

Thru

"Laser is an acronym  
SONAR"

Thru

New  
nu mimics

Cuba, 1935

24 Jy '84, I read ~~pt 24~~ all pages,  
77 pages x 240 wds per page = 18,480 wds

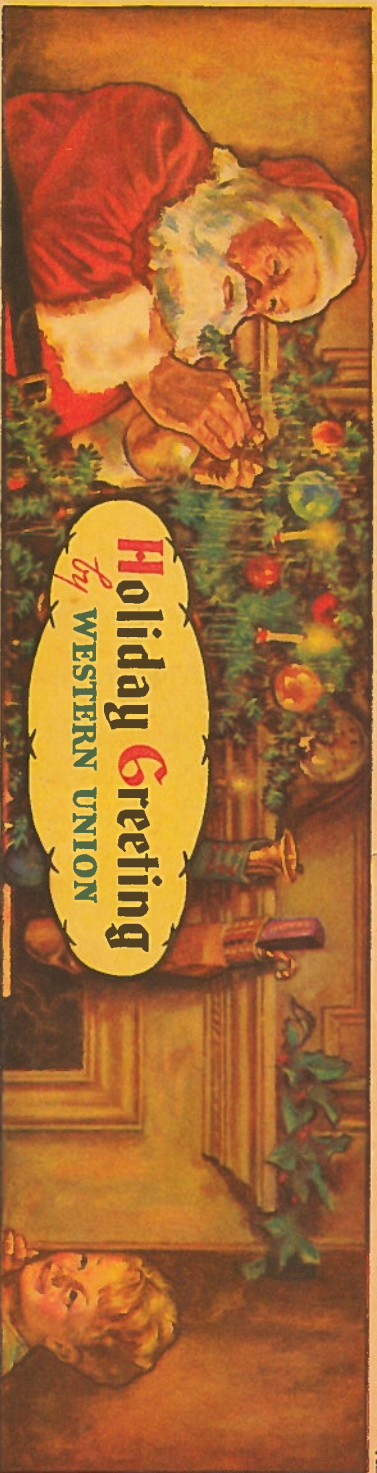
September 1, 1935

As I remember, it was a clear, warm day that was just beginning to give evidence of itself as I climbed aboard the train at Guantanamo station. My destination on this old fashioned model on wheels was Caimanera; I was travelling by a pass, given to me through Mr. Luce; and I was darn glad to be on my way: a trip of 2200 miles.

64  
When I reached that railroad-divided town (The smaller half being the good, the larger -much larger- being the "district") I immediately took a launch to the United States Naval Station, a twenty minutes ride away. When I docked there, the Teresa was nowhere in sight. My letter from Mr. Luce won for me the attention of the Navy man on the dock, and he informed me that the schooner I was seeking was <sup>un</sup>loading ~~up~~ at a considerable distance away, but still on this side of the Bay.

82  
I hitch hiked, through a kindness of a sailor, to the Teresa's temporary dock. The captain of the little boat looked me over calmly and quite indifferently as I asked him, in my very bad and limited Spanish, if he was the Captain. He replied in the <sup>affirmative</sup> ~~negative~~, and so I handed him the letter from Mr. Luce that was addressed to the "Captain of The Teresa". His face was absolutely void of expression as he read the letter. Then, when he had finished, he looked me over for a second or two, this time a little ~~more~~ quizzically, and told me that I could ship out with him as soon as they were finished unloading.

113 I was some thankful, you can bet.



**Holiday Greeting**  
*by* WESTERN UNION

Created by Norman Rockwell

It took the Teresa about an hour to unload, as the crew did not seem to be in a hurry. Finally we pulled out, but before we reached Caimenem my little schooner stoped in mid-bay and gave some oil to another two-master. I am sure that this second sailing vessel would never win a blue ribbon for decency or cleanliness. The main <sup>deck</sup> ~~deck~~ of the boat was covered with mattresses of none too clean a color, and standing around in more or less armourous positions were the men and women who no doubt had recently arisen from using those beds. They were a crummy looking lot. Not that they were bad looking - except for the crumminess that dirt and the <sup>lack</sup> ~~lack~~ of the application of a comb and brush can add - but just that they looked what they were; a boat full of prostitutes, ~~men and women.~~ & their ~~beds~~ reduced chests.

