

Rolling Down to Rio in 1934

This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the editor's recent trip to Brazil. The approach to Brazil from North America is a glamorous sea adventure. Here are the high lights of the 13-day journey. Subsequent articles will deal with the city Rio, visits to São Paulo and Santos, and to the coffee districts of Marilia, São Sebastiao do Paraiso and Ribeirão Preto.

BY WILLIAM H. UKERS, M.A.

ROLLING down to Rio is very different in 1934 from what it was 46 years ago when Louis R. Gray of Arbuckles' first made the trip; or in 1898 when Leslie C. Greenland came out from England. And the late Jock McKinlay, Dean of the Rio coffee brokers, who came out in the 'eighties, spun many a yarn about the hazards of the voyage.

In 1851 the "Tiviot," of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Co., took 28 days to make the trip from Southampton, and, whereas in the old days, the journey from New York occupied 21 days, today the fast Munson liners can do it in 11 days, although they prefer to save money on fuel, and so, in friendly competition with the Furness Prince line, having the latest models in the service, thirteen days have been agreed upon as the elapsed time between New York and Rio.

Of course, if one prefers to go flying down to Rio, the journey can be negotiated in 7 days with no night flying; and the recent performance of the Brazilian Clipper of the Pan American Airways leads one to look forward to the day when a trip to Brazil from the United States need not consume more than 24 hours. Then there is the regular fortnightly service between Brazil and Europe by the "Graf Zeppelin," that marvel of the air which bridges the transatlantic gulf in 4 days, from July to September.

However, there is so much of romance and the poetry of life, associated with "the great steamers white and gold," still sailing the trackless ocean wastes between England, Europe, North America, and Brazil, that I, for one, hope the day will never come when it is no longer possible to go rolling down to Rio in the good old-fashioned way.

This, then, is the story of a sea journey to Rio by the "American Legion," sailing from New York, July 21, 1934—thirteen days of glamorous adventure!

I find that not everyone realizes all that is comprehended in a voyage like this. It has far more to recommend it to one who is fond of the sea than a trip across the Atlantic or even the great Pacific Ocean. If we study the map, we see that the other America looks as if, once upon a time, it might have been joined to the continent of Africa. Cape San Roque, on the northeast corner of Brazil, may have fitted snugly into the Gulf of Guinea, and mayhap the Spanish peninsula (Spain and Portugal) abutted Cape Hatteras, with Halifax in the Bay of Biscay and Newfoundland a n o t h e r British isle—or was there the lost Atlantis where now the North Atlantic rolls?

The map of the North and South Atlantic Oceans, over which we are to travel, discloses—what few North Americans realize—that the eastern coast of the United States is most of it in a longitude west of the western coast of South America. Indeed, the huge South American continent appears to be in danger of floating away and becoming lost in the greater vastness of the South Atlantic Ocean, now that the Panama Canal has cut in two the narrow strip of land that bound her to us, and Rio de Janeiro, the queen of the southern seas, whither we are bound, is as far south of the Equator as Havana is north; also, the sun rises on Rio about two hours ahead of New York, the Brazil capital being that much nearer the meridian of Greenwich.

It's a matter of 4,740 miles to Rio from New York, and during the journey we experience all the climates, from the North Temperate Zone above the Tropic of Cancer, through the Torrid Zones north and south of the Equator, to the South Temperate Zone which begins with the Tropic of Capricorn, on which Rio appears to be happily perched. Then, there is, of course, the reversal of the seasons. When it's summer in New York, it's winter-

ROLLING DOWN TO RIO

Unless you go to Rio,
Her wonders to behold—
Roll down—roll down to Rio—
Roll really down to Rio!
Oh, you must roll down to Rio
Some day before you're old!

—Kipling