

Brazil Immense, but Undeveloped

It is difficult for the average citizen of the United States, with its vast transcontinental sweep of mountains and prairies from the Atlantic to the Pacific, extending north and south from the Great Lakes to the Rio Grande, to picture a land of greater proportions. Accustomed as we have been to gain ideas of the proportionate sizes of other nations by comparisons, we have somewhat vaguely balanced some of our largest states against the leading nations of Europe and let it go at that. If pressed to name the largest nation in the world in regard to area we might name Russia, the British Empire and the United States, possibly in that order and possibly in some other. And yet, almost at our door, is a land which overshadows the United States in area, a land with a river mightier than our great Father of Waters, a land with a single state greater than that geographic and economic empire which we call Texas.

A State Larger Than Texas
Brazil, or rather the Republic of the United States of Brazil, to give it its official name, as such a land, Brazil, a host of Herbert Hoover in his good will tour of South America, surpasses the United States in size by more than 2,000,000 square miles. Its state of Goyaz is larger than Texas; nine states the size of Kansas could be placed in its state of Amazonas; the Mississippi flows to the Amazon. Its population the United States is far ahead. Against our 120 million, Brazil can muster only some 40 million; yet this in itself is surprising, that one nation to the south of us has a population about one-third the size of ours. In a land of such immensity, of course, Mr. Hoover will see only a small part. He will be received at the capital, Rio de Janeiro, and his transport, the battleship Utah, may stop at Para, the great trading port at the mouth of the Amazon. This last, however, is uncertain. He will not have opportunity to visit Santos, in southern Brazil, the world's greatest coffee port, nor will he have time to sail up the Amazon river any extent of its 3,400 miles.

Geographically, Brazil is divided into two great sections—the plateau country in the east, which includes nearly one-third of its territory, and the great interior tropical plains, drained by the Amazon system and in a smaller degree by the Rio de la Plata tributaries. The country lies almost entirely in the torrid zone. In general it is a tropical country, with sub-tropical and temperate areas in the south and in the central plateau region. The forest covered lowland valley of the Amazon is a region of high temperatures which vary little throughout the year. There is no appreciable change of season except in the variation of rainfall. The coastal plains lying between the plateaus and the sea are subject to high temperatures and humidity as far south as Santos.

A Fine Cattle District
It is chiefly in the temperate plateau regions and in southern Brazil that coffee is grown; the states of São Paulo and Mato Grosso are the principal producers of this chief source of Brazil's wealth. The latter state, which embraces both plateau and plain, has an area of 520,000 square miles. It is the principal cattle state of Brazil. Practically its entire area is good cattle land, some of it as good as the improved cattle lands of the Argentine and on the average is far better than the Argentine in the natural state. The state has numerous rivers and loss of cattle through droughts is unknown. Due to the small variation of seasons the pasture is as good in the winter as in the summer. Most of the chilled meat of Brazil is marketed in Europe, Italy being the largest consumer.

The vast, undeveloped resources of Brazil almost are beyond belief. In the Amazon Valley it has the greatest forests of the world. It has a wealth of minerals. Practically every state has deposits of iron ore; there are billions of tons of ore in Brazil that one day will be developed. The best iron beds discovered thus far are in the state of Minas Geraes, a veritable treasure house of minerals. It has gold, iron, manganese and precious stones. Prior to 1820 some 600 million dollars worth of gold was taken out of Brazil, one-half coming from Minas Geraes. Before the discovery of the South African diamond mines Minas Geraes provided many of the world's finest stones. Among them were the "Star of the South," "Green Diamond of Dresden" and the "Star of Minas." All were famous stones; each was worth many thousands of dollars. The diamond mining still is carried on there, as it has been since 1732. The stones are found in the gravel of streams and sometimes in a blue clay similar to the blue clay diamond deposits of Africa.

Almost a Virgin Land
It is not from precious stones or mineral wealth, however, that economists expect the development of Brazil. Some day adequate transportation will open up the vast interior to commerce and make possible the exploitation of its timberlands; the ever-increasing demand for steel will seek out its iron; the excellent fruit country about Ceira will see possibilities in other things beside bananas. As yet Brazil is almost a virgin country. Except in a minor way, the day of its development has not yet dawned.

It has been in the last twenty years only that Brazil has had any industrial life. Since 1920, manufacturing in the state of São Paulo has been under the protection of a heavy tariff and great profits have been made. The metropolis of this state, São Paulo, is the second city of Brazil. About it are great packing houses, steel mills, coffee ware houses; it is the financial center of the coffee industry and the railroad center of southern Brazil.

