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The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

EXPLOTACIÓN COMERCIAL DEL AGUACATE

Por Wilson Popenoe,
del Departamento de Agricultura de los Estados Unidos de America.

A los agricultores del Ecuador, quienes suelen considerar el aguacate como una fruta de poco ó ningun valor comercial, puede interesarles el hecho de que en California y Florida (EE.UU. de A) se ha dedicado ya mas de mil hectareas al cultivo de este frutal, y en California hay una organización cooperativa,--"The California Avocado Association"-- que cuenta actualmente con unos cuatrocientos socios, y cuya fin es unicamente la explotación comercial de esta valiosa fruta, y su estudio desde todo punto de vista.

Asi es que el aguacate ha llegado ya a desempeñar un papel de importancia entre las frutas en cuyo cultivo yace la riqueza de los estados de California y Florida. Y esto porque? Porque los norteamericanos, una vez que han saboreado esta deliciosa fruta, sueltan gustosos sus dólares, no siendo cosa rara en New York, Boston, y Filadélfia que los aguacates alcanzen un precio de 50 cents cada uno. Por supuesto, el aguacate es todavia desconocido para la mayoria de los norteamericanos, sobre todo en el centro del pais; y claro es que muchos no lo llegarán a conocer nunca si el precio no baja hasta 10 ó 15 cents cada fruto; ademas de eso, el consumo nunca puede ser muy grande mientras se mantengan los precios de hoy. Pero conforme se va aumentando la producción, será

menester aumentar el consumo, y para realizar eso habrá que poner el aguacate al alcance de todos.

El aguacate se mira en los Estados Unidos no solamente como fruta muy agradable al paladar, sino tambien como alimento del primer orden, capaz de reemplazar, en gran parte, a la carne. Considerando que esta fruta, en sus mejores variedades, contiene hasta 30% de aceite ó grasa; de 6 a 10% de carbohidratos; y mas proteina que cualquier otra fruta por hoy conocida, se ve inmediatemente porque el aguacate ha llamado la atención de tantas personas, y porque hay algunas que abrigan la creyencia que el cultivo de este frutal llegará a ser mas extensivo que el della misma naranja,--y de esta valiosa fruta la cosecha de un solo año se ha vendido en mas de doce milliones de dólares!

Bueno: pero Uds., señores agricultores ecuatorianos, me preguntarán: y que tiene el Ecuador que ver con todo eso? Todo eso les he contado para indicarles la importancia que vuestro despreciado aguacate va alcanzando en el mundo, para que Uds. pueden preguntarse a si mismos, no puede el Ecuador llegar a ser un pais exportador de aguacates? Actualmente se habla mucho en Guayaquil de la producción de frutas para exportarlas a los paises del sur,--el Perú y Chile. No es posible que Uds. encontrarán en esos paises un buen mercado para aguacates, siempre que sean estos de primera clase?

Y hablando de aguacates de primera clase, me permito indicarles que en los Estados Unidos hemos reunido una colección de los mejores del mundo. Hasta la fecha hemos

ensayado mas de doscientos variedades, todas prppagadas por medio del injerto, el cual es el unico modo de evitar la degeneración, y asegurar un producto uniforme y de buena calidad. De los doscientos hemos escojido los mejores para diversos climas y suelos, y he tenido singular gusto en ofrecer, en nombre del Departamento de Agricultura de los Estados Unidos, al Professor Rorer para la nueva estación experimental en Chobo, una colección de los mejores de estas variedades, la cual podemos mandarla de nuestra estación experimental en Florida. Los frutos de muchas de estas variedades son muy apropiados para la exportación, siendo de cascara muy gruesa y dura que hace soportar la fruta un viaje de diez ó doce dias, sin que ~~sea~~ por eso la carne sea de mal sabor ó el cuesco demasiado grande. Todos son aguacates que han sido escojidos con este fin: la producción de frutas que resultarán superiores desde qualquier punto de vista.

The first article I have written in Spanish for publication. It was free of typographical errors.

BOLETIN DE LA ASOCIACION DE AGRICULTORES

(REVISTA AGRICOLA)

Organo Mensual de Propaganda

Año I Guayaquil, (Ecuador S. A.) Mayo de 1921 Nº 3

y en los potreros que están inundados periódicamente y que tienen aguas estancadas. Para prevenir la diseminación de la peste. los cadáveres deberán ser quecajon y mándese al laboratorio; esta operación deberá hacerse dentro de las veinte y cuatro horas después de la muerte del animal.

Explotación Comercial del Aguacate

Por Wilson Popenoe. del Departamento de Agricultura de los Estados Unidos de Amërica.

A los agricultores del Ecuador, quienes suelen considerar el aguacate como una fruta de poco o ningún valor comercial, puede interesarles el hecho de que en California y Florida (E. E. U. U de A.) se ha dedicado ya más de mil hectáreas al cultivo de este frutal, *«The California Avocado Association»—que cuenta actualmente con unos cuatrocientos socios, y cuyo fin es unicamente la explotación comercial de esta váliosa fruta. y su estudio desde todo punto de vista.

Así es que el aguacate ha llegado ya a desempeñar un papel de importancia entre las frutas de cuyo cultivo ya hace la riqueza de los estados de California y Florida. Y esto, por qué? Porque los norteamericanos, una vez que han saboreado esta deliciosa fruta, sueltan gustosos su dólares, no siendo cosa rara en New York, Boston y Filadelfia que los aguacates alcancen un precio de 50 cents. oro cada uno. Por supuesto, el aguacate es todavía desconocido para la mayoría de los norteamericanos, sobre todo en el centro del pais; claro es que muchos no lo llegarán a conocer nunca si el precio no baja hasta 10 o 15 cents. oro cada fruto; además de eso, el consumo nunca puede ser muy grande mientras se mantengan los precios de hoy. Pero conforme se va aumentando la producción, será menester aumentar el consumo, y para realizar eso habrá que poner el aguacate al alcance de todos.

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* a line or two left out by printer

siderando esta fruta, en sus mejores variedades, contiene hasta 30 o|o. de aceite o grasa; de 6 a 10 o|o. de hidratos de carbono; y más proteína que cualquier otra fruta por hoy conocida: se vé inmediatamente por qué el aguacate ha llamado la atención de tantas personas, y por qué hay algunas que abrigan la creencia que el cultivo de este frutal llegará a ser más extensivo que el de la misma naranja,—y de esta valiosa fruta la cosecha de un solo año se ha vendido en más de doce millones de dólares!

Bueno: pero Uds. señores agricultores ecuatorianos, me preguntarán: Y qué tiene el Ecuador que ver con todo éso? Todo éso les he contado para indicarles la importancia que nuestro despreciado aguacate va alcanzando en el mundo, para que Udes. puedan preguntarse a sí mismos: no puede el Ecuador llegar a ser un país exportador de aguacate? Actualmente se habla mucho en Guayaquil de la producción de frutas para exportarlas a los países del Sur,—el Perú y Chile. Será posible encontrar en esos países un buen mercado para aguacates, siempre que sean estos de primera clase?

Y hablando de aguacates de primera clase, me permito indicarles que en los Estados Unidos hemos reunido una colección de los mejores del mundo. Hasta la fecha hemos ensayado más de docientas variedades, todas propagadas por medio del injerto, el cual es el único modo de evitar la degeneración, y asegurar un producto uniforme y de buena calidad. De los docientos hemos escojido los mejores para diversos climas y suelos, y he tenido singular gusto en ofrecer, en nombre del Departamento de Agricultura de los Estados Unidos, al Profesor Rorer para la nueva estación experimental en Chobo, una colección de los mejores de éstas variedades que mandaremos de nuestra estación experimental en Florida. Los frutos de muchas de estas variedades son muy apropiados para la exportación, siendo de cáscara muy gruesa y dura, capaces de soportar un viaje de diez o doce días, sin que por eso la carne sea de mal sabor o el cuesco demasiado grande. Todos son aguacates que han sido escojidos con este fin: la producción de frutas superiores desde cualquier punto de vista.

El Servicio Meteorologico en el Ecuador

Importancia para los hacendados, del conocimiento del clima.—Resultados obtenidos con las Estaciones Meteorológicas.—El clima de la Costa en 1920-1921.—Ventajas que ofrecería una Oficina central de Meteorología Agrícola.

A fines del año 1919, el Sr. Director del Departamento de Agronomía, me encargó de la fundación de las Estaciones Meteorológicas de la Costa y de la organización de este servicio. Acepté dicha comisión gustoso y emprendí en un trabajo que a pesar de ser dificultoso es una de las bases primordiales en la agricultura. En efecto el clima, juega en esta materia, un papel importante que no puede desconocer ninguna persona que entienda algo de campo. ¿Cómo dudar, que el

[1920/192]

Wilson Popence,
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Altadena, California.

ACROSS THE QUINDÍO

Wanderings of an agricultural explorer in the Andes.

He who reads Harry Franck or A. C. Veatch, to mention only two of my celebrated predecessors in crossing the Quindío, gains the impression that this trip is one of the most hair-raising and back-breaking which the mind of man can conceive. It is no such thing: in fact, I was disappointed to find the road so confoundedly decent; and to the person who still harbors the Franckian view, I would recommend as a standard of comparison a ride from Guatemala City to Cobán when the mud is at its worst in the Verapaz. When will professional travelers cease to exaggerate the dangers and difficulties they encounter?

Ibagué is one of the most attractive little towns I have yet seen in Colombia. As I approached it from the Magdalena Valley, I could not avoid recalling Orizaba in Mexico, which it seems to me Ibagué greatly resembles in its situation, though the towns themselves are not comparable. It cannot be gainsaid that a mountain valley of tropical America at 4000 feet, opening out toward the lowlands, forms one of the most idyllic spots which can be imagined, especially if it includes a group of small houses, and a few fruit trees scattered about. Such a place is Ibagué: literally overrun with verdure and particularly grateful after the dry and unattractive towns of the sweltering Magdalena Valley.

It was upon a Wednesday morning, bright but not early, that Luis and I, delayed for two hours by the tardiness of the mules in putting in an appearance, finally rode out of Ibagué, heading for the Cauca Valley. We had been promised the mules at six, a compromise reached after the owner had refused to send them around the previous afternoon. When they showed up at eight, I recognized that it would indeed have been folly on the part of the owner to let me see them a day in advance. I should certainly have opened negotiations with his competitor in the hope of getting better animals with impossibility of getting worse. It must be admitted that Enrique Caicedo knows human nature, whatever one may think of his mules; for when the traveler is packed and ready to start, an animal can be foisted upon him which he would refuse with derision if he had time to look for others.

I had specified my needs as two pack mules and a riding animal. There turned up three very lean and hungry-looking pack animals, and I was given the worthless option as to which I would ride. However, the man who brought them assured me that the black one was briosísima (full of spirit) and of a paso muy suavecito (very easy gaited) in addition, so Luis put my McClellan on this animal and the baggage on the other two. Every time I took hold of the halter-rope I recoiled with horror: it was made of rawhide with the hair on, and through frequent wettings had become stiff. It somehow conjured up in my mind visions of those thoroughly dead cats which we as boys used to pick up in alleys at home, after they had dried out for a few weeks in the sun.

So off we went, out through the edge of town, down into a huge ravine and across a rushing stream, then up the other side to a house where an elderly gentleman came out and collected fourteen cents from me,- for what purpose or with what excuse I was never able to learn. But Luis seemed to think it was a natural as well as moderate demand, so I paid and we proceeded.

Into the brush we plunged, winding up and down among the hills, until about ten o'clock we descended into the valley of the Rio Cuello, crossing the stream beside a coffee plantation which was so tantalizingly cool and attractive in appearance that I would have accepted very gracefully an invitation from the owner to spend a few days with him. No such invitation being forthcoming, there was nothing for it but to continue up the valley of the Cuello, putting distance between us and temptation and finding consolation in a lofty sense of duty.

As we got farther up the canyon of this stream, the scenery became really striking,- not exactly beautiful, but impressive by reason of the gigantic depths in which one's gaze was lost and the soft green walls of the Andes soaring out of them. I have seen very similar landscapes in southwestern Chiapas, and I was also reminded of the Polochic Valley in Guatemala. No doubt it was the thought of the latter that set me unconsciously to whistling "La Carmela", "El Poder del Amor", and other favorite tunes of my Guatemalan days. There only lacked a Kekchi or two passing now and then with the remark "chuc guah" or "ingwan bi" to complete the illusion and set me back on the Verapaz trail again,

with all the delightful associations of that delightful country.

About noon we stopped beside a small brook and Luis brought forth a roasted chicken and some bread, which, followed by some sweet cakes I had tucked in my saddle-bags at Ibagué, made us a tolerable lunch. With the least possible loss of time we pushed on up the canyon, our minds set on reaching the Hacienda Cajamarca by nightfall.

Before long we fell in with a sturdy, sunburned youth trudging along on foot, and carrying his worldly goods in a fiber bag strapped knapsack-fashion across his shoulders. It is so rare to find a respectable white man on foot in this country (in fact the conditions of respectability and pedestrianism are not compatible in the minds of most Colombians) that I guessed immediately that we had struck an interesting character. I accosted him and he replied in a thick Castillian which indicated that he did not hail from Bogotá. After a few remarks I got up nerve to inquire "Are you a Spaniard?" "No", he replied, "I am a Colombian". "But I thought you had something of an Andalusian accent; that is why I asked". "No; I was born in Antioquia. My grandfather was an American, and my name is Wills". Pretty soon he asked: (little thinking he was interrogating a proud citizen from "'way back" of the Golden State) "Do you know anything about California? My grandfather came from San Francisco and I have thought of going up there. How is the chicken business in that State? I have always thought I should like to go in for chicken-raising".

