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I

FORMATION OF COMMITTEE TO PREPARE REPORT ON THE
SITUATION IN COMPANIA ANONIMA NACIONAL DE TELEFORRO
DE VENEZUELA (C.A.N.T) AND PREPARATION OF THE REPORT.

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I was at Quallicum Beach, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, in early August 1951, when I had a telephone call from Mr. H. S. Osborne asking whether I would be interested in a brief assignment with the telephone company in Caracas. I told him I would be. It was arranged that I would come to New York to meet representatives of that company about the end of August.

Since my wife and I had driven our car to the West Coast it was necessary to start back fairly promptly to reach New York in time for my appointment at the end of August. We had driven east as far as Milwaukee, when from a telephone call to New York it developed that it would be necessary for me to fly the rest of the way and leave my wife in Milwaukee with the car. It was agreed between the two of us that she would remain there with the car, that I would fly back to Milwaukee after settling matters one way or another with the Caracas representatives, and that we two would then drive on to New York together. I had been in New York two days only, when I received a telegram from the Lady saying that she was on her way and planned to drive the 1000 miles alone. I was not happy, but was helpless. She admits to having no sense of direction, and I visioned another "One-Way Corrigan" ending in Kansas City or Spokane. With the aid of the admirable strip maps provided by AAA, she made the 1000 miles uneventfully and triumphantly in two and a half days.

The telephone company which operates in Caracas and several other cities and towns of Venezuela (CANT) is British owned. Mr.

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Alastair Roger , a director, and Mr. J. W. Wheeler, Chief Consulting Engineer of CANT, had come to New York from London to engage engineers to make a survey of the company's situation, and to prepare an independent report indicating how long it should take to clear up the serious held application situation existing in Caracas in particular, but also in most of the other lesser towns and cities where CANT operates. It was developed by Mr. Wheeler that emphatic public protests against the long standing facility shortages, and likewise the quality of service in Caracas, had caused the National Government to call upon CANT for a statement of its plans to clear up the situation. The CANT management's reponse was an outline of a plan to clear up all existing held applications in five years, with no commitment as to how long thereafter the company would be on a current basis, i.e., service on a when and where wanted basis. The Ministry of Communications did not consider this proposal satisfactory. CANT then decided to engage telephone engineers from the United States to make "an independent and unbiased survey" of the situation. This report from outside engineers would then be submitted to the Government, with the hope that agreement could be reached between the Government and CANT as to a plan of action for clearing held applications, improving service and for whatever rate adjustments and assistance in raising new capital might be concerned. It was specifically understood that the American engineers would be concerned only with the facility and service improvement aspects of the problem.

Mr. Osborne had been requested by Mr. Roger and Mr. Wheeler to furnish names of prospective candidates. From this list, in addition to myself, the following three engineers were finally selected by the British representatives, interviewed in New York, and engaged to go to Caracas.

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- a. Mr. Werner Stahl, until recently Equipment Engineer of the Northern California Area of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co.
- b. Mr. C. G. Swan, until recently of the Plant Department, Indiana Bell Telephone Co.
- c. Mr. Fred Temple, retired Outside Plant Engineer of the Michigan Bell Telephone Co.

Each of the four of us, accompanied by our wives, arrived at Caracas about the first of October. The Company had arranged accommodations for us at the Hotel Avila, the leading hotel in Caracas, and one which compares favorably with the best hotels in cosmopolitan centers elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere. A Company car was provided for our daily use, including transportation to and from the office, and on occasions when the four of us and our wives had occasion to go out at the same time, as for example to some social event, a second Company car was made available. All in all, the living arrangements were most satisfactory.

Visits were made by all four engineers to the following CANT exchanges outside of Caracas:

Los Teques	San Juan de los Moros
La Victoria	Valencia
Maracay	Puerto Cabello

and several small magneto exchanges on the routes between the listed exchanges. On another occasion Mr. Stahl and I flew to Maracaibo and Barquisemeto, respectively the second and fourth largest exchanges in the Company. The above named eight offices plus those in Caracas and nearby La Guaira include all the larger exchanges in the territory operated by CANT, with the single exception of the rather remote Ciudad Bolivar located on the Orinoco in Eastern Venezuela.

Mr. J. W. Wheeler came on from London early in December

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and remained in Caracas until we had completed our report on December 21. Mr. Swan and Mr. Temple returned to their homes at that time, but Mr. Stahl and I were asked to stay on until the report prepared by the four of us had been translated into Spanish, copies submitted to the Ministry of Communications, and opportunity afforded the Ministry to raise any questions they might wish to ask. The CANT people thought the Ministry might finish its preliminary review of the report by mid-January, so with CANT concurrence we, the Stahls and the Campbells, instead of remaining in Caracas where we had been for nearly three months, flew to Barbados, where we would be available on call, and in very pleasant surroundings while waiting.

At the end of the first week in January we received word from London that it had been decided not to present the report immediately and that the two of us, Stahl and Campbell, were released. We officially severed our connection a few days later, the Stahls heading by way of the West Indies and Mexico to their home in San Mateo, California; the Campbells for a trip to Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Panama, Guatemala, Yucatan and Havana, before returning to their home in Sarasota, Florida.

