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Travel Diary: June 29, 1914

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Lima, Monday June 29, 1914.

Wednesday, June 17th, we went on only as far as Palca, because Lucy felt ill. Going out of Tarma we proceeded through fine eucalyptus groves. Later the valley narrowed and at Acobamba again broadened enough to be of agricultural value. After passing that little village, with its plaza bright with flowers, we stopped in a rather hot and ugly place for lunch and a rest, and finally got to Palca at almost dusk, Lucy and I walking a good deal. There we spent the night. It is a wretched little adobe village with a dusty plaza. Next to the church and through an arch I saw at the back of a courtyard a lot of children at school in a stable-like building with one side open.

We got away from Palca at 10.40 A. M. on June 18th. The valley grew narrower and within an hour or so the stream began to descend much more steeply, leaving our trail on a high shelf, where we rode through a long tunnel and finally reach^{ed} a sort of little tambo and a plantation on a high knob, where one got the first real glimpse down the valley in its changed character of wooded country of the montana in contrast to the bleak sierra back of us. After the zigzag road down many hundred feet we wound around the edge of the cliff with the river far below, and opposite another stream joining it from another steep canyon. Here the dizzy part of the road began and continued for two or three hours, with a break at ~~an~~ one place in a corner of the valley made by the junction of another stream from the right. Here we stopped for lunch and then resumed the journey along our high shelf, with often a sheer drop of a thousand feet or so. To one unaccustomed to mountains, there was occasionally a sort of impulse to dismount and lie down and take tightly ahoid of some object. The precipice on one side and the straight cliff on the other gave one such a sensation that to stay put on such a surface was no simple matter. Sometimes the rock was hewn out to make the road and hung forming a roof over one's head. I never saw such beautiful scenery as the views down this valley, - a lofty trough of green with jutting headlands and often perpendicular sides, and with the silver thread of the

varied and more luxuriant. Soon after the road became less dizzy. We pulled up tired at Huacapistana, where Mr. Calderon made us comfortable in the attractive building just by the rushing river, where one had the pleasant feeling of soothing peace and repose, and the feeling in the air that I remember in the Hakone District of Japana. This place must be at 7000 to 8000 feet, and the night was cool.

We left the next morning at 8.25, lunched at San ^{Roman} Roman, and reached La Merced at 3.30 P. M. I forgot to say that from Tarma to Huacapistana there were often calla lilies growing wild by the stream. From Huacapistana the cool green wooden mountain country along the stream continued for a while as we descended rapidly. The valley grew always narrower, sometimes shrunk nearly to the vanishing point, and sometimes we passed through tunnels or beneath hewn out ledges where the walls of the valley were laterally perpendicular. This seemed the gate from the transition zone between sierra and montana to the first belt of the warm country, which began where the valley widened just before the hacienda of Naranjal, and extended to beyond La Merced. Through here the valley was wide and hot and rather uninteresting, with thick vegetation but few ~~wide~~ trees, and many sugar cane plantations. These produce the chacta, most villainous of alcoholic drinks, which filled the hundreds of casks which passed borne on the backs of strings of burros along the narrow road to Oroya. It seems it is more profitable to produce this than to produce sugar here, because of the difficulties of transportation. We also saw some coffee.

^{Roman} San Roman is a desolate village, dusty under a hot sun, with a mongrel looking population, including several Chinese shopkeepers and one tall cholo soldier who rode about, the apparent representative of authority.

Along here, too, are many bananas and papayas and other fruits, and the butterflies and flowers and birds were quite beautiful.

approached by steps. It consists of one broad street and an unpaved plaza, with an ugly church, and the village water supply trickling from a fountain in the middle. It is the seat of the Commisario of the Chanchamayo, having jurisdiction from this point to San Luis, two or three days journey into the montana beyond. This is practically the outpost of authority and civilization. Mr. Luis Capurro, the Italian Manager of the store here of Praeli Hermanos & Cia., to whom I had a letter, made us welcome, and had us installed in the hotel, where we made ourselves fairly comfortable in rooms looking on the plaza, reached from the hazardous and rickety stairway from the courtyard at the back. I had a talk also with Mr. Ansani Canzio, an Italian cousin of Garibaldi, who has lived here a quarter of a century and is the Perito Regional, or official surveyor for land-grants in the montana here. He is a big, florid Italian who quotes Virgil and the bible, and talks well over his collarless ^{red} shirt, but who unfortunately contrives to get ~~xxxxx~~ fairly drunk every day by dint of beginning in the early morning to make repeated trips across the plaza for copitas of pisco. After dark Lucy and I sat in front of Mr. Capurro's shop watching the meagre population stroll about by the light of dim oil lamps, and making the acquaintance of the sociable village goat, whose horns were painted green.

