Title page : needs new title.

Pge one: pixrwx ph 1 : rw
ph 2: rw
ph 3: Xperhaps, then s1 ok. s2:rw, ff:rw

pg 2: ph1: Our ancietn ancestors whose bone fragments are collected in museums (have been collected? are desplayed?) were heavy jawed, long armed, hairy apes of much bfawn and little brain, who competeted with other beasts for the right to be born, to if feed, to procreate an to die of old age.

Museums now display the bones of our ancient ancestors. Long armed, heavy jawed, hairy apes of much brawn and little brain, they competed with other beasts for the right to br feed, ts procreate, and die peacefully.

If a pot of gold or some strange species of butterflied had lured me away from the lecture hall to the interior of Brazil my frieds would have shown more enthusiasm about my prospective trip. Anthropology had not yet come into its own and few people could understand why a man could be lured from his home to face unkonw dangers for the sake of seeing naked, greased, all smelling savages, living under conditions .....

" U N I "

(Water)

A Journey to Matto Grosso

by

Vincenzo Petrullo

Chapter I

If a pot of gold or even some strange species of butterflies had lured me away from the lecture hall to the wilds of Brazil, my friends might have shown more enthusiasm about my trip. But, they wanted to know what is so fascinating about naked, greased, ill-smelling savages ~~living at the end of the world to induce you to undergo all sorts of hardships and possibly jeopardize~~ your life for the sake of seeing them in the ~~flesh~~? ~~This~~ was a hard question to answer, but perhaps the truth of the matter lay in this: a little knowledge of mankind is a sort of treasure also.

Not that some knowledge of mankind cannot be obtained at home. One can learn a great deal from his neighbors. It is necessary to go so far away only because humanity is not the same the world over. Our sophisticated neighbor with a car in his garage and belonging to the Republican Party is a different animal from the Mongolian horseman. Both are human beings but each has a different way of doing things and of living life.

~~Perhaps there is something to be learned from~~ The naked savage who by some miracle has escaped the complexities of modern civilization. What is man like when he is naked and unashamed, when his cultural burden has not bent him to the ground, when he recognizes his relationship to the world of nature, when he senses the unknown, when the business of living is still completely in his own hands? Does he fill his cup, if he has one, with joy to overflowing, is nature kind or harsh to him, does he see beauty, does he find it necessary to his existence, is he afraid of death and what does he do about it? Does he merely eat and procreate and does he fight for those necessities? Is he like his more civilized brother interested in creating dilemas for himself? Is he wiser, not as wise or positively

stupid? There is only one way of finding out and that is to go visit such a man and ask him.

Those ancient ancestors of ours whose bone fragments are collected in museums, heavy jawed, long armed, hairy apes of much brawn and little brain, competed with other beasts for the right to be born, to feed, to procreate and to die of old age. The bulls no doubt pounded their chests in a frenzy as a warning to any poacher that they would defend their particular patch of jungle and the sanctity of their harems to the last drop of blood in their veins. There is no reason to suppose that they were not as good as their word, as good certainly as modern orators. They led a lustful existence in a world whose rules of life were simple and rigid. Unfortunately at some particular moment those old ancestors of ours decided to go in for culture and thus became men. Some say that our woes date from that period. Their life had been ordained for them but now they began to make laws of their own. They had never worried much about themselves but now they began to ask, "Who are we? Who made us?" and "Where do we go from here?" To such questions the smarter individuals invented answers which served them for the moment, but other questions came up fast and soon more questions were being asked than could be answered. When that stage was reached, they became civilized. Since then we have acquired so much culture, some say, that we are confused and ground to the earth by it.

Our museums tell part of the story of mankind. Miles of showcases are filled with fragments of bone, wood, stone, clay, all that is left as evidence that our ancestors are not a figment of the imagination. ~~The~~ fragments have received names, fancy names. For instance a Dutchman with or without sense of humor produced Pithecanthropus Erectus. No, that was not the name on his visiting card. The Dutchman named him that. This gentlemen,

who lived in Java about half a million years ago, looked very much like an ape, but also very much like a human being. He looked so much like an ape though, that we refuse to accept him as our direct ancestor. We don't want him in our pedigree. So we put him on a branch by himself like the skeptical saint Thomas in relation to the other disciples. We explain that his descendents married in the wrong family, produced the wrong children until the race finally died of loneliness or was killed off by the main royal branch of the human family which is our branch, of course.

Well, they found Heidelberg man, or Homo Heidelbergensis. No, the University was not named after him as a brilliant student of mine once declared. He takes his name from the locality where he was found. His grave was deep and safe until gravel diggers removed no less than 60 ft. of dirt. Then they came upon him. He too represents a black sheep of the human family, - too brutish to be royal, and therefore we do not claim him for our own.

Well here comes Neanderthal man or Homo Neanderthalensis. He was prolific and left many graves. He was stoooped, carried his chin far forward, had long arms and possibly was hairy. Still we don't like him and relegate him to a limb by himself also.

But finally we came to a handsome fellow and we immediately claim him as of our own royal blood. Cro-Magnon was tall and straight and artists have made him god-like. But at last we know that ten thousand years ago somebody looking like us, with intelligence enough but woefully lacking in foresight, roamed over Europe.

After viewing these fragments we plunge enthusiastically into the task of learning something about human evolution and soon we find ourselves before a maize of riddles that is Humanity.

We turn to the living races of mankind and to start with the black

Australians. Now here are a people that ought to be easy. They have been isolated from the rest of mankind for a long time, we learn. They are naked, have no sense of shame, therefore no sex morals to worry about. But soon we run into difficulties. We read that Australian society is divided into "eight classes", each one of which is ---- And we spent the rest of our life trying to understand the Australian problem when he falls in love.

We start again, this time with the Pygmies. Why are all Pygmies black? Why are they always found inland and in such widely separated areas as Central Africa, Central New Guinea, the Phillipines?

We choose another simple tribe. The Bushmen of South Africa. They are simple and we can become an authority quickly; clicks- wrinkles - kinkly hair, yellow skin. Their cleverness holds us fascinated. Hiding water ostrich egg shells in the desert sands, for instance. But why are they so different from the Blacks in whose midst they live? Where did they originate?

We try once more. There is a good looking clean tribe in Polynesia. We become fascinated on learning that we must eat ~~our~~ mother-in-law, when she dies a good idea, until we learn that she'll eat us too if we die first.

Our curiosity about mankind, we now discover is shared by many of our friends. Who can count the countless specimens that have found a place on the walls of our hosts? Here an arrow, there a bow, an arrow point, a basket, a piece of wood carving - each representing a bit of romance - and our host is ready to tell you about it - always a marvellous story, always inacurate, always a good story though.

Then we give a friend two sticks explaining that the so-and-so tribe produce fire by rubbing them together. We spend the evening raising blisters on our hands - no fire - but the two sticks are carefully put in the show case. The next guests are regaled with the story of the cleverness of the so-and-so tribe, name mispronounced, that can produce fire with them.

It becomes obvious that the human race is a very complex phenomenon. It won't do at all to limit ourselves to the study of our neighbor. We must go farther a field. Nor is it entirely satisfactory to see humanity as it is represented in the museum showcases and books. Not enough is shown and not enough has been written. We must visit desert, jungle, modern cities and we must dig in the ground for what is left of our dead ancestors in the hope of obtaining some clue to the proper understanding of the living. In the end we may not understand much more than we did at the beginning, but at least we shall have a greater store of odd experiences to recount to our friends.

In ~~distant~~ Matto Grosso, hidden in swamp, forest and desert live primitive tribes of mankind who are not aware that the white man exists. Their world is small to us who have reduced a thousand miles to several hours of flying, but large, unknown to them. It is a world of nature where man, though the dominant animal, has not learned to boast of the achievement of the conquest of nature.

So primitive are these people that they violate our sense of propriety. They wear no clothing and are not ashamed of it; they look on nature not as an enemy or a poetical dream, but as their mother in whose womb they live in comradeship with other animals. They are born, they love, fight, think about the world, raise families and die with the conviction that they are returning to the land of their gods. They live, in short, in a physical and spiritual world very different from our own.

Our remote ancestors must have led a similar experience soon after they mastered simple tools. Previous to that when they were more apes than men, they could not have been much aware of their world and their proper relationship to it. They huddled in their nests or browsed in the jungle or fought for their families much like the lower animals. But there came a time when their intelligence became so developed that they began to ask questions

concerning their own nature and the nature of the world about them. Came the dawn as it were and they became men. Since that time, thousands and thousands of years ago, man has struggled to work out the proper relationship between himself and nature. Some groups have traveled more rapidly than others; the roads taken by various tribes have been many and diverse but the goals have been the same.

The tribes of Matto Grosso in the manner of gathering their living remind us of those distant ancestors of ours. In other ways they may have traveled beyond us. Certainly they deserve a visit and this is the tale of our journey to them.

How does one go on an expedition?

Begin On a hot, humid summer day while he was ~~busy~~ dissecting the nature of primitive cultures before an enervated group of students anxious to hasten their University education, the telephone brought him the ~~me an~~ invitation to visit ~~humanity in distant~~ Matto Grosso. It was Dr. J. Alden Mason, Curator of the University of Pennsulvania Museum at the other end of the wire. He said he would go ~~in spite~~ of the prospect of a more disagreeable climate and an arrow through my carcass for my pains. Since to learn something about man was my chosen vocation, the probability that some primitive fool might find pleasure in using me as a target merely for my wanting to take a closer look at him seemed to be of little importance.

Just like that. He gave it no thought. Already he considered his career. It could hold no surprises for him. A life of penury and suffering had left him desiring beyond his years, hopeless like old people. Death meant nothing to him - he had died many times. He expected nothing but to learn and die learning. The common passions were not his - he lived beyond them.

How old was he? Twenty-four.

I was to represent the museum on the Matto Grosso Expedition. We must pause here for "expedition identification" . The crash of 1929 left many young men disillusioned and eager to get away "from it all", as well as to experience a more romantic life than that of watching the ticker tape. Perhaps money was not the only means to salvation. As a result the newspapers became crowded with announcements of expeditions setting off to all corners of the world seeking something. The Matto Grosso Expedition was partly that kind though its members sincerely hoped to make heavy contributions

to science. It was led by an odd triumvirate: Sacha Siemel, a man fresh from leading a hunter's existence in southern Brazil and guiding an English-Bolivian expedition across the Chaco; Captain Vladimir "Vovo" Perfilieff, Russian emigré, painter and traveler; John S. Clarke Jr., young business man with interest in fine arts and the use of motion pictures for educational purposes. The rest of the expedition consisted of photographers, radio operator, sportsmen and writers. So far the expedition had no pretensions to being scientific. It was the typical expedition of the day. Romantic, vague in scope. Its purpose was adventure and the filming of adventure in Matto Grosso. The principal was to be Sacha Siemel and his hunting exploits, chief among which was the spearing of a jaguar single handed.

In need of more funds the directors approached E. R. Fenimore Johnson who has scientific interests. He agreed to help the expedition and take an active part in its work provided it would also carry on scientific research. His close connections with the University of Pennsylvania led to the cooperation of the University Museum in the work of the expedition. The museum honored me with the appointment. Later the Academy of Natural Sciences was also invited by Johnson and it sent as its representative the great naturalist James Rehn. As it turned out service to science and not adventure became the main drive of the expedition. As finally constituted, with its equipment which included an airplane and its complex program, it went far beyond the original and simple goals of Sacha Siemel.

We sailed the day after Christmas and had a very unpleasant voyage to Bermuda, but after that until we disembarked at Montevideo it was blue skies, deeper blue water, flying fishes and fifteen nights of stars and moonlight. Perforce there could be no looking in the reflecting pools of the high seas for primitive man except as he appeared among the passengers but they were much the usual run and behaved indifferently. Rio de Janero,

São Paolo, Montevideo and Buenos Aires offered as little opportunity so much were their citizens concerned with affairs similar to those at home. In fact the objective of the journey was becoming dim when fortunately we resumed our long journey to the interior of South America, still the anthropological "dark continent" of the world.

It was with a feeling of relief and renewed enthusiasm that we found ourselves one morning cutting through the turbulent, silt-laden waters of the Rio de la Plata. Nevertheless, it was not until we reached Asunción that we began to look at man with somewhat of an eager eye.

Chapter II

Matto Grosso is a mighty triangular piece of land ~~lying in western Brazil.~~ In ~~area is~~ over twice the size of Texas. ~~It~~ straddles two mighty river systems, the Amazon and the Paraguay. ~~Running through its center, east to west is the divide, called by the Brazilians the "chapadão". In the south~~ The southern portion drained by the Paraguay is a low lying plain ~~alternating in~~ of forest and savanah, dry as a desert during the summer months, almost completely under water during the winter and early spring. ~~In~~ the north ~~beyond the chapadão proper which is a~~ rugged almost barren plateau ~~there is a stretch~~ of grasslands and ~~further north begins~~ the great Amazonian forest.

Many stories of lost civilization and lost peoples have been woven about Northen Matto Grosso. No serious attempt has ever been made to bring civilization to the chapadão and it remains largely uninhabited even by primitive aboriginal tribes. The extreme north, plentifully supplied with well stocked rivers and rich forests, is almost totally unknown and remains completely in possession of its aboriginal population protected by the chapadão on the south and by forest and rapids in the north. In those very forests its primitive folk still live ignorant that the European has come to the Western Hemisphere to destroy him and his culture. It is a refuge hardly inhabitable, harsh, difficult of access, a difficult country for the European to survive in, a lost world in itself.

Only two highways have become traditional to reach Matto Grosso. The early Spanish explorers reached it by water starting from Buenos Aires pushing up the Rio de la Plata, up the Paraná and the Paraguay.

It is by far the easiest route. The other was forced upon the Portuguese by the Spanish control of the lower Paraná and Paraguay. This highway

came across from São Paolo following somewhat the same trail as the modern railroad. It was along this highway that the Mamelucos of São Paolo came to raid Matto Grosso for slaves. Penetration from the north, from the Amazon has always proven impractical except for the primitive aborigines who find no need to travel burdened down with baggage such as the white man finds indispensable.

On the morning of February 18, 1931 we gazed at the Rio de la Plata, a turbulent, brownish sea. A cold, south wind was driving back the heavy, silt-laden waters of the "Silver River" which is not a river at all but a broad estuary of the Paraná. Dark clouds hung low and in the gray light neither the shore of Argentina nor that of Uruguay was visible. It was not a cheerful beginning to to our trip ~~but the knowledge that we were riding waves bearing the soil of distant Matto Grosso was enough to keep the twelve of us holding on to the railing in good humor. For Siemel it meant crossing the threshold into the country which he called his home, for the rest of us the beginning of the adventure for which we had planned for many months~~ but we were on our way. It had taken us seventeen days to reach Montevideo and we had been forced to wait at the city eighteen days more for a boat to take us up the river. Not an auspicious beginning, for our real work lay far to the north in primitive forests, not on the beach of Montevideo nor its amusement places. It was natural that we had become impatient and equally so that we should feel relieved that at last we had begun the real journey of penetrating to the heart of the continent. We had thirteen days of river travel before us in cramped quarters before we disembarked at Corumbá to resume the journey to Descavaldos located above the swamps of Xarayes on the Paraguay in a smaller boat.

Travel on the lower Paraná is dull. There is nothing to be seen but muddy water, low muddy, treeless banks. There are no birds, no crocrodiles, no Indian villages, and even if there were, the river is so wide

that from the boat nothing can be seen. For the first day we were forced to have recourse to each other's company and the not too exciting job of becoming acquainted with our fellow passengers, the crew and the boat.

The last held our interest longest and for that reason it ought to be described first. It was a long boat 225 feet of it drawing but five feet of water admirably suited for the twenty-three hundred miles of its run on the Paraná-Paraguay. It was Diesel driven, quiet and steady against the stiff river current. The crates which housed our dogs were on a low open deck. From the fore-castle which housed the crew, came guitar music day and night. There were a few second class passengers on the lower deck who spent their time making their toilet or sleeping. We stored our luggage in small double-decked cabins arranged on the upper deck. Live in them we could not. They were too hot, day and night. We could not even sleep in them and it became the common practice to sleep out on deck. A two by four cabin served as the dining room to which we were called three times a day by a long, wicked looking Brazilian mulato who seemed to throw his soul into ringing the hand bell which he swung back and forth with much energy.

The passengers were of an indifferent sort, ~~and all that I remember is being bothered particularly by one of them~~, a Uruguyan who would not believe what he was told. I told him that I was an anthropologist but he would not believe me. He had first read about us in the Montevideo papers, he said. He had read with understanding and approval the account of the hunting we expected to do in distant Matto Grosso. It was only when he read I expected to go to the North country in order to study some primitive groups of mankind that his suspicions had been aroused. He, Señor Arizmendi Mendez, knew better for what sane person would undertake a journey of twenty thousand miles and risk his life merely to "study" some dirty naked savages? What was there to study about them? Obviously there was a different

motive. I could put my trust in him. Since we had drunk beer together and understood each other would I not satisfy his curiosity and tell him the real reason for the trip? Was it oil? Gold? Diamonds? Copper? Some unknown product? I need not fear, he whispered. He would respect my confidence and protect it as he would the honor of his daughter.

I persisted in my answer. My only interest lay in the primitive folk of the interior. Señor Mendez shrugged his shoulders and very politely changed the subject. There was plenty of time before we reached Corumbá. In the meantime I would learn that he could be trusted, he implied.

On the second day we found ourselves in the Paraná proper, now hugging one shore, now the other. Neither bank showed anything of interest and we continued to Asunción, our first port of call. We anchored about a mile from shore to gaze at the sprawling white city hardly visible in the bright sunlight. Canoes put out crowded with Guarani women selling brightly plumaged birds, monkeys and incidentally their own bodies. They came aboard and disappeared in the various cabins of crew and passengers.

Guarani is spoken as much as Spanish in Paraguay. The language was reduced to writing by the Jesuits long ago and today newspapers are published in that language. Guarani culture has practically disappeared, though the mixed bloods in Paraguay who live in the hinterlands are still referred to as the "Indios" by those in whom the White strain predominates. Straight backed and proud the Guarani form a large portion of the Paraguayan population.

Seeing the Guarani reduced to poverty and prostitution it was not possible to make pleasant reflections on the effects of civilization on the once fierce and grand people who had won even the admiration of the Spanish soldiers and priests. They have a place in South American history and, even today, they keep their place as the best fighters in South

America. Individualistic, fanatically brave, capable of existing on practically nothing, it is impossible to conquer them. They are the backbone of Paraguay, and at least twice, they have proven that they prefer extermination to losing a fight. Under the dictator Franco, who aspired to make poor Paraguay the most powerful nation in South America, they fought the allies, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil until there were practically no men left in the country. They gave another example of what they are capable of doing during the last Paraguayan-Bolivian War.

We went ashore to wander about the street of Asunción. It had the appearance of having seen better days. Many once proud palaces were being burned to dust by the hot tropical sun. Its streets were colonial and in bad repair. Its men bare-footed and in cotton drawers. Its women dressed in black giving to the city a certain air of being in mourning. The city seemed to be alive only in the market places where Guaraní women offered everything with a set face until one smiled and then they smiled in return. On the whole we were glad to return to our boat. At least it was cooler aboard.

While making our way to the docks an old woman, very old and wrinkled dressed in black, carrying a black bundle on her head attracted my attention. Her torn bare feet were visible below her flowing skirt. We greeted each other and I seemed to see shining out of her still brilliant eyes, the eyes of my own native land. I asked her birthplace and true enough she came from a little village in far away Sicily. On hearing her own native tongue she was so overcome that she dropped her bundle and sat on it. She wept gently. Her story was simple. She had lost four sons in the war and the fifth had been returned to her a cripple. She had fled Sicily then taking her son and his wife and the children with her. There in barren Paraguay they were struggling to begin life anew and in peace. At parting, as she with the prerrogative of a Sicilian woman of great age called upon me the blessings

of all her beloved saints and Madonnas. I felt cleaner and stronger. We parted, she to carry her bundle, I to continue my dreams, each a little happier for having relived a bit of the past.

News had reached Asunción that an American expedition was on its way to Matto Grosso. As a result we were approached by some out and out adventurers and some men of science who wanted to go along. Among them there were a number of Russian emigrés known to Siemel and Perfilieff. Two of them, designer of airplanes and an ex-captain of cavalry who before the war had aspired to the career of a biologist were taken along. Both proved to be good men. The Chilean minister to Paraguay, a friend of Siemel's decided to accompany us for several months.

Above Asunción we stopped more frequently at small ports to take on or leave passengers and merchandise. At Puerto Casado a large hulking American with guns strapped to his thighs in traditional Western bad-man style came aboard to talk with Siemel. His henchmen stayed ashore. He was drunk and in a wicked temper. It seems that he was a sort of a local bandit, quite accustomed to having his way. He told us plainly that he didn't like us, because we were Easterners, but nevertheless he had some horses to sell which we had better buy. We had no intention of buying his horses nor to pay tribute to him. The captain did not dare put him ashore even though hours passed beyond the scheduled hour for resuming our journey. The stalemate continued all afternoon and part of the evening. There was no more liquor aboard, or so the captain said, which did not improve our guest's temper. It seemed that we could be tied to the mosquito infested dock all night unless we risked a small war when Bill Green, a youngster of eighteen who formed part of the expedition personnel literally laughed him off the boat. The bandit had been boasting about his numerous gun fights. At a point Bill, a tall

slender lad, called him a liar. The bandit was surprised. He lifted himself up from his chair, seemed to weigh his own two hundred and fifty pounds as against Bill's one hundred and twenty, and then burst into laughter. Bill pressed the attack, and soon his antagonist was pulling off his shirt to show off his wounds. Somehow or other Bill an hour later, walked the bandit off the boat. The captain wasted no time, nor did Bill in climbing aboard again, and we were off.