II

THE SITUATION EXISTING IN C.A.N.T.Held Applications

As of the Fall of 1951, CANT had the following lines, stations and held applications:

	<u>Lines</u>	<u>Stations</u>	<u>Pending Applications</u>
Metropolitan Caracas	28,379	56,600 *	32,317
"Agency Offices", i.e., area outside of Caracas	<u>10,660</u>	<u>17,600</u>	<u>6,400</u>
Total	39,039	74,200	38,717

* rounded out

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From this table it will be noted that :

(a) The held application situation while serious in both Caracas and the so-called "Agency" territory, i.e., the area outside of Metropolitan Caracas, is particularly serious in the Capital area, where, after deducting an estimated 20 percent "melt", the number of pending applications (26,000) equalled 92% of the lines in service, and was growing. Some of these held applications, still live, dated back nine or ten years.

(b) As would be expected, there were found the usual concomitants of a long standing held application situation, for example, an outgoing occupant of a house or an apartment by arrangement with the incoming occupant, sometimes for a consideration, would not notify the telephone company of his move, thus enabling the incoming occupant to continue the service, though of course under the original listing. There were numerous tales, some of them probably well founded, of individuals who got service by persuading an existing subscriber to request the telephone company to move his telephone to the residence of the "purchasing party". Here also, as in the case cited above, the directory listing would be initially, and generally speaking, would remain incorrect, since the customer naturally would not advise the company of an illicit change of name.

(c) The ratio of lines to stations in a company where no party line service is sold is unusually low (.5 for Caracas). Inability of existing subscribers to get additional lines and of other applicants to get primary service, have led to subscribers taking extension stations to an unusual extent, and even resorting to putting an extension station in a neighbor's house to permit him to have some service. When this was done it was with the company's concurrence.

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Once the facility situation is eased, the ratio of extension stations in Caracas will probably drop by some 40 per cent from the current 0.5 to perhaps 0.3. Facility shortages had existed since 1939, and furthermore the number of held applications had mounted year by year ever since that time. That there should be public ill feeling about these facility shortages is easily understandable. The basic cause of most of these facility shortages was lack of C.O. equipment.

III - Service

By and large local service in the "Agency" territory appeared to be fairly satisfactory. In the Caracas area it was not. Since the service was all dial and since the system was seriously overloaded in crucial spots, service reactions were altogether too common. Intercept service was not provided and there was no "number unavailable" signal. Many futile attempts by customers to call numbers no longer connected added to the overload. A lack of spare PBX hunting finals resulted in a large number of business houses with PBX service being assigned numbers in ordinary final groups. A calling party encountering^a busy line to one of these PBX's might make several attempts to different non-sequential numbers assigned to a PBX. With number hunting one call would have sufficed. The ill effects of this lack of proper type of finals tended to compound the already serious overloading on the various channels.

The central offices in Caracas were over-staffed and the forces undertrained and under-educated. In any consideration of Venezuela and its problems it should be borne in mind that the fabulous long-ruling dictator Gomez died only 17 years ago, and that while ruling he subscribed only half-heartedly to a belief in education of

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the masses. Therefore, although the country today is pushing its educational program in every possible way, the principal effect of these almost frantic efforts of the authorities can be only on current generations of the school population, not on those now in their twenties and thirties who should have been attending primary and grammar school in the late Gómez and early post-Gómez eras. As a result, many telephone construction employees are illiterate, and many central office employees if literate have at most only fourth grade schooling. It is quite impractical to recruit high school graduates or even grammar school graduates. Note that this deplorable situation obtains in an all dial city, which unfortunately has two types of central office equipment in several of its offices -- Chicago type step-by-step, and Liverpool type step-by-step. Instruction handbooks written in Spanish were not available to the employees.

Turning to outside plant, Caracas has more cable trouble than it should. Much of the conduit system is built in narrow streets where the sub-surface structures are congested and records of these structures are lacking. The workmen of the various utilities tend to have a cheerful disregard of the rights of other companies. Coupled with this, the streets of downtown Caracas are undergoing major reconstruction. An old Spanish colonial street layout dating back to the 16th Century is being converted to an ultra modern 20th Century standard. Within one block of the location of the Caracas main office the newly created Avenida Bolivar and its intersecting streets will have four separate levels for automobile traffic. That such a major municipal project located so close to the principal central office should seriously affect important conduit runs is easy to conceive. The municipal author-

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ities have ordered the removal of overload construction on many streets in this central area, and are adamant in insisting on prompt compliance with their demands. Numerous street widening projects are in gradual process, making temporarily for very irregular street fronts and disturbed telephone distributing systems. These transitional situations -- one building set back, adjacent ones not -- will continue for from two to three years in many cases before the street widening is complete.

At one time during the period of wartime shortages CANT was forced to use a type of drop wire which was too large to be led through the openings in the side of the #14 type distributing terminals which are designed for that purpose. The installers, therefore, led the drop wires into the front of the terminal, and thus prevented the terminal lid from closing. Satisfactory wire is now being used, but the undesirable termination practice is being unnecessarily continued, making for unsightly terminals and for face plate leakage.

