not be likely ever to see again, was an undertaking to which we felt ourselves unequal, and so we hastened quickly away to our seats in the waiting coach. Did they understand? I am sure that they did.
If there are any people anywhere to whom matters of the spirit are always understandable, it is those folks of the Americas down below.

With only an hour or two lay-off in Santiago, we were soon on train bound for Osorno and the beautiful lakes region of Chile and Argentina.

On our return to Santiago, we bade farewell to field representative Hubert Baker, whom we expected to meet later in North America. It proved, however, to be our last parting. We shall not soon forget his patient attention to the details of our travels, nor his recitals of previous thrilling adventures in the interests of Rotary. He had undergone many hardships in the course of his travels across the mountain ranges at a period when accommodations were less sanitary and modern in remote places than they are at present. He had been through so much that it seemed to us that he must have become immune to all disorders, though we had noticed that his complexion was sallow and that he seemed fatigued at times. He was solicitous as to my condition and at one time urged me not to go further but to return to New York. It seemed to him that the long trip through the lakes region would be more trying than our previous experiences in crossing the Andes in Colombia. I think that he overestimated the difficulties of travel in the lakes region.

After parting with us, it became Hubert’s duty once again to cross the mountains to Bogota. He was weary when he left Barranquilla for attendance at the assembly at Buck Hills Falls and the International convention at Atlantic City, but he was buoyed up by prospect of enjoying those pleasant events in his native country. His final break-down and death came suddenly.

Field representative James Roth took Hubert’s place and accompanied us all the remainder of our time in South America, excepting only the period spent in Brazil. Jim, though born and bred in California, speaks Spanish with the fluency of a native.

We spent a day or two in Osorno, said to be Chile’s fastest growing city, attended two Rotary club meetings, and visited Swallow Falls, sometimes called South America’s Niagara. As a matter of fact, it is not much like Niagara, being far less torrential and awe-inspiring, and much more beautiful. The cataract is named Swallow Falls because of the myriads of swallows which hover over its tumbling waters and make themselves at home in the greenery which manages to grow on the islands of rocks which divide the waters into numerous separate cascades.

Then came the lakes, little known to travelers until recently, but now the cynosure of the eyes of lovers of beautiful scenery. Growing numbers of travelers, largely North American, now select the lakes region route for the crossing from the Atlantic to the Pacific and vice versa. The only other practicable routes are the Trans-Andean between Buenos Aires and Santiago, and the water route by way of the Magellan straits. The former can be made in a few hours’ time by air and in two days by rail and motor.

The route selected for us required the expenditure of five days’ time but avoided the high altitudes (almost twenty thousand feet) and gave us the opportunity of seeing what is frequently called the “Switzerland of South America”. To me the Chilean-Argentinean lakes seemed more like the fjords; of Norway than like the lakes
of Switzerland. The mountains rise precipitously out of the water in true Norwegian manner. Many of them were snow-capped and the highest were snow-clad half the distance down. The most inspiring of all is glorious Osorno, rival of Fujiyama, Popocatepetl and Ranier.

We spent two nights at Peulla where we met some of the members of two large parties of personally conducted American travelers, both parties being headed toward the West. The hotels were making special efforts to attract tourists, as was shown by the fact that nearly all rooms were provided with private baths. If the managers will also provide comfortable lounges, either on the European or American plan, Jean and I think that the attractive scenery and comforts of entertainment will lure many a traveler to break his journey and bide a wee. At present travelers spend one night and speed on. However, more and more are coming and eventually the lakes region of South America will, I venture to predict, be one of the points at which all well-rounded travelers will have to touch if they desire to keep abreast of the times.

The hotels in the lakes region are owned and managed by an Argentine of Swiss extraction, who also bears the name of Roth. His hotels at Peulla and Puerto Blest were his first ventures and their success encouraged him to undertake more important enterprises.

During our first day along the lakes the sun shone gloriously. Not a cloud interfered with our vision, but that night the rains began to descend, presaging the close of the tourist season.

We spent the first day at Peulla with little entertainment other than pacing restlessly up and down the verandah and catching fleeting glimpses through the clouds of the mountains which towered above us.

The menu was fairly good except for the absence of fruit. We asked the head waiter if he could not serve us with fruit, but he said that he had none to offer. We had noticed that the railroads and wagon roads were literally festooned with blackberry bushes with their ripe, luscious fruit. We had never thought that there were so many blackberries in all the world. Jean was inspired to ask if they could not serve some. The waiter showed considerable surprise that any one should care for so common a thing as blackberries. However, he sent a boy out through the drizzling rain and we were soon abundantly supplied with huge, delicious blackberries served with thick cream. No fruit? Well, if that was “no fruit” we could manage to put up with it.

The pelting rain abated somewhat during one afternoon, and we took a brisk walk on a pathway through the woods. Except that some of the trees were of species unknown to us, we might have been in mountainous country in our own land. On one occasion we were startled by a strange ripping sound coming apparently from the near-by woods. Had we been in our country, it would not have moved us beyond perhaps awakening our curiosity, but in this far away land almost anything might be possible. It might be a boa constrictor crunching the bones of a man in preparation for its dinner; or it might be tree trunks snapping under the tread of a mastodon.

We were greatly relieved to find on further investigation that it was neither of those things; it was just a fat brown Swiss cow tearing tender sprouts from the trunks
of slim bamboo trees and devouring them with relish. We recalled having been served bamboo sprouts in our chop suey in Chinese restaurants at home and felt inclined to congratulate the brown Swiss cow on its succulent find; we wouldn’t have minded sharing it with her. It was the first time we had ever seen a cow in that kind of pasture. Between oceans of big luscious blackberries and forests of bamboo trees, both humans and cows ought to get along very well in South America, and where on earth could Swiss hotel keepers and brown Swiss cows live happier and more productive lives than in this Switzerland of South America?

The last leg of the journey across is a thirty-six hour straight-away from Bariloche to Buenos Aires, which one must learn to speak of as B.A. One travels the first twenty-four hours over a windswept desert which keeps the atmosphere supplied with dust, fine enough to blast its way through small cracks about the casements of the windows, and abundant enough to make miniature piles upon the floors and bed covers. North America has no monopoly of dust storms. About the time good agricultural country is reached, it is time to go to bed again and little of it is seen until the train approaches Buenos Aires (excuse me, B.A.) the metropolis of all South America.
VIII. BUENOS AIRES

We were met at the station by about the usual number of Rotarians and driven to the comfortable, but not overly-luxurious hotel, the Continental, where a small but convenient suite had been arranged for. The Rotarians of Buenos Aires had on their own initiative made tentative arrangements for us at a much more luxurious hotel, and some of our advisers thought that nothing short of the best obtainable would be compatible with the dignity of Rotary and the expectations of the Rotarians of Buenos Aires. We thought, however, that the prestige of the movement would not suffer materially in the estimation of our South American friends if we followed our own naturally simple tastes and at the same time conserved the resources of the organization in which we are all so deeply interested. In a movement of unlimited possibilities of worthy accomplishments, we think that lavish expenditures are not in the best taste. Anyhow, it was for us to decide and we did so, earnestly hoping that our decision would not be unfavorably received.

We were to have our headquarters in Buenos Aires for eighteen days prior to sailing for Santos, the first city to be visited in Brazil. Most of the eighteen Clay's were to be spent in Buenos Aires, but flying trips were to be made to La Plata, Tigre, Rosario and Montevideo, Uruguay, where the first South American club was established.

While months might have been enjoyably spent in Buenos Aires, the time allotted to us was at least sufficient to take us out of the “globe trotter” class of tourists, to whom a “lick and a promise” is quite enough. Matters pertaining to our reception and entertainment had been delegated by Victor Abente Haedo, governor of the sixty-third district, to David Spinetto, the president of the Buenos Aires club. Political disturbances in Governor Abente Haedo’s country, Paraguay, made it seem expedient to transfer the responsibility. The same political disturbances also made it seem advisable for us not to include a visit to Paraguay in our itinerary, though I would have especially liked to visit the little republic because of the part that the Rotary clubs of Paraguay and Bolivia played in relieving the distress of prisoners of war in the boundary-line warfare between these two countries.

Of all cities of the world, which does Buenos Aires most resemble? To me there can be no question. Buenos Aires most resembles the city to which it most frequently turns for its inspirations in art and culture. To the citizens of Buenos Aires, the one city which stands far above all others in the things which they most admire is Paris. As one drives up the Avenida de Mayo, he can well imagine himself in Paris. The buildings are of uniform height, and throughout its entire length the broad sidewalks are shaded by high trees. This seems astonishing to visitors from countries where shade trees are sacrificed in the interests of traffic. Imagine New York’s Fifth Avenue and Chicago’s State Street widened to one hundred and twenty feet, and lined on both sides with majestic trees, giving comfort to shoppers and affording ample space for sidewalk cafes, and you will have some conception of B.A., the largest city south of the equator and the second largest Latin city in the world, Paris, of course, standing first.

The first event on the program was a luncheon at the Jockey Club, which is far more than a club of racing enthusiasts. It is an art gallery, library, athletic club and...
social club all combined, and it is characterized by elaborate appointments and somewhat heavy magnificence.

The luncheon party included the elite of the Buenos Aires Rotary club, publishers, editors, judges, lawyers, doctors and engineers. Among the Americans present were the managers of the National City Bank of New York, the General Motors, General Electric and other American companies.

After lunch a large party was taken in a bus on a sightseeing trip throughout the city. The manager of the telephone company, being especially well posted, was in charge. While we traveled many miles in all directions, never once did we see anything in the nature of slums. In response to my comment on this subject, our guide answered “There is no such thing in Buenos Aires”.

Judging from what we saw in Valparaiso, and also what we learned from other residents of Buenos Aires, our guide must have meant that there were no slum districts, in the sense that we use the term in the United States; that there were no blighted areas where block after block indicate, even to the passing stranger, the devastating influence of abject poverty, such as are to be seen in certain industrial cities of the, United States and other countries not necessary to mention.

Have the conditions of the buildings, streets and alleys of city anything other than esthetic significance? Is there any relationship between misery and crime? The so-called “crime map” of the city of Chicago indicates that there is; that the breeding places of crime are the neglected districts. A student of sociological conditions in Chicago recently made the statement that the mark of squalid surroundings is stamped on the faces of men, women and children and even dogs; that the renovation of the squalid districts of our city would literally clean up crime, as a well-soaped mop cleans a kitchen floor.

The establishment of parks and play-grounds in certain districts has proven the truth of the statement. One club for boys, established in one of the worst wards of a city, reduced crime in that ward by more than sixty per cent. While capital from the United States has been used in making cities of other countries throughout the world clean and sanitary, our own cities have sometimes been neglected. This is a paradoxical condition which one who travels must either close his eyes to, or learn. Will it continue indefinitely? No, nothing continues indefinitely in the United States. We shall learn.

Parks in number, each with its appropriate statues, were passed as we sped down the beautiful, tree-lined avenues of Buenos Aires. The resemblance to Paris was apparent on every hand; in no place more marked than in the Parque Tres de Febrero at Palermo. The driveway through the park was filled with automobiles, and it is to Buenos Aires what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris. I had the pleasure of planting a friendship tree at Palermo a few days later.

The statues were marvelously artistic and portrayed action more vividly than any I had seen before. I was surprised in learning how many of them were the work of famous French and Italian artists. The accomplishments in city beautifying were
indeed amazing. It seemed to me, in fact, that the esthetic is given the first consideration in Buenos Aires, contrasting with our devotion to the practical.

I was charmed with the modesty of our guide. When I exclaimed, “What a beautiful city!” he answered merely, “It is a large city”, and when director Gaete Fagalde of Santiago characterized Buenos Aires as a grand city, our guide corrected him also, substituting the word “large” for the word “grand”. Only once did our guide give expression to a thought that even savored of pride. On that occasion he stated that a certain street, the Rivadavia, on which we were traveling was the longest in the world, fourteen miles. I could not find it within my heart to tell our courteous and kindly, guide that Halsted Street extends twenty-eight miles within the city limits of Chicago. I might here state that our guide was no exception to the rule in his avoidance of boastful claims. The inherent quality of our South American friends seemed to make it unnatural for them to draw invidious comparisons. What a wonderful quality that is; how helpful in the promotion of international understanding and good will, and how indicative of good breeding!

On the second day I placed a wreath on the tomb of San Martin, Argentina’s most illustrious personage.

Luncheons and dinners succeeded each other throughout our entire sojourn in Buenos Aires, and all were of dignified, even brilliant order.

The United States ambassador, Mr. Weddel, gave a reception in our honor, which was attended by many of the business and social leaders of the American colony of Buenos Aires. While the American colony is comparatively small, many of its members are leaders in business affairs.

Ambassador Weddel and his wife are a charming couple, of whom their fellow countrymen may well be proud. The United States embassy in Buenos Aires is said to be the most costly of any owned by Uncle Sam, though the price paid was appreciably less than the cost to its builder and original owner.

The Ambassador is a member of a Virginian family of wealth and distinction, and the hospitality extended by them is characteristically southern. In other words, they fit their environment, very much as their residence fits its environment on one of the most beautiful residential avenues in the world. Ambassador Weddel indicated great interest in personally conducting us about the palatial house and grounds, where a few months later Mr. Roosevelt and the president of Argentina were to meet.

Among others whom we met at the reception, was an American who was a member of the Commission which was assisting in the solution of the problems which had arisen in regard to the Chaco dispute between Paraguay and Bolivia.

The Italian colony in Buenos Aires is the largest by far, and generally speaking, the most satisfactory. The Italians quickly amalgamate with the Argentines, and inter-marriage is common.

The Italians are also the most numerous and most highly favored element in the agricultural districts of Argentina. They are hard-working, intelligent and thrifty
farmers; in fact, they seem to occupy about the same position in the wheat growing districts of Argentina as the Germans and Scandinavians do in the wheat producing districts of the north-western part of the United States.

