

TOWNS OF THE JUNGLE OF THE AMAZON VALLEY IN SOUTH AMERICA ARE DESCRIBED

(New York Herald-Tribune)

Though there are other large forested areas in Latin America, they are mere clumps of trees compared with the great jungle or selvas of the Amazon Valley. Here and there in that monotonous expanse of wilderness of 3,000,000 square miles is broken by clusters of houses where men live and have settled to defy an all-consuming nature. There may be enough houses to make a city as at Para and Manaus; the rest are towns of a few thousand inhabitants at the most like Obidos or Santarem or Iquitos, or villages of a few hundred like Altamira on the Xingu or Codajaz on the Solimoes. Around them the ever encroaching jungle threatens eternally to reclaim the little parcels of land cleared by the axe and machete of man. For in this diabolical paradise, man must struggle ceaselessly against the terrifying and relentless fecundity and savagery of nature, where even the trees war with each other for a place in the soil and the sun. Only during the "so-called" winter of the tropics do the rains decrease in intensity and the jungle slow down its feverish speed of growth. Man seems very insignificant indeed in the presence of such forces.

Black Gold

If it had not been for the lure of rubber, the "black gold" of the jungle, the Amazon would probably have been left to the Indians, the monkeys and the ants, those real lords of the jungles. But hosts of indomitable pioneers came in from the drouth-ridden Ceara country to the south and built their towns on the rivers and their huts in the jungle, where the white sap ran heavily in the rubber trees. They set their towns on high bluffs above the flood levels of the rivers that rise fifty feet in a few days, as at Humayta on the Madeira and Coary on the Solimoes and as the Peruvians did at Iquitos and the Bolivians at Riberalta. Sometimes their towns climb up the side of the high, steep shore, as at Monte Alegre and Obidos on the main river. Sometimes they choose beautiful sites with a wide expanse of water in front, like a lake, as at Maues, Santarem and Tefte. But a few towns were built on the low land along the rivers. Between water and mud and mosquitos, the half-amphibian denizens of these places lead a miserable existence for most of the year. Most wretched of these flood-stricken towns is Remate de Males on the Javary, a sprawling village of houses on stilts, looking across from Brazil to Peru. Arriving here once from down the river, I was treated to champagne at 9 o'clock in the morning by the hospitable officials of this forlorn town.

In the Amazonia, the river are the roads. There are yellow rivers like the mighty father of all rivers and the Purus, meandering in wide bows, like a vast tawny serpent; swarthy black rivers like the mysterious Negro and the Jutahy, and clear green rivers, like the Tapajoz, fairest of all Amazonian streams. Men travel on them in all manner of craft, from dugout canoes and rafts that carry families and the houses and live stock on long river odysseys to launches of every description and the familiar steamers that the natives call "gaiolas" or bird cages. Ocean liners from Europe as-

send the Amazon for 2,000 miles to dock at Peruvian Iquitos.

Para or Belem—for it answers to either name—was founded by Portuguese in the predatroy seventeenth century, which explains its secluded location 100 miles from the sea. In fact it does not lie on the Amazon or any of its tributaries, but on a shallow side river connected to the Amazon by a furo or strait. Across the stretch of yellow water before the city is an island where jaguars still stalk in the swampy jungle that is real "green hell" of Brazilian legend.

Unlike Manaus, the upstart and spendthrift metropolis of the upper Amazon country, Para has a certain dignity and solidity about it and the air of a true city. It does not lose its head so tragically in the bonaza days, and those that ruled it were not so rapacious as those who made the most of the State treasury at Manaus. Its Theater of Peace is less grandiose than the theater at Manaus, but it is used more and has a good hotel to show for better days, and a fine commercial museum directed by a remarkable Frenchman. But its too ambitious docks would accommodate the shipping of Hamburg or Liverpool. For since an Englishman smuggled out some rubber seeds the plantations of Malaya have robbed its ports of its former importance. Men still talk of rubber in its streets, as those of Santos, talk coffee and those of Havana talk sugar, but the black smoked balls in the musty old warehouses cut only a small figure in a world market that ignores the existences of "Grand Para."

