

April 1919

We finally got away from Newport News on Tuesday morning about nine in the morning of the 20th of March, heavily laden with coal that we could not get in New York, and by breakfast time only a low line remained of the Virginia Capes. In Newport News the stevedores were getting \$1.10 an hour, not a good place to stay in --- especially if you watched them loafing on a job they could easily earn my salary at. (Of course I can tell myself that I would soon tire of such heavy stupid work; but outdoor work at \$280.00 per month?)

Night before last it was a bit rough. I was standing up in my berth about two G.M. wondering if it wouldnt be wise to close the portholes of the cabin when a great big warm lovely wave poured down my neck and nestled into bed with me. Every one of the cabins on our floor got the same, and Schwebbroek the steward was not quite so cheery in his "Morgan, Gentleman"!

Today it has been beautifully balmy, and two or three of the men have come out in their summer clothes---tomorrow it will be much more so. We have just had a swift sunset, darkness almost complete in half an hour. I looked out to the West this evening just before dinner and saw the young moon, the penumbra very plain, and a big planet burning unusually plain nearby. I wonder what tropical forests it was hanging over, and how long it will be before I see one.

Nver had I imagined the blue of the tropical seas as strong and as full of color as it is. It is not the opaque staring blue of the Italian lakes, it is a sea of waving blue light, the same difference there is between dead blue eyes and those that shine with living light. Looking out over it you see the tip-ups in dazzling contrast to the purplish-blue, and then like tiny aeroplanes at a distance, the tiny flying fish hurrying along over the surface, their little fins buzzing in the sunlight, silvery white against this extraordinary sea.

Am learning Portuguese from a dazzling blonde and her less blinding husband, and it is a curious sort of hog-Latin-Spanish. I make it up as I go along, and that seems to entertain them.

April 4th finds everything very tropical. Flying fish are

numerous, the color of the sea is even bluer, and the steady e eastern winds are the only things that keep it from being opp-
ressively hot. The shantung silk clothes I got were no mistake,
though they looked odd at 8 Colliston Rd.

The Dutch sailors have a neat way of fixing their wash-
ing to the line: they simply pry one of the strands away from
the others and tuck a corner of the shirt into the gap---so
when the wind blows it tightens the rope on the shirt. For this
reason no shirts are found in the Gulf Stream.

I have read McGrath's The Princess Elopes, Cooper's The
Brazilians and Their Country, Hergesheimer's Java Head, and White
Mechanisms of Character Formation. The best is the last--- and
full of more satisfactory novel- material than either of the no-
vels.

April 5. Today brought us to our first land.



The soft green mountains of Dominica, steep and covered with
waving sultry green. Then sheering away from Dominica we came
up to Martinique, lovely heaps of steep-banked foliage above a
shore fringed with palms. These were my first palms, and they
were better than I expected--- the tops a thicket of waving

tracery and ~~the~~ beneath an inviting depth of shadowed trunks where walked red-calicoed figures about their native business. A huge cloud hung over us as we passed, bringing out as fairly emerald the spots where the sun shone. All rather easy and slow going, these figures we were catching glimpses of along the gray shining shore.

As we rounded the corner of the island we had full view of Mont Pelee.



It was a parched, jagged, towering pile whose southern sides are banked with streams of the lava that reaches in a motionless gray river down to the buried houses of St. Pierre. No trees and as yet few plants of any kind have begun to grow on this side of the mountain. The visible houses are roofless, quite deserted ---an unshattered Bailleul.

April 6th. Last night we arrived at Castries, St. Lucia, after dinner, to take on coal. With an arc-light and much shouting we sidled up to a low-lying coalpier, where by an arc hung over the ship's side we saw one or two very British looking men in pith helmets and khaki duck, or in old looking civilian clothes, and a rapidly growing crowd of niggers of the genus Nigger --- and

every one of them pretty mighty excited at seeing the first regular passenger boat since before the war!

We walked down the gang-plank to talk with some of the soldiers, who we found were Canadians! They took Quinn and me up to the Maple Leaf Hotel where a great bearish looking coon ran a bar and boasted by signs on the wall of his American origin. We had some beer with the Canadians who were desperate for the sight of some strange face, for they have been down on this post with not a thing to do, not for six months as they had been



promised, but for two and a half to three years-- with a C.O. who'd have lost his rank of Lt.Col. and reverted to a Lt. if he had reported the station as not requiring the men there. Somewhat like another situation. As George Bigelow says, "Ask me who!"

