

RECORD



# RADIOGRAMMA

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Pingara is a fairly large village  
somewhat like the one we visited  
near S. Lorenzo

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→ 6 weeks → 27

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BVDIOGRAVIMETER



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1931

Matto-Gross Expedition

Left N.Y. (Holsten), Dec 26 at  
11 P.M.

Members.

Capt. W. P. Phipps

Alexander Samuel

John S. Clark

Self

David M. Newell

John M. Newell ✓

Alexander Davison ✓

Samuel P. Hoopes

Uncle George Rankes

William Green ✓

Arthur P. Rossi

L. H. Fenimore Johnson

Crosby

Book I

to

Book ~~IV~~ (Page 201)

Dec. 26, 1910 I was invited to join the expedition in early August, by Dr. Alfred Mason. My immediate acceptance was as casual as most of my decisions have been. I took no time to consider the advantages or disadvantages. In fact for all it meant to me Dr. Mason might have been asking me to go down-town with him. I accepted without any feeling, without any enthusiasm.

This was strange since at that time the prospects of advancement were poor, I was not feeling well, and I was convinced that I had lost Dorothy, to whom I had ~~at~~ myself become deeply attached. The opportunity that was offered, with its promise of becoming known, and of forgetting my attachment should have aroused in me a deep response.

A week later I met two of the organizers of the expedition; Porfiliuff and Clark. Neither impressed me as being men of extraordinary intelligence or capability. It seemed doubt full whether I would ever come to like either. Porfiliuff, a man of tremendous physique, appeared to me as a successful blunderer. Clark, a striking young one.

Sometime afterwards I met, Simms the professional hunter. Like every one

else who comes in contact with the first time, I was fascinated by him. His Christ-like face, his quiet manner, promise much; but at the very first meeting I raised the question to myself, 'how much?' I am beginning to find out.

The organization of the expedition does not appear to have been systematic or careful. It is in line with Peepiliff's character that everything was left undone until the last few days. Of course there has been the expected amount of chatter about thoroughness! Were it not for our chief barber, Feunimove Johnson, what a mess this would have been.

It had been planned to have news pictures of the departure taken. It turned out that the weather did not permit their taking.

Dec. 27. I have had my initiation in seasickness. The weather has been terribly stormy, and there doesn't seem to be any chance of its becoming more settled. Everyone is sick. I have had no food and don't care to have any.

Dec. 28. The weather is a little calmer. I have learned from the officers that we have gone through a bad storm. Last night at nine o'clock we were hit by a sixty-mile gale, according to the captain. Everyone is still too sick to be very pleasant.

Dec. 29. To-day we reached Bermuda, after cruising all night around the island. The seas were so heavy that it was thought to be too dangerous to attempt to enter the harbor. Reefs, sand banks, and the narrow entrance were the factors. Bermuda and Bermuda harbor has touches of beauty. Of home shore shape, its shores dotted with white glistening houses, it has possibilities of offering a delightful picture. Apparently, it is used by the English navy as a station.

Jan 1. 1934. The New Year and another birthday for me. I have not written for several days due to laziness and the excitement of feeling well enough to enjoy the trip. Ever since we left Bermuda we have been making fine progress though the weather has been a little unsettled. However, feeling well has added zest to the enjoyment of the surroundings. The sea has taken on a beautiful deep blue color, and the spray and foam created by the cutting of the water by the ship reflects a beauty that appeals to me. This foam and spray both by day and night, because of the light that it reflects, has a fascination for me. It has presented us unexpected and unknown fields of Beauty ~~for us~~.

The feeling on board ship is still tense, and in fact the indications are that it will become more rather than less antagonistic. The boy's restlessness of some activities is responsible partly for this. Davison is responsible for a great deal of it. His formula being that he knows everything about everything, he has become unbearable to me. I invited to a bridge game. I found only

to have the misfortune of having him as my partner. Though my bridge game is not the best, - a fact that I admitted, his does not seem to be any better. But, according to him, he knows ~~the game~~ and in fact he tried to convert me in a most abusive way. We clashed of course. I refused to add five to the general. In respect to medicine and the medical bit his attitude, again, has been most offensive. A long discussion has taken place between us, without any results of course.

The cavalry argument. On the eve of New Year, Peffiliop, Dr. Geo. G. a passenger, Clark and Hooper, each bought a bottle of Chewy page. My health was down. Davison was in it, uninvited. Hinnrod, a young mining engineer, who was present at the bridge tiff, and was thoroughly disgusted, was also a party. Davison again made his knowledge known - but Hinnrod called him every time. Mules were discussed in the Captain's cabin - again he was not invited - and later cavalry, cavalry tactics and the use of cavalry in future was by the U. S. Knowing nothing he argued violently and far into

the night with the other three -  
Herrin, Puffinbarger and Gerts,  
who not only had facts at their  
fingertips, but have had alone  
a certain amount of specialization  
in the field. The mulish cavalry  
argument!

I have finally met most of the  
first class passengers on board. An  
interesting man is Mr. Bennett - mining.  
He has been in many places from Canada  
to Argentina. Intelligent, with a keen  
sense of humor, he makes a pleasant  
companion at table - the captain's table.  
He is interested in geology, diet, medicine  
- probably believes that he is suffering  
from something or other.

Dr. Gerts, Belgian from Ghent - (Belgian)  
doctor of laws, but now in business. Was  
in the world war for a few months.

He was wounded and taken prisoner  
in the early months. He spent the  
rest of the time in prison - working,  
sick, starving. Married and has  
5 children. Many talks to - gather.

(American) Lieutenant Brazil and wife  
and even months old baby girl.  
Delightful people. He has been  
wounded 5 Brazil from U. S. Naval  
officer. We will be good friends.  
Lieutenant Mrs. Brazil, wife

and children. Also recalled. - navy.  
Very intelligent and keen. Not as pleasant  
a personality as Brazil.

The wife of the Philadelphia Brazilian  
consul. Knows, Bustos, Romero, Barros,  
Vogel, etc.

Dr. Edgardo Tastes - recalled.  
(navy). Have had many conversations  
on medicine, expect to have more. He  
has offered all the help at his disposal.  
We shall have much to say to each other.  
I believe that he will be another  
permanent friend.

There is aboard also, a Baptist  
missionary - Morgan - and his Texan  
wife with children. Have not been  
able to get in a conversation with him.  
Mrs. Morgan told me all about  
a certain Durringer or Fosselange  
disease that is worse than syphilis  
or leprosy. Red patches on skin,  
etc. I have not been able to find  
mention of it in Still and Dr. Tastes  
does not know it.

Two of the cabin stewards interest  
me. One is from Trieste, speaking  
perfect Italian, English, French,  
Portuguese, etc. Handsome man  
of 27.

Mario is still more interesting.  
He is from Turin. His mother  
was English, above his father's station, etc.

He and his brothers have left Fiume because of the treatment of Fiumians at the hands of the Italians. Though "irredentist" before the war, the subsequent arrangement has proved unsatisfactory. There is a movement afoot to set Fiume free.

Jan 2. Interesting conversation with Dr. Gerts. It appears that Belgium is divided into two factions - Flemish and French. The nation is sold to France which is much resented by the oppressed Flemish. Gerts expects Dawson has lost 12 bottles of champagne, betting and something silly - whether one can hang from a crossbar more than two minutes or not, and subsequently he is trying to recuperate his lost bet with dice. Poor sportsmanship.

Physically I am feeling much better. My old agility, flexibility, and muscular control is coming back to me.

I slept a little before dinner and for the first time I thought of home. I dreamed of Maria who was rather depressed at my being away. I dreamed that I had come back to her. However

life on land has been so long that there has not been the chance of even thinking.

Jan 3. My Brazilian friends are fast becoming more interesting. We converse in Portuguese, Italian, English and French. I hope to learn more Portuguese before we get to Rio.

Jan 4. To-day we crossed the equator. The initiation ceremony was held, though the paucity of the number of gameys did not make it very spectacular. It ended by the initiates throwing Perfilieff into the pool to-gather with his beard and shirt.

I am still undecided about Perfilieff, or Vov. There may be a great deal in him. Certainly he has suffered a great deal and as a consequence seems to have a deep understanding of human nature. The other evening he spoke of his brother in St. Petersburg, who is a great biologist, specializing on the Planeton. He spoke of him with deep feeling and respect. He has also seen through Dawson.

We are of course in the tropics. Daily showers seem to be part of the picture. The nights are beautiful, the sea quiet and

deep blue.

Himrod and Mrs. Corry are playing a little game of flirtation with Himrod on the unquestioned losing side. Dr. Fortes was the first of our lady's victims, but Himrod seems to have taken his place. She has a rather charming personality. Though decidedly in her thirties she carries her body quite gracefully and erect. Her eyes however tell the tale of age. How deep is she?

Personally I have not been very much impressed by anyone aboard, least of all by the women. Why?

Jan 10 Nothing of special interest happened between the 4<sup>th</sup> and the 8<sup>th</sup> <sup>on which day</sup> we reached Rio de Janeiro. A few arguments, a few acquaintances, etc.

The harbor of Rio possesses a beauty that must be hard to be surpassed.

Linda's Contable  
Communal Museum

Jan 15

One is greeted to Rio de Janeiro by rocky island hills that dot the harbor. "Sugar loaf" is a bare rock reaching to a height of 120 ft. Visitors can be taken to the top, from which place a wonderful view of the city can be had.

The city is beautiful though in a degenerate way. The architecture is somewhat French in that decoration is the favorite interest of the architect. Of course there is the southern touch in the style. The shops are open, the houses have inner court yards. White plaster covers the brick buildings giving the city an appearance of cleanliness that is somewhat deceiving. The open beer shops lend a characteristic friendliness to the city.

The people vary in color from black to white, from Indian to Mongolian, and like in the Latin countries of Europe a quality of grandeur and grandeur accompanying grandeur and wealth. Again, physically the people of the higher class show a certain degeneracy.

After drinking beer at one of the open beer shops with Pufilliff, Clarke, Gerts and a Frenchman friend of Gerts, I went to the Museum - but I had forgotten to mention the morning's activities.

Rio de Janeiro - Jan


After sufficiently admiring the harbor and the city from the ship, and being interviewed and photographed by reporters, saying goodbye to Lieutenant Brasil, these Brazilian friends were most anxious that I visit them when I return from Mato Grosso.

Dois Reis, and families, Henriod and Dr. Torres, Perfeiteiff, Seibel and I made our way to the American embassy, whose representatives had met us at the ship. We were nicely received first by Mr. Warbington - an attaché of some sort, and then by Ambassador Mogyel. He was very much interested in our expedition and arranged with the Brazilian government to let our baggage enter the country duty free. He also gave us valuable advice and offered the services of the embassy in the matter of mail either to us or from us. A short, stocky man soft and jolly, he is very pleasant and is well liked by the Brazilians. He received us in one of the rooms of the embassy that reflected the charm of Rio de Janeiro. (Dawson who was not invited to come, made his appearance - "!).

Leaving the others at the embassy I went to the Museu Nacional. I was ushered in to Roquette-Pinto whom I found under a dwarf tree in the little inner garden of the museum.

The museum was, formerly, the palace of the Brazilian emperor, Pedro II.

It still retains a certain splendor which age cannot destroy nor even the use to which the building has now been put. It is a most delightful and comfortable place to work. The gardens are well kept, and being extensive surround the museum protecting it from noise or dirt - of which incidentally there is very little in the city since there is so little manufacturing.

Roquette-Pinto, a natural person in his late thirties or early forties, has a quiet manner and a too reserved personality to be attractive. He turned me over to Dona <sup>Heloise Torres</sup> ~~Torres~~, a woman in her late thirties or early forties of Dutch ancestry - blue eyes - grey hair. She took conducted me through the Museum emphasizing the archeological collections. She has excavated in Maracajó at the mouth of the Amazon. Maracajó is an island that for four months out of the year is underwater. Apparently the pottery that she has found there is representative of some old civilization. It is characterized by a relief art, highly conventionalized. For instance, the face of the jaguar is represented by what appears to be the double curve motif - ©. 

I did not very much time to spend

at the museum, so that my observations were rather hasty. It is a good museum to visit. Claura Laina is a pupil of Roguette Pinto. Incidentally she was melted films to mend jottings and bones. Roguette Pinto promised to place me on the mailing list.

Returning to the Palace Hotel where Jelovts was staying, I had dinner with him, his friend, Popileff, and Borges and Dor - the last being Jelovts saw us to the ship - five fellow.

The next day we were at Santos. In contrast with Rio this town showed the influence of modern commercialism. Traces, jewelry, sticks, slits. I was glad that I did not see much of it. Popileff, Seniel, Rossi and I went by auto to São Paulo. Although it was not clear day I saw enough of the country landscape to want to see it again. As we left Santos which is surrounded by hills we entered the "flood" plain. It was perfectly flat and into small patches by numerous meandering streams. A few years ago this region was uninhabitable since it formed an ideal breeding place for malarial. Yellow fever and malaria were terrible scourges. Today Santos is a great Brazilian seaport. Because

and drainage of some swamps has almost removed the malarial.

The plain was better seen from the hills which we climbed to reach São Paulo. It seemed to me that it makes an excellent example of some geological phase. The streams meandered at about  $180^\circ$ .

The Hills are abruptly steep and severed from each other by little streams whose waters go crashing to the plain for 2500 ft. below. The road is an excellent one, but it has numerous  $180^\circ$  curves which our driver mechanically engaged with his eyes and attention on the panorama stretched below. It was the best example of devil-may-care driving I have ever seen. Although none in the party are especially nervous, I suspect that all held our breath several times. There are two little inns on the way which resemble Chinese pagodas with some comic interpretations. We had a wonderful view of a stream that went crashing in its meandering way down to the valley below. Rossi took

some photographs but the atmosphere was so hazy that I doubt whether they will show the beauty that presented itself to us.

We had dinner at the last inn

The plateau above is composed of numerous lakes and meandering streams. I wish I knew more geology!

Arriving at São Paulo, which is an "Italian City," we went directly to the Museum, just on the 2<sup>d</sup> outskirts. It is even more beautiful than the Museo Nacional of Rio. Besides beautiful gardens that surround it, in front there is an exquisite fountain, or rather fountain and sunken garden.

The collections in the Museum are well kept and are interesting. Besides being historical it is ethnographical and the collections are excellent.

Again there is the delightful custom of serving coffee in the afternoon. Dr. Andrea do one of the employees of some responsibility took me in hand. Delightful bearded blue-eyed fellow. He gave me the publications of the museum and offered to send me others.

The attitude of the employees to each other and the visitors was most delightfully gracious. Also there is a certain amount of deference shown towards the superiors - but always in a polite way and is received in the same spirit.

I think it would be well if our Museum exchanged papers with this one.

Afterwards we went to the Instituto Butantan where Dr. Amaral - one a student at Harvard (or Yale) has done so much serological work with snakes. Though the visit was spoiled by the presence of Davison who reached the place before us, though he was not supposed to be there, I had an interesting time, received publications. Like all educational institutions in S. A. that I have seen it is a wonderful place to work in. Compare its country air with the filth and noise of the institutions in Philadelphia for instance!

Amaral offered to supply me with Dick test material and Schick test, as well as any thing else that I might want.

The return trip was like wild interesting - here - devil driving again being the chief interest. Davison went back with us and made himself a general nuisance by taking the best seat and that is insisting on it, and lying on it all the time. Poor Ross! He sat until we got almost to Santos on one of the extra seats (even passengers traveling on the type of box used in S. A.) and finally fell asleep. Several times I was in fear that he would snore in

his face on the back of the front seat.

The days on board ship between Santos and Montevideo were spent in the usual way: playing tennis, looking at the water, drinking and eating.

Finally we arrived at Montevideo on the morning of the 12<sup>th</sup>. Monday. A Mr. Walker from the American Ministry met us and expedited the customs, etc for us. A young small man and very pleasant. Perfiloff, Clarke, Semel and I paid our respects to the charge des Affaires - Mr. Garde - a Norwegian slow pleasant middle aged man. The minister is due to arrive on the 26<sup>th</sup>. Matters were very well taken in hand and we had no difficulties.

The four of us took quarters at the Alhambra Hotel in the center of the city. For the rest of the men we sought quarters on the outskirts of the city since they had to stay with the dogs. At this point a <sup>problem</sup> sore was created by this division. Very poor, filthy quarters were found for the dogs and the men. Semel's peculiar

psychology was mainly responsible for this mistake. Wishing to get the men used to hardship he thought that Monte was as good a place to begin as any. All that this accomplished was to create or rather foster the feeling that the four of us would always show to have the best but that the rest were just "cubers" to be relegated to anything. There is no doubt that an expedition of this sort where every man is as it purely from the interests that it offers cannot afford to create a "class" feeling. It is a mistake and if not realized will undoubtedly result in dissolution of the expedition. Had the party not been composed of "specialists" the problem, of course would have been different. To resume, it was very fortunate that Jack Clarke saw the mistake. The same night he looked for other quarters and the next day all of us moved to the Bristol Hotel on the beach and near the Carrasco Casino. Though the Bristol is a small place, there is no resemblance to the Victoria where the men and the dogs had

been sent. Right on the beach it offers good air and space for exercise. Alongside this is a plot of ground for the dogs. The place is not unlike a country estate for the expedition.

On Tuesday morning there was so much grumbling that I had an intimate talk with Clarke. He seemed to abhor the joints that I raised and begged me to talk to Seimel. The opportunity has not presented itself as yet.

On Monday night, while the others went to look for quarters, Romi and I went out with a man whom I subsequently found out is named Hamman. The sagron with which the two accepted his invitation outside the Victoria brought a sinister smile to his face which unobserved by him I saw. I tried to warn the boys but it brought no result. They were not ~~so~~ happy the next day and refused to talk about the evening.

Wook - Pofiliuff - and I walked on the "Ramble" where all youthful Montevideo promenades.

It seems that that is the place - along the beach - where the girls show themselves to the boys who pick out their future wives.

After stopping at several liquor gardens along the way where we drank beer we approached near the city. One of these gardens had local interest. On a platform five "guachos" and three girls carried on a farcical *de conversatein* and later sang a Uruguayan song. It was very beautifully done to the accompaniment of five guitars. Leaving this place we walked on until we came to a rather fashionable hotel on the veranda of which there was the usual liquor garden, and on this case a space for dining. Next to our table sat two girls who after glancing at us several times rode and left. We left immediately - at the suggestion of "Vas coils" probably, had something in mind. As a matter of fact on their looking back Vas dragged me along and we finally caught up with them. From the very beginning there was no pretense. We got in a taxi and rode about - to Carrasco and upon our refusing

to stop there - begging as an excuse that we were not properly dressed, we went to a little beer garden - and drank some beer. A delightful cool place!

Now if all S. American barlote and prostitutes are well represented by our companions of this evening, they are a very delightful species. Coarseness and lewdness in the form of obscenity are the characteristics which the American usually associates with the poor women whom he seeks for the most intimate of physical intimacies and whom he despises, loathes, spits upon and generally expends his most unreasonable and cruel - really loathsome - spleenic behaviour. Realizing that he is the cause of the class, that it is his own product - but sometimes he does not even comprehend that - he atones by crucifying the Magdalen! Now these two women in their late twenties or early thirties, nicely dressed in deportment were equal to any fashionable chaste lady that may become <sup>one's</sup> wife. In the taxi there was a little talk about love - but it was in poetic terms and richest kind

of philosophy. Both were well read and both talked like intellectuals with poetic inclinations. They made love to us, paid us compliments, as if we had aroused in them the rarest and most intense kind of feelings. In all this they were sexually modest. They only spoke of love and never made an attempt to make it lewd or obscene. This was really remarkable when it is considered that from the very first moment that we spoke to each other, it was tacitly realized how the evening would end.

Well finally we went to the apartment of my companion - after they had asked us repeatedly what we were going to do and I had said to Vov that I was to tarry. I really was not only tired but felt the effects of drinking too much beer during the course of the evening. Of course Vov with his tremendous capacity for liquor felt nothing of that. The taxi was dismissed about a block away, and the greatest precaution - even to the extent of hitching in downtown, was exercised by my companion, to avoid being seen entering the house by the

taxi driver and other men that were about the street. What the purpose was for this I don't know. It may have been done sincerely or it may have been part of the artistic game which they played during the evening.

We entered the house and immediately to business. There was only one bed, and my companion and I were invited to make use of it first. I declined politely, and thus Vov and his lady soon made us hear sighs and sounds reminiscent of suffocation. In the meanwhile I begged illness. As a matter of fact I did feel badly because of lack of sleep and too much beer. In addition there was the fact that the girl in no way appealed to me - perhaps I had been too immersed in the girl left in the States. Having a lesson from a past experience that to pretend to myself an interest in sexual activity when there isn't even the least interest, is in no way a pleasant experience I refused to consummate or in fact go any further with the evening's program. Very unlike Casanova to be sure! My companion was disappointed, but I must give her credit that she made no effort to arouse me out of my apathetic mood.

Only one ~~had~~ she made a half-hearted act, but actually blushed in doing it. In all this she produced the impression on me that she was not very calloused. She gave me some ValCO's which actually made me feel better. Now whether our talk during the evening had aroused in her feelings a "proaching respectability" or rather poetic sensibility and sentimentalism, she respected my unwillingness in a most dignified manner. Not so her friend who actually insulted my "manhood" and attempted to make use of my capitulation.

The end was with this girl asking that I pay my companion anyway since she had to go to B. Lewis the next and had no money to do so. I almost did it - but Vov showed his greater balance by refusing to allow me to do so. We then took his companion home in another part of the city - and again she was the perfect lady.

By this time it was quite late so we made for the hotel - but did not actually get to bed until several hours later. Vov wanted some more liquor - beer - and food, specifically beer and eggs.

The restaurants at that time of the night were of course closed, and the beer shops could not produce this special dish. We entered, finally, a cabaret near the hotel - in one of the back streets.

At the door on guard was that no one who entered carried any weapons was a young policeman who we found out was a Trieste. He let me enter to the cry of *Viva Savoia*, without examining me. He spoke Spanish, Italian, German, Serbian, Russian, some English, French, and how many more we don't know. A bright, sunny fellow seemingly fit to be doing something better than mere policemen.

Although this cabaret is considered as one of the worst in the city, insofar as expression of its immorality was concerned, a Baptist rigorist could have found no fault with it. In the state in a cabaret of this sort there is great vulgarity and of course a great deal of open necking. As a matter of fact, almost any gathering where spirits run high has its obscenity and its open love expressions. But it is in keeping with the Latin culture and temperament that though every girl in the place was a prostitute, receiving a fixed

usage for staying in the place and a percentage on the amount of liquor she consumes though no royalty on the amount that she can make her male companion drink, and sharing the gratuity that her admirer may offer for the use of her body subsequently, with the management, there was not the least attempt at sexual play.

Men and women sat at tables, drank - and judging from what I overheard, talking love. When they danced strive as they would to be dancing they were by far more "obscene" than any University dance or even many a house gathering of well-to-do professional people in Philadelphia. Holding the girl tight seemed to be the farthest extent conceived by any one of showing his lust. Even the solo tango dance performed by a girl did not approach in any way the expressed sexuality expressed in the tango danced by a friend-married - just before I left. In this case the girl was dressed very modestly except that a shawl was wrapped about her

loins and gathered closely below the buttocks. Underneath this she wore a fringed skirt and stockings. Her bust was well covered and held tightly in place. She danced well although she was rather heavy. She did roll her hips but only in an amateur way in comparison to the lascivious way that it is on our stage, dance hall, cabaret, and even in our homes by our own sisters. The average college girl could have done and actually does roll her abdomen and buttocks more lasciviously <sup>and</sup> enticingly. There is the psychology of the Latin! Of course on retiring to the bedroom there is the fullest and most complete surrender to love but I venture to say that it never approaches the high degree of professionalism and abandon to lascivious effort that it does among the Nordic people. It has been my past observation that among them the body is exploited to the fullest capacity and that sex in terms of body and flesh is their obsession. Among the Latins, the art of making love, the idea is equally

prominent resulting in a certain amount of artistic sexual modesty.

I made a reflection at the time of the solo dance which was not directly connected with the performance. It was that women's styles at least in the states seem to be an effort to entice ~~the~~ man by a display and exploitation of a particular physical trait of the woman.

In the past few years we have seen the transition from long skirt and low bodice to short skirt and high bodice and again to long skirt. First the breasts, then the legs, then the stomach and at present buttocks have been thrust out in display. The gathered skirt below the buttocks that was so popular in the fall emphasized the lines and movements of the buttocks and stomach. Just as if we men became so accustomed to one phase of women's attractiveness that we must be enticed by another!

However, all of the people in the place were not merry. There was the presence of the prostitute who is not really attractive and

is the wall flower, yearning and straining to attract men to her, but who is always among the last to be picked and generally by very unattractive men who do not dare and cannot compete with youth and attractiveness and money. Alas the prostitute who is fast becoming old, perhaps was once very attractive, but fat, lack of lustre, lack of youthful desire, makes her almost repulsive, and more than that makes aware to the men that she has been so much used that she no longer can match or even approach youthful voluptuousness. She is and knows that she is just rolls of flesh which has lost the power to become warm or cold tense or lax, and more than that has lost its power of pretending sexual eagerness; that the men know that she can offer only a flabby mass of flesh overlying hard and stiff cold bones. She sits and looks, hungry for food and drink, envious of the younger girls, forgetful that they will some day be like her, making

pathetic efforts to be appealing sexually and failing that to arouse the pity of some man who will at least buy her a drink.

As I was and I sat a table two girls several tables away aroused themselves from their stupor of sexual unattractiveness and moved to the table next to us. One unquestionably had Indian blood in her and was repulsive. Terribly heavy there was no question that her speciality was some sort of sexual pressure or perhaps having had the reputation of being unusually "hot". The other was white but old age - that is sexual old age - was in her, though she was only about thirty. They asked if they could sit at our table. We refused. They asked us if we would buy them a drink. We refused. They asked us if we would give them a cigarette. We refused. We ordered liquor, smoked, talked and watched, two superior, lofty, youthful, strong, and comparatively immensely wealthy, who could order food, liquor, cigarettes, would choose any girl, could ride in taxis, and be

scornful and cruel towards two  
broken down human receptacles of  
human semen, lust, disgust, imbecility  
vulgarity and brutality. They were  
our product and they had  
our repugnance. We in our turn  
forgot that the shame and  
the horror is ours as well as theirs  
for being the creators of misery  
that was never intended in nature.

After a while of looking at us,  
counting every scabbard that we  
made, wanting to take us in  
their horrible world with their  
appealing beseeching weeping eyes  
the Indian was called away.  
Note, we highbrows, that she  
politely excused herself from  
her companion and that she  
in her victory had compassion and  
pity and sympathy for the other  
who sat looking at us, not  
understanding us, who would  
gladly kiss our feet and wipe  
them, a Magdalene, who however  
knew nothing of repentance - a  
repentance which is not Magdalene's  
but of the creator of Magdalene's  
of Man.

We two, the Gods of the earth,  
rose, finally had went to comfortable  
beds, probably feeling greater

Think this  
over!  
Was not the  
repentance  
of Christ?  
the sin of  
man?

mightier and more moral than  
ever for the misery which had  
sat near us.

As I sit by the balcony in one of  
the best hotels in Buenos Aires, having  
just finished a sumptuous dinner,  
surrounded by dinner music that  
comes from below and the hoars  
of faint moving automobiles filled  
with virtuous people out for the  
evening drive, I look across the  
street into a room where the wife  
is busy at her task of preparing  
the table for the evening meal,  
while the husband sits out  
papers, probably working over time  
in order to increase the few pesos  
that he earns as bookkeeper for  
some one. She is no longer young  
and declares that fast by wearing  
low heeled shoes, a loose hanging  
subdued dress and by being  
fat. She hustles about, her payment  
to the man who has fed her for  
many years and at whose  
disposal she has placed her  
body and mind for the same  
length of time. She is conscious  
that though she grows older  
day by day she will be repented  
and feel not why by the man  
at whose side she has slept

but also by his friends in respect to him. That is her reward for her charity, that in responding pulse <sup>not</sup> for pulse beat, heart wave for heart wave, to the man that is her husband. That is her reward and lot for man's excusing her from his brutality, for his refusal to use her body as a common receptacle.

I think of a girl who mounted a bus in which I was riding in the Middle West. She sat beside me, glowing, happy, young, vigorous, a pair of riding boots in hand. She told me of her home, of her glorious home, of her father who would not be turned into a slandy and we spoke of our mutual friends. It was an accidental meeting and until then we had not been aware of each other's existence. We found respect for each other. That is her lot, to be respected, because man refuses to make of her another Magdalene. Does she have choice? No, she is only man's product. Man has not made a common slave as man

of rigorous flesh, with the same spirit that I showed in conversing with her, showing respect and acceptance as an equal, who will marry, be respected and remain a human being.

I think of other girls, who see no slaves but choosers, who receive homage rather than scorn and who will never know or feel the lewd approaches of men, who will never have to beg for a drink or a cigarette. Man has excused them from that lot.

I think of others who will know many men but who are the mistresses not slaves. They too are respected and sought. Their lot is supreme. The world is theirs - just because man has excused them from servitude to him!

The next few days at Monte were  
 (Write home and to Dot)  
 (sent clippings) passed rather quietly - especially  
 by me since there is very little  
 which could occupy my time. The  
 spirits of the group have materially  
 improved.

On Wednesday the whole group were  
 the guests of the American Association  
 of Montevideo. I sat beside the  
 consul-general, Mr. Pike, who did  
 not especially interest me. Clarke  
 I, Hewell, Siemel and Perfiliuff  
 made speeches which were formally  
 well received. I am afraid that no  
 one proved himself especially gifted  
 as a speaker.

The same evening the "four"  
 had a fine dinner with Mr.  
 Childs at his home. It was a fine  
 dinner and there was excellent  
 liquor. Later a number of men  
 came in and the evening was spent in  
 talk. Nothing of especial note.