The most colorful thing in Para is the Vero-O-Pezo Market by the waterfront. Tied up at the shore are the boats with red and blue and orange sails that bring in its strange produce from the labyrinthine channels and islands of the delta. There are exotic fruits found nowhere else on earth, turtles and octopus, black tobacco and brown guara for making delicious drink, snake skins and jaguar hides, squawking parrots and rainbow-hued mascaws, monkeys and playful coatis and game birds that only the Amazon knows. And the human element about the market is of every shade of the triple mixture of White, Negro and Indian that has gone to make up the population of the Amazonia.

A Large State

Manaos is the capital of a state that is larger than Germany, France, Spain and Italy combined, with the Irish Free State thrown in for seasoning. For a short and feverish spell, while rubber brought fabulous prices, Manaus was a tawdry Babylon of the jungle. Roulette and diamonds, champagne and harlotry, were the order of the day until all the money was spent. Then the penniless seringueiro went back to the lonely round of the wilderness and the money went overseas to pay for the fleshpots and vanities. And when the crash came Manaus was poorer than ever.

Pretentious public buildings had been begun, never to be finished, and their piles of red brick, with trees growing in their crevices of walls, stand as ghosts of the boom that was to last forever. The "Theater of the Amazon," with its faded pink walls and its bizarre green and blue glazed dome, remains as a mausoleum of the city's dead illusions. Its vast cavern-

HYDE AULD, C. N. SYMPHONY HOUR SOLOIST

Geulph has given to the world one singer of international renown in the person of Edward Johnson of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, and bids fair to contribute another distinguished artist in his young townsman and friend, Hyde Auld, Baritone, who will appear as soloist during the Canadian National Railway All-Canada Symphony Hour on Sunday, November 2nd, at 6 p.m., A.S.T.



Recently returned to Canada from Europe to take his place among Canada's first singers, Hyde Auld, baritone, will be the soloist with the Canadian National Railways' All-Canada Symphony Hour broadcast on Sunday, November 2. He is a native of Geulph.

Mr. Auld belongs to one of Geulph's old Scotch families. He first studied under Campbell McInnis in Toronto and later with Edgar Schofield and Ellmer Zoller in New York, making his debut there in 1925. In 1926 he went abroad to steep himself in the music of the old lands. He spent most of his time in Paris where he coached song literature with Jean Perrier of the Opera Comique and was greatly in demand in musical circles. Making his European debut in Paris, he returned in 1928 to Canada where he added to his laurels. Since then Mr. Auld has studied and sung in Italy, France and Germany, returning recently to his native land to take his place amongst the great singers of the Dominion.

TOOK HER LITTLE NAP ON CELLO PLAYER'S LAP

(New York Sun)

An international language is understood on the late-night subway trains, too.

The mother who, by reason of having no one with whom to leave her four-year-old daughter, took her along to a party at the urgent behest of the host and hostess, dully awakened the child and started the long trip home from the upper West Side to Brooklyn.

In the Times Square subway station at about 1 A. M., mother and daughter debarked from a local for an express. They sat sleepily at one end of a bench. At the other end a tall, dark man with a tall, dark and enshrouded cello arrived. The mother was sleepy and nodded. When she aroused herself she saw her daughter cuddling in the lap of the cello player.

Startled and embarrassed, she made a move toward the child. The cello player held up a long-fingered hand, frowned and said "sh!" When the express arrived the cello player lifted the sleeping child into her mother's arm, seized his cello and crashed the train as the doors were closing.

Hospital costs, says a report, are going down throughout the country. This would be the time to break a leg and catch up with all the new detective novels.

nous interior is left to bats and rats, and a silence deeper than that of the jungle at noonday permeates its moldy spaces. Taller than the great opera lost in the wilderness brewery, where the melancholy brewer plays Beethoven at a grand piano to the aroma of beer rising from the bats below.

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