"Indios Suhin," exclaimed the cultural Paraguayan consul one day pointing to the distant column of smoke rising from the palm-covered Chaco. I swept the west bank of the river with my binoculars in the hope of seeing naked, copper-colored folk peering from the edge of the forest at our boat, but there was no sign of human life. Only "palmas blancas" growing to its edge.

"The Suhin", the Paraguayan went on to explain," burn their villages every time one of the community dies, they do this in the belief that it will drive away the evil spirits which are supposed to have caused the death of their fellow tribesman. But it is no use looking. They keep themselves well hidden".

We had rounded a point while looking at the distant column of smoke and as we straightened our course, we made out the charred remains of several huts. The green forest seemed to brood over this sign of human existence. The distant column of smoke might be another village being destroyed or a new clearing. We had no way of telling.

"Poor people", said the Franciscan who had joined us at the railing.

"I wonder," said the Paraguayan, "it is true that they are naked and they often go hungry, and as you would say, Padre, they live and die without knowing God. Still they understand their world. Their wants

are simple and easily satisfied."

"There can be no lasting happiness without knowledge of the true God", said the Franciscan making the sign of the cross.

"But to them their gods are true ones."

Our boat was moving so close to the bank that it alarmed the jacarés, a local species of alligator, basking in the sun and they slid noiselessly into the water, one by one. A flock of loudly scolding paraquets took to flight while white cranes and egrets perched on the green foliage showed not the slightest fear of us.

"They ought to be exterminated", said the bullet-headed passenger who also had boarded the boat at Asunción and since then had made a nuisance of himself. "They go naked like the wild animals, They don't know how to use the land. They steal, kill and do nobody any good."

"They are the children of God", said Father Jose. "They are ignorant but innocent. How can they be virtuous when they do not know God? They should be preserved and taught the ways of civilization."

The bullet-headed passenger walked away. The Franciscan fingered his beads absent-mindedly. A sailor on the lower deck roused the dogs to a fighting pitch and mocked them, since they could not reach him for the bars which held them prisoners in their crates.

"How little this country has changed since the Indians first saw Europeans more than four hundred years ago!" continued the Paraguayan deputy. "We have built a city here and there but the rest of the land is primitive and untouched. Only tha native peoples have disappeared or been converted to dirty, rag-clothed, half-starved beggars."

"However, in the Paraguayan Chaco you have a host of tribes that you can preserve," I said.

"Impossible," said the Franciscan," at any time war may break out between Paraguay and Bolivia for possession of that land which belongs to

neither country. What will happen to its native population, its rightful owners? Do you think that either civilized country will give any thought to the welfare of the naked primitive folk who roam over its rivers and jungles now? No, they will fall victims to the soldiers and, if not to them, to disease and starvation. They are doomed. The world does not recognize their existence."

The Chaco, whose edge I was examining with the binoculars in the hope of seeing some "Indios", stretched before us to the very horizon, a flat expanse of palm tops reflecting the sunlight like a huge mirror.Not a hillock to break the eveness of the plain, not a tree taller than its fellows, all was still and fixed under the white sky which showed not a vestige of a cloud. An imaginative writer was to label it "Green Hell", but to its native sons it was a sort of Green Heaven where they had found refuge for countless generations. From the deck of our comfortable river boat that hugged now one bank now the other, it was hard to look at that sea of light for any length of time. The river showed itself as a streak of white metal to where it stopped at low red banks. Immediately at the edge, the forest began and once the eye rose to the tree tops there was nothing to obstruct the vision to where the sky and forest became one. In the distance there was that solitary column of white smoke that would have taken us days to reach had we interrupted our journey northward, so thick and formidable is the pathless jungle. In fact, we might never have reached it, for he who plunges into the tropical jungle without a guide, may discover what London has learned to call Green Hell, nothing more.

"What are you looking at"? asked George Rawls who had joined us.

"Our friend here says that the smoke you see in the distance comes from Indian fires."

"Indians! I wouldn't go near them. What for do you want to bother

with them, Jim? I wish I were back in Florida. That's a real country."

I made no attempt to answer the old Florida Cracker. We had discussed the matter before. For him, Indians were the equivalent of everything that is bad in mankind. The fact that he had never known any except a few Seminoles in Florida made no difference to him.

On our right a high red bank marked the beginning of a rolling country covered with varied vegetation but on our left there was nothing but a low, flat expanse that seemed to produce nothing but the palm trees as far as we could see. This was the Gran Chaco, which was to be in a few years the scene of a sanguinary war between Paraguay and Bolivia. Wandering over its salty wastes and marshes there were numerous groups of primitive mankind, but for us their presence was made ~~only~~ known only by that solitary column of smoke. We could not stop to investigate for our own work lay far to the north. The Suhin themselves we might never have found for South American primitives flee from the white man as from something evil.

I was to see many columns of smoke in the months that followed and often they indicated the near presence of elusive primitive folk. As we made our way across the semi-arid country of the north hoping to encounter the naked tribesmen that we knew inhabited the region, columns of smoke would rise suddenly, sometimes in our rear, sometimes before us, obviously signals of scouts to mark our progress for the benefit of and as a warning to the nomadic hordes that might be hunting in the vicinity. At night, close to our camps, we would hear the calls of birds and animals which my Bakari recognized as human imitations and in the morning we found traces of their proximity to our camp. As we resumed our journey a column of smoke would rise on the horizon, but the human beings who started those fires we did not see for many weeks. It was only later when we took to the rivers that we encountered them in the flesh.

The sight of the Suhin fires inspired a continuous conversation about primitives, civilization, exploration, human virtues and sins that lead to heated debated at time. Our arguments on both sides of the question raised found easy support for, as we moved upstream, scarcely a day passed that we did not see some bestige of the American Indian Race.

For four centuries the White Man has been destroying the brown, the yellow and the black peoples. Those that he has not succeeded in exterminating he has striven mightily to make into leprous clownish imitations of himself. He hasn't succeeded entirely. There are even peoples hidden in remote corners of the earth who have not heard of him. It is still possible therefore to obtain a paronamic view of mankind though to be sure it is greatly impoverished. The Tasmanian is gone but the Australian black still lives, the Antillian Carib has disappeared but his cousin survives in Guiana and even in distant Matto Grosso, and the Japanese have preserved the Hairy white Ainu as a living argument that the Yellow Man can be the master of the White.

In South America, literature as the aboriginal population disappeared the "noble savage" made his appearance among the legendary heroes as he has in North American literature, Wherever he appears he is possessed of all godly attributes and virtues and just as in Fenimore Cooper, the Red Man is endowed with unbelievable sagacity and woodcraft. So in the colonial romances of Argentina and Brazil, not to mention the other Latin American countries, the naked Indian, despised, persecuted and killed, even with less consideration than wild life, when he has come in contact with a prospector or the colonist, appears as a pristine human being bearing the stamp of nobility in every phase of his character.

To one approaching the living Indian with such a picture in mind, there can be nothing more disillusioning than to sail up the Paraguayan

River, meeting here and there with bands of semi-nomadic destitute, and disease ridden aborigines, remnants of the race that inspired the early explorers to create Greek gods and godesses for the reading element of the Spanish court. In the illustrations that accompany the early accounts, the savage is portrayed in such statuesque proportions as one might valuably compare with the best of the classical scripture. But how can one reconcile these poor half-starved, crooked bodies, faces that are stolid and bare, to centuries of persecution with the mathematical proportions of the Apollos, the Veneres? But this contrast serves its purpose. One's appetite is whetted for the North country, where he knows exist primitive Indians who have never known how devastating European civilization can be. Perhaps there he may find that which he is led to believe existed once in the New World.

If our boat tied up at the river bank at some village, so-called, though all that we could see consisted of only one hut, a patient wait of an hour or so would bring a number of copper-colored people, dressed in filthy, ragged clothing to receive some small amount of cargo or to drag aboard a steer.

Occasionally we would see larger bands of them, as at Puerto Pinasco. We stopped half a day there to examine the tanning factory that some enterprising Englishman had set up. Of course, Puerto Pinasco was not a regular port of call at all, but the Captain of the boat, with true Brazilian courtesy, did not consider it extraordinary that he should stop there in order that the Americans aboard could have the opportunity of seeing an enterprise with which their own country was familiar. There is nothing that appeals to the Latin American so much as to show any sign of modernity and, as the ship's officers volubly eulogized, such a commercial undertaking so far away from the seacost. Some of us could not help comparing its pale, consumptive, working gangs with the well-fed,

portly gentlemen watching their dividends from their labor in far off London. Most of the men working in the factory were Paraguayans, earning each day about the equivalent of thirty-five cents. With the thermometer well over a hundred, they worked in clouds of dust that forced us to get out of the building a few moments after we had entered it. We were glad to be outdoors and gladly accepted the invitation of one of the foremen to visit an Indian encampment located several miles away in the treeless prairie. We took up the march towards it in spite of the burning sun with a feeling of relief that at last we were breathing clean air.

Several of the passengers, including the Paraguayan deputy and our fellow-passenger who looked upon all Indians as pests, joined us on this excursion. As we approached the encampment a number of women and children fled across the open plain, but the old men and women, too slow to make their escape, attempted to don all sorts of filthy rags to cover their nakedness and stood stock-still with downcast eyes in fear for what might be in store for them. Some of the crew and passengers only helped to increase their apprehension. Poverty being taken for a sign of inferiority the world over and there being no more universal sport than to show disdain towards less fortunate human beings, it was but natural for these men to proceed to treat these poor folk much as any Southerner mob would abuse a prisoner that is about to be lynched. Though the women were old, obscene jokes filled the air. Some made as if to strip these Indian naked, others as if they were going to beat them and still others as if they were going to steal everything that they possessed and even to intimate that they were going to carry away their children. One gentleman from Chile, being under the impression that science of anthropology was concerned merely to photograph naked folk and wishing to be obliging, was for stripping these people naked, with or without their consent. Such

tormenting of an inoffensive people was too much for some of us and after taking a picture or two and distributing a few trinkets and money, we hastened back to the boat, feeling a slight nausea for mankind. From that time on we avoided any reference to Indians while we stayed aboard the boat.

We continued our journey up the Paraguay stopping here and there to drop passengers and merchandise or to take on some. These "ports" were often nothing else but several crumbling white or pink buildings inhabited by several dirty adults and numerous children generally accompanied by many dogs. During the Great War this whole region had thrived on the need for meat, great quantities of which were shipped to Europe, but since then there has been no commerce and the country is becoming rapidly depopulated. We stopped at Fort Mortinho on Brazilian territory, not much of a fort now that airplanes can reduce to dust with a few well placed bombs, but in the war of 1865 it achieved great importance, it was there that the Paraguayans were whipped. Nearby there are some limestone caverns which we visited at the risk of our necks, but their beauty and the limpid cold pool in which we bathed made up for it. But during this whole trip we saw no further signs of Indians.

Chapter III

We arrived at Corumba after sundown. For once we were spared the crowd of boatmen and others lured to the river front by word that an American expedition was aboard the boat, for it was carnival time, and the entire population was celebrating it. Our arrival was almost surreptitious. Several customs officers came on board, decided that nothing could be done until morning and were already on the gangplank in full retreat when we caught up with them. What about permits to go ashore? At first they demurred. The office was closed and there were many other reasons, but at last they relented. We could go ashore but could carry no baggage. We had to return to the boat to sleep. That was all we wanted.

The strains of wild music brought down to us by the wind sounded exciting. We made haste and soon were climbing the steep road to the top of the cliff on which the town is situated. It was delightfully cool up there and quite romantic. There was music in the air, crowds on the sidewalks and in the streets, bright lights in gardens and cafes, an atmosphere of good humor and merrymaking. Every one, young and old, rich and poor, man and woman was participating in the festival. There were no onlookers. Even we, strangers and foreigners, were drawn into it. As we were passing a group of masked girls and men some vile perfume was squirted into our faces by the giggling girls. After being the victims of this pastime a few times we bought perfume and syringes in quantity and returned the compliment with gusto and vengeance. There was music in the cafes, but the real music, the real carnival was being celebrated out in the streets by the People, mostly black. To them it was festival time. So some of us strolled about

following crowds of merrymakers, sometimes as observers and sometimes as participators. Most of the music was made by voice and drum, drum played with both hands in African style. The dancing was led by individuals specially costumed to represent devils, bats, wild Indians and, I think, wild Africans. The music was African, that is the basic drum music, and I an not certain that the wild melodies did not have a bit of the African thrown in for good measure. It was a fiercely, joyous, pulsating music that made one dance and wiggle whether he wanted to or not. If you are in a crowd that stamps, shimmies, chants in rhythm with several booming drums that are beating an hysterical mood it is impossible to remain aloof. Such music, such people, are like mountain torrents. If you merely look on, you can remain superior to what is going on, but not once you step into the current. The secret of it is that it is violent, surprising, that it has an unpredictable spontaniety for which one cannot build a defence. It brings to the fore the native and latent forces, desires, which civilization tries so hard to suppress. The body was made to express itself in action, in motion, on occasion, and not always in patterned controlled ways. The Negroes have understood this more than any other people, though perhaps American youth also understands the need. Of course, there are a few among the white people who talk about the need, and there are folk dances which allow a certain amount of freedom. The significant thing is that the entire Negro races recognizes it.

Although in the morning we cleared our baggage and equipment, it proved impossible to transact any business until the end of the carnival three days later. It was festival time and the Latin American prizes his festivals. They are after all the goal of life. One works for those moments which he can enjoy with his family and friends. To

have such freedom is the difference between being a free man and a slave. The modern Brazilian, no matter his need, holds sacred his dignity as a man and without moments of freedom he thinks that he would lose all dignity. He may not be far wrong.

On the third afternoon of our arrival at Corumbá my companions, equipment, and dogs left for Descavaldos, a ranch two hundred and fifty miles up river where the expedition would establish its main camp. I stayed behind in order to obtain the necessary permit to enter the Indian country and to visit the German professor Max Schmidt who was then living at Cuyabá. The expedition departed on a small tugboat to which were lashed two barges piled high with firewood and expedition equipment, dogs and men. Most of the townsfolk lined the balustrade at the edge of the cliff to watch and wave goodbye, and our boys, reverting to the frontier days, stood on the roof of the tugboat and gave a parting salute to us with several volleys of revolver shots.

The following morning I flew to Cuyabá in a German Fokker piloted by an ex-war ace and copiloted by another whose face was broken and scarred, mementos of the war. The flight was undescribably beautiful. A violent storm had delayed the start until seven thirty. The sky was still loaded with huge clouds behind which the sun hid from time to time. Below us stretched the even pantanal, an inland sea cut into patterns, strange designs as nature fancied by the protruding tops of the trees. The rivers were easily distinguishable. Their tortured courses were well marked by rows of trees growing higher than in the rest of the savanah. For most of the way the land was dotted with islands of forests. Where the land was slightly higher, herds of cattle and horses were feeding with water up to their bellies. Thousands of birds took to flight as we roared overhead. But it was the pantanal

itself that made it a memorable flight. It seemed like a vast carpet of strange designs and colors that stretched from one horizon to the other, never ending. It was a strange world beneath us where man was insignificant. And in fact, throughout that vast territory only a few hundreds live in it. Half way between Corumbá and Cuyabá we stopped at a ranch where coffee was served. Its only occupants were a man and a boy. It was a beautiful house owned by a rancher who was spending the rainy season in Rio. It was one of the few screened houses that I saw in Matto Grosso. Somehow, though very charming with its flowers and well kept yard, it did not seem to fit the landscape as much as the grass thatched houses that I saw later. It was too tame, too European for the wildness of the country. But the truth is that we paid more attention to a "turpial", an oriole, that flew in and out of the house, perched on our plates and shared with us whatever food they contained. In the interior, pets are made of every form of life and always they are unrestrained. Birds are raised from nestlings and they enjoy subsequently the freedom of the forest as well as of the house.

From the air Cuyabá looked like a white sparkling island in the middle of a sea of dark forest. Where its narrow crooked streets flanked red-roofed houses ended, the jungle began without even an alley of clean space intervening. It gave the impression that it was an enemy to the city hovering on its skirts ready to penetrate at the first sign of neglect on the part of its inhabitants. One would expect that the land around a city of thirty thousand would be cleared and cultivated, but not in the tropics. The jungle pushed back just enough to make room for a settlement, stands ready at its very gates to take possession again. Even the narrow roads that led out of the city dividing the forest were swallowed up by the latter when but a few miles away. It

was the same with the Coxipo and the Cuyabá rivers that mark the city limits on two sides. The forest grew luxuriently on their banks and a few miles away seemed to meet at the top hiding completely the two lines of water.

We landed in the Cuyabá river, surprising some washerwomen at their work. The banks presented a festive appearance with women and children half-naked or dressed in bright colors working half submerged in the water. Some were beating the clothes on stones, others were stretching them on dry rocks to dry, but all stopped to look at us and, those who were scantily clad, to sink deeper into the water. A few of them made their way to where we set foot to land and stood around silently watching us. They were mostly Negroes, for although racial equality exists in Brazil, the descendants of slaves naturally occupy the lowest economic position.

Cuyabá has maintained its colonial appearance. One gets the impression that the two hundred years that have gone by since the discovery of gold on the banks of the Coxipo transformed some of the slave raiders into gold miners and settlers, the city has been merely added to rather than transformed. Modernity has come of course with the growth of the city. There is electricity and automobiles. But many of the streets are narrow, paved with cobbles, and going through them one sees mounted cavaliers as often as automobiles. The houses are of the same colonial type, a quadrangle of rooms enclosing a yard, with few windows but many doors, presenting to the street a flat unprepossessing appearance belying the beauty that exists within. Barred windows give the appearance of insecurity, yet one's goods are absolutely safe.

From the first day I spent in Cuyabá I tried to decipher its life. There was no laughter, no talk, no joy. This was especially seen among the masses. But even among the upper classes there was little

gaiety--not because life was too serious but, simply because there was nothing to be gay about.

The peasants would come to the hotel with their garden produce. They either stayed outside looking into the dining room which was also the store and reception room, or came in, but in no way made their presence known. They waited until they were noticed. They talked in undertones. Starved, pinched, resigned faces, dull, but observing eyes almost dead, no lohger wistful. The faces were set-masks expressing what? Nothingness and emptiness. Not even dejection, no despondency. Nothing. It seemed as if they had gone a stage beyond nothingness. There was a sadness inexpessibly 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 was only an indication of its very weakness.

Most of them had a great deal of Indian blood in them. Some had black, and all a certain amount of white. Boys and men reflected the same state. A few words in undertones, a few slow motions, in walking away, striving under their loads. I have seen their hovels, I have seen their families. Faces at the windows that disappeared to hide at the approach of the stranger. I have wished that they would revert to the primitive.

There was a young fellow that came in every morning. He was handsome in spite of his pinched face, his tattered straw hat, his torn breaches, his barefootedness. He would sit at a table and wait and wait, with a set and stony face. It was not the expression of thought, of reflection. It was the face that had passed all these stages, even resignation. Even the half starved mules and bulls overworked as they are showed more interest in life! Yet in all this,

there was courtesy, there was dignity. One did not dare be insulting, not because there would be fear of reprisal, no but out of respect for that nothingness. There was no begging, and no charity expected. There was no attempt to create the feeling of pity. There was inexpressible dignity and good manners.

On my second night in Cuyabá I was entertained by something that resembled comic opera. I was in my room, writing, seated close to the tall open windows when my attention was drawn to the brilliantly lighted square outside. There were a few people promenading there, in fact it was almost deserted except for two men seated on a stone bench looking fixedly at my window. An automobile, a Ford sedan, came up the street and stopped just below, a man dismounted, looked up at me and asked me something in Portuguese which I did not understand. I answered several times that I did not comprehend, but to my surprise he kept on repeating the same phrase again and again. In the room adjoining mine there were a young colonel and his bride. I had been them often and heard them whispering to each other. Hearing our conversation he came to his window and quickly answered, I presume, what had been expected of me. A young man in military uniform, booted and spurred, wearing an enormous red kerchief around his neck, dismounted from the sedan and joined his comrade on the sidewalk, saluting the colonel smartly. A few words between them and the colonel went down to the door to carry on the conversation in whispers. He came up again soon, I heard a few noises, and then he descended to the street in uniform, but wearing a huge red kerchief exactly like that of his visitor. They went off together.

While this was going on, outside in the square men appeared and disappeared from various corners and walked quickly away in soft

steps. With the disappearance of the colonel the square became entirely deserted. Something was up, so I sat at my balcony fully intending to enjoy the fun if there was going to be any. On the other balcony, but three feet away the colonel's wife also sat, weeping distressingly.