After we pulled away from her side, I decided that it was time for me to inspect my own temporary quarters. So I started to go below. I soon changed my mind, however; for ~~the~~ below was nothing more than a very small and dirty six foot square room. Two people were sleeping in it, and they were as dirty as the room itself. I <sup>went</sup> ~~came~~ upstairs. And, low and behold, there on the foward <sup>deck</sup> ~~stern~~ was a bucket of roses. To this day I don't know how they got there and who ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> thier owner. But there they were. A bucket of roses on the Teresa. I was prompted to make a poem to this most unusal thing but the words, in their proper sequence, wouldn't come.

the Teresa was a picturesque arrair and if she had been manned by a crew ~~any~~ less ruffiah looking than they were there would have been something out of keeping. (The Teresa was dirty, tough and seaworthy; the crew ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> dirty, tough and seaworthy. Two of a kind, certain.)

While we were on our way to Caimanera, the captain kept his eye on the weather, which, by the way, was most unusual for <sup>Cuba</sup> this time of the year in Cuba. There was a fine mist and a slow, sticky breeze of no value whatsoever, except to increase the penetrating power of the drizzling rain. When we drew up along side that long dock, the crew came to life, slowly, to be sure, but to life, just the same. It did not take them long to gently <sup>nestle against</sup> ~~hit~~ the wharf with the bow of the schooner and <sup>make</sup> the necessary precautions against drifting away with <sup>the quiet, rippling</sup> ~~a~~ none too violent tide.

then the captain told me the bad news: We were staying in Caimanera for 26 hours. ~~Next morning~~ ~~for~~ ~~Mananna~~ ~~a~~ ~~media~~ ~~he~~ intended to clear for Santiago de Cuba. [26 hours in this hole, this edge of Cuba where the prostitutes came in droves and where <sup>their native</sup> ~~this~~

~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

well, I decided that I <sup>might</sup> ~~may~~ as well make the best of it and, as the weather was most unfit to sleep out in, I <sup>headed</sup> ~~headed~~ for a place to get a cheap room for the night. I knew just where to go: To Pepy's. He was

an English speaking Cuban who had the best amusement pavilion and  
 dance floor <sup>on the better side of</sup> in this lowly city. He catered almost exclusively to  
 the sugar people and their families, and the Navy and Marine folks from  
 the United States <sup>naval</sup> Station. These Americans thought Pepy the politest &  
 thing, always so ready to do a favor. <sup>But as</sup> I walked up to this  
 individual's place, dressed as I was in blue jeans, soft shoes, ~~and~~  
 a tan shirt and a great big straw hat, I was greeted with no show of  
 welcome whatsoever. In fact, there was <sup>a an</sup> ~~no~~ welcome <sup>sign out for me.</sup> at all. Pepy just  
 eyed me with the kind of look that <sup>said</sup> says: "Make it snappy, or out you  
 go." I made it snappy, all right. I would see that this fellow,  
 who had once been most anxious to please me when I visited his place  
 with the Luses, didn't recognize me. I asked <sup>where I could get</sup> for a room, a cheap one  
 for about 50 cents. And I added these words: "One without a girl."  
 This last was unnecessary, as it turned out. For mine host said  
 in very sarcastic English that I must be a little off if I ~~expected~~  
~~anyone could~~ thought it possible to get a room and a girl for 50  
 cents.

I had to laugh to myself at this. Those doggone, lop eared girls  
 in Caimanera were not worth 50 cents a gross, or a gross of grosses.  
 Anyway, he told me where I could get a room, so I took my welcomed  
 departure and walked <sup>in the direction he had pointed:</sup>  
 toward the "distinct" side of the railroad tracks.

The room I obtained was not a bad one at all. I was surprised to find it so clean. Fifty cents was the price. No girl went with it. Not that I wanted <sup>one</sup> it. I put my pack away and decided to amble around and kill the 26 hour layover.

Naturally, I walked down in the "district". The road <sup>through</sup> down this section was muddy, and I mean deep mud. It is interesting, this section of the city. The <sup>a</sup> further you walk away from the railroad tracks, the worse it gets. The first hundred yards of houses are not so bad and their inhabitants could be <sup>have</sup> <sup>be</sup> ~~lots~~ worse. But soon the <sup>does</sup> ~~worse~~ rears its ugly and lustful head. Girls hang out of the windows and doorways. And if the strolling prospect happens to look especially prosperous, the girls do not hesitate to come out and ask him in. [They even grow so bold as to take his arm or put a damp hand in his.]

