

ROBERT L. SMITH

25 July 1950

Dear Amon:

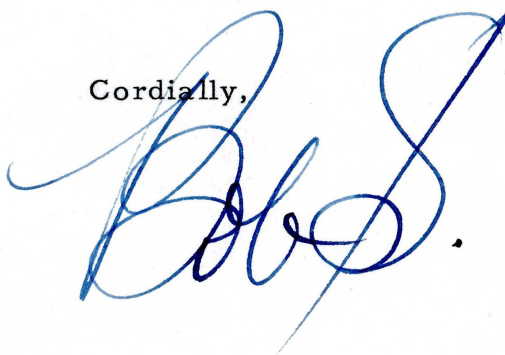
Not for the benefit of posterity but at the request of a few personal friends who evinced interest in our recent trip, I have dictated a "South American Memo", which pretends to be no more than the informal heading implies.

With the thought that you may get a minor kick out of comparing my impressions with your own, I enclose a copy.

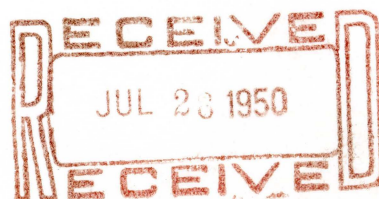
I enjoyed the opportunity of visiting with you at various times during the course of our trip and look forward to seeing you soon.

Kind personal regards.

Cordially,



Amon G. Carter, Publisher
Fort Worth Star-Telegram
Fort Worth, Texas



SOUTH AMERICAN MEMO

Brazil represents a new frontier, vastly rich and ripe for development ... atheists should look down on a moonrise from 20,000 feet ... the spectacular beauty of Rio's famed harbor defies description ... Juan and Evita Peron more than live up to advance billing ... Buenos Aires has the finest airport in the world ... a free press and a dictatorship cannot survive in the same political climate.

These are a few of the observations brought back from a flying trip to Latin America as a guest passenger aboard Pan American's double-deck Clipper Friendship on its inaugural flight.

From the standpoint of its aviation significance, the 12,820 mile flight was an historic one. We flew from New York to Buenos Aires, a distance of 6,410 miles, in 26 hours' flying time. First stop was Port of Spain, a distance of 2,266 miles, while the second leg of the journey, from Port of Spain to Rio, a distance of 2,849 miles, is the longest nonstop flight yet undertaken by a scheduled commercial airline. From Rio we flew to Montevideo, a distance of 1,144 miles, and thence to Buenos Aires, a mere hop of 151 miles. Ordinarily, statistics are dull, but the Stratocruiser which so easily and comfortably accomplished these prodigious spans of space and time has specifications which demand recordation. For instance, its cruising speed is from 300 to 340 m.p.h., with a full load top speed of 375 m.p.h., a passenger capacity of 75 with a crew of seven, gross weight of 142,500 pounds, and a wing span of 141 feet. The Clipper has a flying range of 4,600 miles, and its pressurized altitude conditioning maintains near-sea-level air

pressure up to a ceiling of 33,000 feet. Fuel capacity is nearly 8,000 gallons, while the four Pratt-Whitney 3,500 h.p. motors generate sufficient power to furnish the electricity for an average American city.

Throughout most of the trip we flew at altitudes ranging from 14,000 to 23,000 feet, and, with the exception of a few bumps midway between Trinidad and Rio due to headwinds and cross currents, the entire flight was smooth as glass. About an hour out of Trinidad, we were afforded the rare opportunity of witnessing the rising of a full moon from a vantage point of more than 20,000 feet. It gave one the feeling of floating in space (which, indeed, we were), detached from the earth and above both the moon and the earth ... truly a thrilling and inspirational sensation, which, I am sure, few members of the party will forget. Atheists should look down on such a sight.