São Paulo is an old city. It had been in existence more than fifty years when Capt. John Smith landed at Jamestown. Still there is little evidence of its antiquity in its appearance; the houses are new, the streets wide and well

paved; it has magnificent public buildings, theaters and educational buildings.
The City of the Reef
Sailing northward along the coast of Brazil from Rio de Janeiro, Mr. Hoover will pass by Pernambuco and Paratyba, the easternmost ports of the South American continent. The former is the first port at which European steamers stop after leaving Lisbon. It has a fine harbor, protected by a reef, which gave the city the name by which it sometimes is known—Steiff, or reef. The reef extends like a wall across the bay, shutting out the rolling waves of the Atlantic. The city is the capital of the state of the same name, a state somewhat larger than New York and the center of Brazil's cotton and sugar production.

At Ceira, still farther north, Mr. Hoover would see a beautiful city of some 70,000 population, with bright-colored houses, clean streets and well dressed inhabitants. Out from the city are banana fields, orange trees and palm groves. There is one palm growing wild in Ceira that produces more things, perhaps, than any other tree in the world. This is the carnauba palm. From its roots a concrete is made; its trunk is used for rafters and building material; when it is young it is eaten as a vegetable and from it are made wine, vinegar and starch—the fruit is good for cattle, the pulp has an agreeable taste and the nut is used as a coffee substitute. The oil of the carnauba is as light as cork, and musical instruments are made from the stem. When tapped the tree gives forth a liquid much like coconut milk; hats, brooms and baskets are made from its straw-like bark, which is also used to thatch houses; from its leaves a wax is obtained that is manufactured into candles. There may be some other properties which no one has thought to enumerate.

Para, Port of the Amazon
Para, the seaport of the Amazon valley, is a city about the size of Denver, its waterfront always a picture of activity as boats and ships of all descriptions bring produce from the great interior or await cargoes destined to the seven corners of the world. All goods that go out or go into the Amazon country, must pass through Para. Several thousand ships call there every year and the trade amounts to tens of millions of dollars.
Perhaps the bustling port of Para will give Mr. Hoover his last picture of the republic of Brazil—the land of vast resources where Nature has been so lavish in its gifts that so far man has had only to take those within easy reach.

FLORIDA INDIANS POOR; THEIR KIN REFUSED TO MOVE

TAMPA, Fla. (AP)—A few score Indians who persistently refused to migrate from Florida to the old Indian Territory a century ago have descendants today living in poverty and illiteracy, while cousins grow wealthy from oil found under their holdings in Oklahoma.

This quick of fate was recalled here when the sites of an old fort and a military highway built during the Seminole wars of 1823-45 were marked with tablets recently. The markers were placed and unveiled by the Daughters of the American Revolution, one where Fort Brooke was built in 1823 and the other on the military trail running 100 miles northward to Fort King.

After formal territorial government was established by Americans in Florida the legislative council first was convened at St. Augustine in 1822. About this time efforts were begun to induce the Seminole Indians to migrate to the lower Mississippi valley.

This movement was resisted by the redmen and war clouds again began to gather over the much disputed territory, held at different times by the Spanish, French, English and Americans. Soldiers were sent to garrison the frontier in central Florida.

Skirmish and battle between white and Indians followed in rapid succession until a treaty was signed in March, 1837, at Camp Dale, near what is now Iola City. But the end was not yet. Osceola, one of the Indian chiefs, was captured with 17 of his followers a few months later, hostilities broke out again.