When we got back from the pub we found coaling going on at a pace and in a way that was all that has been said of it. Hundreds of negro wenches, bare-legged to the knees and trussed up in the most ragged and disintegrated clothes I have ever seen, were standing or walking with large baskets of coal upon their heads. The general flow of the crowd was from the dump towards the ship where stood at the very edge of the bunker a checker, who as each woman passed him, basket on head and hand outstretched, gave her a copper coin marked McGregor Peters-- the value of which for it is the money of this town, is about 1 cent. The baskets as I saw on the scales, weighed between 100 and 120 pounds. A contrast to the coaling at Newport News!



I have never seen such peculiar and admirably erect figures of women, such swaying loose walking, nor so abundant cause to believe that you were looking at no more than a female animal-- as sturdy and independent as the male and differing only as a matter of structure. They talk a patter of French--"Viñny see"! was come here! ---all in a flat loud piercing tone, their pink tongues rolling about ~~thair~~ between their gleaming teeth. And Lord what hard work!

This morning after a sleep troubled by the screams and thuds of the coaling process just on the other side of my closed porthole, I got up feeling rather dopey. But on looking out I saw the island that had been hidden the night before, the cleanest greenest looking sweep of hill you ever saw. Palms---yes and the finest wavy sort of them, up against the skyline. I got up into the town without much delay. At a store I got some post-cards and as I was looking about aimlessly for anything else I might need there was suddenly a great burst of screaming pain of the actual horsewhip-- and the loud selfrighteous of the user of the whip, and the click of the rawhide in action. And behold a terrified little nigger of perhaps nine and his equally agonized small sister of twelve getting collectively horsewhipped by a big fat ~~xxxx~~ very distingue looking coon

with a white goatee. The screams of the little boy were drawing a crowd rapidly when the old fellow gave up-- only to be succeeded as a source of terror by the native police. A tall



shriveled negress in the most flowingly copious and roaringly pink calico dress I have ever seen, with a deep red bandana and a large straw hat, stood by and gave shrill approval to the punishment. Then the crowd as usual disregarded opinions, sought action elsewhere and melted away, leaving her in loud unanimity with the goatee.

Walked to the top of the hill overlooking the bay, seeing my first living bamboo--- whose beauty is not in the dry stalks we see at home. Such a smooth strong green columns, and such soft creamy green. Many chameleons on the way down the road, bright green if near the bamboo and stone grey against the wall. A warm close morning by ten o'clock. And so back to the boat, through narrow flat streets flanked by low verandahed houses, with much staring by the population.

Then came midday sleeping in that damned hot cabin of mine. Read some of the Smart Set this P.M. and happened upon Mencken's definition of a theatrical star---" a heavenly body". Saw the Southern Cross this evening -- tis not very bright but improves upon further acquaintance. Also identified the Scorpio and the Centaur, Scorpio very easily.

April 12th. One day differs not much from the other these days, and so it is that I can sum up a few suns into one page. After leaving ST. Lucia we turned eastward and began the accomplishment of that part of the journey which nobody realizes at home-- the big eastward swing to get around



The bay at Castries, St. Lucia.

Cape San Roque. About the only change I have noticed is that the cabin is a little hotter at night and the wind a little stronger by day---with a little more rolling by day. I have not had any ~~more~~ more baby waves coming in to sleep with me, but have rigged up a jury sail out of a pillow-case and a cane, which reaches out of the port like a hand and pulls in a most refreshing current of air onto me peacefully sleeping. Nobody is seasick, only just a bit drowsy.

