

MARCH 11, 1968HARRISON P. WARRENER

These pictures you see of Pao de Acucar, the Corcovado, Copacabana, and Ipanema Beach, crystal clear, intense in color, under bright blue sky and burning sun in the National Geographic are the scenes of winter in Rio de Janeiro. For it is then that the Antarctic winds blow dry cooler air from the South and freshen a climate that otherwise steams with hot, humid air drifting in over the warm Brazil Current because Rio, if you would fold it back into the Northern Hemisphere would be south of Havana and two thirds of the way to the African coast. In fact, all of Brazil is what might be described in an almanac as "tropical wet", and thus it was that I went armed with raincoat, a weary yet dependable garment, which has been abandoned in Cape Cod Playhouses, the Gibson Girl Lounge, friends' houses, numerous cloakrooms, but like some faithful, nondescript dog, white with brown spots, always finds its way back home. That was because it was summer, you see, and October to be exact, hot with the fabulous mountain tops of the Cariocas and Pico de Tijuca lost in rolling, moisture laden clouds.

The Varig jet that had carried us on this southward junket taxied up to the terminal building at Bareao, the immense international airport at Rio to conclude the first leg of the journey, and we were met with the cacophony of foreign tongues, recalcitrant customs men, and the pandemonium of travelers claiming their luggage. Perspiring in the confusion we were finally cleared of red tape, and stood in the main concourse, and, best of all, greeted by a welcome group of Brazilian friends, who lifted the curtain of strangeness with many "Bem Vindos", "Muito Prazers" and salutations Brazilian, including the abraço, something that begins as the familiar French Kiss on each cheek, but aborts at the last instant into something like a friendly squeeze.

After confirming our tickets to Porto Alegre via Sao Paulo, we decided, with three hours before departure, to hie ourselves to Copacabana Beach for lunch, and there being a dozen in the group, we divided our energies in claiming the necessary number of cabs. Automobiles are plentiful in Rio, fearful in number, in fact, but of a vintage older than you might see in

the States, except in some abandoned mining town, while taxis seem to be leftovers. So, we were fortunate in claiming a creaking and ancient taxi, which, like an ailing horse, betrayed inner maladies through the distressed hide of its body. The cabby whose job it was to drive and curry this ancient nag was a chap who said his name was Lucidio, blessed with a mouthful of gold teeth, who projected not only the amiability of Brazil and Rio, in particular, but also the poorness - worn shoes and not so clean shirt - that abounds in that great country of untapped resources, seared by a compound annual inflation of between 25 and 30% during the last decade, and bank loan rates of 35%. He was also that peculiar racial blend, or lack of it, that characterizes Brazilians: Portuguese, Italian, Spanish, Indian, Japanese, Arab, and like most, with a touch of Negro. In fact, you might say he was a Negro, but down there he was just another Cariocan, a citizen of Rio. He coaxed his cab through the traffic maze to the Copacabana, and we ate and drank on the terrace of the Ouro Verde Hotel, and like lizards, basked in the sun and watched the sights.

Watching the world go by is an immemorial pastime, but along the Copacabana you do it first class. On the gorgeous beach the bikini abounds for inspection and approval, while every few hundred feet a furious futbol or soccer game is in progress with players from six to sixty, for that is the national game. The national hero is not a statesman, jurist, or scientist, but Pele, a futbol player memorialized on postage stamps. The futbol goes on all day, and all night, too.

Beyond the beach the glorious Atlantic spreads in a blue glaze, and sometimes the only aircraft carrier of the Brazilian Navy cruises by, distinguished as the only carrier in the world without any planes, a reflection of the politicians' suspicion of such craft mingled with a desire for an ostentatious display of national security. But more fascinating are the people bustling along the famed black and white mosaic sidewalks, a reminder of the Portuguese heritage. There goes the Kibon ice cream man pushing his cart and vending wares created by Red Chinese capital; a mulatto woman with a basket of vegetables on her head; the mate man with a tank full of the refreshing drink

hanging from a shoulder strap; someone on a motor scooter with lumber stretched across the handle bars; the kite man lying in the sand waiting for someone to buy his hawk shaped, multicolored kites; the matronly lady with Pekinese dog followed by a group of school girls clad in white uniforms on their way home for lunch, one of whom steps in the spoor of her predecessor, the Pekinese, And then up rolls a great yellow, dripping truck with a sign emblazoned on its side, "Estamos Limpando a Cidade" - ("We are keeping the city clean") The vehicle is top loaded, and the men stand in the garbage which not only makes it easier to distribute the refuse, but also permits convenient culling. On the rail running down the center of the truck over the garbage are old five gallon tins with tops cut off into which go the choicest morsels, the emoluments of office for Cariocan trash men.