There were 36 passengers aboard, composed mostly of newspaper and magazine publishers and heads of radio and television networks and press services. Senator Johnson of Colorado, Congressman Hinshaw of California, and Willard L. Thorpe, Under Secretary of State, were also among the guests. The three women members of our party were Mrs. Ogden Reid, publisher of the New York Herald Tribune, Mrs. Fleur Cowles, editor of Flair magazine, and Mrs. Trippe, charming wife of our host, Juan Trippe, founder and president of Pan American Airlines. To the world at large, Juan Trippe is known as a titan among aviation pioneers, but to those of us who had the good fortune to taste his hospitality on this trip, he established himself as a host par excellence who left not the smallest detail overlooked to make the trip completely enjoyable for the entire entourage.

It was a most delightful company, and if the members of the Fourth Estate could work together at home in the same spirit of harmony and good fellowship which was reflected among spirited competitors on this trip, many harassing problems would disappear from the publishing and communications fields. But, alas, this is expecting too much.

We stopped at Trinidad only long enough to refuel both plane and passengers. However, the guest house where we dined, and which P.A.A. has transformed from an old Army barracks, deserves mention for sheer cleverness and originality of decor and appointments. Subdued lighting effects emphasized the exotic tropical indoor planting, while modern treatment of windows and walls combined to create a strikingly pleasing, tho' simple, environ. Impressed with the interior decoration, we made inquiry as to its originator and were told that a native black named Boscoe Holder was responsible.

Were the distribution of this historic document not limited to a chosen few, I would not mention his name, lest by doing so, unwittingly I might be responsible for his "discovery" by Hollywood, a fate which, I trust, ne'er befalls this talented and, I am quite sure, happy Trinidadian. The repast reminded one of an Hawaiian luau. Served buffet style, the food was presented in the most tropical, artistic fashion imaginable and was equally delicious.

Frequently when one is the recipient of too many advance notices regarding the superlative characteristics of a person, a show, or a place, it is anti-climactic when firsthand contact is established. Such is not true with respect to Rio de Janeiro. We circled the Bay of Rio de Janeiro several times before landing. There was not a cloud in the sky, it was approximately one o'clock in the afternoon, and I had preempted a strategic position of observation in the enormous glass-nosed cockpit of the Clipper, from which it was possible to drink in the breathtaking beauty of the scene below. Mother Nature must have

been sipping champagne when she whipped up this setting. No matter how much you've read or how many pictures you've seen, you simply can't be prepared for your first view of Rio. This fabulous capital is a labyrinth of fantastically shaped hills and bays, of winding water front drives and twisting streets and steps which spiral up the slopes of mountains all over the city. Sugar Loaf, the famous cone which rises almost perpendicularly out of the Bay, is considered the foremost sightseeing goal of tourists. But to me, an unorthodox tourist, the most impressive landmark is Corcovado, the majestic mountain on which stands an enormous statue of Christ. The amazing, exotic panorama as viewed from the sky includes the magnificent crescent shaped sweep of Copacabana beach ... a harbor channel dotted with minuscule islands ... the iridescent sheen of Boto Faogo Bay ... and a city built to the very edge of the notched coastline with buildings stacked one upon the other up into the precipitous, close-in mountains which circle the harbor.

Only in flying over the vastness of Brazil can one fully comprehend the immensity of this fourth largest country in the world, with a land area of more than 3,000,000 square miles, and an Atlantic coastline extending 4,889 miles. Metro Goldwyn Mayer and the travel folders have combined to picture Brazil as a land of coffee, the Amazon, steaming jungles, man-eating snakes, and romantic Rio. But Brazil is much more ... larger than either the United States or Europe, Brazil possesses by far the greatest agricultural and industrial potentialities in the Western Hemisphere.

At the present time, Brazil suffers from lack of communications, transportation, and hydroelectric power. However, a Brazilian counterpart of our TVA project is in the making on the Sao Francisco River, which will bring both cheap power and irrigation to arid coastal plains below the "Atlantic bulge". From 20,000 feet the Sao Francisco River

appears as a shining silver ribbon curling its course placidly through the fertile red-soiled valley of Minas Gerais, yet it is longer, wider, and more navigable than the Mississippi.