Nothing happened for a long time until the colonel returned. He did not go to bed however, but sat on his balcony, apparently waiting for something. From time to time, groups of men passed by with whom he would carry on conversations. This continued until a little past midnight and of course I was the object of suspicion and curiosity for every one out in the square could see in my room. The night wore on in silence, except that a few insects serenaded us as usual and farther out in the outskirts of the city the roosters kept up an incessant crowing. These roosters are not the harbingers of morning in Matto Grosso. They sing all night long, acting more like dogs than the traditional cock. I kept awake until three o'clock. A little before that time another automobile appeared, several men wearing the same neckerchiefs came out and came to the colonel's room and spent many minutes in whispered conversation with him. Finally I tired of the whole thing. I remembered that I was in Brazil, so I said to myself, "if anything important happens I suppose I shall know of it soon enough." I was led to this bit of philosophy by a terrific storm that suddenly came upon us. The streets became torrents of red muddy water. Any revolution that might have been plotted for that night had perforce to stop before such a damper.

In the morning the activity continued with orderlies marching in and out of the hotel, and once in a while squads of soldiers paraded past. Something had happened the night before but my curiosity had diminished and I no longer cared. What had happened had happened, it

was all over now, what did it matter? In my attitude I was fast becoming a Brazilian. Later I learned that there had been a strong threat of an uprising the night before.

With the sharp contrast that is always present in Latin-American countries, the next night proved to be of entirely different nature. I had gone to bed about midnight. At two a.m. I was awakened by sweet music. I offered thanks to my luck that in the next room lived a colonel and his bride. These two were being serenaded by their friends. But I enjoyed it too. I drew up a chair to the balcony window and listened to the concert of violins, guitars and voices, until the musicians withdrew. I slept more happily afterwards.

Nights at the hotel were not always very exciting, nor were they always as restful as when we were serenaded. One night, for instance, there was an invasion of black ants in my room. The floor was covered with them and so were the walls and the ceiling. It seemed as if the whole ant kingdom was holding foraging exercises in the room. Ants everywhere, on the bed covers, chairs, books, table and on my body whether I stood up or lay on the bed or sat in the chair. How they bit!

I stripped, wiped them all off my body, shook them out of three chairs and lay down on them arranged in a row, and five minutes later I was covered again by black ants that seemed bent on eating me alive. Hour after hour this torture continued. There was nothing I could do, the proprietor did not live in the building, there were no servants and I could not even go outdoors because of the rain. So the morning came, I protested to the proprietor and he shrugged his shoulders; I insisted on my grievance. Finally he consented to wash the room. It was a little better after that.

A filthier and more uncomfortable hotel cannot exist anywhere. My room was large, with low partitions so that you could hear every sigh and movement of guests sleeping in the other rooms, and an unfinished ceiling, a corridor of filth; but why continue such a drab description? I could go on and on without stopping. The servants were the dregs of humanity, Negro boys unbelievably dirty and the maid of all work, a German girl so disgustingly filthy that I had always to struggle fearfully not to become sick every time that I looked at her. When she served at table she changed her costume by putting on high-heeled slippers. It never occurred to her to wash.

This description of the hotel must not be taken as indicative of sanitary conditions in Brazil or even in Matto Grosso. This was the only hotel in the city at the time, guests were few, and the proprietor did not care at all about it. It constrasted sharply with the hotel Galileo at Corumbá. It was a horrible place and I was glad that in later visits I was able to find accomodations at another one that had modestly business on a side street. It was a palace of cleanliness and good in comparison.

Professor Max Schmidt was living in a little house several miles away from the city on the bank of the river and there I went by automobile over a road that was only a wide path cut through the forest. A pleasant surprise awaited me. Professor Schmidt had spent a total of five years in Matto Grosso, but spread over a period of thirty years. He had come about a year before to continue his work and intended to stay two years, and in order to rest comfortably from the trips he intended to make he had bought himself this little property, consisting of a little old house and a half-dozen acres of ground, which he turned into a clean beautiful cottage and a wondrous garden. I arrived there late in the afternoon and he received me with great kindness and courtesy. He was a tall spare pleasant old man with a long grey moustache, dressed in an old white suit and a starched collar. He greeted me as a colleague,

but before beginning our conversations on anthropology, he took me around his garden which was a sanctuary for birds and animals, his special delight being in taming wild life. I remember a veado, a wood-deer, playing fearlessly in the garden and it came up to him every so often to eat from his hand or merely to lick it. It was a delicate little thing with clean sharp hooves. As we walked around, Professor Schmidt's horse followed us, nosing his master; birds flew down to alight on his head and shoulders or to take food from his hand; and several porcupines came close to him; but the most affecting was the attachment the two wild birds, of species unknown to me, had for him, which slept by his hammock at night. Even the mosquitoes seemed to have a love for this man, for although the house had no screen, they bothered us not at all that night. I know that this result was actually brought about by his having cleared the land of weeds, but the picture of this old man surrounded by so much affection on the part of wild life could very well lead one to believe almost anything of him.

Professor Schmidt had been unfortunate in his work on this last trip of his. He had gone north to the village of the Kayabes, but they would not permit him to stay among them though they did no harm. His misfortune was increased by falling ill. He was brought back to Cuyabá by his men almost dead, and now that he was well again he wanted to go back but the Brazilian authorities felt sure he would die if he attempted such a strenuous trip again, so they did not let him go.

Over a bottle of vermouth that night we conversed a great length about Matto Grosso and anthropology. He spoke Portuguese, but I was somewhat clumsy in that language so I spoke Italian which he understood but could not speak. He emphasized the danger of starvation. The country to the north was more barren than the southern portion, game was difficult to obtain, and even if one made contact with the aborigines they

would have so little food that they surely would refuse to give away any. All of the people of the north were dangerous, since they recognized no authority but their own, but they promised the best opportunity for anthropological work, since they were about the purest primitives on the continent.

Before I could reach any of these tribes I would have to travel many days utilizing first trucks, then a caravan of bullocks, and lastly canoes which we would have to make ourselves. He also went into the great detail about the equipment I should take with me and gave me much advice that subsequently I found of great value. He subsequently visited me at the hotel and I cannot look back upon our conversation with anything but pleasure and gratitude.

A great many other people were helpful in Cuyabá. Armed with a telegram that I received from General Rondon which advised me to visit an old companion of his Don Joao do Lago Monteiro I went to see this gentleman, and from him I obtained valuable information about the peoples that lived on the telegraph line that had been constructed between Cuyabá and Puerto Veilho on the Madeira river. At the offices of the Inspectoría I was permitted to examine maps but unfortunately Major Ramiro Noronha, the chief of the service was not in Cuyabá at the time. As to permits I was not able to obtain them. I returned to Corumbá to wait for Major Noronha, and later to make my way to Descavaldos.

Chapter IV

Corumbá is a commercial center, a port for eastern Matto Grosso and even eastern Bolivia, a town to which everybody comes to buy and sell. One would expect that it would be a town of high and fast living, but in this respect Corumbá is typical of most of Brazil. A quiet easy life is the ideal for most Brazilians. The town is a large, straggling mass of one and two storied buildings painted in pinks, blues, yellows and white somewhat harmonizing with the colors of the young palms and the skies, and flanking broad unpaved streets. Its sunsets redeem Corumbá. Silver and dark green on the pantanal, that inland sea; blue, purple, light tinges of yellow on the houses and pavements and purple, blue, scarlet and gold ever changing tones in the skies. At night a feeble moon flitting from cloud to cloud. Overcast skies, daily afternoon showers, cool winds alternating with warm spells. That is Corumbá as we found it early in the spring time.

My days were spent in a bare room with dirty white walls, no carpet, no running water, a dirty white cot with dirty mosquitoe netting hanging above it; low partitions depriving one of all privacy; sounds from a noisy family in the next room as it passed through its daily domestic routine, and the slapping of naked bodies in vain attempts to destroy the elusive mosquitoe; the barefooted young man, part Indian, who brought the water, smoothed the bed, ate the kitchen leavings and slept on the floor across the threshold of the hotel door; a sad clerk speaking correct but not very fluent English, one who obviously had seen better days; dirty unkempt bums, one of whom turned out to be an American, begging and weeping as he did so, loud talking, grandiose flourishings, much buncombe, bad water, bad beer, bad electric system, and exquisitely small gardens.

In short my days in Corumbá were beautiful and picturesque, ugly and

commonplace, surprisingly comfortable but annoying to a Philadelphian who forgets that he is so far away from home.

In truth the Hotel Galileo was a palace in comparison, let us say, with the Hotel Esplanada in Cuyabá. It was scrupulously clean, had modern showers, a cultivated gentleman for host, good food, courteous service. I always felt comfortable at the Hotel Galileo, but never at the Hotel Esplanada as I shall relate later.

The quiet and the very contradittions of Corumbá, the rainy weather, the serene view of the pantanal ending in the distant lump of earth, the "mountains" of this part of the world, were conducive to meditation. There was nothing else to do infact. My baggage was at Descavaldos. There were no books in town. In the evening I promenaded with the cultural Paraguayan consul by the river discussing this and that. World religion, world patriotism, world philosophy, world humanism. Pessimism and optimism alternated with an astounding rapidity in our conclusions. It must have been the heat, the brilliant colors of the late afternoon and the peace of the evenings which tortured our minds.

It is common gossip that in all of Matto Grosso, enthusiasts say in all Brazil, there is no hotter town than Corumbá. Situated on a high bluff, overlooking a vast flat expanse of land which is cut into purple segments by the meandering Paraguay river during the dry season and changed into a vast sea of water studded with islands of green at the time of the floods, waves of heat rise to it from every side. By midday it has affected every one. All of the inhabitants withdraw to darkened rooms and hammocks. The ocassional visitor writes homes, after his first day in town, that in all his travels he has never seen so lazy a people. He is apt to identify them as the perfect personifications of idleness, lethargy, and slovenly hopelessness, but if he remains in the town a few days longer, his next letter will contain the apology that he has not written sooner because of the

intense heat, which seems to strip him even of his imagination. He understands then what has happened to the people of Corumbá who are exposed to the enervating climate the year around.

Fortunately, the evenings,except at the height of the rainy season, are cool. At sundown the cool winds blow from the south. The people, gradually become aware that they are alive after all and resume the business of living; preparing dinners, scolding children, grooming the body, and exchanging courtesies with their neighbors. By midnight it is almost cool and again the town sleeps, not to be awakened until the sun once more takes charge of the day. There is no night life and no incentive for it. If you stay awake you are content to become part of the waving palms glistening in the moonlight in tones of silver. All is gentle and peaceful.

After several weeks in the city with nothing to do except to hope for government permits which did not come, and a boat to take me up river which also did not come, Jack Clarke and Sam Hoopes came back from Descavaldos to prepare a boat for our use. I was glad to have them join me in my misery and of course now that there were three of us, we had recourse to the very common American sport, drinking in gentle doses.

The boat which should have been ready a week before was being rebuilt by a German. It seemed that it would never be gotten ready. This German had learned Corumbá customs only too quickly and too well. Tomorrow would do as welll as today and tomorrow had the quality of never arriving. So we steamed and baked in Corumbá in idleness except that we strove mightily to keep our tempers calm. Our only recreation consisted of the daily visit to the boat mechanic in dealing with whom we fully intended to be polite but firm, only we never fully succeeded in keeping to these resolutions. The work had to progress faster, we were in a hurry; it should be done this way and not as he thought fit for his own convenience, we would

tell him. Jack knew several words of Portuguese, Sam spoke French fluently but because of my supposedly greater familiarity with latin languages I was chosen interpreter. These daily visits always began by Jack explaining carefully and precisely in English what he wanted, repeating and stressing the explanation word for word, Sam seconding him, and I trying to translate into some mixture of Latin tongues. In the end we would forget that the mechanic knew no English, Jack would ignore me as interpreter and talk directly to the mechanic, Sam would drop his French and support Jack in English and I would forget what Jack had to say and loudly threaten the bewildered artisan who insisted that of the four he was the only sane man. We never made any appreciable impression on the stolid German ex-patriot. Every day we would leave in a huff and then retreat to the Galileo bar to discuss over our iced beer the assininity of all mechanics, but particularly the German brand.

Sometimes we attempted to work. Jack, who made all the business arrangements, would call on the merchants, but never could find what he wanted. Sam sometimes wrote letters. I attempted to write. None of us accomplished much. We had the same three meals every day. The evenings found us seated at a table on the sidewalk of the Bar Galileo. We ate peanuts and drank beer. We philosophized, we discussed everything we could think of, including the imminent Paraguayan-Bolivian war. Once a Hindu renegade, thinking we were British, flourished a pistol in our faces. There was an exciting moment, he apologized and we went back to our beer.

Our friends in New York and Philadelphia had pictured for us terrible hardships of a vague sort to be encountered constantly in this unknown country, but so far expeditioning had been dull and monotonous. We had not found a thrill in every place we stopped, and each bend of the river had revealed nothing but wide stretches of water flanked with heavy vegetation and further ahead another bend in the river. It was hot and at times the

mosquitoes had been bad. Though we had met a number of reputed bad men, had seen many jacarés, the only real danger we were exposed to, came from ennui. We had to fight that. At the present time the three of us were marooned in Corumbá and our companions mud-locked at Descavaldos, two hundredand fifty miles up the river. Corumbá is a town, but Descavaldos is only a cattle ranch. We pitied our companions more than ourselves for they did not have the products of the bar for stimulation and distraction, and laughed over the postcripts in our letters from home which asked us to "please be careful".

One evening the three of us were sipping our whiskey and soda outside of the Galileo bar. Since the heat had not yet evacuated the city we would have been more comfortable if we had abstained from alcohol. But, we argued stoutly, that though the alcohol might make us hotter, it could not make us any more uncomfortable than we were; and it did loosen our tongues making existence bearable in this town of heat and slow living. So we sat in easy laughter on the sidewalk immersed in the exchange of pleasantries, now becoming sentimental, now obscene and often ridiculous.

The citizens preferred to stroll on the Avenida Candido Mariano along the high bank of the Paraguay river among the royal palms. All the young people of the town seemed to be there. The girls, walking arm in arm exhibited their fineries, their grace and their smiles, while bold and modest looks flashed from eyes set in dark sensitive faces. Bashful young men sat on the balustrade along which the girls paraded. The more bold strolled along too behind the girls of their choice, but all were self-conscious with hearts that beat faster at the exchange of a "boá noite", a good evening, with their chosen ones, and eager to catch the warmth of a glance before the eyes should be lowered and the head turned away with a modest and proper toss which deceived no one, not even the girls themselves, but is a charming gesture. And the strolling continued under the

canopy of waving palms while the galaxy of stars twinkled merrily or raced across the sky, appearing and disappearing with equal suddeness somewhat, it seemed, preoccupied with their own little game.

At our camp up the river our companions had set up a radio station. It was this modern invention that brought sudden disturbance this evening to our table of peanuts and beer, laughter and tall stories. A uniformed personage saluted, inquired for señor Clarke and handed Jack a message saying that it had been picked up by the local army radio station. Jack read it to us.

"Siemel bitten by jacaré several days ago, condition very serious, coming to Corumbá in dugout with outboard motor Rawls, Rossi and two natives with him. Prepare for arrival."

The army station, while it could receive messages, could not send any. We hurried to the navy station. The commander put the station at our disposal, though the hour was late. He sent for operator, engineers and other necessary people, some of whom had to be routed out of bed. This is an example of the wholesome Brazilian courtesy and humanity. We received many like courtesies during our stay of almost a year. In spite of the efforts of the operator who dalled the camp station for several hours, there was no answer.

The town was in darkness when we returned to the hotel. Feeling somewhat upset we sat on the balustrade vacated early in the evening by the local youth. There were now no girls to parade before us! The stars no longer dotted the sky which was covered with gray clouds. The flat expanse before us was one black void. Only a few lights on the boats in port gleamed their comfort.

The breeze that had been welcomed earlier in the evening had become cold and biting. And it came from the south. We understood what that meant. Cold rainy weather would prevail for five or six days. The river would

become rough. Even the natives would not dare go out in their canoes. We became apprehensive of the safety of our companions coming to meet us with the wounded Siemel.

The thing for us to do was to go out with a big fast boat, to meet them before some accident should overtake them. Yet there was no boat to be had. Our one hope lay in temporarily fitting out our own boat. We entered the hotel stumbling over the boy sleeping across the threshold, and made our way to our rooms holding lighted matches above our heads to light the way, and so went to bed, each with his own thoughts.

A knock on the door, a "bõa dia", and the barefooted black boy recalled us to the duties of the day by offering to us the Brazilian morning drink, a cup of black coffee. On the other days we would have remained in bed a while after the boy had left, but on this morning we wasted no time in dressing and going below where we gulped down the Brazilian breakfast of bread, butter and hot milk with coffee. We could have taken our ease. It was too early and we had to wait impatiently for a half hour. From the balustrade we watched the movement of the waters of the river that meandered away from the rock on which the town is built. The vast plain, for the most part flooded, stretched far away to the north ending in the hills of Dorados. Somewhere in those waters was the injured man and his companions.

We went to see the boat builder. He came out in pyjamas looking at us belligerently over the tops of his glasses. We were very polite on this day . Could the señor get the boat in such shape that we could make a trip that day?

"Não, senhor, it isn't possible," and a long explanation followed.

"It's a matter of life and death", we insisted.

Patiently he began his explanations anew. Why were the Americans

always in so much hurry? The work would be done. Was he not doing it himself as a special favor to us and to his good friend Sacha Siemel whom he loved?

We told him that it was his good friend Don Sacha who was in danger of losing his life unless he reached Corumbá soon. Immediately we saw our victory. How did it happen? What was the matter?

In my bad Portuguese I described the situation most dramatically supplying details that I knew nothing about. I pictured Siemel on the point of death in a small dugout, suffering intense pain and in danger of drowning at any minute. I suggested that perhaps the motor had broken down and that he would remain stranded up river. I began to believe some of the things that I told him. The mechanic's anxiety showed in his restlessness. He promised to have the boat ready by the afternoon. Very much agitated he departed for the waterfront, still in pyjamas and slippers.

Jack and Sam went to the naval station to make another effort to reach camp by radio. I called on the Port captain. Could we have a permit? The captain was courteous, but refused. It was impossible to get one unless the boat was properly inspected. My explanation of the situation, slightly dramatized, won him over. No, he could not give us a permit, but he would send with us a representative of the captaincy.

The news from camp was bad. The party had left two days before, intending to run day and night. We were apprehensive of the worst. With the outboard motor and coming downstream they should have reached Corumbá. Had anything happened?

By midday everybody in the town knew the story, which naturally had taken on new forms. We didn't mind, especially since our excitement was shared by all, and resulted in everything possible being done to help us. We had to have food. The manager of the hotel took care of that. We needed a pilot. One was found for us.

A few days before, there had arrived from Asunción a Russian whom we had engaged to work for us. The interior of South America is filled with men of the old regime in Russia and now men without a country. This one once had a glorious career up to the time that the revolution sent him out of his country forever, a broken man. He was an aristocrat, a great hero in the World War, having been one of the best Russian airmen and somewhat of an inventor also. He had been shot down several times, decorated and up again into the air for the glory of his country. Came a time when he was shot down once again and for the last time. His experience must have been horrible for he never afterwards was able to fly again. Horrible things haunted him, making him unfit for great exploits any longer. Then came the revolution and his world was turned upside down. Though a hero, he was forgotten. South America received him as it received many others, to wander about, haunted, afraid, nervous, working at whatever was offered, his delicate white face lined with apprehension. He who had been used to looking at humanity downwards from on top of the social heap, now was forced to look upward from beneath. He became one of our companiosn and we knew that he would be faithful if not efficient. We took him with us on the little boat to act as mechanic and glad we were of it later on.

In the meantime our boat builder, after showing remarkable activity in the morning, came to the decision that the job could not be done until the morrow and promptly withdrew to his hammock. We did not let him escape. We took him back to the boat and one of us stayed by to supervise the work. Finally late in the afternoon the boat was in the water and though the motor was out of line, we set off, while many interested pairs of eyes followed us from the balustrade.

We meandered away from Corumbá sometimes going away from the town and then again going towards it, so maddeningly tortous is the upper

Paraguay river. Corumbá sat on the bluff somewhat hidden by the row of royal palms. The sky being overcast with dark clouds there was no flash of white, blue, and gold from it as on sunny days. Nor was there any burning sunset later in the day to lift us out of our axiety. Everything appeared drab and gray and the walls of green flanking the river had lost their lure, so dark and gloomy they appeared. Even the egrets seemed to be mournful as though trying to shrink withim themselves for the cold.

It became dark and our worry increased. The pilot could guide the boat only by watching the more intense darkness that was the trees, but this did not worry him for he knew the channel perfectly. Our speed, limited by the swift current, did not exceed three miles an hour. Still, if no disaster had overtaken our companions from Descavaldos they should be near by and we kept alert to catch the sound of outboard motor or the shout of a man. But nothing came to our straining ears except the din of our own motor knocking frightfully and an occasional grunt as a frightened jacaré slid in to the depths of the river. So we sat on the bows wrapped in warm capes with disturbed thoughts for company.

The knocking of our motor increased and our Russian came forward to tell us that if we went any further such damage would be dome to it that it would probably break down altogether. We pulled over to the bank and stopped where we saw a little sand piled up at the mouth of a little creek. What should we do now?

Our Russian comrade was both game and resourceful. Airplanes might have terrors for him but nothing else. He stripped and went into the cold water under the boat to examine shaft and propellor. Our searchlight played on him and we kept a lookout for jacarés, and more to be feared, the piranhas which might be attracted by the light and attack the worker. Hundreds of fish came to investigate the light and the man, some of them even nibbled at him, but it was fortunate that the dreaded piranhaa kept

away. Perhaps this terror of Brazilian waters does not like light.

Two hours of hard work on the shaft, propellor and motor and we were able to go forward again.