Thursday night, the 16<sup>th</sup>, Perfiliuff  
 Siemel and I, took the night boat  
 for <sup>S. Aires</sup> Monte - first class. Though  
 the ship was a small one it was elaborately  
 decorated. There was a great deal  
 of excitement on the dock and on the  
 boat at the departure in spite of  
 the fact that most of the passengers  
 were going only for the weekend. This  
 is Latin.

In the morning we were introduced  
 to Buenos Aires. It is a large busy  
 city, having less claim to individuality  
 than any of the other cities visited  
 in S. America. We stayed - are  
 staying at the Cecil Hotel, on the  
 Avenida de Mayo which is 23 km.  
 long and which is really a beautiful  
 street.

At the consulate I found a  
 letter from G. Sergi.

At the Embassy we were well  
 received. W. Woolston, a young man,  
 1929-30, graduate of the Wharton  
 school, who is interested in conithology  
 like Barque, is bright, and was  
 with Perfiliuff in his trip to Herskell  
 Island, and who had met us at the  
 boat helped me make arrangements  
 to visit the museum. We did not  
 meet the ambassador then.

Following this call, we went to

the offices of *La Razon*, a large newspaper, second only to *La Prensa* the morning large paper. The paper is really surprisingly large, having 1200 foreign correspondents. Incidentally its reporter in Rio had met us and sent in his story. Signor Azeiji, whose father was an Italian, and who is one of the editors, had us photographed and showed us thru the building.

Worster went with me to the Museo Historial, where the general secretary Dr. Belaunde took charge of me. We were photographed while in the museum and the picture was published in a later edition of the *La Razon*. The museum is very interesting and worth a visit seeing.

Dr. Belaunde who had already telephoned and made appointments for me at the other museums then took me over to the Museo Nacional de Historia Natural. Dr. Prado, the director, was very kind and showed me the collections which are really in an awful state because of lack of space. However a new building is being put up for which Dr. Prado

is largely responsible. Then I was introduced to Drs Imbelloni and Peraricini.

A rather interesting but one-sided conversation ensued. Imbelloni who is an Italian from Southern Italy reminded me very much of Garza in language in Philadelphia. In stature even shorter than me, he shows his power in the manner of his forceful nervous speech. It seemed to me - judging him only on the impression produced at the time since he was unknown to me as an anthropologist - that he possesses all the intellectual virtues and virtues which make the educated Italian so individually outstanding in keen intelligence and as a creator of thought systems, but at the same time, there are laid on very little background. In fact in our conversation he criticized the "American" school for the descriptive method that it uses. According to him it is necessary to have the "idea" before the material is touched; that is one must understand the workings of the human mind before he can analyze the material. This certainly is not very scientific idea. However, he was very kind; gave me

a copy of *Las La Esfinge* papers  
and reprints of articles that he  
has published. I must make  
myself acquainted with his work.  
Paravicini is a quiet young  
fellow who has done some  
work in the Chaco.

Subsequently to this visit I  
was conducted to the Ethnographic  
Museum of the University of  
Buenos Aires. Dr. Gutes  
the director proved to be a  
talkative rumbling fellow - yet  
I found that he had a good scientific  
reputation.

The evening - after talking with  
reputes - was spent with Holston  
and a friend - Fox - asking for  
the consulate, who apparently has  
a great deal of money. It was of  
course a drinking bout with  
Prof. Liff playing the drunken  
role. I had never expected to  
see him drunk - but it happened.  
After drinking at Holston's apartment  
we drove to a place called  
"El Barrio" with a very handsome  
immense grand in the  
direction called "Patrimonio".  
The fine architecture of these first  
and girls first and drink, are  
the attractions. The girls well-

dressed "ladies", are paid five dollars  
a night to stay at the tables to entertain  
any of the men. Should the man want to  
take me out he pays extra, etc.

Saturday was spent at the museum  
and with some Russian friends of Prof. Liff.  
Only one - a professor of mathematics, was  
at all interesting.

The nights in Buenos Aires passed  
extremely uncomfortable.

On Monday I visited the La Plata  
Museum. Dr. Torres the director  
was at his ranch - but Dr. Obren  
chief of the Paleontological section  
took me through the museum. The  
collections of fossils are excellent -  
better than any I have ever seen  
at any other museum. The other  
collections were not so good.

In the evening I visited Prof. Vignati  
who is head of the Anthropological  
division. He gave me some reprints.  
Anthropology, botany, etc. is  
taught at the Museum. No one  
takes old Arveghis seriously.

On my return to Montevideo  
I found Crosby and his wife. He  
is a very likable and a hard worker.  
His wife is dark, and pretty. Leave  
me rather cold. Why?

I forgot to mention that on the Saturday spent in Buenos Aires we had dinner at the American Ambassador's - Bliss. I didn't have much to say to him - but had some talk with Mrs. Bliss - who has interests in Archaeology, ethnology etc. She is attempting to write a book on Scandinavian backgrounds, the manuscript of which she gave me to read. It is bad. She denies the right of man to use animals, etc. Thin, affable. Wonderful choice library.

Jan. 25 The time has passed on rather monotonously. Dinners and dance at the American - English Golf Club - Chinit Golf Club - but not in any way better conditions. For some it was a good chance to get drunk, free, and they did. I had a most miserable time of it, not having anyone to talk to who could talk sense. Always the same questions, the same ballyhoo. I had sworn off any more social contacts. Crosby and his wife have joined us. Both seem to be good sports and willing to be helpful. Dawson has certainly not appealed to them. At the hotel there is staying a man with his daughter - Vukle' by

name. He is French and seems to be a pleasant fellow. The daughter seems to be getting over from sleeping sickness. She is still partially paralyzed. Although I have not had the opportunity of conversing with her length a few characteristics have shown up. She is anxious to collect souvenirs and to give them. Newell and Perrelliff have made drawings for her - and upon my mentioning that I had some French book she presented me with a novel - "Famille", by H. Bourdeau, an author that I do not know.

Jan. 31

On board the "Paraguay"! (F. Loyt-Brazilier)  
Two days ago I received the first mail from the states - a letter from the family and one from Dorothy. The first contained only ordinary news but the letter was very exceptional. It is the first time since I have known Dorothy that she had spontaneously confessed a great burning love for me. Poor girl! Judging from her letter she must have felt my departure greatly! Happily I have no serious doubts but that I respond to her love.

Thursday night Voss dragged Clarke Seemel and me from bed to present us to the newly arrived American Minister, Butler Whiff at Carrado. I met

his wife and other members of his party I had a good conversation with a Dr. Woods and his wife. The former, engaged in some financial survey of various countries, can easily be remembered by the curious color of his iris - a thin intensely blue band surrounded by lighter blue.

Well, at least we are on the boat which is to take us to Comandi. It is the "Paraguay", 210 ft. long, and makes 12 miles an hour.

Nothing of interest has happened - except that for a while it seemed that one of my trunks was lost.

The day we sailed got on board, I drank a liter of wine which probably made me drunk. At any rate I walked about Montevideo rather unsteady.

February. We are still in the delta of the Parana. Low islands covered with green grassy vegetation on both sides. The water is still very muddy.

Last there was a beautiful sun set and then a beautiful moonlit evening. I spent part of the evening with some sailors, forward, playing guitars with spoons and tambourine accompaniments.

Letters. I did not mind in the least Nordenskiöld the fact that one is black and Krause other a mulatto.

Speck By chance, I sat at the same table as Does Dawson. So far Mrs. Bliss there has been no attempt to speak to each other. I wonder what will happen?

They Crosby who has joined us is very likable, intelligent and a gentleman.

Aboard the boat there is a Salasain father with a number of neophytes most of whom show traces of Indian blood. I had a talk with him last evening. He has offered to give some real relics of San Boses and to teach me Portuguese. Name - Father Pery Acosta. Director of Salasain college at Concepcion. Showed me pictures - etc.

February 4. Nothing eventful has brightened the trip so far. The evenings have been fine  
quinine the mornings beautiful, the days  
15 grains very hot.

We have done some shooting. On Monday I shot a rifle for the first time - and I did exceedingly well as the target. Have boxed out found that I could do it well with

practice. Lot of exercise. Feeling well.

To-day we passed the Monte-Carlo of Argentina - a beautiful casino below Corrientes, to which rich Argentines went to gamble, to drink and to whore. Result many suicides. The government has closed it - it is haunted.

Corrientes is quite a large town, quaint and interesting.

We finally entered the Paraguay. Lot of drift wood, mosquitos, crocodiles. River narrower than Paraná.

Passed the Argentinian Lepus colony - an island in the middle of the Paraná. We were not able to make out the people as well as to tell anything about their condition. One large building, and a number of small huts were all that was visible. The next island contained guards - armed.

Chonga! The only bright thing in Montevideo. What a delightful child! How reminiscent of the young snowbird girls described in the literature. Small, fine, delicate, graceful, graceful, and what brightness in her face!

It has been decided by the expedition to take along Mrs. Crosby. A little injudicious, I believe, at this time, to decide to take a woman along. It will destroy the unity of camp life without any substitution.

The errors that have been made on this trip! Definitely everything must be definitely established before anything is started on its way. The athletic trade - of definitely having a board of directors, etc. is all wrong.

Things should be done more inconspicuously.

February 5

Letters

D. Cross

Family

guine

5 guine

Sept under

net. one

sub.

To-day was spent in writing letters to Dorothy and the family. Strange how little one does during the day, though one keeps at it steadily as I did to-day. The only exciting thing to happen was the drinking of glass of wine which Father Perez gave me. What flavor! what mellowness! what softness! He said he is going to give me a letter of introduction to the Salisian college - so that I will be given this wine to drink.

It has been discovered that some perfume has leaked out of the cargo - should one drop a spark in the whole -! However it is not very alarming.

I have just seen the hills before Asuncion. They are called Los Valentis.

The talk at the table has become insupportable. Dawson's incessant blowing and his filth have become tiresome. I hope I will have a chance to change.

February 6

Temp. in shade 94.1 F. After anchoring below Asuncion for the night, we finally anchored at that city and went ashore.

Comfortable 3:38 P.M. The Chilean minister to Paraguay, Gonzalo Month, met us with his launch - a long narrow, swift boat. At the Duana we were photographed by the local gaffer. Then we departed.

Sam Hooper, Art and I formed one group. After walking about a bit we went to inside church. The altars were very colorful and harmoniously so. It reminded me very much of San Nicola, in Padua, although there are no frescoes in this one. Art took a picture of one of the altars. Our next adventure was at the market. Terribly crowded, feet on the ground, limped and lame-legged women vendors, not much soliciting - general market.

We went to one of the Salesian <sup>high</sup> Collegia in search of Father Perez - and good wine. We found not the Father and

consequently we did not get the wine. Soda and mango fruit was substituted. One of the Fathers I discovered knows Don Cairns - my old teacher in Sicily, and Don Pugliese. Remarkable! The College is rather poor and dilapidated, but apparently it is doing good work.

The city of Asuncion is definitely poor, even though it is the capital of Paraguay. We did not see one building that held any pretense to newness or to being in good condition. Everything has the appearance of being worn, laked, and dilapidated. Even the people, especially the women present the same front.

It had its individualism in a way. Women carrying loads on their heads - mostly Guaraní - women in dopesy, walking wares, etc, barefootedness, and white-washed, black and red painted women, wearing large black hats and black dresses - the uniform of the prostitute in the S. A. cities that we have visited so far.

We heard that all the women of Asuncion are syphilitic. The better estimate seems to be about 70%.

We met an old woman whose picture we took. She was a southern Italian!

Returning on board we spent the time watching the visitors to the ship - women, of Guaraní mixture. The most interesting was a girl of 16, who I was told, has a child of 2. She came aboard with her mother and aunt, who had with them fruit, cigars, a monkey and bird for sale, as well as themselves. The first sight I had of the girl was when I looked over the side. She was seated in the boat, rowed by a legless young man, busily working her teeth with her fingers. Later she climbed aboard, to join her mother, who had already gone to the captain and other sailors. The girl later went to the captain also. She was small and childlike - and had syphilitic scars. A man - who is on board now, tried to get her to go with him to Corumbá, but she refused. Later he discussed terms with her mother, but nothing came of it. He is terribly scarred from syphilis. Later several other languid creatures came on board.

Two things of interest - abundance of any species - barelegged and whorlers, and the leather

small mules that they carried in which they put the money that they received.

We have three additions to the party - the Chilean minister to Paraguay - Gonzalo Menth, his body servant, and a Russian who is going in the capacity of all around man. They seem to be alright.

I got so tired of Dawson's nonsense that I have changed my table.

Took photographs  
Pack (1), 1, 2,  
3, 4, 5, 6.

We have been passing through the Chaco proper.

The right side of the river seems to be of different geological formation from the other side. The bank is steep, the vegetation is varied. The left side - the Paraguayan Chaco is low, flat, no hills, covered with "Palmi branchi" - sparse. Water difficult to be found, salty, semi arid. Grazing on both sides.

We saw some huts on the left bank of the Paraguay - Indian - Suckin. I was told that they burn their fields and move to a new place everytime one of the groups dies. They also burn the fields as a method of fertilization. The Paraguayan Consul on board

supplied the following information -  
 "The Sulim are the only Indians of the Chaco who are not nomads. They keep cattle and sheep and practice a little cultivation of the soil. Some authorities - like Bertoni, believe that they are related to the Maysas of Mexico & Guatemala. The language is similar to the Japanese and their features are almost Mongolian. There are only a few of them left between Pedrobel and Concepcion on the river Paraguay."

Sunday - 8

The Chilean Minister who is now a member of our party, asked the captain - Antonio Dias - to stop at Puerto Pinaro, so that we could see the real

(International  
 Products Co.  
 N. Y.)

Tannin plant. The captain obliged. The place proved to be a Hell's hole with barefooted, barelegged, worn-out men stripped to the waist, haggardly raking away in the terrible dust. They were Paraguayans. I didn't see much of the plant. But went over to a field where a few Indians, who are used to round up cattle which is used by the workmen, live in wattle huts.

(The workmen receive about 60 cents a day for 12 hrs of work).

The structures consisted simply of a roof. One of the women was stripped to the waist, but put on a

dress upon our approach. Eyes very mongoloid. No sign of any Indian industry. Took pictures. Very timid and had to be paid before they allowed us to photograph them. Pottery of original Indian type but now made by a woman near Asuncion. These

Indians were Angaité. Met photographs also a few Lengua and Chomoro.

Contract to work is made with the cacique who supplies the labor.

We found Puerto Casado, - the largest ranch in the world. It is on this ranch that the Menomites have settled. Scimel, who has been among them in disguise, says that they are held almost in bondage by the owner of the ranch who is a smooth rascal, stopping at nothing if there is any gain to him. On the other hand, Mott, says that they are well off.

We stopped at Puerto Mortinks - a small, dilapidated town that we saw better days - during the Great War. - Packing meat.

Carts - five, six, seven - strung open to draw them. Long bamboo to push them. Pictures of washerwomen, etc. - local color.

The banks of the river show a different geological formation. On the right we passed hills - some serra or other - plus to graphs. On the left - the Paraguayan Chaco - flat and distant.

Feb 10

Last night we lay at Puerto Barrancos Blancos. Scimed has hunted jaguars nearby.

Terrible night - mosquitoes, gnats, heat, rain. Impossible to rest.

Nothing of much interest.

Catfish pulled in as fast as they were wanted - enormous fellows. Alligators on bank - over a dozen of them. Flashed flashlight on them - eyes glistened.

An unusual thing happened the other night. An enormous gnat jumped on deck while we were running. It was killed. Weighed about 15 lbs.

Finally left - and are now anchored somewhere in the river. We have had the first real tropical downpour.

Feb 11. The landscape this morning has not changed. Vast flatness, and the Bolivian side has become treeless. Just a vast green expanse.

We have just crossed the Bolivian frontier and are now in Brazil - to stay. We are approaching some hills which jut out of the flatness like ant hills. They are almost conical in shape - looked at from a distance.

Slept very well last night in the cabin. The rain has cooled the air and it has been breezy. It is still raining intermittently.

The other evening Scimed and I were sitting in the dining room reading. Dameron came in and made some scathing remarks about some members of the expedition - doubtlessly referring to me. After waiting a few minutes to get myself under control I asked him if he meant me. He answered in the negative.

Later in the evening Perfieloff amused about certain things and perhaps having had a few too many drinks, took him to task about everything. I was forward and after awhile they came out there. Perfieloff insisted that I stay. They argued it out finally. Perfieloff threatened to send him home. After that he insisted that Dameron and I shake hands etc. We did so. Dameron attempted to excuse

his attitude. Bad. He has been very decent ever since - but there is too much personality built up over many years to allow for any reforms. Though there is no cancer in me, and I really sympathize with him because after all he is a well informed and capable fellow, I wish he would be sent back. It would be best for him and us.

As I predicted to Dot before I left, I am gradually mastering the germell - though Perf's eye keeps him away - and Simel's tremendous capability can give only respect. I have gained that, both physically and morally.

The captain obligingly stopped the boat at Fort Coimbra - Brazilian. Photographs. Just above he stopped again so that we could go out on cave about a mile away.

After a tramp through marsh land - two of the hired men - wearing no shoes we reached the mouth. Photographs. Making our way slowly - down a narrow cleft - at times a misstep would have meant crashing down to unison bottom - we reached the main hall. Simel has explored it somewhat. Stalagmites and stalactites interesting. Refreshing pool in which we swam in underwear. Mrs. Crosby

was a good sport. Photographs. Looking out it was quite beautiful. The light was filtered through a network of vines, etc. at the mouth. The tramp was more disagreeable - mosquitoes, etc.

This is the first tramp through the jungle.

Feb. 12 In the morning we docked at Puerto Esperanza - the western terminal of the railroad line that connects this part of the country with São Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. Disappointing. There really isn't any town! Only the terminals.

One of the huts was built on piles. Colored people. Several captive snakes. Photographs. Dugouts. photographs.

Most of the day was spent aboard the boat. Newell and several others fished. Eldorado, piratanta, and peixe caçador. A line and hook with bread as bait was all that was needed. In the dogfish Newell used a hook quite successfully. These latter were slender flat, silver 2 ft. fish. The others are fatter, beautifully colored (gold) about 2 ft 7 or 8 inches. Everytime a fish was hooked everyone cheered, etc. Nothing else to do.

In the late afternoon a fellow - American - came on board. Talked to Simel, trying

to sell us horses and offering the services of ten men. Simiel refused. Didn't like it.

This fellow - Bob Stewart - seems to be a local bad man. According to his story he was a bad man in the West, came to this country thirty years ago, and has built up quite a reputation. Captain Dies told me that he has 34 men to his credit. He is a huge six footer, with a pot belly. Age - in his forties. He is a crook. Bragged about his badness, etc.

Simiel says that he is quite a nice fellow when not drunk - spending freely, etc. Gets drunk when he wants to do business - becomes a bully. Simiel was so amused he looked himself in his cabin. Can't afford to have any trouble.

Dor and Green palled around with him, feeling his muscles, bullet wounds, etc. Dor has great admiration for him - claiming that he learned a lot, etc. In some ways he is so terribly young! Jack gave him hell next morning. For a while it seemed as if he were going with us to Combra, but he left the boat finally. Dor thought he would be a great fellow to have along!

Simiel, Mouth, and I swam while anchored at Porto Esperanza. The current was very swift. Mouth missed grasping the ladder and floated away rapidly. Rope thrown to him and he was pulled aboard. In spite of Picocha Simiel and I swam about, and later Clarke joined in.

Feb. 13  
Friday. Incidentally, Aliph Crosby, has already indicated that she may be a source of trouble. Bob Stewart "cast his eye on her approvingly. Romi exploded about her strutting around in her bathing suit - especially her undressing and dressing in the cave, going in swimming! Will.

Have been watching a beautiful sunset. In the morning it was rainy, but later it cleared up. I had my first view of tropical skies after a period of rain. The clouds were hanging low on the horizon, forming a circle about us. As the sun went down the gaps between the clouds let through silvery and yellow light. Remarkable beauty. To the whole the hills before Combra rose in an undulating wall.

9 P.M. Have just anchored before Combra. A high bluff - and lights. Thirteen days since we left Montevideo.

A walk with Arthur and Lorne in the town revealed something of interest. The carnival is only a few days away - but

the preparatory festivities were. We heard singing - girls voices - no harmony. to the accompaniment of drums and tambores. Peculiar rhythm - mixture of Indian, Negro and white. Later we saw a procession - only men. They danced to their own singing and dancing accompaniment. Odd and picturesque.

Saturday 14. The day was spent buying a few odd things - including a guitar. In the evening a walk through town and finally to a dance given by the "Women's Club".  
 Most interesting. The upper classes have very beautiful girls. Some dressed in very lovely costumes. Others in very lovely dresses not very much different from New York. The saxophone was present. Danced with one of the girls.

Sunday 15 This was the first day of the carnival. Photographs Had dinner with Dr. de Barros Moreira - an agreeable young man, and lieutenant of the Carnival (Madrigal) medic (navy) - Saromago. Later took pictures of the beginning of the carnival festivities. Crosby took pictures.  
 The most interesting phase of the carnival was the street celebrations. More picturesque. One character - the Priest - dressed completely in brown. Others dressed in Indian fashion (feathers etc.)

Carnival songs typical. Dancing typical.

In the evening went to a beer garden. Everyone was there. Dr. de Barros Moreira came to find me. Went to a dance - not so interesting. Objected to Aliph Crosby's going - not dressed properly. (no stockings, no brassiere, etc.)

Another liquor excursion for Sam, Voss, and this time, Art.

Monday 16 - Nothing. Waiting to go. Can't clear the customs. Morgan in Rio has done nothing. Good day. Heat not oppressive. Good night. Mosquitoes not so bad. Informed that there are no malarial parasites here since it is the Pantanos - high water land -

17 Nothing.

18 Nothing - Customs O. K.

19. Had long talk with Jack. Spoke of the distance bet. Descacondas and the places where the Indians are to be found. He agreed with me that I ought to get busy right away. We decided that I should take the next plane for Cayaba to see Indian Commissioners, etc. and make plans. Heavy criticism

of himself and Perfiliuff. Most of the conversation held at table out side of Hotel Galileo bar.

Group gave dinner to Capt. Dias of Paraguay and gave presents.

Jack working hard. good business meeting. Perfiliuff doing nothing.

Serge - - a Russian cavalry officer picked up in Asuncion knows something about collecting zoologically and botanically. Brought numerous supplies.

Friday 20 The group finally got off at 8 P.M. One tug, two barges in sides and one behind with gasoline. Terribly cramped.

Both Scovel & Perfiliuff could not raise any objection to my going to Cruzaba - though evidently they begrudged me the trip - Every all around - especially Doc.

Peel - an American in search of oil palms and his companion went with the group. Peel - married lives in Bellevue Pa near Pittsburgh.

February 25. My attempts to keep a diary have not been consistent. Let us review the activities since last Thursday.

Left alone - with Montt who has gone back to Asuncion to-day - life has consisted of a little reading, a little writing and much eating. Even enough the evening walks with Villike - marred by the presence of Montt with his poor understanding - have been invigorating.

I received two letters from Dorothy but none from home. At last Dorothy has learned to speak her love without that terrible amount of reserve that she has practiced. It is much better and much more satisfying. She mentioned that she is going to Benson in August. I wonder how long it will be before I will see her?

It is two months since I left N. Y. - and I have accomplished nothing to date. The expedition has been badly planned.

To walk 1,000 miles to finally stop 300 miles from where we should be - among the Indians! Jack is the only one who has kept his feet on the ground the other - especially Perf - hot air, bragadois, liquor and self-esteem.

My plan at present is to make my way to the country of the Parais and Nhamigueros.

A telegram came for Montt saying that there is a rumor current that

we have been made prisoners by the  
 Bolivian army. Later day the  
 local paper published an article  
 claiming that we are here to search  
 oil and not mine - that may be  
 with them is a subterfuge. So much  
 is the result of Prof. Ballyhoon!  
 Simel's expectations of great receipts  
 for the American Scientific Expedition  
 perfect blank. Not even a stir in  
 the town except to arouse suspicion  
 and antagonism. So much again  
 for high self-esteem and aggrandizement.  
 It is a current joke that we are  
 stopping at Deserwaldos. Why it would  
 be like starting for the Canadian  
 wilds and stopping at Maminaki, or  
 starting for the center of Africa  
 and stopping at Timbuctoo!

Coumba last Sunday mildly  
 celebrated another carnival day. I  
 understand that this is unique.

Outside of the color - personal  
 and architectural, Coumba is  
 an enigma. A commercial center  
 to which all the rancheros about  
 come to buy and sell, there is no  
 high life of any sort. Automobile  
 travel is common. The huts are  
 painted pink, blue, yellow, white  
 harmonizing beautifully with  
 the colors of the palm and the

spies. It is the only redeeming  
 feature of Coumba - the sunsets.  
 Silver and dark green on the  
 Pantanal, blue, purple, light  
 tinge of yellow on the houses, pavements,  
 palms, and swaths, purple,  
 blue, scarlet and other brilliant  
 changing colors on the spies. At night  
 a subtle moon flitting from  
 cloud to cloud!

The usual meat courses - people  
 terribly dressed up for the church.  
 I must be causing a sensation by  
 going around without a coat!

People varying in color from  
 black to blonde. Many Germans,  
 Russians, Armenians, Turks,  
 few Italians.

Over cast skies: daily afternoon  
 showers - cool winds alternating  
 with hot spells. Mosquitoes  
 Walk on the pavement overlooking  
 the river. Young cadets, young  
 girls - flashing glances. Boldly  
 do as you please.

A young governor - energetic  
 progressive. Low midlands,  
 richly productive.

Chilean minister sick for a  
 woman which apparently Coumba  
 would not give him. Approving  
 and richly looks at wine parties

girls.

Days spent in a cave room -  
dirty white walls, no carpet, no  
running water, dirty white bed with  
dirty mosquito netting arching.  
Four partitions, moving family in the  
next "quarter" hearing every  
thing from love scenes, something  
of naked bodies, to every other  
kinds of function.

Beaufort young man - part  
Indian, tending the room -  
changes the water and smooths  
the bed.

An interesting heavy sad clerk  
speaking correct but not fluent  
English who probably has seen  
better days. Walking in room without  
working.

Increasing of prices on sight.  
Doubts as to how I can get to  
Descarvaldos.

Bad beer - sweet guarana.  
Dirty, unkept beach combers.  
Begging and weeping while doing  
it.

Loud talking, flourishes, and!  
Bad water pump, no water.  
Bad electric system.

Beautiful small garden to  
which the youth goes to sport.

February 26 Yesterday, after writing a long letter to Dot,  
Thursday. home and sent a few postal cards - and  
posted everything, I received two letters -  
one from Dot still in the same tone of love  
and yearning - and the other from Dot still  
announcing her marriage to a He Hee on  
the 21 of this month.

I have often wondered about Dot  
Steel's relation to me. Certainly I am very  
fond of her - and I think that I possess  
some place in her existence - but how  
much? Had there been more of me  
on my part, what may not have been  
the result? I must write to her!

In the evening I dined - my dinner, with  
the governor of Corumbá - (Corveia)? <sup>Dr. Saramago</sup>  
and de Barros Moreira. Rather dull for  
the most part - but I have made  
a lasting friend in Saramago - knows  
Tastes by the way - and is expecting at  
my moment to receive word to go to Rio.

At parting from Saramago we shook  
hands and I had, further, the very  
disagreeable experience for me of  
being embraced by a man and his  
laying his cheek to mine in real  
affection! The feeling of repulsion  
and revulsion lasted for some time -  
Although I like Saramago very much.

I Corumbá I have made friends  
with those people - besides some acquaintances  
Dr. Maria Saramago, lieutenant of navy.

a very promising young surgeon; quiet, diffident, honest, intelligent, modest, and knowing.

Dr. Aristophanes de Barros Moreira - somewhat of a jock, willing to help, perhaps not so good.

Paraguayan consul and member of parliament - Velilla - keen intelligent of many interests, etc.

Dorothy's letter mentioned that she had finally received word from me - from Montevideo, probably. - Feb. 2.

This morning I was awakened by a terrific storm. I thought that the plane would not go off in the morning so I promptly went back to sleep - only to be rudely awakened by the boy who informed me that the plane, the pilot and the passengers awaited me without. I rushed - but it was not necessary after all. It seems that someone in Cuyaba is dying and needs ice - but someone in Curitiba had forgotten to deliver the ice to the plane - so a prolonged wait.

Finally we took off at 7:15. Only one other passenger besides myself. It was too rainy a day to really appreciate the panorama. However, I have never seen so much water over what is supposed to be high land. The pantanal was one huge lake dotted with a network

of land threads or perhaps the other way around. At first there were very few trees - mostly grassland, but half way to Cuyaba the land - what was visible was covered with forests. An interesting feature was the terribly ascending streams! No wonder it takes over 8 days to reach Cuyaba from Curitiba, whereas it takes a plane only three hours!

Three quarters of an hour after we left we stopped at Porto Joffre - a ranch house - to get gas and coffee. In this sort swamp land there are people living - even in sumptuous homes - although the real owners probably spend most of their time in Rio.

We flew mostly at an altitude of 1300 meters and speed of 75 miles per. (?) The pilot - 34 - German was an against French. (P - Baja - Condor line, \$90 with wraps, all metal.)

Cuyaba appears to be somewhat more interesting. We will see.

At the casa Allemagna, I received help to find Dr. Schmidt. Hotel - very poor. Given a bed in a worst room to share with somebody that I haven't seen or met. However I haven't slept in it yet.

Met a certain Dr. Jeffrie, Dentist of English descent, educated in England. Very old fellow, thin, very hospitable. Showed me to his office and offered his services in everything, as well as the use of his house.

After a very bad dinner at the hotel - more of that later, I went to see Prof. Max Schmidt who lives near Cuyabá - terrible automobile ride. I am there now, writing at 10 P.M. by the light of an oil lamp, to the accompaniment of the faint noise makers and the baby wail of numerous Frogs. In the States they croak - here they wail like six months old babies - in choruses with silent stops in between the wails. There is a little harmony too. It is the most monotonous and silly thing I ever heard - a hundred babies wailing at once.