The foregoing few selected examples of causes of inferior service could be paralleled by others. However, those cited serve to show that not only must held applications be cleared, but service standards must be raised if CANT is to gain public approval. Perhaps most important of all, a modern concept of good telephone service must be established and then accepted by the maintenance forces.

IV - Reports

Our conclusions as to what was a practical solution to CANT'S problems were set forth in (1) a 43 page "Report" and (2) in a separate 29 page binder labelled "Notes". Each of these had numerous charts.

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Each was complete in itself. The Report dealt mainly with the held application situation and gave our suggestions as to a solution. It was the plan to have CANT translate the Report into Spanish and submit it to the Ministry of Communications. The Notes contained comments on service and construction features, and suggestions as to recommended improvements. The Notes were not intended for submission to the Government.

It was our conclusion that if every reasonable effort were to be made to expedite the work, and if it were started at once, i.e., in January 1952, it would be economically practicable to clear all existing held applications by the end of 1955 and to be on a current basis throughout the metropolitan area in another 18 months to two years. Under this program many large and important sections would be on a current basis well before the end of 1955, and the waiting interval would be steadily dropping throughout the area before that date. Coincidentally, major service improvements would have been put into effect.

Converting bolivars to dollars at 3 to 1, the current book value per line of the total exchange account of CANT is much the same as that of the Bell System. We estimated that to execute the 1952-1955 exchange program outlined in our Report for CANT as a whole, would require gross additions of \$31,500,000 and would result in an increase of 124 per cent in plant investment in the four year period. It would require establishing one new operating center and net increases in major plant units of the following orders:

Lines of C.O. Equipment	114 per cent
Pair Kilometers of Exchange Cable	174 per cent
Tube meters of conduit	133 per cent

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From these percentage increases it is manifest that the program is a stiff one, but in our combined opinions it is practical from the standpoint of execution if materials and money can be made available. The materials represent such a small portion of the capacity of both the cable and the equipment manufacturing subsidiaries of the British System which owns CANT among its other properties, that it seemed to us that the problem simmered down to (a) suitable rate and franchise arrangements, (b) financing, and (c) a genuine desire to give the territory served good and adequate service.

As previously mentioned, when Mr. Stahl and I left Barbados we knew only that the London office had decided not to submit our Report immediately, and have since heard informally that the Report was submitted to the Ministry February 1, with what reactions I do not know. I also have been told that Swiss capital is being invited to participate in the venture. The one thing that seems certain is that the present situation cannot continue. The Caracéños are telephone minded and will get service somehow. If CANT cannot provide it, the Government will take over the property and go into the telephone business in CANT territory. It is the general belief among the telephone people that the Government is not anxious to take this step, but on the other hand it must be recognized that the Federal Government is already launched in the telephone business elsewhere in Venezuela. It has entered into a contract with the Ericsson Co. for the construction of a toll telephone system inter-connecting each of those State Capitals which are now without service, and connecting them with the CANT net work. Ericsson also will build a small dial exchange in each of these

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unserved capitals. There are some 20 of them, all small and all located in the huge, sparsely settled hinterland outside of CANT territory. Ericsson has had this work under way for about a year. Under its contract it will operate the plant for a year after its completion, and then withdraw. The Ministry of Communications which has for many years operated the telegraph system of the country, will then take over this part of its telephone system.

We four, of course, are anxious to know about developments in the "Affaire CANT", but have to rely on the good nature of our busy friends in Caracas for any information.

V - Strictly Personal

Barbados.

The Campbells liked Barbados, and we saw it all. The island is about three times the size of Staten Island, has about 200,000 population, 90 per cent Negro, and is one of the oldest British Colonies. In the good old days when in the course of their numerous wars the Spanish, British, French, Dutch and Danes passed the various West Indian Islands back and forth like the pieces in a chess game, Britain hung on to Barbados. It is and always has been almost solely sugar cane country, sugar and rum its exports. It is really immoral to drink anything other than rum in Barbados, and decidedly unprofitable, since excellent fancy rum drinks at the Yacht Club, for example, cost less than 20 cents.

The Barbados dollar, linked to the British pound, is worth about 65 cents American. We had a large room and shower bath at the

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Windsor for 22 B dollars per day, including really excellent meals. In U. S. currency that was about \$7 a day per person, American plan. Thanks to Mr. McKinstry, the local telephone company manager, we had a card at the Yacht Club and went swimming on its delightful beach. Didn't miss a day in three weeks.