The next day, Saturday, the 20th of June, after an hour's rain, which it seems is common here even in this the dry season, we started by sunshine at 9 o'clock, and after riding a few miles through open country, with cane fields, found ourselves on a narrow road winding high along the river bank, through one tunnel, and up and down through thick tropical forest, in a damp shade, and passed ^{many} many waterfalls. Lucy counted nineteen varieties of orange colored flowers. There were beautiful tall trees with gray trunks and brilliant orange red blossoms in lieu of leaves, and also great trees with a mass of pink at the top. These, on the mountain side, among the greenery in the distance, recalled ~~a~~ ^{the} cherry blossom standing out among the greenery as so much admired

sacred by the Indians. When we occasionally emerged from the shade it was quite hot. We passed one or two more of the remarkable suspension bridges, of which we had already passed four or five since Huacapistana. Going up we led our horses; returning, we found we could ride them across safely, in spite of the very considerable swinging motion and the rush of the stream far below. This side of Huacapistana the houses had been mostly very airy affairs of bamboo, with thatch. By 1.30 p.m. we reached some habitations, where two young men guided us to the river bank and we crossed in balsas, and after ascending a steep embankment rode up to the buildings of the Peruvian Corporation's Perené Colony, with their pretty flower garden and groves of orange trees, to be welcomed by the delightful manager, Mr. Victor M. Valle Riestra, a blue-eyed Peruvian of North Spanish and French blood. Here we found also Mr. Agustin de la Puente Olavegoya, a police official sent to investigate the Chuncho Indian trouble; Mr. Emilio Bustamante y Piérola, the comisario here to assist him; and Mr. W. S. Huish, a young English clerk. The house and hospitality were charming, and here we spent two delightful days, with most interesting conversation, all in Spanish, and in which Lucy distinguished herself by efficient participation in complicated discussion by dint of a few words and many gestures and expressions. All conversation was in spite of the Victor phonograph, which was kept constantly at work from morning until night. Mr. Bustamante had spent twenty-two months in the penitentiary for helping drag Leguia out into the street. Mr. Puente had been the official who put him there. It was delightful to hear the amiable badinage of these two on this subject.

It seems the Chunchos have killed about forty white people since last November, back in the neighborhood of the road to Iquitos. Among other things, a month or so ago they attacked a convent and killed several people only about a days journey from here. They also killed a couple of Englishmen. They now have possession of many of the tambos on the Iquitos road, put up for t

Chunchos. The Government has perhaps a hundred troops in there, but they are concentrated at one or two points. The mails go twice a month with a guard of ten soldiers for the eight days journey to Yapaz, ^{Puerto Muzo} the day ~~or two~~ in a canoe from there to Puerto Bermudez, ^{of three days} and the day ~~or two~~ in a launch from there to the point ^{Muzo} where a regular steamer is taken for Iquitos. ^{they say 64 hrs. to} Mr. Puente thinks military colonies will be the means of civilizing the Chunchos. Mr. Valle Riestra attributes most of their villainies to a natural revenge for the atrocious treatment they have received from the rubber gatherers. Two or three hundred of these Indians, of the Campa and Amuhesa ²⁰ tribes, have long been working on the coffee plantations of the Colony at San Juan nearby, and these mostly speak Spanish and are well behaved. This situation seems due to the tact and justice of the manager. He is compadre to Lopez, the Chief of the Amuhesas, and a veritable father, apparently, to the whole lot. Nevertheless, the manager and his assistants always carry revolvers, and there is an arsenal and a well understood scheme of defense by which the thirty or more reliable employees (Peruvians) can be ready at a moment's notice in case of trouble.