There are several amusementx places down here, all of <sup>or</sup> more or less poor reputation. <sup>24</sup> Music, (if you can call it that), has as its chief asses ~~its~~ blaring loudness and crudeness. Some of the dance halls are lined with little rooms. These, as you can easily guess, are where the boys and girls retire to have their little fun. That is what the latter are there for. They get the men drunk and then lure them to the little rooms just off the dance floor. The drunk part is essential, I understand. The victims often confess that they have to be completely under the weather to have any contact with these dx

denzins of the "district". "You have to be out of your head to stomach them", is the usual ~~answer~~ *explanation*.

In the day time the girls are usually fully dressed and if you happened to come upon one of them unsuspectingly, as she went about her daily work of tidying up, you would be slow to guess her ~~night time~~ *nightly* occupation. They ~~think~~

~~xxxxxx~~

in a way it is like walking into another world. It is so strange, so unreal. These girls, in polite ~~xxxx~~ Cuban society, are outcasts.

In the

They cannot walk with the better people. She can do her shopping, and things like that, just as other ~~people~~, but for her pleasures she must ~~go elsewhere~~ *go elsewhere*. They <sup>of these</sup> will not accept her. No man, <sup>though</sup> how often he may visit these prostitutes in the night, will not even look twice at them in the day. Though they may have been his bedfellow the night before, they are as so much dirt under his feet when the sun is out. [Ever inch of ~~her~~ of his body may ~~her~~ be an open book to him while they are enjoying the privacy of her bed, but when they are amongst his "kind", there is not even a hint of this. Indeed, if she so much as laid a finger on his arm, he would no <sup>doubt</sup> ~~doubt~~ revile her in the most scorching and belittling of words. And, ~~too~~ <sup>was fooled enough to</sup> if she ~~did~~ <sup>did</sup> as much <sup>as</sup> intimate that he was one of her clients, she would find it



thereafter unprofitable for her in that district. The men are very discreet about their whereabouts <sup>after</sup> ~~after~~ they leave their heavily chaperoned sweethearts at the respectable hour of ~~nine or ten~~ <sup>or eleven</sup>.

I have long been of the impression that the substantial women of the Cuban society, while they look down on these creatures, welcome them in a peculiar way. It means that the men do not have to <sup>seduce</sup> ~~tempt~~ their daughters in order to satisfy ~~their~~ their animal desires. It means that they are comparatively safe from masculine seduction. It means that their daughters, before and <sup>after</sup> ~~after~~ marriage, do not need to spend all their time and energy being "wifely" in the <sup>base</sup> raw sense of the word.

But back to the Caimanera "district". I walked down on this rainy afternoon. It was warm and sticky.

Stop

But back to Caimanera and the ~~same~~ "district". As I walked down the muddy, unpaved road on that particular afternoon in September, I was conscious of a sense of disgust mixed with excitement. I could see in some of the windows and open doors, and wherever I could see a bed, which was often, it was always neatly made and covered with clean, starched linen. [They believed in a clean "shop".]

Some of the inhabitants stared at me, for I really did look strange to them. One thing stood out about me: my cleanliness. My

clothes were crude and <sup>made</sup> built for service, but, as yet, they were unsoiled. Also, I didn't have a beard. Not yet. Some of the ~~girls~~ <sup>the girls & women</sup> and children and old men on the streets and in the doorways and windows recognized me for what I was: an American. Others were doubtful.

When I reached the end of the road and turned back, I was hailed by a loud, <sup>maiden</sup> brilliantly dressed <sup>girl</sup> maiden. [The girl was built, that is certain. And, <sup>in</sup> in a degraded way, she was attractive. ~~But~~ Her trade was written on her young face. She called loudly. [I turned around and smiled all over my face. To me it was very funny. Seeing that I was in a mood to ridicule her she replied in like manner by rubbing all the vital parts of her body and inviting me in to explore and enjoy them. Of course, <sup>←</sup> I refused. She ended ~~up~~ by hurling Cuban cuss words at me.]

3/23  
As I neared the end of the ~~direct~~ "district", a girl leaned out of one of the houses and started to make fun of me. She had been on the Teresa when ~~xxxxxx~~ I first boarded her. A colored boy, about fifteen years old, one of the crew of the little schooner, had asked me if I wanted to go below with her. he said it would not cost me much. I had refused him. Now this same girl was making fun of me. Just what for, I don't know. I laughed [at her. What she said or thought did not make the slightest ~~bit~~ difference to me.