It is still raining, very moist and suffocatingly comfortable. Prof. Schmidt is utilizing another corner of the table - out on the Veranda. I am very tired and have slight pains in my intestines - all day - slight nausea, no appetite - Appendicitis? I would rather lie down, think, dream, and sleep, rather than do anything

else - but the Prof. is writing letters and I wish him am pushing a pen.

Some other species of frogs have joined the mob - especially a rasping, low pitched bell of a racket.

I found the Prof. - on leave of absence from Berlin in a one story, well built hacienda placed in the midst of the best private garden I have seen in Matto Grosso. The ground has been cleared with the exception of fruit and shade trees and he has cleared walks. It is on the Cuyabá river.

I found him a tall, spare, pleasant old man, with long wavy mustache - (I guessed his age at 56 and he says that I am right - although I really think that is older tobacco stained teeth, dressed in only dirty white suit. In honor of my visit, and I suppose in order to match my clothes, he shaved and re-dressed, with false front and dirty high collar.

We have been conversing rather fluently in Portuguese - I of course mostly in Italian. He has been very pleasant. I invited myself to stay overnight.

He seems to take delight in taming animals. I have been delighted to

see a tame deer playing about, eating  
from his hand, etc. So grateful -  
I hope I will be able to tame one.  
His horse follows him about like a  
dog; birds eat from his hand, a  
chick sleeps near his hammock  
every night, and porcupines come  
over to rub themselves against his  
legs every night.

Very few mosquitoes! No screening  
thus showing what can be done with  
Brazilian houses - only a little clearing  
of weeds - and away go the mosquitoes.

I gathered, that he is on leave of  
absence from Berlin for two years; that  
he asked Rondon to help him go down the  
Xingu - that <sup>the</sup> promise to help later, was  
not only withdrawn but permission not  
even given. That since he thought  
that he was going to stay in M-G for  
2 years, he bought and rebuilt the  
hacienda. Now he is tired - after a year  
of it - of this solitary non-productive  
existence and has decided to go to Assunio.  
Why Assunio!

February 21 I was tormented last night to continue.  
After a period of yawning and horrible  
sleepiness while the old fellow giggled  
and gibbered about this and that. I told  
him frankly that I wanted to retire. He  
gave me a hammock and I slept.

There is no doubt <sup>but</sup> that Schmidt  
knows Mato-Grosso, if not anthropologically,  
at least geographically. He has spent  
the equivalent of five years - over a  
period of thirty - in travel. His first  
trip was down the Xingu. He has been  
to the Nhamitiquaras, the Pareis,  
Kayalis, Bakairi, etc., etc.

From his talk I gathered -

That the best trip for me - the first  
would be down the Acaguaya - since  
it would present the best amount  
of travel difficulties (by launch) and  
I could orientate myself to the country,  
etc.

That the Bororo have been fairly  
well studied and thus I would be  
merely duplicating, and that they  
are almost civilized anyway.

That the Bakairi are anxious to  
appear civilized - not a good hunting  
ground.

That the Kayalis might promise  
something.

The Nhamitiquaras too dangerous  
but valuable.

Pareis O.K. but I ought to do  
more than that.

That journey beyond Juazeira is  
difficult - but interesting.

That the Xingu is O.K. but difficult  
because of water falls. Better by

caravan.

That Porto Triunfos has archeology, ought to visit it.

That in all these visits unless there is the cooperation of the Indian Inspectorate it will be difficult to obtain the necessary help along the way.

That those ways of travel - automobile, canoe and caravan must be utilized.

That it is better to travel in a small party.

That food must be taken along otherwise starvation is inevitable since the country does not produce enough.

That Fauret was very ill - equipped - general opinion around here - and that he succumbed to malaria and starvation.

That Dyer or Dyett who went to look for him suffered from romantic hysteria. (The German consul, at whose house he spent a month corroborated this. He said that at one time he realized that he was in great danger from the Indians. A relief expedition was sent out but never caught up with him, and that when the man that he employed in Cruzata, who accompanied him, returned they said that there never was any such danger.)

Fauret

Presents to the Indians should consist of matches, beads, knives, axes. Never pay for any information unless it is the last resort.

That the Paronis are s.v. to visit but expensive since they have been spoiled by the Powell expedition - they always ask that a bull be killed and a feast held.

That such an expedition as ours should not stop at the Borros, but certainly should do something new.

That Cruzata must be the starting point for any of these plans.

Feb. 28

(Cont.) I did not quite understand why he has not been able to do anthropological work during the past year - but Herr Carl Dyer tells me (Austrian consul) that he went down to the Habicia who did not permit him to approach the village, and that he came back sick with malaria almost dying.

At any rate, between secret communications which I did not understand - about his servant - I managed to get some information from him. Later he brought out Vermouth, etc. A funny thing happened when I asked about a going. He took me to the stamping ground, and even got

paper for me.

Though the bank of the river rises about 2 meters now in five days ago the water rose so that it almost reached the house - and carried part of the bank away.

Finally I was given a hammock and went to sleep in it - very comfortably.

In the morning I was awakened by merry birds. Very pleasant.

A breakfast of coffee and bread and then a painful wait for the taxi.

Note - the roof of the house built of roman tiles, laid on bamboo sticks rather wide apart.

The Prof. came to Cuzco with me leaving sent his horse ahead so that he could go back.

I visited immediately the Inspeccion de los Indios - my fellow *hijos de la madre* acting as intermediaries. Found a telegram, at the hotel, from Pando that Telegrafista - would give all the information that I needed.

The Inspeccion placed at my disposal their documents.

In the late afternoon I visited the Telegrafista - at his home. He is the father of one of the important men at the Inspeccion.

A very little man - who has been with Pando since the very early days.

He gave me information about the way along the Telegraph line - and to Utiariz and then horse. To leave the telegraphic route would be ruinous.

Did not give very much but did promise that when I would be ready he would telegraph along the line.

Same with the Inspeccion. But Major M. Noronha is not in Cuzco, expected soon. He is the man who can give information about other Indians.

Evening - dinner at the hotel and then a visit to Don Agonia at the Seminary - archbishop. A fine looking slender tall man, in red cap, black coat, red buttons, red socks, - a beautiful figure. Gentle intelligent face, wonderful manners - understanding. Talked during the evening pleasantly. Sent me Colbachini's book on the Peruvians, will visit us maybe, doesn't see any difficulties to our making moving pictures of Peruvians. Has also died in Italy.

Returned to the hotel and then began a hellish night. Though tired I was not sleepy to begin with. Then the night was hot. Then it seemed that the whole ant kingdom was holding foraging practice in the room - ants on the

Cuzco -

floor, bed, covers, chairs, coats, clothes, and when I attempted to lie down on my body! what a night!

Finally I lay down naked, on four chairs - and slept about half an hour I suppose. How those ants can sting! This morning I protested to the proprietor. He has washed the room - but I doubt whether that has done any good.

A dirtier, filthier, uncomfortable hotel cannot possibly exist anywhere. The room is very large - with low partition as usual - (making it possible to hear every sigh and movement of the people in the adjoining rooms - a young couple next door), and an unfinished ceiling.

Wide floor boards - filthy, small iron bed - wash stand - (no running water). A corridor of filth - Bath - shower and water closet with floor greasy with filth. However the room does look on the square.

The servants are negro boys - and there is a maid of all work - young Guaman girl, filthy, disgusting, fell like vomiting when I look at her. When she serves at table (serves!) she puts on shoes.

Feb 28,  
(Saturday)

This morning I was taken to the Secretary of State <sup>Marchant</sup> ~~Hamilton~~ by Herr Carl Sleges - Casa Allumagne - Consul of Austria - to get a map of Matto-Grosso - Engineers map. I am to go back on Tuesday.

Like all other pts of S. A. so far visited, Cuyaba has its german emigres. Sleges - a perfect gentleman speaking perfect English - middle aged - probably high official of Condor Syndicate (airplane) has been very kind. He leaves for Sao Paulo to-morrow morning for a stay of two months. Has placed himself at my disposal.

Faust  
A New Faust. New Deyth - incidentally learned to-day by a Swiss engineer employed by the government that the man who went with Faust up to a certain point came back and is living in Cuyaba. Belief that he died of hunger and sickness. - Poorly equipped - not even a shot gun. Faust a good kind man. Could not have been victim of Indians. Frenchman who says he met Faust is a liar. This engineer met Faust some 500 kilometers north. Frenchman says he met Faust that same distance east. Perfect lie.

This fellow ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~brother~~ <sup>brother</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~good~~ <sup>good</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> - strong, etc. Killed man who insulted his wife. In turn was assassinated.

Gave me itinerary bet. Cayaba and Cauca.

Visited Dom João de Laga Monteiro - the telegraphist - got nothing. However - I am to go to the inspectory Tuesday morning to make maps -

Invited by Antonio Vilveste de Nascimento to visit him. Have done so. Two lovely children, fat pleasant wife - likes things American drank guaraná - made softer by water made into sticks so hard that need iron file to grate it - with sugar and water - pleasant refreshing drink. Stories that it furnishes alkalies. Engineer lived five days on it.

Visited Dom Correa director of the Salernian College - Sicilian. Very pleasant gave me Colbachini's book. Showed me about. Beautiful interior to the church. White - simple - beautiful. Shows acade - columns. Padre knows Santa Maria in Sicilia. Will do everything for us at Theresa Christina colony.

Met three young faint Italian - ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~colony~~ <sup>colony</sup> who wants to go to the

Amazon river.

Salernian college has dropped study of literature so forth from its curriculum - taken over by the government - but has a wonderful trades school - wood work, tailoring, shoemaking. Very young boys - 10s - working very efficiently - appears. Wonderful. Am to visit them again on Monday. Visited Dom Aguiar. Charming. Will visit him again on Monday. Saw Prof. Schmidt. Will go to his house in the morning.

During these days it has been raining every afternoon - slight rain but continued ~~shows~~ cloudiness. Whether it is because I do not have a good point of vantage to watch the heavens or not, the skies both during the day and night do not seem to be as beautiful as about Conquista. There is less of the pantanal about here too.

The night has been bad. It has not been warm enough to be terribly uncomfortable. However, mosquitoes, midges, and a certain amount of restlessness - lack of exercise, etc, contribute to bad nights. I do not sleep. Too many things to do.

Mauch 1  
Sunday. Visited Prof. Schmidt. The automobile ride to his place was even worse than the first. In addition the chauffeur did not know the way. Result - I was two hours late!

After a little discussion in which Prof. Schmidt repeated what he told me I tried to get some information about the various trips that I could make - some of which I will make unless the expedition becomes ballshaky.

According to the Prof. who ought to know the trip to the Xingu is impossible unless there is the cooperation of the govt - Inspectoria - so that it will supply transportation facilities - bullocks, canoes. But the headwaters can be reached by automobile. He thinks that I ought to make this trip first, return then go down the Araguay - stop especially at the island of Paraná. I sight many untouched tribes along the tributaries of the Araguay. He thinks that I ought to continue, go up the Amazon to enter any of its tributaries, but particularly the Madeira in order to reach the tribes near the Mambikuanas and that very tribe.

To reach their country from Curitiba, since transportation


facilities by the govt. will not be supplied, I would have to organize a caravan. It would take a month to take it to Utiaritia. Then I would have to give the animals a period of rest. I would have to take all the food with me. It would be a trip of seven or eight months - painful and it might be without results.

The trip to the Xingu should be made inland. Great danger of fevers and starvation. Should take only a small group.

I think I will make the automobile trip to Utiaritia anyway - to see some of the Parais, although he has studied them. The same thing applies to the Baclados.

He showed me his notes on Parais language and grammar. Pretty complete.

He has done some archeology bet. Des carallos and Caceres. Showed me photographs. What expense his museum goes to! Almost everything photographed. He has sketched of everything also - and numbered.

Plons -  - thinks culture reflects Arawak. I ought to do some archeology along Paraguay. I wonder how much material

he has to be published! He is going to send me his publications.

Had dinner with him. Warned me of the dangers. Is leaving for Reunion in a month.

Before I forget - I must mention that I have acquired a wild wolf in the paws of being tamed. I am to take him to Coimbra by air plane! How Carl Sergio, who has gone to San Paulo, for two months wished it on me. I wonder what I will do with it!

The evening was spent with the young would be Italian explorer - Giovanni Anzil of Udine - 24, Fascist - started at age of twelve to beat people to convert them to fascism - lived in nest of wasps, 3 years of lice, quarrelsome, volunteer aviator. took plane for ride without permission. crashed it. got his discharge; came to S. A. four years ago after insulting everybody. Has been in Argentina digging fossils; says he was offered job as secretary of museum at Santa Fe with guarantee that he would receive professorship

rank in 10 yrs. - book! - got the idea to discover land route between Ciobla and Amazon - absurd with small expedition and no funds - has not been able to do anything about it talks of fascism as a philosophy of doing and not speaking - but he only does the latter - talks of suicide sentiment - considers himself a romantic character I suppose - says he cannot return to Italy unless he accomplishes something - bad type of Italian - sentimental fool In unprovoked moment I mentioned that he might apply to our directors to join with us - has his equipment - I will not only not recommend him but certainly will oppose it.

Walked with this fellow in the municipal garden - rather nice. It being Sunday night all the youth, of both sexes was out promenading - I pulled - too much lighting, as in the square. It is so small that all the people walk in the same direction like a parade. It is for the aristocracy. The lower folk walk on the pavement outside.

Very bad night again. Why and what the devil!

Monday  
March 12

This morning I paid a call on Padre Curro, director of the Salesian college at Cuialata. Really had a pleasant time with him. He is so good and intelligent. He has lived among the Bororos, and even learned to speak their language. He says that all the Salesian Padres contributed to Colbachini's book. Colbachini gave form to the material.

The college has a fine class meteorological observatory. It has a young Salesian Padre who is a formal scientist - self-taught - yet considered as one of the best. Even in these days the monks are carrying on scientific research.

In the afternoon another talk with Angel. He has written to the exp. about his proposition. I made it plain to him that I would not intervene.

Padre Curro returned my visit. What a wonderful man. Full of zeal for the ideals of Dom Bosco. Good, kind, understanding and extremely kind. Talked about Catholicism - and the Bible. - Church interprets it as historical document and accepts evolution.

What liberality, and what an open mind! 'What science offers from time to time.' What a contrast to ignorant fundamentalism!

I have spent the evening writing a little - but have been interrupted by curiosity. About ten o'clock I was leaning on the balcony, looking out on the square - a little at the palms and a rather dull sky.

An automobile - Ford sedan - stopped. Man asked me something in Portuguese.

I repeated several times that I did not understand. Now there is staying at the hotel a young colonel and his young wife. They are very much in love with each other. Apparently he recognized the voice. He came to his balcony - next to mine. A young man in short, but military boots and trousers, wearing an enormous red neckerchief got out. Colonel went down to speak to him. Came up - and then down in uniform, but also wearing this large neckerchief. Went off. Lot of obsequious and unobsequious by word men in square. Wife at balcony weeping. After some time Colonel and I came back. Stayed at balcony. Just now group passed by and spoke to him in low tones. What is up?

Another revolution? Men still  
muttering about in squares,  
- just midnight. I am  
and have been the subject of  
curiosity by everyone that passes  
by. My light is on so everyone  
can see me.

All around is quiet but  
for a few insects which are  
summing as usual. The weather  
out surrounding the city the  
roosters are crowing. They crow  
all night long here - restlessness  
for the sun - like dogs one  
starts it - and soon hundreds  
take it up.

Last night about 2 A.M.  
beautiful accompaniment of the  
Col. and wife - violin well  
played but a poor one, guitar,  
but which marred by the use  
of symbols.

Wonder if I will sleep to  
night?

The nights are absolutely  
still in Cayala - except early  
morning. Nights in Comanche  
warmer but there is always  
a breeze blowing from

the Pantanal. Lightning  
flashes in the north - a  
mighty thing!

The tall palms - sixty feet of  
perfectly straight wood, surmounted  
by an outgrowth of long curving  
leaves - are rather ugly things.  
In a forest they may produce a  
different effect.

It is now 10 o'clock. An automobile  
stopped in the side street. Someone  
has come up to the colonel's room  
who has removed himself to some  
other part. They are conversing now  
- but I am tired of the whole thing.  
If anything important happens I  
suppose that I will know it soon  
enough!

March 3 Well something did happen last night. The  
colonel had more calls - but soon after  
it began to rain as I had never seen it  
rain before. The streets became torrents  
of red muddy water. However, I went to  
sleep.

This morning the commotion continued -  
indulge, etc. Soldiers - going in side streets  
etc. There more calm.

I have now discovered that there was  
some kind of uprising. I have not had the  
details - but some newspapers criticized the

government.

I have met the commandant - the colonel. Very nice, placed himself at my disposal - and immediately understood that my work would be good for Brazil.

Promised to get a good map for me.

Secretary of state  
of Mato Grosso  
Aurimas  
Marchant

Visited the secretary of state.

Got two maps.

Visited Insperatoria - and have finally accomplished something. Duarte is making a map for me, showed me pictures, is interested, and has promised letters of introduction. Also he thinks that either he or someone from the Insperatoria will go with me. To see him again to-morrow.

More criticism of Dyett. He had the help of the Brazilian govt. But he did not follow in Faunt's tracks. At a point Faunt turned east - Dyett kept on northwards. Again criticism of Faunt that he was not well equipped.

Rio do Sangre - bad. Even Noronha in charge of the Insperatoria almost stoned to death.

March 4

Another day in Cuyabá.

Prof. Schmidt came in to find out if I was in Cuyabá. He will pay me a visit to-morrow.

The interment is coming to-morrow.

Visited Insperatoria. Very amiable. Duarte made up a map for me. of the roads, etc. His younger brother very nice.

Met the nephew of Gen. Rondos. A little corpulent. Army officer. Major Noronha will be in Coimbra on Sunday.

Wrote to Dot and family, enclosing, in both cases, pictures taken during trip. Dull letters. It seems that I write with a great deal of difficulty.

Thought of a method to write a novel - a technique. Instead of directly describing character in the usual way, to use the expressive illustrative method - account of incidents etc. shipping from one character to another.

March 5

Prof. Schmidt visited me this morning. It is a pity that he likes to whisper, that my hearing is not very keen, and that I have difficulty in understanding his Portuguese. I could have gotten so much more from him!

I gave him Benjamin Vellila's name - in order that he may talk to him in Coimbra. He invited me to do some work with him in the chaco. I spoke of a possible tour

for him in the states. I must write to Frank and to Jayne about it.

The assistant manager thought that I intended to capture an American, especially on him, but he would want and then either let him loose or kill him! That was his question.

↓

I visited the casa Orlands - founded by two Italians 50 years ago, who are now living in Naples in a palace. Met the "Grande" - Italian consul Tamburini. The casa has a large Fazenda at or near Seville Lopez. A caravan - auto - is leaving for the Fazenda in the middle of April. Invited to go along.

The visitors returned to-day. I am afraid that I permitted myself to do a little extravagant talking. Must watch that.

I drank a little - and as a result am suffering from one of the usual headaches.

↖ The assistant manager at the casa Orlands that I intended to catch several Indians, expelling or turning out them, he asked, what would I do with them, set them free, or kill them?

Have received advice from several sources to take along a dog.

March 6. Crew since the first day spent in Cayala - I have been trying to decipher its life. There is no laughter, no talk, no joy. This is especially seen among the masses - the peons. But even among the upper classes there is little gaiety - not because life is too anxious

but, I believe, because there is nothing to be gay about!

The peons! They come to the hotel with produce. They either stay outside looking in or come do come in but in no way make their presence known. They wait until they are noticed. They talk in undertones. Stared you had resigned faces; dull but observing watchful eyes - but dead, no longer even watchful. The faces are set - they are masks expressing what? Nothingness and exception. Not even dejection, nor despondency - nothing. It seems as if they have gone a stage beyond to the nothingness. There is a sadness unexpressibly deep, unfathomable; a poverty of hope that makes one uncomfortable to think about; a deadness that cannot be blown away even by Gabriel's trumpet. The little flicker of life is such an only an indication of its very weakness.

Most of them have a great deal of Indian blood in them. Some have black, and all a certain amount of white. Boys and men reflect the same state. A few words in undertones, a few slow motions - walking away, striving under their loads. I have seen their hovels, I have seen their families. More stoned faces at the windows that seem to hide at the approach of the stranger. Fear - fear that anything may happen, and in fact expectancy that it will happen, fills their lives. God, these are your children if we believe

your own words!

There is a young fellow that comes in every morning. He is handsome in spite of his pinched face, his tattered straw hat, his torn ~~paucal~~ breeches, his barefootedness. He sits at a table and waits and waits - set face of nothingness. It is not the expression of thought, of reflection. It is that the face has passed all these stages - wear, resignation. Again it is nothingness. Even the half-starved mules and bulls mired as they are show more interest in life! Yet in all this there is courtesy and there is dignity. One does not dare be insulting - not because there would be fear of reprisal - no, it is that one respects that nothingness. There is no begging, and no charity is expected. There is no attempt to make the feeling of pity. There is inviolable dignity and good manners.

Temp eq. at  
Salasien obs.  
Minimum 19°  
Maximum 29.5°  
One point registered  
17°


Again rain. It has rained every day that I have been in Cayala and the last three days almost incessantly. The streets under a heavy downpour become soiled with swift reddish water which becomes torrential when it gorges through the narrow streets.

Met an old colonel who - according to him - has killed many Indians.

Life without exercise is rather dull and painful. Some food - fish, meat - rice, beans - and coffee.

March 7. People met in Cayala of importance and to be remembered: Felip Landis (engineer); Lieut. Casual Martin Barro (Chief of Police); Francisco Laraya (Quinto, Casa Dolando); Antonio Macsimato (Inspectoria de Indios); Acimus Marchant (Sen. of state of M. G.); the Duarte Montecinos (Inspectoria); Carl Seeger (Casa Alemania - Austria Consul); Padre A. Curro - (Director Colegio Salesiano); Don Aguirre - Archbishop; Prof. Max Schmidt (not permanently of Cayala)

Try to send  
Duarte  
Dyett's book  
if we have it.

Received visit from Prof. Schmidt. Give me some advice. 1. Need of having a mosquito net of the type  hammock. 2. Carry extra food. 3. Carry food for possible sick people - macaroni, condensed milk, Quaker oats, cereals, <sup>wheat flour,</sup> etc. 4. Also food like canned sardines. 5. Carry tarpaulin - ~~to~~ 6. Pulseru, Patania, and Kuluene, but bet to do original work in tributaries of Xuyge. Promised to keep in communication, exchange publications etc.

Luzule of Casa Dolando seems to have taken an interest.

Visit to Don Aguirre.

Visit to Rev. M. Curro. Got copy of life of San Basco.

Friendly conversation with Commandant

Bad night.

Rain

March 8. Rain - all day with occasional clear  
skies.

Left Cayala on P-Baja at 6.00.

Return trip not very interesting.

Arrived at Galileo Hotel. Met by  
Dr. Anstotles. Nice of him.

Found an American by the name of  
Maas (John). Young, dirty - filthy teeth  
and shirt. Claimed to have made trips  
from Louisville Ky to Ecuador, across  
Mts, down Amazon, Rio, Santos,  
Pt. Espinosa, Cozumbe - left baggage  
as is returning. Left this day after being in  
Cozumbe 3 days. Told everyone that he  
is a writer - but refused to speak of his  
occupation or the purpose of his voyage to  
me.

The aviation mechanic - rather  
interesting. Aviator during the war.

Field. Left side of face including eye  
paralyzed - blind by can move eye, but  
most of face artificial. Right side

O.K. Married to Muleto. Charming, minor  
graves, good education, pretty.

March 9. Hotel Galileo, in spite of my former  
impression, is a palace in comparison  
to the Explorador. It is comparatively new,  
has good food, good service, beautiful  
view etc. At any rate I slept  
well last night, and this morning  
I feel very much better.

Dr. Anstotles has been very attentive.

It was <sup>very</sup> disappointing not to find  
any mail for me at Cozumbe. I had  
expectations!

The price of a special boat trip  
to Desembarcos - 200 milreis.  
Cannot afford it. So must remain  
in Cozumbe until something else turns  
up.

The quiet of Cozumbe is conducive  
to thinking. Perhaps the rainy weather,  
the serene view which is had of the  
horizontal cut into sections by the  
silvery Paraguay and the distant lump  
of earth - the "isla" of this part of  
the world, help to put me in the proper  
frame of mind.

I have been thinking of many things.  
The days spent at the Cross' camp with  
Dorothy, the life in Philadelphia, my  
origins; what I have done; how much  
I have promised myself and how little  
of that has been accomplished; the  
diminishing possibility of my ever achieving  
greatness; Richmond, Indiana, with  
the evenings spent with Verion  
and on the evening, Remmon, Leon  
stern and now and my vehement  
passionate chatter about life and morality  
strong and convincing - what nonsense did  
I propose in those days that brought so  
many heads at our feet? - ?

Hill falls, again hamlets, villages and the dark shadows of trees, hills and youth - Peg and Alice; and many many other things with innumerable suggestions of plots for novels - deep real literary work.

March 10. The cold weather - maximum  $20^{\circ}\text{C. or } 66^{\circ}\text{F.}$  continued to-day. It was even more pleasant since it did not rain and the clouds were dispersed - and lower humidity. The only thing I did was to write a letter to Dorothy in the morning. In the afternoon I slept.

Cayala -  $15^{\circ} 35' 49''$  lat.  $12^{\circ} 20' 9''$  lat.  
Founded about 1720 by prospectors of gold.  
Became the capital of the state about 1835.

"Conservadora, no traçado das ruas, atalalhadamente seguida pelos mineadores, e no estilo arquitetônico predominante das casas, a feição colonial originária, não raro interrompida pelas construções de gosto moderno." Publication - "Revista do Instituto Histórico de Mato Grosso" twice a year.

Cranberry -  $18^{\circ} 59' 30''$  and  $14^{\circ} 25' 34''$   
- Founded 1728.

I have been reflecting on the disharmony of my life. What are the forces that continually defeat my desires to harmonize my existence, my desires with my acts?

First in early boyhood a vivid imagination artistic and religious of a romanticism. Later patriotic and artistic, mostly literary, and less of the "religious". Later came the philosophy and after that the scientific with complete loss of the romantic ideal. But always, always, as far back as I can remember I have thought in terms of world religion, world patriotism, world philanthropy world humanism. Always have I promised and never have I fulfilled unless it has been by accident. Whither now?

The past three or four years have interested me to-day. What romance did I talk, what personality did I have, that brought to my arms a woman of almost forty, made a great friend of her husband, made old people listen to me and look up to me, earned Pickett's respect, brought two girls in Richmond and two in Beech Hill Falls to my feet - humbled, two girls in Philadelphia to the point of losing their self respect - had must it must have cost one of them! - later brought worldly Dorothy to me, - and also made a real friend of Dorothy Steel, - and even this summer brought another girl to my arms - if I had wanted her. And always have I cared very little - except in one or two cases!

And then, why in most cases have I fled after I have started the ball rolling? Why have I failed to fulfill? Pete Hallwell noticed it - and suddenly looked away;

Dorothy Cross has - and has had a struggle keeping a place for me in her heart - the past year is good evidence of that. Only in those cases where I have kept my mouth and hope continued! Why is it that I have so few friends when I can make so many so easily? How many people in this world actually miss me?

It can be said truthfully that I have loved no one and nothing except my own thoughts. I did not love my father, I did not love my mother. At times a certain amount of passion for my brothers and sisters. Ostensibly not given to vice, in truth I have been perverted and practiced passions - even when declaiming against them most convincingly. The greatest and most harmful of these all has been the use of my cunning power to play with other people's emotions - my real insecurity. I have aroused new emotions and new thoughts - and then when the time for expression has arrived I have fled. I have only been in love with my own romanticism - and now I begin to see that I have suffered most of all from this vision and evil genius.

Now I am promising myself that I will fulfill, that I will produce. Will I? And yet if I don't, what is there for me in this life? All that I want all that the future can possibly give me, depends on my immediate production - something that I can hold up and

say, "I have fulfilled"; something that will bring me fame, honor, glory, money, personal satisfaction in a creation - and by far the most important confidence that thus I will keep on fulfilling, that after all I will be contributing to the created material of the world - that my life and my existence has become meaningful to the rest of mankind, and that it has some value and importance. It is ego, but it is an ego that wants to be valuable, of service!

I wonder if writing an autobiography will help me? I am a scientist with good analytic powers. Can I not analyze, dissect my own ego so that I can find the means and the way to drag myself away from this life which I lead that is and always has been a lie?

My life has been that of a heretic. How have I conformed to authority; always have I striven against what has already been formed. Criticism, and most of the time good, sound, keen criticism, mainly responsible for the feeling of anger that I have aroused in people has been my constant production. Can I not turn it to good account? "The Life of a Heretic"! has been really mine.

Odd, how much I have lost in the past two years! I could express myself with wonderful facility - and to-day I find great difficulty. I have thought little, read little, written nothing. My vocabulary

and ways of expression have suffered. I cannot construct well formed, rounded, smooth phrases; I cannot get away from a certain amount of commonness and simplicity of expression which are very foreign to my spirit of individuality, of creativeness, and of artistry. This diary is good evidence of the poor quality of the quality of my writing and correspondingly of my thinking.

Here I am living many miles away from home without comforts and without the few things that have interested me. For the past three weeks I have been away from my companions. I have no friends, care for none. I live quietly making no attempt to swim in the life that throbs about me. I watch and get down a few things; I feel well, and I feel badly; I see other people sometimes yearningly; I would engage in an "affair" but as in Monte video were I to start one I would lose me and annoy me. I am by no means satisfied - but the thing is that I do exist without too much pain! And yet I do ache and yearn for fulfillment. I do want to measure my powers with the other men and with other forces! But will I ever find any equal, will I ever be given a real battle? Everything has always been so easy for me when I have wanted to do attain an end! Even with this expedition I have brought weapons to the point where I cannot do anything I want with them!

My first attempt at conquest was at home. How well I remember what trouble and worry I caused - but always, always I had my way.

One of my earliest recollections is a scene at home in Sicily in which I attained my end. My brother Antonio was driving to the country. I wanted to go with him - and he being at that time very fond of me, raised no objections to my going. However, mother and aunt objected. Hours were spent trying to convince me not to go. In the end I went. I must have been about four years old.