On Sunday more than fifty Chunchos came from San Juan for a kind of fiesta for our benefit. There were foot races, races on donkey back, races for the cholo women, firecrackers, etc., Lucy handing out the prizes for the events. The Indians were all lined up and given a drink all around, and all were brought to shake hands with us. Lopez, a short, powerfully built man with a yellow face and rather sinister expression, arrived with long strides of exaggerated dignity, with his two rather pretty wives and his retainers, and glowered at the Campa chiefs, with whom he has an ancient feud. He offered to kill all the Campas if Mr. Puente would say the word and tendered him his services as a guard during the investigations. The Manager of the Colony opposed such an arrangement, which would precipitate trouble between the tribes, and he and Mr. Puente had long discussions on this subject. We noticed one chief's wife with a musical voice and a most

and even to have a sense of humor. The men here say these Indians are much more intelligent than those of the sierras. If true, I daresay this is due to their having escaped the atrophying effect of nearly four centuries of oppression. It may be due, too, to the effect of a tropical climate in making for greater sprightliness than is natural for people living in the rigors of cold. In appearance, although they have a freer, better bearing, their faces appear rather more Mongolian and heavier, and rather less fine in feature than the average of the sierras. It is against the law to sell these Indians firearms. They use bows and arrows and paint their faces. During the festivities one or two trusted employees happened to have Mauser automatics in their hands and to be always conveniently near. The Indians wore long brown cloaks of the color of Franciscan robes. These they would loop up to the knee in a manner recalling the Greek costume. Sunday, Mr. Arias de Solís, a Peruvian painter stopping at San Juan to paint the Indians in order to exhibit at the San Francisco Exposition, spent the day. While we were in the company's stores there were two exceedingly violent earthquake shocks.

Monday, after lunch, our delightful host and other friends saw us aboard our balsas, and we got in the saddle at 2.30 P. M., getting back to La Merced at 5.45 o'clock. That evening we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Capurro and her mother, a delightful old lady whose father was an American named Johnson, from Washington, and who was one of the engineers constructing the railroad through Arequipa. It was a very pleasant evening. Mr. Canzio, who was also there, is a great friend of the Indians and talked of their dependable hospitality.

The next day we made Huacapistana, stopping for lunch in a coffee grove. On Wednesday, the 24th, we left Huacapistana, stopped at Palca for lunch, and reached Tarma at 6.30 P. M. Near the bridge where we had lunched coming down we overtook our stupid *arriero*, who had gone too fast and made our poor mule quite ill. We found him with another man pouring a quart bottle of aguardiente

and after they had exchanged Lucy's black horse for a quite worn out one, and after the dentist had finished torturing Mr. Goedeke's tooth, we finally started for Oroya at noon, accompanied for some distance by a Mr. Hector Galleres, a very intelligent young Peruvian farmer, to whom Mr. Snell (at whose school he had learnt English) introduced me. We lunched by the stream. Going out of Tarma three times we had much trouble in getting our horses to pass the carcasses of mules and donkeys that had died and been left to rot right in the road. We ^{had} passed three or four more such between La Merced and San Roman. It is characteristic of the lack of public spirit and the lack of any real consideration for others in this country that it should be the custom thus to leave animals indefinitely to lie rotting in the road, in many cases being fed upon by the pet dogs of the population, which they seem to keep in large numbers, but which they do not seem to bother to feed. This same attitude was illustrated Saturday coming down from Oroya on the train. Man after man, with characteristic Latin-American lawlessness, used the toilet marked for "Senoras". Before the end of the journey the floor of the closet was practically awash. Such is the civilization of many of the passengers riding first class.

When we reached the rapid ascent of the pass between Tarma and Oroya, Lucy's miserable horse seemed so tired that she made the whole ascent on foot. We got to the top of the paramo just by nightfall, and spent three hideous hours until 9.23 o'clock in groping our way in the blackest of dark, starless nights to Oroya. We stumbled and bumped and got off the road and had to walk on foot for miles. There was never a light or habitation. It was really a reason for thankfulness that we got back without broken limbs, considering the steep rocky paths, the treacherous stone places, and the high banks from which to fall into rocky river beds that we managed somehow to get through without the slightest possibility of seeing our way.