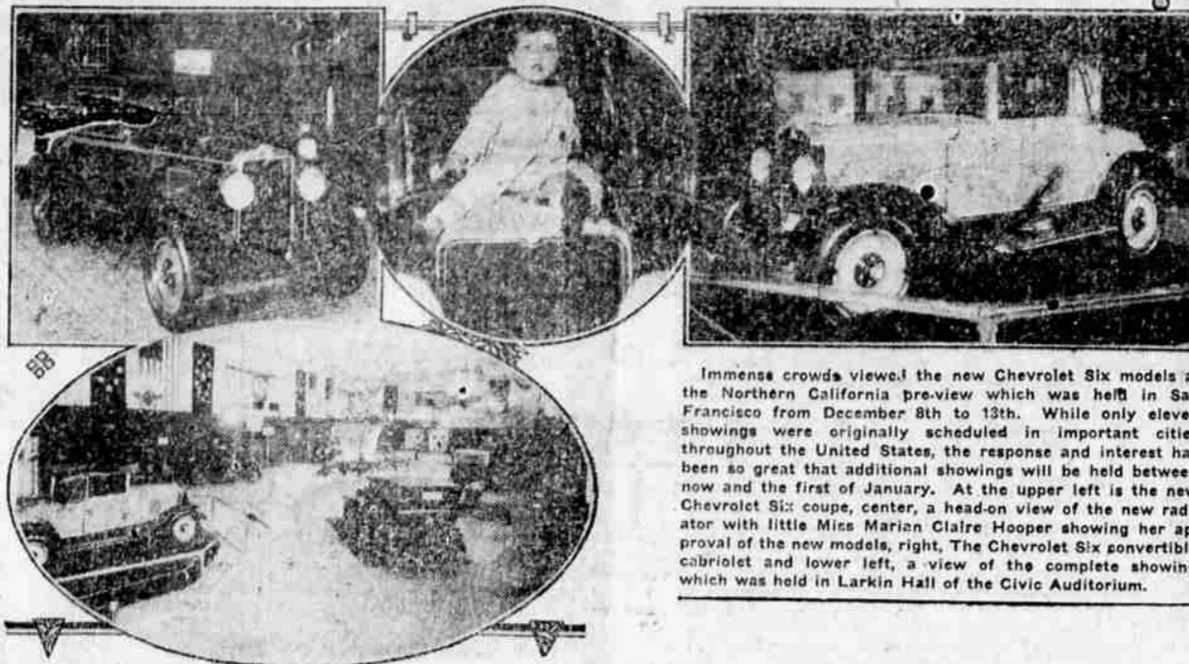
Another treaty was signed in 1842. Although war was ended officially and many of the braves moved westward, one tribe, numbering 100 or more, kept up armed resistance under Chief Billy Bowleg. It was not until 1857 that these savages were pressed back into the Everglades beyond the southern settlements.

The Seminoles were not the original Indian settlers in Florida. As part of the Creek nation they had drifted southward from the Mississippi valley about the time the 13 colonies revolted from Great Britain. Upon reaching Florida they adopted the name of Seminoles and almost exterminated the Florida Indians, who were an entirely different race, resembling the Attecs of Yucatan more than any other tribe.

Those of the Seminoles who submitted to removal westward returned to their old Creek tribes. A few years later oil was discovered in Oklahoma and the Indians became immensely wealthy from royalties.

Wrote Own Eulogy
WORCESTER, Mass.—(AP) The only services at the funeral of Thomas P. Abbott were the reading of a paper prepared by himself. The paper was a sketch of his own life.

HIGH SPOTS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHEVROLET "6" PRE-VIEW



Immense crowds viewed the new Chevrolet Six models at the Northern California pre-view which was held in San Francisco from December 8th to 13th. While only eleven showings were originally scheduled in important cities throughout the United States, the response and interest has been so great that additional showings will be held between now and the first of January. At the upper left is the new Chevrolet Six coupe, center, a head-on view of the new radiator with little Miss Marian Claire Hooper showing her approval of the new models, right, The Chevrolet Six convertible cabriolet and lower left, a view of the complete showing which was held in Larkin Hall of the Civic Auditorium.

AIR MAIL IS HELD SAFE FOR VALUABLES

WASHINGTON—(AP) Post office department records show the air mail is comparatively as safe a medium for shipping valuable pa-

pers as other means of transportation. The loss of 1927 sacks of mail in the sinking of the Vestris alone constituted a greater loss than the air mail has experienced during the 10 years of its existence. Irving Glover, second assistant postmaster general, says in reviewing the records.

"Fire in a railroad car just destroyed New York this year destroyed more mail than has been lost dur-

ing the entire operations of the air mail. Records show that for the 10 years of the air mail's operation, 1,674,865 pounds of mail were carried with a loss of only 1235 pounds. The percentage of air mail lost in transit is .00081. The post office department requires mail compartments of all planes to be lined with sheet metal to serve as a protection from such slight fires as might originate from defective wiring or similar local causes.

An Antiquity Party
ROCKLAND, Me.—(AP) A resident of Hope recently reported seeing a "25-year-old" coin being shod by a 75-year-old blacksmith in a 100-year-old blacksmith shop. The smith was using a 125-year-old vise and a 150-year-old anvil. An 85-year-old visitor was an interested spectator.

How Is the Circus Fallen!

Along with Texas going Republican comes the news that all the circuses in the country have been gobbled up by a circus trust, with headquarters at Peru, Ind., and that hereafter circuses are to be operated with the object of paying dividends on a big investment, says the Kansas City Star.

It looks like hard times for democracy, whether you spell it with a big D or a little d. The Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch circus is the last to be amalgamated into the American circus corporation. Hag-enback-Wallace and the John Robinson circuses, and the remnants and wrecks of all the popular old shows, under various names, all have fallen victim at last to the Great Red Dragon—the money power.