Having passed a "rigorous" examination, we both obtained operator's licenses. The dignified Negro constable in immaculate dark blue and white suggested to Helen that she evidently misunderstood the question "Can you read traffic signals at a distance of 25 yards?". She had written "No". Recognizing, I suppose, how intricate the question was, the constable permitted her to change her answer to "Yes". Now that we were licensed operators we rented a car. Our prize was a "Morris 40" which had survived 29,000 miles at the hands of many different drive-your-selfers, most of whom I suspect were as maladept as I. Traffic in Barbados goes to the left. Our Morris was a right drive, 4-speed forward car. Reverse was accomplished by a series of maneuvers which I knew far better than the car did. On many occasions the car and I went through several rehearsals before it could be persuaded that we really would not get anywhere unless we backed up. I once knew a Shetland pony like that. Barbados highways are narrow, there are no sidewalks; bicycle and pedestrian traffic is brave and fearless. Fortunately our car, like the rattlesnake, never struck without warning. Its rattles could be heard above all other noises. When as we roared through the women and children at 20 miles per hour, and Helen's shudders increased their tempo to almost the periodicity of the rattles of the car, I would say with great composure, "All right, my love, you have a license. Would you like to drive?" She never did; now claims that she never

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had a comfortable moment in that car. However, it will be noted for the record that she always strung along in the 600 miles I drove in that tight little island.

We recommend Barbados to anyone who cares for peaceful, quiet, picturesque surroundings, excellent swimming, and moderate costs. The population, only 10 per cent white, is friendly and courteous. The people of our country could learn much from the racial relationships that obtain in Barbados.

Trinidad

Barbados and Trinidad are only an hour apart by air, but are quite different. Trinidad has hills, a rich soil, petroleum, and many different racial strains in its population. Barbados has none of these. We saw Trinidad's two most famous spots, the Pitch Lake and the Angostura Bitters factory. The latter is the more interesting, and furthermore offers each visitor a free Planters Punch. The Pitch Lake comes in the category of those sights which one sees and then says to one's self, "There, I have seen that and I don't have to do that again." Our outstanding recollection of Trinidad relates to the evening we spent at one of the calypso "tents". Two months or so prior to the Lenten season the different groups of calypso singers hire vacant store buildings (their "tents") in Port of Spain, and give nightly performances in calypso singing, preparatory to the choice of the King for the year. When carnival time comes the Island abandons all care for a few days, and as a climax the year's "King of Calypso Singers" is chosen by contest.

Having been advised by the doorman at the Queen's Park Hotel that the Young Band was the best tent to visit. Helen said, "Let's go

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for an hour, and then come back to the hotel." It was agreed. We went, we stayed till the last verse was sung, and we reveled in it all. The audience consisted of about 200, of whom perhaps 20 or 30 were white, probably all tourists like ourselves. The remainder were native Trinidadians, and all Negro. Because of the broad dialect we could understand less than half of the words the singers used, but the laughter of the audience was so hearty and so infectious that we always joined in. The songs are all topical, original with the singer, frequently slightly ribald, and often tinctured with a good natured but rather cynical wisdom about family life. Helen and I, of course, had heard calypsos before, but that evening at the Young Band Tent taught us that they blossom best in the soil of Port of Spain.

Curacao

Before we left Venezuela we had engaged passage to Callao, Peru, on a Swedish cargo-passenger ship of the Johnson Line, which operates ships from Stockholm to ports on both coasts of South America. We could have boarded our ship either at La Guaira, Venezuela, or at Curacao, Netherland West Indies. For a number of reasons which seemed good at the time, I elected Curacao. We got there too early, as it turned out.

Cargo-passenger ships are primarily freighters, therefore their times of arrival and departure are not rigidly fixed, they depend on volume of cargo, dock space, stevedoring conditions, etc. We flew KLM from Trinidad to Curacao, and then spent five rather dull days waiting for the Orinoco to arrive. Two days at the most is enough for a tourist in Curacao, and we had spent a day there in 1946. This time, however, we did see the "water factory". Curacao is a very arid

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island which nowadays gets the water for its public distribution system by distilling sea water. The young Dutch engineer who showed us around the recently built and very tidy plant said there were less than half a dozen such installations in the world. The one great virtue of such a system is that there is no danger of a water shortage, but even though Curacao is only 200 miles or so from the rich Lake Maracaibo oil fields in Venezuela, and the plants are right next door to the great Curacao refineries making fuel oil inexpensive, the cost of producing potable water is several times the cost of water in a city like Amsterdam, for example. However, there's lots of it, and it is pure, and it is a pleasant novelty to draw pure water from the tap anywhere in South or Central America or the West Indies.

M.S. Orinoco

We never have had a pleasanter sea trip than the practically two weeks we spent on the Orinoco, going from Curacao through the Canal, north to Golfito, Costa Rica where we delivered^a cargo of cement from Germany, and then again south to Buena Ventura, Colombia, to Guayaquil, Ecuador, and across the Equator to Callao, the seaport of Lima, Peru. Our cabin was ample in size, had a full size bathroom, two windows onto an upper deck, and ample forced ventilation. The cost was roughly \$20 per day per person. The table lived up to the well deserved reputation the Swedes have for both the excellence and the abundance of their meals. After leaving the Canal the only passengers other than ourselves were five Swedes and three Chileans. We were the only ones to whom English was the native tongue. Three of the Swedes, a young Ericsson transmission engineer, his wife and year old baby, left the ship at

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Guayaquil, Ecuador, where he has a job with the local Ericsson telephone operating company. His wife comes from the Lapp Latitudes, i.e., the sub-Arctic section, of Sweden.