In another hour we were on the wing to Porto Alegre, a couple of hours away, where we changed to a creaking DC-3 airplane, which lazily took off, and after interminable landings at way stations, we put down at Santa Maria, Rio Grande do Sul, southernmost state of Brazil, heart of the cattle country, the gaucho's capital city of about 50,000, nestled in rolling foothills of far off mountains. The airport was a open field of grass with a shed for a terminal building in front of which was a throng of about twenty people, men, women and children who surprised us with wild applause, waving of flags, and abrazos.

In a sense, this story began many years ago in college, when, casting about for an elective course, I chose Portuguese to add to my kit of Romance languages. Spanish is the most widely used of the Latin tongues. Portuguese is second, while French and Italian bring up the rear. French was displaced when Brazil's Portuguese speaking population exploded and grew from 64,000,000 to 84,000,000 between 1960 and 1966. Anyhow, in 1965 I found myself as a delegate to the Convention of the Diocese of Southern Ohio of the Episcopal Church and listened to the Reverend Henry Sherrill make an appeal for assistance in work with the Episcopal Church of Brazil, a newly created auto-cephalous body of the Anglican Communion with which the Diocese of Southern Ohio had a companion relationship

expressed partly by exchange of people and an export of U.S. dollars. In fact, U.S. dollars had accounted for 85% of the operating budgets of the Brazilian Church, and an awkward situation had been created because the Brazilian body, which up to that time had been a missionary arm of the American Church, had become an entity unto itself by its own action of April 1965 which left it autocephalous, and yet in reality dependent. You might say that my son, now a Junior at Dartmouth College, is autocephalous. Be that as it may, the fact that I knew a little Portuguese was at least part of the prologue that brought me to Brazilian cowboy country as an Episcopal Church emissary.

"Where's my raincoat?" I asked myself as I tried to assemble my gear at the Santa Maria terminal. It was not on the ledge of the seat in the airplane and I had no recollection of it at all for between heat and lack of rain there had been no need for it. But then it came to me. As I had climbed into the back seat of that ancient cab back in Rio, it had been so hot that I had rolled it up and thrown it on the shelf behind the back seat and forgot it when I alighted from the cab. Reflecting on Lucidio, the driver, now eight hundred miles away, I concluded that Mrs. Lucidio had already transformed the raincoat into winter garments for little Lucidios, or perhaps had sold it for a price which would pay the grocery bill for a month in Rio. "Let's hope it doesn't rain", I thought.

Oine Moraes was my host in Santa Maria, and Oine had taken the day off from his job in the local bank to meet me with his wife, Zilka. They were not Latin types, but appeared to be Teutonic, a common heritage in Southern Brazil, to which many Germans have immigrated as well as Japanese. We drove slowly along the dirt roads in Oine's Volkswagon. Occasionally there would be an ox cart, and infrequently a car. In Santa Maria traffic increased considerably, but there were still more oxen and horses than automobiles. The small town atmosphere prevails everywhere because Brazil is still agricultural, and the fact that Santa Maria is as big as Lexington, Ky. is obscured by the oxen and horses.

The Moraes abode was a one story, stucco

house which measured from corner to corner about 20 by 30 feet in which they lived with their four children and the maid. Oine belonged to the very small but emerging middle class. At the bank he earned \$135 a month, and this permitted his private house, unique in a country where percapita income is measured in only a few hundred dollars per year and a kind of poverty, incomprehensible to North Americans, abounds. So Oine was one of the rare middle class. He usually wore a sport shirt and never a tie.