Our poor Russian companion was in a bad way. Exposure, hard work, the coldness of the water and the excitement proved too much for him and tho we wrapped him up in our capes, fed him rum, he shivered miserably with cold. We put him in a hammock, but such was his anxiety that he did not stay there. We coaxed him, ordered him, reassured him, but nevertheless every so often he would be up again peering in the darkness, straining to hear a sound that would tell the whereabouts of those coming from Descavaldos.

We kept watch all night, but neither saw nor heard anything of the dugout canoes with its occupants. So we went on pushing our way slowly against the current, now hugging one bank, now the other. No sun came up in the morning to burn the chill out of our bodies. In the great daylight we saw that the river was indeed ~~really~~ rough and became seriously worried. If they had continued running from Descavaldos they should have arrived at Corumbá by the time of our departure. We began to fear that they might have been swamped by the rough waters or that some other disaster had befallen them. Since this part of Matto Grosso is inhabited only by a few hunters, we had little hope that we could gather any news of our companions. Nevertheless we stopped at the two huts that we saw during the day to inquire if they had heard a motor in the night, but the answers were in the negative. Night came again. We debated whether to continue or retrace our course, fearing that we might have passed them the night before, but decided to continue up to Lake Gaiba. At ten o'clock we gave up all hope and decided to go back.

According to agreement we should have asked the pilot to turn the boat about in order to retrace our course, and yet we didn't do that. Jack

and Sam were asleep and it was up to me to decide the proper moment when to turn the boat about and I delayed it from moment to moment, feeling sure that the next bend of the river would reveal our companions, and sure enough, an hour later, there was a flash of light, not more than a hundred yards away and after cursing our clumsiness, we finally found our large flash light and played it in that direction. We discovered five men, looking as if they were sitting in the water. What would have saved them if they had upset? The river had no banks. They were under its waters. Only the tops of the bushes showed to indicate where the banks should have been. Had they upset and succeeded in swimming to these bushes they still would not have been able to get out of the water.

We dragged them aboard. The dugout was half full of water. They were cold, famished and tired. They had not rested and had not slept. We put Siemel on a mattress. We put George and Art in hammocks. We fed them whiskey, coffee and sandwiches, while they talked, laughed and joked. Art went to sleep in the middle of a sentece, a partly eaten sandwich in one hand. We tied him in the hammock. George enjoyed the coffee. Neither awoke until we reached Corumba fourteen hours later. Jack, Sam and I huddled close for warmth. We too were tired. We had only one cape left. It was bitterly cold. We slept in a heap. At noon the next day we were back at Corumbá.

We put Siemel in the naval hospital. He was well taken care of. Thanks to the skill and patience of the attending surgeon his foot was saved, but Siemel was forced to stay in bed for a month.

Rawls and Rossi slept until the following day. When they came to we plied them with questions but it was not until evening, after we had consumed a bottle or two of beer on the sidewalk outside the Galileo bar that we succeeded in loosing their tongues. George tipped his

ten gallon hat back after a draught of cold beer, eyed the street slowly and opened the conversation with a remark that made us, Clarke, Hoopes and me, think that we had not heard right.

"A right pretty little town", repeated George.

We laughed at him, thinking that he was joking.

"Maybe I'm loco, but if you had been up there in that mud-hole they call Descavaldos even Turtle Bottom, Arkansas would look like the Golden City to you. Mud and mold, that's what they specialize in out there. You just sit around there all day, hoping to hell the sun'll shine, looking at the grey mud, and watching that green mold grow smack in front of your eyes. You couldn't even get out to give your legs a little stretch without getting covered with mud. Nothing to do but think of that mud and mold. Davis, he tries to keep himself busy, but the microphones won't work because of the dampness, and Floyd and Art here can't move around the country to take pictures no how. So they'd just sit around camp and do nothing, and me, being a sort of handy man, I sat around and helped them and we'd talk until we'd get tired talking and then we'd just sit.

Well, we were getting doggone tired of just sitting and watching the roosters chase the chickens, so when Mr. Ramsay comes along and says there's a big cat getting too familiar with his cattle and killing one or two a day, we get kinda excited and are all for going after the critter and polishing him off. But Mr. Ramsay says no, you couldn't get very far in all that mud and water and the dogs wouldn't be able to follow the trail, nohow. But the cats kept getting bolder and bolder every night you could hear them yowling and the next day you'd find more cattle dead. One night, one cat comes practically right into the yard to make a kill. So Ciemel says, mud or no mud, trail or no trail, I'm going to get that cat. And I was all for it too. I wasn't caring

much about getting the cat, or no, of course I was sorry for Mr. Ramsay losing so much cattle but I was itching to get going, to have some aim in moving around. So we reckoned maybe the chances of getting that cat wasn't so bad. So we went, Siemel and Newell and me and we took along some of the Bororo boys and some dogs.

So off we go in these here Bororo canoes that keep right side up by a wish and a prayer more than anything else. We followed the river and then turned off inland - that's to say what would be inland if it was dry.

There was plenty of good shooting all along the way. All kinds of queer looking animals practically coming up to you and begging to be shot. This here half-cow half elephant critter - tapir ear - standing there looking at us with moon eyes. And birds, pretty birds of all colors of the rainbow practically coming to roost on us. Trouble was it was too doggone easy. They be standing there, friendly, like they was saying I ain't going to hurt you and I don't reckon you're going to bother me. Sort of takes all the heart out of shooting. We'd had to be might mean cusses or powerful hungry to go shooting at game like that. Anyhow, it was the cat we was after.

We must have gone four, five miles when we saw a kind of bird that ain't game, and that ain't pretty, and that ain't a very respectable character. Buzzards, evil looking fellers and quite busy with something dead around that occupied so many of the buzzards, chances was that it was something big and that something big had killed it, a cat. Right we were following the buzzards we come to a mess of bones that used to be steer - it was laying on a piece of ground that was out of the water. Fresh cat tracks all around it - and the dogs let out a yell and off we go chasing the animal - first tying down our socalled

canoes.

It was downright tough going. We had to go through thick jungle with lots of brush to trip and slip over - to forget all about the mud and the knee-high water we had to go through. But we had a satisfaction. The going was tough, but it must have been tough for the Cat too.

When we finally come to a sizeable piece of clear water, we were glad to see it. We were glad to get out of that slimy jungle and see something clean looking again. That was fine all right, but the dogs lost the scent and they were turning around like locos trying to pick it up again on the other side. Well they weren't getting anywhere so we figgered we'd do it ourselves, thinking maybe we were smarter than the dogs. We spread out and into the water getting wet didn't bother us any more - the water was about waist high.

We were making right good headway when all of a sudden we see Siemel act like he was going clean crazy. There he was, making faces, and saying not a word, but sticking his bayonet into the water about a hundred times a minute. He wasn't making a sound, but the water around him was in terrible commotion. You could see that something was out of order, but all you could think was that Siemel must have gone jungle-mad. Dave and I started for him, yelling all the time what the hell's going on, but he gave no attention, but went right on jabbing away into the water. We couldn't blame Siemel for not gabbing ~~with~~ about what was going on - when you're hawing an argument with an alligator you're not going to take time out to gossip about it.

It made you mad that you couldn't get to him faster. The harder you tried, the more the muddy bottom kept you back, almost like it was doing it on purpose. By the time we got to him it was all over and there was nothing to do but to carry him out. We saw these man-eating

fish swimming around the wounded alligator and wondering all the time when they was coming after us, but they didn't - I reckon they thought it kind of useless to tackle after a tough hide of an old Tampa cowpuncher like me or that of a lunatic writer like Dave. It was tough carrying Siemel so that his wounded foot was kept out of water, but we had to do that unless we wanted to invite thhse hell fish for a meal. It's blood in the water that attracts them.

We cut down a lot of braches when we got out of the water and made Siemel rest there. His face was mighty worn-looking but his foot was an awful mess - the teeth of the alligator had gone clean through in a couple of places. Those thick-soled shoes of his were a blessing, or sure Siemel would have been minus one foot today.

Well, we give him what first aid we can, and it wasn't a pretty job at all, while the boys went back for the canoes.We got him back to camp all right.

You know Siemel. He's got guts, and he's a powerful strong fellow and he's stubborn, too. Says he won't leave the ranch, he don't need a doctor. Well, at the end of three days he's got fever so we decide to bring him down here where he can get a doctor. We didn't consult him about it, we told him. So Art and me and a couple of the boys fix him up a bed in one of these logs they call canoes, fix a motor to it and off we come. ~~250~~ Two hundred and fifty miles is a good piece of road and we had to carry a heap of gasoline and by the time we was all on and the gasoline too, the canoe was pretty well loaded- but the damned thing, didn't sink as much as I thought it would.

Well, of course we had to get into right bad weather. But that's natural. When you got plenty of trouble, nature figures a little bit more won't bother you. It always happens that way. We kept getting knocked around, came near up to upsetting nigh onto a hundred times,

had to stop to bail out every time you could think. The first night we had to stop and make camp till the water settled down a little. No dry land around, the camp being of a little stretch of mud, and were the mosquitoes bad! Meantime Siemel is getting worse, though he didn't say much, but you could see it in his eyes and me and Art were feeling rotten and desperate because all we could do was watch him. Nothing worse than that having to watch a man suffer and you can't do a thing but let him suffer - and you can't go away so that at least you won't have to look at him. We were miserable and hopeless and we were worn out. The second day we traveled on steadily, tho we were now convinced that we'd never get to Corumba, we felt that hopeless about it. The only thing was that it was just as bad to stop and make camp as it was to keep going, so we kept going. Finally we reached this big lake that looks like an ocean to me. And I was sure it was only a matter of minutes before we'd all be under water and playing with the fishes. The waves were tremendous and meantime it got dark, and we hardly knew where we are going because there's water around us on all sides. The dugout was filling up with water and all of us bailing wasn't enough to keep it from gaining on us. We decided to get ready to swim and loosened our clothes. Not that we though swimming was going to do us any good because we couldn't see anything to swim to, but when you're in water you're either going to swim or sink and naturally you're going to swim until you sink. Then I saw a light. And Art saw it too. We didn't pay any attention. I kept looking at it, without even wondering what it was. It didn't mean anything to me. All of a sudden I got the idea. That light had no business there unless there was smmebody back of it so I yelled and nearly upset the whole works doing it. I was sure glad to see you boys."

George drank deeply and with evident satisfaction.

"Yes sir," he said. "This here Corumbá is a right smart little town and the prettiest I've ever seen since I went to the fair when I was a kid and had never seen a town before."

With this disaster to Siemel, Matto Grosso, through its first challenge to us sobered our rather scoffing frame of mind. Yes, Matto Grosso might stretch before us green and purple, and quiet, stupendous in its beauty seemingly dormant, but it might awaken at any moment to tax our courage and our will to sacrifice for the conquest of the horizons that had brought us from so far to the world of the primitive, where man made things became valueless if nature had bestowed no gifts upon us with which we might fight our way to our pre-destined niche in this world. We were sobered as a lover is sobered when proximity has revealed the imperfection of his sweetheart, but also discovers new depths that could not be seen from afar.

After we had thoroughly digested this tale, passed it on to our cronies and become gorged with all sorts of details, conjectures and witticism to the point of polite nausea, we limited reference to it to the daily visit paid Siemel at the hospital by common consent. Life in Corumbá then spun the same old wheel, slightly renovated by the addition of the two humorists, Art Rossi and George Rawls. The former made use of creatures that were the products of his own imagination to distort and burlesque happenings of our every day life and the latter was possessed of an inexhaustible fountain of cracker wit that seldom missed its mark. Both were simpel men, but men of wide experience and because of that they always remained much closer to their horizons than the rest of us. My Chilean and Paraguay friends, with whom I had fallen into the habit of promenading along the river in the evenings in pleasant discourse, had

left before we set out to meet Siemel, one to return to his diplomatic post and the other to take his place in the Senate of his country, thus depriving me of my daily intellectual hour.

Then Fen Johnson arrived and with him Ainslee Davis who was to be our new sound engineer in the making of sound motion pictures. They arrived on the night boat from Porto Esperanza, the terminus of the narrow gauge railroad that links southern Matto Grosso with Rio de Janeiro. It is not much of a railroad, being washed away yearly by the floods, but it has served a strategic purpose. Our new companions had flown down from Miami on a plane donated to the expedition by Mr. Eldridge Johnson, Fen's father, but had stopped en route for repairs to the landing gear. The trip had been continued on the train and thence by boat to Corumbá.

We welcomed Fen Johnson. He brought us news from home only a few days old giving something else to talk and think about. He brought more humor and a great deal of good nature. He introduced new energy and new hope in us. We welcomed him, though, for even a greater reason: we liked him.

Chapter V

At ten o'clock in the evening the wood burning Etruria left its moorings at the foot of the bluff on which Corumbá is perched to begin its meandering journey northward to San Luis de Caceres. It was to leave us at Descavaldos.

We left behind Siemel who was still in the hospital and Sam Hoopes who was to wait the arrival of the plane to fly with it to Descavaldos. Of the six of us, Rawls, Rossi, Johnson, Davis, Clarke and I not one regretted leaving. I particularly was relieved. I had been marooned in the town for almost four weeks with nothing to do except bear the heat as best as I could and feeling frustrated at not being able to begin my work for which I had come from so far. Descavaldos offered to all of us the possibility of activity of some sort even though it was still difficult to move about the countryside on account of the water. We even watched the lights of Corumbá with a sort of irritation for not fading away quickly enough.

The morning found us gliding merrily behind a barge to which our boat christened "Wunco" by Rossi was tied and which in turn was lashed to the port side of the Etruria. Corumbá could no longer be seen ~~to our relief~~ and we settled down to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the two hundred and fifty miles ahead of us. There was not much to do except to look, listen, sleep and eat, things that one can do so well in the tropics.

The Etruria was a broad, shallow draft boat well adapted to travel on the Paraguay. It served the double function of accomodating first class passengers and that of tugboat. Two huge barges larger than itself were lashed to it one on each side. Behind the barges were

tied all sorts of craft including our own Munco and Indian canoes. As we moved up river some dances left us and others joined our company. Towing anything that would float was part of the service that the Etruria offered.

Each barge carried merchandise and passengers. The Etruria was a sort of tramp general store for the people living between Corumbá and San Luis de Caceres. Apparently it transported and sold everything from needles to blooded bulls. It stopped whenever anyone on the bank waved to it. Sometimes some sailor merely threw a package on the bank to some individual or group that came running eagerly . There was always a friendly wave of the hand too.

The two crowds of passengers on the two barges quickly formed two communities. There was no separation of the sexes as is proper in a country were values are realistic. Each family appropiated for itself a corner where it set up housekeeping. Those who traveled alone gallantly gave up the best places to the family groups. There was always the utmost consideration for the women and children and the husbands seemed to share some of it too. These people brought their own food, not much of it to be sure, but what they had they prepared in tin cans over small fires. They hung their hammocks wherever they could. At midday and night this indispensable part of the Brazilian's traveling equipment so crowded the desk that it was impossible to get through.

There were wild-mannered dark Brazilians,fierce looking Paraguayan men showing more Indian and no Negro blood wearing their black hair over one eye, pure Indians who called themselves Bolivians and a small nondescript crowd of Germans, Turks and Armenians. These last kept apart from the rest and from each other. They looked unconfortable and perhaps somewhat lonesome.

There was laughter and there was music. Occassionally there was fighting between the Paraguayans and Bolivians. There was much story telling and much curiosity about us whom they politely refused to accept in their communities. Our efforts at rapproachment were rejected so casually that we could take no offense nor could we persist. We who lived on the Wunco came to look upon the riotous crowd on the barges with a bit of wistfulness, but there was nothing we could do apparently to have ourselves accepted.

The first class passengers lived in tiny cabins on the Etruria. They were of a good sort. Several priests, a much respected hunter who had guided Theodore Roosevelt during his trip in the same region, a number of salesmen, several ranchers made up the list. The captain-owner who spent the entire day seated on a cowhide chair talking wisely about local affairs with any of us who approached. He was exdeedingly good-humored and patriarchal with us, the passengers, and the people standing on the banks to watch the boat go by. He treated us more as honored guests on his private boat than as passengers. Almost daily he offered us some delicacy ranging from fine liquers to pickled steer's eyes.

Our little Wunco was tied behind the port barge. We slept in hammocks and lived there practically all the time. Our meals we took at the long table aboard the Etruria where the captain sat at the head and made interesting conversation in Portuguese, but since we understood little of that language, most of us profited little by it.

Our Wunco was a ridiculous looking but extraordinarily comfortable boat, thanks to Clarkes' fertile brain. Originally it had been nothing but a forty foot log, which after being hollowed out, had been split length-wise along the center where a plank had been inserted

making a hull of reasonable beam. Its forward half was a cockpit now protected by a red and white awning about level with the roof of the small cabin housing the motor. The cabin, gray also, boasted a red and white awning supported atop of it by four posts. Between the cabin and cockpit was a little deck with a steering wheel. The steersman could sit on the cabin roof and rest his feet on the cockpit awning for support, or steer with his feet. The tiny fore and quarter decks were unshaded. To this structure in almost circus style six gaudy hammocks were hung lengthwise from the awning posts and a fifth was hung inside the cabin over the Kermath engine. In these hammocks we lolled during the day and slept at night, always with the fear that the posts or the hammock ropes would give away to tumble us overboard.

The starboard barge towed two dugouts. One a mere floating splinter which only an Indian could keep upright, was empty, the other, larger, carried a native family. A box full of dirt, few bricks and a piece of sheet iron serving for a stove, filled the midship section. A woman sat wedged in the bow, while near her, and all over the boat, a boy and two dogs sported in the way of boy and dogs. A man reclined on a box in the stern. Some chickens tied by one leg completed the cargo. They had no shelter, neither from sun or rain. Showers drenched them and sunshine at intervals made them steam. Finally Ainslee Davis, the sound engineer, out of pity, thought to lend the woman the umbrella from the movie equipment. He did so but it didn't rain anymore. However the woman was so fascinated by it that she kept it up nevertheless. We looked more than ever like a travelling circus.

Three times a day, unbidden by the waiters, the company of first class passenger collected about the dinner table, about twenty people in all. We of the expedition would climb fireman fashion from the Wunco to the barge, up the slats of the latter and over the rail to the upper deck

of the Etruria. It was undignified and we must have looked like pirates boarding a prize. At breakfast and lunch we would find our table company in pajamas, but at dinner quite dressed up. We were not able to acquire the pajamas habit.

Our meals were good. Beans, rice and toasted manioc flour, a gritty substance to which one can become addicted as I did, were served with every meal. At dinner often the table was graced with the final dish of roast beef and fried eggs. This came after six other courses. Delicious coffee, so thick that it stained the cup, ended every meal.

After dinner, cigars and conversation followed, but our expeditioners could take little part in it, thus missing the true Brazilian dessert. Every one tried to be friendly but little could be done to develop anything approaching intimacy. Once as we rounded the mountains of Dourados, precipitous, ravine-cut, forest-covered masses where no one has set foot but primitive folk, the captain took Rawls to the rail and in slow precise Portuguese explained the landscape. He outdid himself in poetic eulogy, legendary allusions, as if he were trying to make poor George understand by the very beauty of his language. The jungle covered banks were receding east and west. The channel writhed across a plane of dark green water iris. Lake Gaiba slid into view from behind the mountains. The sun was setting on the far side and silhouetted the far shore of the lake. Leaning on the rail, the Etruria's captain now explained to Rawls that the far shore was Bolivia, but Rawls didn't understand. He didn't even try to understand. His life spent in the cow camp and on Florida fish boats made him just a trifle intolerant of non-English speaking people.

"He's trying to tell you that you are looking at Bolivia, George", said I, trying to be helpful.

"Oh'." said George without enthusiasm."What's he use so many words for, Jim?"

In returning to the Wunco, we stepped over the rail upper deck of the barge. Some dropped directly from the upper deck to the lower, while others used the slatted sides of the barge for a ladder, descended between steamer and barge and made their way aft under and over the hammocks of the second and third class passengers, each one busied himself for a time with his own hammock or mattress. In addition to us, four of our employees were aboard the launch. At night the cockpit floor and even the cabin roof was occupied. We made curselves as comfortables as we could, the soft gugle of the water, the low rumble from the shaft, the thump of the old-fashioned engine and the tinkle of a mandolin somewhere forward on the barge, were sounds not loud enough to hide the rustling of the night breeze over the rushes and camelotes.

The river, in the moonlight, was a deep silver mirror. Through the silhuetted thin line of trees which bordered the river flashes of silvery light exposed the flooded plain beyond. Occassionally we saw the red eyes of jacarés and perhaps other animals as we went by.

Now and again someone spoke. "Four days since we left Corumbá. Alex was to have his foot scraped again today". "Do you realize we're just getting rid of the mountains we could see from the hotel?" It isn't such a long range either." "This river is so crooked I saw Corumbá over the bows for twenty minutes the day after we left". "I thought once we was a-going clair back thar."

Nonsense, silence, and thoughts and sleep when it wasn't too hot. But sometimes it was and there was nothing to do but listen to the night noise and look down into the water where the reflection f the sky was so clear that one got the feeling of floating between two starry canopies

Then our thoughts would enter worlds of fancy and the present was forgotten.