Brazil's mineral wealth is virtually untouched. It has diamonds and other precious stones, manganese, cement, coal, iron, and petroleum. Sao Paulo is its principal commercial city, while Rio is more the tourist playground. Sao Paulo is 304 miles inland from Rio, and our pilot told me that the volume of air traffic between the two cities is comparable to that between New York and Washington. Informed Brazilian businessmen with whom we spoke predict that Sao Paulo, the "Chicago of Brazil", now more than a million in population, one day will surpass Rio.

One of the high lights of our stay in Rio was a luncheon given in honor of our party by the Brazilian Foreign Minister, Raul Fernandes, at the Palacio Itamaraty. The palace was a magnificent example of Florentine architecture. From the huge dining room where we lunched, a long series of French doors opened out on a terrace, beyond which black and white swans floated gracefully on the surface of an enormous pool. The Minister, whose remarks were translated from Portugese, was brief and surprisingly frank. He spoke of the common bonds which have linked Brazil and the United States together as allies in war and friends in peace and made a direct plea for additional financial aid. Certainly foreign countries' asking financial aid from Uncle Sam is nothing new, yet, after flying over this undeveloped land which holds such enormous potentials, I could not help but contrast Brazil with Europe. While we are pouring millions into a decadent, devastated, and senile Europe (and I say this as an advocate of the Marshall Plan) perhaps we might also give consideration to the establishment of a more aggressive liaison with this young, rich, and virile country, toward the end that the resources of this friendly

neighbor be developed to a point where they would result in the creation of new wealth, elevation of the standard of living, and increased protection for the Western Hemisphere. As one of the important democracies of the world, Brazil has a good record of business and trade relations with the United States, and, like Finland, always has paid her debts. Yet, from public officials to the man in the street, Brazilians today feel, perhaps justifiably, that "the squeaky axle gets the grease" insofar as United States policy in Latin America is concerned. Yet purely on the basis of enlightened self interest, Brazil looms as a vast new frontier which appears to offer the best possible return for any dollars invested there. However, before undertaking the establishment of any new rapport designed to increase cooperation between our two countries, Brazilians must be convinced that the United States has not junked the Monroe Doctrine for a policy of cold imperialism and that our intentions are honorable and directed toward mutual benefits. Steps also must be taken in the direction of making it easier for American capital to invest and operate in Brazil. Unfortunately, the present trend is in the opposite direction.

Another high light of our stay in Rio was a banquet given in honor of our host, Juan Trippe, by the Chamber of Commerce of Rio de Janeiro. The enormous banquet hall in which this affair was held was formerly the gambling casino of the Copacabana Palace Hotel. From a 44-foot ceiling supported by enormous white marble pillars hung three magnificent crystal chandeliers, beneath which was set the banquet table. One-hundred-eight places were set with gold service on two sides of a single table which ran the entire length of the room. The center of the table was banked with exotic tropical flowers ... cymbidium and vanda orchids, anthurium, heliconia, O bico do papagaio, strelitzia reginae, etc. This long bank of flowers was punctuated at approximately six foot intervals

with matching candelabra. The food and wine (Johnston Monopole, Chateau Petit Village 1938, Krug Brut Reserve, Liqueurs) justified the setting.

Other official visits of our party included a reception with Eurico Gaspar Dutra, President of Brazil, who received us most graciously at his magnificent palace and served excellent French champagne. We also met with Brazilian press representatives at their Press Club in their own building, a magnificent structure which might have been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. It completely puts to shame any press club or press building we have in the United States. Not the least of its features is a roof garden where full-sized trees and tropical plants create a most delightful vantage point from which to view the metropolitan skyline of Rio.