On entering the Moraes home, you pass directly into the living room, ten feet square, furnished with a couple of chairs, a rollaway bed, and a television set equipped with an expensive voltage control mechanism, necessary there because of wildly gyrating electricity. Brazil seems to have everything, but nothing quite works. It soon became apparent that the Moraes were going to opt for the rollaway bed, and that I, as the guest, had been assigned to their own double bed in the master bedroom immediately off the living room. The bedroom, like most of the others was ten by ten, so there was not much room for manou-
vering between the bed, the huge commode, and a chair. Had their been doors in the house there would have been no room for them to swing, but fortunately curtains had been used to separate the rooms.

Through another entrance to my room there was the children's room where all of them, ages, 8, 6,3, and 2 lived in the intimacy of another ten by ten room in surprising peace and tranquility. With only curtains separating us, it was like sleeping in a dormitory and these children never would develop any neurosis that might derive from being alone.

The other room in the house was a combination dining room-kitchen tended by a mulatto woman whose enormous right leg suggested elephantiasis to me. I wondered if it was contagious, but it did not seem to impair her ability to cook beans, rice and chicken.

A bathroom was attached to the house off the kitchen. There was only cold water and the operation of the toilet required a countdown as complicated as the launching of a lunar missile.

Important to Santa Maria is its university which draws students from the entire pampa. While the University of Santa Maria may not be remembered in the annals of learning, it is symbolic as both a challenge and an adventure to the young people. Brazilians are quite tied down to the area where they live, and it is unusual to meet a Brazilian who has ever been more than a few hundred miles from his home. Partly this is due to a ground transportation system that is primitive: poor highways; few highways; poor railroads; few railroads; but an extensive and efficient national airline system beyond the means of the average person. Thus, the University of Santa Maria represents an adventuresome trek to students living only a hundred miles away. The university is the only center of higher learning for an area the size of Indiana.

That sheer size can promote provincialism is not unique, for it occurs in the United States in spite of our vast transportation facility and intricate communications. Omitting Alaska, the conterminous area of the United States is about 10% less than Brazil. Such attractions as Rio, a thousand miles and five hours away by plane, are out of reach of most Santa Marians. What we take for granted is almost impossible in Brazil. It has been said that if you want to see the United States one hundred years ago, then go to Brazil, a land of mostly unexplored regions and resources, an agricultural economy, an ailing banking system, an oppressive inflation, namely pre-Civil War America. A big difference is that the Brazilians did not exterminate the Indians like their North American counterparts, but rather, the Portuguese, being good seafaring people with open minds freely mingled with the Negroes and Indians and anyone else who happened to be around. The result: a mixed bag of marbles.

Brazilians are apt to be doctrinaire. For example, you may be told that the Brazilian educational program is the best in the world, but later, observation tells you that this is true only on paper. They do not seem to distinguish between intention and action, and accept a statement of purpose as a completed program. But the fact is that an enormous gap exists between educational objectives and educational achievements because well under half the population is literate. Incidentally, illiterates are not permitted to vote, a

fact with political overtones.

As a complement to the poor state school, there are many independent schools. I went to the Episcopal Church school of Saint Paul the Apostle near Santa Maria. There we were met by Father Simoes, whose white collar was in singular contrast to the barnyard surroundings approached by a bumpy, mud road lined with dilapidated houses. Father Simoes who was the Headmaster, lead us into a very small, brilliantly whitewashed chapel whose traditional Gothic arches seemed out of place in this Latin land. With a good squeeze it would accomodate thirty people. The pietal explorations over, we moved through a door into the school proper. Each school room seemed to have been built individually, separately, and at a different time than the rest. While there were plenty of windows, none had glass. Walls were masonry, sometimes whitewashed, sometimes not. Most rooves were tiled, but some were of corrugated steel, and tell-tale stains betrayed many leaks. The floors were mud. The playground was mud.

As we entered the classrooms the students rose to attention. Most of them were dressed in white smock uniforms and crammed in closely together, these boys and girls of all ages looked more scared than appreciative of our visit. The polyglot ancestry was evident in the misture of skin colors. The Brazilians are not a handsome race, but the expressions of the children are much the same as those of children everywhere: hope, expectation, and innocence.