It developed that Wills was able to hold our pace without much exertion, so our party expanded into a trio. Half an hour later on passing a small house, I being somewhat in the rear of my companions, out stepped a young chap, who in that finished manner which is so absolutely typical of the Colombian, no matter what his estate, addressed me in these polished phrases: "Sir, I have need of your attention for a moment. You will, I know, pardon my boldness in thus addressing you, but the fact is I am going to Bogotá to have an operation on my leg" - here he pulled up his trousers to show a generous tropical ulcer on his shank, - "and I am in need of funds. Far be it from me to ask for alms. But I have here some poetry,- second class poetry, it is true,- which I am selling to make my way to Bogotá. However, I am not going to ask you to buy it. I am going to make you a present of these verses and you can tender me whatever the generosity of your nature suggests". I suggested a conservative ten cents which was received with the stock expressions of gratitude. When, as I rode on, I glanced at the verses, it became grievously apparent that the youth had lied; so far from being second-class they were not third, nor fourth either; at best fifth or sixth rate: in fact a rotten investment. And I am even yet wondering just what sort of operation it can be that will remove a tropical ulcer; if this fellow knows of one, he certainly should give medical science the benefit of his discovery.

We continued to climb; but it was not a heavy grade and the road, for a mountain trail, was excellent. When we had inquired in Ibagué regarding the condition of the Quindio road, the old-timers

with one accord had cocked their eyes up toward the divide, and gravely shaking their heads had replied, "It has been raining heavily of late; it must be in a terrible state".

I was handicapped by one unfortunate condition: my mule was so small, or else my legs were so long, that I could scarce reach with my spurs that position of the creature's anatomy to which, it must be assumed, Nature intended the spur should be applied. And that mule needed stimulation: pack mules usually do, and, wonderful to say, the best arrieros contrive to furnish more of it with their voices than with their whips. Having mastered the art of mule-driving on the overland trip from Honda to Bogotá, I bethought myself now of the proper proceedure and by dint of repeated volleys of "Whoop-ooo, macho-o-o!" I soon had him going in very fair style.

The mule is an ungrateful critter, capable, so far as I am aware, of no amiable emotions. If you pet him or favor him in any way, he conceives you are doing it with some ulterior motive, while if you thrash him, why that is what he has always been accustomed to so he takes no notice of it. Thus, one can never make friends with a mule, no matter what his upbringing or present condition of servitude. True, the lot of an Andean mule is not commonly an easy one; the mule-driver usually entertains much the same ideas regarding him as our friend at Honda held regarding the burro we bought of him. When we asked him what provender we should feed the burro: "Just let him pick up what he can find around the house, only see that he gets plenty of water. The important part is the water, lots of water", he replied. Later we ventured to inquire if it would do the animal

any actual harm to eat corn. "Oh, he doesn't like corn", he answered; "in fact, he won't eat it". Nevertheless, in a spirit of Pickwickian research, we tested the burro's reaction to corn and we failed to detect evidence of any antipathy whatever toward it, nor could we observe any ill effects from its consumption.

It was toward five o'clock when we wound our way down into a narrow gorge, crossed a bridge about fifty feet long and three times that distance above the water, and then ascending a hill found ourselves in San Miguel de Perdomo. At the second small house we came to, on the edge of town, a board was nailed over the door displaying the word "Asistencia" in letters of dimishing sizes, the painter evidently having recognized, when about half through his work, that he must moderate his ambition and cut down the size of the letters severely in order to get them on the remaining space. Wills, without waiting to inspect the other hostelries offered by San Miguel, bolted into this one and we saw him no more.

A hundred yards farther on, in the center of the village, we drew up alongside a barn-like structure which displayed the word Hotel upon its front, and since Luis seemed anxious to stop here, I went in to see what modern conveniences were offered to travelers. I ascended to the second floor, when a rugged youth appeared and placed himself entirely at my service. I inquired if he had a room to put equally at my disposal. He indicated one containing four or five beds, and said that while the remaining rooms were fully occupied, I could have a bed in this one. I politely suggested that if it was all the same to him, I would prefer to sleep in my hammock,

if he would show me a place in the corridor where I might hang it. This unheard-of picking and choosing was too much for him. He declared there was no such place. So without more ado I turned upon my heel and descending informed Luis that we would proceed to the Hacienda Cajamarca, as originally planned. It was a fortunate decision.

Over another hill (the traveler would be inclined to define Colombia as "an interminable series of hills separated by narrow valleys") and on across the floor of a diminutive mountain valley for half an hour, and then we drew up in front of the ranch house. The proprietress was standing in the doorway, to look me over before deciding whether or not she would take me in. I bowed and repeated the well-worn formula, "Muy buenas tardes: me da posada?" to which she replied immediately "Si, senor!", signifying that I had made at least a not intolerable impression. For be it known that Senorita Micaelina Gomez of the Hacienda Cajamarca does not demean herself to conduct a hotel, nor a public inn; simply, when it "provokes her" (as the Colombians put it) to receive a pasajero, well and good: on the other hand, if on sizing him up, she decides that he might spit on the floor, or commit some other and perhaps more egregious faux pas, she can find any number of convenient reasons for assuring him that the Hotel in San Miguel is large, commodious and generally preferable, and that supper is already awaiting him there.

The Hacienda Cajamarca is not pretentious, nor is its food notable for variety nor excellence of preparation. But withal, there

is something about the place that makes it agreeable. Is it, perhaps, the two young neices of the Senorita Micaelina? Probably it is, for the elder may be of eighteen or nineteen and the younger of fifteen summers, while both are passing fair, the younger even decidedly good looking. Neither of them, it is true, deigned to speak to me the first evening, and had I left at daybreak the following morning, I should never have exchanged a word with either of these engaging damsels. But fortunately Luis came in with word that the animals were very tired; that probably they had not been well fed in Ibagué, and that it would be advisable for us to stay over a day and put them in good condition before tackling the Quindio Pass. On this occasion it was not difficult to convince me of the wisdom of my mozo's decision, for even Agricultural Explorers have feelings.

With unwontedly easy mind I turned in, and well I recall how delicious was the the experience of lying in bed the following morning until the incredible hour of half past seven!

In course of the morning, the Senorita Micaelina brought in a book for me to sign, her register of guests. Among the most distinguished names I noted were those of the President of Colombia and the American Minister. The senorita was very proud of that book and impressed on me that she did not allow <u>everyone</u> to sign it; she picked the recipients of the honor with great care. We had a lengthy conversation, during which no doubt she was appraising my qualifications as to being fit company for her neices. The upshot was a request that I would be good enough to take a picture of the house for her. On my assent she produced the neices, who had been dis-

creetly devoting themselves to their embroidery in the front room, as becomes Colombian Senoritas. Thus stimulated, I did not limit myself to a single photograph. During the manoeuvers, the ice became thoroughly broken and at lunch I was honored by being seated at table with both of the girls and without even the discouraging presence of a duenna, a circumstance that intrigues me to this day.

The afternoon passed pleasantly in a leisurely perembulation of the place and the discovery of a few interesting plants. The day would have been perfect but for an occurrence that embittered the evening. Just as I was finishing my bath in the river, my treasured cake of soap fell into the water, and, being of a justly renowned brand which floats, it was off and coursing down the Andes within a moment, far beyond chance of recovery. Those who know the rarity of really good soap in these remote regions will realize the weight of this loss. Until I should reach a good-sized city once more, I should be condemned to use the rank stuff manufactured in Colombia and falsely branded, "Old Brown Windsor" or even more libellously, "Red Cross Best".

From the enticing borderland of drowsiness I was awakened next morning by Luis' knock on my door and the old detestable announcement "It is half past four, Senor". I dressed as hastily as possible, slapped some cold water into my face, packed my blankets into their canvas sack, rolled the whole in the regulation sheet of encerrado (tarred burlap) and roped it; and this ritual completed was ready for the day's affairs. I opened the door and stepped out into the corridor. It was still quite dark but a candle glimmered in the kitchen and the

sound of breaking twigs indicated that some benefactor was getting a fire under way to give us coffee before we started. Luis already had the mules out, and was putting on the pack saddles.

Shortly the good angel called from the kitchen, "Your coffee is served". In the dining room the candle light revealed a plate of scrambled eggs, some bread and a cup of coffee. While I breakfasted, the Senorita Micaelina came in and we "arranged the account", - a much more Spanish and dignified operation than paying the bill, - then came the customary formalities, my hostess on her part praying me to overlook everything amiss (nothing in particular is ever specified), and I on mine assuring her that not only was there nothing to pardon, but on the contrary, I was deeply grateful for the courtesies extended; and only begged that the molestation of my unfortunate presence would be forgiven. This ceremonial ended, I was free to go after taking down her address and promising on the faith of an Americano to send from Cali the photographs I had taken of the estimable Hacienda Cajamarca.

By now dawn was breaking and the tocho in a cage by the kitchen door hailing it with his peculiar bugle-like call. Luis was already roping the packs in place. I had but to throw my saddle-bags across the cantle of my saddle, take a pull at the girth, mount, and we were en route for the famed Quindio.

We were well up above Cajamarca when the sun rose, and could look down upon that simpatica little spot nestling in its diminutive valley, with sugar cane and plantains growing everywhere about the houses. Up and up and up we went steadily but without any

hard climbing. Now and then a pack train passed us, carrying coffee or cacao down to Ibagué, whence it would be sent down to the Magdalena at Girardot and by steamer and train to the coast for export, most probably to New York.

A decently-dressed fellow, followed by two youthful soldiers with rifles, stopped me and begged for alms, saying he was a prisoner and had nothing to eat. I asked one of the soldiers what the man had done. "It was a knifing affair" was the reply. They were taking him to Ibagué. I could not help thinking that it would not be hard for a desperate and quick-witted man to make his escape from these two boys. Pursuing our way, which wound along a narrow trail on the mountainside we were next met by a ragged-looking hombre who was leading a procession consisting of a woman and some seven or eight children of all sizes. As we approached he saluted me with the customary "Muy buenos dias, patrón", with that half-eager air which always warns me that something else is coming. Accordingly, when I came alongside, he made a sweeping gesture toward the rear and said pleadingly "For God's sake, sir, give me alms; I am a poor man, - look at this family I've got!" It seemed to me only logical that the head of such a family should be poor; it was a natural penalty and it seemed unwise to interfere with Nature, so this did not appeal to me as an occasion for almsgiving.

About noon we reached the divide, the famous Quindio, at an elevation of 10,800 feet, - and once again I was desenganado. I had supposed that the crest of the Andes would consist, in this region, of barren, rocky peaks; but on the contrary, the summit of

the Quindio is a tract of rain-forest with vegatation typical of a very moist region. Not a rock is visible, but in their place the eye encounters vivid masses of moss. It seemed an unworthy substitute.

As one crosses the divide and begins the descent the character of the vegetation soon changes, becoming somewhat dryer, while the road also changes, but in reverse, becoming decidely wetter. The people of the Department of Caldas (at the summit you pass from Tolima into Caldas) evidently are not so enterprising as their neighbors, for the slope from the summit down to Armenia is not so well improved nor maintained as that from the summit down to Ibagué. The road from the pass down to Armenia is, perhaps, as good as one could expect of a mountain trail in a rather remote region, but the road between the summit and Ibagué is really first-class.

We ate our lunch of sausage and bread as we descended, plugging along without rest. Two or three lepers passed us on their way to a lazareto somewhere on the other side of the mountain, whom we reassured as to the state of the road on the other slope. Just as we were about to enter Armenia and put up for the night, a heavy shower caught us, and we had to get into our ponchos in a hurry. When we reached the plaza of Armenia it was raining hard. I dismounted at the Hotel Continental and went in to see what was to be had. Yes, they had rooms. How much were they? Three pesos. Could I see them? I was shown one. I demurred that the price was too high. How many days are you going to stay? (This is the preliminary to giving you a lower rate; merely a means of "saving the face" of

the proprietor). Being a bit tired, I replied that I might stay two days, but that I was not going to pay three pesos. This produced an automatic change in the man's expression; he took the offensive, drew himself up, and replied briefly and with a very dignified air, "Our rate is three pesos". This was clearly an ultimatum. I said no more but went out and marched down the street two blocks to the Hotel Caldas. Here I had to stay for there was no third choice.

On going up stairs and asking for a room, I was shown to one in which there were five beds. A man lay on one of them, and I was given my choice of the remaining four. The bed was simply a dirty blanket covering a straw mat, which in turn rested on a solid board foundation. There was no wash-stand in the room nor light of any sort; nothing, in fact save the five beds and the rather unsavory-looking man. But I had burned my bridges, so I piled my stuff on the floor and went back to see what accommodations Luis had found for the animals.

We had an unexpectedly decent dinner, after which, on going to bed, I was entertained by my roommate (who slept in his clothes) with a lively account of the horrors of the Cauca, followed by a grewsome portrayal of the symptoms of an inflamed liver from which he was suffering. When finally I got him off the topic of his liver, we passed to the subject of alcohol, of which he professed himself a stern enemy. (I wondered whether his unlucky liver might not have brought about this state of mind). He asked whether it was true that alcoholic drinks were prohibited by law in the

United States, and wished that Colombia would pass such a law, but did not see much hope of this being done. He had heard also that the United States was about to follow the anti-alcoholic legislation by a similar law against coffee. Odd to say, this impression seems to be almost universal among Colombians.

My room-mate having shut the one window that the room possessed, also the door, we were left to darkness and carbon dioxide. At four in the morning an unconscionable racket began in the plaza, which was just in front of our room. I could not imagine what was afoot until, on arising at five o'clock, I found that this was market day and the populace were setting up stalls and getting in readiness all the various coexistences and sequences of a Latin-American market.

I was ready for the road at six but Luis was played out with his exertions, coupled with the wetting of the previous day, and it took him a long time to saddle and pack the animals. Thus eight o'clock came before we turned our backs on Armenia.

We marched now through rolling or hilly farming country, the most attractive and prosperous region I had seen in Colombia up to that time. An hour out of Armenia we came up with an old nigger, who was walking along carrying his possessions in a cotton sack on one shoulder, and with a long black stogie stuck in one side of his mouth. He was going to Montenegro to look for work; in former days he had traveled as servant of many distinguished gentlemen (so at least he said), but he was getting old now and had to take what he could get. He would travel, or he would do

manual labor, - anything to make a living. To look at him no one would imagine that he was fifty-four years old, would one? Yet such was the case. This youthfulness of gait and feature (wholly imaginary as a matter of fact) was all due, he announced, to his virtuous abstention from aguardiente.

