section, for there must have been better parts of the city. Sailed at 8 p.m.

Mar 24. Southern Cross is visible.

Mar. 25. Docked in Cristobal at 6 p.m. I had wirelessed Dr. Louis Schapiro at Panama about my visit, but received no message on arrival. Phoned from the dock & received excellent service without cost through the centrals of ~~Pan~~ Colon (& Cristobal), Gatun, Balboa, and Panama. Learned that Dr. Schapiro was to ~~address~~ deliver a lecture that evening to some 500 teachers in annual conference, but would see me at the ship at 9 a.m. the next day. Two telegrams which Dr. Schapiro had sent me were not delivered until over an hour after we had docked.

Walked through Colon & Cristobal with the ship's doctor, a Canadian. Saw the numerous shops of Armenians selling the same goods that they display in Singapore or Colombo and following the same

methods. Saw ~~of~~ many naval police, sometimes two in one block. Saloons were everywhere, and on one street the women of the underworld had complete sway on one sidewalk. Their places of business opened on the sidewalk and consisted of a parlor in front and an open door behind revealing a bed. The women were white & were said to be French. ~~Visited~~ We were joined by other passengers from the boat & visited a cabaret and dance hall, where we had lemonades & those who preferred wore beer. The place was liberally supplied with dancing girls of darkish shades and an atrocious ~~bar~~ jazz band. Bought a doll's panama hat at a store for some one of the children.

Mar. 26. ~~Dr Schapiro~~ Took an hour's walk in the morning, — as far as Hotel Washington in Colon. Dr. Schapiro was at the ship when

I returned at 9. a. m. and we ~~had~~ ~~talked~~ till 10, 30. Planned the return trip via Panama and Costa Rica. I am to cable Dr. Schapiro when I know my dates & he will notify Dr. Taylor.

Sailed from Cristobal at 11 a.m., went out through the entrance to the breakwater. All day we had the mountains of Panama in sight.

<u>May. 27.</u> Friday. We sailed into the harbor of Cartagena at about 10.30 a.m. We entered the <u>boca chica</u> between two old forts and sailed up the large harbor. The large mouth was blocked by the Spaniards in the very early days. The city has an oriental aspect in the distance with its yellow walls and its domes. It extends between the harbor and the open sea. Inland from it is the fortress San Felipe and further to the right rises La Popa with

a monastery on the top.

The ship started unloading its huge cargo of steel pipe for the oil pipe-line of the Andian National Corporation. It is said that the line is to be 300 miles long. Near us was one of a series of barges ~~been~~ on which were being built dormitories for workmen. The barges are to go up the Magdelena River as the work progresses.

At 2 p.m. I joined the "Cruisers", as the regular tourist tour people were called, and drove about the city and up La Popa. It was very dry & dusty but fairly cool. We passed the House of the Inquisition with its lovely ~~sq~~ square in front. Many of the streets have overhanging balconies and barred projecting windows. The houses are ~~tinted~~, white, buff, yellow, or rose, ~~or~~ Everywhere one finds old fortifications against pirates ~~etc~~ & enemies.

We drove to the top of La Popa and visited the ancient monastery there. It is being renovated

Read "Colombia, Land of Miracles" by Blair Niles, and Colombia by Medal Eder.

and the old & the new are sadly confused. Some of the old pillars and arches are still there. We heard the legend of the three nuns that threw themselves over the cliff when Drake captured the city.

In the city we visited the old cathedral and even went down into the crypts below & inspected a few bones. The crypts looked uncomfortably new. ~~Otherwise the cathedral was interesting.~~

We drove out on the seawall and saw the extensive old fortifications there. We also visited the old barracks & prisons which are now the residences of the poor.

In the cathedral were large paintings ~~etc~~ illustrating the life of St. Pedro Claver, who devoted himself to the salvation of the black slaves from Africa in the early Spanish days. Visited the municipal theatre.

Mar. 28 ~~Our~~ My table companions on the ship are Dr. Tibbetts (Ship Surgeon) and Mr. & Mrs. Charles Unterberg, recently of the U.S. Army in the Canal Zone and now with the United Fruit Company. Mr. & Mrs. Unterberg & I walked through the town to the fortress of San Felipe & back. On the way we visited the market. We climbed the fortress and explored it, going through one of the many tunnels. On the way back we shopped and explored the city.