Three days ago after dinner the boy went round the boat with a gong, and so as usual we all assembled in the smoking room to see what it was about. Mr. Israels, a blonde Jew from New Orleans coffee merchant, who wears his captain's two bars still on his soft shirt collar, took the floor. He explained that the guesses on the next day's run, "the pool", were to be



run thus: 20 numbers from 275 to 294 had been sold during the afternoon for \$4.00 each . We would now proceed to the auction of these numbers to the highest bidders, the seeler retaining half the price realised, and the final bids being for high and low field, i.e. any number of miles the ship might go above or below the given range of numbers. The pot was to be made from the other half of the ~~numbers~~ amounts bid, plus what was given for high and low fields. Everybody looked dully intelligent and the bidding went on slowly but surely, till about \$400.00 was up. If you bid for the number 284, and the boat ran 284 miles that next day then you'd get half the pot and numbers 274 and 294 would divide the other half. Of course



low and high were the best of all bets, but this Jew was more familiar with game than the others and nobody bid him higher than \$74.00. Now he had heard earlier in the day that the boat was not making good time.-----The boat made 261 miles Mr. Israels won the entire pot, gave away \$50.00 to the stewards-----but despite this gallant and humane action failed to protect his good name from the muttered oaths of his fellow passengers . This was the first time I have ever seen a Jew in a game of chance-- or better I might say I have not yet seen a Jew in a Game of Chance.

Last night we had a fancy dress party. It was very hot and I saw myself best as a baby, in all the heat and tumult of the evening. So I got Mrs. Best to give me a night-

gown---Mrs. Van Rensellaer had told me that nowadays the younger generation never wore anything that could even be loaned to anybody, ---so Mrs. Best gave me a garment in which size obviously struggled with girlish coyness, pretty little fake flowers over a "throat" that went well around me. Mrs. B. is (a) #148. From other sources came bib, a bottle, a pink hair-ribbon from Mrs. Fitz-Patrick. It was a coy and dangerously thin costume, but I lived a happy baby's life in ~~xx~~ it until I found it was beginning to stick to me, so I left and I had a long succession of warming the tropical tepid water while the rest of the crowd filled the bar and emptied the bottles. Roxo and Jugo were dressed as a Brazilian coon and his wife, Israel wore his Sam Browne belt in addition to his regular uniform, Lutfy was a sailor, Mrs. van Pely a pink accordion pleated gown which she says is a petticoat but which looked pretty chic for all that. Quinn the Canadian at my table, started to dress up for my nurse but found himself too convincing and irresistible as a demimonde and naturally left me to take care of myself. Brito was in the Captain's hat and his own pajamas and looked quite like a wilted officer one of these days.



Yesterday came the ceremony of crossing the equator and being initiated by Father Neptune into the company of all good mariners. This consists of getting dressed in your bathing suit and parading round the deck and ending at a large on the after deck where Father Neptune appears dressed in long flowing robes triton, etc., and after lathering your face, eyes, neck, and head, turns you while you are tightly closing both eyes to keep out the lather, head over heels into a tub of water or rather a tank of water, while the rest of the passengers yell with

pleasure.

This morning I found in my dreams my cigarette case which I lost in New York,--- I looked at it and then as I would do again I yelled "YAY"! My loud yell woke me up and I looked in my empty hand to find NO CIGARETTE CASE. Don's cigars have as is usual with his presents been much appreciated.

Three or four mornings ago I came down to the cabin to find Sweebroek the steward reading this diary intently, and when he saw me his only comment was that his name was misspelt! If he saw this evening's copy he'd have numerous complaints to make, for the stenographer is sitting in the buff exclusively, right under the electric fan and tired from too little to do.

April 14

It is a Sunday afternoon and we've been about three hours across the equator and in a blaze of the most blinding sunlight, and the sea an unbelievable sea of blue light, and the boat just rolling along carefree and swashy, the flying fish hurrying over the top of the waves.....all things warm cheery and agreeable. Madame Godoy, a beautiful Brazilian widow, is sitting in here listening to a friend of hers play the piano.

Just a week ago this time we were looking over the port side of the boat at Martinique...a glorious pile of steep hills, almost emerald green where the sun filtered through the big rain clouds of summer. All the way up those steep gorges and hills were filigree palms waving contentedly in the warm air and along the shore, barely distinguishable through the field glasses, white and red clothed figures. Then St. Pierre with its 20000 dead, more than half still buried beneath the lava, a sight that seems to have kept the settlers from coming back.