By afternoon we reached the village of La Balsa, and there put up in a small house with the pretentious name of "Hotel Los Alpes". We were given the only room in the place, which opened on the main street. It was about eight by ten feet in size, the only opening to the outside being the door. I took one of the beds, Luis the other. When, supper over, we turned in, I remarked to Luis that it wouldn't be a bad scheme to leave the door open a trifle, so as to provide for some fresh air. The idea did not penetrate, or if it did it was regarded as an absurdity. No Colombian sleeps without the room being closed as nearly hermetically as possible. I dilated a bit upon the evils of faulty ventilation and bad air, whereupon Luis brought out a black cigar and lit it, - perhaps as a sanitary measure. With the door closed and this cigar and a candle going in our little box, I feared the worst, but quickly passed into a state of coma.

It was raining hard in the morning and apparently had rained most of the night. We sat about, hoping the weather would improve, but finally at ten took to the road, though it was still pouring. The road was in terrible condition,- water standing in puddles on every hand, and the going unspeakable. We plodded along as best we could, until we reached the foot of a hill where

a pack-train had stopped to salvage a mule that had fallen in the mud and could not get up. By the time we had helped arrange this matter, and had climbed the hill, I decided that I had better walk as the chance of my animal slipping and falling, with me, or part of me, under him was not inconsiderable. The mud was the stickiest and heaviest I have seen in many a march - harder to get through than even Verapaz mud, which is the extreme of comparisons.

About noon we descended to the Rio La Vieja, where we met the hilarious spectacle of a negro strumming a guitar to which several other darkies were dancing in front of the toll-house. Our toll paid, we crossed the bridge and ascended the other slope of the valley. By this time the rain had ceased, not so the mud, however. About two-thirty we gained a crest from which we looked down on Cartago in the valley below, and from that time forward things went more cheerfully. Before evening we marched into the plaza of Cartago, to the deep interest of all residents, and put up at the Hotel Central. Our minister in Bogotá had warned me against this hotel, (had advised me, in fact, to stay in Pereira and come down to Cartago only on the day I was to take the boat for Cali) but it looked like heaven to me. Here I have been for two days waiting for the rains to stop so that I can go about my business of collecting plants for my respected Departmental superiors at Washington and aside from the fact that it is very dirty, the beds very hard, and the food scarcely eatable, the Hotel Central at Cartago, Colombia, is not a bad sort of place.

Quito, Feb 28 [1921?]

Dear Dad:

Here are some hastily written notes on my trip to the north. On reading them over I see that they are pretty rough, but I havent time to go over there here, and there is no need of doing so at present, anyway. Some day, if I want to use them, I can revise them and put them in good shape.

Ever thine

Wm

RAMBLING ABOUT THE EQUATOR

Quito, like most other cities in Latin America, is no place to do business in a hurry. A week before I was ready to start for the North, I fully outlined my needs to Manuel Ortiz, and received his solemn promise that he would have mules ready for me on the day appointed. But as the day drew perilously near and Manuel Ortiz evidenced no signs of activity, I became alarmed; and I called my newly appointed dragoman, Felix Eleodoro Jara, and I addressed him thusly: "Jara, you have known for two days that I plan to leave Quito at sun-up on Monday morning, for northern Ecuador. You have known for two days (this being the length of time you have been in my service) that I am going to need mules; and while Manuel Ortiz has promised them, I want to inform you here and now that I place no ~~faith~~ confidence in Manuel Ortiz. Jara, if there are not three mules in front of this hotel door at daylight Monday morning, not only do you miss a trip to the North, but in addition you lose your job."

The peripatetic Jara was not disturbed by this announcement. On the contrary, he was just a trifle pleased, for it gave him a motive, and one which he had needed all that day. For the one thing Jara likes to do is to wander about the streets of Quito, and now he could do so at length, with the feeling that he was hunting mules. He departed on his quest.

At five o'clock in the evening there was a rap on my door. "Siga", I called, this being the Ecuadorean equivalent of "Adelante!". The door opened, and Froilan Vasquez Reina stood there in all his five feet and four inches of mud-bespattered misery. "Manuel Ortiz tells me you desire mules for the North." I did. And it did not take me long to strike a bargain with Froilan Vasquez Reina, the consideration being 18 sucres. This done, I breathed easily for the first time in two days. "Bueno pues: I will depend upon you then, tomorrow morning at daylight" I remarked as he was about to leave. Froilan Vasquez Reina,--or did I imagine it?,--seemed to hesitate an instant. "Well," he said, "I will try to come; but of course, if one of my mules is stolen, or something of that sort,----there are, in this life, things over which one has no control, you know!" I saw that I was lost. He was going back on his contract.

I stepped inside my door for an instant, to decide what course to pursue. Doubtless he wanted more money. No other motive could enter into the matter, I was sure of that. "Well, then", I said, "what do you want. Let us see if we can reach an agreement." It appeared that he wanted 22 sucres in place of the 18, and rather than wait another day for mules, I agreed. "Let me have the seña; two sucres" he finally said; and then I was sure that I was on solid ground, for when a mule driver accepts his seña he is bound, by all that a mule-driver holds to be sacred (if there are such things) to fulfil his contract. The seña is an assurance of good faith on the part of giver and receiver alike.

The pieturesque form of Froilan Vasquez Reina had scarcely disappeared down the staircase when there was another rap at my door. "Siga!" I called again, and Manuel Ortiz, walking stick in hand, stood before me. "I beg your pardon for molesting you," he said, "but I have come to collect my commission for the mules. You owe me five sucres."

A hold-up! What had Manuel Ortiz done, that I should remunerate him to the extent of five sucres? True, he had told Froilan where I was to be found, but I would not have estimated the value of this service at more than a sucre, and in fact, I had not supposed he would charge me anything. I was stunned, but after a moment I regained sufficient strength to demur at the size of his bill. Manuel Ortiz was obdurate. "My rate is two sucres for a saddle animal, and one for a pack animal" he explained,--a consummate lie, for he had probably never collected money for a service of this nature from anyone during the twenty years which he has been established in Quito.

Finally I paid,--there seemed to be no honorable alternative. And then, this important transaction out of the way, Manuel Ortiz laid his derby hat and walking stick upon a chair, and proceeded to the next matter. "Can you tell me", he asked, which is the best firm in the United States for electrical supplies. I want to put in a lighting plant, and need to purchase the machinery for it; the investment will be one of about five million sucres, and I do not like to place the order with any firm but the best." I confessed to a profound ignorance of the subject, and encouraged him to leave so that I could

have an opportunity to recover from the effects of this anti-climax.

When I arrived, early in the morning, at the city residence of Felix Eleodoro Jara, that worthy was actively engaged in saddling the only good animal for himself, while Froilan Vasquez Reina was busily placing my outfit upon one of the sorriest specimens of the equine species which Ecuador has ever produced. "Jara", I announced, "I dont want you to take that mule. She is likely to have a hard gait, and besides, mules are notoriously bad-tempered. You will take this horse, and give me the mule; I am, perhaps, more accustomed to mules than you." Jara started to demur, but he saw it was useless, and the change was made.

It was nearly nine o'clock when we jogged down the main street of Quito, past the American Legation, where I waved a good-bye to our Minister, and on past the Ejido into the suburbs. ~~of Quito.~~ Jara was in the lead, on the raw-boned horse (whose trot, I could see, was shaking up Jara's liver in splendid fashion); Froilan Vasquez Reina came next, walking by the side of the pack mule; and I followed in the rear, to see that no stragglers fell by the wayside.

Nothing disturbed the even tenor of our way until we reached the little town of Pomasqui, which event occurred at high noon. Here, upon a bench in front a small house, were displayed a number of large and handsome cherimoyas. Jara espied them, and his heart was filled with longing. Following the usual custom, he asked me if I would not like a cherimoya,

thinking that I would naturally and logically return the compliment by inviting him to join me in one. But I did not want to set a bad precedent so early in the trip; and besides, I had already made up my mind that Jara's one aim was going to be the extraction of loose sucres from my pocket, so I calmly purchased a cherimoya for myself, and allowed him to follow my example.

With this as our noonday lunch, we jogged on, crossing the little stream that flows by Pomasqui and then following along the base of the mountain toward the valley of the Guaillabamba. At one o'clock we crossed the Equator, as located by the French Commission some years ago; it passes here through a small gap between two conical hills. Half an hour later a lone horseman, with a huge muffler wound around his head so that only his eyes were visible, approached us; as he drew near, he hailed me by name, a circumstance which so filled me with surprise that I was almost overcome. Who, thought I, can possibly know me in this part of the world? When he had removed the muffler and exposed himself to view, I saw that it was Rouse, of our Legation, on his way Home from Ibarra.

On we went, and about two o'clock we came to the edge of the huge canyon of the Guaillabamba,--a dry, barren cleft in the earth's surface, about three thousand feet deep at this point. Below us, on a small mesa or tableland about half way down to the stream, lay the pretty hacienda of La Providencia, with its regular quadrangles of alfalfa, corn, and sugar cane in different shades of green. Froilan Vasquez Reina gravely

informed us that we would stop there for the night. It was yet early in the day, and I would have gone farther; but no, alfalfa was plentiful at La Providencia, and scarce beyond, and we would stop. So we zigzagged down the side of the canyon for half an hour, and brought up before the large but decadent hacienda house. I had scarcely dismounted when someone addressed me in English (English English, not American): I turned to see a young fellow dressed in khaki, who told me that he was a Belgian, that he had lived in Australia for years, and that he was now marooned here, because he had failed to present himself in Belgium for military service during the war and could not get a passport to go to Europe. In other words, a slacker. And like many another slacker, he was already regretting his act; he confessed to me frankly that he had not gone to the war because he was afraid of getting killed, but that he wished he had gone, and taken his chances, instead of remaining here to find himself an outcast. I shared my dinner with him, opening a tin of sardines and a large cheese I had brought from Quito. The facility with which that Belgian dispatched the cheese was remarkable. And when I finally brought out a box of candy, and told him that it had come to me as a Christmas present from the folks at home, his eyes were moist as he said in a husky voice, "It is four years since I have had any word from my people in Antwerp".

I slung my hammock in the corridor, and was almost asleep, though it was yet scarcely dusk, when a tremendous row started in the corral below me. The mayordomo (foreman) whacked another

fellow across the mouth with a club, bringing the blood most freely, while the other fellow, in turn, opened a neat gash on the mayordomo's right temple. These preliminaries dispensed with, the fight, ~~light~~ like nearly all Latin quarrels, resolved itself into a bout of words, with the women of both participants doing more than their share. It was nearly an hour before things calmed down, and I dozed off again.

I was awakened by that detestable remark, "ya es hora!" (it is time!), and upon looking at my watch saw that it was two o'clock. But the mule drivers down below were already saddling their animals, and getting ready for the road; and Froilan Vasquez Reina had either found this activity contagious, or from his long-established custom was anxious to be among the first upon the road.

By candle-light we packed our bags, roped them, and put them on the mules, and then, it being far too early to think of eating, we mounted and were off, down the rocky trail to the bottom of the canyon. It was pitch dark; I could not make out a figure ten feet distant, and at one time became mixed up in a pack train which was not our own. It took me half an hour to extricate myself, and work my way ahead until I once more caught up with Jara and Froilan. The former was dismounted, and searching about with a lighted match in his hand. It seems an overhanging branch had scraped his hat off his head, and when he finally recovered the article, a stiff straw, it was evident that his horse had stepped squarely on the crown.

We crossed the river, and began the ascent of the northern side of the canyon; and as we advanced, the fog which hung thick and motionless at the lower levels resolved itself into light drifting clouds. Every few moments we had a glimpse of the starlit heavens, with the Southern Cross more conspicuous and more beautiful than I had ever before seen it.

Finally it morninged, as the Spanish say, and we found ourselves at the upper edge of the canyon. From here we worked our way through heavy sand across a gradually rising plain, until we reached the village of Malchingui. I was provoked to breakfast, to use again the Spanish form, so we dismounted, and I ordered coffee and eggs. The girl inquired if I would have the eggs fried, or soft boiled. I preferred the latter. "Then I will have to prepare them before I make the coffee," she remarked. Later I learned the reason: she heated a small pot of water, dropped in the two eggs (and they were none too clean), left them two minutes, took them out, and then brought me the hot water to add to the coffee extract already on the table, and prepare myself a steaming and refreshing drink.

I provided my own bread and cheese, and these, together with the coffee and eggs, made a good breakfast. It is always well, when traveling in these countries, to carry what I call Auxiliary Rations. The staples, such as eggs, potatos, and bread, are usually obtainable, but they are made much more appetizing if supplemented by a few delicacies. On the present trip, which I had planned to last two weeks, I carried the following supplies, and found them to meet my requirements

most effectively: Four tins of California fruit, two large tins of California sardines, one kilo of Spanish figs, one three-pound native cheese, two tins of Huntley and Palmers' biscuits, one tin of bacon, a small bottle of malted milk, and a pound of American candy. With such supplies as these, one is ready to stop anywhere for the night, for he cannot fare badly, no matter how scare food may be locally.

From Malchinguí we climbed gradually to the region of the paramo. This name is used, in Colombia and Ecuador, to indicate a high, cold, and moist plateau or mountainside where there is no other vegetation than grass or low brush. Mule-drivers are about as fond of a paramo as a mariner is of a typhoon. It is nearly always cold, and frequently there is a nasty drizzling rain in addition. For one who is not heavily clad, a few hours upon the paramo is sufficient to cause intense suffering.

But fortune favored us; we struck good weather on the paramo of Mojanda, as this one is called, and by early afternoon were descending toward the town of Otavalo, which we reached at three o'clock. This is perhaps the most important Indian center in all Ecuador,--certainly the most important in the North,--and the Indians are a fine, intelligent, industrious, and fairly clean lot.