At this school demand is so great that the 200 students have to be accomodated in shifts, one group arriving in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The parameters of the situation, of course, are the number of available teachers and school rooms, but among the hopeful faces in places such as this gleam the eyes of those who will make Brazil a land of peace and plenty, its rightful heritage. Wherever I went in Brazil I was plagued with the tension created by overpowering social needs as opposed to the very limited resources available to solve them. As I looked into the faces of the young students at St. Paul the Apostle, I had the discomfoting feeling that we, who comprise one sixth of the world's population and own most of the economic chips (like

one third of the electrical power) have a responsibility. While some say our blessings are the fruit of hard work, there are others who think we have been awarded stewardship of the fruit until such time as we no longer qualify.

Santa Maria is a sort of Omaha or Scott City, a cultural as well as an economic distribution center for the vast cattle enterprise of the pampa, and in the afternoon after our school visit some gauchos rode down the main street, a cobblestone road. These men, fresh from the grazing lands, absolutely fit the stereotype of the gaucho. Mounted on small cowponies saddled with saddles of thick and brilliantly dyed sheepswool, they wore open collared white shirts, bright kerchiefs, baggy pants, short boots, and packed small derringers. Darkly sunburned they wore all manner and style of mustaches, and assumed an arrogant air with intent and steely stares with their dark eyes.

The first half dozen of the gauchos aroused a little attention, but soon it seemed that echelon after echelon was arriving, and almost before we could find the reason for their presence, a great parade began with our gauchos now bearing county flags. Then a blaring brass band followed and in its wake came a slowly processing series of new automobiles, all of European and Brazilian make adorned with dealer signs. On the hood of each sat a gaily attired young lady, who, as it was revealed, had won the beauty contest in her home town, and this great affair in Santa Maria, of course, was the finals of the Rio Grande Do Sul beauty contest. It was a great and exciting event, something like the Pumpkin Festival in Circleville, and the buxom damsels met with the wild approval of the young men lining the streets who made intimate overtures which seemed to go ignored.

The cobblestone streets of Santa Maria have held up well. But the sidewalks are of poor concrete construction which literally has fallen apart. Over those portions that remain, perhaps 50%, cracks roam in a random design like cracks in old china, and the rest is simply gone - no concrete - just soil and sand. To generalize, South America and Brazil, in particular suffer from a declining standard of living. Factories proliferate and the installation of equipment and

machinery goes on at increasing rates. Yet the population explosion goes on and the population divided into gross national product shows annual declines in per capita wealth. Brazil's population is about 100 million and the gross national product is less than \$20,000,000,000. The population of the United States is twice as big and the gross national product is forty times larger.

After two days in Santa Maria I realized that I had been blessed with fine weather, clear and very warm. The old raincoat would have been a nuisance, but so far I had been lucky.

That afternoon, suitcase in hand, I waited at the Rodovaria, the bus station, a dilapidated structure by the dusty roadside and waited to depart for Sao Gabriel. I was accompanied by the same large gathering which had greeted me on arrival, and even though the bus was a half hour late, my friends cheerfully stood around and waited for the departure, when I was showered with mimentoes - postcards, bags of coffee, candy, and was made custodian of a bottle of wine to carry to someone else back in the States.

Sao Gabriel is less than a hundred miles from the metropolis of Santa Maria. Yes, you may even find it on maps, but so you can New Richmond, Ohio with its 3,000 inhabitants, who make it comparable in number, at least. But in our land a town like New Richmond does not stand in bold relief because everywhere we go we are surrounded by sounds, lights, houses, cars, people, roads, and the rest of that ever present matrix that betrays the hand of men. But in Rio Grande do Sul, a town is like an oasis rising out of a desert. So when our bus chugged out of the Rodovaria in Santa Maria, within five minutes we were past the cobblestone streets and were lumbering down a single lane dirt road, pitted, scarred, untouched by grader and stretching out like a piece of brown yarn on a green blanket, disappearing in the distance where the pampa touched the sky. No houses, no cars, no signs, no fences - just endless flatland speckled here and there with cattle - unsociable cattle. These Brazilian cattle seemed to have staked out claims that separated them by a thousand feet as they grazed over land that has changed little since prehistoric herbivores also enjoyed the forage.