March 29 Sunday. The last of the iron pipes were unloaded by 10.30 & we sailed for ~~Cartagena~~ ~~Puerto~~ Colombia. At the start we towed two barges loaded with pipes, but we dropped them near the mouth of the harbor, before going out between the forts. We arrived at ~~Puerto Colombia~~ ~~Cartagena~~ ~~Barranquilla~~ at 6.30 p.m., about 1½ days late. I was greeted on board by the Commander of the Port, a large man who looked like a Scotchman, and also by another Brazil (possibly the medical

quarantine officer). They graciously welcomed me to Colombia in behalf of the Govt. ~~On~~ so I was also given a ticket from Puerto Colombia to Barranquilla as a courtesy from the Govt.

At 8.30 a train took us to Barranquilla on the Magdalena River, and I went to the Pension Inglesa, where most of the English-speaking people stay. Nevertheless the swarthy night-clerk had command of only two English words, - "Good Night!," and I had to make all arrangements in Spanish

Mar. 30. It is hot, dry, & dusty in Barranquilla. Moreover the mangoes will not be ripe for at least another month! The town is picturesque in the residence parts as the one-story dwellings have roofs thatched with reeds and the walls are

yellow, buff, or rose colored. The less frequented streets are disgracefully neglected and impassible to wagons.

Found that there would be no seats available in the hydroplane for Giradot before Friday. The fares are almost prohibitive. The flat-rate would about carry my skeleton & viscera. ~~As the~~ my adipose tissue and skin and baggage, I would have to pay extra at very high rates. So I bought a ticket for the "Expreso" River Boat "Colombia." My accommodation was "De Lujo", which meant that I had a ~~room~~ cabin to myself on the top deck, while the passengers on the lower deck slept two in a room. They had the advantage however of being distinctly less hot ~~during~~ while ~~While~~ the sun was beating on the roof. During the days

Barranquilla has streetcars drawn by three mules, and also motor buses.

we all went below in the hope of arriving another day. It was a scorching hot day and I became a little dizzy toward evening. I lost the power of visual accommodation, especially for nearer distances and was scarcely able to eat my dinner because my mouth was so dry. Nevertheless I had no fever or aches. The next day I was much better but had diarrhea & my eyes were notable to focus on ~~[illegible]~~ near objects as ~~they use~~ usually.

Mar 31

We met a dead deer floating down the river with a buzzard perched on it. ~~The bird~~ We wondered why the bird did not start eating, for the deer was evidently fresh.

In the early morning we arrived at Calamar, where the railroad arrives

from Cartagena & we took on Mr. Pinkham and Mr. Geo. A. Packard, Missing Engineer of 30 Congress St. Boston, ~~another missing engineer~~ who were on the Santa Marta with me. A hydroplane, which had probably arrived from Barranquilla in the morning resumed its journey up the river, taking off successfully and flying low.

We did not leave Calamar till about 10.30 a.m. and we spent the whole day sailing up the wide Magdalena River. The water is turbid with silt which means that the rains have commenced further south.

Mar 30 (resumed) At Barranquilla I called on the U.S. Consul.

The medical officer of the Dept of ~~Antioquia~~ Atlantico and also ~~Dr. Cuse~~ the Director of Hygiene ~~the local health officer~~ called on me at the hotel. The former was Dr. Anastasia del Rio, and the latter Dr. Eusebio, S. de la Hoz, Director de Hygiene del Dep. del Atlantico.

The U.S. consul stated to me that the mosquito work stopped abruptly when Dr. Hanson left and no inspections had been made since then. Dr. del Rio on the other hand, claimed that the mosquito index had risen only very slightly.

At the hotel I met Mr. & Mrs. Norman Brayshaw. Mrs. B. is a trained nurse & both have been connected in some way with Loma Linda, California (Med. School of Evangelists?) They wished to be remembered to Dr. & Mrs. Wilson at Bogotá where the Brayshaws lived formerly. Mr. Brayshaw urged me to call on Dr. Otto T. Brosius, 66 Calle Murillo on my return (phone 174), Barranquilla.

At 8 p.m. I sailed on the river-boat "Colombia". Dr. del Rio, and Dr. Miguel Araujo of Barranquilla came to the ship to see me off. There was also on the ship a Doctor who lives at Banco and practices up and down the Magdalena and Cesar Rivers. I became acquainted

with him.

April 1. Continued up the river. The grass gradually became tall & green & the villages more picturesque. Crocodiles basked on the sand-bars, or splashed into the water as we passed. In the afternoon the mountains began to be visible to the south and east.