From here to Ibarra,--a journey of about four hours,--the road passed over the lower slopes of the volcano Imbabura, and there were corn-fields, barley-fields, patches of potatos, and the small houses of the Indians everywhere. It was already dark when we rode in to Ibarra, and stopped before the door

of Zoilo Narvaez, who maintains a species of hotel, and to whom I had been recommended by that arch-robber, Manuel Ortiz. The latter had, in fact, advised Narvaez of my coming, giving him fully a week's time to prepare for the same; but all to no avail. Zoilo appeared in the door, hoped I had enjoyed a pleasant trip, and calmly informed me that he had no room for me.

It seems to me that Ecuadoreans are of two classes: those who will do everything for you, and those who will do nothing. The first class, of whom my friend José Felix Tamayo is the type specimen (he is soon to appear upon the scene), are the most delightful people on earth, and those of the second class will unfailingly drive a man to drink. Zoilo Narvaez, having received a week's notice, might easily have arranged a cot for me in the corredor, or even given me room to sling my hammock, which would have quite satisfied me; but these people of the second category are the most cold-blooded in the world.

So I went to the hotel Pan-Americano, and after struggling hard with the proprietor to obtain the regular rates, instead of the 50% increase which occurs whenever a foreigner appears upon the horizon, I threw my things into a dirty room, and, too tired even to bother about eating (for I had been fifteen and a half hours in the saddle, without a moment's rest), I collapsed upon the bed,--and almost broke an arm in so doing, for it was as hard as the brick floor.

I slept the clock round, and awoke to find all Ibarra in a perfect frenzy of excitement. The first aeroplane ever

to reach that city was due to arrive, from Quito, within an hour! Half of the population had gone to the newly-formed aviation field (a pasture which someone had loaned for the occasion) and the other half occupied the roof of the city hall and adjacent buildings. I stepped out to look around the town for half an hour, and when I returned found that the hotel was tightly locked, everyone having gone to the aviation field; so I gave up the idea of returning to my room, and went to the central plaza, where I lay down on a big stone seat to await developments.

I was lying there, half asleep, when I became aware of a stir of excitement among the few people who were in the neighborhood. I sat up, and saw descending from the clouds the long-expected aeroplane. A negro policeman, who was standing close by, also saw it: he threw his club into the air, and let out a yell, and he started down the street shouting "There comes God Almighty!"

Ibarra is not a bad little town. The accomodations for travelers are not of the best, but neither are the travelers, as a general rule, and there are few of them. I fell in with Don José Correa, who had lived in Washington for 25 years and had formerly been an American citizen, and he took me to his house and showed me his ~~rather~~ large and interesting garden. Things were in a rather untidy state all about the place, but he explained this by saying that he had only recently returned from his hacienda near Quito, and he had not yet found time to straighten up the garden; he had, in fact, only been here eighteen months since his return, so not much could be expected.

I walked about the town to see what was growing in the dooryards and gardens; on one of these jaunts a pair of particularly vicious dogs swarmed out of a small house and flew at my heels. This same thing had happened to me so many times that I was becoming somewhat bored by it, and I picked up a rock the size of my fist and caught the smaller of the two squarely in the ribs. It bowled him over, and he howled as though at least three of his ribs had b een broken; whereupon the own er of the dogs rushed to the doorway and began to abuse me. The status of the common or garden dog in Ecuador is not what it is in the States. If you are walking upon the highway and are annoyed by one, you seem here to have no authority whatever in the matter: you must pursue your way, hoping that he will not carry matters so far as to bite you, and if the latter should actually occur, it seems to be viewed as an unfortunate accident, for which neither the dog nor yourself is to blame.

The second day after my arrival in Ibarra, I was walking down one of the principal streets intent upon taking some photographs of certain trees I had seen, when I was stopped in front of the police station, and told that the Chief desired to speak with me. I walked to the rear of a low, dark room and stopped in front of a small desk, behind which sat that important personage. "How long have you been in Ibarra?" he inquired. I informed him. "What brings you here?" I explained my mission, and handed him my card. "Where are your passports?". I replied that they were in the hotel, and I would be glad to send them across to him, if he so desired. He did, and sent Lieuten-

ant Ortiz with me to receive them. The latter told me I could have them back after the Chief had examined them, say at three oclock or thereabouts (it was then nine in the morning), and he departed with my precious documents in his pocket.

At the specified time that afternoon I called upon the Chief. "May I have my passports?" I inquired. "No", was the answer, "you are under arrest. I have learned certain things about your past which make it necessary for me to hold you here, and I have telegraphed to Quito for orders."

In vain did I search my memory for the wickedest and most sinful acts of my life; I could find none which appeared to me to be penal offenses and to fall, at the same time, within the jurisdiction of the Ecuadorean government. I plied the Chief with questions, and asked him to prefer charges against me at once, so that I might advise the American Minister in Quito of my plight. But he refused to go further: I was to remain here until orders came from Quito, and that was all.

So I sent a telegram to the Minister, telling him that I was being held on suspicion, and then I tried, vainly of course, to forget the matter. That evening at about nine thirty, a boy knocked at my door, and delivered a telegram which I opened in feverish haste. It read:

"Your telegram received and matter presented to Minister of Foreign Affairs. Orders for your immediate release will be issued by Minister of Interior tonight. (Signed) Hartman, American Minister".

With this message under my pillow, I slept peacefully in spite of the fleas and the hardness of the bed; and when, at nine o'clock the next morning, I again presented myself before the desk of the Chief, that dignitary condescended to explain matters to me. It appeared that he had been advised from Bogotá to be on the watch for a certain German who had left that city with the property of someone else, and who was believed to have headed for Ecuador. Since my passport showed that I had been in Bogotá, and since the Chief had no means of distinguishing between a German and an American, he thought that I was his man, and I do not doubt that he was congratulating himself on the capture of so dangerous a character, when my telegram from the Minister arrived upon the scene.

Saturday is market day in Ibarra, and I was in the plaza shortly after seven, to see what arrived. Compared to Ambato the weekly market of Ibarra is not a large affair. The range of products is not nearly so great, nor are there as many picturesque Indians to be seen. I obtained a number of interesting fruits, however, spent most of the morning photographing them, and then stepped around the corner to the Luz de America, the little "fonda" where I was served fairly good meals at only twice the price charged to natives. It was crowded, but I found a seat, and finished my locro and llapingachus as promptly as possible. Just as I was about to leave, I heard a fellow from the country boasting loudly to his neighbor: "Caramba", he said; "I come from a far country; I am from Caldera." When I got back to my room and referred to the map,

I found that Caldera was about eight miles distant from Ibarra, in a direct line.

By this time I had met José Felix Tamayo, and had arranged to accompany him on Sunday to his hacienda, La Rinconada, which lies high up in the mountains, nearly a day's ride north of Ibarra and only eight or ten miles, in a direct line, from the Colombian border. So I packed my things, and told Jara to take the two bags around to Tamayo's house, as we would leave everything there, for safe keeping, while on this trip to the North. "Allright", said Jara, "I will call a peon". "Why do you always have to call a peon, when there is any baggage to be carried?" I inquired. "Isnt that what peons are for? he countered. "It may be, but I dont intend to pay a peon to carry these bags, when you are quite able to do it yourself", I told him. And I gave him one and started him for the door. As soon as I saw him turn the corner I slipped up behind him and cautiously peeped in his direction; he had set the bag on the sidewalk, and was searching for a peon. Soon he appeared with one in his wake, and with the peon carrying the bag, he proceeded to Tamayo's house. Upon his return, I asked him "Did you carry the bag to Tamayo's?" "Certainly", he replied. "Did you carry it yourself, or did you get a peon to carry it?" "I carried it myself" he answered without wincing.

This was precisely the opportunity for which I was waiting. Jara had been in my employ six days, and I was satisfied. In fact, I was more than satisfied; I was sick of the business, for he was an unconscionable nuisance. "Jara", I said, " I followed you when you took out that bag, and I saw you give

it to a peon, and I saw him carry it to Tamayo's. If you will lie to me once you will lie again, and I will not employ a man who tries to deceive me. Jara, your pay will stop this evening. I brought you here, and I am in duty bound to take you back to Quito again. You can get a horse and start back tomorrow, or you can stay here until I return from La Rinconada, and I will take you back with me. Choose!" He chose to wait, but I didnt mind that; I breathed a sigh of relief at having brought matters to a head.

José Felix and I rode out of Ibarra at six thirty on Sunday morning, mounted on two of the best ponies in Imbabura province (property of José Felix). At ten o'clock we reached the Chota river, and at eleven we drew rein at the Hacienda San Vicente, where I had been told there were some very interesting avocados. After walking through the orchards for half an hour, and seeing many fruits which were worthy of further study, we went to the house and had breakfast. It was nearly one o'clock when we got up from the table, so we mounted at once and continued our way to La Rinconada.

Just as night was falling upon us, José Felix pointed out the hacienda, a white speck far up on the mountainside to the north. It was long since dark when the horses' hoofs began to strike sparks from the cobblestone entrance to the great hacienda, and it was cold; for we were at an elevation of about 10,500 feet. We found an excellent dinner awaiting us, however, and did full justice to it.

When I awoke the next morning it was to find myself in

one of the most beautiful parts of Ecuador. To the northward, the mountains rose to twelve or thirteen thousand feet, the higher slopes being of paramo character; while to the south, the green pasture lands fell away toward the valley of the Chota, and beyond this the snow-covered peaks of Cayambe and Cotacachi rose majestically.

And the hacienda itself was an extraordinarily fine one. The house was large, and well kept, while to one side was a garden of more than an acre, laid off carefully in attractive flower beds with blue-grass borders around them, and flowers of all sorts,--most of them brought from the States,--in the utmost profusion. I was particularly charmed by the sweet peas; they are as successful here as in California, and José Felix had spared no expense in obtaining seed of the finest Spencer varieties.

I spent three delightful days in this charming spot. José and I rode over the mountains looking for interesting plants,--there are six kinds of wild blackberries in this region, wild potatos, and many pretty flowering shrubs,--and each noon and each evening we sat down to the most elaborate and delicious meals I have eaten in a long time. It particularly pleased José when I called, as I repeatedly did, for locro and llapingachus. These are the national dishes of the Ecuadorean sierra or highland region, and I have found them, when well prepared, most delicious. I asked the cook how to make locro, and she wrote me the following

RESETA DE UN LOCRITO

(for, be it known, the Ecuadorians tack the suffix ito onto the majority of their nouns: you dont ask for un vaso de agua para el niño, but un aguita para el niñito)

"Se pone en una caserola 4 tasas de agua a hervir; luego se pela las papas y se taja, despues se lava en tres aguas (tres veces) y se pone en la caserola sobre el agua hirviendo; ahora se tapa hasta que vuelva hervir, y cuando hierva se descachazara' hasta que quede claro (limpio). Se pone un poco de cebolla picada muy menuda y lavada y una cuchara de manteca y un pedazo de queso, todo esto junto hasta que esten cocidas las papas. Luego se añade una taza de natas con dos yemas de huevo, un poco de leche, esto mezclado y bien batido junto que no parezcan las yemas y en seguida poniendo a la cacerola sáquelo del fuego. Ahora se sazona con sal, pimienta y luego sē sirve."

To state the matter more simply, locro is a rich potato soup, made, however, without the addition of much milk, and containing yolks of eggs, and most important of all, the native white cheese of Ecuador. It is an unusually savory and satisfying dish, only excellent, to my particular way of thinking, by aji de queso, which might almost be termed a variation of the same dish. For aji de queso is simply a locro made with more milk and less potatos, and with about five times the amount of cheese. As least, this is the way I judge it to be made, from the analysis of its character which I have made as I have consumed it.

The llapingachu is less complex in its make-up. It is, in short, a glorified potato-cake; it is made by mixing yolks of eggs with mashed potatos, and forming the mixture into thin cakes with a slice of white cheese in the center of each. These cakes are then fried until a golden brown on both sides, and then Zas y Ras! Al pelo!

On one of our rides in search of wild blackberries, we stopped at a mountaineer's hut (as the Alpine tourists will have it) and I was there introduced to cuy or guinea pig, viewing the latter as a comestible, not as material for biological experiments. In nearly every house throughout the higher regions of Ecuador you will find a considerable herd of these animals, their favorite pastime being to nose about your ears or run across your face at night when you are trying to sleep. They seem never to venture out doors; or if they do so, they do not get more than a few yards from their base of supplies, which is the zone immediate to the three stones which ~~must be considered to~~ form the Andean cooking-range. Potato parings seem to be their principal food, with cabbage leaves and other kinds of verdure occasionally thrown in for good measure. When nicely roasted they are excellent eating. I had always been given to understand, in the States, that they were not fit for human food, but that is all a mistake. They have a flavor midway between rabbit and spring chicken, and I am quite in accord with my good friend José Felix, who says that there is no better meat in this country than the cuy.

From La Rinconada I started back to San Vicente, to see more of the avocados which had attracted my attention in the

orchards of that hacienda. José Felix said he would encaminar me (put me on the road), and he accompanied me not only as far as the pretty little town of El Angel, where an elderly friend of his served us a hot sangria (wine, sugar, and water) but nearly two hours beyond there; more than half way from La Rinconada to my destination, in fact. It was with genuine regret that I said good-bye to this quiet, warm-hearted, generous friend, who had done nothing, during the three days I was with him at La Rinconada, but devote himself to ascertaining my wishes and having them fulfilled. I had not intended to make a second trip into the North, but I shall have to go once more to San Vicente, I now find, and most surely I will continue the trip to La Rinconada to spend a few more days with José Felix!

It had rained the night before, and after José Felix left me I ran in to some bits of very bad going. My horse fell, which suggested to me that I had better dismount and walk, before he fell again with one of my legs under him. I slipped and stumbled, but managed to get along someway or other. After an hour of it, we reached a small ranch house, and I stopped to inquire the distance to San Vicente and the condition of the road ahead. "The road is bad", said the man whom I addressed. "Is it worse," I asked, "than this bit over which I have just passed?" He laughed. "Caramba!" he said, "you have come by a good road. Just wait until you see the gullies and mudholes which are ahead of you!"