Another time we were coming in from the farm with a load of straw. I believe that I was with the same brother. Hearing the team, my companion walked alongside the cart holding the reins, this being the custom. I begged and insisted on holding the reins - on driving. The result of that was that, never having tried it before, and being too small to walk fast enough the wheel of the cart jared over my right foot. I was walking on the right side of the cart. Fortunately, never plainly so, as I have been many times, I suffered no injury what so ever, although my companion was worried and insisted on sitting me on the wall running along the road, took my shoe and stroking off - but found me unharmed. I did not cry. My whole attempt was to be a Man.

Another instance of this insatiable

attainment of my wish happened in the first small town in which we settled after leaving Sicily. Those days were horribly poor, just what poverty was on us, at that time I did not appreciate. It is sufficient to say that there was some sort of celebration at school, and that having been asked to bring flags I asked for the money to buy one. There was no money - but finally I got it. Someone at home went hungry that day. What suffering I have added to that home by my family. Being late I did not buy the flag anyway, securing the citizenship of the authorities. But, since I had insisted on buying the flag, I did so after the celebration when it was no longer of any use to me, in order not to bear the shame of having to confess that it was not so absolutely essential as I had insisted it was in the morning. What a lie!

Next comes the picture of pale worn out woman in a shop in down town New York, clothing shop. With her was a small boy. She tried little English and she little more. He insisted on a particular suit, costing twice as much as the one that she, his mother could afford - in fact could not afford to buy any suit - to pay. He the boy always knew what was good. He got the suit. Someone went hungry and without clothes.

Many, many more instances of this sort. Always, the boy getting what he

wanted, not only at home but even from strangers. Never begging, but always demanding that his wishes be fulfilled. Never any failures. Always, when he felt and asked, he failed to get his wish. Always when he demanded, he succeeded in getting what he wanted.

It has been even so during my adult life. When I have asked in fear of not having my request granted I have always been refused and have always retired like a beaten dog. But when I have demanded I have gotten.

March 11 I had to stop writing last night at midnight, the lights being shut off at that time.

Across the street in one of the houses some sort of violent quarrel took place. I heard only the screams of women, and later the sobbing. Who knows what may have happened?

As I stood at the window I thought of the various acts that were being enacted in the town. I heard whistles, I heard the barking and yelping of dogs, the gather of running feet, a figure enveloped in a mental garment softly lay; a man walked resolutely down the middle of the street; etc. etc. What one could imagine in a dark night standing by an open window.

Plot of a short story presented itself to me - that the character - I, in this case - hearing the furious snow descends to the street, gives shelter to a running figure - discovers in his room that it is a girl - falls in love - etc. etc. Might occur in a Bob Stewart.

To-day Dr. Benjamin Villalobos with his family - wife and two boys for Assunio to take his place in the Parliament to which he has been elected.

After much waiting I talked for a few minutes to Major Romira Noronha - a spare fellow - but probably sincere in his desire to elevate the Indian.

The situation is bad. Only an order from the state dept. Gen. Rondon, or some other department will save the expedition. As far as the major is concerned, human life comes first, and science comes afterwards. If there is danger nothing doing. And then he is tired of these "scientific expeditions" like that of Dyett, which cost the government 22 contos to help in addition to the cost of the relief expedition. Science for him, and rightly - does not consist in taking moving pictures, etc. I believe I convinced him of my sincerity in the work, but time was too short to do very much. Dyett, Dyett and Perfilieff's! I will await the Otruria to-morrow before

doing anything.

Noronha knows all about us - about the sound moving pictures! The disguise of the word "science" does not fool him!

I wrote a letter to Duarte asking him to explain more fully to Noronha. I wrote to Schmidt telling him about Villilla.

I finally received two letters from Dorothy. In the first she admits that she did not write to me for two weeks. They are rather cold letters, lacking the passion and deep interest of the earlier ones. If my powers of analysis are still good I credit a gradual diminishing of affection on her part for me - if she really has any at all. I do not think that our romance will last very long. How little she ever thinks to say about herself and about me! She is still doing heavy drinking, and of course everything that goes with that - of that I am sure.

March 12 - Somewhat warmer and overcast. Mosquitoes and other insects very bad.

My conversation with Noronha, this waiting waiting, and probably the two colorless letters received from Dorothy, has worked a complete change in me. From being vigorous and anxious to work, I have become merely restless, melancholic, feet-fat and nervous, unable to work very well.

While in a mood like this, I think of all the things that I must surmount before it will be possible to attain a fair amount of stable felicity, and everything appearing so stupendous that I do not feel equal to the task.

My face must reflect a certain amount of melancholy always. Most of my friends sooner or later speak about it. Dr. Aristophiles spoke about it to-day, commenting that that was not American. It isn't. I don't + whether it is racial or not. I know its source springing from my peniculus and the fruitless effort to whip myself to the point of beginning to write down my synthesis of life's problems with my ego. I incessantly talk but produce nothing in permanent form! I want to be an author of fine literature - I feel that I have the material, but when will I begin?

Jealousy. Jealousy. If anything will ever drive me to production it will be jealousy. My friend Dr. Aristophiles, in the course of conversation about great fortunes, mentioned that his fiancée is heir to a million dollars. And I, I want genius and am no way to say goodbye to poverty!

Jack and Sam came on the Etruria. No more work.

I told Jack about conditions and have criticized heavily. Should do it more diplomatically.

Instead of having to build houses, we are going to live in the bldgs. already up - at Desamuldes.

Plot discovered that two of the young Germans picked up at Corumba intended to steal horses and supplies and flee to Bolivia.

John Newell in a flareup has resigned, and his resignation has been accepted. Later he was sorry of course but this time too late.

Johnson is coming in three weeks. Bringing radio and sound engineer with him.

March 13 Jack told me to-night that while  
14 in Corumba Dawson was told that he was to be sent back. Begged for another chance - if at the end of another month the three directors did not unanimously ask him to stay he would go back of his own free will. - He is still with us. Lily!

March 27. Two weeks since I wrote in this book!

April 3. More than two weeks now!

Johnson's father  
has thrown in  
an airplane. His  
mother came  
money!

Johnson has arrived - and with him my opportunity to grasp success! As I thought he is interested in science, not a commercial picture.

The launch which should have been ready was in no condition whatsoever when Jack and Sam came down to Comuta. Jack wanted a lot of additional work to be done.

April 9. Aboard the Etanvia.

It is so long ago since I wrote in this book that I can only give a brief résumé of

A few days after Jack and Sam came in we established communications by radio with Descavallos. Commandant Puggieri of the Navy arsenal got the station and operator at our disposal.

About the first message that we received gave us the news that Seimel had been bitten by a jaguar while out hunting a jaguar; that he had been in bed three days, but that he was doing well. Later came the news that Bill Green was leaving with Newell. This came in the form of a telegram from Green to his mother, Raoul Veale. The operator was enjoined not to show it to us - too late.

One evening while Sam and I were playing tennis with Dr. Aristoteles Jack appeared terribly upset. The army air station had caught a message from Descavallos to the effect that Seimel had to be rushed to the hospital. We rushed to the navy station, aroused every one to action, got in touch with Descavallos, and learned that Seimel would be taken to Comuta in a dugout by Dawson, George, Crosby, pilot, two Johnson motors. Puffiliff would not take the trouble to get out of bed to talk with us. The next morning we tore around and by eleven o'clock the launch was ready to set out, the capitania sending a man along in place of a permit - when Jack returned from the station with the news that Seimel was better and would not be sent down. By this time all Comuta knew that Seimel was on the verge of death. The rest of the day was spent in making excuses.

The next day we talked with Descavallos again, asking to send Seimel down anyway and if necessary we would send airplane. Answer came back that "general prognosis good."

On Monday morning we learned that Seimel had left in dugout with two motors, George, Rossi, pilot, and the night before, to get everything ready

to take him to Comuna. This time we got away after much bustling around about 5 P.M., expecting to meet up with the canoe the same night.

We did not find it either during the night nor the next day. Sam was for turning back, Jack didn't know what to do, and I turned the balance in keeping on going until it was unsafe to go any further for lack of gasoline. The thought came to me that they might have stopped the night before which turned out to be the case. I was the one to spot them about 11 P.M.

The weight of the men - one extra - and the luggage, gasoline, and extra motor, made the canoe ride very low. A south wind that was blowing raised fairly high waves, and the cross current made going quite dangerous. They were looking for a place to camp - a hopeless task since on both sides the land was under water. Since then I have learned that they were in dire distress.

They were tired and happy. We put them to bed and back to Comuna.

Miserable trip back for me - cold.

Sam's condition was not as serious as made out especially at the time he reached Comuna. Hypertension.

Found out that Dawson is also going back. It seems that he and Bill Green have been insulting Mrs. Cole for some time. Finally they painted the initials on Chia's hand-quarters with Mearns' chrome. Semel, who had been tormented by Dawson's treatment which was good at first, refused to be treated any longer by him and decided to go to Comuna. Dawson signed. So that cleared house.

We waited for Johnson who finally arrived with the new sound man - Ed Davis. Brought news that his father has financed the chartering of a Sikorsky two motor amphibian, ten Genenger planes. He wired Caldwell to send a zoologist from the Academy of Nat. Sciences. Johnson putting up \$500. Accepted. Reaffirmed that he is interested only in the scientific side. Plans to be largely for my use.

Wonder what I will do with the opportunity!

Still no permit from Rondon. We have appealed to the ambassador. If we succeed soon.

Saturday

Left Comuna Tuesday night, leaving Sam behind to come up by airplane. I got tight and then sick. Talked a lot and many of the things I said to Johnson were said joyously. I had a good time.

For we are being tormented by the Chinese.

which is usually also two cattle cages, one on each side and canvas. Sleeping aboard the *Warner* on a hammock. Yesterday a terrific storm hit us. At night impossible to sleep with a mosquito net.

On Thursday the *Stenia* broke a propeller shaft. We docked somewhere for the night. Left next morning.

Yesterday we had a good view of the mts of *Dumoras*. Deep ravines steep sides, little vegetation. Possible that they may contain caves. Johnson wants to investigate.

This morning beyond the mts the river banks were covered with flowers. Many species. True solid walls of vegetation and the stream between.

At Lake *Guira* and a little beyond the boat had quite a difficult time of it to get through. Sharp turns, and stopped up with floating vegetation. It was here that *Smith's* party was in extreme danger.

Sunday  
April 12.

There is a man aboard the *Stenia*, a gamester apparently who not only has the appearance of being a villain but has conclusively demonstrated it. Bullet-headed, jet belled, small eyes, large jaws. Has been squandering his time shooting birds - always at close range. Attempted to shoot monkeys but failed to hit. This morning he wounded a bird and left it in that state.

Finished reading Duguid's "Green Hell" yesterday. Much ado about nothing, unconvincing in a way the intensive style of old *Chamisso*. The book ought to sell. Many exaggerations, many errors, poor comprehension in parts, and at times very poor observation.

Conocunts, parrots, buzzards, piping buzzards, fishes, <sup>ducks</sup> and many other birds whose names I do not know crowd both banks of this part of the *Paraguay*. Some of them are immense. A few monkeys. Yesterday a beautiful yellow and black marked cormorant swam out from the bank, looked us over and went back. In the intense sunlight it gabbled ~~down~~ brilliantly.

The river has been as smooth as glass. The green walls along the banks reflected in it produce magical worlds.

What vegetation! Fields of *canalote* - water iris, and then *pona*, *palmar*, *pit* and trees shimmering white from the intense green, many species of trees, many

species of flowering plants. Walls, and  
 walls of series covered with flowers  
 purple, pink, vermilion, yellow. Hidden  
 dark runners, containing excavations, and  
 their appearance of acuity, darkness, and  
 "But the mints in them" (that is the bellid part -  
 so interesting and yet so prohibitive). Gleamings  
 of shining water beyond coming through  
 holes or cracks in the heavy vegetation wall.  
 And beyond this vegetation - flat plains  
 where the water is deep.

Blue black birds (cormorants?) flying  
 with long extended necks and beaks. Huge  
 floppy wings. Tremendous mosquitoes.

Last night stopped to load on wood.  
 Heat within a mosquito net almost  
 insupportable. Hearing the count of  
 men, dogs, trees, --- of as the work  
 loaded on. Quiter. Laughter - high pitched  
 child like of the sailors.

Then the storm. Sheets of water. The  
 hammock wrapped up in a cap.

Peace and quiet - a sheet -  
 the hysterical flight of birds. Then quiet  
 again.

Monday

April 13<sup>th</sup>

Yesterday morning at 11 o'clock we left  
 the Etruria and went under our own power.  
 We would have reached Decanallos early  
 in the afternoon but for the fanatical  
 desire of my companions to kill jacarés.  
 Seven or eight were either killed or wounded  
 in about as many minutes. Three  
 of them were pulled on board and  
 skinned. George Rawls really becomes  
 a maniac when he kills. Jack did  
 not like to see the quivering nor the  
 skinning.

While looking for jacarés we saw  
 two gigantic rays - about 20 inches  
 across.

We finally arrived at Decanallos  
 about four in the afternoon.

To-day I began excavating. A pot  
 covering a skull with shell beads was  
 found before. I found two pots both  
 turned upside down - untouched as yet.  
 Found stone ax, hafted, and numerous  
 potsherds. Perforated animal teeth.

April 14<sup>th</sup>

Continued excavations. Another pot  
 upside down containing skeletal remains  
 and shell beads. Potsherds.

April 16

Continued excavations. Skeleton lying  
 on its side. Two more pots covering  
 skeletal remains.

April 12. Trip to Causer with George, Johnson, Puffelhoff, Sumner, "Mac", Deming's manager & two little girls and others.

April 20. Though the weather remained raining throughout the trip to S. Luiz de Causer and back it furnished enjoyable moments, much more than the lower Paraguay - that is from Conchales to Itacauldes.

The banks are higher; the vegetation is just as rich - solid walls of vines for the most part with some banana tree here and there timidly peeping above the rest. Acres of floating

solitary herons silently contemplating along the banks. Gracful in flight

The water was perfectly still reflecting the intense sunlight like a mirror. The sky perfectly cloudless.

In the late afternoon it rained. Sleeping very bad. The pilot lost his way on the river. Very dark night. We finally anchored - we did not know it - near Causeres. In the morning we got in that town.

The hotel unusually clean. He had breakfast with Sr. Gomez - a wealthy rancher who was celebrating his 64<sup>th</sup> birthday. Real Brazilian - Portuguese house. The host was perfect refusing to

entertain all his guests were served. The meat was brought in on the spit, the servant waiting by the head of the table until the time to serve it came. The spit consisted of two long sticks stuck through the meat and resting on the ground. Each guest cut what portion he wanted or had the servant do it. Rich desserts. The men ate first - then the women and the lesser folk. We had music furnished by an old blind mestizo - mouthorgan, drum, xylophone and ukulele played together. The ukulele was simply tuned to a chord and kept that way - played with the right hand. Picturesque - Paupers red shirt.

In the afternoon we went to Falom to visit the archaeological site suggested by Wronha. On the way out - by automobile ours stuck in the mud. A cowboy, barefooted, red shirt and lasso pulled us out. This made us so late that we did not spend much time at Falom.

Discovered that Schmidt did a little digging there.

Falom is situated on the Falom stream which flows into the Paraguay

below Caures at Barranco Vermelho where Schmidt also excavated.

The Talcom valley is flanked by hills at its beginning - then it joins the plain. Ideal site for a camp. Small water falls. Cured by army name? surgeon.

We were so late that we missed the main event of the day - the dinner given by Sr. Gomez. He set another table for us.

Then came the dance. Music by a mestizo band. The usual terrific disorder (The hotel owner told us not to use any ceremony ~~some~~ - do as the Americans did.).

Met Alfredo Ribeiro - former hunter. Hunted with Roosevelt. Promised to take me to archeological sites. Went to Rio for cure.

The following morning had breakfast again at Gomez.

Was given Whambikuaa bow and arrows by Dulce - owner of the Etuvana. Feeling for nationality - Italian.

Two arrows from Alfredo Dulce - relative. Whambikuaa. Rents Agua Verde from Ramayo. Good archeology for his place. Gave me worked stone from Agua Verde.

Caures very national. Negro, little little and Mediterranean. Interesting.

Left the next day late in the afternoon - rainy - but a clear beautiful evening. Lay on the low looking down into the world of stars reflected in the water below. Sensation of being in mid air between two worlds of stars. Noticed the huge circle formed by part of the milky way and continued by a double row of stars a little to the west of the southern cross. Noticed the "hole" in the sky. Wonderful.

Reached Demavallos in the early morning. George took to the monkey the expedition brought in Caures.

Spent Sunday in unpacking.

Monday spent in excavating.

Tuesday spent in excavating.

Wed. 22.

Continued to set to order my belongings. A very slow and dull day. Had my first experience with a small dugout.

The love of killing that some people have! The Crosby's - she is more and more revealing herself of the agoy type - went across the river - and

shot - killed or badly wounded birds that cannot be eaten or that were not retrieved. She is the worst offender.

Life on the ranch is not the least bit exciting. The ducking of the bears and the crowing of the cocks all night long; the barking of dozens of dogs; the silly clatter of the pheasants, the roaring of the bulls and once in a while of the tigers; and the solitary cry of some melancholy bird or animal from across the river make the nights noisy ones.

Thursday  
23.  
(Really  
Friday)

Continued excavations. Uncovered a burial. Two pots intact, one, the smaller inside the second other, and both over a skull. Around the base of the skull a quantity of beads.  
Blue Demule Wally!

Saturday  
25

Somehow I became mixed up in my calendar.  
To-day continued excavations, but outside of probable disaster to what has been already uncovered, nothing exciting developed. An afternoon storm came upon us with the result that the excavated portion became a lake. I don't know as yet how much damage it did. This is the real disappointment excavating

in this part of the world.

The burial that I took out yesterday proved interesting, but unfortunately in spite of all the care that I took in cleaning the skull, it fell apart. I am still wondering whether or not I should have left it with the mass of earth and transported it like that to the museum. Fortunately the pictures that I took of it are good.

Late in the afternoon I went duck shooting with Crosby. We did well until the ducks were in sight. I was in the low which was wedged among the water "lilies". Crosby shot first and both of us shot at the same time later when the ducks were almost overhead. The canoe turned over. We held on to our guns. I suppose I was frightened. I must say that Crosby certainly has nerve. We attempted to push the canoe away from the lilies but my feet were entangled in them. Crosby sat on the canoe and I knelt on it and shouted for help from the ranch across the river. Mr. Ramsey heard us, got all group and came out on the Hunco. In the meantime we waited in the water. The dreaded piranha did not make their

appearance - so all went well.  
We tried to find the duck that we shot  
but the juncos had reached it before  
we did.

Last night I played on the fine  
phonograph that the expedition was  
given by Johnson, the Blue Danube  
Waltz. I cannot tell whether it is  
good music or not any longer because  
of the associated images and emotions  
that accompany its strains when I  
listen to it. All that I love of my past  
life is brought to mind and body.  
There is the childhood with its laughter  
and its striving to grow attains maturity;  
there is the closeness of the people that  
after all have made me what I am;  
there is thousands of years of history;  
a crowded room warm both in  
temperature and feeling with its  
passion and its swirling bodies and  
its formality; there is the dance with  
wasmuth of another body pressed to mine;  
there is, finally, a moving picture of  
Vienna - the Wedding March, seen  
with a woman's passion at my  
shoulder. All of this and much  
more.

For some reason or other I am  
being treated very well at present by all  
members, that is a little thing.

Today I wrote to Gayne.

Monday  
April 27

Yesterday morning, with Davis  
I did a little botanical collecting.  
It is remarkable how much more one  
uses of nature when it is the subject  
of one's attention. We walked - my  
first walk out of camp - inland following  
a road. It was not far from the  
houses that we had to do our first  
wading, the water being so high still.  
Though a few weeks ago the plants  
were in their flowering period, still  
the woods are colorful. The vines  
and the thorns of bush and tree  
did not make the going easy.

Right after dinner Voss, the Crosby's  
Davis and I plus many of the help  
went up the river presumably to take  
morning pictures which were never  
taken. The time was spent in shooting  
instead.

The juncos along the banks  
suffered the usual slaughter. With  
very agonized movement of a bill junco  
the crowd went in gleeful unison.  
The hatred for this species is general.  
The crew would shout in unison  
at the sight of one and shout still  
louder when it was hit.

The slaughter was not limited  
to juncos. The birds came in for their  
share, unguilted of kind. A number  
were left wounded. Aliph Crosby,

was the worst offender. A bird was a target to be shot at. What a love for destruction that girl has! To be able to shoot & hit it is her greatest joy on these trips. Fortunately, generally she does not hit. But even Voo, who should be accustomed to killing, has his pleasure from it.

Aliph Cooley is not very different from Mary Butler - the same kind of training.

Davis and I with two paddlers went up stream. We landed and tramped inland - in mud and water at times above the news. I would have much preferred to have done botanical collecting than shooting, but it being necessary that I learn to do the latter well, I devoted myself to it. It was not comfortable going through weeds that came up to the shoulder, in water up to the knee, knowing that pieces of rot were lying about. However, I shot at birds but hit none - first time shooting with a shot gun. Going back to the canoe we paddled away, and then it was Davis brought down a muscovy duck.

A little later he wounded a female rosette - flatbill - I shot at it but I did not kill it. We had to land to get it. In the meanwhile Davis brought down another muscovy duck but we never retrieved. After all we were the most successful hunters,

only that the Ombay's brought down a beautiful flatbill rosette colored bird - a male of the same kind that we brought down. This time the excuse was that Aliph wanted the feathers.

On the news and home, I stung for the first time. A half moon, plenty of stars, clear water and dark shadows. What a contrast to the trip up the river with intense sunlight and vine covered banks that look like standing haystacks, saying all the meditations of the world on their broad backs!

This morning I continued excavations. Found another burial.

In the afternoon I went with Voo, horseback riding - my first time. I didn't do so badly - in fact much better than expected. But that is typical of my abilities - able to do almost everything well from the very first - but never developing or improving the ability.

This evening I had a discussion about music with Aliph which was absurd and useless, funny, but it did suggest a name for a book or paper - the "Minds of man" - "Mind as Behaviour"

Minds  
of Man

why not develop the idea that Mind is also culture? It would go one better on Boas's Mind of Primitive Man.

Tuesday  
April 28

Continued excavations.

In the morning I went riding with Koo for several hours. Got along better.

On the way back he shot a hawk rounding it on the neck. It ran off into the brush where we followed it in an attempt to catch it alive. The bird that a few moments before had been flying gracefully and gracefully about us had not the strength to lift himself even to a branch; but it was able to run which it did going into the adjoining swamp. I followed it but the brush protected him to well and he was too lively anyway. Koo joined me but the two of us had no better success. In the end Koo shot it - twice - and this brown beautiful bird of prey became food for the two tigers that we have in a cage.

I have remembered that I forgot to describe the celebration of Easter at Comuta. Much of it I have forgotten - but let us gather the scraps.

On the Saturday there was a carnival celebration. One of the characters portrayed was the devil. In all other features it differed in usury from the regular carnival celebration which I have described.

Sunday morning Johnson, Passi and I went to 4 A.M. mass. The little church was crowded to capacity, most of the townsfolk being there, that is mostly from the lower classes and the women. Speaking of the later it was the only time that I saw the Comutans without coats - and little clothing. I suppose it was too early in the day to get dressed up. They made quite a different impression with their fine muscles and flesh, swinging through the streets, revealing grace and beauty unexpectedly.

The church had quite a Portuguese-French air both in the internal architecture and even the music. The Roman classical dominated in the altar designs - in fact it had the appearance of a Christianity being worshipped in a Roman temple. This is the first time that I have seen in a church the definite pagan hangovers. It speaks for the archaism of the Portuguese culture - just as the language still keeps the old Latin forms to a greater extent than any of the other Latin languages.

Wednesday  
29.

Continued excavations.

Worked all day making a desk. A better carpenter than I thought I was.

Yesterday and to-day have been the warmest days so far, or at least I have felt the heat more, especially yesterday. But the intense sunlight playing on the waters of the river both when there are ripples and when there aren't, and the many green vegetation on its banks make me forget the heat & wonder at the unparellel beauty.

Saturday  
May 2.

Thursday afternoon I had my first real trip on horse back away from camp. We left the camp about 2 P.M. - Johnson, Crosby, two Indians - Borron (part way) - Manuelito and Marcelino - on as many horses. The object was to take pictures of the gigantic ant hills partly submerged in water, and if possible of birds.

Soon after leaving camp we entered low land. In fact practically all the time our horses were walking with water up to the knees. At times the water came up to our knees. Several times Manuelito who was leading had to cut our way through matted bushes. This, however did not happen often since most of the country was open or we were making our way in the middle of what appeared to be a stream. When the horses were not walking in water they struggled in soft mud. At times we had ~~fallen~~ branches,

thorns vines.

The open country was beautiful with its birds, counted by the hundred if not those seen, of all many varieties, both in size and color. The plump white *Coccyz corax*, the blue white heron with their long thin necks stretched or bent in a question mark, often on the opposite side surveying the fields and keeping an eye on us, if we got too near a straining forward and flapping of huge scaly white wings and away they would go to the next tree or bush to look at us some more; then the stately heron with its black neck and red color, white wings which when spread cover from seven to nine feet of space; the "quicava" or as I call it the locomotive bird that whistles like the iron horse, a small golden bird that circled about my head whistling as he went by; the roseate <sup>duck by hills</sup> that have wings of fire when in flight in the strong sunlight. Here and there a bigard would flash by. The side in the sun revealed huge fish swimming in the water. And the water itself for the most part carpeted with yellow and scarlet, and maroons, and blue, and violet, flowers in a background of green and steel gray. Here and there a thick bush, there a straggly tree - and we in that realm of beauty. ~~At~~ In the heaven a cleanness of sharp intensity reflected even in the fleecy clouds in

on the horizon. Everything reflected light and brightness, and the water of the pantanal was one huge mirror reflecting many images in many soft tones. Perhaps we were in a field of huge thermite conical hills, that looked like so many Egyptian obelisks from a distance, some of them being seven ft. in height. And though the sun burned, a breeze that swept the plain kept a coolness in the air that invigorated and refreshed me.

Late in the afternoon the full moon appeared in the sky, and as the sun fell we rode by moonlight, in its softness and its wondrous beautiful world through which we passed, in the midst of soft shadows and softer images, and sweet smells of grasses and flowers. And then of course the mosquitoes sang and bit, but even they could not mar the pleasure in the life of which we formed a part.

May 12  
S. Luiz de  
Cacinas.

It is seems an impossible to keep up with this diary. Sometimes

May 13  
Aboard  
Nunes, on  
way to  
Descalvados.

Archaeological site - in lagoon below Parraquá sulha on Parraquá - Fazenda Pessara, owner Francisco Villalobos. House cont. burials with furniture. Pottery making house Campari - for many years has been digging up the pots to use them in giving proper quality to its pottery. The lagoon was the old river channel - so that this site was originally right on the Parraquá. (Change in course has been within the past seventy years - since the new north Parraquá.)

{(Cont) from opposite page.}

The next day we repeated our excursion in search of ant. hills which would still be partly submerged - on low water. Again most of the time we were gliding through water and the rest of the time in mud. But the pantanal was a carpet of colors with greens and blues as the background. The intense sunlight bearing on the water reflected images galore. Thousands of birds - cacha-seca, large white birds that look like cranes, some with neck outstretched some with it bent in surprising curves. They would look at us until we approached entirely too close - then they would go in great flocks. The toucans - hundreds of them, with wings spread around 9 feet, with white bodies and rumps, black heads and necks through a red collar

give them a very drowsy appearance stalked about majestically, and most seriously. Great flocks of small parrots would fly overhead or perhaps scolding ducks - and then here many small birds each with its song. Butterflies, dragonflies, all color.

We found the ant hills - hundreds of them in the fields, giving the appearance of a veritable city of anthills.

Then the ride back to Presidente. There Proby and I assisted the Amuck to go duck shooting while Johnson went back with the Indians and the horses.

Hours we waited without food, the launch that was several hours late. It was there that to break the monotony of brushing off ants I shot my first bird - a dove - which I failed to find in the thick Matto where it fell.

And then late in the afternoon the launch came - engine trouble and we just back to Descon aldan at sunset when the river and the sky and the plains are worlds of color and reflected images. It is the time when the imagination cuts loose and travels on to worlds that one would create.

The next few days were spent in continued archaeological work. Simel and Leon Horgos came in from Cometa - Simel's wound being almost healed.

On Sunday most of the group went out to hunt - but nothing was brought back.

It was on this day that I settled down to read the first novel for quite some time - months and months, and which, fortunately I found entirely to my taste to the extent of making me enthusiastic and energizing my thought. It was "Pube" by Borges published - in . How very much it has Fiti go portray my character and even the story of my private life! It was indeed revelational in that I am not so isolated in the human world as I have thought, but am a sufferer among others.

Briefly, Felipe is a young man with a law degree, forensic ability which his father the secretary of a very small village has encouraged, with ideas - but perhaps very little energy to carry them out, or perhaps too self-introspective to ever be able to do anything which his fertile brain suggests, but also perhaps the fact that he is a climber an aspirant to reaching the world of his ideas. The secret possibility hampers him in the attainment of the impossible thing.

"Pube"  
#7  
Borges

In Rome he makes a few friends. His friend marries the girl that he thought he would love. He makes speeches urging that Italy enter the war. Italy does - and he having no real desire to enlist does so out of forced self respect and pride. He does garrison duty, living with his colonel whose daughter he knows well. Not being in love with her he makes no attempt to cultivate her. An airplane drops some bombs. Out of pure funk and the resulting self torture he makes himself ill, and in that state confesses his plan to the girl who went to see him. More self-torture follows - she might reveal this secret. She doesn't. With this thought in mind he drives himself to accept a <sup>volunteer</sup> mission to the front line. He is slightly wounded, and sees that others are also afraid. In self-exultation he goes back reaching the colonel's house at night, dazedly, makes his way to the daughter's room, and telling of his victory tells her he loves her. She takes him to her bed, this continuing a week - at the end of which he goes to the front and she to a hospital as a nurse. He tries to antagonize her in his letters and yet weakly at other times talks in loving terms. He would like to be free - but does not have the strength or courage to set himself free. He gains a reputation of a brave man.