The bus passengers were all men, mostly gauchos, and occasionally the driver would halt the bus to permit the exit of a gaucho into the unspoiled nature of the pampa. With no house or even a lean-to in sight these men had long walks ahead of them to some lonely and distant spot where they would take up the vigil of herding cattle for long weeks at a time. Now and then a gaucho would be seen silhouetted against the sky at the top of a rise. Like statues, they never seemed to move nor turn their heads.

At one point we abruptly came upon a small stream, badly swollen by rains in the distant countains. What had been a modest creek was now a rapidly moving, bubbling current several hundred feet wide. Gathered on the opposing banks were a few trucks, farmers, horses, and cars waiting for the water to subside. Our driver caucused briefly with the assembled throng which was divided in its opinion as to whether the stream could be forded. When our intrepid driver climbed into the bus and turned off the engine I naturally assumed that we had settled down for a long wait, but not so, because he then removed the engine housing in the forward section of the aisle, and with a stick pried off the fan belt with the explanation that he did not want the fan to pump water into the bus interior. As he started the engine I wondered how long it would run with its cooling system cut off and also was apprehensive of spending the night mid-stream or worse still, being forced to abandon the bus out in those churning brown waters. But these qualms proved to be unfounded because our skipper guided his craft like a fine ship cutting through the water, wheels fully submerged, until we struck the opposite bank, where he received a wild ovation, especially from his passengers.

Two hours later we again stopped on the banks of a river several hundred yards in width, where about fifty farmers and a truck were waiting for a ferry, a large log raft tethered to an ancient, creaky, leaking boat powered small diesel motor that belched black, evil smelling clouds of smoke. All passengers were asked to exit from the bus, which was the first to board the raft on the port side which provoked the starboard side to rise ominously out of the water. But by the time the truck took its position and the foot

passengers crowded into the remaining space, we had an even keel and slowly made our way across the river under a blazing afternoon sun. We were a motley crew, partly separated by our various languages, Portuguese, Spanish, Guarani, and English, our common denominator was the dirt picked up from the endless dust and wind and firmly fastened in place on skin and clothing with a bond of sweat. The ferry put up on the far bank at a spot that really was not a landing at all, but a clump of bushes in a sea of mud, and had it not been for everyone pushing and shoving, the truck would have been mired. But we were under way soon again with the interminable pampa passing by.

It was late afternoon when a welcoming throng met us at the bus station of Sao Gabriel. A tall gaunt man in shirtsleeves, Euclides Difforene, introduced himself as my host for the next three days. Senor Difforene was an attorney and prosperous enough to own a car, an old Jeep station wagon, which he carefully drove over the mud streets of Sao Gabriel, a Spanish looking town with one story stucco houses whitewashed in pale shades of green pink and ochre with their facades directly on the streets. Windows were noticeable for their absence, life and activity being confined to inner courtyards.

Mr. Difforene introduced me to his austere wife, a heavy woman who looked as if she was in her mid-fifties but probably was younger. We all sat down in the small living room graced by uncomfortable Victorian furniture and one electric light bulb of the clear variety hanging from the ceiling on a strand of wire. I was offered Guarana, an orange drink made of guarana fruit and we awkwardly exchanged pleasantries until it was suggested that I might like to take a bath.

It was then that I came to grips with my first Brazilian shower. The house, blessed only with water from a cistern, had no central water heating and the bath arrangement demanded close inspection. A single cold water pipe ran up the wall, and then curved outward with a shower head the size of a coffee can at the end from which ran an electric wire, which plugged into a wall fixture, and a long clear plastic tube also emerged from the coffee can and dangled down

to the floor of the tub. When the water was turned on it flowed freely out the end of the tube in the tub, but then I discovered that if I stood on the end of the tube, this forced the water to follow an alternate path through the coffee can. Then, with a flick of the switch, which seemed to be a good means of electrocution, warm water dribbled through the coffee can.