Why is it that Germans and Scandinavians assimilate so readily in America and the Italians so readily in South America? The answer is easy: The Germans and Scandinavians are, Nordics and so mostly are we. The Italians are Latins, as also are the Argentines.

Though inter-marriage is not common between North and South Americans in Argentina, social intercourse seems quite natural.

The English out-number the Americans at least twenty to one. Many of them find employment in the vast system of English owned railways. There are also many excellent English schools and shops. One fashionable club is patronized by English and Americans, but in the main the English keep to themselves in the residential suburbs, even having their own special suburb, Hurlingham, where they have every provision for sports and other social advantages which are common in their own country. According to the statement of an Argentine Rotarian, when an Englishman residing in Buenos Aires is ready to take a wife, he generally finds one in the English colony, or takes a trip to his homeland where he finds a lady to his liking. We have Herbert Coates, of Montevideo, an Englishman born and bred, to thank for providing the initiative for the launching of Rotary in South America.

English capital has played and still plays an important part in the development of Argentina, and England continues to be the best customer for wheat and beef, though France, Belgium, the Netherlands and other European countries are also large consumers.

The United States, being an agricultural country as well as industrial, does not rank among Argentina’s best customers, though under the present treaty considerable quantities of agricultural produce succeed in surmounting the barriers. It is not difficult to understand why North Americans are not so popular in the wheat, corn and cattle countries of South America as they are in the coffee producing countries, where we occupy the enviable position of being best customer. The feeling in Argentina is not improved by the fact that Argentines need North American farm machinery, automobiles, typewriters, sewing machines, etc.

Reciprocal favors are rational devices so far as they are practical; retributive or punitive measures seldom serve the purposes intended. Economists seem agreed that the total exports, visible and invisible, should offset imports, but not run far beyond them. This does not, I take it, mean that each country should buy in proportion to its sales to each and every other country of the world; but rather that huge balances of trade in favor of a country are not likely to prove of permanent advantage. Fortunately international trade is not the only available means of increasing national wealth. In the case of the United States, international trade, though important, is a small item as compared with trade within our borders.

While pre-arranged visits with the publishers of important newspapers constituted features in most of the countries of South America, because of the
opportunities which they opened to contact the general public, only one materialized in Buenos Aires. I was sorry, because the newspapers of Buenos Aires, especially La Prensa and La Nacion, enjoy enviable reputations with regard to European news. Their editorials are of high order and more inclined to be philosophical than ours. Argentine papers are somewhat antagonistic to the United States, and the news service is said to feature the sensational events in our country rather than the cultural.

If this is true, our own news-gathering agencies have made themselves at least partly responsible through their adherence to the policy of giving the customer what he wants so long as he is willing to pay for it. In fact, it has been claimed that certain of our news-gathering agencies frequently color the news to suit the taste of their customers and in some cases have deliberately faked stories of crime and violence, thus betraying their country for a few shekels.

Perhaps stories of gangsters in North American cities may be as interesting to South American readers as stories of rebellions in South American countries are to North Americans. The publisher who favored us with an interview mentioned the name of the agency which his newspaper patronized for news of events in the United States and expressed the opinion that they were more realistic than other agencies. It did not occur to me at the time to ask in what respect they were more realistic, but later I did ask one of my fellow countrymen, who seemed to be posted, for his opinion on the subject, and he answered at once that the service mentioned was more disposed than others to stress stories of gangsters, law breakers and other sensational matters in the United States. However, we Americans are not in any position to condemn the publishers of South American newspapers for exaggerating the importance of lawlessness in the cities of the United States, so long as the publishers of our own newspapers do the same thing. If our own newspapers feature stories of abnormalities in the cities of the United States and relegate to inside pages stories of educational and cultural developments, we cannot complain that South American publishers do likewise. To put it in other words, we cannot expect them to be more careful of our good name than we are ourselves. If they take our own appraisal of the relative importance of news events, how can we take offense?

In judging whether a news service is realistic or otherwise, the publishers of newspapers in South American cities must naturally consider our case as we ourselves present it, and the most available sources of information are our own newspapers and our moving pictures. Of the latter, a South American friend said that American pictures were the only pictures shown in his country which feature gun play and other forms of crime.

Even assuming that it is easier to sell bad news than to sell good news, it would seem that a sense of patriotism and decency ought to prevent our own press from disseminating information which is misleading. To give stories of crime publicity greatly disproportionate to that given the achievements of the law-abiding people of a nation is misleading, and the burden of responsibility cannot be shifted by the catch phrase, “We publish the news”.

What is news? Need it necessarily be unwholesome? I think that the purveyors of news are more likely to under-estimate rather than over-estimate popular conscience and taste. At least, the outstanding success of certain high grade
publications in some of our cities would seem to indicate that the majority of American readers are not neurotics.

However, bad advertising notwithstanding, there is a gradual growth of understanding between the people of the two Americas. South Americans, after years of unsuccessful attempt to reconcile the stories of our civilization, as told by our news-gathering agencies and moving pictures, with the stories told by the humanitarian achievements of the Rockefeller Institute in South America, and the not less thrilling stories told by the achievements of Americans in promoting general education in South American countries, are beginning to conclude that the eloquence of deeds is more convincing than words, even though such words may seem to be in the nature of confessions.

The name of Horace Mann is as much or more revered in educational circles of Argentina as it is in the United States and one hears the name of John Dewey mentioned as frequently and as respectfully as at home. A former president of Argentina, Sarmiento, introduced the American system of general education in Argentina. He contracted with a large number of graduate teachers in the United States to organize and direct the first Normal Schools in Argentina. The names of the teachers are venerated to this day and several of the schools bear their names.

If one were to deliberately set out to find the one best way to promote understanding and good will between the two Americans he might well terminate his search right at this point. The resourcefulness of Argentina’s great president and the devotion of the North American school teachers to their task of promoting general education in South America, combined to give good cheer to all who dare to dream of peace on earth. It was a brilliant achievement; let us hope that there may be many such in the days to come.

“ ’Tis education forms the common mind
Just as the twig is bent, the tree’s inclined.”
- Essay on Man

It might be a step in the right direction for some patriotic organization to extend an invitation to the publishers of the newspapers of Buenos Aires for an extended visit to the United States, where they can enjoy the hospitality of American homes, make observations and form judgments of their own. Such a trip would, I venture to say, revolutionize their ideas as to what constitutes realism in the United States.

Of the forces working for better understanding between North Americans and the Argentines, high rank must be given the “Instituto Cultural Argentino Norteamericano”, initiated by Dr. Cupertino del Campo as president of the Rotary Club of Buenos Aires. That gifted gentleman has also served Rotary as governor of his district and in other ways too numerous to mention.

I was glad to accept the invitation of Dr. Cupertino del Campo, to address the students, and I was pleased to learn that a small number of North American educators, lecturers and writers had done likewise.
Three thousand young Argentines are studying English in the Institute, and classes under capable teachers continue throughout the day and evening hours. I, in company with the American Ambassador and his wife, visited several class rooms and was astonished and delighted with the eagerness with which the boys and girls were applying themselves to their tasks.

The portraits of several North American visitors were to be seen hanging on the walls of the class rooms. Could anything be more encouraging to those interested in the promotion of international understanding and good will than the following expression of the purpose copied from the letter-head used in conducting the correspondence of the Institute?

“The ‘INSTITUTO CULTURAL ARGENTINO NORTEAMERICANO’, organized by Argentine citizens, is a private association and, as indicated by its name, exclusively for promoting mutual cultural understanding, with entire avoidance of commercial or political matters. It carries out its purpose by teaching English, exchanging professors, establishing scholarships, holding of art exhibitions and lectures, circulating books, etc. IT IS CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH THE MOST IMPORTANT intellectual centres of the United States and enjoys the individual and collective cooperation of the American organizations in Argentine. It believes finally that this loyal and friendly collaboration must be beneficial to both democracies, whose ideals, which are parallel notwithstanding racial differences, may together work for a still higher level of civilization.”

The success of such enterprises must depend upon the character of the leaders. Are they sincere, purposeful, self sacrificing and devoted to their ideal? It certainly seemed to me that the men and women who are laboring in the interests of the institute are animated by a genuine, whole-hearted desire to serve a cause in which they sincerely believe. One of the most encouraging developments in Rotary has been the rapid spread of good ideas. Stories of successful enterprises, published in The Rotarian and in Revista Rotaria, inspire clubs and other organizations to take up the same work, until eventually entire countries get the fever. A notable instance is that of the “Boys and Girls Week” celebration initiated by the Rotary club of New York. The Instituto Cultural Argentino Norteamericano is worthy of emulation by all Rotary clubs wherever they may be located.

Horse racing is one of the most popular sports in Buenos Aires. The race courses are landscaped with infinite care; the grand-stands are of beautiful architecture and serve to house excellent restaurants and recreational facilities. Certain philanthropic activities are conducted, such as affording exceptional educational advantages to the children of jockeys and other employees.

The State lottery is a government monopoly and it has attained such gigantic proportions in Argentina, that betting has become almost a disease. The capital prizes are huge sums of money, and the veriest piker plays his stake for the big money, giving scant attention to the far more numerous smaller prizes. In an untold number of cases, small betters glance at the headlines in the newspapers which announce the winners of the big prizes, utterly oblivious to the announcement of the many smaller
prizes in the lists. The result is that the accumulation of uncalled for winnings reaches fabulous figures in the aggregate.

Some years ago, a discerning and high-minded lawyer made discovery of the fact that millions of pesos were lying idle in the treasury because there was no legal provision for disposing of them. How to get this sum down and put it to work in the public interest was his problem. He eventually visualized a great athletic club for the physical and mental development of the youth of the land and, being a man of action, he soon succeeded in efforts to get laws passed requisite to using the money to make his dream come true.

Almost every conceivable sport, out-doors and in, is now available to the young men and women of Buenos Aires at cost which is within the limit of slender purses, and the stupendous enterprise is still growing. The present enrollment is thirty thousand members. The name is “Club de Gimnasia y Esgrima”.

The aphorism “When an emergency arises, there is always one who arises to meet it”, holds good in far distant Argentina. We counted it an honor to be shown around the institution by the father of the greatest athletic club in the world. An alert, high-minded citizen of vision saw his chance and made the most of it. The government subsidizes asylums, hospitals and many other welfare institutions from the profits of the lottery.

Could there be any more interesting revelation of the Latin character than the persistent disregard of the smaller winnings? With Argentines it is the big thing or nothing at all. Something rather grand about that, isn’t there?

In my boyhood days in New England I once found a ten cent piece in some rubbish back of a village store. I can’t think of any event that struck me more forcibly. The astonishing fact was not the finding of the dime, but the fact that someone lost it. How any Vermonter clothed in his right mind could ever have lost such a sum of money without its ever having become the talk of the town was an everlasting mystery. The assumption was that he came by the money dishonestly and dared not let his tragedy be known.

Could any large sum of money ever have accumulated anywhere in the United States because there were no Americans ready to step up and claim their own? It could not; it would have found its way into the pocket of its rightful owners before it had time to grow cold.

Another interesting revelation of the emotional character of our friends of Argentina was revealed to us during a meeting of the Buenos Aires club. It was prize day. Fifty prizes were to be distributed to the winners of contests between the pupils of the public schools. The contests were in scholarship and other features, including character and personality, and of the latter the contestants’ fellow pupils were the judges. The fifty winners were seated at tables immediately before and below the speakers’ table, at which several distinguished guests, including the ranking general of the army, were placed. The contestant sitting nearest to Jean and me was a boy of ten or twelve years of age. We were both taken with the youth’s respectful yet absorbing interest in the events of the meeting. Nothing seemed to escape him and he
was what might be termed a handsome little man. We learned that he was an orphan. The general also manifested interest in the boy and soon called the sergeant-at-arms to him, whispered a few words, after which the Sergeant-at-arms walked to the table below, placed his hands on the chair of the boy, and looked up to the general inquiringly. The general nodded his head, and the matter was for the time being closed.

Later the chairman announced that an unexpected but happy incident had arisen, of which he would like to make announcement. The general had decided to adopt the boy and to give him every advantage within his means. When called upon to say a word, the general, a veteran of many wars, arose and modestly and somewhat hesitatingly said that the facts were as had been related; that while his conclusion had been reached quickly, it had not been reached thoughtlessly, and the boy would be given every advantage which would have been given him if he were of his own flesh and blood. The child fixed his eyes upon his future father as two hundred Rotarians burst into applause.

I do not dare even think of what Mamma General may have said to Papa General that night when he came home leading a strange boy by the hand and remarking as nonchalantly as circumstances would permit; “Here’s a new son for you, Mama”. I prefer rather to draw the curtain leaving Papa General standing there on Inspiration Point with the plaudits of his fellow Rotarians ringing in his ears. To us it was an incident truly magnificent. I doubt whether a duplicate could be found in the entire history of the United States. I have thought of all of our American generals from George Washington and Ulysses S. Grant down - all brave men accustomed to facing the dangers of the battle field unflinchingly, but I cannot think of one of them who could have entered the terrain ordinarily occupied and defended by Mamma with such composure; it was sublime. Vale, General, I am for you whatever comes of it!

Our brief visits to La Plata, Rosario and Tigre in Argentina are worthy far more space than is at my disposal. La Plata is the capital of the province, the seat of a growing university, and also center of the famous meat packing industry of Argentina. We visited the Swift plant, said to be their largest and most modern in the world, and we saw the Armour and Wilson plants in the distance. It seemed to me that I had heard those names somewhere before.

The Secretary of the La Plata club was an American astronomer who teaches in the university at La Plata. The university had sent to the University of Wisconsin for an instructor in astronomy and one of the students of a junior class was selected in preference to all others because of the fact that he possessed an inquiring mind. His instructor found him one day trying an experiment which, as a junior and perhaps as a senior, he had no license to know anything about. The next thing was South America where he acquired a superlative Spanish and has remained ever since.