Guayaquil is 2° South Latitude, is 30 miles up the River Guayas from the coast, is practically at sea level and too far from the Humboldt Current to get much of its cooling effect. Before it was cleaned up (with Rockefeller Foundation help) some twenty or more years ago, I believe, Guayaquil had the reputation of being one of the world's worst hell holes for yellow fever, but the health umpires declare it is "safe" now. I have often thought of that young Swedish girl and wondered how she is adjusting herself to her different environment.

Nearly every night we played Canasta with one of the Chileans, a very agreeable gentleman who spoke no English. Helen's Spanish, though far better than mine, is limited -- quite limited -- but nevertheless we greatly enjoyed our games with the good natured Sr. Cabrera. They were played always according to the Chilean rules, which are the rules of Montevideo where the game had its origin. Soon, with us, Canastas ceased to be "pure" or "mixed", but were "limpia" (clean) or "sucia" (dirty), and we would count score in our best Spanish, which I know was always "sucia".

We never knew exactly when we crossed the Equator, but I did know that at a certain unspecified hour and minute I had realized a life long ambition. I was "below the line". It was February and summer was waning. The very thought of it was exciting to me. Since we were sailing in equatorial water, but close to the Humboldt Current and its fogs, we were cool, at times too cool, on deck. Because of

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the fog along the Current, the Captain took a course well to the west, thus taking us far off most of the guano islands, but as we drew into Callao we saw both islands and birds. Many of the islands are protected by resident wardens whose duty it is to prevent any disturbance of the birds. In the bright sun the guano deposits look like snow on the rocky islets -- a very valuable snow provided by the handsomely plumaged guano birds who feed in the waters of the Humboldt Current teeming with fish. Mining the guano is a government monopoly.

It was the 4th of February when we landed at the busy and well equipped port of Callao. We left the Orinoco reluctantly and envied our Chilean friends the week or so additional time they had before they reached the end of the ship's voyage at Valparaiso.

Peru

La Reina del Pacifico of the Pacific Steam Navigation Co. had docked just before us. She is a large three class ship, and her arrival swamped Peruvian customs. We stood first on one foot and then the other, so that only one foot could be stepped on at a time. There were many clerics among those struggling with Customs. We were pleased to observe that one of the younger padres was wearing a rather loud blue and white striped shirt under his sober black cassock, providing perhaps an innocent release from some frustration. The shirt would not have been seen, of course, except for the pulling and hauling of the crowd. Once the Customs Inspector reached us and our ten bags -- the penalty of being away half a year and of having to have clothes for both hot and cold climates -- we were passed quickly enough, and were off by taxi for the eight mile trip to Lima and the one-time capital of

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all Spanish America, founded by Pizarro in 1535. About Lima, Prescott says, "Amidst the woe and destruction which Pizarro and his followers brought on the devoted land of the Incas, Lima, the beautiful City of the Kings, survives as the most glorious work of his creation, the fairest gem on the shores of the Pacific." Rather extravagant praise that, Mr. Prescott, but Lima really is a beautiful city. Roughly the same size as Caracas, some 600,000 or so, it lacks the uniquely beautiful setting that Caracas has, but in other respects makes the latter equally old city seem like a boom town. Lima is polished and urbane. Its important squares are dignified and well designed. On the principal one, the Plaza de Armas, are the National Palace and the Cathedral -- beautiful buildings both. In the Cathedral is a glass sided coffin displaying poor old Pizarro's remains. He was assassinated six years after he founded the city. More impressive to me than his bones was his magnificent equestrian statue just in front of the Cathedral. This heroic mounted bronze figure was done by C. C. Rumsey and presented to Lima by his widow, who is the sister of Averill Harriman, now prominent in political circles.

We went several times to the so-called Inca Museum, whose treasures are excellently displayed. Probably 95 per cent of the exhibits are pre-Inca. The Incas were an industrial people and did not have the creative artistic ability of the predecessor races whom they conquered. Beautiful fabrics dating back to several centuries B.C. show colors seemingly as brilliant as when first made. Not so difficult to understand when it is realized that in some places along the northerly coast of Peru rain falls only every three or four years, and all along the coast the climate is excessively dry.

We went south from Lima some 25 miles to the ancient ruins

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of Pachacamac. Here if one is interested one can pick up human bones buried for hundreds of years but now exposed by the shifting of the sands. Artifacts of greater or less archaeological value can be found almost any where. A new real estate development at Ancon, 30 miles north of Lima, recently had its operations interrupted by the authorities because power shovels were opening up ancient graves of V.I.P.'s and in these graves were archaeological treasures. One day we drove some 75 miles north along the Pan American Highway through a beautiful hilly desert country close to the Pacific, where except^{for} the occasional valley where a river breaks through from the nearby Andes, not even the most forlorn weed can eke out an existence. On another day we made a memorable trip east from Lima up the Rio Rimac Valley, winding and twisting up, up into the Andes. We turned around near Rio Blanco at an altitude of 11,500 ft. Had we gone a few miles further we would have been in the water shed of the Amazon! It makes me further appreciate the enormousness of that river's drainage system. It had been hot when we left Lima, but a short time later we were pleasantly cool, a sensation which was accentuated by the sight of a snow capped Andean peak dead ahead on our highway. The highway, by the way, is the one which serves the great Cerro de Pasco Mines. For the most part it parallels the Central Railway, a standard gauge railway which climbs to 15,700 ft. It took some clever engineering to make that grade. Some Britishers did it a number of years ago. Along side this railroad we passed a llama pack train.