Friday morning, the 26th, I paid off Don Pablo for his horses, and he, of course, broke his promise to send Lucy the

one Mr. Goedeke had had, which was the best one I had seen.

one which the arriero announced to be given to shying. Mr. Berrien kindly gave me Mr. Wilcox's fine horse and a mule, to which we transferred Lucy's saddle. Lucy and I, with Mr. Berrien's stable boy for a guide, got off at 1.15 o'clock for Morococha, where we arrived in 5 1/2 hours, although the mule gave Lucy a good deal of trouble, without, however, persuading hereto accept my suggestion that she take my horse. The way was interesting, first skirting the mountain along the railway, and then turning up and passing through a curious plateau flooded with a flow of water which had encrusted it with a sediment surface that sounded hollow under our horses. Then we mounted still higher, following a sort of hog's back above a long quebrada. We passed one dirty adobe village, where a drum and one or two instruments were making a doleful and weird cadence at the corner of the church, under the auspices, apparently, of an intoxicated cholo who came up to shake hands with me. Much of the road was steep, with an occasional flat place where we could gallop. At last we reached the Lake, and just at dark looked down over the rim of a hill to the electric lighted buildings of the Morococha Mining Company. A steep descent soon brought us to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Kingsmill. He, the Manager, is a Canadian, his wife being an American. The little Millin girl, daughter of our Minister here, a precocious child promising to be quite attractive, and a Miss Maggie Conroy, a Peruvian, we found visiting here, and after dinner half a dozen of the thirty gringos, Americans and otherwise, who work here, dropped in. Mr. Kingsmill showed me the excellent club rooms, mess, and quarters he has for his foreign employees, and the offices of the Company, all heated and lighted by that same wonderful hydro-electric plant at Oroya. Lucy had indigestion and laid down after dinner, and Mrs. Kingsmill talked to her, while I talked to Kingsmill and a young American engineer named Curtis Webb.

The next morning we rode through the village of Morococha, a squalid matter of 5 or 6000, and took the train at 11 o'clock. This highest bit of railway in the world took us through the snow to Ticlio. There we had an hour's wait, when I talked with Doctor

Shaw, the Company's physician, and his Peruvian wife, and we left the two young ladies (who had come this far) and transferred to the Lima train, in which Mr. Goedeke had the small compartment ~~xxx~~ for us and some much desired lunch.

The journey down seemed much shorter, but increased, if possible, my impression of the marvelous difficulties overcome in the building of this extraordinary railway.

Saturday evening we met Pennoyer on the way to the station to meet us, and after dinner we motored to Guthrie's house to leave a note, thinking he had missed our telegram.

Sunday morning, the 28th, Pennoyer brought the card for the races, and there came a letter from Guthrie asking us to lunch and to go with him to the races, which we did, having a very pleasant time and winning £6 on Mr. Guthrie's horse. There we saw the Pardos and a lot of other people we knew, and Lucy invited them to lunch with us next Thursday, before our sailing on Friday. We took tea with Pennoyer, went to a moving picture show, and went back to dine with Guthrie, to whom we have promised to go Tuesday for a three days visit.

Perhaps one reason of the Indian uprising, Mr. Pardo suggests, is that the collapse of the price of rubber caused so many white people to withdraw from the Montana that now the Indians are emboldened. Pardo thinks there are only really 50 to 60000 Indians in the Peruvian Oriente. One hears that the Indians in general are very bright when young children, less so as they grow up, and still less so, in fact quite stupid, when they reach the age of about thirty. Whether this be due to alcohol or coca or to what cause I am not informed. I believe both alcohol and coca are much less used by the Indians of the Montana than by those of the Sierra. Discussing the question of the Indians as a possible element of nationality, Mr. ----- at once said that Peru could have no future as a nation. Unlike Argentina, it could not tempt good immigration, because immigrants could hardly be expected to go to the Montana until one or two centuries later, when the world might be crowded. Chile has the advantage of being a mixture with one

race of Indians, the Araucanians, and they a race never conquered by the Spaniards. In Peru there is a handful of delightful people, and then a mass, first of mongrel cholos of various mixtures, and then of drink-sodden Indians or savage ones, tapering off even to those still given to cannibalism. This view is exactly the one I had myself reached.