Perhaps the most dangerous and exciting phase of our trip was the cab rides through the streets of Rio (B. A. was a close second). On Saturday, July 1st, we drove from the Copacabana Palace Hotel to the Palacio Itamaraty for luncheon. This turned out to be the equivalent of going from Santa Monica to downtown Los Angeles, or from the Battery to the Bronx. Negotiating this distance at high noon on any day in Rio, where the pedestrian is merely an object to be run down, and where no traffic rules or signals of any kind prevail, would be rugged enough, but this particular day there was an international football (soccer) game. Brazil was playing Yugoslavia, and the streets were literally teeming with soccer fans headed in the general direction of the stadium, which accommodates 200,000 spectators. On our return from the Palace, enormous crowds were standing about in the streets cheering the results as they came over the radio. Stores were closed for the occasion, and business of all kinds was at a standstill. Even the maids and porters in the hotels, normally exceedingly polite and alert, paid no attention to room service calls, but were huddled about radios listening to the soccer match.

Fortunately for the welfare of our party, Brazil won two to nothing. The football stadium is not only an amazing architectural triumph of reinforced concrete but incorporates features which anticipate the temperament of the Cariocas (natives of Rio). The stands are separated from the playing field by a ten-foot moat which holds eight feet of water. The field is built three feet above the moat, and the players reach the field through tunnels beneath the stands.

Apparently indigenous only to Rio are its streetcars, which are known as "bondes". Sixty-five years ago the British company operating the tramway system issued bonds to finance the project. The public of Rio thought that was the name for the streetcars, and they have been called "bondes" ever since. The cars are antiquated, open-air affairs and usually run in double headers, and, except for the roof, they are invariably covered with a mass of humanity.

In an effort to improve transportation facilities, huge all-steel buses were imported from the United States. The Cariocas, who have a sprightly sense of humor, call these "gostoso" which is the Portugese equivalent of "glamor boy".

One cannot help being greatly impressed by the beauty and modernness of the architecture in both Rio and B.A. I was told by an American who has lived many years in Brazil that Brazilians have a penchant for putting their money into buildings because they can see the buildings, as opposed to bonds and other paper investments. While this has been fine from the standpoint of architectural development, it has retarded such projects as railroads, highways, power plants, etc., which seem to have lesser appeal for Brazilian investors.

Typical of the ultra modern buildings in Rio is the Sears Roebuck structure, which is located in what is roughly the equivalent of Chicago's "Loop". Sears Roebuck have been most successful in their policy of purchasing locally manufactured goods for their Latin American retail outlets.

Our party was ensconced at the Copacabana Palace Hotel and apartments. I had the good fortune to be assigned to one of the apartments which had two balconies, one facing the ocean front and the other the boulevard in front of the hotel. From one balcony, one looked down upon the magnificent Copacabana Beach and its famous black and white mosaic sidewalk where the wealthy leisure class lounge, stroll, bathe, and flirt, while, from the other balcony, one looked down upon a new housing project, the foundation for which was being hewn out of solid rock. Here, with no other implements than sledge hammers, Brazilian laborers toiled endlessly "making little ones out of big ones" and loading them by hand into trucks. In America, of course, all this would have been done with power equipment, but throughout Rio it was a common sight to see workmen breaking up stone by hand.

Brazilian boys on the avenue have a habit of pulling their right ear. On inquiry, I learned that that is their way of registering admiration for a good looking girl. There is much justification for ear-pulling in Rio.

From Rio we flew to Montevideo, staying there overnight, and flew the next morning to B. A.