His inquiring mind later turned to Rotary and I, as was the case of the professor in the University of Wisconsin, found him solving Rotary problems which he was not supposed to know anything about. He told me that his name was Dawson, but he did not tell me that he is a son of my old friend Rotarian Charlie Dawson of Oklahoma. I suppose that he thought that he should cultivate an inquiring mind and
find out for myself. Anyhow, Secretary, Professor, Astronomer, Rotarian Dawson, I salute you. You’re a man after my own heart.

Rosario, a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants, is in the center of the wheat producing area in the northwestern part of Argentina. The province is populated principally by Italian immigrants, hard working and thrifty tillers of the soil, and the urban element includes bankers, merchandisers and manufacturers of distinction.

The attitude of Argentina toward agricultural immigrants is worthy of careful study by the immigration departments of all countries having immigrants to deal with.

Even if one-half only of the stories concerning the arrogant indifference of immigration officers at Ellis Island are true; even if the book by the eminent Norwegian author, Bjornsen, entitled “The Immigrant”, and the book entitled “Red Rust” by our own Cornelia Cannon are only partially true to life, the suffering of our Scandinavian immigrants in the North West must at times have been terrible, and citizens of the so-called “Asylum of the Oppressed”, we of all others, should be interested in what was going on in Argentina up to the time when Mussolini concluded that Italy had been giving of its best manhood to populate uninhabited spaces long enough.

Briefly speaking, the Argentine policy was to welcome and to respect the immigrants as valuable additions to their citizenry; to guard them against hardships beyond their endurance; to cultivate their friendship, and to educate them in methods of agriculture and to the ways of life in the Argentine.

To be more specific, immigrants were met at the boats by competent and kindly officials, who ascertained their ambitions and needs, informed themselves as to the experiences and adaptabilities of the immigrants, with the end in view of placing them where they and their families would have the best chances of success, rather than leave them unacquainted with prevailing customs and language, to the tender mercies of avaricious land sharks, who might sell them farms on which nothing could be raised except perhaps dust storms.

It was also the custom in Argentina to provide immigrants with free transportation to the agricultural regions, to assist them in building their houses, and to render continuous assistance until they and their families were adjusted to their new environments and capable of caring for themselves. Small wonder that Argentinians speak so well of their immigrants; small wonder that Argentina has pushed to the forefront in agricultural production; small wonder that the most modern grain warehouses line their water front on the Parana river for miles. The Parana is a tributary of the La Plata, or it might be said that it is the La Plata under another name. It affords deep water transportation all the way from the far interior to the sea, and ships from all parts of the world are to be seen every day of the year loading cargoes of golden grain for transportation to hungry nations.

We visited Tigre, a beautiful suburb in the delta of the La Plata one Sunday afternoon. As a place for recreation in the form of aquatic sports Tigre is superb. The citizens of Buenos Aires have a great asset in Tigre.
IX. THE BIRTHPLACE OF ROTARY IN SOUTH AMERICA

Before sailing for Santos, the famed coffee port of Brazil, we still had before us a brief visit to Montevideo in Uruguay, one night’s sail on the majestic La Plata, which for much of the distance is so wide that one cannot see from the Argentinian shore to that of Uruguay. In fact, the night sail is more across the La Plata than down stream. Montevideo is not five miles distant from salt water.

Herbert Coates (“Don Heriberto Co-ah-tase” the Uruguayans have it), long Rotary’s high commissioner for all South America, and Donato Craminara, last year’s first vice president of Rotary International, were of the party to extend us welcome to Montevideo.

The presence of these two Rotarians would have amply justified our visit to South America’s first Rotary club. To relate the story of the untiring work of Don Heriberto in the interests of Rotary in South America would be to tell a long and romantic story. It began at a period when the feeling against the United States was very strong. The question generally asked Don Heriberto when the Rotary movement was first discussed was, “What are the Yankees going to get out of it; where do their profits come in?”

When the purposes were eventually understood, Rotary was embraced with a zeal bordering upon impetuosity, but to establish the necessary confidence was a slow and laborious process.

Herbert now has thoughts of letting down in his various activities and enjoying a well-earned rest. Somehow I can’t seem to see it, but even if he does stop where he is, we shall have to acknowledge that he has hung up an enviable record. In a nutshell: Here is an Englishman born and bred, who went to South America fifty years ago where he made good as a railway executive. He eventually went to Chicago as a lay delegate to a Methodist General Conference. While there becoming convinced of the fact that there was a great field in South America for North American enterprise he gave up his position with the railroad and devoted himself thenceforth to organizing South American agencies for the sale of the products of North America’s foremost manufacturers. In this work he has abundantly prospered. Of late years he has turned various agencies over to his sons according to their respective tastes and aptitudes. Not many fathers have such gifts to parcel out to their sons.

While Don Heriberto’s time would seem to have been pretty well taken up with his important business enterprises, nevertheless it was not; he managed to find time to play leading parts in promoting the interests of the Methodist church, the Y.M.C.A. and Rotary, not only in Uruguay, but also throughout South America.

Wherever Jean and I went, we heard his name frequently mentioned. He is on terms of friendly and intimate relationships with such world renowned leaders as John R. Mott, and attends religious gatherings in India, South Africa, China, Japan, and wheresoever else they may be held; he has visited Rotary clubs in all countries to which his travels have taken him.
How does he do it? One can only conjecture; we know that his business interests are large and successful. Possibly the answer to the question is to be found in a letter which I have received this day from him. It reads:

“Friend Paul: For fifty years I have been making service for my fellow humans play fifty-fifty with service for myself.”

England has given the world hundreds of great leaders. Not among the most conspicuous, but among the most purposeful and useful must be written the name of Herbert Coates (Don Heriberto).

The Rotary record of Donato Gaminara is well known to Rotarians throughout the world. We visited Donato and Mrs. Gaminara in their bungalow home in the center of a tract consisting of several beautifully landscaped acres of trees and gardens, just the kind of place for so gifted a gentleman and his country-loving wife to live. They had both visited us in our home, so our visit was a return call.

Donato, who is an engineer, is now extremely busy in the work of his profession, making up for time lost in many visits to Chicago to participate in meetings of the board. He is, however, a member of the committee on administration and has attended two meetings of that committee held in Europe, economizing time by taking passage from South America on the Zeppelin Hindenberg.

Donato also did sterling pioneer service for Rotary during a time when it was difficult to promote North American movements in South America. He manifested marked ingenuity in getting around the “sales resistance”. When prospective members expressed their conviction that the United States was a moneymad, lawless country, the last to look to for ethical leadership, Donato avoided the irrelevant issue and countered by saying that where the need of ethical leadership is the greatest, there it was most natural that it should arise.

Rotarians from the United States must not draw the inference that Donato is anti-American. He has expressed to me the fervent hope that the United States may become better and more favorably known in the South American countries. He deplores the fact that so few of the travelers to South America from the United States are truly representative of their country, and he contrasts some of our supercilious, indifferent, luxury-liner class and our “Hurry up, sign on the dotted line” commercial travelers of the past with the highly cultured, though much less numerous, class of European university professors who are and for many years have been delivering lectures to the students of South American universities, and with groups of scientists and other social and civic leaders.

Donato informed me that the visits of European educators are frequently financed by local business men, both big and small. For instance, an Italian or Spaniard operating a small store, keenly alive to the importance of promoting understanding and good will between his native country and the country of his adoption, can be relied upon to contribute his mite to help the cause along.

These lecturers from the universities of Europe have no goods to sell, no axes to grind and, being men of distinction in the educational world, their words carry
great weight and the impressions they create in circles that count most are profound and lasting. Is there a lesson in this? I think that there is for the careful and interested observer, whether he be French, Italian, English or North American. We, who love our respective countries, are anxious that our fellow-countrymen be understood and we may and should hope that those who represent us in other countries be truly representative of the best we have.

In seeking the favor of the people of the South American countries, France and Italy enjoy an advantage impossible to any Nordic people. England is handicapped by the racial differences, and the United States even more handicapped, because in addition to differences in racial characteristics, somewhat diluted perhaps by our own immigration, we are still in the formative period, and South Americans look for cultural leadership to the older countries. In his “Observations on South America” Lord Bryce points out the advantage enjoyed by the French and Italians and intimates that there is little likelihood that they will ever be displaced in the affections of the South American people by North Americans.

From all that we have seen, heard and read, it would seem that the honors all belong to the two above European countries if they will make the most of them. The questions are: Are they sufficiently interested to follow their advantages up? Will they meet the South Americans half way? Will they respond to their friendly overtures? Will they take cognizance of the fact that across the Atlantic, down below the equator, great powers, whose friendship they may need, are in the making?

So far as the United States is concerned, it must not be a question of who is to have the lion’s share of the good will of the South Americans. The question is: Are they to think of us as their good neighbors, interested in and desirous of promoting their welfare?

It seems to me that after having given due consideration to the mistakes we have made, the discerning South Americans will come to understand that we are interested in their success; that we concede them worthy positions in the family of nations, and an especially warm place in our regard because of the fact that they, in common with ourselves, are descended from ancient European stock; that they, in common with ourselves, moved by a spirit of discontent with their existing conditions, broke away, and facing hardships almost beyond the powers of men, launched upon a great experiment, that of building on patterns of their own for their own delectation and for the advancement of civilization throughout the world.

We planted two lovely good will trees in Montevideo, one on the grounds of the Crandon School, founded by an old friend, Mrs. Frank Crandon, of Evanston, Illinois, and the other in a public park along side what seemed to me the most artistic and expressive piece of statuary I have ever seen.

While in Montevideo, we were received by President Terra, the same who later received President Roosevelt during his recent memorable visit to Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and Montevideo. I found President Terra to be an admirer of Mr. Cordell Hull, whom he had met at the conference of the Pan American Union.
President Terra told me of a conversation he had with Mr. Hull, during which he, President Terra, had availed himself of an opening made by Mr. Hull to criticize sharply the behavior of American financiers with respect to the Uruguayan loans then in default.

President Terra’s words most naturally shocked me considerably. Until then I had never thought of the possibility of there being two sides to the question. Money had been loaned to various South American countries, and the loans were now in default and that was all there was to it. I did, however, remind President Terra of the fact that the ultimate purchasers of such securities in our country were small investors who could ill afford to lose their money; that to many the loss was nothing short of calamity. He said he presumed that to be the case; that the mischief-makers were avaricious fiscal agents who had sent high-pressure salesmen to South American countries to induce governments to authorize loans at exorbitant rates of interest and with high commissions for negotiating the loans.

While the viewpoint did not seem entirely justified, it was nevertheless a viewpoint, the first I had heard, and I resolved to learn, if possible, whether the default of South American bonds had any excuse other than the fact that defaults in loans to governments constitute a world-wide epidemic at the present time. I talked not only with South Americans, but also with bankers, big and small, in the United States.

The position of one of the important American bankers was summarily stated: “South Americans are not children; they ought to be able to take care of themselves. We have to be careful as to what we buy; so ought they.” Perhaps that statement like President Coolidge’s pungent utterance, “They hired the money, didn’t they?” will in the minds of many satisfactorily dispose of the question. However, I was curious to know what, if anything, lay beyond.

From what I was able to learn in South America, their position is something like this: There was surplus of money in the United States at the time seeking investments. The big American financial institutions saw the opportunity for the use of capital in the rapidly advancing South American countries and also saw opportunities to make large profits for themselves if the South American countries could be induced to borrow at high rates of interest and to pay liberal commissions to the banks for negotiating the loans. Here is where, according to the South American belief, the “high-pressure” salesman came in. He was supplied with sufficient funds to get the deals put through. This meant that legislators and administrative officers might be bought when necessary.

Right or wrong in their conclusions, there can be no doubt that many South Americans believe that their officials were bribed by the representatives of North American financiers, who may or may not have known just how the money was being used to get the business through but should have known. This kind of thinking being generally current, perhaps it is not remarkable that the servicing of South American loans has not been kept up regularly. One thing seems to stand out clearly and that is that high interest loans are not instrumentalities making for good will. Except Judas Iscariot, the most anathematized name in history or fiction is Shylock.
A happy incident followed the meeting with President Terra. On my return to Chicago, I received notice through the Uruguayan Consul General in Chicago that the Uruguayan government would be pleased to present me with a signed portrait of the president if I would value it, to which exceedingly kind overture I most gladly responded. A few weeks later a special representative of the Uruguayan government came from Washington for the purpose of making the presentation during the course of a meeting of the Rotary club of Chicago. I have had the portrait suitably framed and hung in my office, a happy reminder of our visit to Uruguay and in token of the friendship of a South American gentleman.

Uruguay is a miniature republic and most of the population lives in Montevideo and its suburban districts. It is therefore practicable for Uruguay to experiment extensively in social legislation. While there certainly has never been any dearth of banks in Montevideo, the English, French and Italian banks being important institutions, the government bank outstrips them all and occupies a building of its own which takes rank as one of the most, if not the most, imposing bank building in the world.

Beginning with a borrowed capital of eight million dollars, this institution now claims assets ten times that amount. It is controlled by a non-partisan board of trustees and enjoys certain advantages not enjoyed by the private institutions which, however, continue to prosper due to the rapid development of the resources of the country. Besides the functions which ordinarily belong to the banking business, the national institution is permitted, when its management conceives it to be in the interest of the country, to exercise control over the prices at which Uruguayan products may be sold for export, the purpose being to avoid dumping of goods on glutted markets at ruinous prices.

The results thus far obtained by the government bank encourage high hopes of the permanent success of the experiment in controlling the “life blood” of commerce and industry. Whether there comes of it weal or woe, the nations of the world stand to benefit from the experiments of the miniature republic.

A traveler cannot afford to leave Uruguay without giving at least some thought to the sentiment which animates the people. In view of the many reports published in the newspapers of the United States about revolutions within South American countries and warfare between the various countries, it was pleasing to learn of efforts made to promote international amity and concord.