(Photo) At Banco, where two divisions of the Magalena and the River Cesar meet, we found a pretty village with a pleasing church. A market was being held at the landing and we sent a boy ashore for mangoes. We got 2 doz. for 50 cents. They were indeed good, although not up to the Bombay variety. It was comfortable all day on the lower deck, and most of the time there was a fresh breeze from the south. We all felt better & the mangoes completed the cure.

While I was writing I sat opposite a mother and her little 3-year-old daughter. They were dark, probably from Indian blood. The baby was fat and good-natured. At three different times I saw the mother light a cigarette and give it to the child. The youngster would blow through it, hold it in its mouth, and carry it between its fingers.

Many canoes were seen poling along the banks of the wide river, a paddling across the river with passengers. The canoes are dugouts, but are well-formed, inside & out, and make good progress. We also met several river-boats usually towing 2 & 4 flat-boats loaded with cattle or freight. In the evening there was a pretty sunset and the air was cool and refreshing. We ate mangoes

~~sold~~ for afternoon tea and again for dinner. I sent a plate of them to the captain, who was also having a ~~stomach ache~~. I wonder if he dared eat them. He had been very good to me and had me come up and sleep in his hammock when I felt so uncomfortable ~~to~~ on the previous day.

The usual form of greeting seems to be for each person to embrace the other by putting one arm around him and patting his back while expressing ~~his~~ great joy at the pleasure of meeting. The captains tried this on me, which was a new experience on my part.

April 2. Continued up the wide river. The water seems to have risen somewhat. Picturesque villages are passed from time to time.

 Numerous alligators were seen on the sand-bars and one of the passengers fired at them with a rifle. They give a flop of the tail & glide into the water. For lunch we had yucca soup & baked yucca with our meat. We also ate mangoes and alligator pear.

About sundown we reached Puerto Wilches, a small village which is the terminus of a railway under construction to Bucaramanga. We went ashore for a few minutes. After a couple of hours the unloading was finished & we continued our course up the river.

April 3. Friday. Barranca-bermeja is the name of a town on our left as we woke this morning. The ship had been discharging cargo there. As I first looked out the town was twinkling with electric lights and behind it was the jungle. I am told that this is a

"Standard Oil town and that the oil bearing country lies to the east of the river.

In the early morning there was a downpour of rain accompanied with thunder & lightning. The air was cool & the river seemed to be rising. Here and there the banks had been partially cleared and bananas had been thickly planted or a few cattle were being raised. Scattering tall trees with ~~light stems~~ whitish stems and high round or flat tops were usually left, and near-by was the background of high jungle, or rain-forest. The huts of the dark-skinned natives were near the river, sometimes on a bit of elevated ~~s~~ land. The smoke was curling up against the background of primeval forest. One house had been undermined & had fallen into the river and here and there a huge tree had done the same. The ship is was

nosing its devious way up the river, stopping its engines from time to time in its caution. ~~Occasionally~~ Floating trees are numerous and freshly formed banks of silt give an idea how the bottom must be changing. The ship is drawing only three feet.

(625 miles from Barranquilla to La Dorada.) (987 Kilometers)

322
170
152
64
216 kilometers
5
8)1080
135 miles =

1 kilo = 5/8 mile ±
1 mile = 8/5 = 1.6 kilos ±

625
135
760 miles

Barranquilla to Girardot.

La Dorada to Girardot

~~Also~~ Crocodile shooting continued at intervals. One man shot three times at a crocodile without getting near enough to drive him to water.

At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we reached a very wide and shallow part of the river. Stranded trees dotted the vast expanse of water. The ship steamed slowly, choosing its course by the eddies ~~ripples~~ indicating the strongest current. Nevertheless we felt the ship touch bottom and a few minutes later it ~~sh~~ bumped again and stopped. "Agua!" shouted ~~some~~ one of the boys on the bow, and "agua" it was rising rapidly in one of

the compartments of the hold. Probably a sunken tree had punched a hole in the side near the bow. Two steam ~~fire~~ pumps and a hand pump were put in operation and a couple of men descended into the water and tried to fix the hole without much success. They tried wooden blocks surrounded with oakum, and prepared soft balls of partly congealed cement. The boat was dragged down-stream off the ~~shoal~~ bottom and took a new course up the river nosing its way cautiously. They bumped a couple of times ~~here~~ but got through, with steam pumps going to keep the water down. At six they reached Puerto Barrios. (The ship drew what 3 ft). As we approached Puerto Barrios the shore-clearing expanded & low hills appeared. There were wide pastures and

 sleek steers with long horns. The hidroavion was moored at the bank and two other steamers were already tied for the night at the dock. The center of the town was a dark place for a fire had swept it a few months ago. The conspicuous landmark was the concrete hotel, ablaze with electric light.