While we had little opportunity to explore Montevideo, the outmoded hotel accommodations

there contrasted sharply with the luxurious and modern appointments of the hotels in Rio and B. A. Similarly, the airport facilities and the narrow and bumpy dirt road leading from the airport to the city suffered by comparison with the magnificent highways in the other two cities we visited. However, more than offsetting these unimportant details was the fact that gambling is legal in Uruguay, and your faithful reporter discovered, the hard way, that the odds on roulette against a sucker are precisely the same in Montevideo, Uruguay as in Reno, Nevada. Incidentally, the official rate of exchange in Brazil is 18.38 cruzeiros to one U. S. dollar, while the black market ranges from 32.6 to 36 to one. In Uruguay the rate of exchange is 2.85 pesos to one U. S. dollar, and a legal "free market" keeps the Uruguayan peso relatively firm at that figure. In the Argentine the rate of exchange is based on 9.01 pesos to one U. S. dollar, but, on the black market ranges from $12\frac{1}{2}$ to 15 to one. To attract tourists, Uruguay requires no passports of any kind ... only identification, while Argentina has the most rigid immigration restrictions.

Although I had heard that the National Airport in B. A. was the largest and finest in the world, I was not prepared for the magnificent facilities which we found there ... ten-thousand-foot diagonal runways ... magnificent buildings ... the latest facilities navigation-wise, etc. Upon admiring the marble-lined terminal building, we were told that this was only a temporary structure!

The airport is a good 35-40 minute drive from the heart of B. A., and we traversed this distance on a double lane parkway type of boulevard equal to New York's Henry Hudson Parkway, Chicago's Outer Drive, or Los Angeles' Arroyo Seco Parkway.

All along the highway landscaping had recently been set out and freshly planted lawns

bordered the thoroughfare from beginning to end. Every few hundred yards workmen were seen cutting the grass or cultivating the plants. Enroute, we passed the transmitter installation of the government-owned radio station, and it was by far the most elaborate I have ever seen. New building construction was in evidence on every hand, the most predominant of which were the Peron-conceived housing projects. Box-like apartment buildings four and five stories high, they were not unlike some of the housing projects sponsored by insurance companies in various densely populated sections of the United States. There were huge signs in front of each project proclaiming the fact that these were government projects, and Eva Peron's name was not inconspicuous on any of them.

The Plaza Hotel, where we stopped, might have been the Waldorf or the Ambassador except that the service was faster and better. Even before our luggage arrived, a large package weighing several pounds was delivered to the room of each member of our party and contained attractive four-color booklets and other material regarding Argentina. One of these dealt with the specialized type of social welfare developed by Eva Peron for the under-privileged children of Argentina. Typical titles are as follows: "Peron Expounds his Doctrine", a lecture of His Excellency the President of the Argentine Republic, Juan Peron, at the closing session of the First National Congress of Philosophy; Eva Peron: "My Labor in the Field of Social Aid", etc.

Argentine beef literally melts in your mouth. One explanation is that the Argentine pastures are so lush that the cattle do not traverse an area of but a few yards from the time that they are put out to pasture to the time they are slaughtered. There really appears to be little question but what America's contention that Argentine beef cannot be brought into this country because of the hoof and mouth disease is so much malarkey.

We really should take a new look at this situation on an unbiased, unprejudiced basis, particularly with the shortage of beef in our own country. After all, trading American dollars for foreign products is better than loaning them money with which to develop trade relations with our world trade competitors.

Easily the high light of our entire trip was our interview with General Peron. This was held at 5:30 p.m. on Monday, July 3, at the official government palace, and lasted for nearly two hours. Peron received us personally and greeted us most cordially. Built huskily and considerably above average height, he exudes vitality and self confidence. He has gleaming white teeth, and his broad, grinning, boyish smile is most infectious. He appeared much younger than his 55 years. Speaking through an interpreter, he indicated that he was looking forward to answering any questions which we might ask. As the question and answer period got underway, he fairly bounced up and down in his throne-like chair and beamed as much as to say, "How am I doin'?" Among the questions asked were a series dealing with freedom of the press, and, in answer to all of these, Peron assured us that freedom of the press was absolute in the Argentine. When asked if his administration had ever put any journalists in jail, Peron replied that not only had they never put any journalists in jail, but that as long as he was president, no journalists would be arrested or put in jail.