I did not feel encouraged by these remarks, but I had to go on. I did so with a heart full of misgivings; but fortun-

ately for me, the man had lied most grossly, for the road was fairly decent the rest of the way, and we,-the Indian boy José Felix had sent with me, and myself,-reached San Vicente just at sundown.

The hacienda of San Vicente, as large as an average county in the States, was formerly owned by priests of the Dominican order. It was taken from them by the government, and is now leased by the latter to an Ecuadorean who grinds the sugar-cane which it produces and makes panela or aguardiente of it. The place has gone to seed, and most lamentably so; but there are still evidences of its pristine glory, one of which is the large orchard of excellent fruits, including many avocados. I found here several excellent varieties, and cut budwood of them to send home to Washington.

After two days in San Vicente I rode down across the Chota and up the huge face of the Andes which one must climb to pass over to the valley of Ibarra. I reached the latter town at noon, and found a telegram from Mr. Hartman, in reply to one I had sent him from El Angel, saying that the next mail for the States would leave on Sunday afternoon. I wanted to catch that mail, as it was urgent that the avocado budwood should reach Washington as promptly as possible. But it was then Friday afternoon, and I had yet to find animals to make the trip to Quito, a trip that could not be made in less than 20 hours of steady riding. In vain did I search for animals; I had to give up hope of seeing my budwood go through promptly to Washington. It was a bitter disappointment.

I knew there would not be another mail for a week at least, so I remained in Ibarra the following day to see the weekly market once more. I purchased, for seed, some sweet corn, some potatos, and some native black walnuts. The latter are most abundant here, and the housewives of Ibarra prepare a sweetmeat, called nogada, which is peculiar to the region and well-known in several other parts of Ecuador. It is merely a confection of sugar and eggs with walnut meats in it, and as a general thing it is not prepared in very clean kitchens. José Felix telegraphed his mother to have their cook prepare me two boxes of a special kind which I found to be excellent.

To those who are familiar with Central American markets, one of the things which strikes the attention here in Ecuador is the numerous kinds of flours which are seen. There are flours of all shades, from pure white to light brown: some are of wheat, some of barley, and some of peas, chochos, and other legumes.

Jara put in an appearance, and he was rather humble at the start, but it soon wore off. I had left him orders to get me a few beans of a certain peculiar kind, called tortas. He had evidently exerted himself (doubtless in the vain hope that he would demonstrate his value and get back in my service) and he proudly announced that he had secured seventeen hundred of these beans for me! I did not want so many, but since the total expense was only 38 cents, I thought it was not a matter to squabble about.

Froilan Vasquez Reina had promised to take me back to

Quito, and true to his word, he showed up early in the morning with the three mules. He also brought a wife and baby along with him, but I was relieved, later, to learn that they were to stay in Ibarra. We took the road, and reached Otavalo at noon. It was Sunday, and the cantinas (rum shops) were full of well dressed Indians in various stages of inebriation. Mercedes Sandoval agreed to put me up until the next day, and she agreed, in addition, to prepare me a bowl of stewed blackberries, of the famous Otavalo variety. I did them ample justice, and enjoyed them; I am not in a position to judge accurately, since it is so long since I have tasted States blackberries, but I believe the Otavalo species (probably Rubus glaucus) is not excelled in flavor by any which we cultivate.

Two picturesque Indian kids, with pigtails down their backs, waited on me. Otavalo is the one place in Ecuador where people do not seem ashamed of the fact that they speak Quichua, and I heard more of it in an afternoon, than I have heard elsewhere in a week. When I asked my boy at Ambato (he was a lad of mixed Indian and white blood, but did not wear shoes) if he spoke Quichua, he replied scornfully "No, patrón, I dont speak a single word of it; it is the gente de calzonzillo (i.e., the Indians who wear white muslin pants) who speak Quichua!"

I rode down to Cotacachi in the afternoon, but found it a moribund town where the principal occupation seemed to be the playing of a game known here as pelota, but somewhat different from the Spanish game of that name. The next day we rode past the beautiful lake of San Pablo to the hacienda

Cusín, one of the finest in Ecuador. The gardens here are beautiful, and they have fruit trees,--peaches and nectarines,--cultivated in the French fashion, on espaliers. The manager insisted that we stay for breakfast. Jara, valiant trencherman that he is, dispatched his food with audible evidences of enjoyment; and when he had finished he picked up about half of a cheese which still remained on the table, and without begging permission or offering explanations of any sort, wrapped it up in a dirty handkerchief and stuck it in his pocket. Just as we were finishing the meal, my host turned to me and asked: "Did you ever eat curdled lamb's blood?" I confessed, not without a feeling of satisfaction, that I had not. "Juan", he called to the old Indian who waited on the table, "bring in a dish of lamb's blood!" My hair suddenly stood on end, and I felt a shiver creeping up my spine. Horrors! I should have to eat it, or else mortally offend my host; and I was determined not to do the latter. In a moment Juan returned; "The lamb"s blood is all gone" he announced. Ah, but what a sigh of relief I inwardly breathed!

The Indians of this region, instead of greeting you on the road with a "Buenos dias, señor", repeat the phrase "Alabado sacramento!" (Blessed sacrament!) to which you are expected to reply "Por siempre alabado" (Forever blessed!) We passed many of them, and saw many pretty little Indian farms, on the first part of the road from Cusín to Cayambe. As we got up higher the country became thinly populated, and finally was nothing but vast, rolling pasture lands. It was cool at that elevation, and my heavy woolen poncho felt very comfortable.

Down into Cayambe we went, to find it a very unattractive, rather seedy-looking place which offered very limited accomodations to travelers. The old lady who maintained the posada said she had no rooms, but I told her I would sleep in my hammock, and did not need a room, so with that she let me come in; and after mature reflexion she evidently decided that there were rooms, after all, and she fitted me up pretty comfortably. There was only one bed in the room, and Jara, who still labored under the delusion that I was going to sleep in the hammock, had this all nicely equipped with sheets, blankets, and a pillow, when I calmly walked in and appropriated it.

The view of the huge snow-covered peak of Cayambe, which awaited me in the morning, was exceptionally fine. The mountain seems to rise immediately from the edge of town. I was somewhat surprised to find the air no cooler at night, with this quantity of snow close by.

From Cayambe we came, by an easy day's march, to the miserable pueblo of Guaillabamba, where I wished to take some photographs of avocado trees. We stopped here at a small casa posada, and I tried to sleep in my hammock, which I had slung in the corridor; but there were so many dogs about, and they barked so continuously all night, that I did not make out very well. At daybreak we were up, ready for the last leg of our journey; I did not even stop to eat anything, but swung myself into the saddle, and struck out for Quito. It was a long, hard climb up the dry slopes to the plateau, but before noon I rode past the American Legation and trotted briskly up to the door of the Hotel Metropolitano.

[1920/1923]

ON A TRIP TO BAÑOS, AND THE ASCENT OF TUNGURAHUA

I had a gloriously bright morning for my start from Quito. The views of Pichincha, Illiniza, Cotopaxi and other snow-covered peaks of the Great Andes which I enjoyed as the train moved southward, were magnificent beyond description. Given a fair day, ~~and~~ the ride from Quito to Riobamba is one of the finest on the South American continent; given, on the other hand, cloudy weather and an abundance of dust, and it can scarcely be called agreeable.

I alighted at Ambato, and with some misgivings betook myself to that scene of my earlier sufferings, the Gran Hotel Continental. As I passed the door of the dining room, I heard my name; and when I entered to see what was wanted, I found Chacon, the boticario, his cousin the Governor of Tungurahua Province, the two Semaniegos (gentleman farmers, they informed me) and divers other prominent Ambateños finishing up a celebration of some sort. Nothing would do but I must join them in a glass of champagne, which I did, and then I escaped and went up to my room.

The next noon I took the train for Pelileo. A decidedly greasy-looking old fellow, seeing that I was carrying a camera, approached me to state that he also was a photographer, and that he had traveled very extensively: he went on to recite, for the benefit of all bystanders, a long list of cities which he had visited.

This done, and the crowd dispersed, he approached very close and confided to me in a stage-whisper that he knew where there was a very rich gold mine. I did not take the bait, however. I doubt if there are ten men in all Ecuador who do not flatter themselves that they know of a very rich gold mine, but few of them ever seem to do anything about it, except to broach the matter to every American they chance to meet, evidently with the idea that the American will supply capital and energy to develop the mine.

The ride down the valley of the Rio Patate, on the Ferrocarril al Curaray, is exceedingly pretty. Throughout the first part there are many small plantations of fruit trees in the bottom of the valley, and an abundance of Schinus molle on the slopes; farther down the valley becomes a deep canyon, out of which the line slowly climbs, and the views off toward the town of Patate, and down toward Baños, are fine.

Rafael Vieira had promised to send me a mozo, who would carry my baggage from Pelileo to Baños. When I got down from the train in Pelileo, however, no such mozo was in evidence. I waited twenty minutes, and then opened negotiations with a bystander to do the job. I had closed a deal, when someone came running up with a letter which he said was intended for "un mister", and I then and there became acquainted with Tito Merino, who was not only to carry my baggage to Baños, but was also, a few days later, to take me to the summit of the volcano Tungurahua.

Tito was suffering, very evidently, from an overdose of C_2H_5OH, but he finally got under way with the baggage, and I followed him on the mule he had brought for me. I had fully intended to walk to Baños, and had carefully informed Rafael Vieira to this effect; but the Ecuadorean mind of that individual could not conceive of a gentleman walking to Baños; and he doubtless reached the decision, after I had talked to him, that I, due to my lack of familiarity with the tongue of the immortal Cervantes, had tried to say something else and had not been able to do so. No, it was too evidently unthinkable! A gentleman,- more than that, an envoy of the great government at Washington,- intending to walk from Pelileo to Baños!

I could see that Tito did not like to have me in the rear. It kept him moving too actively. Finally he said "pique, pique, o llegará muy tarde!" ("Put the spurs to him, or you will arrive very late!") and I dedided to let him have his way about it. I went ahead feeling pretty certain that he would not continue his way, and quite correct I was; for he did not show up in Baños with the baggage until the next day.

Manuel Cruz, timekeeper of the Ferrocarril al Curaray, whom I had met on my previous trip to Baños, was at the railroad track (I cannot say station, for there is none) in Pelileo when I arrived, and after I was under way the thought occurred to him that he might as well come on down to Baños with me, since work on the railroad had been suspended and he was sitting idly about Pelileo. So he mounted his horse,

and before I was half way down to Las Juntas he overtook me. Manuel is one of those Ecuadoreans who has received sufficient training under Americans to read the Saturday Evening Post and order his clothes by parcel post from Montgomery Ward and Co. He is not a bad sort of chap, and I was not sorry to see him come along.

At six thirty we rode down the cobblestoned street of Baños and stopped in front of the rather dilapidated, thatched house of Rafael Vieira.

Rafael is the self-appointed historian of Baños, and custodian of the various "sights" of the place. He is a chubby, unshaven little fellow of about fifty years, always badly dressed and wearing alpargatas in place of shoes. No one seems to know how he manages to make a living. He has eight children, no property to speak of, and seems to spend most of his time bringing up to date the historic occurrences and other data which he considers worthy of being passed on to banefian posterity. He knows a bit regarding the natural history of the region as well as its political history and the personal history of all its inhabitants; and scientific visitors always fall back upon him for assistance. For the town of Baños is remarkable neither for the luxury of its hostelries nor the willingness of its inhabitants to assist the visitor; quite on the contrary, the Casa de Posada is a genuine cochinada, and the people are as a rule indolent, indifferent, and generally worthless.

Rafael had secured me a room in the house of the widow of Herrera,† a two-story structure and perhaps the best in town.

I was to eat in the little fonda (restaurant), which is not as bad as some I have seen, though considerably inferior to the one in Ibarra, at which I have eaten recently.

Baños is one of the prettiest spots in Ecuador. It shows up to particular advantage because, to reach it, you have to pass thru the dry region of Ambato, where practically the only trees are those which have been planted along the banks of the Ambato river. When you get to ~~reach~~ Baños, you find yourself in the upper reaches of the Amazonian region,-a country of abundant moisture and therefore luxuriant vegetation. In addition, you have the volcano Tungurahua towering up to 16,690 feet to one side of you; the picturesque cañon of the Rio Pastaza immediately on the other side, and in one edge of town, a picturesque little waterfall that drops over the edge of the mountain and lands in a pool some 200 feet below. Sugar-cane is the principal cultivation in the small valley,-perhaps half a mile wide by a mile in length,- and the manufacture of aguardiente therefrom the principal industry. A good percentage of the aguardiente is doubtless "moonshine", and only two weeks before my arrival the "moonshiners" or "contrabandistas", as they are here called, had killed two of the government guards who attempted to capture them.

I spent two days very profitably in the town and its immediate vicinity; Vieira was a bit officious, having something the manner of the professional guide (which I can never abide), and as I supposed (vain supposition!) that he was furnishing his services gratis,

I did not like to call him down. He would lead to me a sightly spot, and inform me that I was to take a photograph, since all previous travelers had done so. On one occasion, he nearly got me into a mess: he had taken me to see the Colegio de Baños, a girls' school kept by the Nuns of the (but I have forgotten what Order!) and he asked the mother superior to allow me to photograph the children. This I had not the least desire to do, but the mother superior having consented, I thought I had best go ahead with it. So in the afternoon, by appointment, we came back to take the picture, and Manuel Cruz came along, with his pocket kodak.

The children were all lined up, and ready to be photographed, when Rafael suggested that the Sisters should also appear in the picture. This they declined to do, saying that it was against the rules of their Order to allow themselves to be photographed. So I went ahead and photographed the kids, and while I was doing it, Cruz snapped the mother superior talking to Rafael. She was not aware of it at the time, but after we had left the door some of the children told her, and we were called back. She demanded that she be given the film (and she was in tears as she did it), but Cruz said he could not do so, as it was only the second exposure on that roll, and he would have to throw away four unexposed pictures. We left again, and again we were called back; the mother superior demanded the whole film, and refused to let us go until she received it; so Cruz finally removed it from the camera and gave it to her.