As I write these words, I have before me a photograph of a majestic monument which is being erected in the city of Buenos Aires by the peaceloving people of the city of Montevideo in the interest of understanding and good will between Argentina and Uruguay. Sentiment plays an important part in the lives of South American people, and kindly sentiment does not hesitate to express itself before war clouds have opportunity to arise.

Another expression of Uruguayan sentiment is to be found in an amazing monument erected in one of their own parks, the work of an Italian immigrant who has spent years on the plains of Argentina and Uruguay. No North American, who knows and loves the prairies of our great Western country and who knows and
appreciates the character of our pioneers who suffered untold hardships to make homes for themselves in the vast open spaces, can fail to respond to the sentiment which inspired the artist to mould the figures which comprise Montevideo’s artistic masterpiece, the Carreta (Prairie Schooner).

It would be difficult to describe this mammoth creation. Six life-sized oxen are shown straining in their yokes, dragging a prairie schooner, sunk to the hubs in mud. A spare yoke of oxen are tethered to the rear axle and a gaucho (cow boy) in saddle whirls his whip in air to urge the struggling beasts along, while a tired and dejected camp dog brings up the rear. No lover of realism in art can fail to admire Montevideo’s Carreta, but only a master uplifted by exalted purpose could have created it.

The citizens of Bundagai, Australia, also have memorialized the spirit of the hardy pioneers in a monument, the crowning piece of which is a bronze effigy of a belligerent camp dog sitting upon and guarding the “Tucker Box”, that is, the box containing valuables of the pioneers, against all possible aggressors on an unexplored and lawless frontier.

On our return to Buenos Aires we were given a farewell luncheon in a garden on the roof of the only hotel in Buenos Aires which rivals the Plaza, where the meetings of the Rotary club are generally held. Invitations to the final luncheon had been sent to leading Rotarians, including the chief executives of North American business houses. The setting was unusually fine. Far below, South America’s greatest city, dotted with a hundred parks connected by tree-lined boulevards, spread before us; it was an inspiring sight.

The meeting was affecting. There were no speeches other than brief but warm expressions of good will. Opposite us at the large elliptical table, sat two American business men, said to be among the most important American executives in South America. I knew them both, admired them and was proud of them as representatives of our country. I would not know where to look to find any more worthy. It seemed to me that they were far more than representatives of North American business; they were ambassadors of good will. They were men of few words but of decisive action. By their deeds they were interpreting to South Americans the spirit of North America.

By a strange whim I was moved to contrast their appearance with the Argentines who occupied the other chairs at the table, and the thought came to me that there could have been no better expression of the contrast between the spirit of North America and that of South America; that there could have been no more eloquent presentation of the fact that the peoples of the two Americas need each other than was to be seen in the faces of these representatives of two inherently different - and perhaps fortunately different - races. During that last luncheon in Buenos Aires, the thought, that we in Rotary are singularly blessed in the opportunity to blaze the trail toward better understanding, came to me afresh and with renewed vigor.

The day we took boat for Santos, Brazil, was like one of our delightful September days at home. There was just enough snap in the air to be invigorating and to remind one of the fact that the oppressive days of summer were past and winter was soon to come. I do not mean to intimate that the weather in Buenos Aires is ever
unpleasant. It is not; at least in the sense that we who live in the large cities of the central and eastern part of the United States understand the term.

We were leaving a truly great and progressive city, one that is building with eye to beauty; but its excellent subway system is testimony of the fact that the practical has not been overlooked. It would be enlightening to those who think of South Americans as unprogressive to note the dispatch of their building. When I think of the difficulties that Chicago has encountered during the past forty years in getting Daniel Burnham’s “City Beautiful” plan under way; when I think of the generations which have participated in the work of making Paris the cynosure of all eyes, the progress of Buenos Aires seems nothing short of amazing. Obsolete buildings are ruthlessly demolished to permit the widening and straightening of streets, transforming them into boulevards. One sees new projects under way in all directions, including the immensely costly undertakings of cutting diagonal streets through closely built-up business districts. Chicagoans may see the miracle of “Wacker Drive” performed again and again, and one wonders how the law courts of Argentina can ever dispose of the suits started by disgruntled property owners.

Are there any sky scrapers in Buenos Aires? Just one; it raises its head thirty-nine stories into the clouds, and it has its set backs, just as all modern North American sky scrapers have, whether they be located in New York city, Toronto, or Tulsa, Oklahoma. What’s to come of this intruder in the sacred precincts of beauty; is its name to be anathema, or is it to be the forerunner of hundreds of its kind to line the parks and boulevards of the Buenos Aires of the future? Time will tell. After all, ugliness is not necessarily inherent in sky scrapers. No one would think of apologizing for Cleopatra’s needle nor for the Washington monument at the National capital. Some seem to think that buildings must be of uniform height in order to be beautiful. How come? The Supreme Architect did not make mountains of uniform height, nor trees, flowers, women or men. All are in endless variety. It would be easy for cities of the new world to slavishly follow old world patterns in everything, but to do so would be to shirk responsibility. We have inherited much, we must give something in return.

Give well designed sky scrapers suitable perspective and their tall, slender outlines will seem the very acme of beauty, worthy of place on any park or boulevard; aye, even in Buenos Aires, but we shall see.

Hundreds of ships arrive in and depart from the ports of Buenos Aires, La Plata and Rosario each year, a very respectable foreign commerce. The annual total for Argentina amounts to nearly two billion dollars, and comparatively little of it is with the United States.

Our departure from Argentina marked the close of another period, that of our association with Jim Roth. His duties in chaperoning us about South America had all been performed. No longer could we breakfast and dine together; no longer could we enjoy the benefits of his counsel during midnight conversations in our rooms; no longer would he be present to interpret my addresses before Rotary Clubs. In the latter service, he had frequently won the plaudits of the assembled Rotarians by his ability to translate into Spanish my sentences which were often long and sometimes, I fear, unnecessarily involved. Henceforth except for the voluntary services of Governor
Armando Pereira, we were to be on our own, we two wandering, admiring well-meaning folks far, far from home.
X. BRAZIL

A sail of two and one-half days on a boat of the Munson line brought us within sight of the coast of Brazil. The weather had been growing warmer as we sailed northward, and when we approached Santos we found it advisable to get back in our summer clothes.

Brazil has the distinction of being the only country in the Western hemisphere which has actually been the seat of a European government, a distinction for which Napoleon is to be thanked. The ambitions of that monarch having included the conquest of Portugal, King John the Sixth concluded it advisable to establish his government in Brazil and to keep it there until the European storm subsided. King John’s stay was brief and he was followed by Peter, whose most noteworthy achievement was to proclaim the independence of Brazil, which had lapsed back into the status of a dependency. Peter became Peter the First, but his reign was brief. Peter the Second was the last of the dynasty, though his daughter, Princess Isabella, acted as regent during the absence of Peter on a visit to Portugal. Isabella was not averse to the assumption of authority, and she seized the opportunity presented by the King’s absence to abolish slavery without compensation to the slave owners. Naturally, the owners were not in sympathy with her procedure, but she apparently held the whip hand and the deed was done expeditiously and without bloodshed.

However, the idea of a republican form of government was growing in favor, and soon after the king’s return, the palace was quietly surrounded one night and the genial monarch, who really loved his people, was taken in sorrow to a nearby ship and sent on his way to Portugal, and Brazil forthwith became a republic.

Epoch-making events, which would have involved the shedding of much blood in other parts of the world, took place peacefully, almost serenely in Brazil. Barring a few disturbances with neighbors, Argentina, Uruguay and Paraguay, Brazil concerned itself with its own affairs. Wars of aggression have not taken place. Brazilians claim that they have been most magnanimous toward their opponents, and that victories have been thereby made to serve the purposes of peace rather than to be provocative of retaliatory disturbances.

In a recent settlement of the debt of a neighboring country, the full amount paid was used by Brazil in the construction of a bridge uniting the two countries.

There are several reasons why Brazil is of interest to citizens of the United States. The very name of course, “The United States of Brazil” has pleasing implications to citizens of the United States of America. It shows that whatever differences there may have been in standards of living and thinking, the Brazilians approved of the form of government adopted by the United States. Even our constitution formed the basis of their constitution. One of the strongest bonds between the United States and the South American countries is the similarity in form of government. With such common background, our views on international problems are more likely to coincide.

We of the United States may aspire to be elder brothers as well as neighbors. Both relationships are delightful, extraordinarily so, because of the fact that they are
not common throughout the world. Economic conditions also favor friendly relations between Brazil and the United States. We use two thirds of all of the coffee exported by Brazil, and coffee is their chief product of export. If equally favorable conditions pertained throughout the world, swords could indeed be beaten into plough shares and our spears into pruning hooks. Unfortunately they do not; the question of demand and supply presents practical and formidable opposition to the plans of those who seek world peace through international trade.

It is a pleasure to help our friends whenever it is possible to do so and there is no better way to help them than through purchasing the commodities of which they have a surplus whenever we can do so without doing injustice to those who are dependent upon our patronage for their existence. To withhold patronage where it cannot, in good conscience, be extended should never be construed an unfriendly act. How to favor friends who favor us should deeply concern us, and now that the advantages of ponderous balances of trade have proven to be more imaginary than real, there is room for hope that we shall be successful.

The territorial magnitude of Brazil is not fully understood by North Americans. Few realize that Brazil is larger than the United States, Alaska excluded. Few realize that the population of Brazil, forty-three millions, exceeds the total population of all other South American countries; few realize that Brazilians speak Portuguese and that the Portuguese speaking people of South America therefore outnumber the Spanish speaking population. Fortunately the two languages are enough alike so that difficulty in understanding is not great.

All that Jean and I heard and read of Santos pertained to the pre-eminence of its position as the premier coffee port of the world. We had read of the coffee which is shipped from there - yes, and of the coffee which has been sunk in its harbor for the same reason that we sometimes plough cotton under. We never once thought of Santos as a city of beauty, and yet that is just what we found it to be.

Our hosts drove us around the city and at our request around the bay with its miles of bathing y beaches where the waters of the Atlantic Ocean were rolling up gently as if inviting us to don our bathing suits and take a refreshing plunge.

After our drive, we attended a big meeting of the Rotary club at a palatial summer resort hotel on the beach. The meeting was conducted capably and impressively. Governor Armando Pereira, whom we had previously met at Valparaiso, had come down from his home in Sao Paulo to bid us welcome and to continue with us most of the time we were to be in Brazil. Armando has hung up a good record for extension work, carrying the message of Rotary to fifteen widely separated cities in the Brazilian hinterland near the equator. He has written an interesting book of his adventures and he has also translated “This Rotarian Age” into Portuguese. In recognition of his distinguished service he has now been made a member of the new board of directors of Rotary International.

Sr. Cabrera, the big sergeant-at-arms of the Santos club, ushered me into the dining hall with abundant ceremony and charming grace. Like George Harris of Washington, D.C., he took the humble part of sergeant-at-arms and sublimated it; he would have no other office. I recall having met others of his stamp, important
business men who love to get away from business affairs and, with meticulous care
and assumed appearance of great importance, do the many little things that need
doing. The busiest member at meetings of the Buenos Aires club is a ponderous
sergeant-at-arms whose word is law in the big emporium of which he is the head. He
is everyone’s servant at the Rotary club meetings. Possibly the element which
contributes most to the enjoyment of the members is the very incongruity of his
stepping down out of the serious picture and being a boy again. It isn’t everyone who
can do it; some would make a mess of it if they tried. Very well, it will be for them
to maintain the dignity while those more versatile continue to contribute to the
deflection of the members, some of whom need a little levity.

Do such performances interfere with the serious business at hand? Certainly
not in either of the two cases cited. The sergeants-at-arms in Buenos Aires and in
Santos are said to be in the forefront in civic and charitable enterprises. Keep up the
good work, big boys! Life need not and should not be a vale of sorrow. I cannot
refrain from indulging in a smile when I think of you far down below the equator,
doing what Billy Sunday would have termed, “Brightening the Corner where you
are”.

If there are any who believe that such demonstrations of light heartedness are
only to be seen in the United States, he will do well to visit the Rotary clubs of B. A.
and Santos, and if he has further time to extend his travels, I recommend that he visit
the Rotary club of Tokyo, Japan, where the far-famed “Kitty” will demonstrate to his
satisfaction that the serious-minded Japanese Rotarians are blessed with an abiding
sense of humor. I can still see “Kitty” in my mind’s eye; short and broad, dressed in
an immaculate morning coat cut in the most approved Western world fashion, dashing
about doing things which seemed to him important. The busiest of men is “Kitty”; one
look at his serio-comic face is enough to make a Sphinx smile. As for myself, I made
no attempt to restrain myself. I laughed it out.

Thoughts of Kitty and Tokyo bring trailing behind them recollections of Jim
Davidson’s report to the board of R. I. on his return from his three-year trip around
this planet. It was Jim’s last address, I think, and his glowing spirit sustained his
failing body and weakened voice during a talk which lasted for an hour and a half. His
last thoughts expressed were of Japan, and in his deep solicitude for the welfare of
Rotary in the far East, he wondered if the Japanese Rotarians were not following
almost too slavishly the boyish informality which had characterized the meetings of
Rotary in the United States when they were smaller and acquaintance therefor'e much
more intimate. No Jim, let not your spirit be troubled; all is well with Rotary in the
island empire across the Pacific.

The Japanese are the most versatile of all. One frequently hears them spoken
of as copyists. Such characterization does them great injustice, but for the purpose of
argument, suppose it to be true; suppose that they have no creative imagination, but
instead are eager to adopt the best to be found in all the world, how long will it
require them to come abreast stiff-backed nations who are so wrapped up in a sense of
their own superiority that they will not admit that any good is to be found anywhere
outside their own boundaries?
Much to my satisfaction, we had a tree planting in a public park in Santos immediately following the lunch, though the air seemed to be unusually hot and humid. Someone graciously held an umbrella over my head during the ceremony. My discomfort was undoubtedly occasioned by our quick transition from the temperate climate of Buenos Aires.