And that night we coaled. All night long the stream of nigger wenches with the coal baskets on their heads, swaying and lurching up to the ship's side, screaming and chattering, to throw their 100 pounds into the bunker and go back for more. To see the palms, the passion flowers, the bamboo, and the bright bay of Castries, where Spaniard and Englishman fought it out in the old days,---- all this color and abundance made me

keen to get on to the end of my journey.



But St. Lucia is as far from us as Europe is from you almost, and to-day a few lone birds have been earnest of nearing land, Pernambuco tomorrow.

A Baptist minister has just left me sorrowing. He came around with a book of trench poetry, and gave me the book to

read. I read half of two and all of one, and then I couldn't go on.

"A proud and fearless woman
Seeing pictures in the fire,
And a torn and mangled body
On the wire".

Quinn took them up a while and in three or four minutes I asked him (he was in the 8th of Oct. show of the Canadians) "Well how do you like them?"

"Oh they put me in the blues again", he said uneasily.

"Those are real good pomes, aren't they!" said Dr. Browning coming up to us suddenly. ~~Wg~~

Well I suppose they were but we could not be sure. It bores me a bit to have so many want thrills without any suffering.

April 15. We got into Pernambuco about 11 o'clock this morning. In some way I got my directions confused and as a result the place stays in my mind as if it were on the coast of Africa with all the country lying to the east instead of the





KONINKLIJKE HOLLANDSCHE LLOYD
S.S. „HOLLANDIA”

AEQUATOR, den 11^{ew} April 1919

Wij, NEPTUNUS, God der Oceanen, Zeeën, Baaien, Golven en aller andere (behalve minerale) Wateren en van alle leven, hetwelk daarin scharrelt, dwarrelt, friemelt en wriemelt, enz., enz., enz.;

verklaren hiermede dat

Mr. Allan Gregg

voor de eerste maal Ons gebied heeft betreden en aan alle eischen en voorschriften heeft voldaan, waarom hij hiermede van Onzentwege het recht verkrijgt te allen tijde in Ons gebied te verwijlen. Als blijk Onzer hooge tevredenheid verleenen wij hem de gunst allen zeenymphen het hof te mogen maken en doopen Wij hem met den naam:

Shark

welken naam Wij hem gelasten waardig te dragen.

Gegeven in den ATLANTISCHEN OCEAAN,

den 11^{ew} April 1919

NEPTUNUS,

GEZIEN, DE KAPITEIN:

GOD DER OCEANEN, ENZ.

M. Schuur



west. It was a low lying port with a long jetty and a few skiffs filled with bananas and oranges, an old Dutch light house and a group of clean looking white houses that looked as O. Henry says "like a hard-boiled egg on a piece of lettuce". They have an amusing scheme of unloading their people from the boat there: a large basket, a cross between a clothes basket and a sentry box was stood on its end and a few people crowded into it through the opened side. It was suddenly swept into the air by the crane and the people dandled in the air for a moment only to be suddenly dropped on to the bobbing deck of the tender. The contents were anything but happy, especially when the tender rose suddenly and struck the descending basket on the bottom.

Mrs. Croher is ~~was~~ usual roaring into everything in an engaging way and has bought a parrot from an old Indian. We have begun to get other impressions than just sight ---we had mangoes for lunch, and they certainly taste odd.

As we left the harbor a rainstorm began, the first they have had since November, and the distant water got quite purple and the nearer water got a bright blue like an Italian lake. We passed a fisherman sitting on the four poles lashed together and handling the tiny sail of his raft, very much alone in the sea, but going as far as 35 miles outside of the sight of land because he has unvarying trades to blow him back.

April 16 I think it was tonight we came into Bahia. You cant do anything in the tropics by dusk, it doesnt last long enough. After dinner we went to the city in an automobile with Mrs. Pyles, Drand Mrs Titus, Brito and Bennett, climbing up the cliff on which the city lies and gave it the onceover from an automobile, going out to the pensao which is kept by Guynemer's mother, where we met a friend of Bennetts, whose career is interesting.