A little further on I was due for a big surprise. I had only a few more feet to go to comparative respectability, when I heard an old fashioned graham

old fashioned victrola whirling a squeaky record around on its aged chasis. And the record it was playing was the OLD RUGGED CROSS. Can you imagine that? On the brink of all this ungodliness this ~~hdx~~ greatly loved and respected hymn was being played. I was stunned. Absolutely. Added to <sup>the music of</sup> this beautiful <sup>legno</sup> music was a chorus of Cuban voices. They sang as poorly as the record played. [I stood still and took off my hat, out of pure respect. I felt that even here, there was respect due to the significance of that hymn.] As I stood there, I heard some Cubans belittling me and one or two shouted, "Inglesa".

The afternoon was spent by me as interestingly as possible. [But, fearing to bore you, I'll cut it short by copying what I wrote in my diary concerning it.] ~~ictakxtw~~

~~Before to read~~

"I talk to the crew of the Terasa -- company. I <sup>buy</sup> get dinner: sopa, 5cents; Arroz con Pollo, fifteen cents. My Spanish is getting along. I dip <sup>9</sup> two ants <sup>s</sup> out of my aqua <sup>with</sup> con my knife. But they were dead. The cafe is called Washington. [My old Alma Mater.] Good meal. Woman in charge is kind and attentive. I notice the bootblacks waiting on the Navy dock for the sailors. It is muddy in the "district". I take a nap in the cool shade beneath a freight car on the pier, ~~the one our schooner is tied to.~~ Later, <sup>which is a</sup> watch boys fly kites. Take shower. Sit on the water side of my rooming house and watch sun set back of mountains. At supper, my hostess at the Washington cafe is <sup>ever more</sup> ~~again~~ kind. She sees I will not order bread so she gives me a <sup>piece</sup> crust ~~of~~ the house. She is ~~st~~ fat, thick glasses,

no neck, kind. "

At night I found myself back in the ~~20x~~ "district". Compared to the activity at night, the goings on in the day remind one of a funeral. Lights, laughter, freshly painted faces, bright gowns, music, and [the] luring perfume [of the whores.] And sailors by the fleet-ful. Or almost. The United States Navy certainly does slip [in the mire] when its sailors go ashore. First they get drunk; then the women get in their night's work. [It is a shame. So degrading, so beneath the standards that Uncle Sam is capable of making its boys <sup>live up to</sup> ~~they~~. Some of them, the sailors and marines, [I mean,] are good looking ~~boys~~, clean cut, healthy. [They look a <sup>bit</sup> out of place as a flea on <sup>the</sup> underside of a whale's bellie.]

I watched them dance with the girlies. [One big fellow picked up a small, <sup>girl</sup> smelly bit of baggage] and put her on the top of the bar. She <sup>leaned</sup> ~~climbed~~ over and whispered something in his ear and they both laughed. He was drunk. Wobbly so. I looked up the street for a minute or two and when I turned back to this couple they were gone. [He had suscommmed to the liquor and ~~her charms~~, <sup>to her persistence - not her charms, I am sure,</sup>]

On my way back I walked on the other side of the street. [As I passed one house I noticed a girl standing naked in the door way, covering her oft displayed charms as ~~the~~ September Morn covered hers.] She was

beckoning to a waiting sailor, [trying to let him know that she was ready.] The doors of most of the other houses were closed, lights showing from beneath the doors, <sup>signifying that</sup> a prostitute and her client were within.

I was getting <sup>tired</sup> ~~disgusted~~ [thoroughly disgusted with the <sup>of</sup> "district" by this time, so I walked down to the pier to rest and to think or, to put it more appropriately, to dream. My pleasant occupation of building air castles was soon interrupted. A young negro <sup>who</sup> walking by happened to see me and recognized me for an American, ~~which he~~ [He] came up and talked, and how that <sup>boy</sup> nigger could lie [and lie]. He told the most fantastic tales. He was a full blooded Indian, he was this, he was that. [All of it was bunk -- all but one thing: He ~~was~~ an awful liar.]