One detail of the planting which may not have seemed of much importance to others in attendance remains vividly in memory; it was the intense interest shown by one of the lookers-on in the fringe of the gathering. His dress indicated that he was of the working class, but his face lit up, as only the face of a Latin can light up, when he realized the purport of the proceedings. Time and again his eyes met mine and each time they sent me a message of approval. To me, he stood out for the time being as representative of the public, uninfluenced by Rotary or by anything else except the common bond of humanity. My brother, a laboring man of Santos, same, saw, understood, and, as representative of his class and of the public in general, stamped the ceremony with his and their approval with a stamp that never needs interpretation, whether one happens to be in Labrador in the North, or Patagonia in the South; he stamped his approval with a smile.

The Rotary club of Santos is famed for its outstanding work in community service. Should it ever close its doors it will be missed - but it will not close its doors, it has too many friends for that.

During our eighteen days in Buenos Aires, we had been the guests of the General Motors Company so far as transportation was concerned. Mr. Clark of that company had given us the use of a car and chauffeur during the entire period.

At Santos we became in like manner the guests of the Ford Motor Company. The manager at Sao Paulo came personally with a brand new Zephyr to meet us at Santos and to drive us up the mountains to Sao Paulo. It was more than kind of him, but it was decided to defer the acceptance of the car until our arrival at Sao Paulo, and to make the journey by rail in company with the Rotarians from Sao Paulo who had come down to Santos to meet us.

He who has opportunity to make the journey from Santos to Sao Paulo, either by rail or automobile, is fortunate. The scenery is sublime. If the traveler thrives best in cool and rarified atmosphere, he will appreciate the change in climate as he rises to the higher altitudes.

The building of the railroad connecting the two Brazilian cities is a triumph of British engineering skill and organizing ability, of which Britons may well be proud. The vast expense involved is apparent throughout the entire journey. There are many miles of continuous masonry. I cannot recall ever having seen a mountain railroad which seemed a more magnificent achievement, nor can I remember ever having seen one giving promise of greater permanence. How the enormous expenditure could have been justified seems at first a problem. The answer is, coffee, and one might add the statement that most of it goes to the United States. So while we are sipping our favorite morning beverage, steaming hot and giving off odor supremely ambrosial, we may indulge in flights of fancy if we will, and picture to ourselves train loads of gunny sacks, each containing its tens of thousands of rich, dark berries, making its
way in company with thousands of its kind over the staunch British-owned and controlled railroad down the Brazilian coastal mountains to the capacious ships waiting with mouths wide open at the wharves in the harbor of Santos. Can it be worth the price? Ask any coffee lover and the answer will be, “Yes, any price”.

The Santos to Sao Paulo railroad has paid rich dividends to its stockholders during a long period of years, but the government has had its share and is now building a railroad of its own over a shorter and possibly better route between Santos and Sao Paulo. The highway between the two cities also affords excellent means of transportation and is capable of indefinite increase in capacity. In other words, the halcyon days of railroading in Brazil, as elsewhere, are drawing to a close. The days of competition, political opposition and other forms of tribulation are here.

Among the passengers in our car, a poorly-dressed man of fifty-five or sixty years of age was curled up on his seat dozing, at times soundly sleeping. He might have been taken for a laborer, and that is what he was not so long ago, so my friends told me. He then was a poor Italian immigrant seeking to make a place for himself in a strange land. My friends told me that he is now one of Brazil’s millionaires. When we approached our destination he opened both eyes, smiled a bit and prepared to get off. He had not forgotten how to sleep curled up in a bow knot. I imagine he could have continued to live happily even if fortune and his own ambition had not made him a millionaire. Later I learned of another Italian immigrant considered the most wealthy citizen of the republic. Brazil, Argentina and other South American countries have proved to be lands of opportunity to untold numbers of Europeans who have come to the New World with intention of remaining there.

As we approached Sao Paulo, a city of more than one million inhabitants, we saw many new manufacturing buildings, some of which bore the familiar names of North American manufacturers. We were surprised to see them in a location which in the U. S. A. would have been reserved for residential purposes. The intention clearly was to keep manufacturing with its noise and air-pollution outside the city. We had observed the same trend in other South American cities, Buenos Aires, La Plata and others. The packing houses of La Plata are located approximately three miles from the city. Suburban developments do not play the important part in South American cities that they do in North America. The urban districts being abundantly supplied with parks and boulevards, the air being comparatively pure and the cities being comparatively quiet, there is less necessity of one’s spending an hour or more each day shuttling back and forth between home and office, unless perchance one happens to be, like myself, an irredeemable lover of the open country.

The Ford Zephyr which had raced up the mountain was waiting as we stepped from the train at Sao Paulo and we were soon taken to our hotel and elaborate apartment.

The next day came the tree planting in the Praca da Republica, many participating in the function. During the days following, dinners, receptions and other social affairs took place. A thoughtful touch at the luncheon of the Paulo club was the presentation to Jean of a bouquet of Scotch heather as a reminder of her beloved “bonny braes” so far away.
We particularly enjoyed an all-day trip to Campinas in the company of Rotarians of Sao Paulo and Santos, where we were entertained at the home of a real Brazilian gentleman on his coffee plantation in the forenoon, and another of the same type in the afternoon. We were glad of these touches with the land-owning aristocracy of Brazil. Our hosts were of the manner born and reminded us of old world gentry and of the aristocracy of the “Old South” in the U.S.A. as it is pictured to us.

The coffee which was served was of the planter’s own special brand and was served, with thick cream. It was delicious, and thinking that many a ‘moon would probably pass before another such opportunity would present itself, we drank plenty of it. While in Argentina, we had eaten beef steak by the pound and gotten away with it. Why not a little indulgence in the empire of coffee? How much coffee can a Brazilian drink in the course of a day? I cannot answer and so far as I know Brazilians make no account of their coffee drinking. When a cup of coffee is set before them, they drink it and that is all there is to it. Doctor Kellogg would lose his mind if he were to see Argentines eating beef steak, or Brazilians drinking coffee. Who wouldn’t eat delicious beef steak, if one could buy it at six cents a pound, or drink coffee if it was the only available beverage, and if there were no Battle Creek to serve us with notice of impending doom? However, with due observance of the principles of honesty, I must admit that I am no dietician and that I am ill prepared to advise anyone, whether he be younger or older than I, as to what he should eat or drink. We have found that we can do things with impunity in distant parts and amid unusual surroundings which we could not do at home; a pretty good demonstration of the fact that the mind controls organic functions. One must, however, remember that travelers are frequently victims of disorders arising from insect bites, parasites, etc. to which natives are immune. A physician who had practiced for years in the tropics, told me that there is always a certain element of danger in traveling from the Northern hemisphere to the Southern and vice versa. Natural processes of inoculation begin in early childhood and the system provides its own immunization. In other words, we can contend with our own bugs, vicious though they may be, but unfamiliar species frequently find us easy victims.

Having made mention of the Brazilian’s love of coffee, a word might be written of his love of sugar; in fact, one might wonder whether he takes coffee for the sugar, or sugar for the coffee; they seem to be divided in about equal parts.

One day we had luncheon at Armando’s house, Nosa Casa, where we saw coffee trees in bearing and where I planted a tree alongside one planted by his father. Armando tells me that it has taken root and is doing well. Notwithstanding the fact that we were monopolizing the attention of her husband, Madam Pereira extended us true South American hospitality.

I must relate the story of Sao Paulo’s most unique enterprise, the far-famed snake farm, creature of the imagination and perseverance of the late Dr. Vital Brazil, whose research work in snake venoms has saved thousands of lives in his own country and, in fact, in all parts of the world infested by poisonous snakes. The institution now has a North American branch near Philadelphia. The leading parts in the drama of the “Instituto Serumtherapico” of Sao Paulo are played by horses, snakes and frogs; the stage managers, of course are men, both scientists and laborers.
The snakes are of many species but of two classes only, poisonous and non-poisonous. They are captured by farmers and farm laborers, who are supplied with necessary equipment for making the catch and also with containers for making shipment to the institute. The railroads transport the containers gratis and the farmers, in return for their services, are supplied with serum for use in case of need. A great number of reptiles are received by the institute each week and placed in a huge, eliptically shaped, sunken pen divided for convenient use. To view the snakes, one must look over a cement wall which is surmounted by a picket fence of steel, and across a water-filled moat about four feet in width. Attendants having to go among the snakes must leap across the moat in their leather leggined boots, making sure not to fall in landing. Were I doing the job myself - God forbid that I may ever have to - I would clothe myself in medieval armor and cross the moat on a portcullis in true knightly fashion and subtle regard for my own well-being and prospects of living to a ripe old age. Not infrequently these snake men are bitten; the one who performed for us has many scars to show, marks of honor for faithful service. To demonstrate how he earned his money, our man pinned a seven foot monster to the ground with a forked implement and then substituted the strong fingers of his own left hand for the prongs of the fork and raised his openmouthed snakeship for inspection; then sprang back across the moat, snake and all, for closer inspection and the operation which he intended to perform.

At this juncture the doctor came forward with as vial for the reception of the amber liquid which spurted out in response to a gentle pressure on the poison sac, made with a metal instrument in the skillful hand of the attendant. The result was that the vial was more than half filled; enough venom, so the doctor stated, to put twenty men to their everlasting sleep. The attendant thereupon made a brief inspection of the mouth of his captive, noted that a new fang was growing up to replace the one which had been doing service, put his right hand into his hip pocket, and pulled out a pair of forceps, with which he deftly extracted the old fang. He then threw the huge reptile unceremoniously back into the moat and the creature wriggled away, seemingly disgusted with the entire business and particularly with the part he had been required to play.

With the virus extracted from the one big snake, approximately thirty horses were to be innoculated, and from the blood of those horses was to be extracted the precious anti-toxin which would be used to save the lives of many human beings. I asked the doctor if it was hard on the horses, and he pointing at a herd of them answered, “No”. They certainly were a slick, fine looking lot and if given their choice, they would probably have preferred the serum manufacturing business to hauling drays, carts, jumping hurdles or rendering any other manner of service at the behest of men. It certainly is a lazy job if a horse can reconcile himself to having his blood stream turned into a chemical laboratory. The doctor said, however, that eventually the animals became unfit for further use in the institute and are sold for whatever they will bring which is not much, because when deprived of their periodical dosage of snake venom they become thin and soon die.

The mortality rate of snakes in captivity is high and that is why so many snakes make their way from farm and jungles each week to the institute. I asked our guide how he accounted for the high mortality and he said that it seemed to him a matter of homesickness. To begin with, snakes are not gregarious in their instincts.
They don’t like to see so many snakes around and one can’t help feeling sympathetic with them up to that point.

When they first find themselves hemmed in on all sides with moats and things like that, tourists prying into their private affairs, pseudo-dentists extracting their teeth, many of them go on food strikes and curl up and die. We saw an example of a snake on a food strike. It was one which had been selected and kept from food for a considerable time in preparation for the part he was to play for our delectation. He was expected to swallow another selected snake several sizes smaller. The larger snake was nonpoisonous and the one selected to play the sad part was poisonous. I don’t know why a poisonous snake was selected; perhaps to make the exhibit seem less cannibalistic to tourists than it would have been, had the big snake been required to swallow one of his own fellow citizens, a relative perhaps. They held the small snake dangling temptingly before the eyes of the larger one, hoping to make the big snake ’s mouth water probably, but there was nothing doing and the smaller snake wriggled speedily away, not in any apparent disappointment at the turn things had taken.

We were also shown a pit of poisonous frogs, quite like bull frogs, though much larger. Just why poisonous frogs were of the ensemble at the institute I did not learn, but I did learn of one of their idiosyncrasies, and that was their manner of defending themselves against the attacks of snakes and other offensive creatures. They neither move nor give other signs of life until the mouth of their enemy opens. When that event takes place, the frogs, with the deadly aim of veteran tobacco chewers, shoot a mouthful of their special brand of poisonous saliva into the mouth of their enemy, and if their enemy happens to be a poisonous snake, there is nothing he can do but die; if on the other hand, the marauder proves to be a non-poisonous reptile, he simply spits the dose out and proceeds to his banquet. Why Nature has arranged things this way is quite beyond me, but I have started out to tell the story of the Instituto Serumtherapico and I have related it just as it was given to me. So far as I am concerned, I am for the frogs. Expectoration, of course, is a reprehensible and filthy habit and ought to be discouraged in all except extreme cases. As a matter of self defense there is little to choose between the methods of South American poisonous frogs and North American pole cats. They both know their stuff, the requisite dosage and how to administer it.
XI. RIO DE JANEIRO THE BEAUTIFUL

At the close of an eventful and highly enjoyable day, we took train for far-famed Rio de Janeiro, the “ne plus ultra” of beautiful cities. Rio was to be our last stop, and well it may be the last stop of travelers in South America. One frequently hears discussions as to whether travelers should go to the East coast or to the West coast first. I believe the majority opinion favors doing as we did, going down the West coast and up the East coast, topping off at Rio. I am inclined to believe that even residents of other beautiful South American cities would say Amen to this. If there is jealousy, I failed to observe it. All seem proud to acclaim the beauty of the city which was named Rio de Janeiro (River of January) because the discoverer, Alfonso de Sousa, mistook the harbor for a river when he sailed into it on the first day of January, 1532.

Our reception was more formal than usual. A large group of Rotarians met us and accompanied us to an imposing hotel appropriately named The Gloria. A former president of the Rotary club of Rio de Janeiro read a carefully prepared address of welcome to us in a spacious and dignified reception room. Had we been prominent figures in the world of human affairs, we might possibly have felt a sense of elation in being so highly honored, but being ordinary people and cognizant of that fact, there was always present the feeling that we were honored beyond our deserts and that a full and frank statement of who and what we really were might be in order.

Our thoughtful friends had provided for me a capable secretary who was also to act as guide and interpreter. Before we finished our sojourn in Rio de Janeiro, he added another role to his repertory; he became our friend. He was with us early and late, though it was necessary for him to travel a considerable distance from the cottage home which he pictured to us in a little seashore hamlet far away on the other side of the bay.