After the interview had proceeded for approximately 30 minutes, Dona Eva Peron made a carefully timed entrance and took her place next to her husband. She is a petite blond, not quite as pretty as we had anticipated, but more vivacious. She wore a well-tailored grey suit and a black velvet jeweled beret over her taffy colored hair, which she wears parted in the middle and drawn back severely over her forehead, with two "buns" in

back. I am told that the only feminine characteristic which is permitted to interfere in any way with her arduous schedule of work is her insistence that her hair be smartly groomed at all times and that whenever she is late for an appointment, it is invariably because she has been delayed by her hairdresser. On her left shoulder she wore an enormous diamond and ruby pin simulating a rose. The rose itself was formed of rubies and the stem and leaves were of diamonds. The pin appeared to be at least $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4 inches in diameter. The General greeted her warmly and put his arm around her shoulder. It was evident they had a perfect understanding and that they were well prepared to meet the situation at hand. Dona Peron spoke rather extensively on her favorite subject, social welfare, and invited members of our party to visit one of her welfare projects at eight o'clock the following morning. She gave the impression of being zealous and intense and somewhat humorless, whereas General Peron, as contrasted with Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, and other dictators, has a keen sense of humor and a quick wit. Dona Peron went out of her way to explain that, although various housing and social welfare projects bore her name, these and all other phases of the administration program were initiated by her husband and she was merely aiding him in their execution. In terminating her phase of the interview she said, "I love my husband and I love his work". Peron beamed approvingly.

Throughout the interview Peron kept urging more questions and at one point the interpreter quoted him as saying, "Nobody has asked a \$64 question yet". In the course of his glib answers to questioning, Peron made the statement that Argentina had made more social progress than any other country in the world, and pointed out that every person to reach the age of 70 in Argentina, irrespective of his previous record of employment or residence, automatically received a pension. He mentioned that Dona

Peron personally was going to distribute pensions at the Teatro de Peron that evening.

Some members of our group attended this interesting event and reported that a huge crowd gave Dona Peron a tremendous ovation, some of her admirers actually bowing before her and kissing the hem of her skirt. In giving out the pensions, she made an address from the stage of the theatre which was broadcast by the government radio, and, at the climax of her remarks, she reached a frenzy of exhortation which positively amazed those members of our party who were present. I am told this performance was typical of her radio broadcasting technique.

Also present at the interview was Peron's minister of domestic affairs, who helped in answering many questions which required reference to statistics. He proved smoothly adept at pointing up Peron's accomplishments.

When we asked if the elections in Argentina are held on the up and up, we were told that, because of the many benefits which the Peron administration has meted out to the masses, unquestionably he could command a plurality in any election held at the present time. It was unanimously agreed by the members of our party that the interview with the Perons was one of the greatest shows of its kind we had ever witnessed.

When one observed the extensive building and public works program going on in the Argentine, viewed the airport, the highways, and learned of the pension and other benefits which the public receives, one could not help but be reminded of the theory that the best and most efficient type of government is a benevolent dictatorship. However, I had the privilege of looking at the other side of the coin in an interview with Dr. E. Paz, owner

and publisher of La Prensa, the largest newspaper in South America. I had had the pleasure of entertaining Dr. Paz here in Los Angeles in 1943, and he was most candid in discussing his current problems, which result from the endeavor to publish a free press in a dictator-controlled country. Dr. Paz' experience is incontrovertible proof of the fact that, by their very nature, dictatorships cannot be "benevolent".