He is wounded and sent to the same hospital where she nurses and subsequently is sent on invalid leave. She goes to Rome and their love meetings are continued at towns near by, she going out under the pretext that she is still nursing. This life with the lie at every hotel of course makes her suffer. He goes to Paris, working with some mission. It is there that he meets the woman with whom he would know real love. The wife of a French general, with children, and one of those constant takers of men. But though she has a meeting with him he cuts short the scene by frightening her with his talk about himself, his ambitions, his lies, etc. So it is that the love that he wants he repulses. He then goes to Milan where Eugene, the girl meets him, and they are married, living at a boarding house. During this time finances are poor as always, and of course with a wife they are worse than ever. He gives her no wedding gift - but she asks for one - a child - which he considers the most expensive. She conceives - he saves nothing and the money is almost out. He gambles and wins a comparatively large sum of money with part of which he starts for Paris but stops at Lake Maggiore. Fortunate though she finds that the Peruvian beauty is living in a villa with her children while her husband is in Romania. This time he succeeds, with her, and they live in ardent love for three weeks.

during which time he begins writing letters to his wife just married Paris. Finally, one day the husband returns. On the following day they meet - and he learns that she gave herself to her husband the night before. He has the desire to kill her, but the desire to possess her is stronger - which she however repulses. They go out in the lake with a gasoline motor. He with intentions of poisoning her - but she consents to nothing more than sharing her lust. A storm comes up, gasoline goes out. He and she row. He rows alone. He bows to her. Her nudity which has entered him now shames him - she having pulled up her feet to keep them out of the water. They quit. He tries to save her - but that probably kills her since if let alone she probably would have swam ashore.

The end comes quickly. The nudity of the woman is material enough to bring up the charge of murder. He is acquitted, though. He tries to find solace and travels under an assumed name. Finally he telegraphs to his wife and asking for a reply. He goes to Milan finds no wife - since his wife has come to that city to meet him. They do not meet. He is caught in a riot of socialists and trampled under foot by the cavalry.

Both parties claim him as its martyr.

My <sup>own</sup> introspective tendencies makes me read myself into *Caligula*. No money, mixing with wealth, their society, ambitions but not a hard worker, the same sexual relationship my limits of courage and haplessness, even to the boat scene - though there has been no such dramatic ending. The book is well written, interesting and certainly best fully understood by. A touch of Tolstain perhaps. It tells the story of the sons of southern Italy certainly. The book certainly deserves a place in literature.

After this day of reading, followed several of archeology, and then a trip to a "Borro" village at Laguna, about ten hours on horseback from Descevaldon.

Johnson, Crosby, Clarke and I made up the party with two Indian cowboys. We went by Mance to Presidente, and then by horseback. At Presidente we found the ox cart. A young steer was killed and off we went, leaving Manolito with the cart to help.

We went through the same thornite hill fields, with its thousands of birds of all descriptions. Later we entered plains out of the water covered with shorter grass and clusters of trees or bushes. In these hill tracts

really, well protected by the true  
huge thermite hills. This was the  
real open country. We saw a Pheasant  
in the distance. And then on approaching  
the hills of Laguna we entered the  
Millo, with its tropical vegetation  
fully cool path, dark and soothing.  
We came to a clearing - a cluster of half-  
a dozen palm thatched houses, with the  
patios swept clean. No other sign of  
Bororo culture. Only gourd rattles, containing  
seeds which an old man was shaking - one  
in each hand to the accompaniment of  
his singing. People dressed.

We crossed the valley - grassy plain  
to the next hill - where the village  
was located, in the middle of the  
Millo. Poverty. Old huap sacs  
in place of blankets. Rags. No sign  
of any indigenous industry.

In the evening sitting by the carigue's house  
the men sang. The women by the fire at times  
would get up to dance - a hopping dance  
with arms extended sideways. The men  
sang in turn - to the accompaniment of rattle  
which the chief had - one in each hand,  
different motions. The slaves alone looked  
on.

In the morning we gave out the mate  
tobacco and meat. They put on for us the Unuwa  
tiger dance. In an enclosure the man  
undressed, tied his penis with grass,

then others smeared paint on face and  
body, and on that white downy feathers.  
A grass skirt, rattles made of rickles  
hoops on his ankles, and a little ant  
headress, a jaguar skin - I have the  
specimen with geometrical designs on the  
inside, and several long snake skins hanging  
from the neck. He was dressed while  
others sang. A definite ritual. Then  
the Carigue leading the way the jaguar  
after dancing in the enclosure was led  
out of the enclosure. The carigue - the  
singer walked backwards and the dancer  
danced. Outside he danced while  
the men sang, shook rattles and sometimes  
danced around him - The women danced  
around him also. The dance was interrupted  
by games, at which time the women either  
turned their backs on the performer or ran  
away, coming back to dance - some as  
might before - as soon as the song was  
resumed. When my performer became tired, another  
took his place. Took morning pictures

There was a certain amount of intimacy in  
the dance helped by the hopping or  
stamping of the feet rhythmically -  
jerky motions, in which there was a  
touch of sexuality as the women danced  
- and the rhythmic rise and fall of the  
extended arms in the firelight the  
night before and the daylight in the

morning.

We left a little past noon, having seen that Clark and Cook were playing poker. <sup>and 4 others</sup> The wild land was at first marked by Hoop and Clark lagging so far behind - blaming the river and not their poor riding for slow progress. However keeping up with Manuelito we pushed on.

In the late afternoon we entered the water covered stretch of miles. I shot a duck on the way but could not find it. On we roared, the way being lighted by thousands of fire flies. It was so dark that one could see the horizon ahead only if he were within twenty-five feet. Now then, a baffled flapping of huge wings as some bird took fright and fled. A snorting of horses and the furious rush through the water - and a jacare got out of the way. As we pushed tired - but I not so tired as the rest who lagged so far behind necessitating numerous stops until they caught up with us. The snick of the horses wading in the water, the lighted cigarette of the man ahead, saw coarsing his horse on with by listening to it and then higher ground and the trot - painful for the others, but I have learned to sit on a horse and am stronger. And finally

Descevaldos and hammocks.

The airplane did not come and an order was issued to stop sending radio messages. No permit. Of course Clark would like to blame somebody else. But the fact is that they thought that they could convert a temporary permit or graciously granted into a permanent one simply by saying nothing about it.

The failure of the airplane terms decided me to try to walk Cayaba immediately from Puerro. The others agreed that since I received my permission from Poulson I ought to go there. In a talk, Simul wanted to reveal to Wooka the commission of the whole thing. I convinced them that that would destroy all that had been done. We left for Puerro - Johnson and Simul to go with me, and Clark and Perfield to Puerro for no reason at all - some expedition which all the persons in charge remain themselves on the slightest pretext!

On the way we slaughtered jacares. I got my share with some rather accurate shooting.

Reaching I Luz, we discovered that the bridges were down, but that the trip could be made partly by auto and partly by horse - from Flechas to Puerro - by horse. A half hearted attempt was made to obtain horses and then back to Descevaldos.

Peepitcheff was his usual drunkard and even falling off the roof of the house into the river.

We make finally Tulu's - where some galms logs were being built into rafts to be taken down stream.

But before that - on the way to Cuervo we stopped here and I had my first experience on an open cut - in the dead with aging branches ripping away, and the lonely howling leading and the dourly standing calling out and juggling his axe.

On the way from Cuervo we stopped at Passagian Velha - a name that has taken its name from the fact that the Paraguay channel passed in front of it at one time - what now is a lagoon. A little further down - Villa Bella - we found a field with huge pots which have been excavated for many years taken up the river, mixed with fresh clay and remade into pots. It is thought that this old pottery helps to give better consistency to the clay. I was told that the pots generally contained bones and implements.

Back to Descevalhos - rain, and latterly cold. A woolen shirt, a sweater, and a blanket is no sufficient warm clothing.

Proved my marksmanship against

Peepitcheff's and Clarke by shooting at a coin about fifty away on a tree. With the first shot I missed it, with the second I hit the center. Neither of them could do it.

I have been juggling Peepitcheff's tricks away from him. The other night he showed off by carrying three men on his shoulders. I did the same thing with some twenty pounds more. I suppose he won't try to do that again.

As far the expedition has accomplished nothing. Well get the blame for it - when I think that he is the only man that knows anything about what he is doing. The plot of the main picture has been scrapped and a new one made by Jack and Crosby. Nothing to it unless I fill it in for them with other geographical material. Crosby working smoothly has succeeded to put Paris very far in the background. The latter, I think is the better man if given a chance to work unhindered. There is criticism and cross criticism and an undercurrent of rebellion.

Anyway, I intend going up to the headwaters of the Paraguay and the Sepatuba. I may see some Paris and Barbados or I may not but I will be camping and seeing the

country. Originally, Johnson and Crosby were going with me, but Johnson wants to hunt at present, and Crosby got cold feet - which is rather pleasant. I would have gone alone - with guide but fortunately or unfortunately Rose came in last night disgusted, and I thought of making a reel for the museum of the country - so I have convinced them that he ought to go with me. This will take place sometime next week, unless the airplane comes at the end of the current one. This is Saturday May 16.

May 17  
Sunday

Finally wrote a letter to Loretta Long. Worked at archeology. Cold, rainy day.

Aliph Crosby! Having nothing to do her mind has turned to sex - and sex talk with the various men - apparently. We talked about sex and its psychology for a long time - she pretending to be carving a chess figure - her latest fad - and I attempting to write an Irish sex teaser - she is that.

Monday  
18

Worked at archeology - classification. The plane arrived at last! In the morning we are going to Comuta and then Cuyaba. How everyone is anxious to ride on it! Aliph Crosby talked to Johnson about having to go to Rio - that is asked information about the railroad journey, etc.

He didn't like, but coldly gave her the information. I caught a glance that passed between her and Sam - failure.

Tuesday  
19

A cold dash morning greeted us, low clouds. We had almost given up hope of leaving for Comuta, when the clouds lifted a little about 11 o'clock. Off we went, while the Descaruller population lined the shore.

An hour and 40 minutes later we were in Comuta. Through the water at Descaruller has gone down somewhat at Comuta it is higher than ever. Porto Mortinles farther down the river is flooded and the Paraguay is standing by awaiting its population.

Flying by compass we passed over the lakes and over the hills. The latter at this time of the year are covered with trees blooming in purple flowers. Amazing beauty of a deep green background and

these trees - thousands of them with their local name reddish purple. What a pity that no Panamoor photographs can be taken.

Incidentally I slept on this trip.

Wednesday  
20

We should have taken off 6-day for Cuyaba but weather conditions did not permit. A cold day - and especially interesting. In the evening a large quantity of whisky warmed me up somewhat.

Tuesday night we went to the local

cinema. Alek apparently to his local lady for he did not appear until morning - sleepy, tired, but in rousing and carousing spirits. Put a little wrestling exercise - and he was out of wind. Good feeling all around.

Thursday 21 Two hot baths - first since December may have done wonders to me. A well sunny morning. Personally I feel as if I could lift the world on my shoulders. We ought to leave this morning for Cayala.

Discussion

May 24 Sunday - Descaualdos.

May 25

The flight to Comaba was for the most part uninteresting, it being a dull day. The hills between Descaualdos & Comaba presented the only interest they being covered with patches of "Pambone".

The panorama bet Comaba and Cayala was a wonder. Pastel patters, marvellous colors - in bright sunlight - a veritable Persian carpet of vast dimensions. The reds and greens predominated.

at the hotel, Duarte paid us a visit immediately. Bed.

1 hr 15 min

The next morning Duarte and Norma called. Very affable and kind. In the afternoon Duarte flew with me to S. Lorenzo on the air of that name. He spotted the Indian village. Sitting in the mechanic seat I took many pictures. It easily covered with foresty - much palms. Possible to land in S. Lorenzo but not gradual, especially if air goes down lower.

Inspector furnished information. Next day flew to Descaualdos. Not any different.

Frightened birds and cattle. Indian at S. Lorenzo hid in forest. Due Newell and George have decided they have had enough unless the expedition does something different. Horse back riding two days. galloping drive, fun.

I have been acting as medicos.

May 29

Yesterday Duarte a long letter to Dot - but it ~~was sent~~ <sup>was not</sup> sent. The plane with Art, Oliveira, Davis went to Comaba. Up to now - none - no word has been received about it. Rio and Paris Schumme have not heard from it. Perhaps a crash?

Tomello have contracted a cold - nasty. Merrill will clear in a month.

Cuzata Cuzata - June 12.  
 June 9. Hotel Inplanada!  
 Hopl... What a lazy and unprofitable day. We should  
 June 10 have gone flying over the Kuluene and instead  
 Combs we are loitering about the hotel counting the  
 Oito Joffe minutes until nightfall while the buses  
 June 13 remain on coast and stiffen with blow from  
 away to Cuzata the south.  
 air plane.  
 June 6 left 'What a resume' I have to make if I want to  
 Decevaldos fill in this diary the events that have taken  
 for place since my last serious attempt to  
 Xingon with write something in this book!  
 equipment. To continue where I left off -  
 June 7 sent After some talk - Newell and Howls  
 letter to Det have come to some sort of arrangement with  
 air from the expedition. Newell is to leave in the  
 Cuzata near future. George will stay.  
 June 12 sent Having been pushing expedition program  
 letter to family from Combs we settled that Schmach was to go to the  
 Received 2 from from Kuluene with supplies overland and by  
 1 from Det. canoe. I was to go to Bacavira's post with  
 him, return to Cuzata, go to S. Luenga there  
 and await coming of the expedition, and  
 after spending a week with it I was to  
 go by plane to the Kuluene & I of Sethwa.  
 One evening I was called to meeting  
 consisting of Johnson, Clark, Comby. I was  
 asked to furnish some information and advice.  
 There is no doubt but that Comby came not  
 a snap of his fingers for a type of picture which  
 interest Johnson. He wants to finance the whole  
 thing. Also, he and Jack did not have

and have of the least conception of Indian  
 Psychology. Throwing - and justly - that they  
 might go to the Barros' camp and get nothing  
 they wanted to go alone look around for a  
 day, etc. Utterly ridiculous of course and  
 I said so. Comby suggested swapping the  
 use of Indians in the picture. Johnson and  
 Clark agreed. It was finally settled that  
 on the 20th of the month members were to go  
 to the Barros' camp at S. Luenga, and  
 that I was to leave Decevaldos for  
 Simoe Lopez via Casares, Cuzata -  
 with Sam & Schmach.  
 Going to my room I reflected on  
 the uncertainty of the whole thing -  
 but not even the plot of the expedition  
 film was agreed on. I could do nothing  
 but annoyances in having to travel about  
 the country in automobile, plane, with  
 bad food, no exercise, no work.  
 In the morning I proposed another  
 plan which at least gets off if not  
 releases me from any interference  
 in the picture. Johnson & Clark understood  
 me quite well. It was and is -  
 that I go with Schmach to the Kuluene,  
 that Johnson joins me there making  
 the trip by plane sometime in July;  
 that Jack and Comby go to the Barros  
 camps to investigate - in my opinion  
 wasted time money - and may lose  
 everything for the expedition.

that the expedition move to the Barros camp sometime in August where I may join them and that in the meanwhile they finish the spotlight that they want to make. So it was settled. For all the creative contributions that Cole & the others make I may as well have directed the whole thing. Incidentally Johnson has taken full actual control, himself and Peffiluff being absolute failures. Very little is even discussed with them.

Simeul confessed to me that he is jealous of Dave; and it is not unknown that Peffiluff bears the same feeling. Simeul refuses to work with Dave some director. Strange, in a way, but that is Johnson's misunderstanding of the problem. Perhaps it is due to his friendship for Jack who of course is and has always been antagonistic to Dave. So the expedition is being the only man who could produce if handled properly.

Simeul, Peffiluff, Duguesis the author of Green Hill who has just in our appearance, and a new cameraman picked up in Comaba because he was a gunman by Simeul went off as a jaguar hunt. Originally it had been planned to feature Peffiluff - but Dave insisted on not having the spotlight

that he started featuring Jorge cast aside to the party left to photograph a tiger tried to be added to the rest. Two days later came the news that everyone had lost his shoes - burned at the fire. That goes for experienced hunters. In addition they lost a dog apparently by being very careless. Another dog - John - was badly cut by a jaguar which was not gotten. Certainly a misdirection of Maxwell who had faultlessly lost a dog on a previous hunt.

They came back a day later while I was at Desceador. They had even run short of food - and they had planned to be away three weeks. Some hunters and some planning! They left after I did and took art Rossi with them who was brought back from Comaba with a bad hand - cut by the air propeller in back of the plane. After day we got the news that they had returned having killed two jaguars, and a puma - and captured one cub. Johnson told me that he had told them to stay away for at least three weeks - and there they are in camp again without anything to do which means more trouble.

There has been general dissatisfaction - even set and Sam talking about leaving. My attempts to settle this by talking both men with me were frustrated, both by Jack & by Crosby. So be it.

Aliph Crosby with her thin clothing, exposure of breasts and recently accentuated sexual talk - she calls it talking about love has become a nuisance. Typically Irish, easy, flirty, teased. How she can survive doing nothing all day long is beyond my comprehension. Of course she has her nights. The evening she came in to ask me if I knew any way of aborting - recently, commenced. She went to Puerto and came back happier - unchild she said.

Bequid came finally with all his affectations - enormous baggy pants, his grumblings, his touches of intelligence, his court and pedantry.

Phen from the Academy of Nat. Sciences, Phila put in an appearance - very festive, very charming with his constant chatter in Spanish, but knows a great deal and is not green. He will be my roommate.

To return to my own activities.

I left on the 21 after a number of extraordinarily busy days. Having to bring in the enormous pots from the expedition - had to build frame baskets, put on an ox cart that had to go across a gully, photographing and at the same time packing kept me very busy. Unfortunately several of the pots broke.

Pots contained animals. One was different from the rest in that it had the bones placed around the pot - three skeletons.

On the third I went to Sebnash with about 500 lbs of baggage off to Cayala. On Saturday I went, the start being marked by rehearsal before the camera since a travelogue picture is wanted of my trip. Johnson and I were the "characters". I left with Super for their farm New York with me.

Arriving in Cayala I could do nothing on Saturday. ~~and~~ nothing on Sunday morning we fled - taking Duarte and Sebnash towards the Kuluene and 2 of Sept. to survey the ground.

We left Oyula early in the morning flying north east. The country took a different aspect from the Pantanal. We were over the Chapada some of it thickly covered with Mata, other parts with sparse vegetation and some very clean. We seemed to climb steps for we passed from one plateau to another by climbing to a mesa, etc. Missing the Bahains post we flew northward on the Paracatu for about 40 minutes then back and located the post - a few houses in the midst of the vast expanse. with straight roads leading southward. We sighted smoke which we supposed with some rain that it was a Caipis encampment. Then we flew still to the northeast. Sighted the Culene and the Taunay falls then eastward to the Kulene. Having exhausted 3 1/2 hrs of flying we went back to Cruzala. In all we flew 20 1/2 hours, of rather rough and I was on the verge of becoming sick. Not having reached the altitude yet we decided to make another trip.

On Monday morning the plane left with Commandant Mayo of the 16th regiment of infantry and three of his friends for Descevaldes. I had called on him on Saturday

(Sam Hoopes to talk over the matter of the presence of uranium in the plane. It didn't take long to discuss all this time his game. He asked for a job - and he would with me) flying matters - notes must of course. Found that I promised him that. So in the morning he also flew to Descevaldes intending to go inquiring to Caures later and back to Oyula - the complex same day. Weather interfered and thinking he never reached Caures. Was entertaining that he at Descevaldes the next day. Our car never the day following he came back - amount to with Johnson - an excellent thing. anything Johnson expected to make the trip to the Kulene. However we have not been able to get there yet.

On the following day Johnson joined and I went to dinner at the regiment, Mayo calling for us. We alighted from the automobile while a spread presented some. In the reception room the first thing that I did was to sit on a chair which collapsed under me. Some embarrassment of course. Beautiful room. Audience section arranged in ordinary way. Rather interesting - a lecture

we had dinner. Another <sup>chair</sup> <sup>thing</sup> <sup>quint</sup> Mr. Corneil. Beautiful talker but I suspect to be and false. <sup>leave</sup>

I think that I sold them in talking about the beauties of Brazil.

Learning that Rondon was in Comumla I offered the use of the plane for him to come to Cuyaba. He answered acceptance. On Thursday afternoon Johnson and I went off. Cloudy day. On taking off lumber scraped the bottom of the river but we did not attach much importance to it.

We arrived in Comumla - and late in the afternoon presented ourselves to the general. A fiery talker and interesting - a short man remarkably well preserved. He excused his delay in granting us permission. We had dinner with him and arranged to leave at 8 in the morning.

At the hotel was Nery Ferraz a singer with mother and brother as chaperons. Having been travelled with Rondon they hanged on to him doubtfully with designs. She sang for him - quite well indeed. Rather ugly girl - but she may become very successful.

In the morning the crew reported that the plane was sinking.

The accident in taking off from Cuyaba - had just a hole in the bottom of the cabin. We delayed the start until after dinner while the crew pumped out the water. The gen. took it quite well. About to start it was found that the anchor was caught fast on the bottom. Johnson dove some 15 ft and freed it. More delay of course.

Since the gen wanted to stop at Porto Joffre we attempted to find the place. Failing to do so we attempted to land to inquire but had to take off immediately, the water rushing in so fast. Heading for Cuyaba - I happened to recognize Joffre - and we landed, giving up the hope of reaching Cuyaba the same day. The Gen. - this being his first trip was very enthusiastic about the beauties of the interior - though he became sick and vomited.

Porto Joffre I have described before since it was there that I stopped on the way to Cuyaba the first time. Dr. Otter's Coatemuca whom I have met in Cuyaba - has had the place filled in, has electricity, flowing water, clean water closet - like in the states and generally a beautiful clean

place. The plane has 90 square miles. (Desaraldos has 205 sq. leagues)  
He is now Secretary of Treasury of Mato Grosso.

We slept in the home - suitably screened, the keeper doing his best to make us comfortable.

In the morning - chief for flying we flew to Cuzalza - where the Gen. was received by his friends.

At the fazenda I got an inkling of his manners with the low folk. He is very democratic and is as happy talking to the servants as to the others.

In the afternoon we called on him at Costanza's home - a beautiful clean airy, meagely furnished home. We talked.

In the evening we received a visit from Major Noronha who seems to know Mato Grosso fast by spot. He spent several hours marking on the map identifying points. Very fine man. I said, after he had told us how much he regretted that he could not fly because of his heart -

"You have sacrificed yourself to your work."

He answered, quietly and

simply,

"It is nothing. Humanity sacrifices itself for the individual. It is only right that a few individuals should sacrifice themselves for humanity. It is nothing in comparison with what humanity does."

Gen. Rondon will probably visit me on the Kuluene, and if he can fly Noronha also. Rondon has offered to open the doors for me. Has promised me a collection of the publications of the Commission Rondon.

I have heard that Seyolt is about to enter the Amazon to come up the Xingu in search of Faurett with two planes. I may meet him.

The photograph in his book of a falls - so far away in the wilds is within 40 kilometers of Cuzalza.

This morning the Rondon gave us a visit. We were supposed to go on the survey flight but weather changed again. He called in place of seeing us off.

Last night Johnson and I called on Colonel Leiv da Costa, chief of police of Mato Grosso, and sec. of public safety, and capt in

the cavalry. Made things very smooth for us giving the freedom of the port. From Rio Grande do Sul, he says America and thinks that future of Brazil is in the south. Like all Brazilian he is intensely patriotic.

My problems of transportation seem to be heavy. If I have to take existing gas I will need about 26 oxen.

Have approached Caca Orlando and met Parola an associate of the firm. Very short, stumpy, fat, he knows the interior has salmon and is willing to help. Eldredgeman.

June 13  
Cuyata  
Plane made a trip to Descalvados taking Sam back. Johnson was worried about being away for such a long time but brought back good news. The hunting party seemed to have gotten good material and Merrill has been happily progressing with his spotlight. Everyone seems to be in good spirits and energetic.

June 14  
Porto Joffe  
Informational -  
Capt. J. Toggi Galvão (Casa Allemã - Curitiba)  
Permanent address - Tommaso João Alfonso 29  
(Botafogo) Rio

Gen Rondon

Bonno's burial - body buried in marsh very shallow of me. After a week of mud taken out and remaining shreds of flesh torn off with teeth. Bonno then put in basket and whole thing sunk in river. No more burial and no remains.

Burials found at Descalvados neither Bonno nor Quetz. Must be pre-Gen Rondon suggested Tupi culture.

Three burials of Bonno at S. Lourenço at Pirigara, at Corvega Grand and S. Lourenço, and at Pondonopolis (on Rondon's ranch).

Sungas and Guajos must be studied

Streams in Pantanal change courses within few years. Hope about Porto Joffe no good any longer. S. L. has changed its course as well as others.

Trip from Joffe to Pirigara following the river - in the morning with Gen. Rondon and Galvão. Plane was not able to land. Could have had a little more number of aboriginal people very little - ordinary - two large built things white painted. A great deal of excitement. Dark day - the way it has been for many weeks - cold and fogged but no rain. S. & S. wind

Note -

For the other night became confidential, speaking of his dream ever since boyhood to make sound tracks in the field of animal & primitive tribes. He may be disappointed

Today we took Gen. Rouben back to Porto Joffe. I was to take to go back to Cayala - cloudy - so we stayed overnight. In the morning we flew to Pinarjaca - 2000 ft. - in 32 minutes back to Joffe - and then off to Cayala -

The Gen gave me map and had good ideas to send me both maps and publications. Galois (excellent English and is of 1912 C. Eng. class of Peru) spoke about making an expedition flight over the Andes (??) east of Rio Peruvia. Johnnie thought favorably of it. May make it. A splendid trip.

In the evening Major Noronha took the trouble to give us more information about the country. Great likable fellow.

June 18

Off for the King at last - Crew, Schmach, Johnson, Turpi and I.

Off at 7:32. Flying high above soft carpet of white clouds. Looks like a vast snow field. Can't see any ground but for a few high spots and their distant beyonds.

7:40 - flying 50° N. E. Still vast plain. Sees near.

7:45 - reached plateau - past foot range of hills running N. S. - Moss & grasses, etc. and then the Plateau. The plateau isn't flat but has gentle rises and rolling stretches. Clear fields, meadows and forests.

7:50 - purple falls illustrated in Dyott's book to left and Chapada to right. Hills are in gorge and are plentiful.

To right flowing in same direction - Rio cañonada - very narrow stream

7:55 - through plateau - see no clouds. Way on horizon. Apparently same course.

7:58 - Here we have been following zone with some coming from south. The plateau looks up into a series of rocky arch formations with flat tops - to right and gradually disappear.

8:00 cross the stream that we have been following - crossing through a group of the prominent (Rio de Cañon?)

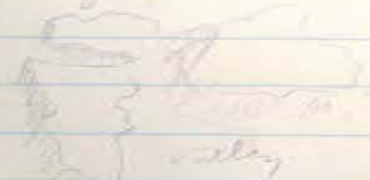
8:05 Arrived at ... wide enough and open enough to see the center of Rio de Cañon 3.1. Beyond ... Basin of Motta ...

Very rough wild uninhabited country of rocky moun, meadows, meadows.

8:13 - crossed Rio Rincón (Schwartz) - narrow, rocky, muddy - matto.

9:15 - Taught very close - then narrow and along running at right angles to us. Beyond then isolated mesas rising from rough undulating camp - with lines of matto in its valleys - streams.

9:18 - Taught Crowned a stream Taught near - falls & rapids quite before falls it widens on its south bank - a little removed from it a Fagundes.



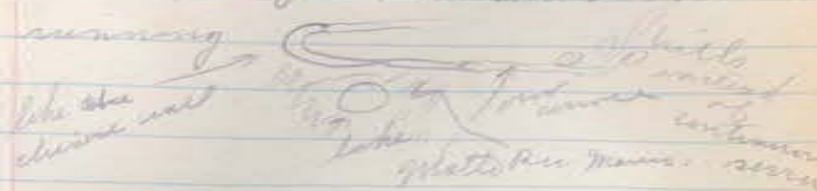
8:24 left the rough uneven ground and entered a stretch of serrate flat plateau - crossed a heavily wooded river another stretch of it and then more eroded rough country lone of trees except for the river valleys. The stream crossed flowed ~~E~~ South from N.W. to S.E.

Flying N.E. ridge

8:30 - Matto west, off to the right - the cliffs to plateau

8:30 - corralle many (cliffs) - small little pro (ground)

8:41 Have been following meandering stream wide of gouts - heavily wooded on banks. On left gaut as small lake - sighted narrow stream running



Flying N.E.

At the crossing the wall descended down to almost nothing. On the right some hills and then another serrate ridge.

Wall but not as sharply defined as that broken here and there.

The wall proper - the rock was purple.

No signs of bird life.

8:54 - some just passed the wall - to right - falls then cut in wall must be very high and has plenty of water. Taught of that horseshoe shaped wall flat on top - basin.

8:56 crossed another stream - broad matto on each bank - flowing N.W.



9:00 crossed Insipitona Road - yellow sand with clear. Road near narrow ridges running E-W

9:05 passed Barairi Port to left - Crossing Paramatinga - clear camp

Note - Galvaz and Borden say that pictures  
in Dyott's book are false -  
Luzon Indian - picture from Inspector's  
collection  
Frontispiece - taken in Rio Garden  
Falls - near Cruzata

I have recognized several others  
which are in hands of Inspector

9:15 - Clear camp.

Crossing streams - small  
with wide heavily wooded banks.

9:25 - still flying NE

9:35 Crossed river - fairly low banks -  
rapids - Clear camp. Fall  
work of streams - all very small

9:42 Same kind of country to right -  
Mesa Reunion to left.