During the day, swinging to and fro in our hammocks, we watched the jungle world go by. The Etruria went up river very slowly and very often it went so close to the banks that it scraped the vegetation giving us the chance to look deep into those walls of green, studded with so many bright colored birds and flowers. What luxuriant vegetation! Fields of water iris, the Brazilian "camelote", ferns, palms, fire-ant trees shimmering whitely from the dense green, all tied together with lace work of flowering vines, purple, pink, vermillion, yellow, Hidden dark recesses inviting exploration, innocent in their appearance of serenity, darkness, coolness - but the insects, glimmers of shining water beyond coming through the heavy walls and beyond this vegetation, flat plains where the water was deep. Blue-black cormorants, immense vultures, ducks, fishers, egrets, cranes, immense jivaro storks and countless other varieties. Once a fifteen foot snake glistening with gold slid from the bank, swam to us, trailed along for sometime and then tiring of the game, went back. It was too beautiful to kill and the two of us who watched it wished with all our hearts that no one else would see it for fear that admiration of beauty would give away to the lust to kill.

The river was smooth as glass acting as a perfect mirror for the tropical jungle growth, creating magical fairyland worlds. Then the daily storm came and all was changed to darkness and violence. The rain would be so heavy that it hid the banks from view. Tropical rains fall at an angle which presented us with a nice problem of keeping dry.

Every so often we stopped to load wood for the boilers of the Etruria. Then a row of men, stretching from the barge to the shore, would

pass from one to the other stick after stick, while the overseer counted "uno", "dos," tres"- on and on. Once during the night we became wedged in a floating island of matted vegetation and debris. The mosquitoes came and feasted on us, for it was too hot to breathe under the mosquitoe net.

Every day we would stop the boat to kill a steer. It was al-- ways as fascinating an event as it was gruesome. Everybody watched though seemingly not paying any attention at all. The steer sometimes would be taken from our reserve stock aboard or brought to the bank by some cowboy. Always it would be dragged by a lariat caught in its horns. One man would pull on the rope striving to put it around a tree. Until that happened, the steer always seemed to have the best of it. It would buck, pull back or run off for a short distance dragging the half-naked cowboy along. Eventually the lariat would be caught around a tree and then there was no more hope for the beast. If it bucked, the man would pull on the lariat, keeping it taut, if it remained stubbornly stiff-legged, pulling back until it would seem a miracle that the rope did not break, another cowboy would walk softly behind the steer, seize its tail and bite it close to the base. The pain would make the animal buck while its tormentor scampered to safety and the lariat would be pulled in. In this manner, inch by inch, the victim was drawn to the tree and securely lashed there, breathing heavily, tongue lolling out. We always wondered when and by whom the killing would be done. For all the cowboys standing around, in long leather leggings, aprons, spurred but with bare feet, would appear to take no further interest in the steer, and would stand chatting quietly, Inevitably one of them would walk gently and casually towards the poor beast there would be a flash of thin steel and a thick stream of blood would

fall to the ground from the severed jugular. The deed done, the cowboy just as casually would wipe the blade on the ground, sheathe it and resume his conversation. The steer never seemed to mind it much. It would stand stock still, losing its life-blood staring around until it began to feel some weakness when it would bellow feebly and mournfully. When that time came, its hind legs would give way, it would struggle to stand up, fail, its forelegs would double up also and it would drop down still holding its head up high. A final below and its head would drop. A few efforts to rise, a few quivers and it would be still for ever. Life was gone. The skinning could proceed.

Nonchalance in the face of death is common in Matto Grosso, but also in other things which to the philosopher give much intentive to moody thought. Once at Descavaldos, two cowboys were walking along deep in conversation when a tusker caught their eye. Without interrupting their conversation or even asking each other about it, they seized the pig, threw it down and while one held it down by its tail, the other castrated it with a single motion, wiped his knife, the other let go the tail and they went on to fullfil their errand. The tusker doomed to grow fat rather than procreate its kind went off in the opposite direction aquealing its pain. Among our own people there would have been at least an obscene jest, not so in Matto Grosso. Such things are no more than breaking a twig.

Another time I heard an old Frenchman recount how, before the Brazilian government, through the efforts of General Rondon, came to prótect the aborigines, he had come across a band of naked primitive folk. "They",he said, "were nothing but animals, so we had our pleasure out of the women and then killed them all, men and women and children, the filthy beasts". It is true that the real Brazilian is peaceful and courteous and humane. The speaker got no response for such a valorous deed from his listeners. They merely changed the subject.

We were crossing the great swamps of Xarayes, probably the richest region in plant and animal life of the entire Paraguay valley. Most of it is still unexplored although Europeans have been sailing up the Paraguay river since the middle of the sixteenth century. The Guatos lived there and since theri disappearance, no other people has suceeded in establishing itself there. A few families of Guatos still exist, it is said, but no one knows where they have hidden themselves. These people had adapted themselves admirably to the conditions of the country. They were essentially a water people, living and hunting practically in their canoes. There is no evidence that they were agricultural, more probably they were simple, naked nomadic hunters and food gatherers. The rivers supplied them with an abundance of fish and both jungle and savannah with plentiful game of deer, tapir, capibara, rheas, smaller game and game birds. Their favorite weapon for large game and war was the spear made by attaching a sharpened bone to a pole. There is no stone in the country out of which they could make implements, so they used what the country produced, namely, shell, bone and wood. With this fragile weapon they hunted the great cats, the jaguar, puma and ocelot. Since these beasts attain extraordinary size (Siemel has killed some jaguars weighing over three hundred and fifty pounds), this was no mean feat.

A hunter, alone, would pursue the jaguar and when he came face to face with it, he would goad it into charging. The Guato then would drop to his knee, bracing the butt of the spear on the ground, presenting the spearpoint to the jaguar which once it began its charge was doomed to impale itself on the spear. It required great dexterity to guide the point of the spear to a vital spot and we can visualize the struggle between a three hundred pound jaguar and an undersized primitive, the former armed with great jaws and claws, the latter with a fragile spear, and of course, greater intelligence.

This jaguar hunting was a test of manhood and every young man had to come back with a jaguar trophy before he would be accepted as a full grown warrior.

These Guatos are gone now and no one knows exactly how they disappeared. Hunters have come to the region to hunt the capibara, the jaguar, and the puma for the hides, killing of the game on which they lived, taking Guato women, reducing all to a sort of peonage. No primitive people can resist the subtle and malignant penetration in their midst of western civilization and like countless other tribes, the Guatos have been killed, have sickened, have gone sterile and vanished from the face of the world, taking with them their language, their beliefs, their secrets of life in the swamps of Xarayes. And now the region knows no human life except the cursory visits of a few hunters. No longer does the primitive lie in wait in the dark recesses of tropical vegetation, watching for his game, often a struggle of life and death and while waiting, dreaming as we dream of the past and future, nor is there any happy dancing in the moonlight in honor of the successful young hunter who is now a man since he can boast of his jaguar trophy. The Xarayes has many secrets and not the least like that of the mysterious Guatos.

One morning we cast off from the Etruria to go ahead under our own power. The little Wunco seemed to go at a terrific speed and derisively and proudly we waved goodbye to the crew and our former fellow passengers. Etruria and barges disappeared quickly from view as we went around a bend of the river, but our victory was short lived for the course of the river doubled on itself and soon we were within a stone's throw ~~from~~ of the Etruria again. It was our turn to bear the derision and mock salute of the population of the Etruria gathered at the rail and on the roof of the barge. This game continued for several hours as we mean-

dered back and forth at times seemingly far away and soon afterwards there we were looking in the eyes of that crowd, listening to their mocking.

We took our revenge on the jacarés that we found lying in great numbers on strips of white sand in the water with their nose just showing or on the water iris. Ever since Siemel's mishap we had felt revengeful towards the species and we could scarcely bear to see one without shooting at it. We recovered several and were almost punished for it. As we struggled to get one aboard, Josef, one of our men, a German Pole, ex-Foreign Legionaire, a powerful man, leaped into the water and almost on top of several huge stingrays. Both lashed out with their tails and swam away. Fortunately they missed Josef but it gave us a moment of unpleasant excitement.

Finally we sighted Descavaldos. Our ~~short~~ shouts attracted attention and soon its entire population lined the river bank. Our companions, the manager and his family, Bororos and all the rest were there. So I arrived at Descavaldos amidst much shooting in the air, and good natured chaff on April 13, three months and two weeks after leaving New York.

Chapter VI

We had heard so much about Descavaldos that we approached it with a great curiosity. What we saw from the boat was a ruin so typical of the Paraguay valley. All along the course of the river we had seen towns, mission stations, wharfs decaying in the hot sun or covered with thick vegetation and mantles of flowers. On the fallen walls of former palaces the lizards sunned themselves, the ants kept busy helping the work of demolition and the butterflies, yellow and green, hovered over all. There was no longer the iron clad soldier, the Cross bearing friar, nor the naked aborigine to disturb the stillness and dreaminess of the jungle.

From the river we saw a palace of spacios verandahs located on a point of land which, we were informed, was the manager's house. Alongside were ranged the wharfs. Running back from the river ran two parallel rows of houses forming two sides of a rectangle which seemed to be the basic plan of the settlement. A large church and a iron roofed warehouse dominated the yard. At the other end of the rectangle we could see the slaughter house and charqui factory. It even boasted a water tower.

The Descavaldos ranch is larger than the kingdom of Belgium, but unlike that country a good portion of it is still unexplored, and its population is limited to a few hundred half-breeds and a half dozen white men. It is a rich piece of land, consisting of patches of rich jungle and vast stretches of savannah where cattle and horses thrive. Even in the dry season there is enough water in the streams that flow across it to sustain huge numbers of animals. During the First World War, it supported about half a million head of cattle and the major portion were slaughtered. The meat cut into long strips and dried in the sun to make charqui was shipped to Europe. The hides went to make leather. A little town grew up on the ranch on the

west bank of the Paraguay where the killing and the drying of the meat was done. This settlement became a shipping terminus also. A church was built, too large, too imposing for the settlement and a padre took charge. Electric lights and running water, a carpenter shop, stores, all appeared. Then the war ended. Most of the cattle by that time had been killed off anyway. Deterioration began. The workers finding, nothing more to do, drifted away, machinery broke down and was not fixed, the buildings began to crumble. Descavaldos gradually became a ruin.

The plan of the settlement suggested a fort, and in truth Descavaldos had been one. The ranch lying on the Bolivian border, cattle rustling had been easy and common, and often the raiders would attack the settlement itself, where, of course, the manager kept large sums of money and goods. Before a punitive party could be organized, the marauders would be safe across the border in Bolivian territory. Conditions became so bad that the cattle company imported a former Texas sheriff to act as manager, Mr. Gordon Ramsay. The Brazilian government gave him sheriff's powers and the old Texan settled down to bring law and order in that part of Matto Grosso. Honest, kind, just, fearles, a quick and straight shooter, he soon won the admiration, respect and love of the Brazilians and with a faithful group of half-breed Bororos who loved him and gladly served with him, he pursued a relentless warfare against the outlaws. Mr. Ramsay was a Matto Grosso hero. He was always kind and courteous. He came to the landing on our arrival to greet us, a stocky figure in large felt hat, gun strapped at his side and trousers tucked in embroidered western boots.

The expedition, much to my suprise, was comfortably housed in the row of houses which formely had been the residences of the officials of the ranch. Johnson and Clarke shared one large high-ceilinged room at one of the row of houses which we occupied. It was a livable if bizarre

apartment. From hooks driven into the walls they hung their hammocks and mosquito netting. Both men being mechanically inclined they arranged a system of ropes by which they could draw up the hammocks to the ceiling when they were not in use. Out of gasoline boxes they constructed elaborate desks and cabinets and in that way turned the room into a comfortable office during the day. This room opened into a hallway where stood two enourmous Kelvinator refrigerators and a long dining table. To one side was the kitchen and across the hall a recreation room where the trophies were hung and a victrola was kept. Upstairs, Captain Perfilieff, Sergei and Seminoff lived in a room unbelievably crowded with all sorts of personal equipment and since the three were Russians and aristocrats they never straightened out the litter.

In the next building I had an apartment of two rooms which, on the arrival of James Rehn, the naturalist, I shared with him. The larger was used as a bedroom, the smaller as a laboratory where archaeological and zoological specimens were cleaned, prepared and studied. Above us the Johns Hopkins student set up a chemical laboratory. Further down the line were housed Rossi and Hoopes in one room, Davis, Rawls and Newell in another, and finally in the last house Floyd Crosby and his bride, Aliph. They had joined us at Montevideo, married but a week after we sailed, and Mrs. Crosby had been allowed to come to Descavaldos with the expedition. Siemel lived alone in a section of the Church. There he had left his equipment and books before setting out for New York, and there he took up his quarters on his return.

The expedition installed a small gasoline engine in the carpenter shop and it supplied enough power to give us light, run the two refrigerators, and charge the batteries necessary to run radio and sound motion picture cameras. The old water tower was fixed and the same motor pumped water to us.

The expedition brought to Descavaldos men who were wanderers over the face of the world. There was our Captain Perfilieff, soldier in Russia, turned

artist and explorer in Philadephia. Seminoff, the once hero-aviator of Russia we have described. Sergei Salaskin, Russian biologist caught by the war, turned into a brilliant cavalry officer, fought seven years from horseback until fighting became his chief preoccupation. Still a student, efficient and still a soldier, he became our general foreman, and did splendidly at it. He is dead now, having fallen in the late Paraguayan-Bolivian war a major in the Paraguayan forces. Oscar, a small baldheaded German hired as a carpenter, but formerly an officer in the German army. He was an ex-trench soldier of the Western front. Josef, German-Pole, tall, the most powerful man at Descavaldos, adventurer, ex-member of the German army and the advertised French Foreign Legion, became our cook. He was a better fighter, but little Oscar almost killed him in a quarrel once. Carl, a German youth trying to get a start in life as a cameraman married to a crippled German girl. Muller, also German, ex-soldier, and forester became my assistant. He always clicked his heels, saluted, talked with eyes downcast, and later gave me trouble. And there were others of the same sort, some of whon had to be sent away for planning mischief, like two young Germans we brought from Asunción who were preparing to depart with the expedition's horses, goods, and money when their plot was discovered by Oscar. They were merely sent away. There were Bolivians, Paraguayans, half-breeds, of all sorts and pure Bororos in addition.

This one was a leather worker, another a shoemaker, the other a hunter of jaguars, disdained to use anything but a spear like the old Guatos. Of course, there were the women, wives of some of the men and young girls. Somewhat unattractive. We paid little attention to them.

There were many animals pets. Dominating all in the amount of noise they made and activity were the dogs. The yard was always crowded with them, thin, half-wild, fierce beasts. Our own dogs were in better shape and of course were our pets. There were Lady Chica and her spouse, Tupi, fox-terrier, graceful Lady Monkey, veteran Jake, Bill, Jack, old Bluecher and others, all fox hounds.

A woman living with the German who had elephantiasis kept a mob of parrots that imitated everything she said so perfectly that one could not distinguish one voice from the other. These were kept in the rear of the row that housed the expedition. Futher down the line were cages for the monkeys. We had two young howlers, shy things, who eventually died. It seems impossible to keep them in captivity. The real pet was a capuchin monkey, christened George, who was allowed to run on a chain. He acquired his name through George Rawls of Tampa. George had never been so close to a monkey before and was repelled by it until we happened to discuss man's ancestry one night. He had believed the story of man's craation as told in the Bible and was startled to hear that biologists have become convinced that man has evolved from lower form of life.

"Jim, " said George, " you scientists really believe that we are descended from creatures like that there monkey that's tied outside my room?"

I replied that we believe that both monkeys and man have a common ancestor. George was amused, but the next morning found him gazing upon our captives in wonder and amusement, scratching his head, his hat over one eye. Soon the little capuchin monkey won him over completely by stealing from his shirt pocket Rawls' cigarettes and running away with them. So attached they became to each other that we named the monkey George.

Once we caught a huge bat with a wing spread of twenty nine inches, huge tusks, and a fleshy horn on its nose. It was a false vampire. We put it in a cage and thinking that it might be happier with a companion we caught an ordinary small one and put it inside also. They eyed each other from different corners of the cage, then the false vampire jumped on the little one and without taking the trouble to kill it, devoured it. After this cannibalistic feast it retired, but curiously enough in the morning we found it on the floor of the cage, dead.

A tuyuyu or jivaro stork with clipped wings walked gravely about. A

secretary bird, stalked the ranch yard, pecking at anything it saw, man or beast, a killer of poisonous snakes.

We had an agouti for a pet until it decided to eat the sulphate from the storage batteries. Then it died. A delicate deer, vaado as it is called, was the pet of all until it developed little sharp horns and the habit of butting everybody in sight generally making the attack from the rear.

We had animals also that could be tamed. There were two jaguars, in strong cages teased into rages by our little fox terriers, and a puma. For a while we had small and giant armadillos. The latter died. Ant bears kept us amused, and a young tapir was fun until it learned to charge any human object. The top of the fence became the safest place when we went to see it.

Life at Descavaldos was serene though considerably more active than at Corumbá. The expedition awoke at six and at seven was called to breakfast by the booming of a huge water drum, made by stretching a hide over a barrel partly filled with water, or by the screeching notes of a bugle that climbed and descended the register in unpredictable sequences. We gathered around the table, sometimes few as when parties were out in the field, and sometimes many. Conversation was generally dull, and everyone hurried away to his work before the sun should become too hot.

Early in the morning a steer was killed and the men went to get their daily rations; girls paraded down to the river to fetch water with gasoline cans or jars, balanced on their heads, barefooted, bare-legged, strong and thick, dark-skinned, their nakedness showing through their camesoles. Cowboys brought in the horses, and mounted parties left soon afterwards. Those of the expedition that did not leave the settlement turned to their work. The yard fowl paraded around.

The heat was terrific, especially at midday, and work slowed down, if it did not stop altogether, by eleven o'clock. At noon we were called together for lunch by the same impossible drum and bugle, and then off to a siesta,

reading, writing or whatever we could do in that heat. Work again later, showers, maybe a swim and dinner.

The cameramen worked whenever the weather permitted the taking of pictures; Perfilieff superintended the kitchen and a vegetable garden, as well as the building of an immense corral of carandá palms to be used when finished for the making of photographic studies of animals, and when he had nothing else to do he went hunting; Johnson took over the general supervision of expedition activities; Clarke continued in his duties; and I began archaeological excavations right there behind the row of houses close to the river and was thrilled at my finds.

In the middle of April, the waters were still high and many of the days were overcast. It was hot, damp, putting mold on everything and ruining some equipment. Ainslee Davis, the sound engineer, was the chief sufferer from this. His microphone accumulated moisture on some of the plates, making them unfit for us. We had the right man for the tropics, though. Whenever his nerves began to give way under the strain of too delicate mechanical work, he would go off to seek some balm, generally on a shooting expedition. Sudden squalls severals times damaged my archaeological work, a maddening thing to happen after working with trowel, nutpick and brush.

Fen Johnson, a very methodical man, sought relief from the day's heat in fruitless attempts to keep his equipment in good order; he would try to remove the bristly mold with a scrubbing brush. The more obvious it became that he could not get rid of the mold, the more obsessed the became with the idea. The bristles came off but the leather remained green, he would give this up after a while, toss the shoes aside and begin on his saddle and bridle, neatly stored away on a saw-horse. They too wore a coating of green, as did the sweat band of his spare hat and the side of his rifle scabbard. When tired of this he would stare out of the window at the long low row of buildings forming the opposite side of the quadrangular group that composed the settlement

and offer to bet anybody that the morrow would be a nice dry, sunny day which automatically would take care of the mold problem. Discouraged in this by our derisive remarks he would fix his attention on a certain house across the clearing where lived the leather worker. Perhaps that individual could do something to his hear. The house was distinguisable by the waist high piece of corrugated iron placed across the door to keep out the packs of mongrel dog s that infested Descavaldos. Many times he announced that he would start for it, but he never did.

In the afternoon the daily procession of cattle returning from foraging in the flooded areas around the settlement would begin. ~~The cattle began to wander into the clearing.~~ By night the yard was filled with them. Presumably they came to escape the menace of the jaguars. Perhaps though, it was only to rest upon the dry land after spending the day feeding belly deep in the flooded pantanal. There was one cow who could bellow with every exhaltation of its breath. An afternoon task for Johnson and Clarke whose room opened out on the calf pen was the gathering of a supply of rocks as ammunition for the night when the bellowing became too unbearable.

The evening meal was s signal for relaxation. By common consent, the daily work was considered over. Manuel, our table boy and Perfilieff, looking like the traditional bearded Russian, would appear at the dining hall door. Perfilieff would blow the bugle loudly but hardly musically while Manuel pounded a makeshift water drum. There was a scuffling of feet, the sound of heavy benches being dragged across the cement floor, the crash of a tin plate, sounds which reverberated throughout Descavaldos announcing that the expedition was gathering around the dinner table. Perfilieff who, because of his imposing bulk and red whiskers, was by common consent referred to as Papa when the less complimentary terms were not at hand, sat at the end of the fable. Nightly he climbed on his bench

to the back an electric bulb which hung down from the ceiling directly over his head in order that the cloud of bugs it burned would not rain down inside his shirt, finish their careers upon his bald spot or in his soup plate, but the string would always break in the middle of the meal not always accidentally and he would finish the rest of it with a cloud of insects enveloping his head, while the mathematically inclined members of the expedition made numerous extimates on the number of his tormentors that Perfilieff ate at each meal. Mrs. Crosby took her place by the side of her husband. Segei and Seminoff and the radio operator worked their way to places between the stairs and the table. Finally all would be seated, but one place next to Perfilieff remained vacant, my place. I could never arrive with the first and I would come in with a flash light in hand to receive good natured teasing, "Afraid of the rattlers by your door? "Looking for something?"