Time dragged. I was tired but I did not feel like going to bed yet. I decided to explore another part of Caimanera; so I walked inland. I was due for a surprise from this direction, too; outdoor movies. It was funny. The <sup>place</sup> ~~place~~ looked like ~~and~~ an old settlers fort, [You know,] the kind with a high log fence that was used to keep the Indians out.

~~The movie wasn't~~ <sup>it was about</sup> ~~It wasn't~~ a talkie but what <sup>can't</sup> the picture was I couldn't remember. I did not get to see much of it, as I had to climb an old freight car in order to see. It was funny.

My "boy" seat was the top of a box car, & none to comfortable, so I <sup>(stood)</sup> vacated <sup>it</sup> & headed <sup>for</sup> the pier <sup>again</sup>. ~~toward the waterfront, where my room was located.~~  
for the pier.

7/24 Begin

12. Stretched out

I made my way to the pier once more and, as before, ~~to lie~~ on one of the planks, look up into the sky and think. <sup>child made thinking</sup> [You may think this strange, but if you know me you would understand.] I drowsed after awhile and decided that I was tired enough to enjoy a long night's sleep. I went [back] to my rooming house.

I took off my clothes and placed them where they would be safe from any prowler who might happen along and recognize in them something better than his own. My mosquito netting I threw at the bottom of the small bed, ready for use in case <sup>I needed it</sup> [those buzzing critters decided to feast on me. I slept in my shorts.]

I [had said my prayers and] was just dropping off to sleep when I heard ~~two~~ <sup>two</sup> drunken sailors in a room next to mine swearing in truly salty fashion. One of them was trying to <sup>convince</sup> induce the other, against his will, that they should go down into the "district". The one who was reluctant to leave the peacefulness <sup>of his</sup> ~~of his~~ room for the bawdiness of a house down the line kept repeating, in a voice almost devoid of character, that he did not want to go. His friend finally convinced him that it was the best thing to do, so they left. [I felt sorry for the weak one. He certainly did not have enough backbone to earn him a place in the United States Navy.]

The day had been a successful one for me. [And the high light of it was the two letters ~~from~~]

was the two letters from the Luce's, one from Roslyn and one from Mr. Luce.]

I slept like a log.

September 2, 1935

[I'll begin this second day by quoting directly from my diary.]

"<sup>Get</sup> up at nine am. Eat breakfast. Take my pack down to boat. Weather is bad. Teresa may not leave for several hours. I stough hanging ~~me~~ around. Caimanera is really the rear end of Cuba: dirty, poor, muddy, filthy, rotten, unproductive. I talk with a Spaniard who has been 18 years in the States. [His information about getting a job to Mexico from Santiago is hopeful.] I eat dinner -- 5 cents. It is a good thing I don't like the Cuban food. [have] <sup>hang</sup> hung around the schooner nearly all day (2pm). One of the crew, who's face is sunwrinkled into a perpetual smile, tells me that we are going to sail at midnight. Ho-hum. More loafing and walkin in the mud." " *end of quote.*

Toward the late afternoon I walked down on the pier and sat facing the mountains across the ~~sea~~ Bay. A Pelican was gracefully swooping across the water, sometimes diving down to dip with lightning speed for a fish that might ~~have~~ <sup>ventured</sup> ~~wandered~~ to close to the surface. Success often crowned his efforts. Finally, he decided that he had a <sup>bill</sup> full and glided toward the shore.

From where I was sitting I could see the reflection of the setting sun. It was bathing the green mountains in a beautiful color. Fish and birds ~~were~~ were making splashes in the water. There ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> a soft, quiet breeze, making <sup>me</sup> one [think and] appreciate to a greater extent this tropical scene. And, <sup>added to</sup> ~~aside from~~ this exquisite picture [of nature], [there] were <sup>several</sup> the two masted schooners docked at the pier, [their tall masts reminding one of a naked island.]

The planks of the pier must have gotten uncomfortable, for I ~~go~~ went to sit on the bow of the Teresa. Just before darkness obscured all this beauty, ~~and~~ I saw the bow of a steam boat nudging its way into the mouth of the Bay. I could see that ~~it~~ it was one of the <sup>U</sup> United Fruit's ocean liners. From my place on the schooner I could hear her drop anchor and see that she was flying the American flag. The flag of my country. <sup>I</sup> If you have never been away from your own country ~~for~~ for any length of time, you cannot appreciate the feeling it gives ~~you~~ ~~when~~ ~~you~~ ~~see~~ ~~it~~, so unexpectedly and in such foreign surroundings. I have never been a flag worshiper, but that old red, white and blue gave me a [strangely] happy feeling.