While the circuses will be operated as usual, under the same old names, still, we are assured, they will be owned and controlled by the Peru corporation. That takes all the individuality out of the good old circus.

Those of us who first saw the wonderful sights of a one-ring circus under a John Robinson tent—Barnum had not thought of the two-ring circus in that day—never have failed to maintain a distinct interest in the Robinson circus. There were other circuses, of course, and the big bills, posted on the sides of the livery stable and the fairground fence in the Old Home Town, revealed that one circus, by and large, was as good as any other circus. Still, we could not shake off the belief that the Robinson circus was better, bigger, faster and funnier than any other circus in the world.

The individualism of the circus, in our young minds, ran, even to picturing John Robinson as the circus ringmaster, and even, at times, wondering if he were not, indeed, that awfully funny clown that made such a hit with the crowd. That is to say, there was a personality about the old-fashioned circus that made up partisans of the names no less than of the circuses themselves.

Now, we learn, there is no such circus as the John Robinson, except in name only. It is a corporation back in Peru, Ind. Imagine all the glory of the old Barnum circus being centered in such a meaningless name as that of the "American Circus Corporation." And that is what we have fallen upon in these last days!

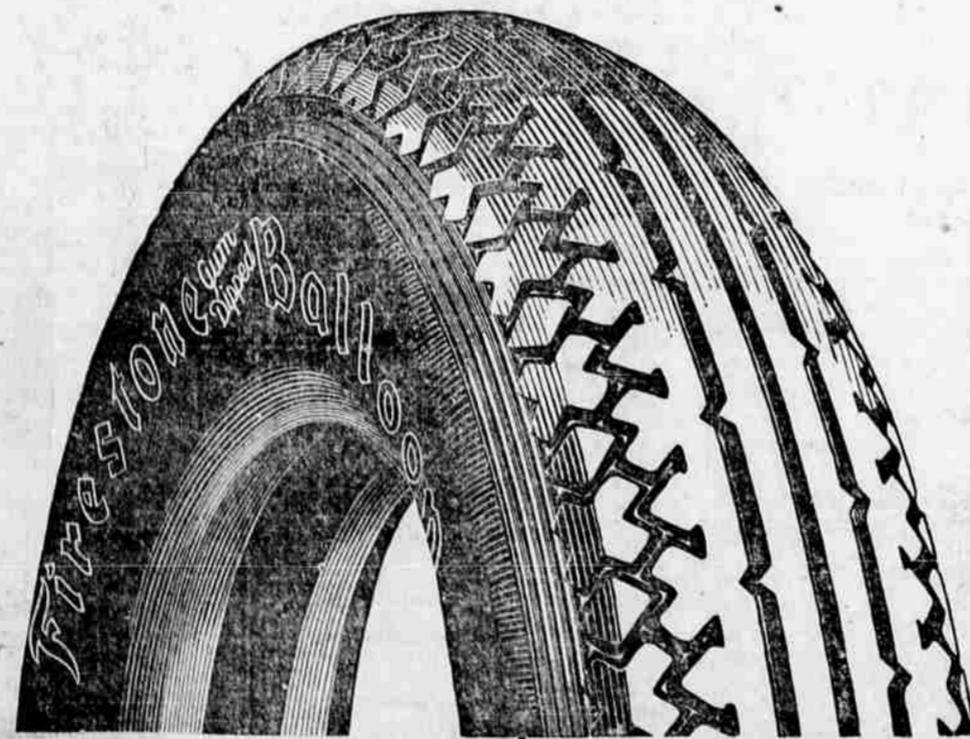
Probably there will be no more street parades—magnificent, glorious, dazzling—because street parades cost the price of a city license. We remember those big red wagons, most of them closed in the parade, we were told, because they contained beasts so ferocious that, if they got glimpsed the human beings lining the streets no cage could hold them. When we went to the circus in the afternoon, we hurried to see the big red wagons and the ferocious beasts, only to find the wagons still closed. There were no ferocious beasts in the closed wagons, as Sherman Irish and Hootie Spriggs once found out in the Old Home Town, but what a thrilling myth it was! Well, that is to be eliminated, also, because it costs money to carry an empty red wagon around the country. Circuses now must pay dividends.

We grow sick in contemplation of what it means, this taking the heart out of our old favorite circuses, and directing them from Peru, Ind. Some way or other we never will be able again to enjoy them as we once did, for instead of picturing the ringmaster as the inspiring head of the show, we will think of him as the mayor, or the city marshal, of Peru, Ind. The joy is gone from the old circus, so far as we are concerned.

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