On my previous visit to Baños (in January) I had told Rafael Vieira that I would like to ascend Tungurahua. But I had never thought seriously of gratifying this desire, until, upon my arrival this second time, Rafael informed me that everything was in readiness for the ascension (as they term it here); the peons engaged, the animals secured, and so forth; and since I had planned, in any event, to go up as high as 14,000 feet to explore the flora of the higher levels, I thought I might as well seize the opportunity to test my ability to endure high elevations.

Previously, I had never ascended higher than 12,300 feet, which is the elevation of the Volcan de Agua in Guatemala. I had felt no ill effects of the altitude on my two trips to that summit, and I was anxious to see if I would suffer ~~any~~ at a much higher elevation. As far as I could learn, the ascent of Tungurahua did not appear to be dangerous nor particularly difficult; some fifteen people have climbed it since Rafael began to keep the records about 45 years ago, and one of them was a woman. The trip would not require more than three days. Rafael suggested that he would be glad to go along, purely for the pleasure of my company, and Manuell Cruz was also desirous of making the trip.

So we set the day. Tuesday it was to be, since we would have to send to the camp on the railway, half way to Pelileo, for a tent. Rafael took charge of all other arrangements, and early on Sunday morning (Sunday being market day in Baños, and practically the only day of the week when you can purchase supplies of any sort

in this poverty-stricken region) he came to me with the following

Lista de los Viveres para los Peónes que van al Tungurahua:

Una arroba de mashca	S.	3.20
Media arroba polvo de arvejas		1.90
Dos libras sal, a 0.15 lb		0.30
Un queso		0.45
Dos atados Dulce, a 0.60		1.20
Una libra manteca		0.75
Tres libras azucar a 0.35		1.05
Media arroba carne a 0.30 lb		3.75
Pan		1.00
Café, una libra		0.35
Arroz de castilla 2 lbs a 0.25		0.50
Fideos, 2 lbs a 0.40		0.80
Aguardiente, 2 botellas a 0.80		1.60

This was not only to suffice for the four peons who were to go with us, but was also to cover the wants of Cruz, Vieira, and myself, in large measure; I had stowed away a few luxuries on my own account, such as a tin of bacon, a tin of California pears, and a pound of Lowney's chocolates, brought from Quito. Some of the items shown above need explanation: mashca is flour made from roasted barley, and is a standard article of diet in this region. The natives mix it with their soup, with locro, with boiled rice, and with almost anything else. It is a savory article. Polvo de arvejas is pea-flour, and on the first day I discovered that by adding a little bacon to it I could produce an erbswurst as good as that made by the worthy Knorr himself, and my chief article of diet on the trip was erbswurst soup. The salt, the cheese (not too clean), the dulce (brown sugar), the lard, the sugar, the beef, the bread, the coffee, the arroz de castilla (rice), and the fideos or spaghetti need no explanation. In regard to the aguar-

diente, Rafael insisted that we must have it for the peons; they would not work without it; but I noticed throughout the trip that Rafael got more of it than anybody else. We took half a bottle along on the ascent to the crater, thinking that either Cruz or myself (Rafael did not go that far) might need a stimulant, but I am glad to say that we both came through the trip without feeling any ill effects of the altitude whatever, and so relinquished our share of the alcohol to the peons.

On Tuesday morning we mounted in front of Rafael's dilapidated residence, the animals being three mules which were also dilapidated, and we started up the steep climb to Pondoa, a settlement of half a dozen huts, on small farms, which lies upon the slopes of the volcano nearly 2750 feet above Baños. Our peons were from this settlement, and as we passed through they added to our stores a huge bucketful of habas (broad beans), and a cow, with calf to match. I did not recall having read, in any of the books of travel which I have perused, that it is customary for those who climb high mountains to take a cow along with them, to furnish fresh milk for the coffee; but Pedro Merino, to whom the animal belonged, seemed to consider it the proper thing, so the cow went, and the calf with her. Of course, we did not take the cow clear up to the crater, but she went to our camp at 13,000 feet, and refused, during the two days we kept her there, to give a drop of milk. Nevertheless, on the return, Pedro put in a bill for one sucre (33 cents) for services of milch cow, and I paid it. I guess it was worth the money to see the

cow climb the mountain.

Our party, therefore, consisted of Rafael, Manuel Cruz, myself, and four peons,-Tito and Pedro Merino, one Celio, and one Robalino,-and a cow and calf. This, I might mention,---but wait, I forgot to say that we had four mules also, three for us to ride (part of the way only) and one for the tent and blankets,--this is about the sort of an outfit necessary to climb a mountain, according to Ecuadorean ideas. Now that I have made the trip once, I may say that, were I do it again (and nothing would suit me better) I would take, in place of the unmitigated nuisances enumerated above, one trustworthy peon (if such there be, go mark him well!) and I would put on his back five pounds of pea-flour, two pounds of bacon, a pound of cheese, two pounds of bread, some dried fruit, and a pair of good blankets; and I would make that trip to Tungurahua in fully as great comfort as we made it, and at about one fifth the expense, speaking in a monetary sense, and at about one-tenth the expense, speaking of my nerves. For when you get together as many Ecuadorean peons and Ecuadorean mules as we had on that junket, you are going to have trouble. I cannot say that we had any serious difficulties, but the mere presence of four peons and four mules, all the time for three days, is trouble enough for me.

When we got beyond Pondoa, the trail became very steep and bad. No one had been over it on mule-back in several years (the last party to ascend Tungurahua went up in 1916, I believe) and we had to stop frequently to

let the men cut away the brush with their machetes. After getting scraped off my mule in a bamboo thicket, I decided to walk.

Up through the forest we went, and when about 10,000 feet high came onto the paramo (moor land, I believe it would be called in England) where the growth was not more than six or eight feet high as a general thing, and consisted largely of ericaceous shrubs. We plugged along thru this until about three in the afternoon, when we reached the end of our day's journey,--a spot known as El Campamento (The Camp). This is nothing more than a level area about 25 feet square, to one side of the hog's-back which you climb from Pondoa upward; but it is on the leeward side of the hog's-back, and therefore an agreeable spot to spend the night, as there is always a cold wind blowing at this altitude,--between 12,800 and 13,000 feet, I calculated it.

Here we put up the tent, and then the peons set to work to prepare a huge supper (I may say that those peons lived well on the trip!) of mazamora (pea soup) and rice and coffee. The quantity of mazamora which those fellows could punish at a sitting was a caution. I fully believe some times they ate two quarts, liquid measure, per capita.

The afternoon was beautiful, and the snow-covered summit of Tungurahua stood up before us majestically. I was feeling a bit confident of a good day for the ascent, when, just as the sun was setting over beyond Chimborazo, the clouds began to drift up the valleys of

the Pastaza, and I could see that the peons considered this a fairly sure sign of rain. We all went to bed in the tent, as thick as Arenques en lata (herrings in a tin), and when I awoke about midnight, to dislodge a chirimote branch which had worked itself between two of my ribs, I heard the raindrops falling gently upon the canvas overhead.

At two o'clock Rafael struck a match, and lit a candle; and then all the peons sat up, and wished everybody good morning. It appeared that they thought it time to get up,--and this in spite of the fact that I had informed them it was only two o'clock. When I am on the trail with a pack train I expect to arise at two, and usually realize the expectation; but I could see nothing to be gained by so doing under the present circumstances. Everybody except myself began smoking, and the air within the tent was soon blue. I stood it until three o'clock, and then I said "Look here, boys, we cant do anything by getting up now; I am going to sleep some more", and with this Rafael put out the candle and finally got the peons quieted down. When I next awoke it was nearly six, and the rain was still falling gently.

It look blacked for our ascent. We took coffee, and killed time until half past seven, in the vain hope that it would clear, which it did not. The summit was obscured by the clouds, but we could see that much snow had fallen on the slopes not far above us; and as the rain ceased, we decided to go ahead. So Cruz and I put on two pairs of socks apiece, loaded one peon with

the camera, a piece of cheese, some bread, and my cherished pound of Lowney's chocolates; a second peon took the bottle of aguardiente and a big chunk of dulce (which is the favorite food of the peons at high altitudes) and a couple of ropes; and Tito Merino led the way, with his piolet (in reality a huge hoe, of the type used lower down to cultivate the corn) to open the way through the snow. I wore my riding suit, a sweater-vest, and over all, my old reliable Manteau Universel; while Cruz also had a riding suit, and over it a Montgomery Ward and Co. Mackinaw (guaranteed 75% wool, price $12.85). Both of us had dark glasses. We werent equipped in the approved fashion of alpinistas, but we didnt need to be. Experience showed that we had everything we needed.

It was quite an exciting moment for me, as I said good-bye to Rafael at the Campamento and started upward toward the crater of Tungurahua. The snow-fields, on which I had gazed for nearly an hour the previous afternoon, were extensive, and there was much yellow smoke ascending from the crater. And what thrilled me more than all, was the thought that I was going to an altitude of more than 16,500 feet,--something I had never expected to do, and did not feel altogether confident of achieving. Some people cannot stand great elevations, and others are not affected by them in the slightest; I now know that I am one of the latter, but I did not feel sure of it when I left the camp that morning.

The vegetation terminates about 500 feet above the camp, and there was ahead of us an exceedingly steep slope

deeply covered with volcanic cinders. The going was a bit hard, since the cinders were altogether loose and one slipped back frequently. We plugged along, however, without any great difficulty, and at 8.30 reached the first snow,--a layer half an inch deep which had fallen during the night and was rapidly melting. I sat down, and pulled out my thermomenter to take the temperature, which proved to be 38°. When I contemplated that snow all around me I began to feel downright good; it was two years ago that I walked through snow in Washington, and since that time I had done nothing more than ~~contemplate~~ view it from a distance.

So far, we had not bothered much about cutting steps; for it was practically useless in these soft cinders. About ten, however, we got onto a very steep slope near Los Altares, with four or five inches of snow over it, and here we had to take it pretty slowly, letting Tito open a zigzag path with his hoe (prosaic implement for alpinistas!). Soon we were alongside the Altares, huge outcroppings of sharp rock whose elevation I figured to be about 15,400 feet, though my barometer had reached the end of its scale several hundred feet below, and was no longer functioning. The peons, starting to follow the route formerly taken along the east side of these rocks, found that the recent eruptions had so changed the character of this region that we could not pass, and we had to come back and go toward the west. It was steep work, and slow going, but I could not see that it was dangerous in the slightest degree. If I had fallen from the steps which Tito

was cutting, I could not have slid more than a few yards, for the snow was moist and there was no ice beneath it.

At eleven thirty we had reached a small group of rocks, and saw immediately above us a huge snowfield reaching several hundred yards toward the crater; beyond this we could not see, for our vision was limited to perhaps 250 yards in any direction, by the clouds. Off toward the west I could make out some beautiful snow cornices, and other snow fields of vast extent. I was altogether enchanted by the scene.

Two features of this ascent of Tungurahua strike me as being altogether incongruous; the first is the cow incident, and the second is, that the peons who went with us, and who knew that they would have to wade thru snow up to their knees, were barefooted! They were lightly dressed in cotton trousers and coats, and each had his woolen poncho; but on their legs, from the knees downwards, and on their feet, they had nothing. During the first part of the ascent, the sharp cinders hurt their feet consideraly, and during the last part, they were in snow all of the time.

Since this spot was so attractive, I suggested that we stop here for breakfast, in the hope that half an hour's delay might give the weather time to improve. Tito scraped away the snow so that his bare feet would be on the cinders, and we all ate according to our desires. No one had much appetite; it seems to be the general experience of mountain-climbers in Ecuador that they do not get very hungry when working at high elevations.

Nevertheless, I got away with my half of the Lowney's chocolates.

At twelve o'clock there was no change in the weather, and we decided to go ahead and tackle the snow-field anyway. Tito started out to dig a path, but it proved to be useless,- he could find no bottom. There was a thin crust below the inch or two of snow which had fallen the previous night, and we could walk without sinking in beyond this, most of the time; every fifth or sixth step the crust would break beneath one's weight, and he would go down to the middle in wet snow. For me it was a delightful experience.

After traveling across, and through, this snow for three or four hundred yards we found ourselves upon the cinders once more, with much small rock all about. Through this we picked our way without cutting steps, since the rocks gave sufficient foothold; and after going a hundred yards or so, I got a whiff of sulfuretted hydrogen,--or something that smelled mightily like it. "We must be getting near the crater" I remarked to Cruz. Suddenly we came upon a small crevice in the rock from which steam was issuing, and I warmed my hands over it. A few feet further, and we found a fair-sized fumarole, from which came sulfurous smoke in generous quantity. Just then Tito gave a shout, and turned back. "The ground is burning my feet" he said, "we have reached the crater". He came back a few yards and sat down.

Having heavy-soled shoes, I could go ahead without inconvenience; when I put my hand upon the ground I found

it not painfully hot, though decidedly warm. Tito had stopped more from fear than from pain. Cruz also stopped, and he and the peons sat down upon some rocks. I was anxious to see what was ahead, and I pushed on a few yards. Off to my left, a dozen yards or so, was a large fumarole, from which came yellow smoke in large quantities, and there was a heavy deposit of sulfur about its mouth. Not more than fifty feet above me I could see what I thought to be the crater rim; jagged rocks stood up, and there seemed to be nothing beyond them. Just then the clouds shifted a bit, and I saw off to my left and a short distance above me, huge volumes of yellow smoke ascending. I stopped. With the clouds concealing and distorting things the way they were, it was foolish to go nearer to the crater. I might fall in, and if I did I would never come out.

I since have wished that I had tied one of our ropes (which we did not have to use during the ascent) about me, and with the peons holding the end below me, gone ahead to the crater rim. But at the moment this did not occur to me.

So I returned, and sat down with the boys. The air was rich with sulfur fumes, and the soil warm beneath us. But here we were, at 16,600 feet above the sea!