Later the electric victrola would break in on the table conversation. Shilkret's Victor orchestra sounded oddly out of place in the high ceilenged bare Spanish room. There always ensued a good bit of good natured chaffing between those who preferred to listen to "classical" and "popular music".At ten Segei callously would cut the current for a moment as a signal that the generator would be stopped in five minutes, but by that time some of us were already inside ~~his~~ our cocoon-like mosquito nets ~~by that time~~. The late retirers trooped off in a bunch. The drone of the generator subsided.

All was quiet in Descavaldos, until the peace was disturbed by a vibrant bawl, drawled out, and was followed by more and more bawls with short intervals between them. If this cattle serenade did not stop within a reasonable time, Descavaldos came to life again. Some of us would sally again. ~~From beyond the charqui~~ forth to lay a barrage of clods, bricks, shoes against the bovine orchestra. We never succeeded in silencing the cattle, only to remove them to some distance.

Every Saturday night station KDKA broadcaster to the Matto Grosso Expedition personal messages from our families and friends. For the most part they were unsatisfactory. The things we wanted to hear mostly were not said in the messages for very shyness on the part of the senders. Nevertheless, every Saturday night found a group listening intently to the radio now catching a word and now damming the radio set for fading away. Curiously enough I was in Descavaldos only one Saturday night and I was dragged out of my hammock to listen to a message that was for me. By that time I reached the radio room, it was almost too late, but I did hear that Mary Elizabeth was two years old that day. It was in vain that I explained to my companions that Mary Elizabeth was the child of friends of mine. From that time on I would be cautiously asked from time to time about Mary Elizabeth.

At Descavaldos life would flow smoothly, monotonously, then suddenly for a moment we would be lifted out of it into peaks of excitement that by contrast seemed to have been almost states of hysteria. Time and again we were suddenly aroused from our emotional stupor by some adventure, some threat to life or limb, but also by some bit of exceptional beauty.

There was the time when our Russian aviator cut an artery in his foot and almost bled to death. It was a simple thing, but quite serious. He was brought from the river bank to my quarters by two men with a crowd of natives following, and a stream of blood falling to the ground.

Our Brazilian radio operator went hunting alone one night in a little dugout, upset, lost his gun, manages to reach shore, climbed atree to spend the entire night there. In the morning we searched for him, but failed to find him, but he appeared about noon, tired and torn. He kept us laughing for weeks afterwards describing his mishap.

One afternoon, Crosby succeeded in detaching me from the archaeological excavations to go duck-hunting with him. The day before a torrential rain had turned the excavations into a lake with floating islands of bones, and this in

spite of the tarpaulins that had been quickly placed over the excavations. The rain came suddenly, practically without warning and since it had not rained for weeks, we had not taken adequate precautions. To add to the hhpelessness of the situation, some pigs broke through the stockade that surrounded the place to wallow in the mud and water. The boy that had been left as guard had been enticed away by George, the monkey, to frolic with him somewhere else. The excitement of driving the pigs out of the excavations attracted the dogs and the barn-yard fowl, which also found great pleasure in entering the stockade. When the sun rose next morning I was confronted with a sorry mess. Skeletons and pots that had been carefully exposed, cleaned, to photograph in place before taking them out, were covered with mud, and the bones especially had become mixed. So, with my gang, I had to spend the morning and most of the afternoon working with brushes, small splinters of wood and much patience, trying to restore some order. When Crosby came with the suggestion of duck-hunting I was ready to quit and I did.

We decided to try our luck in a creek that flowed into the Paraguay some miles below Descavaldos. With our shot-guns we paddled away in a twenty foot dugout, so narrow that we could barely sit in it. Whereas a native would paddle such a canoe standing up and be in as little danger as one of us would be aboard a battleship, we paddled sitting down and even the almost capsized with every alternate stroke. We managed to go across the river to the mouth of the creek and entered it.

The paddling became more arduous and more risky as we made our way against the current. The creek was half-covered wtth water hyacinths to a distance of some forty feet from either bank. After going up for about a mile, we forced the bow of the canoe into these plants and commenced our vigil for ducks which we knew would probably flow overhead, following the course of the creek. We waited a long time patiently and silently until we

were rewarded with a number of them making their appearance over the mouth of the creek, flying in our direction. In order to avoid any risk of upsetting the canoe, we had arranged to shoot alternately, while the other would give his attention to keeping the dugout steady. Unfortunately we did not time it as planned and after we had made several alternate shots we found ourselves in our eagerness to get more ducks, turning in the canoe in the same direction as we followed the flight of the birds, and shooting at the same time. A twenty foot canoe, about eighteen inches wide is not very stable. We upset, of course. Slowly, we felt the dugout turning over without being able to do anything about it. It took only a moment, but it seemed a long, long time as, thrown completely off balance, we slowly went over backwards into the water. The dugout floated and we held on to it, holding our shot guns in one hand. We knew that the creek was rich in piranha whose ability to devour us in a few moments we did not question, having had much evidence of it many times, as when one of our guides had his toe bittén off while riding through a water-hole a few days before. And also we could see numerous jacarés in the water along the banks. Many of them were lying within range on the water-hyacinths. Realizing that we ought to get out of our predicament quickly, we tried to push the canoe away from vegetation into the clear water, only to discover that though Crosby was able to swim freely, his end of the canoe being in the clear, I was hopelessly entangled among the water plants, being able scarcely to move my legs, and that so much of the canoe rested on them that it was impossible to push it out to midstream We looked at the row of trees that marked the bank, although we could not see any land, and realized that we could never reach it because of the stretch of the hyacinths that floated between us and safety. There was nothing to do about it but to give several lusty shouts for help which might be heard at our camp. To have attempted to swim back to camp would probably have put us in a worse predicament than we were in already, so we waited.

We knew that at any moment we might be attacked either by piranhas or jacarés, or that if our companions failed to hear us we had quite a struggle ahead to save our lives. I do not think that either of us felt any fear. Rather a feeling of discomfort. Crosby sat on the canoe with his legs in the water, still holding on to his gun, and I held on to the other end almost completely immersed. We turned our attention to a discussion of New York's educational system. Neither Crosby nr I had ever been so deeply interested in the topic, and we really knew very little about it. Nevertheless, during the entire half hour that we remained in that position, we must have sounded like a whole congress of pedagogues. Seriously and drily, we disputed over the values and advantages of the educational systems that we thought we being employed or should be employed in New York City.

I remember of that conversation only that we agreed on one point that the object of education should be, not to fill one full of book-learning, but to teach one how to solve new and unexpected problems. At this point, we came back to the subject of our predicament and began discussing ways and means of extricating ourselves from it. We had just decided that our shouts must have gone unheard, when we saw the boat coming towards us rounding a bend in the creek.

If our position on the canoe later called for much good humored descriptive sarcasm on the part of our companions they looked no less comical to us.

Johnson, stripped to his trunks, Clarke with a towel wrapped around his middle, and Ramsay in cowboy boots were standing up in the bows; Josef, ex-foreign-legionnaire, and now cook to our company, was standing admiships with rifle in hand, and several natives were nonchalantly, as is their habitual way of appearing, standing about ready to do anything

and to use jungle-bred craftiness for whatever emergency would present itself. All this appeared a little silly when it was discovered that we merely capsized, but it must be remembered that these men did not know what had happened and that in that region almost anything can happen at any time and that our shots, immediately followed by our cries for help were enough to suggest serious trouble to our companions. We were pulled aboard and good-naturedly teased about our boatmanship and what might have happened to us, until we reached the port where still the entire crowd of natives and expedition members collected. Seeing us return safe and sound, they dispersed, still uncertain as to what had happened and loathe to reduce the episode to a prosaic one. We heard afterwards many variations of the supposed accident to us and of course neither Crosby nor I ever told the exact truth.

George walked up to our quarters with us, teasing us all the while and telling us what had happend at the ranch.

"Boy and man", he said, "I never seen a couple of tenderfeet stir up such a fuss. I was here all peaceful-like, doing what comes easiest, just setting and talking with some of the Bororo boys - well you can call it talking if you want to, tho I didn't understand a word they said and they didn't know what I was talking about, and I was laughing at them and I reckon they were laughing at the way I talk and we were having a great time. All of a sudden, a Bororo boy comes running up from the river, jabbering away a mile a minute and going through all kinds of trouble because his pants kept slipping down and every time he had to use his hands to pull them up, he had to stop talking. Art and I reckon that this is all part of the fun, so the Bororo boy gives us up and makes for Jack, who is just coming out of the shower with nothing on but a towel wrapped around his middle. Me and Art set there speculating on what breed of ants are messing around in the Bororo boy's pants as he

runs around from Jack to the captain, from the captain to Fen and them back again. Meanwhile the other Bororo boys start running around too. One of the hogs gets mixed up with the legs of the first boy and down they go rolling around in the mud together, his pants coming very close to coming off in the process. Art and I, we just sat there laughing until we almost fell off the fence. Then all of a sudden everybody becomes serious and starts for the river, Mr. Ramsay in the lead, Fen, Jack, the captain, the Bororo men, women and children, the chickens, the dogs and the hogs all following. Art and I bring up the rear, because we had been so busy laughing that it took us a couple of minutes to realize that everybody had gotten serious all of a sudden. We got down to the pier just in time to see the boat, loaded down with people, getting ready to shove off. Everybody was trying to get into the boat, including the hogs and the dogs, which were shooed out by Fen, while the captain was shooing me and Art off, saying that the boat was overloaded already. You fellows sure are popular around here. That's to say, you were popular. As Art says, you stirred up so much fuss around here that they should have found you at least half-drowned, in quicksands up to your ears, with a couple of limbs missing and a mess of alligators, snakes, jaguars and buzzards trying to make a meal out of you. Instead they find you sitting on an upside down boat, looking like a couple of monkeys out of their element. Art and I think you ought to go out there and do it all over again, but do it right this time."

As the waters withdrew from the flooded plains we made more and more excursions away from Descavaldos on horseback. One day when Johnson Crosby and I with two Bororo boys, Manuelito and Marcellino went out to take pictures of birds feeding in the marshes, to locate some termite hills and to do a little botanical collecting, 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 the saddle. 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 to duck branches, thorns and vines.

The open country was beautiful with its birds, counted by the hundreds if not thousands, of many varieties, both in size and color. The fleecy white cabeca seca, the blue white herons with their long thin necks stretched or bent into a question mark, often on the uppermost twig surveying the fields and keeping an eye on us, if we got too near, straining forward and flapping huge beautiful wings and away they would go to the next tree or bush to look at us some more; then the stately tuyuyu with its black neck and red collar, white wings which when spread covered from seven to nine feet of space; the "quicará" 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 rosette duck-bills that have wings of fire when in flight in the strong sunlight. Here and there a lizard would flash by. The sun revelaed huge fish swimming inthe water, carpeted for the most part with yellow and scarlet, and maroon and blue, and violet flowers standing out from a background of green and steel grey. Here and there a thick bush, there a scraggy tree and we in that realm of beauty. In the heavens a clearness of sharp intensity reflected even in the fleecy clouds in the horizon. Everything reflected light and brightness, and the water of the pantanal was one huge mirror reflecting many images in many soft tones. And though the sun burned, a breeze that swept the plains kept a coolness in the air that invigorated and refreshed us.

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. Of course the mosquitos sang and bit, but even they could not mar the pleasure in the lffe of which we formed part.

The next day we repeated our excursion in search of partly submerged termite hills. Again, most of the time we plowed through water and the rest of the time in mud, but we found them, hundreds of them in the fields, giving the appearance of a cemetery of phallic symbols. A veritable city of termite hills.

After such a ride one day Crosby and I made our way to the lonely hill that dominated Descavaldos called Presidente. There we awaited the launch while Johnson went back with the Indians and the horses. As usual the launch was late, for hours we waited without food.

It was there that to break the monotony of brushing off ants I shot a dove with a small " 22. I had not thought that I could hit it and shot carelessly. Though we searched carefully we failed to find it in the thick Matto where it fell. For some reason or other this useless killing made me feel like the little boy who, interested in his marksmanship, and without any desire to harm anuthing knocked down a robin with a stone. Startled and saddened by the little dead bird he remembered that God was omnipotent and he prayed fervently that He brings the robin back to life. It was his first disillusionment. The warm body became cold and he held nothing but a carcass in his hand.

Late in the afternoon the launch came, its pilot excusing the delay with a long story of engine-trouble, and we put back to Descavaldos 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.

Little things caused much excitement at Descavaldos. One day, George the monkey with two feet of chain dangling to his body made off for the jungle, his native land. Who could blame him? Perhaps it was the call of his mate. Be it as it may the cry quickly spread that George had escaped. Now it remains a mystery why so many people took up the chase. Rawls, for instance, had repeatedly said that he would like to turn George - named after him, incidentally, loose. Davis had sympathized with the captive. And yet as soon as the cry was raised these were in the vanguard of the pursuers. From every building at Descavaldos poured out on that afternoon, men, women and children, native and Americans, to chase that poor little monkey that had broken its chains and was making such a gallant bid for freedom. Poor little fellow. It ran until it saw a huge palm in front of the warehouse. Up it went to the very topmost, and grinned down at the multitude that assembled quicly at its foot. For the next ten minutes everyone outdid himself thinking ways and means to get the monkey.down. Josef proceeded to make what he called cajoling monkey noises, offering a banana as a "please come down." But where jaguar, reptile, and man would make haste to obey this Josef, little George merely looked down and without the least bit of embarrasment in the world, scratched himself, put out his tongue and climbed several feet higher. One of the boys started to climb up the palm, but that scheme was abandoned. He could not go far enough. Josef had faith in his banana. He tied it to a pole and offered it under George's very nose. The sagacious moneky took it, and threw it among the crowd. That amused Rawls. He remembered that he had wished that George be returned to the wilds.

No progress, the monkey was up the tree and the crowd on the ground. There were no other trees nearby, it seemed that the monkey was caught. All that needed to be done was to keep a guard about. George had different ideas. He was intelligent, that monkey. There was heard a shrill whistle that announced the approach of the Etruria on its return trip from Corumbá. Everyone turned toward the river to catch sight of the boat. George seized that moent of inattention to slide down the tree and make straight for the forest about a quarter of a mile away. What a pretty chase. The crowd aroused followed, the young fellows putting all their speed forward. (You must remember that there were girls in the crowd). The chase led across a marsh. Plenty of mud for everybody. Several fell, but the main body gained on poor little George. It was Josef and that bit of chain that brought George back to captivity. Another victory for the Foreign Legion. There was a small tree by the river bank. George made for it, but this time it afforded him little protection indeed. It was too small. It merely served to give time to Josef to catch up. The monkey saw his danger and leaped for the water. Can monkeys swim? George gave a good exhibition of it that day. Had it not been for the chain, he would have gotten away. But the handicap was too great. Josef got George. George bit his hand. Surprised, Josef released him. But a man not for nothing has been a member of the Foreign Legion. Josef recovered himself quicly and seized the monkey in time. So back to captivity you monkey and son of a monkey of countless generations! You have made monkeys of the population of Descavaldos. We love you for it. You shall have bananas and rice; and the next time George Rawls of Tampa comes around to talk to you, we will let you keep the cigarrettes that you steal from his pockets.

George returned to captivity, the crowd made its way to the pier.

Belching forth smoke and sparks, the Etruria approached the wharf majestically. So broad it seemed with its two barges lashed to its sides

that it looked like a fat dowger of the waters. It tied up at the dock and for the next two hours there was staged the periodical insane activity of Descavaldos. At no other time was seen to hurry, except perhaps at the roundups. There never was any hurry, little to do and along time in which to do it. But when the Etruria called it was different.

All the available man power was pressed into service. There were all sorts of merchandise to load and unload, for Descavaldos serves as a port for the ranchers to the west of it, even for the Bolivians, who generally bring out rubber. Mr. Ramsay and McLead supervised everything as well as paying social calls on the captain and rest of the crew.

Generally there were several passengers with whom news could be exchanged. On this day there was a great deal of talk about a Saint from Pocone. No one clearly understood what it was all about, but it made conversation. A party was formed to visit the expedition's animals kept in captivity, others to look at the plane that was pulled up close to the bank a little further down stream. In a short while some labored and sweated, others paid social calls and generally found means to pass the time pleasantly. It is about the only excitement that comes to Descavaldos from the outside world. Nothing else could be expected.

On this trip there were passengers for Descavaldos. Siemel, his foot healed, and Hoopes, Rehn, Duguid and Marco a dark, savage looking native spaarman famous as a hunter of jaguars. They supervised the landing of their baggage. Julian Duguid was the author of Green Hell and friend of Siemel. James A. G. Rehn, a naturalist and secretary of the Academy of Natural Science of Philadelphia, became my special charge. He was to room with me and share the laboratory. I was glad to have a fellow scientist with us. It still amuses me to think that a boyhood facetious dream of mine should have come true. When I began reading about expeditions

it amused me to imagine going on one some day and having as a companion a naturalist who would be an authority on some minute insect. Well, Rehn is one of the world's authorities on cockroaches! My dream fulfilled!

Chapter VII

Modern Descavaldos is built on the site of a prehistoric village and burial ground. The pigs rooting in the ground frequently turn up bones and broken pottery. Immediately upon my arrival I began excavations close to the edge of the water, behind some of the ranch buildings and soon found a prehistoric cemetery.

Most of the burials were those of little children, excellent evidence of the high infant mortality so pathetically common among primitive peoples. The skeletons of these bodies could not be recovered, so fragile were the bones, especially since they had suffered the disintegrating force of water and of the roots of growing plants. Generally they lay on their side, doubled up, covered with earthenware bowls to protect them from the water. One little skeleton even had its skull protected by a bowl that fitted it exactly, evidence of the tenderness with which little children were considered by their parents. All of them had shell beads and perforated animal teeth arranged around the neck in a manner suggesting necklaces.

One burial was especially interesting. It was that of a deformed child. The head was enormous, the torso fairly large, the arms normal, but the legs were puny. It lay on its back with knees spread outward, the feet drawn up. At its left side was the skeleton of some small mammal, a monkey probably. Both were protected by earthenware bowls, and both, curiously enough, were covered with an extraordinary quantity of perforated stone beads, perforated teeth, and shell beads. The burial, more than any other, was vivid testimony of parental love for the child, even when it may have been grotesque and an imbecile.

In addition to beads and earthenware jars, we found large numbers of shells, and piranha jaws, in caches, especially by the skeleton of an adult of large proportions. The piranha, though feared for its ferocious attacks on man and beast, is easily caught. It is almost a food staple to the nomadic river people. Undoubtedly it was so used in more ancient times also, and the presence of the piranha jaws with the skeleton suggests some magical motive. By some of the living tribes of Matto Grosso the piranha jaws with the teeth set in place are used as scrapers.

While I was still excavating this site on the bank of the Paraguay River, I had let it become known that I was interested in archaeological finds wherever they might be located. In this way I was able to gather preliminary information as to the location of sites that I might excavate when the opportunity arose. Every one helped in this. The hunters reported a number of places where they had seen on the surface of the ground pieces of bone and fragments of pottery, the Bororos did likewise, and also the ranchers.

One day Sergei went hunting with a Bororo and while going through a patch of thick jungle, he stumbled on a clusters of stones. The next day I went there with the same Bororo to investigate. We found at various places in the jungle clusters of stones, which, since there is no stone supply nearby, must have been brought over long distances, an obvious indication that this ground had once been occupied. We removed the stones at several places and, finding pieces of pottery, became convinced that it would be worthwhile to excavate there.

The ground was slightly elevated from the rest of the plain and partly surrounded by a lagoon connecting with the Paraguay river. I was told by the Bororo that the lagoon never dried up, thus providing a steady supply of water, and that during the rainy season it was well

hidden from the river by swamps which only a native thoroughly familiar with the region could cross. This site was an excellent one for a village or camp, since during the rainy season it kept dry and was protected from hostile tribes by swamps and marshes, and during the dry season it was cut off from the river, but its water supply never failed.

We commenced work the following day. The German youth, Mueller, with a number of half-breed workmen cleared a wide path in the jungle, leading to the stone clusters. Since on further examination these were found over a large area, we arbitrarily chose a piece 17 meters by 25, and cleared it completely of all undergrowth. This large area we divided into smaller sections and began to excavate several immediately.

In some ways work in this patch of jungle was more pleasant than at the first site on the river. It was cooler by far, since we worked in the shade of tall trees and it was made more interesting to us by insect, bird and other animal life. When we became tired we would watch, for diversion, the armies of umbrella ants marching activily along clean roads made by themselves about eight inches wide. Those going towards the nest would carry sections of leaves about the size of a penny, held hgigh over their bodies, while marching in the opposite direction were those returning to the tree which they were stripping of leaves. There were many of these roads and there were many trees stripped naked by these ants. They were always fascinating to watch. Equally interesting were the fire-ants, red beasts that lived on trees to which they gave their name. To have one of these touch the body meant pain as intense as being burnt by a hot coal. We gave them a wide berth, but once in a while we would come too close to them inadvertantly. Peccaries, tapirs, capibaras, deer, ocelots, pumas, jaguars and wild cattle seemed to take a keen interest in our excavations at night, paying particular attention to the bone matter that was uncovered.