As we pulled up to the wharf we saw Mr. Purcell on the bank. He had started the same morning from Barranquilla in the hydroplane which I might have taken at great expense (about 300 dollars). Sent a telegram to D. Wilson asking him to make hotel reservation and send cable to N. York announcing my arrival in Colombia. Visited the hotel & returned to the ship.

A hydroplane splashes into the river & pulled up to the wharf. It was

on the way down the river.

April 4. We ~~stayed~~ tied to the bank until morning as daylight was needed for navigation. Then we ~~started~~ for ~~E~~ La Dorada. We soon reached a village on the right bank. ~~We~~ As at ~~practically all~~ most villages & huts there were piles of wood on the bank for the steamers. Our oil burner pushed up to the bank and took on several cords, — an ominous sign. We can hope ~~that~~ the oil holds out. The men in the hold are still working on the hole & ~~seem~~ are ~~to be~~ using ~~mud~~ something that looks like clay mud! Took "bulb" photos of the village from the ~~standing~~ ship. The villages here have bread-fruit trees. One of the bread-fruit trees is about to be cast on the waters by the floods.

One of the passengers who came on board at Puerto Barrio reported that ~~yesterday~~ the day before there had been two collisions of cattle trains at curves on the Ferrocarril de Antioquia which runs between ~~the~~ Medellin and Puerto Barrio. 4 people were killed. Some of the passengers who left our ship will have to transfer to get around the wrecks.

A refined young Colombian sits at table with me & we talk Spanish. He is doing all he can to increase my vocabulary. At Puerto Barrio ~~we & lost~~ several passengers left us including a huge Sibede who talked English German and a little Spanish. He sat at our table & we tried them all.

In the afternoon I photographed a hut near the mouth of a creek with background of tall trees. Saw a fine lot of crocodiles & tried to photograph ~~a couple~~ two.

In the evening we gradually gained on another boat &

finally passed it —— ~~the~~ suggesting the Mississippi races of old.

1925.

April 5. About 1 a.m. we had arrived at ~~Beltran~~ La Dorada & at 4.15 Edoardo, who has charge of ~~the~~ my luggage, woke me. There was plenty of time, for we did not take the narrow guage train till 6.30. The train carried us past a stretch of river which is not navigable. The train stopped at many villages ~~where~~ and most of the inhabitants seemed to be in the stations, for it was Palm Sunday, the beginning of Holy Week. Even a passing steam-engine was decked with palm leaves. Passed through Honda. At about noon we arrived at Beltran on the Magdalena. We had passed through much interesting country with pretty valleys and irregular mountains. Our boat had not arrived & we had to wait, for our tickets were not good for the boat which was about to start & would save a day. Had lunch at "Hotel Verdun"

a single room with whitewashed walls and a roof of thatch. Around the long table sat a mixed company including a ~~black~~ priest in black, several senoritas, a returned traveler talking of Switzerland, and some traveling business men. Mosquitoes suffered with us in quantity. ~~On~~ The walls were decorated with the usual ~~"Wine of"~~ "Cardui" advertisements.

Our ship, the "Sucre", came as we finished lunch & tied up at the wharf, where it remained till for the next morning. The sun & the ship were very hot & the cabins ~~too~~ were turned into solar ovens by the radiation from the roof. The single stack helped warm the deck with its radiation.

On the trip the passengers pointed out the "yucca" which proved to be our old friend of the orient "manioc" or "tapioca!". In one of

the stations there was a pronounced case of tropical anemia, doubtless hookworm disease, in a boy of about 12. Puffy face & pallor. The country-side was beautiful, cool with clouds & fresh from last night's rain. At a station we met the grist grog shop. A man came to the window & made mysterious signs to me to come with him. He evidently wished to exchange information for liquor. The passengers went in & came out ~~the~~ making grimaces & spitting. The rum must be like our moonshine at its worst.

On the top of the cars sat brakemen ~~with~~ in light clothes operating the wheels as if steering autos.

Boys came through & sell candy & two each presented lottery tickets. Received a telegram from Dr. Wilson on the train: "Hotel Reservation made. Home Office advised of your arrival. Meet in Kinaldot."