Governor Armando Pereira came from Sao Paulo with us and at our suggestion took a room adjoining our spacious corner apartment overlooking the gently curving Avenida Beira Mar, with its rows of stately palms and other tropical trees, the broad quay, the indescribably beautiful bay, and to the jagged mountains on the other side of the blue waters. It was an enthralling sight and we availed ourselves of every possible moment to study it in detail. We sat on the terrace when possible in the evening to see the moon rise and cast its silvery pathway across the waters, and we arose every morning before daylight to see the rising of the sun.

“Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tip toe on the misty mountain tops.”
-Romeo and Juliet

As we were studying the ever-new phenomenon of the rising sun one morning, I asked Jean how many peaks she estimated there were in sight. She said that she could not venture to guess, and to her astonishment I stated that if all, high and low, were to be included, there were fifty-eight. Counting for herself, she confirmed my statement. It would not be easy, I am sure, for even a skilled descriptive writer to give adequate expression of the beauty of the scene spread before us as we stood at our favorite window at the Gloria at the break of day; to me, it baffled description. If one
can imagine an inverted Gargantuan saw with teeth of irregular length and breadth silhouetted against a sky of variegated hues and with the rising sun for a background, he might have a faint conception of the picture.

When one travels, it is not unusual to hear fellow travelers speak of what they term the three most beautiful cities in the world, and it is interesting to observe that howsoever they may disagree as to the other two, there is no disagreement as to Río de Janeiro. That city is always one of the three. It seems to the writer that three cannot be named without the inclusion of Rio de Janeiro and that Rio is entitled to place by virtue of any one of three entirely different views; the harbor is one only. The view from the Praia Copacabana comprises an entirely different sea and landscape and is not less beautiful. The third view is from the road which skirts the sea en route to the country club and the subdivision adjoining. Comparisons are invidious and unnecessary. Suffice it say that Rio satisfies every want which suggests itself to beauty-loving natures.

Río de Janeiro, being about as near to the Tropic of Capricorn as Havana, Cuba, is to the Tropic of Cancer, would be within the zone of trouble from tropical fevers, were it not for the determined efforts of sanitary engineers to stamp out disease as the most important step in the regeneration of the city. This was begun immediately following the peaceful revolution of 1889, by virtue of which the kingdom was transformed into a republic.

The regeneration of Rio was the response of patriotic citizens to the challenge sensed in the unrivaled natural beauty of mountains, hills and sea; to have built otherwise than healthfully and artistically would have seemed to them a betrayal of a trust.

The Avenida Rio Branco is a remarkable example of Brazilian efficiency, cooperative spirit and civic pride. In clearing the way for it, six hundred buildings had to be destroyed. The avenue extends through the business district, and is lined on both sides with houses, hotels, cafes and public buildings most of the way. At the southern extremity private buildings give way to public structures such as the Monroe Palace, the Municipal Theater, the National Library and the Academy of Fine Arts, as noble a group of public buildings as is to be seen in any city in the Western hemisphere. No better expression of the cultural ambitions and purposes of the civic leaders of Rio de Janeiro can be found than their public buildings.

A citizenry rising in the midst of such influences must, in good conscience render good account of itself. If it is true, as has been said, that a very small minority of highly educated and cultured people are responsible for such things in the countries of South America, it can also be said that those constituting that small minority recognize the justice of the doctrine “Noblesse Oblige” and aspire to bring the masses of coming generations to their own high cultural level. A strong, determined, idealistic two per cent can raise the tone of a community to immortal heights.

That pertains in other countries as well. Civilization moves forward as the result of the efforts of small minorities, fractional parts of even two per cent perhaps. Mrs. Edward E. Hughes, formerly the wife of America’s immortal Edison, in
commenting on the life and works of the great inventor recently, said to the writer: “What a pity it is, Mr. Harris, that so much of the burden must be carried by so few.”

Three rows of beautiful trees extend through the retail district of the city, mind you, through the retail district, through the Broadway and State Street districts so to speak, of Rio. Weary shoppers may sit at tables, in what poets call the “grateful shade”, sipping cool drinks preparatory to further exertion. A dreadful waste of valuable business property? That depends on the value one puts on things. If business is the first consideration of life, then business, of course, must have the right of way. Beauty may have to be swept aside in order that business may enjoy uninterrupted possession of the last little corner of property suited to its purposes, if you are interested in beauty, you may look for it where people live and spend their leisure hours. While working, work. There’s the difference in viewpoint. The Latin American people so worship beauty that they would have it with them at all times and places. During business hours, North Americans so concentrate upon the tasks before them that they have little regard at times for their surroundings.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. There is one blessed assurance and that is that we can all learn from one another. Perhaps as time goes on, the type of residential building to be seen in our most modern North American suburban districts will find favor elsewhere, on the other hand we North Americans shall learn that beauty is not irreconcilable with business, even in districts where business buildings predominate.

George Santayana, Spanish-American poet, philosopher and educator, says that the purpose of art is happiness and of happiness surely there never can be an over supply.

I might add for the benefit of South American friends that some of our newest manufacturing plants in outlying districts are surprising in the architectural beauty of the buildings and the exquisite effects of the landscaping of the grounds. Of one thing I am sure and that is that the squalid districts of North American cities will soon give way to modern factories, business houses, parks and play grounds, and that new structures will be built in conformity with rules of hygiene and on approved architectural lines.

Rio de Janeiro’s Avenida Rio Branco eventually fades into a sweeping curve of the even more beautiful Avenida Beira Mar, with the charming bay on one side and the hills and mountains with their villas draped in gorgeously colored bougainvilleas, on the other. The highest and most impressive mountain in the background is Corcovado, surmounted by a hundred and thirty foot white granite statue of Christ, one of the most imposing statues in the world. At night it is flood-lighted, so that it is like a star suspended in the sky. It is discernible from all points throughout the city and from out at sea. Occupying as it does the most dominant position, it seems to shed over the city of culture and beauty an atmosphere of spirituality. From the top of Corcovado one sees a panorama of loveliness impossible to describe and impossible to forget.

Scarcely less inspiring is the view from the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain, made accessible by an aerial car which travels on cable strung from a distant and somewhat lower mountain. Sugar Loaf however has been compelled to divide honors with an
enormous illuminated billboard sign proclaiming the virtues of a North American automobile tire. The poem of Ogden Nash seems to fit here:

“I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree,
Perhaps unless the billboards fall
I’ll never see a tree at all.”

Sr. Vargas, president of the republic of Brazil, still in his summer home in Petropolis high up in the mountains, extended us an invitation to visit him, which we were glad to accept, though a heavy and persistent rain was falling. The automobile road wound about the mountain, frequently revealing choice bits of scenery in the valley far below. The mountain streams brimful of water coming from unseen sources higher up, dashed over cataracts and made their way swiftly down the mountainsides. The fullness of the streams and their great number caused me to wonder, as one does in Norway, where under the sun the vast quantity of water could be coming from.

The president, a short and rather stout middle-aged gentleman, received us hospitably and less formally than would have been the case had the reception taken place in the far more sumptuous presidential palace in the big city below.

While the temperature seldom, if ever, exceeds ninety in Rio, it is always delightful to have a convenient mountain resort where the wives and families of prosperous business and professional men may spend the summer months and where the family heads may go for their week-ends. We spent the night in the bosom of such a family after attending a special Rotary meeting. Sometime during the night the mighty outpouring from the clouds let up; the morning sun rose in full glory revealing a lovely day for the fifty-mile trip down the mountainside.

Space permits only the most sketchy outline of the many features of our visit to Rio; in fact, one finds it difficult to write or even to think of human affairs in the presence of such sublime wonders as those which hold in fascinated attention visitors to the premier city.

As a lawyer, however, it was interesting to me and an honor to meet the judges of the Supreme Court and members of the bar; as a civic-minded citizen of the U.S.A., it was a pleasure to address briefly the chamber of commerce; to make a radio broadcast (translated in Portuguese); to confer with newspaper men, and as a Rotarian, to be received in several delightful Brazilian homes in and about Rio; to attend Rotary club meetings and special luncheons and dinners; to plant a tree in the horticultural gardens, and again to be honored in being, decorated by the government in recognition of the value of Rotary’s contribution to civic welfare in Brazil.

I must make special mention of one unique and significant Rotary club function which I was invited to attend. It took place in one of the largest moving picture houses in the city, the use of which had been donated for the occasion. There, one Sunday morning, I found assembled more than three thousand school children of Rio de Janeiro. It was their Rotary day and they were to be entertained by special pictures, and prizes were to be awarded to those who had especially distinguished
themselves in school work throughout the year. Governor Armando informed me that similar exercises are held annually in other Brazilian clubs.

The proceedings were in charge of a Rotarian especially gifted in dealing with children. Was he an educator? No, he was a retired army officer of high rank, who had found a new job for himself which was of great appeal. I don’t know how well the men in the ranks understood their chief during his years of active service, but I am satisfied there are at least three thousand kiddies in the supernal city who understand and love this master of military science.

Not for the purpose of making Rotary known to the oncoming generation, I am sure, but rather for the purpose of emblazoning upon the minds of the children the importance of the principles served by Rotary, the dramatic scene was staged. If the shouts and frequently the screams of three thousand youngsters were any indication, the presentation registered on their impressionable minds. I venture to say that few, if any, left the meeting without clearer conception of that which is good. I venture to say that they left with the feeling that the big, grownup men who came into their lives during the course of that meeting were all-right human beings, of the type which they would like to be sometime.

North Americans visiting certain South American countries hear much of the work of the Rockefeller Institute and of their research work in connection with tropical diseases. In no country were their efforts more frequently mentioned to us than in Brazil. It is gratifying to learn of young American specialists in tropical diseases who are willing to break home ties and spend years of their lives first in one country, then in another. At the Gloria we met one of them and his wife. They had spent years in Brazil and were being transferred to another part of the world where the need was more urgent. Those interested in the work of the Rockefeller Institute should read An American Doctor’s Odyssey, a remarkable record of world-wide humanitarian achievement.

One hears frequently also of the recent increase of cotton planting in the virgin soil of Brazil, where land is cheap and fertile and where labor is available at low wages.

While little has been reported of late in the newspapers of the United States relative to the efforts of the Fords to make sure of an uninterrupted rubber supply through the establishment of plantations in the Amazon regions of Brazil, where rubber trees are indigenous to the soil, all Americans have been more or less interested in the project; partly perhaps because most anything is interesting to North Americans if it pertains to Henry Ford.

While in Rio, I was informed that at one time during the course of the Ford operations in Brazil, the opposition of certain political parties was marked and that the Ford Company took their case to the people themselves through chartering the most important moving picture theaters in Rio and there presenting gratuitously, for the benefit of all who might care to attend, moving pictures of the Ford development, showing the marvelous transformation of jungles to their present condition giving promise of future productiveness. My informant said that the theaters were crowded to the doors and opposition subsided when the good folks of Rio really understood
that the development of rubber plantations would be advantageous to their country as well as to the great industrialist.

It was with considerable sadness that we contemplated the termination of our visit to South America. We were, of course, looking forward to meeting our old friends again and to a rest in our own home, but we felt that we had been favored far beyond the lot of most mortals; we had enjoyed a privilege beyond price. In the course of our travels we had met other North American travelers. Some were more than mere sightseers, but I am sure none enjoyed privileges equal to ours in having the doors of hospitality thrown wide open to us. Friendship is the foundation rock upon which Rotary has been built and that fact is known to all Rotarians throughout the world. When a Rotarian travels abroad, he bears the stamp of approval as a friendly man, and whether the country which he represents be considered a friendly country or otherwise, he, as a member of the world-wide fellowship, is welcomed by all who have been induced by the lure of the common ideal to enlist in the movement. Friendship, the infallible anti-toxin of suspicion, jealousy and hatred, does its work and the happy Rotarian traveler is given to understand that he is among friends.
XII. HOMEWARD BOUND

One evening we, in company with a small group of intimate friends, left the beautiful Gloria and were whirled away to the docks where our staunch English ship of the Prince line was waiting. There we found a much larger group assembled to bid us farewell. Notwithstanding the fact that our boat was delayed in starting, and the fact that a drizzling rain was falling, they, representing the elite of Rio de Janeiro, remained until the gang planks had been drawn in and we were on our way through the night, bound for our home in the other America, across the equator and far away North. The shadowy outlines of Sugar Loaf and Corcovado were silhouetted against the sky, and the titanic Christ figure stood as if pronouncing a benediction on ships like ours setting out to sea.

Well, the thing had been done; we had completed our undertaking in South America. Nothing done could be undone. The record was there to show for successes and failures. We were conscious of many shortcomings; we could do many things better if we had them to do over again. But there was always one satisfaction and that was the thought that friendly folks make allowances for errors when they know that the best is intended.

Thus spake Cassius, “Oh Brutus, have you not love enough to bear with me when the rash humor which my mother gave me makes me forgetful?” And Brutus: “Yes, Cassius”.

There was nothing immediately before us except fourteen days of relaxation and rest, exercise walking the decks, and writing on this book as the spirit moved. Oh yes, there was a stop for a few hours at Trinidad, a drive over the surrounding hills with their fine views of the harbor, shopping, and a dinner at an unusually attractive hotel; and there were visits with American passengers, some of them friends, and bits of attractive scenery as we passed between tropical islands. Yes, and one evening, far distant on the Western horizon was the faint outline of something resembling a giant cigar. “What is it?” someone asked. “Why, it is a Zeppelin,” another replied. And so it was, proclaiming the dawn of a new day when the barriers of distance will be further drawn down.