His name is Mosely, a small swarthy young Englishman, with a shifty eye and a handshake like crumbling tissue-paper & In the summer of 1914 he and a friend were at Monte Carlo. His friend one night when they were in the gambling-room said, "Here put this twenty francs on the red ". He did and won 140 francs

---and some more that night . Since when he has been gambling with any money he can get his hands on. He tried to enlist, but was rejected on his stature, so hearing the reputation of Rio as a center for gambling, and ashamed to show his face at home he came to Rio. In three months he had lost nearly 150,000 dollars of his own and his family's money. If a boat came in on Friday night he would hardly sleep for the excitement of getting the draft from home. If it didnt come in time to get to the bank on Sat. he would take a launch across the bay and get a friend to cash it as a special favor---- to use up that night till he was where he was before. He got almost to starvation, went to Bahia to get away from his pals of Rio, got a job in a commercial house and had a safe made out of heavy steel with a slot in it through which he begged his employer to put a third of his savings--against himself. One night the longing got the upper hand and he got a cold chisel, opened the box and lost the salary at roulette. When we saw him Bennett said "Well old man how goes it?" Mosely put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of chips and grinned a queer sort of leer.

The air was soft and loaded with smells I have never known before, the palms along the streets are all they say of them, the houses a strange ornate, formal but I suspect very cool sort, a bit like the modern French houses in Lille or along the Boulevard de Lille in Roubaix. The stores were all open in Bahia, simply without any front wall, and the proprietor stands round loafing quite like the orient. The music goes on the time of Dud da-dada da Dud da-dada da. The favorite place of light and life is a combination cigar and rum shop with tables for other forms of food.

Since Pernambuco I have shared my cabin with Antonio Caeta Ribeiro, em firma A.C. Ribeiro, Caixas 245 RECIFE. We grin inanely at each other but I can see that I study the Portuguese pretty soon now. Antonio is much intrigued by

my stropping my razor in the morning; he doesn't do it to his
and the noise he makes shaving makes me cringe with the pain
it must give him. Though he may be beyond suffering from the
desperate fumes of the perfume he uses. Thank God he doesn't
mind fresh air.

An election here was lost recently because the
trumpcard was saved till the very last and then played with
a crash. At nine o'clock of the night before the elections
the orators sallied forth and mounting the stumps said "This
man they ask you to vote for is not worthy of your vote and
we have just discovered a fact that proves it. Why he is so
weak and soft a character that he doesn't even keep a mistress"

April 17 Now that I have become used to the palms, mangoes,
zapotos, and the bamboos, and the parrot we bought at Pernam-
buco, my wonderment has been aroused more by the natives than
by flora or fauna. Some of the haute monde do Brasil got on the
boat at Bahia. They seem to me like slightly swarthy Frenchmen
very well educated and speaking at least the three languages
and often five, very amusing company in some cases, and much
more civilised in the French meaning of the term than we of
North America. They are keen about the U.S. and are much more
favorably disposed to us than the Argentines, at least so every
one says. The country bred folk are in the business of absorb-
ing the black blood which is like taking an inkspot out of
flannel breeches by adding more water and rubbing the affair
into a larger ^{spot} ~~affair~~ than ever. The coons have none of our
jolly clattering spirit---nor have their whites much joie
de vivre either. The naval men we had down here ~~are~~ were an
excellent sort and made no end of a killing with apparently
everyone &

I gather from the numerous commercial men on board that
the trade conditions here will revert to the European advan-
tage very largely, now that deliveries can be made from the o-
ther side, but that Brazil looks with great favor on the U.
S. partly to counter-act the extreme favor with which the

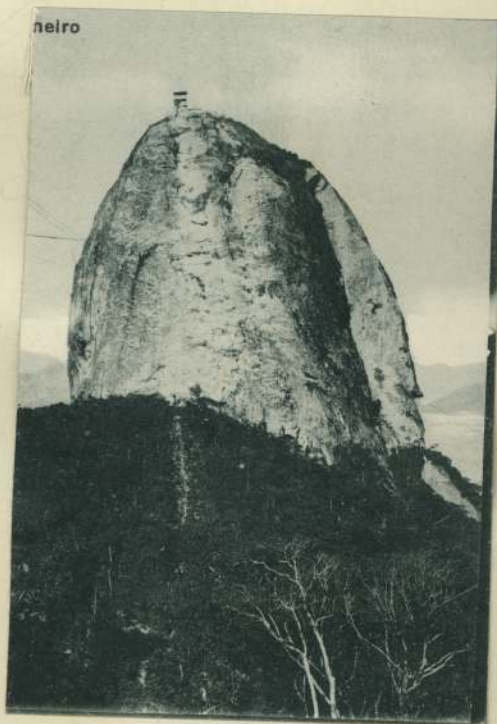
Argentines regard Europe. Everyone says that we are lending to Europe at five percent and they are come down here with it and using the friendships of before the war are able to push the Americans out, and getting 8 to 25% on the money they pay us back with great gusto. And a smile for our innocent good-will. Hell, what's the difference! I think we have a long road to go before we are good foreign traders, and besides we dont need the money so we havent even the first principles of an excuse to do anybody else out of their old means of livelihood.