Peru can raise some cotton and sugar in her pitifully small irrigable territory along the coast. The demands of irrigation make anything but ownership in large haciendas of difficult practicability. This is a factor detrimental to nation building. Peru has mineral wealth. The sierra valleys, like that of Jauja (inferior to those of Ecuador), are so hedged in by mountains that they are hardly suitable for anything but the support of groups of people who choose simply to lead a frugal ~~xxx~~ self-sufficient life in those valleys. They are not adapted to enter into the general currents of the world's economics. Probably the use made of them by the Incas was the best one possible. The montana produces yuca and various foods not eaten by Europeans, and it produces coffee, potentially rice and cacao, hardwood, and various things everyone of which is produced in quantity to satisfy the world's needs in other places far more accessible to ocean transportation. The cultivated rubber of India has destroyed the Peruvian rubber industry, happily so, because it was a mere wasteful rape of the forests carried out by the scum of various races, through the perpetration of every atrocity upon the Indians. The capitalists and large firms in Iquitos and elsewhere whose habit it was to send these adventurers to gather rubber for them, have a heavy responsibility to answer for. Quinine, which originated in Peru, has been transplanted to Java and elsewhere, whence the market is supplied. Even coca, another Peruvian product, is now produced in better quality in Java.

It appears that the Peruvian Government does not even recognize property rights of the part of the Indians of the montana. Making no reservations for them, it proceeds to grant huge tracts to

caucheros in the rubber gathering, - all these supply sufficient grievances, and the Indian naturally knows no redress but that of killing his enemies, the whites.

At Morococha two thousand Indians are employed. For the 30 gringos there are Winchesters in case of trouble. Mr. Kingsmill said whatever the Indians are paid they spend 85% for drink, 10% for food and 5% for clothes. The Company supplies quarters to those who desire them, and would have put in wooden floors and electric lights but for the fact that the Indians would break the lights and tear up the floors for firewood. He says they seem to be able to work in contact with a better civilization and still to prefer their own simple life of work, filth, and drunkenness. Lately one drunken Indian died in the streets and was allowed to lie there the whole day long. Kingsmill says they are the stupidest, most inefficient laborers he ever encountered anywhere in the world. In Africa he worked black kaffirs who came to him so ignorant that when given candles for the mines they started to eat them; and he worked also with half-tamed Tartars from North China, but in all his experience never discovered labor so wretched as that supplied for the mines of Peru, and paid wages so good that any other people would at once begin to improve their mode of life. They steal so constantly that he has had to make an example of a boy who was stealing waste and grease from the cars by having him sent to jail in Lima. As for education, Mr. Kingsmill offered to contribute heavily if the people of Morococha would raise a little money for a good school, but so far no interest is shown.

A few days before Christmas the official assessor for the Province of Junin came to the Company and said that by law valuations must be made every five years; that the period was ending and that he intended to raise the valuations of several haciendas of the Company's 36,000 hectares. Kingsmill said that this was all right, that he understood that by law they had the right of appeal up to the Lima courts. The official rejoined that there was an easier and surer way, and asked £50 for a written assurance that the assessment would remain undisturbed for five years. He

combat the various grafting schemes brought to bear upon the Company, that Mr. Kingsmill would give him a Christmas present of £2 in exchange for his written assurance that the assessment would not be raised. After much haggling the man came down to £25, and asked a personal interview with Kingsmill, who then told him he would only give him £1. The man said so small an offer insulted his "honor", but just before his train left for Lima he accepted the £1 and gave the written assurance.

Kingsmill says the commisarios and such small local officials are often paid nothing by the government, the Lima people keeping all funds for their own purposes, and that consequently these local officials live much like Chinese officials by squeezing and grafting upon the defenseless Indians.

Another choice example was the case of the provincial official at Yauli who hired men to destroy or steal insulators from the power transmission line, and made such strenuous efforts to hold up the company for Sols 4 per month in payment for preventing such outrages.

Mr. Wilcox had an experience of being summoned on account of a dynamite explosion which an Indian workman set off against orders while a train was passing, without, however, doing any damage. Several people on the train, in which Wilcox was, pretended to be injured, but by physical examination he disproved on the spot their claims. The judge before whom he went made great efforts to bulldoze him into paying a number of £'s as a bribe, but he stoutly refused, and won out in the end.