The climate was languorous and conducive to reflection, contemplation, day dreams and to hazy thoughts of the innumerable events, important and unimportant, of the fleeting weeks in South America. For instance, the words of Clayton Cooper: “We must not forget that in some respects South Americans are superior to us” came up for review and a flood of dependent thoughts thereafter; notably, how can it be said that the people of any country are superior to the people of other countries? Where is one to find a yardstick with which to make measurement? If the attainment of human happiness is the supreme objective of life, then perhaps all civilized ways are abortive. But to relapse into savagery is unthinkable. We couldn’t if we would; technology would not permit it. The care-free days of the savages of African jungles are past. The present packs a load of new responsibilities. We can’t laugh down the automobile, radio, moving pictures, etc. They are realities. The question is, how can human happiness be attained, modern impedimenta notwithstanding? It is human nature to want to worship something; what shall we worship as a means of realizing happiness in life? North Americans present as the object of their adoration and
worship their god, Achievement. All other gods are false and misleading. Under the inspiration of Achievement we shall build bigger and better than any others. The products of our factories shall be seen wherever civilization exists. Under the inspiration of our god we shall build colleges, universities, hospitals, theaters and art galleries. We shall eliminate the positive and comparative from our lexicons; we shall tolerate the superlative only, and that only until we can find something better to take its place. What’s the use of doing things unless they are greater than things done by others, and what’s the use of doing things greater than those done by others unless they can be greatest of all? To become the cynosure of all eyes, the envy of all nations, we must be first in all things.

South Americans most naturally feel somewhat diffident about presenting their god, particularly so because of the fact that many of their own people are already worshipping at the shrine of the glamorous god achievement. Being good Christians, however, they recall the memorable battle between David and Goliath and, metaphorically speaking, resolve to fling a pebble or two at least at the giant with their little slings. In casting about for a vulnerable spot, they note that while the god Achievement has a keen vision of things without, his perception is not always clear as to things within. From that point they reason that in view of the fact that happiness dwells within, perhaps the big god Achievement as a leader to the realization of human happiness may fall short.

South Americans are pleased to note that North Americans share with them their definite resolve to keep their backs turned on Armageddon. They recognize the persuasiveness and pervasiveness of Achievement, but refuse to accept it as an object of worship. They are not so sure, in fact, that North Americans have not gone crazy in their worship of their god, good and useful though he may be if held within reasonable bounds. They believe that gods and goddesses should be of appeal to the finest instincts and emotions of men, women and children. In their goddess, Beauty, they see realization of the highest and best of human hopes. To them beauty is more than a matter of form and color, important as that may be. Form and color appeal to the eye and are external. Beauty of character appeals to the soul and is internal, but there is direct connection between the two. No lover of the beautiful in nature or in art can fail to find his innermost emotions appealed to by beauty of character. The love of beauty inspired the works of Francis of Assisi and Florence Nightingale as definitely as it did the works of Raphael and Angelo. Beauty appeals to, and, consciously or unconsciously, influences all who come within its spell, rich and poor, high and low. Beauty banishes crime, assuages grief, heals the sick and softens pain. Beauty is never loud, arrogant or boastful; beauty is quiet and refining.

The philosophy of achievement often is more material than spiritual; it frequently exalts business above life, and however serviceable it may be as a business philosophy, it leaves a void in the other areas. The philosophy of beauty is a philosophy of life in its entirety; it views business as a means to an end, not the end itself. Life is more than the mere rustling about and the doing of things. There must be time for reflection, contemplation, study and the cultivation of the esthetic.

Modern devices are good or bad, dependent upon how they are used. Mere excitement can never be substituted for the proper exercise of physical and mental functions without disastrous consequences to individuals and to races. How to use
modern equipment in manner conducive to the higher life is as serious a problem as that of finding ways to get along without it. It is an unfortunate state of affairs when technological advancement outstrips cultural advancement.

The way out? If we are irrevocably committed to the policy of rapid change, in that event, the way out is through speeding up (Excuse me, I have gone North American again) speeding up cultural progress rather than by throwing the brakes on technological progress, and that happens to be the very thing we are trying to do. The cultural correlative of the mammoth industrial plant in the U.S.A. is the mammoth university. Do I hear someone remark that mass production methods can never be successfully adapted to cultural pursuits? I must admit that I am ill prepared to debate the question. I am somewhat of the old school myself. There was something delightful about the old ideal -of higher education, which someone clothed in the imperishable words: “Mark Hopkins sitting on one end of a log and a student on the other”.

On the other hand, we must not overlook the fact that it was not far back in history when many contended that huge industrial plants owned by thousands of distant stockholders could never take the place of individual craftsmen working in a thousand little shops scattered throughout the land. Verily this is a changing' world, and he who dares to prophesy is either a brave or a reckless man.

The most rapid and revolutionary strides in the history of industry have been made in recent years. There never has been anything equal to it in other ‘affairs of men. Take the transportation business for example. During thousands of years the one and only revolutionary invention was the round wheel. Who invented it is unknown because it ante-dated recorded history. During the past hundred years more progress in the methods of transporting people and goods has been made than was made in all history prior to that period. How can we account for that fact? It all came about very simply. The entire philosophy of industry in so far as it related to transportation was jammed into reverse. Precedent had been inviolable, sacrosanct. Everything which worked had been considered perfect until it proved itself otherwise. On the morning of the new day precedent was debunked. The fact that perfection had never been achieved and probably never would be, penetrated the minds of men and threw wide open the doors to progress. The boast: “Our company has been making these goods on this pattern for two hundred years” is heard no more. The word “obsolescence” came into the industrial lexicons and scrap heaps grew over night.

Is there any sufficient reason why educators and other leaders should not profit by the example of the most dynamic force in the affairs of men, industry? Is there any reason why the quest of culture and the refinements of life should not become epidemic in the U.S.A., as much so as the quest of automobiles, radios, pictures and other paraphernalia, making for the hectic life, are in this year of our Lord 1937? No, say I, none whatever. Perhaps we are still lingering in the “round wheel” period of our thinking so far as our philosophy of life is concerned. I If so, we have but to jam our philosophy into reverse and that is what, I venture to predict, we shall do.

Lord Bryce, commenting on the great strides of North American industrialists in exploiting the nitrate, copper and oil resources of the Pacific Coast of South America, expressed the opinion that it would be better to leave some things to be done
by future generations. The North American industrialists would probably have answered that the needs of future generations, at present undreamed of, will give future generations something to do other than twirling their thumbs.

However, Lord Bryce’s doctrine of moderation finds support in the words of Dr. Lin Yutang of Shanghai, a graduate of Harvard: “The three great American vices are efficiency, punctuality and discipline”. A Chinese abhors efficiency because it leaves him no peace of mind. He has a total disinterest in punctuality because he wants plenty of leisure. He has a natural dislike of discipline because he believes in lots of individual liberty. “You Americans pay for your efficiency with high blood pressure.”

“Care to a coffin adds a nail, no doubt
And every grin so merry, draws one out.”
- Anonymous

How to reconcile these opposing viewpoints is a problem. If we may judge from what is going on in China at present, we may conclude that the Chinese are mending their ways by the adoption of modified forms of Occidental civilization more rapidly than we of the `Western world are mending our ways by cultivating the Oriental composure which must indeed be a veritable panacea for those afflicted with high blood pressure and kindred ills.

While lolling about on the deck of a ship under a tropical sun, one’s thoughts are likely to carry one far afield, as was the case with us on our voyage between the ports of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and New York, U.S.A. One must be constantly checking and rechecking his thoughts. Ours was a Rotary mission and Rotarians are primarily interested in what Rotary has to offer - Can Rotary add anything to enrich and sweeten the lives of the good people of the two Americas?

The Rotarians of both continents have made answer in their enthusiastic embrace of Rotary. Wherever Rotary has gone; into metropolitan centers or into small hamlets, the influence has been felt. Rotary does not assume to be all things to all men. Rotary will have filled its purpose if it succeeds in raising standards of thought a little higher than they were; in making life a little sweeter than it has been in the past.

The average Rotarian is a business man. In this day of strenuous effort and fierce competition, he must give anxious thought to the continued existence of the business of which he is in charge. He must do so' in justice to those who have entrusted him with their savings; in justice to his employees who are dependent upon him for their daily wage; and also in justice to his wife and children who are dependent upon his efforts for their livelihood. He is beset on _ all sides by rising taxes, government regulations, demands of charities, labor unions and not infrequently by racketeers of one kind and another. He is the producer, the man who must carry the heaviest burden, the focal center of contending forces. Is it strange that he sometimes breaks under the strain?

Rotary encourages the sorely tried business man to conduct his business in conformity with the highest standards of trade, with relation to the public, his employees, and his competitors and to the regulation of his vocation; in fact, he must
go the other mile, probably several of them. He must take a broad interest in the affairs of his community and throughout the world; he must place service above self.

What does Rotary bring the business man in return for what it requires of him? It brings him the fellowship of men of his kind; of those who understand and sympathize with him, and if he becomes a true Rotarian in spirit and practice, it brings him the satisfaction of feeling that he has played the game of life according to the most approved rules. Is the Rotary life a sacrificial life? After having observed its workings in the lives of thousands of men, I feel prepared to express the conviction that it is not a sacrificial life; that it is the abundant, well rounded life, and that what sometimes seems to be sacrificial is in fact the contrary. It involves, of course, in many instances a new orientation and a new appraisal of the elements which go to make up life. One must, of course, abandon the idea, if he has it, that the acquisition and possession of things is the high purpose of life and substitute therefor the realization of the fact that the friendly and useful life is the only life permanently satisfactory. The application expressed in the slogan “Service above Self” does not mean the restriction of business, it is far more likely to mean the expansion of business.

To live furiously does not necessarily mean to live wisely nor does living wisely mean living lazily. When I was a boy I took it for granted that everyone wanted to be rich and those who did not try to get rich were lazy. Money was the capital prize in the lottery of life. To win the prize was to gain entrance to the ranks of the elect. A halo encircled highly successful families including second and third cousins; even the dogs and horses belonging to rich families seemed to sense that they were not of the common lot.

The best families in our county seat associated with the best families only and their foundations seemed so well laid that nothing could shake them. Fifty years however have passed and little now remains of their former grandeur. Not one son or grandson has left imprint upon his time. The aphorism “From Shirt Sleeve to Shirt Sleeve” stands grimly true. Frequently nought remains except “Adversity’s sweet milk, philosophy”.

To live wisely is neither to live avariciously nor lazily; it is to live unselfishly. We have an interesting task before us, that of making this world a better place to live in.

Swollen fortunes far more frequently lead to disaster than to the happiness expected of them; disaster not only to those who create them, but even more certainly to sons and daughters whose interests they were intended to serve. The most precious things in life are not possessions, but rather home and wife and children. There are those to whom love is the one thing which makes immortality desirable; to them it is a preview of Heaven in the here and now. Some men come to realization of the value of these sacred things eventually, but too late. For the privilege of recalling certain words and substituting others, they would give all they possess. What a tragedy that the invaluable privileges of home and fireside are so frequently the price paid for so-called success in business. He who pays such a price lives the truly sacrificial life.
Neglect of family life is one only of many disastrous consequences of the
desperate struggle for possessions. When it becomes desperate enough, men
frequently become gangsters, racketeers, burglars, defaulters, suicides and murderers.
Such offenses are but outlaw expressions of the same disorder. Lawlessness, national
and international, can generally be traced to the same cause.

When all of the best brains of a nation are devoted to so-called productive
enterprises, the business of serving the public, the most important of all forms of
service, must go begging or fall into the hands of grafters. We can’t make things right
by cursing the grafters any more than we can make things right by blaming our
children for their peccadillos. We are responsible for most of our misfortunes because
we won’t take time to live.

Henceforth the people of South America will not be to Jean and to me
unknown “personalities”; they have become our friends. There is no conjecture about
that. We feel that all that South Americans have to do is to let themselves be known to
all the world just as they are. I hope that the time will never come when they, by
reason of much travel, will become so sophisticated that they will abandon their
charming ways of making friendly overtures and become conventional according to
the standards of a formal and restrained world. I do not think that South Americans
can ever mean as much to Jean and to me if they become Europeanized and North
Americanized. We are sure that we like them the best just as they are - sentimental,
emotional and lovable.

_Let us know each other better,
And we will love each other more._

_- Charles Sumner_
“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?”
- Scott

XIII. TIME TO SHIFT TO HIGH GEAR, WE ARE HOME AGAIN

As we approached the harbor of New York, we studied the ship’s log anxiously. The great question was: Would we make our way past immigration and customs officers and across the river and catch a train leaving New York early enough to enable us to attend the great twenty-fifth anniversary meeting in Buffalo? The officers of the Buffalo club had been working for an entire year in preparation and had substituted a night meeting for an intended noon day meeting, so that I might have time to make train connections in New York.

Hour by hour our boat became further delayed and President Parmenter of the Buffalo club was watching the reports of the progress of our shin even more anxiously than we. A heavy attendance of Rotarians from far and near was expected, and they had been advised that Ches Perry and I would be the speakers. President Parmenter felt that he could not let them down. Ches’ appearance was assured; would I be there?

At an hour when we had given up all expectations of arriving in New York in sufficient time, radio messages began to pour in from Buffalo. I was to be expedited through the rows of officials at the wharf, in order to catch the first available aeroplane, it having become apparent that to travel by rail would be impossible. Immediately on arrival I engaged a seat in a plane having a suitable schedule, but an , hour later was informed that on account of heavy clouds hanging over Buffalo, landing could not be made.

Agonized telephone messages from Buffalo urged me to do the impossible, in case the impossible needed to be done. Here was my chance to perform a miracle and there was Buffalo, only a scant three hundred and fifty miles away in the direction of the setting sun. What if I were to try a running jump from the top of the Empire State building, etc., etc? We eventually learned, however, that the clouds over Buffalo had risen, but by that time my reservation, which had been canceled, had been taken by a Detroit passenger. Further entreaties from Buffalo resulted in someone’s crowding someone else out and in my finding myself driving through thunder storms several thousand feet above the earth’s surface and bound for Buffalo, Jean in the meantime having been placed on board a fast train headed for Chicago.