Thornton Wilder wrote about early Lima in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, a delightful book, I think, which I find re-reads well. Wilder, I think, made no pretense of writing history, but he did make

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a most interesting character out of La Perricholi, the young Indian actress who became the mistress of an old Viceroy. A park and a large summer home he built for her stand today as monuments to her charms, or at least her ability to charm viceroys.

The University of San Marcos, the oldest in the Western Hemisphere, stands in the heart of Lima. I was rather astonished to find that it had gone coeducational. Certainly its lovely patios cried out for boy-meets-girl adventures.

Prices are low in Lima for one with American currency. Well designed silver pins can be bought for no more than "costume jewelry" costs in the States, leather luggage for perhaps half the cost of comparable goods with us, dinner for two with all the fixings and fees at swanky restaurants comes to \$5 only. Taxi fares are negotiated before one enters the cab and are very low -- twenty to thirty cents and no tip covers most trips one wants to make. Trips out of the city by private car, as for example our trip to the Andes, are however relatively expensive -- \$25 to \$30.

Two-thirds of the population of Peru is at least part Indian. The scale of wages and standard of living of the manual laborers are low. I was told that the real opposition to the adoption of oil legislation like that in Venezuela which was being debated in their Congress while we were in Peru hinged not on the demagogic and loudly shouted "Why let the foreign oil companies exploit our riches?", but actually sprang from the knowledge that the oil companies would pay good wages as they do in Venezuela in order to attract workers to the distant oil camps, and the Peruvian sugar and cotton growers would no longer be able to get workers for 10 Soles, i.e., \$.60 U.S., per day, thereby

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upsetting the whole economy of the country, as has happened in Venezuela.

Ecuador

Many Americans who do not speak Spanish do not know that Ecuador means merely "Equator". The Equator runs across the northern part of the country; Quito, the capital, virtually sits on it, and Guayaquil, the most important port, is only two degrees south. We flew from Lima to Guayaquil, hoping to take the railroad from Guayaquil to Quito. Since we had spent a day in Guayaquil on our way down, we had no wish to spend any more time there; however, we found we had been misinformed concerning railroad accommodations, and had to forego taking what is said by widely traveled people to be one of the most scenically spectacular railroad journeys one can take. We flew the 300 miles to Quito -- all the way in clouds. In order to cross a cloud draped range of the Cordillera, we went up to 15,500 feet just before dropping down to the valley of Quito. The plane, a DC-3, was non-pressurised, and at that height Panagra provides oxygen as a matter of routine. My short windedness and I frankly confess that we enjoyed our oxygen cocktail, but Helen spurned it, as did several other passengers.

Quito has a magnificent mountain setting. When the weather is clear six peaks ranging from 14,800 ft. to 19,000 ft. are visible from a hill in the heart of the city. When we were there the weather was "unusual". It was clear. Only on the last day of our stay did we have rain. Normally there are showers every day. Quito has no seasons, and every day the sun rises at six and sets at six. Its altitude is 9,100 ft., which means that it is always cool. There we were at the

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Equator, but rejoicing when the landlord lighted a fire in the dining room fireplace in the evening! Just out of the city is a monument placed in 1936 after a most careful survey by French engineers, which marks a point of latitude $0^{\circ} 0' 00''$. We drove out there, and of course I took a shot of Helen standing in two hemispheres. We were interested to observe a small drove of pigs migrate from the northern to the southern hemisphere, quite unconcernedly, while we crossed the Equator I suppose a dozen times or more.

Quito is a picturesque city. Markets always interest us, and Quito's markets are especially intriguing. In the morning we could see the Indians trotting tirelessly with great loads on their backs of goods to be sold in the market. How we used to shiver to see them bare-legged and barefooted in the cold morning air, particularly when we remembered that they had set forth long before daylight from their distant villages. The churches of Quito are noted for their lavish decorations. Never have I seen such a blatant display of gold. Impressive, but to my crude taste, not beautiful. All this gold seemed to emphasize the contrast between the wealth of the church and the poverty of the Indians.

In Ecuador, as in Peru, the rate of exchange is favorable. For example, we could ride some 4 miles downtown on the public busses for a cent and half U.S. We happened to do this on the Sunday before Carnival Monday, but regretted it. Some of the gay young blades and bladesses anticipated by a day and threw buckets of water on the bus occupants as the bus passed their windows and doorways in the narrow streets. Helen was seated nearer the bus window than I was, so she

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enjoyed the cheery practice more than I did. We observed that all the other passengers on the bus smiled and took the charming little custom as being all in a spirit of good clean fun, so perforce we did also, but we came home in a taxi with its windows closed. We took a walk that afternoon and ran a veritable gauntlet of pranksters, but were not doused whether out of respect for our advanced years and my long gray beard, or because we looked like foreigners, ^{we} were never quite sure. We were told that a few years ago some jokesters conceived the clever idea of brightening up the game by putting brilliant analine dyes in the water, but the police, notoriously lacking in humor, cracked down seriously and successfully on this practice.