It became necessay to build strong tight fences around each excavation to keep these night marauders out. Whenever they appeared during the day, work stopped and they were hunted down and eaten as punishment for their sins.

To reach this site from Descavaldos we had to traverse great stretches of water and even late in May, when the country side was becoming dry, we were forced to wade in breast-deep water for about fifty yards. This had to be done twice a day in going and coming, which meant that twice a day the men risked being eaten by piranha or jacarés. Snakes were of course present, but danger from them never appeared as imminent as from the other two, principally because we saw less of them.

These excavations proved the existence of an extensive cemetery different in every respect from the first that we excavated at the port of Descavaldos. Instead of finding skeletons laid on their sides and covered with pottery bowls, we found the skeletons crammed into globular urns which generally rested on the mouth of a much larger pots. Frequently a bowl covered the mouth of the globular urn. For the most part the bone matter was in such poor shape that we were not able to preserve it. Seemingly it was there, and yet the slightest touch and it would fall into powder. The urns containing the bones were so small that the body must have been stripped of all flesh and the skeleton disarticulated before being put in the pots. We had, then, what we call secondary burial, which is a type common among a great many primitive peoples of South America. One burial group was far different than the others. We found an urn covered with a bowl, and wrapped around it on the outside were four skeletons of adults. Up to this day I have been puzzled over the possible explanation. Did these skeletons represent enemies or relatives of the deceased, buried with him to accompany him on a journey to some other

world? I do not know. We may suppose many things, but the archaeology of primitive peoples, lacking writing, seldom can tell us an adequate story of their customs.

We found at this site a number of polished stone axes, beautifully made, but only a very few ornaments such as beads or perforated teeth. Nothing more. The large urns, one of which measured three and a half feet in height and about three feet in diameter, at one time may have contained food offerings which of course have disappeared. Urn burial is practiced widely in South America, the urns ranging from the crude undecorated kind such as we found to very beautifully decorated pots such as have been found at the island of Marajo at the mouth of the Amazon river. We suppose therefore that the custom of burying in urns was widely spread among many primitive folk. Since the Bororo do not bury their dead in any such manner, our excavations proved that sill another people had inhabited the region before the coming of the Bororo, probably the Tupi-guarani, who swept over a large portion of Brazil and Paraguay.

But the living primitives also have a story to tell.

Although many of the cowboys working at Descavaldos were Bororo or half-breed, and many of them spoke their native language, there was practically, nothing left of their ancient tribal culture. If one is in an aboriginal village where no outside influences have been felt then, even if one does not know their language, many observations of value may be made by watching the people at their daily tasks and by studying their artefactsñ but, if the people have no material culture left and no communal life of their own then it becomes impossible. The Bororos living at the port of Descavaldos were to all appearance like the ordinary Brazilian or Paraguayan herdsmen. They dressed in tattered clothing, wore the traditional leather apron, used gasoline cans, washed clothes, and so forth.

On Sunday nights they danced to Brazilian tunes played on an accordian and guitar. It was only their physical appearance and the fact they spoke Bororo in addition to Portuguese that gave them away.

The nearest settlement where I might hope to find some vestiges of the former culture of the Bororos da Campanha was at Laguna, a good day's journey on horseback from Descavaldos. Johnson, Clarke, Crosby and I decided to make the trip, and began to make preparations for it.

Though these people were degenerate and fast disappearing, Mr. Ramsay always made it a point to send the chief, or cacique, a present, periodically. On this occasion he sent a steer for the band to feast on and a bottle of white rum, "canha", for the cacique. These things he entrusted to us. We added a smal keg of maté, the favorite non-alcoholic drink in Paraguay and southern Brazil, and other presents.

Early one morning our baggage was piled into a cart whose two wheels were solid discs of wood, drawn by two heavily yoked oxen, and guarded by two Bororo young men on horseback, Manoelito and Marcellino, who also led our horses. It set off early. We waited until after breakfast to board the launch, Wunco, on which we went as far as "Presidente", a small hill on the bank of the Paraguay to the north of Descavaldos. We were left there and soon afterwards our men appeared, driving with them a lassoed steer. This they quickly killed, skinned, and quartered in less than fifteen minutes, and we set off with Marcellino, while the cart carrying the meat and guarded by Manoelito took a longer but drier route. Along our route there were several places where we would have to practically swim our horses, and of course we would never have been able to get the cart through.

We traveled at a walk, the water up to the horses' bellies most of the time, skirting patches of jungle, following creek beds where the footing was sure. We came to fields of conical termite hills, tall as a man on horseback and at times so close together that it felt as if we were going through a stubby leafless forest. The quantities of birds that flew away when we approached too closely were ever a source of delight. It was the jivaro stork, or as it is called in Matto Grosso, the tuyuyu, that dominated the field by sheer size. It stalked about, four feet high, with gravity, naked black head, poised eye, enormous black beak almost resting on its breast, snow white wings sticking out behind in comical cutaway style. The ring of red around its neck completed its gross imitation of an over-dressed professor or diplomat. This huge bird is a fish-eater and builds its nest high on top of trees. The expedition succeeded in taking motion pictures of their flight, and closeups show papa and mama arriving with fishes in their bills for their eager young awaiting the arrival in spacious but lofty nests.

Wild life is tame in Matto Grosso, so tame that one can approach it quite closely to merely watch, take pictures, or kill it. In some parts, as in the Xingu region which I visited later, one can approach within a few feet, but at Descavaldos it has already heard the booming of guns and is somewhat wary. In our trips through the pantanal we were able to approach the birds almost within any distance, but other life kept a little more aloof. I remember once a young buck deer stood gazing at us as we trooped past only a few yards away, its head high, unafraid. Had the buck moved, leaped away, it would have lost its life, but no one had the heart to kill it when it was so unaware of its danger. This sort of experience we had again and again and there is no one among my former

companions who would not like to go again to Matto Grosso to look upon wild life eye to eye, without fear, and without any lust to kill.

About the middle afternoon we came to higher ground drained of water, and speeded our pace. We were now on open plains, somewhat rolling, covered with luxuriant short grass which later, as the dry season progressed, would attain great height. Small patches of trees here and there gave the plains a beautiful park-like appearance. Here and there we came upon the rheas, South American ostriches, which because of their protective coloration we never saw until they raced away at full speed, their stubby wings projected outward from their bodies aiding their running by stabilizing the body. Birds were less plentiful here where the water was gone, but golden, scarlet, and blue macaws came from tree tops in pairs to scold above our heads. If we came too close to trees flocks of little green parakeets would rush away in excited chatter.

Later we entered a more forested area, the "matto" of the Brazilians, with its thick green vegetation, rich in palms and vines. The beautiful cool paths were sharply contrasted with the hot shadeless savanahs that we had just crossed. Here we heard more noises too, and although we saw little animal life we were made aware of its presence in that way. The savanahs had been silent except for occasional bird cries, but this matto seemed full of animal sounds, It seemed as if we had come out of the country to a thickly populated city. It was mysterious but comforting and it aroused us into alertness from the semi-stupor of introspection into which a hot sun and the silence of the open country had thrown us.

We came finally to a little settlement. It consisted of a few palm-thatch houses around a clearing swept thouroughly clean. Located on a slight eminence in the center of a palm grove at the edge of which there was a sort of marshy lake, it was an ideal place for a village, up to the height

of the dry season when the lack of water would force a temporary migration to a site close to a waterhole or a stream that had not become dry.

The houses had a rectangular ground plan, walls of palm leaves to a height of six feet and sloping roofs above. Only one room which served the entire family for all purposes. There is never any privacy in primitive habitations, privacy that we think so necessary to maintain social and moral codes. Life to the Bororo as well as any other primitive has no secrets, and so he stares it squarely in the face.

We found few people there. As we filed into the clearing our Bororo guide, Marcellino, called out a greeting and several naked children came running out to gaze at us round-eyed but not bashful. Two women who were busy cooking behind one of the huts also came towards us, showing strong thighs and deep chests through their thin ragged camesoles. Their heavy round faces framed in jet black hair expressed a certain happy anticipation and their slightly almond-shaped eyes were alight with eagerness. Marcellino seemed to be a favorite relative and he was greeted affectionately by all. They came over to us to touch our arms in greeting. While Marcellino chatted with them, we dismounted to look around and to discover the source of some feeble singing which seemed to be accompanied by the liquid sound of a rattle. Outside one of the houses we found an old man seated on a log singing to himself and shaking two gourd rattles. A blue macaw perched on a pole jutting from the house was listening attentively. This old man paid no attention to us even when we greeted him. He seemed to be far away in the memory of his song and we left him to look at other things. We found little in the way of artefacts that suggested Bororo culture, in fact, only several feather headresses, a bow and several arrows. We rode away after learning that they intended to

come to the main village located on the next low hill across the valley that lay before us and to which we were bound.

Our reception at the main village was considerably more animated. As we reached the edge of the clearing a dozen dogs came fiercely towards us barking loudly, smapping their jaws in a fever of anger. They were horribly skinny in the last stage of starvation, every single bone of their bodies showing through their sore-patched hides. They portented not a happy state of affairs at this village. People poured out of the huts, men, women and children, to heave logs at the dogs, a gesture which was sufficient to make them scurry away. Men, women and children gathered around us to immediately begin begging. They did not look as starved as the dogs, but they were far from imposing in their dirty rags and beggar's mien. We got an inkling from looking at them what contact with white civilization generally does to primitive folk who allow themselves to be subdued. Instead of clean, strong, naked bodies, instead of proud looks and haughty bearing, instead of dignity in the reception to their village, we were offered dirty unkempt bodies half-covered with shreds of burlarp sacks or remnants of cotton shirts and trousers, cringing ways, and servile greeting. Poor folk! Decimated, stripped of their lands, taught to cover their nakeness, to forget their gods, to sell their women, for "civilized products such as cloth and knives, to leave their primitiveness and take over civilization which reaches them only in its vices, they are lowered to an object state from which they can never rise. We treat animals better that that for, at least, we either kill them or make pets of them.

Two old men, wrapped in burlap sacks to keep out the cold that with the setting of the sun was coming upon us, came forward slowly,

leaning heavily on sticks. They were brothers and one was totally blind. The other announced himself to be the cacique, meaning that because of his rank he was the first beggar that should be considered in the distributinn of presents that he felt certain we had brought with us. However, all our baggage was on the cart and we had arrived many hours ahead of it. We had no tobacco, no mate, no meat with us, these being the three most sought after presents. In fact we had expected to find at least food at this village, having pictured to ourselves a royal welcome with great feasting. We discovered that these poor folk had nothing for themselves and when they finally collected a few eggs and oranges we discussed whether or not we ought to accept them. Our hunger won, for we had not eaten since morning, and the heat and the ride had tired us out. We consoled ourselves with the thought that the cart would soon arrive and then we could be generous in our turn with meat, mate and tobacco.

It was pitch dark and it became cold. We gathered with our hosts, around two fires, the men at one, the women and children at the other. There was a pretense at a ceremonial reception when the cacique rose to make a very long speech of welcome in Bororo. We did not understand the language, but Marcellino whispered that the old man was saying that he was poor, we were rich, so why should we not make him rich also. Finally he asked for our chief so that he could appeal directly to him. Nobody wanted the job but I whispered to Marcellino to point to Fen Johnson, who when the old man ended his harangue and sat down, had to rise in his turn to answer. He did so leaving me in sole possession of his large horseman's cape. He and Jack Clarke had tied them to theri saddles whereas Crosby and I had put ours in the cart. Hooper had a sweater and was warm enough in it. So, while I sat back in great contentment wrapped up closely in the

cape, Fen made his speech in English which no one could understand except us, his companions. The Bororos listened carefully, grunting whenever Johnson seemed to make an oratorical flourish, while we encouraged and teased him on. As a matter of fact his speech is unprintable. It was an harangue delivered with great feeling against us who had forced this on him, against the weather which was roasting hot one moment and shiveringly cold the next, against fate which had sent us on this trip without even a drop of rum to keep us warm. He cursed the Bororos for not having any food in the camp, and cursed our own carelessness in putting all the food in the cart. We cheered him and applauded at the end which in no way helped his feelings. Of course, when I translated this speech to Marcellino who in turn translated into Bororo for the cacique, I made up all sorts of compliments for the latter, and told how glad we were to be there.

This bit of horse play over, I tried to engage the older men in conversation, hoping to discover the extent of their knowledge of the ancient Bororo culture, but at every point I was met with a recitation of the wrongs suffered by the Bororo and their present woes. Disappointed, tired out, by the day I finally let conversation die by suggesting that they do some singing. After some discussion among themselves one of them went off to fetch two gourd rattles which were given to the cacique and he began the song-feast which though we did not know it at the time, was to last until morning.

Shaking the rattles one in each hand, the cacique began the refrain without spirit, without interest. Each man sang in turn, but they did so from a sense of necessity. The women and children huddled around other fires, listened or whispered among themselves. All in all there was great silence, and everyone seemed to feel miserable. We were cold and hungry, tired and disappointed in finding our first primitives merely the dregs

of the civilized. So the song went on around and around mechanically and we who had come from so far away felt a yearning for our own kind.

About ten o'clock the dogs set up a frightful din, and soon the cart lumbered into the clearing, Manoelito accompanying it on horseback, his fresh appearance denying the fact that he had been in the saddle for fourteen hours. The atmosphere suddenly changed. The cart meant food, hot maté and comforting tobacco. It was literally rushed, everyone eagar to help. The meat was divided and soon was over the fires, tin cans were boling water for the mate and Manoelito began to distribute tobacco six inches to each one from the yards and yrads of the stuff that looked like one inch thick blackrope.

We, the Americans, gathered around the cart in a body and as of one mind, when Fen gave a snort of satisfaction and disappeared into the surrounding darkness. No liquor is sold at Descavaldos, but Ramsay had given us a quart of the cheapest rawest rum from his private stock as a present to the old cacique. It was this bottle that we searched for and found and took with us into the darkness. We were shivering with cold, and decided that half a cupful was enough for the cacique. Each drank in turn and cried or cursed with each swallow. It was potent and raw making one feel as if he were swallowing hot embers. I saw Johnson gulp some down and then lean against a tree trying to catch his breath, Clarke walked off away from us, Crosby swore violently, Hoopes kept muttering to himself for a minute and I confess that I wished I hadn't. Fortified with such warmth inside we went back, found the cacique, took him aside, gave him what was left and gazed at him in anticipation of what would happen to him. Nothing. He drank his half bottle without a whimper, without doing a jig, without a gasp, and asked for more. He astonished us and we would gladly have given it to him in order to watch

that remarkable performance again, but we had no more.

By this time a number of small fires had been started and around each was grouped a family watching with anxious eyes the sizzling pieces of beef. They did not wait until the meat was done, this starving people, but began to devour it when it was merely warm. At one little fire Manolito and Marcellino were cooking our meat and preparing our mate, and we joined them. We ate the great pieces of red dripping meat and held them on a stick, cutting smaller pieces off with our knives. Now there was laughter in the air and joy. Little children, big men, and women gorged on the meat, their great good humor bandied about in deep guttural Bororo cries. Even the dogs were allowed to have a share, a sure sign of plenty. More and more meat until we could hold no more, and even these starved peoples, their bellies distended to resemble balloons, finally wiped the meat juices trickling down their chins and sighed that they had enough.

We had brought with us a keg of mate and each person received a share of it. Yerba maté is a plant that grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil out of the leaves of which a brew is made that somewhat resembles tea. It is a fine drink, but one must be a native to fully appreciate it. The cowboy wants nothing when he has maté and meat, and everybody drinks it in great quantitites. Generally it is made by putting a few leaves in a gourd or horn container trimmed with silver into which is poured boiling water. It is sucked out from the vessel through a tube, and to be properly done it must be so hot that "if spat upon a dog it will scald its hair off", says a Paraguayan proverb. None of us could drink it so hot, so we preferred to have it in ordinary cups.

The tobacco which we had distributed to man, woman and child soon

reappeared in the form of cigars and gradually all gathered around two fires, the men at one, the women at the other. We smoked, we drank hot maté, and we felt warm in the night with its background of soft and contented laughter. Conversation became easier, and soon the singing recommenced. This time it was not listless but full of great joy springing from full bellies and contented hearts. The cacique began it in a full deep voice shaking the rattles violently, and as his song ended his neighbor took it up. Round and around it went over growing stronger ever more hearty. Soon everyone sang in undertone as a sort of accompinement to whoever happened to be the main singer, and the young fellows especially did their best to impress the world with their fine voices. The women remained silent and motionless by their fire, when suddenly no longer being able to resist the song of the males, one old woman rose and with her young ones and they danced there in the dim flickering firelight for their men. They held their arms out from the sides of their bodies their palms turned upwards, and holding their legs and feet close together hopped up and down in unison and in time with the beat of the song, swaying from side to side with each hop. In this way they produced a resounding full beat on the naked earth that gave a wildness and naturalness to the scene that had been entirely lacking before. That is the way to dance in savage lands, in the land of the primitive. The earth for a drum, barefeet, human voices, the liquid tones of the rattle, and much laughter. Sometimes the wild life will join in too, and then man has recpatured his place in the scheme of things.

On and on went the singing, the shaking of the rattle, the rhythmic dancing of the woman, clouds of tobacco smoke, the cup of hot maté, the feeling of contentment. We were glad that we had come, that we had brought meat, tobacco and maté and that we had brought laughter, and well past

midnight when our fatigued bodies urgently demanded sleep, we retired to our hammocks under the bare sky to swing in unison with the song and into a pleasant sleep.

The sun filtered through the mosquito nets under which we slept to awaken us in the morning. We had had little sleep and some of us closed our eyes again but others spying Manuelito and Marcellino crouching over a fire and a steaming pot of maté left our hammocks to take our share.

Over fires similar to ours hovered the villagers warming their bodies and swallowing mouthfuls of saalding hot maté. In this way the morning chillness was dispelled and soon an air of festivity was evident in the village. There was meat for the day and maté and tobacco, and guests who had brought all these good things. Let there be rejoicing. Many came to gaze at us offering greetings and shy comments in Bororo. They looked upon us and our equipment with awe. We were so rich and powerful, and they so poor and weak!

One old woman making vain attempts to keep her wrinkled body hidden by a patched and torn camesole brought us a calabash filled with chicha, a drink made of crushed maize or manioc mixed with water and allowed to ferment. Generally the maize or manioc, depending on which is available, is masticated by the women and spat into a bowl, the saliva hastening the fermentation. In this case it was made of maize and we were none too pleased to receive the gift especially after we looked at the women more carefully in the morning light. We tasted it though out of a feeling of courtesy and out of curiosity and afterwards we wished we had not. Its smell was rotten and so was its flavor. We refrained from drinking anymore, giving the calabash to our men who drank all of the concoction with a great relish. It was their tribal drink after all.

The two old men came to us also, and after receiving maté began to

beg for more presents by right of their chieftainship. We gave them facãoes, large knives used for anything from trimming tobacco to chopping down a tree or killing a man. They begged shirts, blankets, hats, but of these things we had nothing so we turned them away. Seeing that they could get nothing further from us they announced that the village was getting ready to dance the Ururu, the jaguar dance, in our honor. While these preparations were being made we looked around the village.

Acculturation, or rather deculturation had gone far. We discovered very little that was made by them after the old Bororo style, but here and there we came across something that linked them to their ancient culture. For instance, we found that they did not sleep in hammocks. A leaf mat or wooden platform served for that purpose as a bed, or hammock. It is known that the Bororo, and we found it to be true among other branches of the tribe, that are still pure in culture, do not use hammocks though all of the surrounding peoples are addicted to them that they never go anywhere without carrying them along with them. These settlers have taken up the custom and in all of Matto Grosso the hammock is the most characteristic element in a household. We found one old woman who knew how to make the black Bororo pottery, but she lamented that none of the younger women knew how, and blamed it on the introductions of the five gallon gasoline can which had displaced the ancient pots in domestic usage. Even the making of feather ornaments had been forgotten.

The houses were of Bororo structure and design and were similar to those already described, seen on the other settlement. The long interlaced burity palm leaves made a pretty front. Inside these houses there was no furniture except a few mats, and odds and ends.

The jaguar dance that was to be held for our benefit anciently had deep significance. The Bororo land abounded in jaguars which grow to extraordinary size in Matto Grosso. The Bororo were filled with martial

zeal and the boys were trained to endure all sorts of hardships as well to face all sorts of danger. The killing of a jaguar single handed with only bow and hardwood arrows was a test of manhood and every boy had to kill one in this fashion before he could be considered as a grown up man and warrior. When he returned with his trophy the jaguar dance was held in which the chief dancer would impersonate the jaguar. In this way the spirit of the jaguar was appeased and the sin of killing it was expiated. However in this village all of this had been forgotten and it had become merely a social affair.

The dressing of the jaguar dancer was a ceremony in itself. A roofless enclosure of burity palm was erected to serve as a dressing room and this only men were allowed to enter, the rites of dressing the dancer being evidently taboo to the women. As the man was being dressed and decorated, two men stood in fromt of him, singing all the while to the accompaniment of their rattles. Red urucum was smeared all over the face and body of the dancer, and then white down was pasted on his breast. Armlets made from strips of burity palm leaf were fastened around his arms, and his face was covered with a mask made of woman's hair. The foreskin of his penis was tied back with a narrow strip of burity palm leaf, for in spite of the acceptance of European clothing, these men have never abandoned this old tribal custom. To the dancer's waist was fastened a skirt of palm leaf strips. Then the jaguar robe, was placed on his shoulders, with the fur on the outside. The inner surface of the hide was painted in elaborate red and black geometric patterns, highly symbolic, no doubt, but of what nobody was able to explain, knowing only that the designs were used because it was traditional to do so. From the dancer's head and down his back over the jaguar rove hung the skins of practically every snake that is to be found in the pantanal. The final touch was a magnificent and

brilliant headdress composed of many pieces including the plumage of numerous birds of the pantanal. Deerhood rattles were tied to his right ankle and the dancer was ready.