To put it briefly, I landed at the Buffalo airport, was put into a police car which with shrieking sirens rushed me to the banquet hall in time to get on my feet and to tell them all I knew about South America.

An hour later, Ches, Jean and I were enjoying a leisurely chat in the club car of the “fast” train which Jean had taken at New York two hours before my plane rose from the landing field at Newark. Had there been further meetings in Cleveland, Detroit, etc. etc., throughout the night with agonized and prayerful presidents keeping the air hot with telephone messages, it would have been physically possible to have kept the good work up, hopping along from meeting to meeting, and still be waiting for Jean’s
so-called fast train at South Bend or Gary, to resume the journey in her good company. To apply Mr. Einstein’s theory to the situation, New York Central fast trains are relatively slow.

I had done more hustling in ten hours since landing than I had done in the entire three months in South America. My thoughts drifted back to the conference meeting which was to take place immediately after breakfast in Valparaiso. Oh me, oh my, that was real life.

Old Mac was at work in our “Good Will” garden as we spun up the drive at Comely Bank. Were we glad to see him, and was he glad to see us? Both questions could have been answered with a vigorous “aye, aye.” Jean and I have warm spots in our hearts for old Mac. He asked me a question one day: “What is this Rotary I hear so much about, Mr. Harris?”

I don’t think I have ever been more puzzled as to how to make answer. Finally I said: “Well, in a way, you are a good Rotarian yourself, Mac.” He said: “Oh no, I am too ignorant for that.” I said: “You have one of the main qualifications.” He asked: “How’s that?” I said: “I have noticed for years that you dig into your work just as fast when you don’t think I am in sight as you do when I am standing right over you; in other words ‘you tote fair’; that is Rotary.” I know from what followed that my words struck Mac most forcibly. He rose straight up, slowly shifted his quid of tobacco from the north side of his mouth to the south side, looked me straight in the eye and then and not until then, ejaculated a well rounded “Oh”. When Mac says a thing, he means it. Sometimes, he doesn’t even say “O”. When one sees his quid working south, he may take it for granted that deep thinking is going on.

After all our journeyings we were home again. The narcissus and jonquils had come and gone, but the tulips were in brilliant color; the iris were making it clear that they intended to keep their date, and the robins were singing the new, old song of wide-mouthed youngsters such as had never been seen before, while mischievous squirrels were doing their customary aerial stunts and scolding the cat from vantage points high up on tree trunks, to which they managed to cling, though upside down.

We were home again and happy to renew old ties and to be amid familiar surroundings. We could not, however, refrain from asking ourselves the question: Were we the same Jean and Paul Harris who had left our home so brief a period of time in the past; or were we a new, a broader-visioned and wiser twain? We felt that we could truthfully say that we were not the same and that we never could be the same again. Life had taken on new perspective, and we wished that it might be possible for all friends and neighbors to enjoy experiences such as we had enjoyed. That being impossible, we resolved to do all within our power to correct false impressions of our neighbors of the other Americas; to be, in short, their ambassadors of good will.

We felt that our faith in our own country had not been in any respect shaken or diluted through our immeasurably increased respect for our neighbors. We were not less American, but rather more so; more sanely, wisely American than we had been. We love our country, but realize more fully than ever that true patriotism never demands disrespect of the country of another, any more than devotion to the members of one’s family calls for disrespect of the members of other families.

We North Americans have at times offended our South American neighbors, always needlessly, sometimes arrogantly and ignorantly. Arrogance is always ignorant, of which fact my own countrymen have been made cognizant by the unconscionable criticism of high-hat strangers who have given us the “once over” and then assumed to judge.

Since our return, I have been especially sensitive to unjust appraisal of our neighbors on the South. On one occasion, a traveller told me that he had visited all parts of the world. I repeated “All
parts?”. To which he replied: “Yes, all parts of importance.” I asked: “Have you visited the South American countries?” and he answered “No”. I further inquired: “Australia and New Zealand?” To which he again answered “No”. Relentlessly, I continued: “Japan and China?” And in accents betraying considerable annoyance, again he replied “No, I mean that I have visited all countries worth going to see.”

Most naturally, I in my capacity of ambassador of good will sought to set him right and possibly my own voice betrayed a vestige of annoyance. Was I successful? Probably not. I thought that something in the nature of incredulity overspread his countenance. But as for myself, I felt better. I had gotten a load off my chest. The traveller mentioned had visited Europe on several occasions and in so doing had seen the entire world; nothing lay beyond.

“How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home.”
-Cowper

The efforts and accomplishments of the Pan American Union and other educational and cultural influences notwithstanding, there still remains an amazing lack of appreciation by North Americans of the fine qualities of South Americans and vice versa. The characterization of South America as Ariel and North America as Caliban by the Uruguayan writer Rodo is, however, at the present period not infrequently apologetically referred to by South Americans of culture.

Dr. John A. Mackay in his book, “The Other America”, states that the passion of South Americans for knowledge is stimulated by the constant stream of translations of French, German, Italian and Russian books which find their way into Spanish before they are translated into English. He also states that many South Americans read books of the most important French writers in the original.

The South American countries are not dependent however on European literature, they have many distinguished men of letters of their own. This is particularly true in the fields of history, science, and in other branches of higher learning. The medical profession has made great progress and made brilliant contribution to the advance of the science throughout the world.

North Americans need to know these things in order that they may be properly able to appraise the fine qualities of our neighbors. Mr. Mackay states that it is tragically ingrained, even in cultured circles in the United States, and among publishers in particular, the prejudice that there is nothing worth while being either thought or written in South America. There are, however, some things evident even to the veriest tyro; for instance, the remarkable courtesy of the Latin American and kindliness which marks his every movement. His proffer of a hand shake is none the less hearty and genuine for his having made the same proffer a few moments before. His bow is not a jerky movement of the head, nor his salutation a brusque and gruff, “How are you?”; it is a low and meaningful bow and his face lights up with smiles, making one sure of having contacted a personality of rare charm and causing him, if he chances to be a North American, to regret the characteristically stern expression and immobile features of his fellow countrymen.

From “The Conquest of Happiness” by Bertrand Russell the following is gleaned: “Competition considered as the main thing in life is too grim, too tenacious, too much a matter of taut muscles and intent will to make a possible basis of life. In the work crowd you will see anxiety, excessive concentration, dyspepsia, lack of interest in anything but the struggle, incapacity for play, unconsciousness of their fellow creatures.”
While it is true that general education has been somewhat neglected in the rural districts of South American countries, it is now making rapid progress. Literacy is of great importance, but the cultivation of the esthetic sense is scarcely less so. An illiterate man or woman who can appreciate the glories of a sunset may be more cultured than one who can not, even though the latter may have had the advantages of primary education.

One sometimes hears it said that the differences between the people of the continents of North and South America are attributable to differences in the ideals of their aristocratic classes; that in South America the ideal is culture and in North America wealth. While it is true that too many North Americans are given to the over-accen
tuation of the importance of wealth and also true that South Americans, generally speaking, are less intent in their purpose to obtain it, it may also, I think, be said that wealth is more evenly distributed in North America than in South America and the advantages of education more general. There is so much overlapping of cultured and wealthy classes that it is impossible to draw well defined lines.

One cannot visit the South American countries without becoming conscious of the fact that the spirit of romance, which characterized the Conquistadores of old, still flourishes. The poets, priests, artists and adventurers, who crossed the seas in their frail crafts, have long since passed on; the wild pampas have been tamed and turned to productiveness for the benefit of the children of the earth wherever they may be found; the frontiers have been driven back from coastal hamlets into the interior and now the frontiers of education and culture are having their day; the spirit of romance and adventure still lives.

South Americans view as dead him in whose heart the spirit of romance and adventure no longer abides. Others may enlist in the disciplined ranks of industry, which he is willing to patronize if it will contribute to his enjoyment of living, but he refuses to enslave himself in the production of things. He must have freedom for imaginative thinking. Others may have the humdrum prose if they will; he prefers the poetry.

Rotary contends for its own special kind of aristocracy, that based on kindliness, neighborliness and friendliness, at home and abroad, now and ever. But has the word aristocracy place in a movement so essentially and avowedly democratic as Rotary? Will Durant describes the aristocracy taught by Plato as democratic aristocracy and adds, “We need not be afraid of the word if the reality is good which it betokens. Platonic aristocracy is not the aristocracy of heredity, of which we most frequently hear.”
Pursuant to our fourth object, Rotary has always encouraged the non-political coming-together of representatives of neighboring countries. The meetings of the so-called petite comites of France and Germany and of several other neighboring European countries, the conferences of the over-lapping districts of the United States and Canada; the conferences of Ibero-American clubs in Valparaiso, the conference of clubs from countries bordering on the Caribbean being held this year in Havana, Cuba, and the conferences of clubs of countries bordering on the Pacific ocean, all have been productive of much good in promoting understanding.

Special responsibilities fall on the shoulders of Rotarians of the frontiers between countries. During the course of a recent trip to Australia, I was surprised to learn of the attachment which several Australian Rotarians manifested for Rotarians of California, and I have been given assurance that the feeling is fully reciprocated by the Rotarians of the Golden State. A somewhat similar attachment is shown by Rotarians of Texas for Rotarians across the Mexican border. This is as it should be and it affords me unlimited gratification to know that in the state of Florida a movement looking toward friendly relationship with the South American countries has been under way for several years.

In Miami, Florida, the Pan American Airways have their most important landing field. From there the great ships take flight for cities located throughout the South American countries. What an alluring prospect they present! They are manned by bright, alert young men, all graduates of universities of the United States. Pilots and also land employees stationed in the various countries must be able to speak Spanish or Portuguese as the need may be. One may travel throughout South America by air almost as quickly as he can travel throughout the state of Florida by train or automobile.

Will Rogers characterized Florida as the spring board from which jumps can be made across the Caribbean. Another has said that the Pan American Airways should be rechristened, “the Pan American Peace Ways”, so potent will be their influence in the promotion of understanding and in the preservation of peace. The significance of the airways is keenly appreciated by our friends of South America. President Vargas of Brazil recently spoke of the ships as messengers of good will and progress, and in christening the Brazilian clipper, the wife of the president said, “May its name be a symbol of perfect union between the twenty-one American nations”.

There are other undertakings in Miami which are prophetic of a better day in international relationships. The University of Miami aspires to be the Pan American University, where students from South American countries may enjoy educational advantages amid surroundings similar to those at home. Practically every street in Coral Gables, the seat of the University, bears a Spanish name. But the sense of nearness to the South American countries is manifested in many other ways in Miami, and in fact, throughout Florida.

How could it be otherwise? The very name, Florida, is Spanish and so also were all of its first explorers. The history of Florida cannot be written without the inclusion of such names as Ponce de Leon, De Soto, Narvaez and Menendez. Spanish missionaries were the first to bring Christianity to Florida, just as they were the first to bring it to Peru. The fauna and flora of Florida are strikingly similar to those of the most frequently visited parts of South America and climatic conditions are much alike.

There are said to be forty thousand Spanish speaking people in Tampa and Ybor City. All Rotarians know that two Tampa Rotarians, the late Angel Cuesta and John Turner, organized the Rotary club of Havana, Cuba, and that Rotarian Cuesta also organized the Rotary club of Madrid, Spain. It is interesting to learn that the same John Turner and Angel Cuesta, Jr. are the initiators of the Caribbean
Conference designed to promote better understanding between the people of countries bordering on the Caribbean.

To suggest, therefore, further advances on the part of Florida Rotarians is not to suggest anything new; it is only to fan the flickering flame of enthusiasm into new life. May we not in good reason expect that in the days to come all Florida Rotarians will visualize their special opportunity of service, just as Angel Cuesta and John Turner did years ago? For each Florida city there is a counterpart in South America. For example may we not say that there is much in Miami to carry one’s thoughts to Rio de Janeiro? The love of beauty is manifest in both cities and both are by nature especially endowed, Rio’s beauty is, of course, more dominant, more challenging, while Miami’s beauty is more reposeful. Would it not be practicable and desirable that the Rotarians of these two cities cultivate an especially friendly interest in each other?

And may not the Rotarians of Tampa, because of the fine record of its above named members and because of its Spanish speaking citizens, aspire to be contact club with Buenos Aires, and may there not be friendly unions between clubs of other cities which resemble each other in cultural or other interests; university cities with university cities, etc., etc.

There are at present sixty Rotary clubs in the state of Florida; if each will assume a special responsibility, what a force making for understanding and good will the state of Florida would become! I might add that since my return from South America I have talked with both this year’s governor and last year’s governor of the 39th district, which comprises all of Florida, on the subject and also with the presidents of several of the largest Florida clubs, and in every instance found enthusiastic approval of the plan.

It is my aspiration to be an ambassador of good will both to and from the South American countries. It is in this service that I have ventured to take the initiative in this matter.

Is much to come of it, or little? Time only will tell. Pretty much everything is experimental in Rotary. Some fond hopes are realized; others find favor in modified form, while still others fail for lack of enthusiastic leadership, or for the lack of that something which we call popular appeal.

By its failures as well as by its successes Rotary advances, but no worthy motive, if made known, fails to register itself somehow, somewhere. Possibly its influence may be felt in entirely unexpected places.

While seeking in the gardens of the world for beautiful flowers which I fain would transplant in the gardens of my own country, I found in South America one variety which we may term the flower of gentility. In no part of the world which we know does it grow more luxuriously. It is a fragile flower and must be transplanted with infinite patience and nourished most tenderly, but the results if successful will justify all our pains; it will add abundantly to the joy of living.

The flower of gentility is admirable, not in an esthetic sense only; it is immensely useful. No one, not even the most irredeemable utilitarian, need cast it aside. In the presence of gentility, base emotions are suppressed. The flower of gentility is adapted to the soil of Rotary. It makes for understanding, good will, friendliness and peace on earth. We Rotarians of Northern countries will do well to plant flowers of gentility in our gardens and to cultivate them tenderly.

“This bud of love by summer’s ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet”
- Shakespeare