The local custom just mentioned did not really affect us seriously, and we both liked Quito and its flowers. Helen says she liked it better than any South American city we visited.

Colombia

We went north from Ecuador, flying over range after range of the Cordillera, and came to Bogota. Martial law is in effect there, and while it in nowise affected us, the soldiers distributed so liberally around the city served to grimly remind us that Colombia is virtually in a state of civil war. It is a sad situation that such should be the case in the most cultured country of northern South America. We spent only one full day in Bogota, but it has little to offer the tourist, we think.

Panama

Our next flight took us to Panama. One of the big events there was drinking all the water we wanted to, right out of the taps,

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and furthermore, drinking that good Canal Zone water which to me tastes like New York City water, of which I am very fond. I have been told that mariners fill their tanks at the Canal Zone whenever possible, because the water is not only safe, but also good. The other big event was going into the coffee shop of the swanky El Panama and having marvellously good hamburger, something we had not enjoyed in six months.

Guatemala

It is about a six hour flight from Panama to Guatemala, mostly over jungle. Our daughter and grandson met us at the airport and we hastened to their house to see for the first time our year old twin grand daughters -- very remarkable children -- about whom volumes could be written, but I shall say merely that they completely captivated their "abuelito". Our son-in-law, W. L. Krieg, is First Secretary of the U. S. Embassy and hence has a wide acquaintanceship. We met many interesting people in diplomatic and archaeological circles. We learned that many archaeologists consider Guatemala the real field to be explored in middle America, in order to get to the historic sources of Mayan civilization. This school thinks there is nothing further of importance to be learned from Yucatan - Chichen Itza, Uxmal, etc., and it is argued that the Carnegie Institution and similar bodies should withdraw from that field and devote the funds to work in Guatemala where they maintain the Mayan and pre-Mayan civilizations flowered and flourished. They say that the many interesting cities which almost certainly can still be uncovered in Yucatan will merely be more of the same.

We took a trip with the Kriegs up to the "Highlands of

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Guatemala". Part of this country Helen and I had seen 12 years ago when we made a vacation trip to Guatemala. That which we had seen we were glad to see again. Lake Atitlan, for example, one of the most spectacularly beautiful lakes one could hope to see, with the 12 Indian villages on its shores, one for each of the Apostles, it is said. The lake with its Maxfield Parrish coloring is 6,000 ft. above sea level, has three striking volcanos on its western shore, and is surrounded by mountains on all sides. We were at Chichicastenango on Sunday, which is market day. We were glad to see that there had been little change in that picturesque community. The Indians are still loyal to their colorful village costume, and I regret to say also to aguardiente, the native brand of liquid dynamite which, generally speaking, lays its victims low rather than up an' at 'em. The Indians here speak Quiche and Spanish, the former being their native tongue. They are Catholics to the extent of attending mass and observing the rituals, but they also worship their Mayan Gods on the side. We visited Huehuetenango, the sparkingly clean little mountain city conspicuous for its city regulation requiring each householder to sweep his sidewalk and his half of the adjacent street by 7 o'clock in the morning, or be subject to fine. The city attracts tourists who come to see the early Mayan ruins of Zaculeu. Considerable excavation work ~~was been~~ done hereby by the United Fruit Co. a number of years ago, as a public benefaction. Currently the Fruit Co. is the whipping boy for every demagogue and every super-nationalistic politician in Guatemala. The communists belabor it as symbolic of the evils of Yankee Imperialism.

The rough, dusty route from Huehuetenango to Quezaltenango is only about 50 miles long, but we spent more than half a day on it

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climbing up the next mountain side. Beautiful mountain scenery all the way, but each car had its comet's tail of dust. When that highway is paved as it will be in the not too distant future, since it is part of the Pan American Highway, the peripatetic American tourist who likes to travel by car will come to Guatemala for the winter, and will cover in a couple of hours the stretch to which we devoted better than half a day.

The Pan American Highway is finished and paved across Mexico from the U. S. Border to the Guatemalan boundary line. The 60 miles or so of proposed highway from Huehuetenango to the Mexican border have been covered by preliminary surveys, but no construction work has been started. Once Quézaltenango is reached there is fairly good highway all the way to Guatemala City, and every mile of it scenic and replete with unusual sights. The tourist will flock to Guatemala when the highways are up to his standard.

Since Quézaltenango is 7,800 ft. up, it is cool. A sweater felt good when we set forth in the morning down the Semala Valley toward the Pacific. We passed several fumeroles, related to cone-shaped 11,000 ft. Santa Maria, which dominates the landscape in the vicinity of Quezaltenango. In less than two hours of leisurely driving we were in the tropics -- coffee fincas, bananas, papayas, thatched huts and hot sun. Of some places in the world it is said if you don't like the weather, wait a minute. Of Guatemala it can be said if you don't like the weather, move over a bit.