9:50 <sup>Kulucane</sup> Since we struck the Kulucane  
Very rough ground - mts begin  
Amphibolite of eroded rock with  
very little vegetation.

10:40 <sup>Kulucane</sup> Passed 7 Set about

11:20: <sup>Kulucane</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> picture of  
fire to right at 10:40  
<sup>fire</sup>

Narundak - Aldria we saw

Kulucane

11:05 <sup>Kulucane</sup> Struck junction of 7 of set  
Some open camp - good for grazing  
7 - Green water -  
Kulucane - before muddy -  
clear.

<sup>Kulucane</sup> River of Set - broad - clear  
Land below the junction on sand  
bank. Left presents of the Indians - musket,  
piece of cloth, knife (see photographs).  
Had lunch (see photographs.)

1:10 Leaving Kulucane ground we flew for  
Buzata by compass. A few minutes after  
taking off we spotted first village - 2  
huts and one <sup>one</sup> tower shaped  
(poles only) straw structure. Flew over and dropped  
some presents - 121. Men - reddish  
colored in the light some big statured  
raised before they had their bows  
in hand. A little way off was the  
clearing. Dropped sack with presents.  
Saw spotted 2 others on the left  
and one on the right - same arrangement  
5 huts  
Apparently use fire to make their  
clearings.

Just over the forest! We flew so high that the pilot did not notice the drift. Present we flew far to the west, crossing the headwaters of the Culmuro, Paton, Romo, Van der Steinen, Paranantinga far below the post, Rio Novo and were getting close to Diamantina when Schmach recognized some land marks and we turned to S. E. and finally reached Cuyala. We spent 2 hrs 20 min lost and in fear that the gasoline would give out at any moment and no place to land! Below us was the Hatter - thousands of square miles of it. Later near Diamantina the country became hilly, terribly rough. It would have been difficult to have found a stretch of land on which to stop. Johnson even asked me to fix my safety belt. He was however seemed to be comely excited (externally). Just later Johnson expressed great fear. Funny to be up in the air and in doubt as to how long you are going to stay up there before the crash.

We lost no time in landing at Cuyala - by circling around. We had 61 gallons left - not very much but it would have made us very comfortable had we known it while up in the air.

We drank of course during the evening. Johnson became somewhat light. Sleep - after Major Harbo called

He did not know that we had come in and said that he was worried.

June 19 -

Johnson and crew flew back to Diamantina. It seems that everyone wanted a ride on the plane - led to refuse taking the governor to Curitiba.

Somehow I felt lousy when Johnson left, and uncertain and unsettled.

Schmach has been sticking his snout too much and has taken upon himself to criticize my conduct. Very fresh of him. With a little patience I must put my foot down on him.

Dyott spoke of having difficulty in recruiting a personnel. He met difficulty that I have encountered.

João Clemente has been sent for by the Major - to give us information. He is at the post. He will probably go with us.

Note: Rapids photographed by Dyott. Rio de novo - Ende's rail.

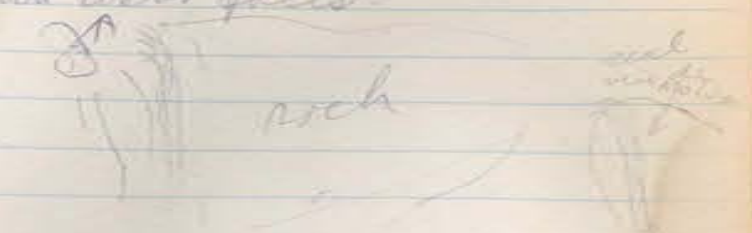
Tuesday  
June 23

Tired!  
I really will leave civilization to-morrow morning and I feel uncertain about. Funny I have wanted to go so much and now that I am about to go I feel terribly uncomfortable. It isn't fear. It is more akin to loneliness. Felt the same way when Sam left and afterwards when Johnson left. I feel like doing all sorts of things - writing a last letter, writing to Dorothy, etc. etc.

June 24

Got away from Cayala - 6:30  
Domingo drunk. Climax a line. Insects  
Excellent. Splendid champagne. Champagne  
Paradise. Horrible Canasta about 8. Now  
8:30 - Mutuca - camp with both. More  
de Mutuca. Bridge (good bridge) 6 leagues  
Crossed and most scenic part. Here  
over river. Principally tanga. Park bottom  
deep.  
Salgadura (many pastures) - about  
of cliff - pasture. Below  
and numerous falls many hundreds of feet below  
well. Along the cliff - many kinds  
of fruit in fruit  
- rock - red granite - bridge - Dutch  
house.  
White fire - cool & all about  
dark and bright in some places.

Veio de Nova - photographs -  
beautiful, difficult to take.  
Interesting in top - holes through  
which water falls.



pidua  
in  
bloom  
purple  
5 petals

Peak Pindus is below the wonderful  
hollow but faster than over the feet  
hollow valley flanked by tall cliffs.  
Noisy, could hear these. Pictures  
Beauty - Protestant mission - 6.25 miles  
high Chapada about 4.25  
Blue grass. 1500

Trees on  
Plateau  
jaboticaba  
porca de  
frase  
small trees  
twisted, gnarled  
with fruit  
in fall.  
thick leaves  
gato  
leaves with  
nuts

Chapada - straggling little things  
Red sand - good road - small scrubby  
vegetation. Summit - bluish purple - not  
high - scrubby vegetation - some tall  
Camped by Lagoa Comprida - very little  
but very clear water. (11.15)  
Very little food. Hammock - cut  
some sleep by the fire.

June 25 - Off at 5:30  
Cushman later what could off  
Road along the edge - near S. Manuel  
Country about grass and again thick  
brush - small trees little had left  
sandy - white - not looks very much  
like 12.00

Started off again at 9:45  
 Saw three Rheas swimming a small  
 distance ahead of us - 60 ft. Finally  
 found road that we use of evening  
 Campsites - small flat - scrubby  
 by all the barrens gain eyes and nose - could name  
 some -

Passage fruit - of *Samolium*  
*Passiflora* - by the side of the  
 guano (the inside of the red fruit)  
*Sida* - used in preparing bath to  
 rubine gain in *Passiflora*  
 Anti-biote done half hr later - other  
 fruit which pin broke

Passage at 11 - just before reaching the  
 fazenda - *Sida* - *Passiflora* - very white  
 sand covering red rock / Red Rock

S. Manuel - 12:10 - at bottom of the  
 hills that surround God's Eye

Took upriver bath and swim. Thought  
 the water was about 6 inches deep at  
 place. It was so that the bottom was  
 perfectly smooth. The large fish though a *Sida*  
 this part of the year. In the fall they  
 come up the river - *matricaria*, *Passiflora*  
*curatata*, *gentiana*, *Sida*, *Passiflora*  
*pinus* (and other)

Strong current and while swimming  
 Tarp joined me. Afraid that he would  
 be carried away by the stream. Found  
 that he could make better headway

against the current than I could. I wish  
 I could swim a long way.

Had lunch. My mind is still very difficult  
 and attentive.

At three thirty we reached and stopped  
 at (Vina) part of S. Manuel. Learned  
 that Voto Barona who is supposed to be  
 arranging a trip of open for me has not  
 located even a single one.

Let's try to  
 June 26 Nothing doing, could not!

Spent last night at São Manuel - at the  
 vina's - Donna Maria Louisa, comadre of  
 Sr. Major Noronha. Clear night - but  
 moisture falls during night - finding  
 everything wet in the morning.

Arrived at the post this morning at  
 nine o'clock - still on the plateau.

June 29 Monday Camped at the old Bakain post near the Rio  
 Vermelha, ten kilometers from Simão Lopes.

A high spot almost treeless. Most of the  
*Phacelia* *Passiflora* way was treeless. Old buildings with plenty  
*Cuzala* of cow dung around.

*Passiflora*  
 (good as for  
 made trip)



The chauffeur - driving a Chevrolet - reminded me very much of Francisco Ojeda. The same sort of physique, the same appearance, the same mannerisms and his of course. In addition he was hardworking, energetic, capable, honest, and probably very intelligent.

I have given a brief summary of the trip to the post which to help I omitted many pages. I am happy to see that the outstanding features

I rode with the chauffeur and traps. The most interesting on the baggage which must have been rough riding.

The first part of the journey was rough. The road could not have been in a worse state. It was even then no road at all.

hot sun  
clear  
and damp  
matters

But the scenery was on the whole beautiful. From there on all that we saw were scenes of steep and glacial - but the steep are high and though jagged and very rugged. The red soil had color which is characteristic of the Mayan Caves, our long juncos, yellowish green falls, streams of clear water.

At Bonito we found the typical subterranean - did not even mention me to a cup of coffee. However we saw some lava which made us go. There is an upper and lower fall. The lower is the Bonito's real. The fall is about 200 ft., the water falling clear in a short narrow. There is really a wide canyon. with distinct steps at one end.

We camped at Laguna Comrada, late at night - no mosquitoes. No lake at all.

Got off early in the morning but when clearly the chauffeur began to have trouble with the steering. Not long afterwards the left front wheel broke off. Fortunately he had the necessary parts, but it caused a delay of several hours.

Half an hour later the right front wheel broke off. It looked for a while as if we would be delayed at least a week - but he had the necessary parts.

Some afterwards we had lunch at the first crossing of the river S. Manuel, and a bath, the best that I have had, though little concerned. The water was about six feet deep - yet perfectly clear and cool.

Several km. further on, I decided to seek Totó Ponce, who was supposed to arrange the trip. We went on and awaited him at the station - Ponce Mana Juncos, a mother of Wronka. She cooked a good meal and I ended by just staying there all night, since Ponce had not appeared with Totó until now. In the meanwhile the 4 vehicles worked overtime - all delayed.

I met then Abonka who agreed to furnish three horses and a mule - all that she had Totó sent out of the

clearly he could only have fifteen for the moccasin - but I did bring his price down to 1 cent for fifteen bullets. He promised to leave the next day - but he never did - not until the day after. Alabaka kept his word. The rest of the evening was our hill - can - and the walking cool and refreshingly wet.

We crossed the port - stepping on the side of the river. The baggage was later taken across on a balm - this dugout with a platform across them.

The banks of the Paranaingua are very high.

The port consists of several well built houses and plaster buildings. Close by is the Babain village - two rows of thatched pole huts. In each house several families live, but the men's houses no longer exist. The daughters in-law go to live at home of father-in-law - (same word for mother and aunt (either) as to

The Babains are a small people. I took measurements and made blood tests of ten. They are not dark and with the exception of broad faces are in no way much different from the Selawon. Noses broad and peculiarly shaped - like the Del. More of this later.

At the port I made a collection of Babain artefacts which are to be

forwarded to the Casa Grande. I prepared a few presents and finally assembled a parcel. The troops did not arrive until the day after that promised - though Alabaka was in time. On Monday the day of departure it was discovered that we did not have enough saddle bags for the bullets. Schwack has been more than useless in these matters. He suggested leaving the gasoline behind - then the gasoline and pistol, and finally that he would stay behind to go to Saranjet to get more bags. Alabaka finally came to the rescue. The problem was simple. He emptied some bags and distributed the cargo. Good of him and showed that he is both energetic and efficient as well as intelligent.

We got off finally at 2 o'clock and made for the old port, arriving there about 5 o'clock. I bagged away. We carried along a steer with a mask which we had killed when arrived at the Oulawon.

At the old port took some pictures. In trying to glass the steer station the hook got in it, ending in becoming entangled in the rope.

The night was very wet.

In the morning did not get off until past ten o'clock waiting for a mummy which had been left

More of Babain's artefacts of the Babain's

back to the post. Definitely interested  
 exhibit made only. The small leaf  
 Casque - the Bullock's mountain  
 pasture. Very rough, treeless country.

Friday  
 June 3  
 Camped by the river. The regular at my rate.  
 In the afternoon

Saturday  
 Morning  
 In night of the Kuluam at last. Many of the  
 morning in the clouds which we might have seen in the  
 afternoon. It is a very interesting experience  
 to look back to back, at the junction of  
 one of the many ledges, below in perfectly  
 dry ground.

Monday  
 June 6  
 In the bank of the Kuluam below the  
 river Arame.

The old post located on a hill at the  
 base of which runs a low wall was deserted  
 perhaps because of the fear that the  
 Babain had and have of the Goygor.

Tuesday  
 June 7.  
 The nights are very wet. if there is no rain  
 there is much precipitation that wets all the  
 clothing, blankets, hammock, chilling the  
 sleeper. There is the following cycle -  
 In the morning the water that has precipitated  
 during the night evaporates in a heavy mist.

Up to noon the sky is absolutely cloudless  
 then small white clouds begin to appear. A light  
 wind which rises about ten o'clock carries the  
 necessary dust particles to form clouds with  
 the vapor. The clouds increase in size  
 during the afternoon, it becomes hotter  
 and here and there there are wind storms.  
 With the setting of the sun which is almost  
 the parched country quickly radiates off its  
 heat. It becomes cooler and cooler, and with the  
 change in temperature there is the corresponding  
 amount of precipitation from the clouds that  
 have formed during the day. From 2 A.M. until  
 morning it is cold and wet. The personnel  
 gets up from wet hammocks and groups  
 itself about the fire, shivering with cold.  
 Not having the proper warm clothing it is  
 rather miserable for them. The Indians  
 stretch their hammocks about a fire.  
 I, with my better clothing, my waterproof  
 cape and wool blanket have been  
 chilled and awakened regularly between  
 3 and 4:30 A.M.

Recommendations  
 clothing  
 etc.

1. The traveler should seek the protection  
 of trees or overhanging bank whenever either  
 is available - but both are scarce in  
 the country just travelled.
2. He should have a poncho in which  
 he can wrap himself with his bedclothing.  
 - a tarpaulin is useful but clumsy.
3. He should have several pairs of woolen





Mamuelito, Luiz Apacano, Carmite  
 Mamuelzinho, Miltos, Isidoros  
 Andrezinho.

Thought - Somehow my apt. life of last year seems to have faded in the past. I can remember this or that, but not vividly. Visually it is almost gone. This strange for it was so different from my previous life. Doubtless on the other hand seems to be close and much more tangible. I feel an existence separate both from past and future - and yet the future will confront me even before I will be aware that it is upon me. How many strange and different things may be occurring involving people that I care about! Whence I am here and cannot realize even that. I might just as well be a few miles away from Philadelphia.

Note  
 Canoe making - do not cut until the bark is taken from the tree, and the next day until the canoe is finished. No one is permitted to see the work after it is begun - if otherwise the bark will crack. - yesterday the attempt was made for the first canoe - seams appeared on the seams and the bark cracked.

The puma was heavily armed with old Winchester. Bows and arrows were also taken along to be used and were used in fishing. Remarkable accuracy.

There was fear of Caipós and of measles, but neither appeared. Near our present camp a "picada" was found about 12 days old, quite large. Since the tings were broken and not cut, the traveller must have been either Caipós or Cajubi. The local trails - that is, those of further down the river have knives and would have used them to mark the trail.

We had to open the way when crossing streams and often had to make cord and bridge. It became worse as we approached the Cataracts. When we reached the rapids the baggage had to be transported across by the usual means a bridge built for the animals. A kilometer further on at another branch of the same river there was another rapids where we camped for the night.

There was a dark at night. Up to now I had not used mosquito net.

of swimming  
of piranhas

because

stingrays

Schmitt saw a small jacaré.

*[Faint handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.]*

*[Faint handwritten text, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.]*

with that ship for a sailing!

The third night we camped on the Cripts' river - really the Desaguero, branch of the Parapo which flows into the Paramungo. The country was similar in aspect. Some of the Indian boys piled porches and piñons. Marcelino killed a muntjac with his Winchester. Larkin in the day shot a muntjac and a deer. Pretty wet night.

The fourth night at Amal - a small stream, and the next night we camped after crossing the Parapo - rapid. The baggage had to be carried across by the men, and a bridge built for the animals. The second rapid was a kilometre away and the same thing had to be done. Very hard work.

The next day we had to make a bridge at every stream that we crossed, about ten of them. We finally camped at the falls - falls of a small stream. Put up the hammock in the cave under a rock shelter.

The country became rougher, the vegetation - grass taller and more luxuriant and more numerous trees - terribly twisted.

The next day we had to open the way for the caravan. I and Marcelino pushed out two other Indians about ahead. There was no path, since we were

on a mountain that built this road. We finally arrived about noon at the Hatto bordering the Kuluwara. I insisted on camping by the river so that we could have a water supply handy. The bank is high and being in the Hatto the nights are not so wet nor so cool as out in the open.

A short distance from the Kuluwara one of the Inquisition's bellhops fell breaking its back. As the animal that we bought wearing its death mask was not killed after all, but sent back to the post.

We are making dried meat out of the hollow.

The search for suitable jatobá immediately began - with success, although it is a difficult job to strip the bark from the tree some of which at this time of the year.

Monday morning Toto Perona and the caravan left. Had a telegram to Johnson.

Yesterday the stringing of two more was reported. We ought to have them by the end of today. Advanced with Antonio and Domingo have reported progress in the dugout.

July 9.

Watched the progress of the bark canoe making. Merrell's a spl... worker. Chinese decidedly indefi... but, I suppose, reliable.

Quereja - night... It is white, has ear and... down it but have heard its sterna... like call.

The coming of doves... and reminds me of Richmond.

Sleeping... night to... The diet of rice... badly cooked... but equally... beginning to suffer. Strong... of the lack of pup that has...

July 10.

Tried to... we came - the... do with it.

July 12

Spent... were ready... some covanted... make another... a fortune... word... gang... and... and... and...

... that other people... in addition has been taken... granted, almost to... if he says yes it must... he says no there is... To-day for the... had to give a reprimand, probably entirely too... has been a storm - another... and probably not as capable... made of cedar is... too heavy and... addition it has... holes, which reminds me of... of advice that I... been harmful. At... that the... causes with... bring jitch... mistakes since... how. ... had had to be... grease... during... talking... and... judging... and the...



Book IV

Aug 27

Have been hearing stories of Aligh Crosby's adventures in the mountains with a gun - the worst being that of going to a 28 out a magazine that got was holding between his fingers, the latter withdrawing his finger a fraction of a second before the gun went off. It also appears that she did not kill the tiger but only struck it with a bullet on the lower jaw - The Crosby bully boy!

Sept. 7 - Descevaldes.

Still lucidly gasping - or rather slowly and painfully.

Sept 11 - Cauces.

Flew from Descevaldes to Cauces in thirty five minutes. Good landing. Plane immediately returned to Cauces carrying Johnson and Davis who had been suffering from eye trouble. Plane still docks the population at Cauces.

The plane returned to Descevaldes with Aligh and Mr. Ramsey leaving Jack and Sam at Cauces. The latest news is that Jack will probably never be able to lift his arm above his shoulder. To my surprise I am really shocked and heart over Jack's misfortune.

Sept. 12.

The citizens of Cauces have been trying to hold me up for the privilege of transporting me to Cauces. One man by the name of Costa wanted 1000 colones, and later came down to one cent. I didn't like him, so I refused to accept even that. So today I contacted with the owner of a T model Ford for 750. I contacted before I saw the Ford. Let us hope that it will take me there.

The people of Cauces seem to live in business. But I hear on a city of Cauces it could not

have been used. I have been offered  
Diamonds, rings, typewriters, etc.

From Ambrosio - a Franciscan  
friar, busy trying to build a church

It seems that Matt's friend is  
about to produce a Madonna. The  
enlight article tells the story.

My chauffeur of to-morrow told me  
the following story -

He was there but never saw the  
saint - too many secretaries. He  
said that another auto had gone with  
his. The chauffeur of it wished to  
come back alone ahead of the other  
against the protestations of the other.  
The saint sent a message to him  
not to leave alone. He insisted and on  
the hour of his projected going he  
was stricken with a severe attack  
of indigestion which lasted until  
the other auto was ready to leave.

This exodus of autos from Carmon  
carrying people to see the saint  
has of course done me plenty of  
harm and delaying me

Sept 22. - Rondon again at the request of  
Gen. Rondon with the Capt.  
Fogge-Jellico

Note on activities since left at Caracas  
by the plane.

Left Caracas on the 13. Arrived Cayala  
late at night on 14. Left Cayala  
on 16, arrived post at 1 P.M. on 17.  
Left Baker's post on late morning  
of 18, arrived Cayala at 5 P.M. on  
19. Left Cayala on 21, arrived Foyada  
of Gen. Rondon in afternoon of 22.

News - telegraphed Pezuela at Cayala  
to send auto subject the making of the car.  
Telegraphed also to Gen. Gustin. Gen. Gustin  
arriving in Caracas by the night train, telegraphed  
to Capt. Portales to investigate Pezuela  
arrived by night arranged to be taken  
to Cayala in a motor truck after 2000 or  
so miles.

While in Caracas received mail from  
Frank Anderson - Frank Francisco  
Finis

Left Caracas at 6 A.M. The trip was  
very tiring except for the very  
numerous people on the road. The  
Tucuman - really Tucuman was to see  
the point. Some of them are about  
men & women, some with a bullock,

some mounded. (Some still use side saddle)  
Combinations of about 1000 of transport.  
Took the Pantanal route to Cayala  
supposedly a better way to go.  
Dry and no streams.

Stopped at a "bahia" filled with  
peas, both in the water and on the  
banks. Very numerous, a really nice  
situation.

Suffered thirst. Very hot.

At midday turned me of the main  
bearing and had several flat tires.  
Delayed about 3 hours. With motor  
in bad shape because of loss of oil  
and burned bearings, started Pezuela at  
6:30 P.M. Pezuela to reach Cayala  
the same night we could, but when Pezuela  
took the wrong road and we finally stopped  
at Formiguera - near the Rio Uruguay.  
Slept in a little thatched mud hut of  
acajete. Rained heavily during the night.  
Left Formiguera and reached Pezuela  
at 11. Went to "hotel" to get some food  
and to think things over. Hotel Pezuela  
Did not want to risk continuing in  
the same auto - and none could be  
had in Pezuela. Learned at the hotel  
that Pezuela had stopped there on  
way to Caracas to pick me up. Waited  
for him and he came back in the  
early afternoon.

Met there a very interesting "colono"

a former Austrian navy capt.  
 got name according to him. Spoke French well  
 from <sup>from</sup> ~~from~~ had been in S. America and  
 mentioned several pretty numerous  
 ports and parts of the world.  
 Tall and strong.

Was drinking heavily as usual, was  
 camping with them in the car and  
 questions to him with the intention  
 of being very high and quiet for a  
 while. He will be charged on his  
 expense account. What a difference  
 I spent 37 milins on trip and he  
 presented me with a bill of 200.  
 He paid (I paid) 550 milins  
 to Ben Gardiner for the trip.

Hotel paper at Poon interesting  
 in that it advised me of several outbreaks  
 in his country.

Barber that came to cutting hair and shave  
 me. Assyrian with tremendous black mustache.

Account for truck with Ben Gardiner -  
 200 milins. Left on morning of 15 at  
 6 P.M.

Met in Cuzco the new Inspector - Benito  
 Ochoa and that was specified the truck  
 sent me a camera with challenge that  
 I would buy it - a good shot -  
 snow camera with graphs with the

same advantage of being able to cut the  
 focused image.

Found Mr. Mores, the director  
 of Protestant mission school at  
 Burity most hospitable. Met  
 his wife - strong western feminist  
 type.

Made good time. Went about  
 three hours fixing broken wheel  
 gear - stopped for camp in forest  
 just before reaching Tapa. Consider  
 had rained during the day. Cold  
 night.

Much more insects during the  
 day than on previous trip. Saw  
 sunning deer and sheep.

On next day stopped at Dona  
 Isabella - "Vina" and found  
 there reached the post in 2 hrs and  
 45 min. Total running time  
 17 hr 15 min.

Found the men at the post. Working  
 for me since the 11<sup>th</sup> or 15.  
 About 40 Indians accompanied  
 them to the post. All in good condition.  
 See notes supplied by night for description  
 of trip and comments.

Trip back also made in quick  
 time. Met Ochoa and Papeteroff  
 at Burity and went on with them.  
 Camped on Mantilla. A passenger  
 mule and mule.

Sunday night went to a lecture and dance. Danced with Jeanine Costamarcos, niece of Ottavio Costamarcos owner of Porto Joffe and sev. of trees at present of Matto Grosso. Beautiful girl. Danced with another - ugly but better dance.

Learned that my dancing with the Costamarcos also served as an introduction to many other girls and that I was free to dance with them. Have been having a very disagreeable time with Schmark

Sept 29 About the "Eolo" at Arica. Below Cayota.


As first started to say that will take time & if caught started in at the coast and since we are stopped at Arica this morning it was not possible to do the land on the coast. Finally it was decided that it would be the same as we were breakfasting for the night back of some Cayota.

Arica is a port - very important about 20 kilometers south of Cayota. The land is very good sugar than the others it is much better than the Tangaray

On Monday went with Galois to Paratingala saw the Paratingala and reached the small Paratingala river a mile above stream. Walked to the maloca having some birds around a wide stream, but some back in a small canoe paddled by a Paratingala youth.

Sailed - 9:15 The San Lorenzo (called San Venetia) by some of the local people wrongly) is wide but shallow at this time of the year.

Trips to the maloca interesting in that it was through forests of gigantic tagua. The maloca with its delicate framework of small beams has the beauty that the Jaga Chimera have caught in their net of bark & shells.

The maloca - a circle formed by beams - . In the center one of identical structure but larger is the men's house. The interior of this latter had no special features. No painted poles - nothing. The men in this house sleep and smoking mate, some girls, and women. It is the bakiloro's and guest house. I was told that the chief appoints a girl every night who is to give herself to the bakiloro.

Wrote covered with Beauty leaves. Saw an old woman making a pot - she built the pot with coils of clay and then smoothed and shaped with

a shell, waiting at work like *Siga* tongue.  
Saw a cubbed arrow - many birds  
The men brought hunting and  
fishing, there was a small amount  
in the village.

The Wandsworth visited the village  
and took many pictures of various  
places of the life, the most striking  
of course.

Dehydration is practiced. Although  
the spirit suffers the same fate  
I could not tell how the women were  
some filthy, e.g. from the resist down -  
but the eyebrows are plucked out.

The men and women wear their hair  
long, plucked in front - along the temple  
it is shaved or plucked - odd appearance.  
Large broad faces. Hair of various  
on hair.

Saw women with cicatrices on arms,  
legs, body, breast - done at the death  
of some relative.

In a period of terrible decay - very  
filthy.

In visit at Buntz, discovered that  
the missionary Mann and his wife were  
not married - in fact very pleasant people.  
Carrying some Bessie's laws and rumors  
for some friends of theirs in the  
states.

Prof. Hoff visited Buntz, but visited

of visiting by themselves, they with his whiskey  
bottle and operations, including me.

Prof. Hoff very high in Cayala  
spiral paid etc. On the expedition account  
of course. In the end he took some of my  
trade goods, sold them after I had purchased  
them to the Inspector. Sold the twenty-two  
above. Saw that the bill that he will  
present to the expedition will show a much  
less sum than he actually received.

He got from me -

200 miles for travelling expenses, and  
he never travelled.

200 on a genuine bill to replace  
to Cayala.

99 miles for taxi and law bill

How I don't know how much he left  
for me to pay on the hotel bill.

The only thing of interest that happened  
to me in Cayala was the automobile  
ride seated beside a cadet. The girl  
but twenty years of age took great delight  
in lighting me and wanted to be driven  
I could not resist for she was an effeminate  
and I think that of a girl had several  
experiences.

People to be remembered of Cuyabá:  
 Regina, ~~de~~ Coate, Galvão, Fátima,  
 Regalado, Maya, Costa Marques,  
 Tereza, Nóbrega, Casa Verde (?)  
 Punduro, Duarte (2).

About the Cule

Have a public entertainment on a board -  
 a female. Have an American water fountain  
 Turcom. She must have been killed,  
 when she entered the water.

During the night was killed by the  
 more numerous counting of the pieces of  
 wood as they were brought on board. The  
 table is steam wood burning, the, etc  
 etc.

In the morning saw the slaughter of  
 a steer on the bank - a simple  
 stab, cutting the jugular. The butcher  
 immediately called off a dog and  
 kept on the grass and kept about the  
 incident. The steer lollid his tongue  
 and then stood still. The blood poured  
 out from his neck in a stream. Several  
 minutes later he attempted to break away  
 but weakly. After a while he heaved  
 tried to rise, staggered, fell on his  
 side and lay still after the pouring  
 of blood and attempts to raise his  
 head.

Thought the steer moving & saw a  
 new method - to tie the tail with

another pulled him by the legs around  
 about his horns.

{ H. O. Maser  
 Cuyabá #1, Cuyabá... }  
 { Books to be sent to  
 James Hastings  
 Perkins  
 Okla. }

Coronel Lio Da Costa

Cuiabá -

Director of public safety of Mato Grosso  
 under Regime of Dr. Marcol

A captain of cavalry. A politician  
 and perhaps more a scholar. Very  
 courteous. Tall and somewhat built.  
 (From Rio Grande do Sul).

Dr. João ~~de~~ Euphrasio da Cunha  
 Cuiabá - Cuiabá.

Official position - lawyer in employ  
 of state (C). Old man from Pernambuco  
 Probably very wealthy, old and fine  
 family. A collector of newspapers  
 Mato Grosso has excellent library  
 especially on the state matters.

Give me several pamphlets.

Most of his things in Pernambuco  
 Fine collection of Portuguese - Mato

Personal jewelry. Collection of  
money. Exhibition of odds and ends  
the indigenous stone artefacts  
of this shape (and lid).



- like an ox head.

Make pictures with fragments of  
stamps - most interesting artistic  
products.

Ottavio Costa Marquis

Cucala

Owner of Costa Joffe. President  
secretary of treasury of Math. Junta  
fine middle aged man - host of  
Gen. Rondon. Belongs to the very  
powerful and interesting family.

J. Toggi Galvão

Alberto Jimeta

S. Luiz de Caraca

Italian and good friend

The prostitute abroad has made  
advances and without the least success  
on my part she asked me to take her  
with me. My first adventure of this sort!  
She knows, I suppose, that I have money.  
She is of course first becoming a woman  
because of my unwillingness of course.