Then it began to rain. Had we been lower down, it would have been snow, but here at the crater the air was so warm that the snow melted before it struck the ground. We planned to wait an hour or two, in the hope that the clouds would lift and we would get a view of the valley below us. But after sitting in this rain for half an

hour, and having my manteau thoroughly watersoaked, I said to the boys: "Let's go down", and we started. We had scarcely struck the large snow field, when the rain turned to snow, and we traveled through one of the prettiest snowstorms I have seen in a long time. We traveled rapidly, ploughing through the snowfield, somtimes falling and rolling, but getting ahead all the time. It was quite different from the ascent! In a few minutes we reached the spot where we had eaten breakfast, and here we stopped another half hour (the snow had now become fine sleet, which was not objectionable like the rain at the crater) hoping that it would yet clear a bit. Once or twice the clouds blew toward the west, and we got a glorious glimpse of the snow cornices and snow fields on the eastern slopes of the mountain.

At a quarter to three we decided to go down, and down we went; the snow at the lower levels had melted by this time, and it was easy going through the loose cinders, though powerful hard on shoes. The peons had to come more slowly, because of their bare feet, but Cruz and I ran nearly the whole distance, and reached the camp at half past three, to find Rafael waiting for us with a steaming pot of mazamora.

Thus ends the account of my ascent of Tungurahua, for the last night at the Campamento (a cold one) and the return to Baños offer little of interest. We all walked as far as Pondoa, driving the mules and the cow (with calf) ahead of us; and then we mounted and rode down to Baños, reaching there at eleven o'clock on

Thursday. I found that my face had been burned frightfully, even though we had not seen the sun during our ascent to the crater; it has now peeled off completely, and left me looking a bit ragged, but this is the only feature of the trip which I could really call painful, unless I might add the last night at the Campamento, when I slept cold.

The peons were paid off in Baños, and all bills settled (so I thought). Said I to Rafael, "Now, if there are any items that havent been paid, I want you to tell me." He hesitated a moment. "There is that tin of salmon", he finally said. He referred to a tin which he had bought and presented to me, with much ceremony, the day we started on the ascent. I paid him for it, and then added "Is there anything else?" With some difficulty, and much hesitation, he informed me that he was a poor man, and that I had, due to his efforts, been able to carry out the trip very economically. I saw the point. "I had thought of offering to pay you for your services," I said, "but I felt that it would probably offend you." "Most certainly it would. I would not think of taking any pay", he replied; "In fact, I would get down and lick this floor before I would take any pay; it would be a humiliation. But I am a poor man, and if you want to make me a present of whatever you think you can spare, I will be very thankful."

When will the Latins forget their pride? Never, I suppose. To me, it was just the same whether I paid Rafael for his services, or whether he made me a present of them, and I, in return, made him a present

of 15 sucres; but it was not the same to him, so I made him the present instead of paying him, and he was satisfied,--for the moment. "If there is any little thing I can get for you in Guayaquil," I told him, "which will serve as a souvenir of my visit, I would be very glad if you would tell me." "I am always glad to have books", he replied. "Have you any particular one in mind that you would like me to send you?" I asked. "Yes, I will give you the names of several" he answered. And imagine my astonishment, when he brought me that night a list entitled "Books which the distinguished North American scientist has kindly offered to send Rafael P. Vieira from Guayaquil", which list I found to contain no less than nineteen titles, including Dante's Inferno, two or three geographies, and a pretty nearly complete set of Jules Verne!

PLANT IMMIGRANTS.

No. 190. FEBRUARY, 1922.

GENERA REPRESENTED IN THIS NUMBER.

Plates:

Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction.

APPOINTMENT.

S. 4714[L]. 26
4728 48-49

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
OFFICE OF THE APPOINTMENT CLERK,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mo

February 1, 1919.

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,

Bureau of Plant Industry.

Sir:

You are hereby notified that you have been appointed to the position of Agricultural Explorer,- - - - - - - - - - - on the miscellaneous--roll of the BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY, at a salary of $ 2520 per annum , effective January 24, 1919*.

By promotion from $2040 per annum, on the same roll.

Your leave without pay dated November 29, 1918, has been terminated with January 23, 1919.

Your promotion and restoration to the rolls, dated January 28, 1919, have been revoked.

You will report for duty in writing to the Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry.

By direction of the Secretary of Agriculture:

Respectfully,

D L Gladmon

Appointment Clerk.

Legal residence: California.

8—2005

Fairchild

APPOINTMENT

S. 6842 L 39

Mo

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
OFFICE OF PERSONNEL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

July 14, 1921.

Mr. Wilson Popenoe,

Bureau of Plant Industry.

Sir:

You are hereby notified that you have been appointed to the position of Agricultural Explorer,- - - - - - - - - - - - on the miscellaneous-roll of the BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY, at a salary of $ 3000 per annum , effective July 1, 1921*.

By promotion from $2520 per annum, on the same roll.

You will report for duty in writing to the Chief of the Bureau of Plant Industry.

Foreign Seeds

By direction of the Secretary of Agriculture:

Respectfully,

Chief Personnel Officer.

* The date upon which you were tendered and accepted appointment and assumed duty thereunder.

Legal residence: California.

8—2005

[8 March 1921]

CONSTE por el presente documento que yo José Capelo, vecino de la parroquia de Zaruma y residente en el sitio denominado "El Faique", me comprometo con el Señor Wilson Popenoe a lo siguiente:-

1º.- Me obligo voluntariamente con el citado Popenoe a entregarle dos bestias mulares, de buenas condiciones, una para silla y otra de carga;

2º.- El precio del contrato es de Cuarenta (S/ 40.00) sucres, por el flete de las dos mulas inclusive peon, de los cuales he recibido Cinco (S/ 5.00) sucres a buena cuenta de este contrato;

3º.- Corre de mi cuenta y riesgo el cuidado de las mulas y más el pasto desde Portovelo hasta el termino del viaje.- El viaje será por la via de Catacocha, llegando a esa población, para de allí continuar el viaje a Loja; pero si por cualquier evento el citado Popenoe quisiere ir por la via del Cisne, me obligo tambien a continuar el viaje por este pueblo;

4º.- El referido Popenoe me entregará la suma de Treinta y cinco (S/ 35.00) sucres, último saldo a mi favor, por este contrato, al llegar a la ciudad de Loja. Aclaro que este señor no tiene mas obligaciones con el suscrito que la entrega de la suma indicada;

5º.- Me obligo a pagar al mencionado Popenoe todo perjuicio en caso de faltar al presente contrato y para su constancia, por no saber firmar, ruego al testigo que suscribe lo haga por mi en Portovelo a veinte y ocho de Marzo de mil novecientos veinte y uno.

A ruego de JOSE CAPELO,
que dice no saber firmar, L.A. Márquez Guerra.

Testigo,

R. D. Mills

CMC/E.O.

PASAPORTE Nº. 1176

REPUBLICA DEL ECUADOR

GOBERNACION DE LA PROVINCIA DEL GUAYAS

Concedo libre pasaporte al señor WILSON POPENOE de nacionalidad norteamericano, de 27 años de edad, de estado soltero, quien se dirige a Lima (Perú), por asuntos particulares.

Por tanto, ordeno a las autoridades de mi dependencia-y a las que no lo están, ruego y encargo-no le pongan inconveniente en su marcha.

Dado en la sala de mi Despacho, sellado y refrendado por mi Secretario, en Guayaquil, a 29 de Julio de 1921

República del Ecuador
GOBERNACION DE LA PROVINCIA DEL GUAYAS

EL GOBERNADOR.

EL SECRETARIO.

ANOTADO
P. Oficial 2º

CORREOS del ECUADOR — Oficina de Paquetes Postales

Nº [illegible] — Por $ [illegible]

LIQUIDACION (MODELO B)

El Jefe de Paquetes Postales certifica que Sr Wilson Popenoe consignó hoy la cantidad de 1 paquete venido de EE UU. por derechos de aduana e impuestos adicionales sobre

1 Número de los Paquetes	2 MERCADERIAS	SEGUN LEY ARANCELARIA DE ADUANAS				
		3 PESO		4	5	6
		Kilos	Gramos	Clase	Aforo	Derechos
	Semillas	2	500	2ª	Libre	
	Aforo					1.0.
	Piso					18.
	Muelle					0.5.
	Movilización					0.2.
	Tránsito Panamá					50.
	Transporte por Ferrocarril Sur.					2.5.
	Tonelada					0.3.
	Impuestos adicionales según Decretos Legislativos siguientes:					02
	Obre. 13 de 1918—Locales escolares—¼ de centavo.					01.
	Obre. 18-1919-Frrcarril a Cuenca, Esmrlds., la Costa, S. Juan-Muelle y Aduana					
	" " Decretos adicionales sobre peso bruto (columna 8)					
	Obre. 14 1919-Centenario Batalla Pichincha, 2% ad valorem (columna 10)					
	" 31 " Conclusión Ferrocarril a la Costa, 2% " (columna 11)					
	Total					$ 1.46

Quito, a 11 de Mayo de 192 1

Vº Bº—El Jefe de Paquetes Postales, [signature]

El Vista-Aforador, Rueda

Guayaquil, July 26 1921

MEMORANDUM Re SHIPMENT

I am forwarding via Washington one cotton sack containing the following articles, to-wit, viz:

One suit, made of Chillo wool by J.Elias Endara. Color, warm purplish brown.

One piece, 7-1/2 varas, Chinese silk

One Montecristi hat, in tube of tin. Cost 40 sucres.

All of the above articles are to be held until my arrival at Altadena. You might do well to have the suit pressed and laid away, in a moth-proof bag or something of that sort. The silk should also be kept rather carefully, likewise the hat.

[*204, Paperse Subject Files: 1920-1921, Travel Notes..., miscellaneous notes, receipts, railroad tickets and schedules.] 16 ixmo.

(1)

[1913]

Loja, April 6

I came back last night from a 3 days trip to the natural home of the Cinchonas in the valley of the Rio Malacatos, not far south of here. Now and say that I have seen and studied the Cinchonas in their native haunts. There are hundreds of the trees down there, they form dense thickets in some places.

This morning I took a look about town, my first through exploration over the

(over)

place. It has more
of the Spanish colonial
atmosphere than almost
any other town I have
seen in America Latina.
I think 3/4 of the bldgs
were constructed in
colonial times — and
have never been re-
paired. Every white man
is called "Doctor".
Its an interesting old
place, but awfully
far from the rest
of the world.

In about 5 days I
will start for Cuenca.

Jy

77

HOTEL MAJESTIC

Propietarios: ESTELA, CAJIAO & CORREDOR

CALI, Diciembre 6 de DE 1920

Señor W. Popenoe.

15.806—CARVAJAL & CIA.—CALI

	DEBE	
Pieza y alimentación 4 dias del 2 al 6 a las 8 am. $ 4 diarios	$ 16	00
Alimentación del ... al ...		
Desayunos extras		
Almuerzos ,,		
Comidas ,,		
Cantina		
Lavado de ropa / Aplanchado	0.	60

$ 16.60

NOTA - Las cuentas deberán ser pagadas cada ocho días. Esta cuenta debe ser cancelada por el Administrador.

$ 16.60

Form N°15

Valeur Payée $ 12

ADMINISTRATION DES POSTES de LA REPUBLIQUE DE L'EQUATEUR

GUAYAQUIL

RECEPISSE OBLIGATOIRE ET GRATUIT D' UN ENVOI RECOMMANDÉ

A DESTINATION DE L'ETRANGER

Imp. La reforma—15

Núm 2112/2113

Objet 2. P. Los Angeles California

Nom du Consignataire: M. Popenoe

Adresse de l'envoi S. O. Popenoe

Guayaquil, Dic 15 de 1920

Silvio Cueva

Signature du fonctionaire postal

Recibo de la encomienda N.º 303 con 2150 gramos que contiene ...., remitida por .... calle .... N.º .... a .... en .... Franqueada con $ 16.25 Fecha ....

CORREO de ....

Altadena

California

E.U.

Embajada Americana

....
Firma

Recibo de la encomienda N.º 502 con 3220 gramos que contiene ...., remitida por .... calle .... N.º .... en .... Franqueada con $ .... Fecha ....

CORREO de ....

....
Firma

Música á 10 cts.

en la CASA AMARILLA-S. Diego 236

NO SE DEJE HACER EL CUENTO DEL TÍO!..
No pague más!.., exija buen papel y que no tengan errores!..

"CASA AMARILLA" le garante sin errores y en buen papel a SOLO 10 centavos las piezas siguientes: (rogamos no confurdirlas con las que venden en papel de diario)

Casa Amarilla - San Diego 236

Alma de Dios, canción húngara
Destino, vals con letra
Perdon, vals con letra
Salomé, fox-trot (el verdadero)
Fado de mi tierra
Fado 31
Fado 33
Fado Blanquita
Acuérdate de mí, canción
Beautiful Ohío, vals
Ultimo vals, de la opereta
Wispering, fox-trot
Caixa da guitarra, fado
Missouri, vals
Yaaka Hula, fox-trot
Smiles, fox-trot
Hindustan „ „
Chong, fox-trot
Carne de Cabaret, tango
Milonguita, tango
Cara sucia, tango
Llévame al té, cancion
Estas son lentejas couplet
Flor de té, canción
Ojos que te vieron ir, canción
Tus ojos, canción (sus pícaros ojos).
Perla roja, one-step
My Ownn Iona, fox-trot
Indianola, fox trot

a 20 Centavos

Casa Amarilla-San Diego 236

Mick, fox-trot
Niñas de América, two-step
Soko, two-step
Alma y vida, couplet
Agua que va río abajo, couplet
Alondra, couplet
Chulapona, couplet
Dime como andas, couplet
El que a hierro mata, canción
El idilio, canción
El Relicario, paso doble
Juan Español, couplet
La hora del té, tango
Los ojos de Estanislao, couplet
Canción napolitana
La Maja aristocrática „
La Maja pinturera „
La Miss „
La Marquesa del Jarzmín „
La bandera pasa, canción
La copla del Majo „
La cautiva „
Fiori de stelle, mazurca
Reti de amore, mazurca
Margaritina couplet
Mi Luis, couplet
Mala entraña, couplet
Mi lancha pescadora, couplet
Rayo de oro, couplet
Tus besos „
Ya me perdí, couplet
Largo de Hendel, clásico
Visión, vals
Berbabé, no abuses
Capullo de rosa
Caballería Rusticana, romanza
Canción triste, Schaikowski (clásico)
Copihue rojo, canción
La verbena de la Paloma habanera
Mublim Moss, two-step
Nena, fox trot
Siempre amorosa, one-step
Tango en do, Albeniz, clásico
Visión de Salomé, vals
La polola, tango
Millones de Arlequín, vals

Antofagasta, con letra. $ 1.—
Valparaíso alegre, fox trot 1.—
En la terraza de las Torpederas, fox-trot... 1.—

Cariño, vals..... $ 1.—
Música, Amor y Danza, fox-trot..... 1.—
Ensueño, vals 1.—

Ultimas novedades

LÁGRIMAS, vals por Angela Mateos. GRAN ÉXITO (se vendió la primera edición en 26 días) vale UN PESO. KITI-KITI el Shimmy de moda, por Pérez Freire. Vale UN PESO. ¿Por qué quieres morir?, vals para canto y piano, este vals es una de las mejores composiciones del Sr. O. Pérez Freire, vale 1.40.