We have three Japs, six Norvegians, one French, two Venezuelans, a Mexican, and the balance in Argentines Brazilians and "100% Americans". Our table is nothing but men and no two born in the same country---but that doesnt keep it from being the sort of a place that the hotel Faloria was. There is an Argentine whose only word in English is VERY CATCHY. If you wear a new necktie or carve your meat quickly or tell a rough story that pleases, you are rewarded with an approving nod and a "vairree Ketshee" from Signor De Miguel, Mr. De Mike as Quinn calls him. Brito one of the Brazilians is funny as the deuce for the gestures he uses--- I never saw a man so dependent on the hands feet legs and back to express what he wants as this "SR Nascimento". "And she iss sair!"

I saw Clarine in New York before I sailed, and her husband too. I think he would be as good as any in the Bronx to irk Mrs Hanks but Clarine told me things were much easier in that line than before, and Mrs Hanks is anxious to patch it up. Clarine looked very well and made the naive remark that when you had a baby you didnt seem to get your brains back ! She said you got sort of cow-like and contented and that Hetty had noticed the same thing too. The only thing I could think of if it must be like is being taken into the Fly Alec and so I guess You and I are barred from that sensation!

April 19

At two in the morning I woke up and saw the huge half-shadowed mountain of Cabo Frio rising out of the sea quite near us, the now scant moon giving no more light than to show gray-green rocks with blue mist floating over them, and the strange shape of the outline against an already misty starlight. Dawn was not for some time but I soon got up. And as soon as I got up on deck the northern part of the sky began to show an increasingly strange and fairy book sort of horizon, jagged mountains of blue-black running along the



coast. We were running before the dawn. The sky behind us more and more golden, the mountains more and more a china blue, the sea greener. The loneliness of being on deck was nothing, I didn't notice it till a gust from the land itself brought a lot of earthy odors that made me want company to enjoy them with. Very soon we could see a huge beak of gray granite, smooth and cold, nosing right up out of the sea at the mouth of the harbor, looked

morenlike Sugar Loaf--Pao dAssucar -- and so I knew Rio.

Now you will never read any exaggeration of Rio Harbor. It is a little bit like what would happen if Keene Valley were filled with clean water to the level of the top of Sunset Hill and the sides of the hills covered with palms etc., and the entrance from the Ausable lakes, no, from the Chapel Pond side. The city would lie to the south and southwest and west of the bay, a rambling enormous affair of pink, lilac, blue, buff or white plaster fingering up into but thoroughly afraid of conquering the tree-covered mountains that hover ^{over} the bay. There are identically the same big rainstain slides of granite as in the Adirondacks, but everything on a vast scale.

In the morning sun the Brazilian flag looked very much

like a young tree, so very green and so very yellow.
As we were waiting for the Customs and Port officials
Mme. Godoy's family came on board and made a good deal
of a scene. Her husband's family really, people she had
never seen before---which must be very hard&

Met Hackett at the dock and also Dr. Thomas Al-
ves, a Government official in the Public Health Service
who has been loaned to the Commission . The name Rock-
efeller is somewhat of a sesame here --- I went through
the customs with no examination. Then getting into the
Commission's Ford we road up to the Hotel International
one of the finest sites I have ever seen.

Rio itself is rather exceptional, it has the
formality and cleanliness of Paris, the hurry and lack
of tradition of the U.S., all the warm open house sub-
tropical things I had never seen before, and something
additional which needs watching before it appears in
the literature. But there's no more question about
it's beauty than that of Nancy Graves----it simply is
the loveliest I have ever seen or I imagined