The conversation pertaining to this was  
of this sort -

Will you take me with you?

I don't know, after some hesitation

Do take me with you.

Where do you want to go?

To Rio de Janeiro, - after she had formed  
no other destination.

There are many people that would like  
to go to Rio de Janeiro

But it was easy to find a woman

It is if one wants to and has the money

Some notes concerning the life led  
since leaving Brazil.

Having asked Chica to make her any  
charges that he might want to make he  
kisses Bandeira, the new inspector  
and his assertion that he had now  
he has threatened to start a campaign  
against me. He has joined forces  
with Schmidt apparently who is  
threatening to do the same thing.  
Treating them too good has given

The impression that I could be but that since I cannot conceive what changes they have to make, and since if they do make any ~~change~~ it will cause very little if any harm, I doubt not the disturbed about this.

What a difference there is between Prof's character and mine. He has been hard on his money, friends, and enemies, and with his vitality there is the opposite. I consider the other fallen and become negative as a result.

October 1. Aboard the Colo.

Nothing new and even the old is difficult to write.

Aboard there is the Salisina sister. We have talked together, and I have been delighted at her open mindedness and great knowledge of the world. She has not been shocked at the gnostics, but simply heard. Our talk turned to personal religion. And now while the Council debates in the dark air on its to Cayala, while some discuss business, and these gnostics to a singing of ancient ballads after a solemn musical scene, she has returned to her cabin after giving me as usual, to pray for me - that with her I that and

a person who has dedicated his life to education of the youth should do this. True, that religiously it means nothing to me, but surely from the point of view of human contact there is an appeal in this that makes me feel unworthy of much and that in a way resembles the world.

She is from Transylvania, apparently of good family. Even before she entered the sisterhood she had travelled much in Spain, France and Italy. Entered the sisterhood from some conviction very against the wishes of her parents, especially her father. Has been <sup>in</sup> Brazil for some thirty years.

She is a woman probably in her forties, still remarkably pretty, small, and of course indemonstrably neat. What a picture she makes in her white and gold tan vestments, especially when she smiles.

A small square face, pallid but interesting with ascetic lines. Eyes behind thick glasses, which however are not too thick.

There is such complacent and drooping of Brazil and its people by others of foreign origin who are and have been members

themselves out of the field of  
the land that I am a prisoner  
of it intolerable.

Perhaps I am losing touch  
with human emotions by a too  
ringsome method of intellectual  
doubting, which unfortunately  
is so. It only there lies in  
science and its method. Then I  
be better and more intimate pointed  
I would have thought to raise  
so many questions and to limit  
in so much method of thought  
as I do. I used to be almost  
emotions purely from the concrete  
point of view, giving to my work  
and a meaning that my theme  
sprang from experience - and  
now I doubt the same degree  
of the experience of this is that  
emotion, also from the concrete  
side. Probably I will never  
change, since I am too much afraid  
of experience, and to much afraid  
to admit that I too have emotions.  
How much changed will people  
find me when I return to the  
States? There is no doubt that  
I was very different while I  
had representative and even

the X-ray trap. Now with  
silly and sentimental reflections  
I have stopped doing and  
probably have gone back to  
my original state. I must  
try the experiment again.

Oct 2.

Concord

Arrived at 7 AM. Very fast trip but  
disagreeable night due to sea sickness.  
Found at the hotel two letters - one  
my friendly note from Marion and  
one from Dorothy. Letter dated the 25  
of August but the envelope showing the  
post mark of the 6th.

I have a letter from her dated the 2nd  
in which she professes deep love etc -  
one letter. In this one she tells me that  
it is all over, that she loves some one else  
- a wonderful feeling - and that she  
did not become engaged because of  
the trip to Mount. Pleasant is married  
in her return. She wants me to keep her  
secret and to go some time visiting to her.

Tommy has made a suggestion on the  
receipt of the note. I had thought  
it beyond me a especially since I had  
doubted so much my regard for her  
and have hoped and expected at times  
that something would happen that would  
release me of this burden or burden  
since I could not have married her

for sometime and because of my fears  
 & after all I am destined for a different  
 life.

It seemed as if the world that I had  
 built was destroyed, as in truth it was.  
 My head became warm, etc., and I began  
 to feel as if I were falling or slipping. I don't  
 know still whether I was in love with  
 her or not. But we had been so much together  
 and I had let her know the state of  
 my world so much that it was hard  
 to bear the thought of dissolution. She  
 is very much the child of my own creation  
 though after three years of contact.  
 There was no doubt but that this news  
 has taken the life out of my work.  
 Let us see.

Oct 3.

My reaction to Dorothy's note has been more  
 violent than I expected. I have actually  
 written two spontaneous notes, but I have  
 remembered that what sounds nice when in  
 love may sound funny out of love. I will  
 never send them, nor any other. I am  
 calmer and want to work.

#### Conversational note -

Q Mrs. Cross - (Laughing or giggling  
 embarrassingly, say in presenting me  
 to Dot's engaged or seeing me for the  
 first time -

"All is fair in love and war, he! he!  
 you know Jimmie"

Answer - "All is unfair in love and  
 war, Mrs. Cross!"

or

"If that were true I believed that  
 I would miss Dorothy back!"

Oct 4. Left Comacina at 7 AM for  
 Terremoto Vicina for Portofino.  
 Experience arrived at 4 P.M.  
 Fine spacious clean hotel.

In Comacina had to open  
 several boxes and unpack. Found the  
 boxes outworn and filled with sawdust  
 some ruined. Cost money.

Saturday night went to a dance.

Oct 5. Fine day away from S. Paolo

The countryside has changed from  
 scrub to heavy forest and today  
 to well farmed land mostly  
 coffee plantations. Beautiful  
 cheese looking new villages. Best  
 hotel in port.

Have the idea of making up album  
 calling it "vagabonding" and  
 dedicated to my closest friends!

Oct 16 Abroad American Legion

Boarded yesterday and sailed at 4:30.  
(Rio). Cloudy and foggy. Blowing  
a little but rather pleasant.

"Alex" on shore waving good bye.  
Finally disappeared behind a flight  
car - shabby.

Sam upset about leaving. Poor  
fellow - he may be leaving Alex  
behind for all time. Long periods of  
separation are not conducive to  
happiness especially with flirtatious  
women - a "Brett" of the "San Also  
Pisus".

What has happened during the past  
eight days?

The Cruziers de Sul from S Paulo  
to Rio was splendid. Had a drink  
with an American called Clark - fat  
and hard to leadly wine. "You  
can't pull anything over on me".

Three French girls aboard -  
cocottes. Nothing doing with me.

Mania of giving away - money - etc  
continued.

Arrived Rio. Stayed at Iguazu  
hotel with Sam. Jack at Hospital  
Angel looked up his ambassador.  
Got his passage. I gave him  
money to take him home from

Quon - Sentimental and not  
feeling well. Good luck to him.  
A good - or a sentimental kid.

With Sam - Drinking and  
night clubs - spent lot of money  
got little but it did not matter.  
Only girl that interested me was  
in cabaret with her parents. Lovely  
girl - good. A Spanish dancer - "Camelot"  
might have. Stupid but fine dancer  
and pretty.

Alack - Russian dancer and  
prostitute in her thirties. Good education  
and ugly - but real character and  
clever. Took care of Sam and  
Sam became sentimentally grateful.  
Lot of money. Horrible bedroom  
done in red.

Sam Drinking heavily. Told  
me of his newly found love with Alex  
Hard on Floyd. Good luck to them  
Sam - handsome and infinitely complex  
Terribly nervous.

I broke down one night - weeps  
and cried. Muri - Russian did  
it. Taken to Alex's house. Rested.  
Didn't know that loss of Dorothy  
affected me so much. Maybe it did  
me some good.

Saw Rondon and Benjamin  
Rondon. Long conversation - 3 hrs.  
Publications.

Benjamin refused to give me Galvão's manuscript, claiming that it was not done carefully.

Visited Mamma. Received well by Roquette-Pinto, Dona Heloisa - Torres - and Dr. Lopes.

Lovely strong, intelligent lady. Would like to exchange publications with us and collections. Can send Mambricuará collection. Wonderful material from Mucay's.

Called and visited the Brasis. Lovely Mrs. about to have another child.

Called and visited the Correia's. Fine. Husband speaks beautiful English and is highly cultured.

Two passengers aboard. So far in indication that they will be dull and uninteresting.

Chen is aboard. At the same table.

Oct 17 - Aboard American Legion - Still cloudy and cool. Exercised with Sam. Grand on board not interesting and decidedly loud. So far have shunned contact.

Another plan for a book - inspired by "The Sun Also Rises". It is to detail what has happened to three of us on this trip - Jack - Sam - and I. Style to be the same as that of the above book.

Have lots of inspirational talk but generally have remained in a fog. At present this is I much pain about the loss of Dorothy probably because of the above condition.

Have decided to lead a much freer and decidedly individualistic life - associate and seek association of only people that interest me and should I want anything to try to get it without any samples.

Bermuda - Oct 26, Hotel Inverurie (Paget, Ber.)

Our sojourn aboard the American Legion was marked by almost a "boish attempt" to be different. We purposely avoided contact with the rest of the passengers an attitude that culminated, an inevitable result, in our utter discomfort. Had we really meant to keep away and were happy it would have turned out differently - we simply had only to keep to our own complete isolation. However there were several contacts and then came the night of the masquerade ball which we decided to attend in costume, this decision being in utter out of keeping with our former attitude and decision. Sam dressed as a hunter, Jack as a Persian and I, with a very clever makeup as a Grenian maiden. A mosquito net, a pillow, and a hammock rope in addition to a blond wig cone made the transformation. Knowing that to cover my own feeling of repulsion for the masquerade I had at least to appear drunk, I carried that to reality with whiskey and champagne. I succeeded.

Later I tried to start a grand lattle but nothing serious happened.

There were aboard a Dr. Sweeney and a Dr. Duggan. The former is a Paleontologist - American Museum of Natural History - returning from excavations in Patagonia. Much of a primp but interesting.

Dr. Duggan - Stephen Pierce Duggan, Ph.D., L.L.D. - now director of the Institute of International Education (see card) - charming and most intelligent as well as perfectly human and free of prejudices. Had really only one talk with him, and after the masquerade I purposely kept away - but he before I left the boat gave me his card - spontaneously and asked me to call on him when in New York!

Damn it! but I have an inferiority complex! It is becoming annoying! Pretty bad is the cause of it, I suppose and my failure to get down to work!

Oct. 27.

Almost a feeling that though the girls about here are lovely, and that I would like to see one of them across the table - glowing painted face - that of Dorothy's with its consciousness would be more beautiful and more pleasant to me. Queer! I still don't know what to do - whether to write to her or not.

Bermuda is like a picture taken from a child's book - stiff and fixed. The white roofs - made of the powdered coral powder are largely responsible for this, and the more or less fixed and formal vegetation - most of which is cedar.

Fortunate for us it is full moon time - adding to the feeling of fixity it is true.

A wonderful place to write and to rest - "still" describes the atmosphere. But what a horror it would be to live here always!

Last night we went to the roof garden of the Hamilton, the main tourist hotel, and met the famous - Clarke - Sally Matthews - hostess. A very small and rounded girl with a face reminding me of the lizard I killed when I came back from the Simoe Lopy the

last time, because of its wide forehead & jawline. But what vitality and what vivacious personality. Her job is to mix the lachrymose tourists of both sexes. Young - about 23.

What a job Sam has on his hands! To go back and tell his wife and parents that he wants a divorce - to marry Aligh.

I have a suspicion, recognizing the loneliness of this logical fellow that it is only an infatuation; and that Aligh is being very practical as well as infatuated with Sam. Terrible that I am so skeptical about the realism of people's feelings, that I attribute cold blooded motives to them when perhaps they are more sincere than I will ever be in my life.

Jokingly Sam and I have talked about my falling in love with his wife! Wonder if it is actually in lack of Sam's head, and whether life will play that trick? The probability is, of course that I will never meet her, or at least, never come to know her well enough for anything like that to happen.

As an expression - I say not. "My God, when will I begin my literary career?" Why do I still think that I am destined for it, when I have never made a consistent effort towards its attainment?

Wonder if I can get away from Philadelphia so that I can take my place in the higher rung? How far will I climb?

I am experiencing for the first time real, and not assumed or forced, liking for people. Transformation that may make big changes in my life.

Oct 28.

A streak of analytic talking last night - first on Sam and then on Jack. The last should not have been. I believe that my talking had some sobering effect on Sam, for instead of getting terribly drunk as he intended, he came back early and fairly sober. This morning he was in excellent almost exuberant spirits.

The talk lately has been on my understanding of the proletarian in cluding his music, his work, his emotional reactions. I should talk of these things to Clarke - for he is a right one but when once my tongue is loosed it is difficult to stop.

There has been much reminiscing inspired to the tunes of old Sicily. What a whole seems to be there, that is the culture of my childhood. The various phases, sound, visual, mental, physical seem to make a perfect harmonious oneness. The words reflected in the various melodies are duplicated visually and aurally. "Vieni mio dolce amor" "Ti voglio baciare"

and others so perfectly seem to agree with the wheat flowing down the carrying of the straw to the town, the rumble with tied up skirts and headscarfs, the narrow and dark streets, the lighted sky above, the laughter and game of childhood.

The picture, which is not only visual but includes in the product of all the senses is Arcadian in scope, in the sense that it is filled with the same deep sweetness, the same flitting about, the same joy of simply being. It is nothing but a lyric with the finest weaving of color, form, and spirit, delicate as the finest ~~art~~ product of the weaver.

What a reality will face me on my return to Philadelphia, and so suddenly!

Nov. 4. Philadelphia.

Trip from Bermuda to New York so uneventful, bad boat and bad service.

On the pier (Nov 2) met Mrs. Hooper and Sam's wife, and Merrill with his wife. Merrill persuaded me to stay overnight so as to look at the pictures in the morning.

In the evening, Dave asked a girl over - young, blond, and flirted with her - Tex Olive. Later went out with her, spending comparatively a lot of money unnecessarily.

Came over with Johnson the next day. Good talk. Went to see home and stayed overnight. Chauffeur drove me in, in the morning.

The pictures surprised me by their appeal. They give quite a different and better impression of the

country.

Saw Jayne in the morning. My welcome at the museum is better described by saying that there was no welcome. It surprised me and made stronger my intention to go away from Philadelphia.

Jayne has devised nothing for me and I am without a job. Wonder what will happen?

Last night I went to visit Elizabeth Marsh. I was surprised as to how well she looked. Darning letters and taking care of herself splendidly. Conversation very dull, but finally ended in love scene, which transformed her into a different woman. Neither cold nor distant, nor negative.

I notice that on the opposite page I predicted that I would be faced with reality on my return to Philadelphia. Certainly I am, even more than I thought. Poverty, lethargy, and no hope for the future. Mary has developed wonderfully though.

Nov. 7. Last night visited the Setherthwaite for a minutes and a cocktail. Received wonderfully by Peg who threw her arms about me kissing me happily. It was such a spontaneous welcoming that it delighted me.

Afterwards visited the Odion's. Per. more formally but saw the best well. The Jacksons called. I showed them the negatives. Told the Odion's about the break of relations with Dorothy. Good Dick!

Nov. 10. Under some sort of fog called up Mrs. Brown this morning. That's one with. I suppose I will go over to see them sometime.

My destiny at the museum is still undecided. My intentions are giving me trouble and I have a cold. My spirits are fighting low. As yet there is no despair. Gradually beginning to dawn upon me that I have to fight viciously and continuously.

Nov. 12. I am still bothered with thoughts of Dorothy, a cold, and intestinal trouble, in my career the other three. I don't know. I have a battle to fight, and it's going to be a hard one.

Must not forget to write an article or series of articles on Magdalenian treatment of Jesus.

Nov. 13.

Last evening spent with Marsh - I am violently antagonistic to everything with the result that my own ignorance is thrown back to me.

And yet without a little ignorance how can one be sufficiently enthusiastic to create? The other night I read Benedetto Croce's essay on imperfection. It must be that ignorance is one and if the creation is sufficiently well done it must be excusable.

Nov. 15

Still mentally composing letters to Dorothy. What to write and about I write. How she reacts?

Nov. 17.

Oscar Wilde - "La bella donna delle mie  
sante."

God can bring white into May,  
And change the sky to flame and blue,  
Or summer snow to gold from grey:  
One thing alone He cannot do.

He cannot change my love to hate.

Parody -  
Personal

You have brought night into my day  
Changed deep of me flame and blue  
To deep emptiness and barren grey  
One thing alone you cannot do -

You cannot change my love to hate.

Nov. 23

If one were to ask me this morning "what is your occupation"? I am in the mood to answer:

It is not a simple thing. It is complex and variable.

I spend some of my time reading, generally arriving at the conclusion of whether it is to my taste or not. I do a great deal of talking, generally critical. I like to criticize artists and artists. Generally I find fault. This sometimes helps, but often it merely makes my victim disaffected and restless. I go around and let the world know of my dissatisfaction. On the other hand if I know I must see who is restless and dependent, I try my eloquence on him to build him up, taking at times infinite pains. I build souls, but more often I destroy what little flame has been kindled. Behind this is the desire to create a race of tremendous people; people with colossal but also burning desires, will power, and explosive energy. Sometimes I kindle such a flame. I don't do much more.

Have been reading Karsten -

"Civilization of the South American Indians."

It seems to me a good example of a super-intellectualizing. Karsten is confronted with facts. Here these in connection with his own culture he would be satisfied by the obvious reasons; but being that they deal with primitives, he must find other and more complex settings. In other words, it almost comes to the point of saying that primitive man did nothing just for the sake of the pleasure that it may give him, or just because he has learned to do it, and merely repeats it. He is always conscious of the world that surrounds him, beset by fears and trepidations, expecting annihilation at any moment. This does not agree with my own observations.

To-day had a rather interesting conversation with Morley, one of the best informed men on the Mayas. One of the points that he raised was that when two civilizations

of different degree of development  
 were in the process of dissolution  
 or have dissolved, the one with  
 the greater development will fall  
 to levels far below the other.  
 He quoted as examples the Incas  
 and the Pueblo peoples.

I cannot agree with him  
 since he would like to propose  
 this as a general theory. The  
 degree to which dissolution will take  
 place depends on countless factors  
 accidents, etc. However it does  
 Moreover it does seem to me that  
 in such a case the forces being  
 that being about the destruction  
 being about equal, that both  
 will be reduced to the same level  
 though it is true that the more  
 developed will have lost much  
 more if it the amount lost is  
 taken relatively to the amount that  
 is kept.

Mokey is highly intelligent, a  
 beautiful talker and in every  
 way a charming man.

Christy Westcott made a  
 suggestion - to approach  
 Ambassador Davies for money  
 to carry on work in South America.

It seems as if I am approaching  
 the state of *hypnotism* in respect  
 to Dorothy. It started with what  
 Bennett of the American Museum  
 told me about her contact with  
 Cole's party in Illinois. He  
 said that she almost broke up the  
 group by accusing gestures -  
 flirting with this and that of  
 course. Ever since then I have  
 been keeping busy with people  
 and other things.

The other evening there was  
 a crowd at the museum for  
 tea. Mr. Johnson was here.

The next evening the old  
 anthropological crowd got together.  
 The first time in years - and  
 the first time that I have talked  
 to Dorothy Ballou since  
 I broke off. Everything was  
 pleasant, but I cannot help but  
 ask one to whether this will  
 lead to new relationships. Pete  
 and I have been desolate and  
 yet I have had the feeling  
 that the distance is too  
 artificial to last, and  
 that there will be some sort  
 of rapprochement.

## Breaking off entirely.

Dec 1

Much and perhaps very little to add. Last Saturday Clarke called up to invite me to dinner at his home in Bryn Mawr. Accepted and the next day went. Fen and wife were the only guests. Very nice of Jack to include me in the party. His sisters were also there.

Later Jack took me with him to see an old friend of his - now Sophie Jacobs, formerly Eganell. He emphasized that if I ever need a presentable Mrs. Jacobs will be the person since her family is the society leader.

Later visited some cousins of his by name of Remington.

How deplorable my ties become at times!

Johnson seems to continue interested in S. America.

At home things are as ever - some working but those who should be working most are still loafing. There is a sick complex - as always.

Dec 7.

If I don't soon begin writing in earnest I will have to admit that I can't write, though I have so much material. The situation at the museum is the same. No money.

Gregory Mason returned at the museum on his last trip to Columbia. A very tall, dissipated man of near 40. Has no samples in getting the Indians drunk so as to get the specimens desired. He is a free lance, catering to the public, and yet museums back him up. He has written several popular books and may write one for the expedition.

Dec 12 -

Down and out again, apparently with very little energy to rise. More than that my attitude is alienating most people from me.

In all probability I have lost Johnson as a friend - scared him away by my poverty or he never was a friend or what? The fact remains that he invited Sam and Jack to go to Miami with him - wrote to them - whereas though I am so near to him he never said a word to me. Good - perhaps it will teach me independence once more.

No job at the museum. Went to N. Y. Films not ready though I am to show them on Dec. 28 at Andover. Saw Wheeler and Hays. Both interested in seeing my plans and budgets for future trips.

To-day met Fay Cooper Cole. Unquestionably  
the pop. boy go getter intelligent anthropologist  
He delivered a fine lecture on the Philippines  
Sam has probably lost Aligh.

In the meanwhile the financial burden  
threatens to throw me in the gutter. Were  
I alone I would have had enough to put  
my mind at rest for a few months at least.  
I don't know what is going to happen. No  
prospects of a job and no prospect of a job  
for the boys.

One thing I have done which probably  
has dragged me down, and that is taken over  
all the worries of all the individuals  
of the family. What shiftless makeshifts  
all of us are! I am faced with this  
great problem and instead of working to  
produce waste my energies in criticisms;  
Louis loops; John somewhat. Everybody  
worries. What Hell!

I did have an evening in New York at Jack's  
apt. that lifted me up temporarily. His oracles  
were present and I talked instinctively and  
copiously. Is Jack sincere, for instance?

Dec 14.

The image of a bird driven and fed on by  
two parasitic fish holding on to his back by  
means of the end of the tail has become  
more significant. The fish represent the  
something that has been silyly sapping  
my strength, vitality, initiative and  
independence. I suffer but am  
unable to shake loose the fish and  
they drive me on complete masters.  
I can not even reach back with my  
beak to fight them off. No  
defense and the fish are evil.

I have scanned two books on  
psychology - "The Love of Superiority,"  
- Vaughan, and "Application of  
Psychology," Mott. Though not  
especially brilliant books, they  
are readable and helpful. I am  
contributing my rise out of the depths  
of inertia and despair into which I  
have existed the past week, to this  
reading. The material presented and  
not the theory is the effective element.  
The few words that are said about  
inferiority complexes, introversion and  
extroversion suggest home cleaning  
the mind and body of those many  
rinses and scrubs that mire the  
individual.

Gradually thoughts are beginning to take shape. Why, for instance, should I not deliver a series of popular talks on my King's trip? I am a good and interesting talker though my voice is not what it should be. However the amount of material that I have at my disposal is so great that interest in the rapidity in which it is presented ought to and does compensate for the lack of a clear, ringing voice. In addition I do possess a certain amount of ability to create sufficient poetic imagery to appeal to finer hearing, and perhaps enough wit to make a pleasant speech.

Dec 16 The ups and downs continue. I begin to feel the effects of some old habits and the weaknesses formed a long time ago. For instance I permit myself to become entangled in so many things and in so many ways! Afternoon I am forced to contrive means for disentangling myself, and never is there any profit for me

Dec 22.

Last Friday I went to New York and did not return until Sunday night. Jack offered me his apt. and I accepted without really wanting to. Beautiful rooms! His sisters not only have taste but a warmth of feeling the intensity of which I did not suspect. Jack more often gives credit to Agnes, the younger girl.

Friday evening I spent with Sam and his wife. Both had been drinking all day, and probably had not ~~yet~~ left the room. Mrs. Hoopes was avidly reading "Fanny Hill" a pornographic dissertation. We became involved in all sorts of discussions, and in my own estimate I was very clear and very brilliant; Sam deeply interested; and his wife surprised. She aroused an antagonistic feeling! Beautiful though she is I could not create in me a sympathetic approach to her.

On Saturday night Vandercook, the writer, his wife who is a sculptress, Sam and his wife and Jack ate Pepto. I observed. This strange plant apparently had deteriorated since last year. The results were milder and uneliminated in very little.

Last night I went to see the Osborns' spending an easy evening with them. Near the end we talked a great deal about Dorothy Crane, both of them asserting that she is not really

engaged or in love with Charles Golden that Mrs. Cross probably influenced Dorothy by saying that I was impractical and probably would not marry for a long time, and that Dorothy wanted to be free.

This girl unfortunately still bothers me. There is a slight yearning for her, but my trouble is more in conjecturing what she is thinking and what she will do when she comes back, that is her attitude toward me, etc. It is hell when this begins, stopping me from working or doing anything else. Soon we will have to remember, My brain compares letters to her none of which she sent. My brain wants to know her reaction to these letters were they sent. It is the really scrub and yearning to grasp the unknown and perhaps the unknowable. It wants to be able to observe the effect on those atoms that constitute her personality and thus read her thoughts and emotions. I know her so well that in a general way I can predict what she will do, but at times I only consider my own reactions, not hers, with the result that I fail to read correctly.

Of course there is only a slight doubt that she has never loved me. Looking back to the summer that she spent in Illinois she now told me or wrote to me that my letters made her laugh at me - not the reaction of one who is in love.

There is no doubt too that I conducted myself toward her wrong - I gave too much of myself including too much sex and I failed to continue to hold my unswerving superiority.

But then I was hoping at the time of leaving for S. D. and while I was there that this thing that has happened would happen. The actuality nevertheless has caused many upheavals within me. Fundamentally, I suppose it is hurt pride and loneliness, physical mostly.

When I think of possible marriage I shudder with horror. My wife would be picked from the "higher class", the result of my pride, ambition, and actually the only type that would have the necessary education to interest me. I have made myself superior, and naturally I desire a superior mate. But will such a girl put up with my origins, my connections (family) and my poverty? Would that not be a wound for me always? and why should I have to suffer that? No marriage - at least for years to come, a conclusion to which I am forced anyway economically.

Dec 28 Nothing new. Yesterday was spent in New York working over the film. I wish I could have presented a finished product at Andover.

Psychologically, nervous, no confidence, timid, etc. Physically low, and yet everything is more encouraging.

In a brief sketch of Walt Whitman's biography I find this:

"Now he must have realized that if he wished to make his mark in the world he must exploit his own egoistic personality, which already was so ripe and vibrant, and which in its essence, as he, himself, believed, was so representative of his country."

The conditions and forces which led Whitman to such a belief are distinct from those which have "forced" me to make mine, as evidenced in the preceding pages. I do not know whether my personality is quite ready, whether it is so ripe and vibrant, and certainly I do know that it is not representative of my country. I would not want it to be that. It must be representative of the humanity, still hardly conscious of its drives and yearnings, or rather cravings. I must too. My cry must be that of the forerunner, it must be heard by humanity, seized

heard and recognized and joyfully followed. It must awaken the sleeping baby, make aware that it itself, humanity, is strong, vibrant, youthful, in the dream state. It must do this joyfully, with the greatest intense joy. Vibrant life, not vibrant Americanism. I crave unity in mankind, unity and greatness, greatness in unity. I always have. My thoughts, my dreams have always been about humanity, not a small part of it.

Christmas music if unmitigated is soothing and stimulating to me. It contains my soul. It reflects all things that are primitive, fundamental and all-enduring on which humanity has built. It is reflective, quiet, thoughtful, full of yearning for that which the soul yearns, knowledge, intimate knowledge of itself, or of humanity which is the same, or the Unknown. On this has humanity built, and this has provided the force which has made the building possible. Thought, reflection, perspective, contemplation, with relaxed muscles and nerves. It builds the world.

My medium, what will it be? Poetry? I will be filled with poetry, my song will be a poetic one, but will it have the form? the pattern? And who cares for patterns, why

should any justice be restricted by patterns? It will create a form of itself, it must be free and exhaustive in its flow just as it is created in me. It must be as violent and forcefully spasmodic as detumescence.

Does creation ever worry about forms? Does <sup>the</sup> primary creation of all, life, ever fall into a pattern? Does the lover cultivate a style? He is a degenerate and shallow if he thus. Does a mistress think of how its time for this, and that? She is a prostitute and not a mistress, a disciple of love, if she does. Degenerates and seniles fall into forms and patterns, seeking stimulation and new forms in the forms and patterns themselves. The lover or mistress gives without reflection, without calculation, without consideration of cause and effect. He does not say this is way is better, and this make may give us new pleasures. There is only fiction saved for such as me.

Modern psychology would teach all that the degenerate does. It tells that we must approach our mistress in such and such a way if we want the best result. We know no such method when it is in existence. All methods are known to it, and it recognizes no methods. It itself is the experience that leads it to knowledge and the culmination into the joy of creation.

Dec 31

On the eve of another bitter day! It is likely that there really is nothing new to report. It finds me as unsettled, as uncomfortably pleased, as retarded as a year ago. Nor have my journal habits changed. Strange that so much can happen to an organism and change it so little!

The meetings of the A. A. A. were held at Andover. I went there with the hope that I might interest some potentate of our world. It seems doubtful. With the exception of some of the younger men Kidder was the only one who talked to me at length.

I showed the motion pictures - badly put together. They are so excellent that it would have been hardly possible to have escaped decent attention.

On my return trip I saw Hays in New York. I want to let him know as soon as I recdite the pictures, for a possible lecture at the employers' club.

I saw Jack and Agnes. Met at their place the famous Ted Smith, his wife, and a Miss Baldwin - with a new kind of dog. Agnes talked voluntarily to me at great length. I discovered that she has a delicious mouth.

What more can I add to what is contained in this book? Its intimacy is, truly enough, marred because of an occasional bit of artificiality and of course with the exception of a great deal. Nevertheless it is more intimate than I have would have thought it possible for me to make it, for in any thing that I give permanent form I would lie.

