



TRAVEL SCENES IN RIBEIRÃO PRETO DISTRICT
Upper—by motor; lower—by railway

district were the Canbara of Dr. Horacio Sabino and the Suissa of Mr. Max Wirth.

The way down from Lins via the Noroeste and Sorocabana railways offers splendid views of coffee fazendas in every phase of their activities. Indeed, it is very like seeing the fazendas from a sight-seeing bus, because as the train winds its tortuous way over hills and valleys, one moment we are lost in the vastness of a forest of coffee trees and the next we are careening madly through some fazenda's drying grounds or some fazendeiro's front yard. It's all so intimate and so much pleasanter than doing the journey by motor car. It was on this return journey that I met the delicious Brazil fruit known as jaboticaba, a kind of cherry about the size of our ox-hearts, but tasting something like a mangosteen.

COFFEE IN MINAS GERAES

The huge state of Minas Geraes, with its 745-, 300,000 coffee trees, requires a separate story to do it full justice. The principal coffee districts are only a half dozen in number, but they produce a crop of some 5,500,000 bags annually.

It was our good fortune to visit the district round about São Sebastião do Paraíso, which is 3,100 feet up on the Mogyana Railway, 300 miles out of São Paulo. It was 56 degrees the morning of our arrival, after the all-night journey, but as soon as the sun came up the frostiness in the air and over the fields quickly evaporated. Out of the 541 estates with their 10,000,000 coffee trees we selected the Boa Vista fazenda for a visit. Here we were received by Col. Sebastião Pimenta, from whom we learned about the latest developments in

coffee culture and preparation in Minas. Later some of our party left by motor for an 80-mile cross-country inspection drive to Ribeirão Preto, while others visited the fazenda Sapé of Comendador José Honorio Vieira, who has been called the coffee king of Minas. This group traveled by train for an overnight run to Ribeirão Preto where they rejoined their companions. Everyone was impressed by the striving for better quality in Minas.

IN RIBEIRÃO PRETO

Ribeirão Preto means Black Creek, but it would be in order to amend it to read "Ribeirão Vermelho"—Red Creek. Nowhere else in Brazil, perhaps, is one brought into more intimate contact with the good old "terra roxa" than here in the very heart of São Paulo's greatest coffee-growing district. The elevation is 1,700 feet and the district boasts of some 74,000 inhabitants.

It's a jolly little town of the frontier type, with civic pride, churches, parks, cinemas, theaters, newspapers, schools, colleges, etc., and its hospitality is most engaging. For all its good airs, however, one has a feeling that it must have recently escaped from a revolution in which the streets ran with blood, and that somehow the blood got splashed over the immaculate white fronts of its buildings, in some cases as high as the second and third stories; for the red earth, reduced to fine powdery particles, settles everywhere and penetrates everything. It even gets through one's leather shoes, under one's toenails, and into one's dinner, and it seems to leave a permanent stain. However, the fazendeiro and his family continue to wear whites, regardless, and out among the coffee fields it doesn't seem so bad.

Next to its ruddy streets (it must be awful when it rains!) and its blush-tinted buildings, Ribeirão Preto was for many years remarkable chiefly for its "trolleys," a race of forgotten mid-Victorian taxis that must have first seen service in Rio and other seacoast towns, only to be pushed into the back



DRYING GROUNDS, BOA VISTA ESTATE, SÃO SEBASTIÃO DO PARAÍSO, MINAS GERAES