After lunching with Dr. Paz, a small group of us were conducted by him personally through his plant. It is one of the finest newspaper plants I have ever seen, comparing favorably with the most modern newspaper plants in America. However, going through it at this time is like visiting a morgue. Great banks of presses and other equipment stand idle, and two large press installations, one a rotogravure press and the other a black and white press, have been stopped in mid-construction by government order. Dr. Paz showed us the soldier-policemen who stand by 24 hours a day on the pretence of seeing that the stop-order is carried out. Twenty-seven-thousand tons of newsprint purchased in Finland under private contract between La Prensa and the Finnish mill have been expropriated by the government. Dr. Paz contracted for the newsprint at \$150 per ton, and now the government is selling this same newsprint back to him at \$180 per ton. He is permitted to print but 12 pages daily and 30 pages on Sunday on the grounds that there is a newsprint shortage in the Argentine and that newsprint must be divided "equally" among the various publications. A law has been passed making it a penal offense to publish any material, even though it might be true, which would reflect unfavorably upon the government. Dr. Paz has been indicted under this law, although no action to prosecute has yet been instituted against him. Like the soldier-policemen in his plant, however, having an indictment of this kind hanging over his head represents a type of intimidation which is self-evident.

Dr. Paz emphasized the fact that La Prensa does not represent the "opposition press" to the Peron administration. However, he feels he should be permitted to print the truth, and his interpretation of that privilege extends beyond the publication of government handouts.

To those of us who are engaged in the newspaper business in the United States where we demand and are accorded the right to publish the facts as we see them, without fear of retaliation or sanctions being invoked against us, the plight of Dr. Paz and his illustrious publication is shocking beyond words.

In our honor, Ambassador Stanton Griffis gave a dinner dance which all of the members of our party acknowledged to be superlative in every respect. We all expected this dinner to be a typical formal, stuffed-shirt affair, but, instead, to our surprise and delight, it turned out to be completely informal, with no head table and no speeches. The most beautiful and charming members of Buenos Aires society apparently were "drafted" by the Ambassador to be our dinner partners. The ballroom was transformed into a virtual night club with small, candle-lit tables framing the dance floor. The lovely ladies were not only beautifully gowned and beautifully jeweled, but proved to be exceptionally fine dancers and conversationalists. A great deal of samba dancing took place during the evening, with the writer yielding only to "Tex" Moore, the otherwise dignified chairman of the board of Time, Life & Fortune, and George Healy, Jr., publisher of the New Orleans Times Picayune.

Fourth of July we were honored guests at the Independence Day celebration held by the American Society of the River Plata. This was held at the Plaza Hotel and was attended by more than 3000 people, largely composed of members of the American colony in B.A.

Among numerous speakers were Ambassador Stanton Griffis and Sir John Balfour of Great Britain. On this and numerous other occasions when we had an opportunity to visit with him and see him in action, we could not help but be impressed by the Ambassador and his refreshing attitude towards diplomacy. With a keen wit which reminded me of Rupert Hughes, he refuses to take himself too seriously, yet it is apparent that he knows his job and has it well in hand. The United States would be a lot better off if we had more ambassadors like Stanton Griffis.

There were many other interesting incidents which occurred on the trip, but this "South American Memo" has already taken on alarming proportions, so I shall bring it to a conclusion by quickly describing our record-breaking return flight. We left Buenos Aires at approximately three in the afternoon. (We were scheduled to leave earlier, but the Ambassador arranged a luncheon in our honor at the airport, and General Peron's minister presented each of us with a handsome, personally autographed portrait of El Presidente in his full dress regalia, together with a miniature replica of the sword of the Liberator of Argentina, General San Martin.) We stopped at the airport in Rio only long enough to service the Clipper and arrived in Trinidad in time for breakfast at 7:30 the following morning. We were in Washington at five o'clock that same afternoon and, after clearing Customs, flew to New York, arriving there at approximately eight p.m. This was the end of the trip for most of the group. However, your correspondent went from Idyllwild to La Guardia Airport and boarded a sleeper plane for Los Angeles, arriving here the following morning at 7:40. Thus, I had flown from Buenos Aires to Rio to Trinidad to Washington to New York to Los Angeles, a distance of nearly 9,000 miles, in an elapsed time of 44 hours 40 minutes. Tempus fugit.