After an aperatif we sat down in the narrow dining room, separated from the cooking area by a curtain. A barefooted young girl about fourteen years of age was the cook, whose chores began at day-break and ended late in the evening. Daily fare at Sao Gabriel was the same as that of Santa Maria. With every meal there was coffee and Guarana and the day began with cheese, bread and cake. For lunch there was tongue, bean salad, piles of unpolished rice, chicken, mashed potatoes, and black beer. Dinner consisted of more of the same with the addition of a sandwich loaf or a strawberry milk shake.

Rather early Senor Difforene escorted me to my room which was off the center court, a quadrangle about twenty feet square that contained much litter, including an old bathtub and some cats and chickens. My room was about eight feet square with barely enough room to accomodate the sagging bed, wardrobe, and some farm implements. My host explained that to reach the light it might be necessary to stand on the bed and that since the room had no windows I might prefer to leave the door open for the night. Before departing he equipped me with a spray can of insecticide which later proved to excite the mosquitoes to greater industry. By the time I had prepared for bed and finished my notes, I elected to keep the doors closed because by that time the cats and chickens had become too friendly, and besides, the lone rooster crowed all night.

Early in the morning I was awakened by great thunderclaps and splashing rain. I lay in my quarters until the rain subsided and then tended to morning ablutions. Just outside the door under the overhanging eaves was a wash basin, which although quite public in the patio, was at least protected from the rain, so I ventured forth barefoot, pajama clad with toothbrush

in hand. Vigorously brushing my teeth with water from the single tap, I realized that my feet were being splattered and looking under the basin was chagrined to find that there was no drain. Discouraged with this arrangement I finished my chores using a jubilantly gushing downspout that sent a cataract of soft rain-water splashing onto the tile below. After a healthy breakfast of cheese and bread, I was introduced to my host's brother, Braulio, a jovial man by contrast, who was my scout for the day. Since there is not much to see in Sao Gabriel we sauntered about town, meeting various people, many of whom had never seen an American before. Only one person spoke English and this was an immigrant Arab from Jordan who operated a suitcase store and never divulged how he had happened to come to such a far off place as Brazil, much less Sao Gabriel, to find security. But Brazil offers asylum to practically anyone and is a haven for political refugees, criminals and escapees from the law of other lands.

Braulio escorted me to his apartment to drink beer. In that three room establishment Mr. and Mrs. Braulio not only lived but carried on their respective occupations. Mrs. Braulio was a seamstress who specialized in making very intricate and brightly colored gowns for ladies who entertain and many of them came in for fittings, discussion of style, to choose fabrics, and were very attractive, indeed. Braulio was a photographer who advertised with a sign over the front door which read "Photos-5 minutes", and he practiced his profession in the living room where had constructed of unpainted plywood one of those booths you see in bus stations and Coney Island in which you insert a quarter, pose, and wait for a strip of small photographs to emerge from a slot. The difference was that Braulio would get inside the box to perform those mysteries otherwise completed by machine, and a few minutes after a photograph, would emerge with a wet print in his hand. His business was based on the fact that Sao Gabriel is near the border of Uruguay, a country which exports much communist propaganda and harbors undesirable Brazilians. With an eye to security the government requires everyone, and particularly the gauchos who have little regard for the borders, to carry identification badges. Photos for those badges were Braulio's specialty, of course, and in addition to the comely ladies that Mrs. Braulio served there was a

procession of rough gaucho characters in baggy pants who came in to be immortalized before Braulios lens.

That night we attended an elaborate church meeting where at least a hundred men, women and children had assembled. Following a service, a large dinner was served out of a four by four kitchen equipped with only a hot point stove and a wash basin. Tables were set to accomodate about twenty five at a time. The others amiably sat around until their turn, when tables were cleared and the procedure repeated without fuss until everyone had eaten. Then there was a pageant, and a play, poetry reading, and about midnight I was pushed to the fore wondering what to say. "We want to hear you sing," they shouted - a devastating request. All I could think of was "Jingle Bells", so that is what I gave them, unaccompanied or relieved by an instrument. With that, the evening came to an end with a song which those good people had never heard before nor since, and I drank a few more beers with Braulio on the way home.