The headman faced the dancer, and began singing to the accompaniment of his rattles, and slowly began backing out of the enclosure, the "jaguar" dancing before him. The other men followed in line, roaring at intervals in the song, thus carrying the dance out into the open. The women and children now appeared, runnning to join the dance, but the women did not sing. The "jaguar" danced flat-footed with legs bent and knees thrown outward, arms extended at the side. His dance consisted of violent hops on both feet, and the twisting of his body this way and that with each hop. At the completion of the song the women and children would turn and run for cover, which they did not leave until the singing and dancing were resumed.

This dance had neither religious nor magical significance any longer to this people, but because they were happy over the sudden abundance of food and tobacco, they danced with great spirit. The singers did their best, the jaguar impersonater roared and danced comically if not realistically, and the women and children danced or ran screaming and laughing in mock terror. It was impressive though we wished that instead of wearing filthy rags, the people wore the ancient ornaments of feathers, jaguar teeth, claws, and shell beads.

The dance continued on and on the men taking turns in wearing the costume. Crosby took as many pictures as interested us and suddenly a little past noon we found that we had nothing to do. By that time I had talked with every adult in the village trying to find one who could tell me something of their ancient customs, but the only ones who knew anything were old and of such a low level of intelligence that my task was

hopeless. In ethnological field work, intelligent informants are indispensable and if they are lacking nothing can be done except to make superficial observation of this and that. Also, begging and the recitation of wrongs duffered by them at the hands of cattle rustlers and hunters was resumed with such eagerness that we decided to leave the village. Gathering our equipment together we started for Port Descavaldos in the middle of the afternoon, leaving them dancing and singing. At least we had brought them a day of plenty and festivity.

Our homeward journey would have been a little monotonous were it not that night fell just as we came to the flooded area. We were tired yet we had to keep up a fast pace.

The night was starlight but there was no moon and the line of riders in single file kept track of one another by the swishing sound made by the horses going through the water and an occassional hail. There were no jungle noises, no chirps of birds or snaps of twig, not even a squeak of saddle leather for even that was water sodden and made no sound. The black shadows of bushes and trees were distinguishe able from the open lane of black water only by a difference of shade. We were crossing a vast flooded plain where the papryus and other marsh plants and trees that were accustomed to the annual inundation grew lustily in the water that ranged from a few inches to six or seven or even eight feet in depth. Here and there upon the plain were spots of dry ground, easily visable from afar in the daytime because of the dense and high growth of jungle they supported, but at night only the native members of the calvacade knew whether the nearest of these havens was a few hundred yards or miles away. At intervals of ten or fifteen minutes the expedition's members who were in the rear would answer to

the call of their names by one who was first in contact with the two natives who rode in the lead. There was a fear in the mind of every man, carefully suppressed in regards to himself, that one of us would stray from the line and ride off into one of the deeper sections, there to swim his horse in the wrong direction until exhaustion took toll with a drowning. There were innumerable branches of the open lead which we were following and several times a rider strayed away only to regain the line by plunging his horse through an intervening thicket when the lessening sound of his companion's splashes convinced him of his mistake. One rider saw an eight foot streak of ebony just at the edge of the water path and projected a beam from his flashlight upon it. Two coals of fire appraised the second rider of its nature. He also snapped a momentary beam upon the reptile to warn the next succeeding man and each in turn followed suit; swerving their horses ever so little to safeguard against an actual collision, for the jacaré never moved, only the red fire in its eyes proved that life existed in its sinister form.

For three hours the water held to the level of the rider's knees now rising suddenly and playing at the skirts of our saddles, then falling away to below the level of their stirrups. Often we reache down, grasped our feet and pulled them to the cantels of the saddles in order to pour the water from our shoes; then grunted from the flash of pain in the stiffened knees as we straighetened our legs.

One of the natives tied his gourd canteen to a string and flung it out from him to beyond where he knew the mud clouds atirred by the horses extended, and pulled it to him with a quick jerk when it had filled. It was a simple yet useful trick learned from watching the natives fill their mate-gourds which they carried jamed to the top with the ground

leaves, filling and sucking them dry at all hours of the day and night whether on the marsh, working, or lazying comfortably in their hammocks.

The slogging sound turned to a commonplace splashing to which was added the jingle of accoutrements as the horses increased their pace to a jog trot. The black outline of a chimney showed itself ahead. Descavaldos at last.

It was well past the regular supper hour and the long table in the dining hall, with utensils for only five and covered dishes of cold food upon it, looked dismal, but the scene changed rapidly when figures appeared from out of the blackness in various directions and gathered about the retumed travelers. Manuel set a pot of boiling mat on the table with a cheerful clatter. Someone in the recreation room whistled a merry tune from the "Wooden Soldier" and clogged a few steps in his wood soled slippers.

Crosby added his saddle and gear to a growing heap in the corner and walked stiffly to the table. "Oh Lord, he groaned, as he lowered himself gently onto a bench. "Have mercy on me, ten hours without dismounting is tough on a skinny guy like me".

"Some sugar for your mate, Jim?" inquired Clarke, "I hope your museum will like the tiger dance film."

"It will," replied I, "And we are lucky to get it. In another generation not a man in the tribe will know the ceremony. They have already forgotten the significance of the marks on the dancer's jaguar skin cloak".

"Where's the ox car?"

"Did you collect any Indian articles?"

"Manodito said it would come early tomorrow morning and I arranged for the old cacique to pay us a visit here at Descavaldos so that I could

question him more carefully about the Bororo language and folk-lore. He is going to bring the regalia with him. He isn't very anxious to part with it, there is no one left who knows how to make some of the parts of it. Holding out for a higher price, no doubt".

The attempts of the stay-at-home to drag information from the five who had visited the Bororo village at Laguna met with little success until we had satisfied our hunger and removed our aching bodies to the wicker chairs in the recreation room and it fell to the lot of Sam Hoopes to tell our companions about the Boror da Campanha.

As I swung back and forth in my hammock that night, a little anxious to fall asleep because I was tired, I thought of the primitive people that we had come so far to find. I remembered that the Bororo were famed in history for their warlike spirit and their ~~found~~ fierce hundred year's fight to maintain their political and cultural independence. It was difficult to believe that the handful of ragged men and women that we had seen represented a once powerful, vigorous people that had fought off the superior white man and his civilization for so long a time. What was the secret of this resistance? Why had it finally broken down? Was it very primitiveness? Or perhaps it was merely that white civilization had the stronger weapons with which to fight, such as venereal and other diseases, the lure of strange goods, such as cloth and knives.

Five months later, I was glad that on the Rio São Lorenço, several hundred miles away from Dewcavaldos, we found a number of Bororo villages where civilized influence still was small. At Corrego Grande, Pinogara and Rondonapolis the expedition found stalwart men who made beautiful bows of hard wood with nothing but a piece of shell as an impliment. They decorated bows with brilliant feathers and strips of jaguar hide a variety of arrows appropiate for war, for large game, for

fish and birds. These men painted their bodies with the red urucum, wore great head-dresses of brilliant feathers, flowers through holes bored in their lips, decorated sticks through the septum of the nose, plucked their eyebrows and every other hair on the body, hunted big game and found it necessary to have at least one hand-to-hand combat with the jaguar to attain the rank of adult in the tribe. Afterwards they danced in the soft light of the full moon in manifestation of their manhood. Their women busied themselves making pottery and basketing, weeping over their dead, from whose bones they stripped the flesh until the bones were clean and white, which they then painted and decorated with feathers, and weeping some more, cast into the river, and turned to do service for the living, who decorated their naked bodies with claws of the giant armadillo, of the jaguar and the puma, and with their teeth also; men and women who were not ashamed to expose their bodies to the sunlight, to the wind, to the night air, and to each other who lived their primitiveness of long ago and far awa from the destructive force of civilization.

But on that night I dared not hope for so much and I wondered how far I was to go before I would find primitive folk who could give me a clear living picture of their ancient primitive culture. I knew that now here near Descavaldos would I find such a people, that I had to go far away from any place where the civilized man had trod. I thought of the Xingu, some six hundred miles away, and when I finally closed my eyes, it was with the firm determination to start on my journey at the first opportunity.

Morning brought back the realistic world. It did not take long to remember that I was still a prisoner at Descavaldos. The aborigines were far away. Six hundred miles of wild country most of it under water separeted me from them. It would take many days, many weeks, even months to

reach them. My journey had not yet begun though I had traveled many thousands of miles.

Chapter VIII

Though rich in fauna, flora, and archaeology, Descavaldos offered no opportunity for the study of living primitive peoples. We had not known this when we made our plans in Philadelphia nor that the flooded countryside would prevent movement overland. Now I found myself hundreds of miles away from tribes that I had hoped to visit.

The Guatos of the swamps of Xarayes were practically extinct. We heard that a few families were still wandering about in their canoes, hunting and fishing but where to find them nobody knew. Up river at the headwaters of the Paraguay lived the remnants of the Barbados and Parecis, but they could not be reached at that time of the year without wasting an excessive amount of time trying to do so. The Nhambikuaras, a stone age people living across the divide attracted me but we had to wait for the dry season to try to make contact with them. To reach the Eastern Bororo on the Sao Lourenco meant many weeks of sterile river travel, and the peoples of the Xingu could not be reached overland for some months. Every way we turned we were confronted by the same problem, a flooded countryside. In Corumba upon hearing that the expedition had acquired a plane, we had planned a very extensive program of exploration and study, with the minimum amount of time wasted in travel. A trip that would take a month of hard marching to cover could be done by plane in a few hours. The plane would take me into an area close to the nature villages, leave me there and return for me on a certain day. But the plane had been damaged on its flight to Corumbá and until repairs were being made, we had to abandon these plans.

Since to visit the unexplored areas of Matto Grosso inhabited by

primitive tribesmen it was necessary to obtain permits from the Inspectoria de Protecção aos Indios which had an office at Cuyabá. On hearing, one day, that the countryside between San Luis de Caceres to Cuyabá was passable on horseback, we decided to waste no more time. We would go to Cuyabá, confer with the Inspectoria, make new plans on the basis of what we had learned about Matto Grosso, obtain the necessary permits, and thus be ready to start for the Xingu on the arrival of the plane.

Crowded to capacity, dressed in gaudy tarpaulins and hammocks, the Wunco pulled away from the dock. We on board were envied our trip by every one who remained at Descavados, American and native, but who nevertheless waved goodbye with good humor. Our company was made up of Siemel and Johnson, who were to go with me to Cuyabá; Clarke, Perfilieff, and Sergei, whose excuse for going with us was that they had purchases of lumber to make and other business to attend to; Seminoff and Aristedes, who were to run the boat; Mac and some of Mr. Ramsay's children, who were going for a holiday.

When the bend of the river hid the ranch houses from view, we settled down to enjoy the day and each other's company. Sinha, one of Mr. Ramsay's girls, fourteen years of age, delicate, black-eyed and black-haired, gay in attire, and excited at the thought of the journey, gave us the opportunity of practicing our gallantry. She did not speak English and we knew little Portuguese, but she could smile happily, roll her bright eyes teasingly and show the proper amount of shy innocence to make us think we were in the presence of a Juliet. We did not exactly pretend that we were Romeos, but it suited our humour to pay court as if she were a fashionable young lady. Being Brazilian, she was more than a match for us though so young.

We moved smoothly northward between steep red banks topped with

walls of forests solidly bound together by a tangle of vines. Here and there a tree taller than the rest peeped naked and lonesome above all. Acres of water hyacinths, and, in the darker recesses of cut-off leading from the river, the glorious "reinha dos lagos", a species of lily related to the Victoria Regina, carpeted the waters. Every bend of the river revealed herons silently contemplating the river and gracefully taking to gentle flight at our approach. All of this was reflected in the mirror-like surface of the river to create the illusion of two worlds, one above and one below with us floating in between. But, late in the afternoon, this magic was destroyed by heavy showers which plunged us into mouldy darkness. As night fell, our pilot could no longer distinguish the river from the banks and, becoming entangled with some floating islands, we tied up for the night. The mosquitos drove us immediately to our hammocks. The rain forced us to keep the tarpaulins down. We spent a hot and uncomfortable night.

Morning came, the sun shone, and soon afterwards we saw the red-tiled roofs of Caceres. Black women, sitting waist deep in the water, beating clothes that they were washing against some stones, stared at us, in wonder, I suppose, at the bizarre appearance of our craft. Some men and women, surprised in the act of bathing, either submerged their naked bodies or merely turned aside. The town itself seemed deserted. Tying up at the bank, some of us sought out the "hotel", a private house that put up "distinguished guests" only. A short, rotund energetic dark man wearing full mustaches welcomed us heartily. Noting that we were Americans and wanting to give a realistic touch to his courteous reception, he added that in his hotel we need not stand on ceremony. He hoped that we would dispense with it and "act as Americans act".

It is the custom in Brazil to serve coffee to a guest at whatever hour he may call. It is universally practiced, irrespective of social circumstances, not to do so being considered almost an offence to the guest. One calls on an acquaintance in the morning. No sooner have greetings been exchanged than a small cup of syrupy coffee is brought in. One calls at a business firm, asks to see the manager, and is treated to coffee. I called at the museum in São Paolo, for instance, and while my card was being taken to the director, an attendant appeared with the coffee service. It is as much a national act of courtesy as embracing an esteemed acquaintance.

On this occasion, our host of the "hotel" had chairs brought to us and no sooner were we seated than a barefooted black boy appeared with a tray loaded with steaming cups of coffee. After properly draining our cups,--one should never ask for more--, we engaged in conversation. First of all we were told once again to feel perfectly at home as if the establishment were our own, everything, host, family and servants, being completely at our disposal. We thanked him, and he added, much to our shame, not to stand on any ceremony but to be ourselves. He knew, he said, that Americans made no ceremonial gestures in social intercourse, for had he not gone to the motion pictures once in Cuyabá and seen that to be the case? He would not want us, for anything in the world, to act any differently than we were accustomed to in our own society. By this time those of us who understood his discourse felt rather warm in the region of the ears. There was no question as to his sincerity, however, and we imitated Brazilian courtesy in our protestations. He should not put himself out for us, we would not dream of putting his family to any trouble, everything was perfect for our

comfort.

As soon as the rules of courtesy permitted, we broached the subject of our trip to Cuyabá.

"Senhor," said we, "is it possible to reach Cuyabá on horseback?"

"Si, senhor," answered our host.

"We would like to rent some horses and obtain a guide."

"That can be arranged easily, senhores. Do not trouble yourselves about it. I shall see to it myself."

"If it would not be putting you to too much trouble, we should like to arrange for the horses today in order to leave for Cuyabá early tomorrow morning."

"Tomorrow morning?" asked our host in amazement.

"Why, yes. We should like to reach Cuyabá as early as possible."

"But that is impossible, senhores. Why are you in such a hurry? Why don't you stay in San Luis where you can enjoy life at leisure?"

"San Luis is a beautiful town," we sighed heavily. "But it is necessary to go to Cuyabá immediately. Perhaps later we shall return to enjoy the beauty of this ancient town. How can we arrange for horses?"

"But it is impossible to go tomorrow."

"Why impossible?" we countered, thinking that he merely was manufacturing obstacles, in order to keep us as guests.

"There is too much water between here and Cuyabá. No one can make the trip, not for several more weeks."

We didn't believe him. We smiled and talked to each other in English.

"The old boy wants to keep us here," remarked Johnson. "Let us find out from whom we may rent horses and shift for ourselves."

"Don João Gomes," said our host in answer to our inquiry. "He has horses which I am certain he will lend to you, but, I repeat that you must give up all thought of going tomorrow. The country is impassable. Stay with us here, rest from your labors, and continue your journey at the proper time."

We began to have doubts about making the trip. Scoff as we might, the tone of sincerity of the man impressed us. Nevertheless, we went to inquire of other citizens. Every one treated us with courtesy, served us coffee, sympathized with us, put on troubled faces, and undoubtedly would have interceded with God Himself to dessicate the countryside in order to let us pass if it had been possible. In the face of such a consensus, we ca me to admit, by noon, that it would be folly to even attempt the journey. Johnson and I were bitterly disappointed at this collapse of our plans. We retreated to the hotel where our host offered us more coffee and courteous words in consolation.

"Rest yourselves," he said. "I am sorry that you cannot continue your journey to Cuyabá. Be assured that I and my family will do everything possible to make you comfortable during your stay with us. My fellow-citizens are proud to receive you in the town. We well remember the visit of your countryman, your President Roosevelt. It is a great honor to us that such a renowned expedition as yours should visit our wild country. What you Americans don't do for science! If you wait a few weeks, perhaps less, for the waters to recede, you will be able to go to Cuyabá on horseback; if you wait a few weeks more, you will be able to go by automobile. There are several in the town which I am certain will be gladly lent to you. Make yourselves at home, senhores,

and be tranquil."

We had been in Matto Grosso almost three months and it irked us to be treated as tenderfeet. We knew that the proper native attitude under such circumstances was to pretend that there was no need for haste anyway. The man's wordy effluence of sympathy won us to a "who-cares" frame of mind. We made a pretense of shrugging our shoulders and smiling cheerfully. What did we care! Next week, next month, or next year even, was as good as tomorrow. Such nonchalance won everybody's approval and we glowed with pride at hearing ourselves praised by the natives for so much common sense, so unexpected in Americans. They felt relieved. Now we could enjoy ourselves in their old town, which was completely at our service.

What could we do in the face of so much good will and friendliness? Sulk? To what purpose? We were won over. Bring on the town. We will have whatever pleasure it has to offer. Let us start with the bars. The good citizens settled down to enjoy the spectacle of so many Americans, legendary beings, make the most of life in the old Portuguese community.

A little later we received an invitation from Don João Gomes, a rancher celebrating his sixty-fourth birthday, to breakfast with him the following morning. Don João was a real Brazilian of old Portuguese stock. He could have made no finer gesture to the foreigners than to welcome them to his town. For, being foreigners, in Matto Grosso we were always treated as guests by rich and poor alike. In no other country have I felt the sense of good citizenship, patriotism, and courtesy that the Brazilian has in his dealings with foreigners.

Learning that at the "passage velho" I would find an extensive aboriginal cemetery, I went there with Aristedes. The story proved true. On a bank marking the old bed of the Paraguay river we found numerous holes with pieces of pottery scattered everywhere. The site was being systematically sacked of all the pottery by owners of a ceramic factory. The old pots furnished them with excellent material for the tempering of the clay to make new pots. They were not interested in the archaeological value of the site, and at the time of my visit, it looked as if the entire cemetery had been dug up. There was nothing for me to do except to obtain descriptions of the burials from the workmen. I learned enough to be reasonably certain that the site as a whole was similar to the second cemetery excavated at Descavaldos.

We returned to San Luis by nightfall in time for dinner. Our spirits were low and time was heavy on our hands. Fortunately we discovered several merchants and a Franciscan priest with whom we engaged in pleasant conversation. A number of bottles of wine helped matters.

San Luis de Caceres is an old Portuguese settlement. In the early days it served as a military post, but also as a center for adventurers who roamed the region to the north of it for gold. This was in the days when Villa Bella on the Guapore was the capital of the captaincy of Matto Grosso. When the latter was abandoned because the countryside proved too unhealthy for any one but the Negro slaves, San Luis marked the frontier. In the days of the rubber boom it thrived. Now it has been reduced to a trading center where ranchers have their town homes for the rainy season. It exports also a certain amount of ipecacuana which is gathered in the jungles of the north.

We went to breakfast at Don João's house, a one-story rambling structure

with a large courtyard enclosed by the house and adobe garden walls. We entered through a hallway. Gold-gilded chairs brought over from Europe many years ago were lined in two parallel rows from its wall. On the other side of the hallway, there was a chapel with an altar, images, and lighted candles, where Don João gathered together his family and retainers for prayer every morning. Beyond this hallway there was the verandah, the real living room of the house on which opened the bedrooms and the kitchen. A beautiful garden and yard formed the center. We were shown to the verandah by a retainer and soon afterwards Don João came in on horseback, riding in through the hallway to the courtyard where he dismounted while a servant held the stirrup. The style of the house and its occupants were indeed close to a medieval castle and medieval ways. Don João then took personal charge of us while servants brought us wine and other refreshments.

An old blind Negro who in his boyhood had been a slave in Don João's family sat in one corner playing softly to us with a variety of instruments so arranged that he could play several at a time. Other guests came in. A long table was set in the verandah and we were invited to sit down to breakfast. Two things stand out. Don João personally supervised the meal, standing at the head of the table, and at his side, the chief servant stood ready to take his commands. Every course was brought in, was taken first to Don João, who tasted it, and then to each guest in turn to put whatever quantity he desired on his plate. The meat, a quarter of beef, was brought in on a huge spit. Don João cut a small piece of it, ate it, and nodded his approval and then the chief servant himself carried the spit to each guest in turn to cut from it whatever piece he wanted, while Don João indefatigably kept an eye on the servants to see that the guests were kept well-supplied with wine and other