SOLO EL AMOR ES FECUNDO, vals boston, por Ismael Rivera; OTOÑAL, vals romántico, por Ricardo Romero, estos valses fueron los que sacaron primero y segundo premio en el concurso musical que celebró esta Casa. Valen $ 2 c/u.

SAN DIEGO 236 Fíjese que el letrero diga: **CASA AMARILLA** sino pagará más y peor mercadería

Gran Hotel "PANAMERICANO"
de
J. Manuel Yépez
Establecido en 1919

Cuarto No 6 2.

EL SEÑOR Wilsón Popenoe

1921 Por lo siguiente Debe

		Por 4 días de habitación $	7	20
		Cafés $		
		Almuerzos $		
		Comidas $		
		Medias comidas $		
		Baños $		
		Automóvil $		
		Alfalfa $		
		EXTRAS		
		una caja de Sardinas	2	00
		una caja de gallotas	3	00
		Suma $	12.	20
			1	20
			11.	00

S. E. u. O.

Ibarra, a 1 de Febrero de 1921

Cancelada

HOTEL METROPOLITANO

HOTEL METROPOLITANO
DE
Isaac J. Aboab

Riobamba, *Diciembre 22* de 1920.

Señor *W Paperno*

Por lo siguiente: **DEBE:**

	Cuarto	3	50
	Comida	1	50
	Desayuno	0	30
		5	30

Marzo 6 - 1920

Lista de los víveres para los peones que van al Tunguragua

Una arroba machica	$7. 3'20
Media arroba polvo arbejas	1'90
Dos libras Sal a 0'15 la lb	0'30
Un queso	0'45
Dos atados dulce a 0'60	1'20
Una libra manteca	0'75
Tres libras azúcar a 0'35	1'05
Media arroba carne a 0'30 lbs	3'75
Pan	1'00
Café una libra	0'35
Arroz de castilla 2 lbs a 0'25	0'50
Fideos 2 lbs a 0'40	0'80
	$7. 15'25

Rafael P. Vivar

Aguardiente 2 botellas $1.60

Mr. Popenoe

3 cans P. & Beans	2.70
2 bot Malt. Milk	2.60
3 cans Cheese small	1.95
2 cans Plum Pudding	3.00
1 spool Thread	.65
2 cans Tomatoes	.80
Total	11.70

Paid 3-28-21
A. Lee

Autores	Obras
~~Jon Milton~~	
Dante Alligeri	La Divina Comedia
Camile Flammarion	La Pluralidad de los Mundos habitados
Wilson (Barmeza)	Maravillas Americana

En caso de no encontrar algunas de estas obras, dejo al criterio de mi célebre Lario y generoso amigo, de quien conservo gratos recuerdos, en especial, de su atención al Turrialba

Barva, Marzo 11 de 1921

Rafael P. Vieira

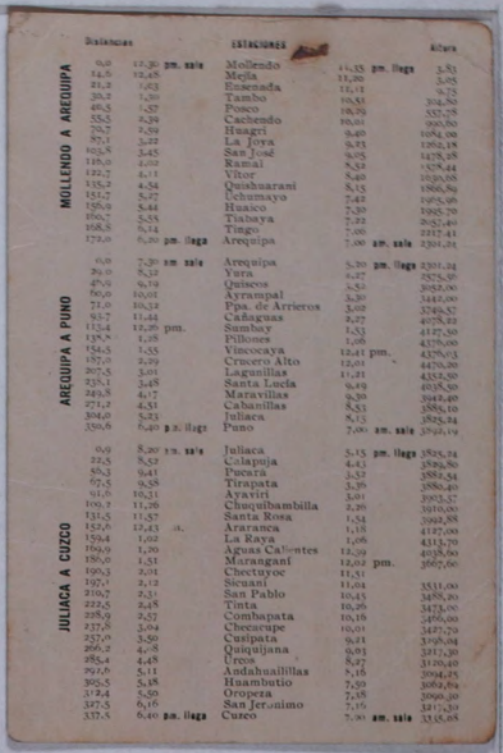
Same his "celebrated, wise, & generous friend"

The list of books Vieira gave me: See account of trip to Turrialba.

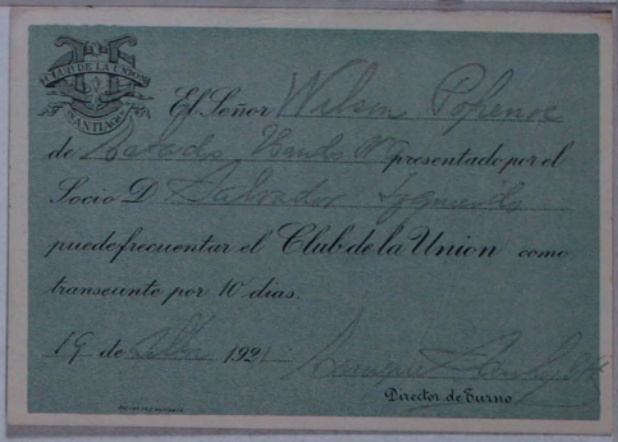
M.P.

Lista de las Obras que el célebre Norte Americano M. Wilson Popence lleva el encargo bondadosamente de conseguir en Guayaquil Son las siguientes:

Autores	Obras
Julio Verne	La Isla Misteriosa
	La vuelta al Mundo en 80 dias
	Los grandes esploradores del Siglo XIX
	Los hijos del Capitan Grant.
	Los ingleses en el Polo Norte
	Veinte mil leguas del Viaje Submarino
L. F. Mantilla	Historia Universal para niños
Saint Pierre	Genoveva de Brabante
	Rosa de Tanemburgo
	Itha
Dúmas Alejandro	La Mano del Muerto
	La Dama de las Camelias
Aza Smit	Geografía Universal
Lamartine A	Civilizadores y Conquistadores
Josè Velarde	Obras Poéticas
Josè Zorrilla	Cantos del Trovador



	Distancias			ESTACIONES			Altura
MOLLENDO A AREQUIPA	0,0	12,30	pm. sale	Mollendo	11,35	pm. llega	3,83
	14,6	12,48		Mejia	11,20		3,05
	21,2	1,03		Ensenada	11,11		9,75
	30,2	1,30		Tambo	10,51		304,80
	46,5	1,57		Posco	10,29		557,28
	55,5	2,34		Cachendo	10,01		900,60
	70,7	2,59		Huagri	9,40		1084,00
	87,1	3,22		La Joya	9,23		1262,18
	103,8	3,45		San José	9,05		1478,28
	118,0	4,02		Ramai	8,52		1575,44
	122,7	4,11		Vitor	8,40		1630,08
	135,2	4,54		Quishuarani	8,15		1866,89
	151,7	5,27		Uchumayo	7,42		1965,96
	156,9	5,44		Huaico	7,30		1985,70
	166,7	5,53		Tiabaya	7,22		2057,40
	168,8	6,14		Tingo	7,06		2117,41
	172,0	6,20	pm. llega	Arequipa	7,00	am. sale	2304,24
AREQUIPA A PUNO	0,0	7,30	am. sale	Arequipa	5,30	pm. llega	2301,24
	29,0	8,32		Yura	4,27		2575,56
	47,9	9,19		Quiscos	3,51		3052,00
	60,6	10,01		Ayrampal	3,30		3442,00
	71,0	10,32		Ppa. de Arrieros	3,02		3749,57
	93,7	11,44		Cañaguas	2,27		4078,82
	113,4	12,26	pm.	Sumbay	1,53		4127,50
	138,8	1,26		Pillones	1,08		4378,00
	154,5	1,55		Vincocaya	12,41	pm.	4376,03
	187,0	2,29		Crucero Alto	12,01		4470,20
	207,5	3,01		Lagunillas	11,21		4352,50
	238,1	3,48		Santa Lucia	9,49		4038,50
	249,8	4,17		Maravillas	9,30		3948,40
	271,2	4,51		Cabanillas	8,53		3885,10
	304,0	5,23		Juliaca	8,13		3825,24
	330,6	6,40	p.m. llega	Puno	7,00	am. sale	3830,19
JULIACA A CUZCO	0,0	8,20	a.m. sale	Juliaca	5,15	pm. llega	3825,24
	22,5	8,52		Calapuja	4,43		3829,80
	50,3	9,41		Pucara	3,52		3887,51
	67,5	9,58		Tirapata	3,36		3880,40
	91,6	10,31		Ayaviri	3,01		3903,57
	100,7	11,26		Chuquibambilla	2,26		3910,00
	131,5	11,57		Santa Rosa	1,54		3992,88
	152,6	12,43	a.	Araranca	1,18		4127,00
	159,4	1,02		La Raya	1,06		4313,70
	169,9	1,20		Aguas Calientes	12,59		4038,60
	186,0	1,51		Maranganí	12,02	pm.	3667,60
	190,3	2,01		Checuyoc	11,51		
	197,1	2,12		Sicuani	11,04		3511,00
	210,7	2,31		San Pablo	10,45		3488,20
	222,5	2,48		Tinta	10,26		3473,00
	228,9	2,57		Combapata	10,16		3466,00
	237,8	3,04		Checacupe	10,01		3427,70
	257,0	3,50		Cusipata	9,21		3398,04
	266,2	4,08		Quiquijana	9,03		3317,30
	285,4	4,48		Urcos	8,27		3120,40
	292,6	5,11		Andahuaillillas	8,16		3094,25
	305,5	5,38		Huambutio	7,59		3062,64
	312,4	5,50		Oropeza	7,48		3090,30
	327,5	6,16		San Jerónimo	7,16		3213,30
	337,5	6,40	p.m. llega	Cuzco	7,00	am. sale	3335,05



NOTA:

Los transeuntes no podrán frecuentar el Club acompañados de personas estrañas a la Institucion.

EL DIRECTORIO.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY OF PERU, LTD.

AND

DEPENDENCIES

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO INDIVIDUAL

AND

PARTY TOURS

INQUIRIES SOLICITED

ADDRESS:

THE GENERAL MANAGER.

AREQUIPA, PERU.

LIMA ADDRESS:

THE REPRESENTATIVE

PERUVIAN CORPORATION LTD.

OCTOBER 1920.

TIP. CACERES 41599

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY OF PERU, LTD.

and

DEPENDENCIES

FIRST CLASS FARES AND BAGGAGE RATES PER 220 LBS.
ONE SOL (S/.) IS WORTH ABOUT 50 CENTS. U. S. CURRENCY
OR TWO SHILLINGS STERLING

Principal Stations:

	Fares S/.	Baggage S/.
Mollendo to Arequipa	7.50	9.00
„ „ Juliaca	22.75	16.00
„ „ Sicuani	32.50	18.00
„ „ Cuzco	34.40	20.00
„ „ Puno	25.00	17.00
„ „ La Paz	51.30	24.35
„ „ „ roundtrip	79.65	
Juliaca to Sicuani	9.75	9.00
„ „ Cuzco	18.15	13.50
Arequipa to Juliaca	15.25	13.50
„ „ Sicuani	25.00	17.00
„ „ Cuzco	28.40	18.00
„ „ Puno	17.50	15.00
„ „ La Paz	43.80	20.35
„ „ „ roundtrip .	68.40	
Cuzco to La Paz	46.85	22.35

No deductions for round trips except as mentioned.

FREE BAGGAGE ALLOWANCE:

Mollendo to La Paz 155 lbs., other points to La Paz 110 lbs.

Between all other points 70 lbs.

F. C. DE SANTA INES
NOS
VIAJE COMPLETO
30 Cts.
Para evitar nuevo pago, se ruega al Pasajero conservar su Boleto hasta bajarse.
201726

F. C. DE SANTA INES
NOS
VIAJE COMPLETO
30 Cts.
Para evitar nuevo pago, se ruega al Pasajero conservar su Boleto hasta bajarse.
201700

FERROCARRIL URBANO
de Quillota a la Cruz
014367
De Charravata a Quillota
30 centavos
Se ruega guardar el boleto para evitar nuevo pago

FERROCARRIL URBANO
de Quillota a la Cruz
014368
De Charravata a Quillota
30 centavos
Se ruega guardar el boleto para evitar nuevo pago

N 8701
REVISTA MILITAR
19 de Setiembre de 1921
ENTRADA A LA ELIPSE
$ 1.00

№ 071270 ✻
CERRO SANTA LUCIA
1921
Boleto Diurno
10 Centavos

FERROCARRIL URBANO
de Quillota a la Cruz
006959
De La Cruz a Charravata
30 centavos
Se ruega guardar el boleto para evitar nuevo pago

FERROCARRIL URBANO
de Quillota a la Cruz
006958
De La Cruz a Charravata
30 centavos
Se ruega guardar el boleto para evitar nuevo pago