It has of course, a most wonderful year, this past one, bringing me a taste for luxury, power, wealth, danger, activity and greater freedom. A love affair - to dignify it by that name, - which had the appearance of culminating in marriage to a person whose personal habits always did annoy and distress me, had taken the form of a irreparable estrangement on my part, which may include even antipathy to a mistress and lover arrangement. It was an artificial bringing to-gether from the very beginning, with my part of deliberately seeking physical possession of the girl and she of as much of a "good time" as possible. She succeeded in that she did not grant complete physical possession - although I am convinced that she had given herself to others, - due entirely to my excessive habits, inexperience and eccentricities. I was satisfied with that, that, a satisfactory unity had been because of the daily contact which prevented storing up both physically and mentally.

Calculating as I am, in this case I never calculated enough, having forgotten to always remain in the dominating, dictatorial position. In addition the imaginative-romantic world was not kept living because of my stupidity in letting her see so much of my very intimate life. The explanation is to be found I suppose in that I was not able to appreciate her at more than she was at least in respect to our relation ship. We were to-gether. Generally I supplied funds - she supplied her body - for things that I did not want but insisted on taking daily. I, she would be master of cleverness and designer of situations, because not only could, but failed even to keep my imagination alive even to the slight degree of creating the slightest anticipatory feelings. Her body held an attraction through that she kept nothing hidden from my sight. Sexually she proved cold - part the stage of natural young girl response - and in the state where there was more stimulation from the obscene, from liquor and general regressive practices, and yet lacking the courage even to see these forms.

There is the problem of what form our future inevitable contact will take. At present I see only two things possible, either that I take form her that which

I did not seriously <sup>attempt to</sup> take during the years that I have known her, or to ignore her completely. Any other relationship will be impossible due to her unsmoothness and lack of sufficient vital personality insofar as I am concerned. In all probability, to possess her physically with me now this time, will become a journey purpose if she will make the least effort to attract or presumably to keep me attracted to her. In such a case she will give me what I want, whatever that may be. I shall make her my harlot and no more - if there will be an opportunity.

Is this an immorality? It may be, but it may save me from committing my life entirely to it. It will perhaps give me back the degree of self-respect which I crave, which in turn will give something of what I have hoped to give to the world. In the final analysis this ought to make my attitude most moral.

Jan 1

And now there is a possible or rather impossible sister-in-law to worry about. It seems that everyone of the family is easily affected by outside personalities, and in this case G. is showing the results of the contact with this impossibility. "We call it a new day - when I wrote on the opposite page it was Dec. 31 - now Jan. 1 - yet there has been no interruption, no break and beginning but one continuous flow of nothingness. - not even a flow in reality - no time per se - events only - what is this idea of time?"

"No change! New experiences, new problems, new knowledge, and yet I remain the same that I was twenty years ago, with the same inspirations and aspirations, the same forms, the same disdain, hatreds, pleasures, fears, cowardice, indifference which can be construed as courage, easily given to despair - when the danger is fanciful and not real.

The family is the moral burden, a stunting burden that I will never be able to shake off - since it itself is not conscious of itself and its position, its lack of developed stamina, its lack of personal ambition etc., etc.,. What are the positive traits? I can only see the negative and have become wearisome afraid that no positive exist. Can that superior intelligence

that I thought was so characteristically  
the family's trait I find missing -  
superior laziness having taken its place  
with equal intensity that was attributed  
to the intelligence.

Jan 3.

Napoleon has attracted my attention again.  
Tolstoy's "War and Peace" which I have perused  
repeatedly suggested the partial rereading of  
Fading's "Napoleon". What made Napoleon  
a genius? In what ways was he different from  
other men? What inspired his success?  
I don't know. He does seem an intelligent  
human being of the common sort. Perhaps  
it was because he differed a little from  
the rest of humanity, perhaps because he  
reflected humanity itself, that he meant  
so much to his civilization as he did.

After reading the above books I was  
under a drive to write my sections. I failed  
to do so, and the drive is gone now.  
Perhaps that is the makings of a genius -  
doing when under the influence of a drive.  
Most of us do nothing.

Jan 5<sup>th</sup> Yesterday Johnson telephoned to find out how my talk at Andover had been received. Later I went to see him. We had a pleasant talk. He offered to help me with the cutting of the pictures, the making of slides, etc - intimately financial help which I will not accept.

Jan 7. I come home only to harass everyone with accusations that no energy, no initiative, no work is being done. All of this is true, but I know that my reminder does no good and perhaps it does harm; and yet I cannot help it. It is my own failure to do anything, perhaps, which makes me so irritable. I have taken over the job of leading or forcing six other people to success, uninvited. Rotten.

Thoughts of suicide, but I cannot discover why I should have such thoughts. Fear of approaching a state of insanity, but I cannot find out what is driving me to such a state. It must be my own "self" that insists on leading me on these paths.

Intense dislike for a profession which deals with trifles - author zoology - when I would rather deal with large units.

I have read Alex. Muellie's "The story of San Michele". He shows that he suffered from the same sort of insanity that I do. Does he? Do we?

The thought has come to me that "the U.S. has never had a revolution for democracy - equity, freedom etc. Our revolution was one for reparation from England. It had nothing to do with ~~the~~ labor. So it is that to-day we find a class in our country materially equivalent to the French Nobility - ~~possessing~~ immense fortunes gotten in our case by exorbitant profits over labor and capital a system genetically the same as that which gave the Frenchman his millions while millions of souls starved.

Will the revolution for and by labor ever come? Vittorini was very expressive yesterday when he said that there is a lack of social consciousness in our society, which makes possible the building of tremendous private yachts while millions live on nothing.

What a child is Vittorini - so naive and simple! His salary has been \$26.00 per annum! and he refused to go to Spain in 1923. With the utmost simplicity in the world he accepted Crawford's advice to stay at Penn.

Munthe has written a biography of death. Always have I wanted to write a biography of pain, pain in its various forms such as lack of freedom, illusion, disappointment, failure of achievement and what others that cannot be written about in volumes? My own biography? In Munthe's book his own biography? Is it more than that? Are not biographies more than that and in a sense?

But what is this pain that has always been with me and perhaps within me? Failure to satisfy the ego, or is it something else? If I am satisfied with this world what would I make of it? Am I then a reformer, a reshaper? At times I feel that I would like to create. How can I create? What can I create?

I would make my acquaintances supermen, by recasting for them their own molds. Why can I accept them as they are, accept that they cannot be recast, leave them in peace to find their own destiny? What makes me want to create, not really reshape, my own family? Several years ago I felt that I was the new Jesus. Oh that I remained in that illusion!

I would have then steered my life more rigorously and with more tenacity. I would then see no obstacles, and I would teach without observing the effect or the results, and would make no attempt to modify my life because of my critics.

What do my friends think of me now? What do I represent? I find generally little to say to them, and apparently they find little to say to me. Must I fall, then, to the level of simply laughing and drinking with my friends? Why should I have any friends? Why should I worry about my dying when millions of people to-day are crying and demanding a leader to take them out of their misery? What value has my existence or my personal development in their history? What does it matter to them if I become a great man, a great scientist or anything else? Death teaches the answers. Must I live then in order to have a marble statue put up for me? Will I mean then to posterity simply a marble statue? Am I, in the flesh with my pain its

equivalent?

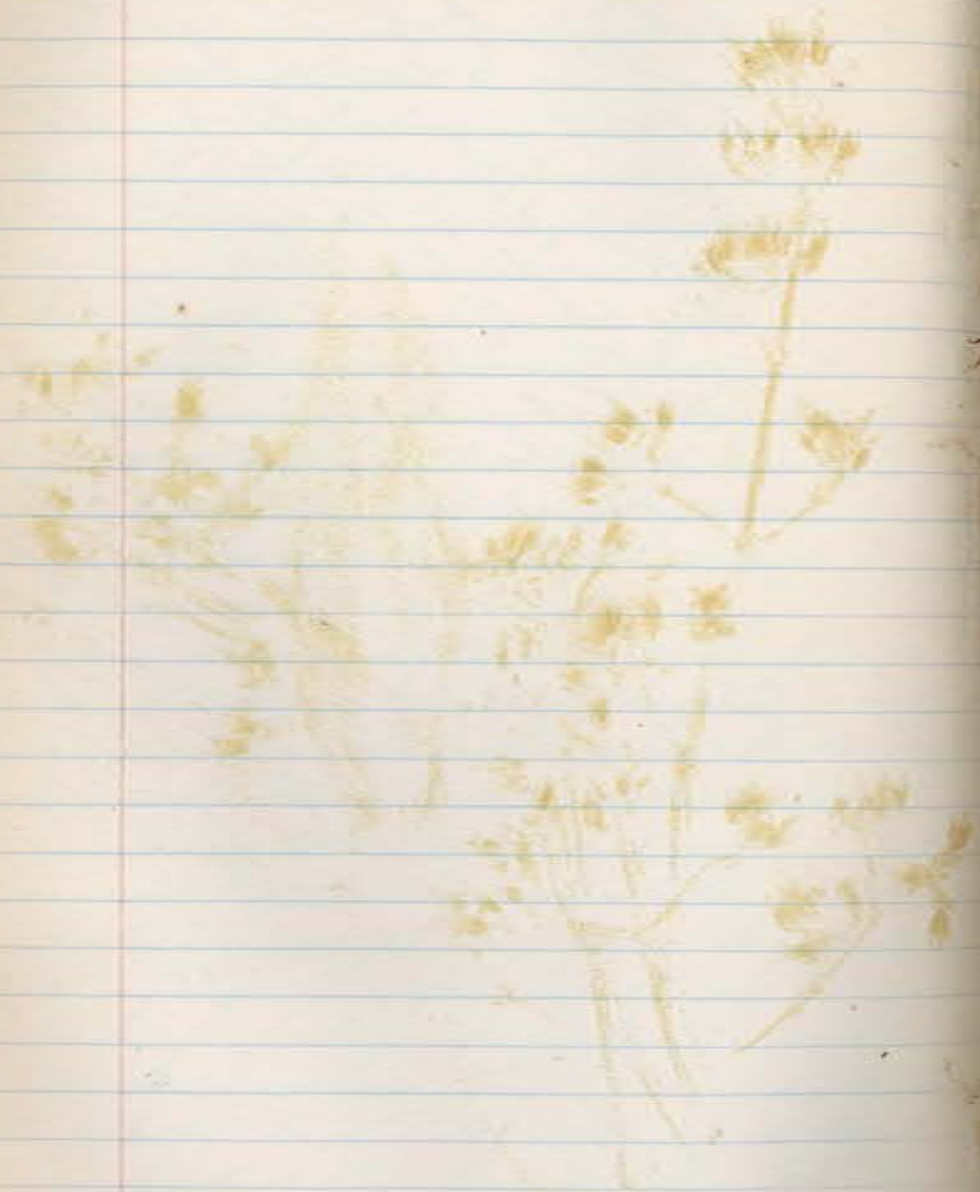
Despair! And why? I am young, I am not in love, I am strong, I am still intelligent!

My failure is that I have not affiliated myself with some great movement. Perhaps too there is no great movement. At least American civilization, of which I have become a part, permits of no great movement to even be born. American civilization is clever but it is not wise. It must be made wise, or it will fall. It must dissipate more.

Why is it that I who had so many enlightening thoughts, so many illuminating ideas that made me enthusiastic and convinced others, to-day have become so stupid? I sit by the ether and nothing comes to me except very poor thoughts of sex, or reflection of past conversations, happenings, that mean nothing. Then does a dream come to me to make my pulse beat faster, to warm my blood, to flush my face. I seem to be dead, always existing in the same irritated level, of and consequently fail to fulfill. I talk of writing

and I cannot no matter what tricks I play on myself. I think of leading and discover that I have nothing to lead, and nothing to lead anyone to. I speak of making myself the Superman ~~as~~ only to sit up with a jolt on the reflection that I am lower than any human being could be possibly. I live within myself which at present seems to be a madhouse, if such an institution can be conceived in terms of things. I must have something to worship. I look about but find nothing. Bitterness fills my soul, my being. I do what I loathe, and always I belittle what I happen to be doing. I would say Stop to all this; I do say it and lash myself, but there does not seem to be any stopping.

270



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Jan 10

Friday morning Davidson and I drove to Washington. We left in the rain and came back last night in a snow storm. Our conversation for the most part was of the complaining sort. I am fast becoming tired of lamenting one's fate and the successes of the successes of others.

In Washington I visited Hough, at the National Museum, an old man, genial and fine. He liked my suggestion of giving a talk on my trip. I am to write to him about it. The collections in the museum are almost non-existent.

Michelson was more nervous than ever, but was as helpful as he could be. We <sup>had</sup> dinner at his home. Mrs. Michelson proved to be a nice social woman. Mrs. Livingston who also was a guest talked about the trouble with Japan, being very anxious for the U. S. to declare war. Such women really cause wars.

My visit to Louie was not as profitable as it might have been. However I am to apply for a fellowship.

Had lunch with Spalding.

I have slept this afternoon and on awakening I have found myself in the possession of a dream. I want to live in freedom from the annoyances that accompany living in association with other human beings! The main irritation springs from their own activities in the realm of noise - now it is that one wants to play the piano, or turn on the radio, or sing, or the dog barks, etc. It is not that I object to any of these things if Harold would be done following my suggestion, but most of the time I yearn for absolute silence, or at least at certain times, and I must have it for my comfort. And so I have a dream house which shall consist of an inner room with partly open ceiling, with colonnades and surrounding outer rooms and of course built in total isolation from anything else. It shall be surrounded by large and old trees, etc. No one must live it except me, unless I invite someone to visit for a short period of time. The house shall be open to the night but not to the day as Mumukshu's home was. It is the night with softness and quietness which will reveal to my soul all that it desires. The moral house is built to admit the day and keep out the night - primitive of course, and superstitious defense.

Jan 11. Porfiriuff has been calling during the last two days. Finally I talked with him. The same incisive usual. I suppose I have to bear it.

Jan 12. Though I hate people for laziness my new life could not be worse. A certain amount of lifeless dependency stifles all initiative and any undertaking. Instead of thinking along constructive lines my thoughts go no further than inquiring into minor situations, etc.

Last <sup>night</sup> I lay down instead of working and have been sleeping with in my clothes. It is very early in the morning now.

Jan 13. I went to the museum in the morning. Joyce had been looking for me, but it turned to be that he was going to N. Y. to view some of the expedition pictures Johnson had written to me (then his rec.) about it. I decided not to go.

I met Margaret Moon and after talking to her we had lunch together at the Fray. We continued our talk, a part of which had to do with Dorothy Cross - indirectly. Dick and Dot Osburn, Satterthwaite, and now Margaret, all claim that Dorothy does not know what she wants.

In the evening I visited Spuk and his family who had come in the city for a day. It was strange what pleasure I found in talking to them. Delighted in Frank, especially so in Gladys, and even in Mrs. Spuk who has

good much stouter. All of them seem much more mature, more contented if not actually happier and more interesting. Perhaps more poised and less self-conscious.

I asked Frank about the possibility of taking my Th. D. in June. Apparently he doesn't know whether he reported my examinations or not. I wonder what he will do about it, especially after he has talked to Hallorwell?

Jan 14. Not very much to report. I went to the museum in the morning. I had a pleasant chat with Crosby, dean of the graduate school in reference to my degree. Had lunch and interesting conversation with Satterthwaite on politics. Johnson telephoned I am to go to his house to-night to cut the films. The rest of the day was spent in attempting to write letters, but as usual accomplished very little. The girls in the museum seem to be very nice to me. Margaret Moon would like to talk. Having had a headache all day I did nothing last night.

This morning I received a note from Foretta Long who apparently is teaching in N. J. now, asking me to visit her Saturday night but I cannot, and probably would not if I could. I wish that my relationships with people would be based more on spontaneity

and security. As it is there are many  
annoying moments, and I imagine many  
painful ones for this girl or that.

He will make this end the volume. Perhaps  
sometime the rest will be filled in with  
critical comments. I am anxious to begin  
in a new book anyway.

Written at Dryel Hill.

Hours spent in air *Motta grom* 4 p.

Comunla - Cuyala = 3.30  
 Cuyala - Comunla = 3.30  
 Descaualdes .. = 1.46  
~~Descaualdes~~  
 Cuyala - Cuyala = 2.36  
 Cuyala - S. Lorenzo = 3.05  
 Cuyala - Descaualdes = 1.20

Descaualdes → Cuyala 1.37

Cuyala → W of Port Santa Lopez NW on Peruvantigo about 70 miles, back to port and N.E. to Kuluca above g of settlement; compass line back to Cuyala from that pt. - 5 hrs 51 minutes

Cuyala → Comunla - 2.37

Comunla → Porto Joffre → Cuyala about 2.45

Cuyala → Porto Joffre - did not fly by compass 2.75  
(by compass 1.23)

Porto Joffre → Pirigama - 32 m. circled 1.0.  
→ Porto Joffre 35

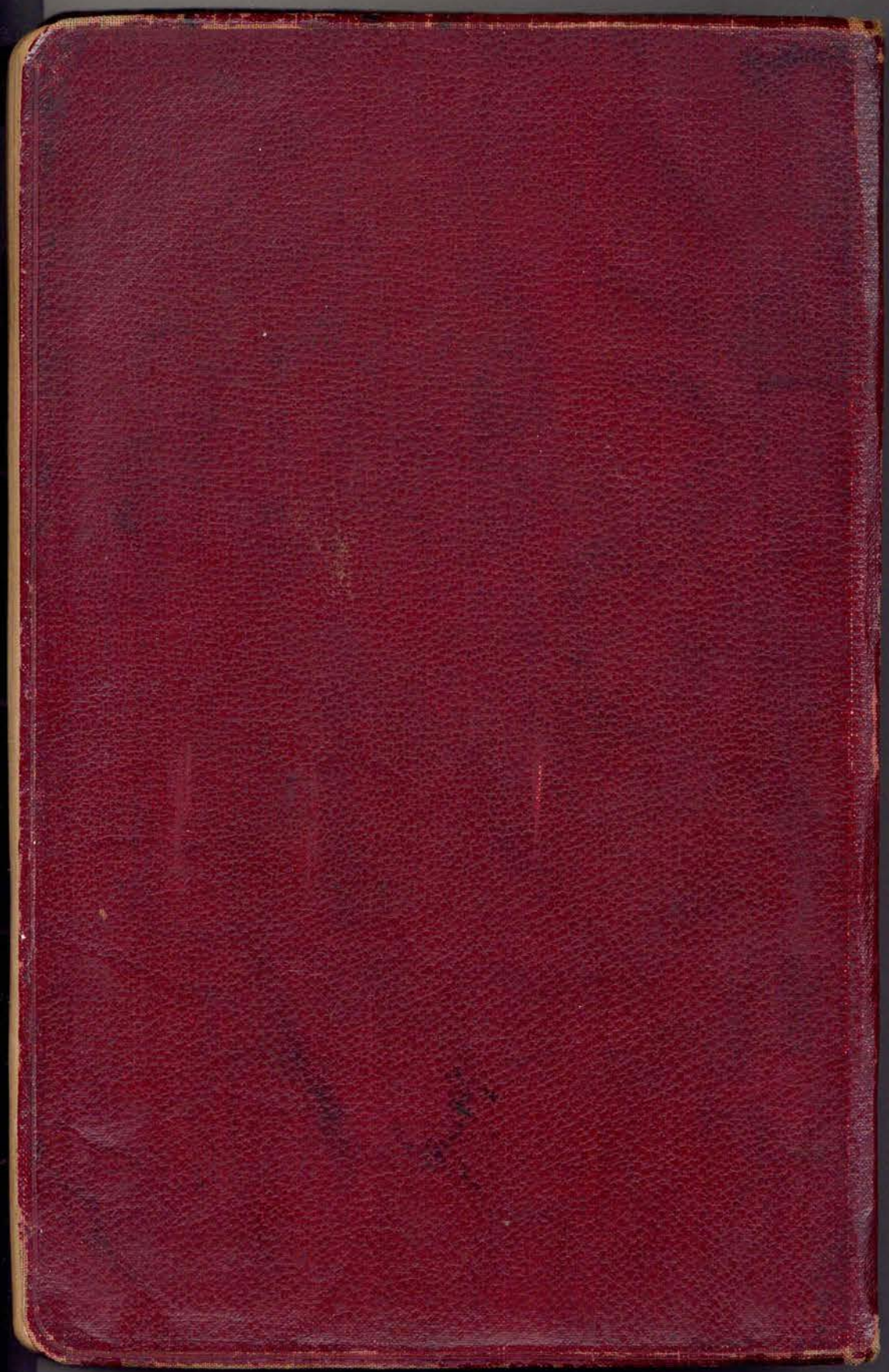
Porto Joffre → Cuyala 1.18

Cuyala → 7 of settlement and back - 3.42 + 3.28 = 7.10  
Mouth of Kuluca

24 Sept. to Cuyala → Descaualdes  
source - about 4 hrs

10 of Sept - Descaualdes to Cauca - 35 minutes.

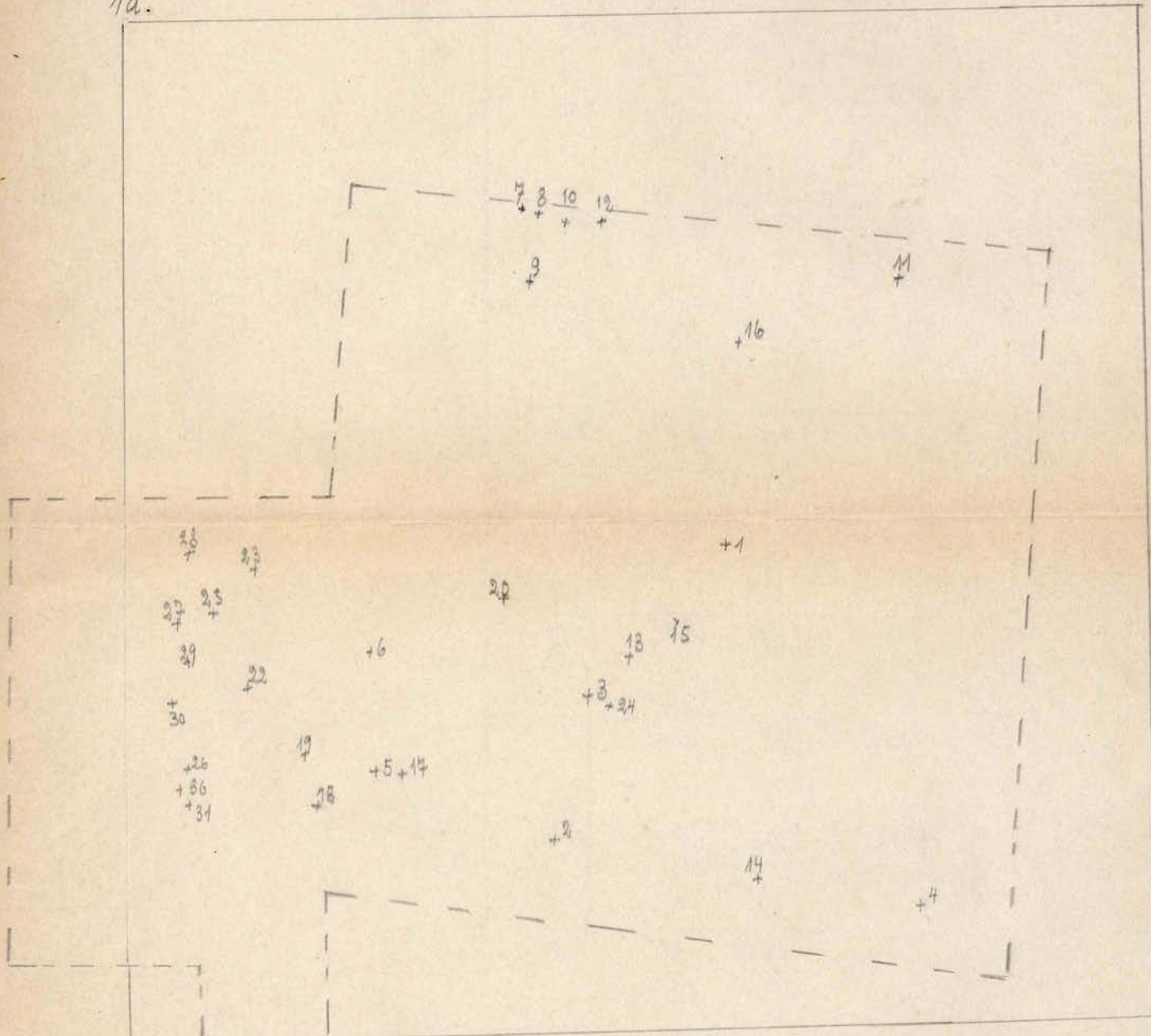
No. of birds



Four Drawings found in Matto  
Grosso Expedition Diary (1931) between  
pp. 202-203. (BOOK 1) -

1a.

1b



2a

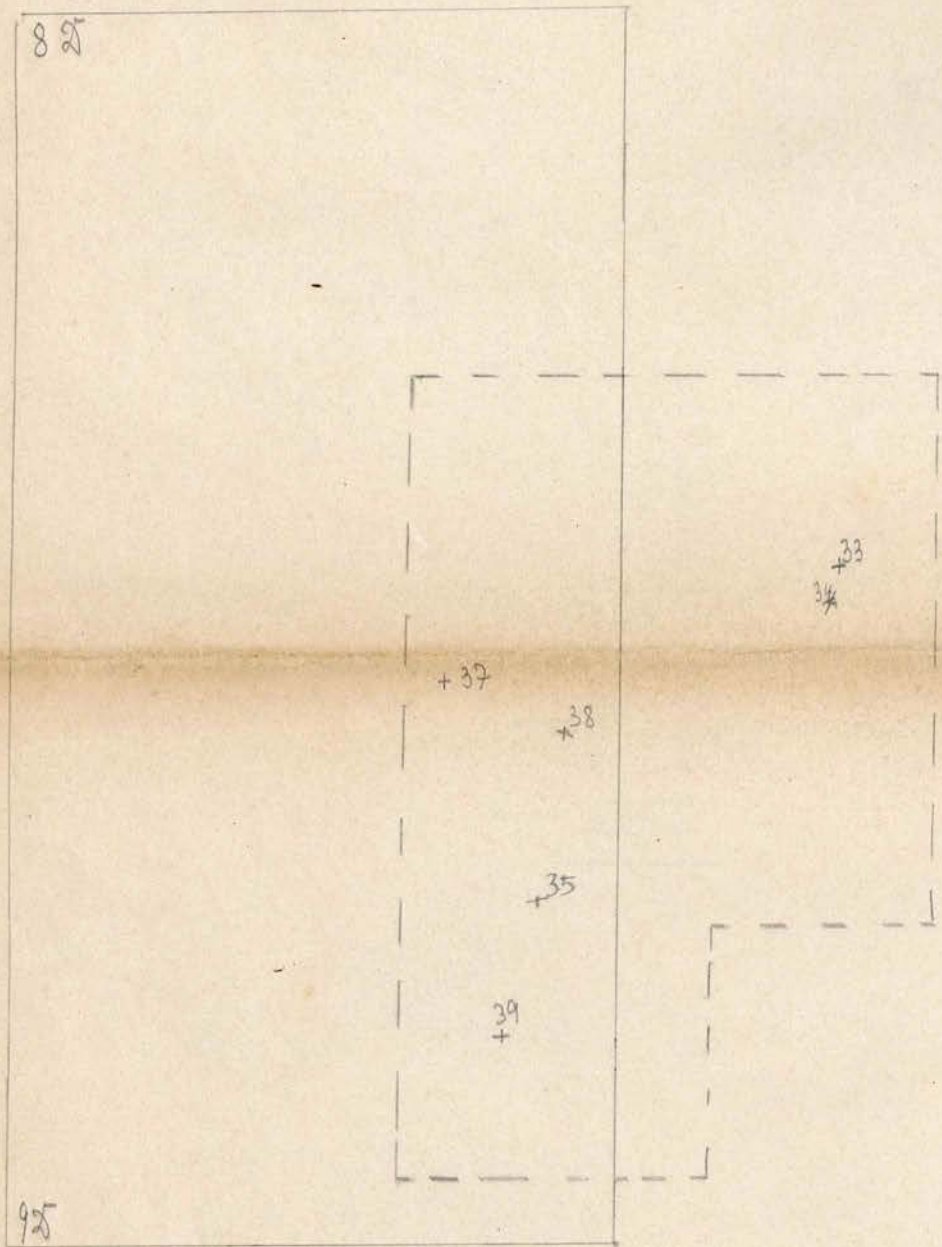
2b

ESKALA - 1-50

	1a	1b			
	2a	2b			
	3a	3b	3c	3d	
	4a	4b	4c	4d	
	5a	5b	5c	5d	
	6a	6b	6c	6d	
	7a	7b	7c	7d	
	8a	8b	8c	8d	
	9a	9b	9c	9d	
	10a	10b	10c	10d	
11a	11a	11b	11c	11d	
	12a	12b	12c	12d	12e
	13a	13b	13c	13d	13e
	14a	14b	14c	14d	14e
	15a	15b	15c	15d	15e

ESKALA 10m 1-250





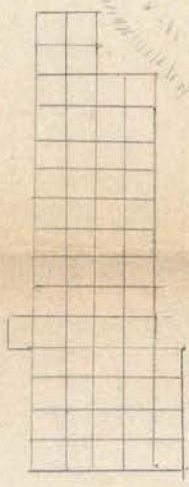
ESKALA 1-50

PANTANAL

B

B

LAGOA



T

T

ESKALA 1-1000

MAPS ARE of one of the  
excavation sites that V.P.  
works at near Fazenda Descalvados  
Apr - May 1931.

Most likely produced by German  
hired-hand Sergei Salaskin -  
hired in Asuncion Paraguay.

Most likely the dig site is  
in the main compound at  
Descalvados.

Ettebsm 3/8/2016

Book V.

Began Jan 16, 1932.  
Drexel Hill.

DIARY OF VINCENZO PETRULLO  
PAGES 1 - 98 CUT. OUT.  
VOLUME DISCARDED.

12/22/2000