In the Pacific Coastal Region many of the older Indian women wear nothing above the waist, but the fashion of this very low neckline seemed to be confined to those women who looked to be well beyond the

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age of discretion and who liked to be cool.

Guatemala has a strong communist party which has representatives in the government, but the most important government posts are not in the hands of the communists. The influential press is independent, although several struggling communistic papers receive financial aid from the government. There is complete freedom of speech. The university students stage an annual parade in which they satirize and lampoon the communists and the President and his cabinet. Some of the floats are most extreme in their denunciation, but the students are not interfered with.

The United States as a country is not popular in many quarters, but this does not apply to its citizens as individuals, so far as I can observe.

Yucatan

After five pleasant weeks in Guatemala we flew to Merida in Yucatan. As one flies over the limitless jungles of Peten in Guatemala and Campeche in Mexico, where the chicle comes from, one could not but observe that there were no places for the plane to sit down. Fortunately there was no occasion to.

The citizens of the Yucatan Peninsula are Yucatecs first and Mexicans as a belated second. They differ in many ways from the natives of the rest of Mexico. They were independent twice in their early history and probably would prefer to be today. The Yucatec Indians are of Mayan decent. To the tourist their most differentiating characteristic is their cleanliness. They favor white in their garments and their clothes look as if they were just out of the wash tub. This close relationship between tub and clothes is not so noticeable in the case of the Indians of the Mexico City area, as I remember them.

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The Yucatecs are naturally musical. I was assured by a native that 90 per cent of the population play some musical instrument, that one Yucatec addressing another would not say "Do you play?" but instead, "What do you play?"

Uxmal is fairly close to Merida and can be given a tourist's visit in half a day -- a most interesting half day. The Mexican Government continues excavation work and uncovers more and more of what was a great city. The 7th, 9th and 11th Centuries A.D. were Uxmal's great eras. Chichen Itsa is of course the great "ruina" of Middle America. It was the capital city of the Mayan civilization of the later period. The virgins of the great Nunnery at Uxmal, for example, were advanced to the head Nunnery at Chichen for their final training and education. Many of them were chosen for the last great honor -- sacrifice to the Gods if some misfortune such as drought, plagued the land when the virgins were at the appropriate stage of their training.

At Chichen one of the most interesting examples of the Mayan skill in engineering is the Ball Court. Here they played a game which remotely resembled basket ball, but was played with an elastic ball which had to be tossed through vertical stone rings placed high on each side of the court. This game was ordinarily played just as a sport but, at time of national stress, match play in the great Ball Court would be really "for keeps". The captain of the losing team would be decapitated by the winning captain who by this sacrifice would endeavor to propitiate the angry gods. As remarked above, the design of the Ball Court displayed engineering skill. From the north end to the south end is 500 ft. The parallel side walls are 108 ft. apart, and I would estimate some 30 feet high. A person standing on a central

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platform at the north end can be distinctly heard if he speaks in an ordinary conversational tone by a person standing on the corresponding small platform at the south end. Since by way of illustration the distance is one and two-thirds times the length of an American football field, this acoustical effect is startling, to the casual listener. Likewise, if one stands at one side of the court under one of the rings and claps one's hands, the echos and re-echos can be heard again and again. I counted seven repetitions, but it is said that people of acute hearing have counted as many as fifteen. These unusual acoustical effects are realized only if one stands at the right spots. This gives further evidence that they are the result of engineering design -- they didn't "just happen". I never heard a very convincing theory as to why these features were designed into the structure. Our first visit to the Ball Court was one evening shortly after the full moon had risen. To hear my own "Friends, Romans, Countrymen" which I spoke in an ordinary tone of voice, continued from the distant shadowed south end of the Court in the distinct but low tones of another member of the party not visible in that light was -- well, it was an eerie effect.

At Chichen we stayed at one of the thatched huts which the Hotel Mayaland has built in the jungle. These huts have not only the thatched roof, but also the oval shape of the native huts. Unlike the huts of the natives, they have tile floors, electric lights, and fully equipped bathrooms, and any occupant who is interested need only, with machete in hand, fight his way through the jungle some 200 - 300 feet to reach the airconditioned bar.

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Havana

From Merida we went by a pressurized DC-6 of the Compania Mexicana line to Havana. At 18,000 feet the air was as smooth as the advertising claims of the modern high-priced passenger car. It was the smoothest ride we had in the course of the several thousand miles we went by air.

We spent Easter in Havana. I saw my first Cardinal as the dignified old gentleman came down the aisle of the cathedral distributing his blessings on all the worthy.

Since it was very shortly after Batista's coup d'etat, the military were much in evidence, but as in Colombia we knew martial law was in effect only because we saw the armed guards.

Easter Monday we flew to Miami, thus completing a circuit we started $6\frac{1}{2}$ months before. Since I was born with itching feet, I can't say unreservedly I was glad to get back. Helen, on the other hand, said she was tired of packing and unpacking. What with our trip to the West Coast, which was immediately followed by the South American trip, she had been on the road most of the time for ten months. We plan "to stay put" now for about three months, before setting out for Nova Scotia to visit Helen's mother.

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