Another six hour bus ride carried me to Livramento, precisely on the Uruguayan border. There you pass through the middle of town and with no line of demarcation, you notice that signs are in Spanish, the language spoken is Spanish, and that you have passed imperceptively into Ribera, Uruguay, the Spanish Siamese twin of Livramento.

In Livramento my host, Telmo Castro, treated me to a special gustatory delight, a churrasco or grill, to which I was looking forward to as a relief from the diet of chicken, rice and black beans. Each person had a small hibachi-like grill placed on the table before him, but I soon discovered that even a grill is not a grill in Brazil because the appetizing meats turned out to be the soft parts - heart, kidney, entrails and other unmentionables that are hard on a Buckeye palate. Certain homogenous strips proved the most palatable, which caused much laughter. "That's cow udder!" announced my friend.

Seventy percent of Brazilian children are born out of wedlock, a situation created by the virility of the males, the pliability of the females, the improbability of divorce, and grinding economic

conditions that seem to deny any formal arrangement. Brazil has thousands upon thousands of little waifs abandoned by their parents. Since it may be difficult to say who the fathers might have been, you might say they have been abandoned by their mothers because a father who was never there can hardly be said to have left. These children sleep in doorways at night and do not seem to be cared for by anyone. Organizations like the Community Chest and related charities simply do not exist in Brazil. Money is so lacking that even the government is unable to do anything about it, so children are born, grow up and die in slums, in illiteracy, in hunger. In the United States obesity is a sign of poverty, but in Brazil it is just protruding ribs. Infant mortality is appalling and while a new born infant here looks forward to a life expectancy of about 69 years, in Brazil the average person lives out his life in 40 years which is no improvement over the ancient Romans, who lived in the prescientific era. If I lived there I think I would enter politics rather than medicine because only through massive social upheaval will these human blights be removed. Nothing else gets to the heart of the problem.

Of the thousands of abandoned children in Brazil a few are fortunate enough to be raised in small towns for them which have been started by churches and concerned people. At one of these in Livramento the children had made the bricks, tile, and mortar for the buildings in which they live and go to school. Nothing is finished. The rain comes through glassless windows. Few floors are other than mud. Children with mumps, measles, and other childhood diseases sleep in their bunks with those that are well. A few struggling teachers and missionaries supervise. To raise money for food and clothing the children manufacture tile for building contractors. These children are the fortunate ones because they are only fifty out of thousands.

As we winged our way from Livramento in a DC-3 to Porto Alegre, the endless expanse of Brazil spread out under us in a great green plain as far as the eye could see. No roads, no houses, no cultivated fields. With an intermediate stop at Bage we landed at Porto Alegre, one of the most beautiful Brazilian cities

with a population of around 1,500,000 including the environs, and skyscrapers and buildings sprouting everywhere. There we changed planes for Rio and home and it was time for reflection.

People from underdeveloped countries suffer from cultural shock when they visit the States for the first time. Automobiles, gadgets, clothing, education, high wages, the whole scene is overwhelming. By the same token it is astounding to Americans to take to the hinterlands of Brazil, where vast wealth is controlled by less than 5% of the population and the middle class is but a small minority struggling upward; where hunger abounds; where vast unexplored lands lie beyond the 200 mile periphery where 90% of the population live beyond which live primitive and strange tribes that never heard of Brazil or South America. In fact, for two weeks scenes had dissolved into one another which I could only see and not comprehend and only to receive like some electronic device which senses without perception. The outline of the Episcopal Church of Brazil had fallen into the background. The measure of my frustration and puzzlement may be found in the repetition of such anecdote as this.

We soon put down at Rio at the National Airport to make the switch to Bareao, the International airport where we landed originally. After claiming our luggage we pushed ahead for the taxi stand to make the transfer, and walking through the lobby I spied a swarthy man in a not-so-clean shirt, worn shoes, whose smile flashed gold teeth. It was Lucidio who drove us two weeks before. A one-in-a-million chance ever to see him again, much less at a different location.

"Senor, Senor", "I have your raincoat for you!" he said.

Harrison P. Warrenner