I must have eaten dinner right after this. <sup>that</sup> I do not have a record of it in my diary, but my list of expenses informs me that I laid down some money for grub around this time. And, with my limited cash,



there was no chance that I would pay for something I <sup>didn't</sup> couldn't get. One thing I do have a record of and [do] remember very plainly was the way the shoeshine boys and the girls <sup>swarmed</sup> hung around the sailors and the ~~girls~~ <sup>names who</sup> ~~girls~~, which were [constantly] coming up to the pier in launches. The natives knew that the navy and marine men had money, something they did not have and wanted. Usually they got what they were after, not that they deserved it.

None of these Americans paid any attention to me, for by this time my disguise was well nigh perfect. [You see, I had] <sup>heard</sup> now. Just as I was about to <sup>leave,</sup> [visit the "district" again,] my Spanish acquaintance of the afternoon came up and we talked.

This welcome chat was interrupted for a cause I never dreamed <sup>would happen,</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>my</sup> arrest! [Was I surprised! I was.] My Spanish friend went along with me. He went of his own accord, as I did not ask him. [He probably thought ~~th~~ ought that he could act as interpreter.] Well, I was taken [chaperoned] to the captain's quarters by <sup>a</sup> ~~this~~ brown clad army figure. He did not have a gun in ~~evidence~~ his hand but I could see it conveniently hanging from his hip, ready for action in case I lost my nerve and decided to bolt. I didn't. <sup>On the way I was informed</sup> that ~~the reason for my arrest~~ As I walked along, I searched my mind for a reason for this arrest. What, <sup>unlawful thing</sup> in the world had I done in this <sup>would end?</sup> ~~end~~ [of foulness?]

3/25  
 My thoughts, as we walked toward the captain's quarters, were keeping pace with my footsteps. What was all this about? I had not <sup>no</sup> the slightest fear. There was absolutely no reason for alarm. But these Cubans were strange people, and to a ~~rich~~ poor, <sup>beggarly</sup> ~~beastly~~ looking American they showed not the slightest respect. One thing was certain: There would be <sup>a struggle</sup> an awful fight if they tried to put me in jail. I had seen one of their prisons in Guantanamo, and that was enough for me. The prisoners slept on the floor, they were dirty, and <sup>the</sup> sane had to live with the insane. People passing by could stop and view, with ~~no show of pity~~, the unfortunate inmates. And, if the thought entered their flighty minds, they would <sup>had</sup> have no trouble in firing through the bars and killing ~~that~~ someone within.

These things I was thinking as I walked along. My Spanish friend was slightly behind me and the soldier was ~~kept~~ bringing up the rear. Silence reigned. I knew it was useless to try to ask questions of my captor, as he would not be able to understand my feeble Spanish and, too, he would be able to do nothing about it. He was only obeying orders.

In about three minutes we reached the <sup>The</sup> captain's quarters. This individual in charge, like all the officious Cubans, was literally bursting his buttons with self importance. He looked me over with as much insolence as <sup>he</sup> his meager mind could muster and asked in quick

spanish what I had to ~~say~~<sup>mix</sup> for myself. I could understand a word he said, so I smiled. I know this [bit of] expression on my part was little short of impudence, but I had such [a] little [bit of] respect for ~~thxex~~ this fellow and his kind that I could not help it. He did not like <sup>my</sup> the smile [very much] and answered by scowling. I turned to my Spanish friend and asked him to ask the captain what he wanted with me. This my friend did and, after an ~~inter~~ exchange of quick words, my friend turned and informed me that I was arrested for being a suspicious character, and did I have anything to prove that I was all right.

I laughed. Honestly, I did. I just could not help it. Me arrested for being a suspicious character. In Caimanera, of all places. In this port, [way past the last outpost of decency], I, Wesley Sadler, American citizen, cleanest dressed man in Caimanera, was arrested for being a suspicious person. That served me right. I had only myself to blame -- for dressing so well, for having clean clothes, for not having a slight disagreeable <sup>odor</sup> ~~odor~~ about me, for not looking as though I would gladly take advantage of <sup>a passerby whom I</sup> ~~you if I~~ thought I would profit me even a pennies worth. I laughed again. It was funny. The Captain didn't ~~like~~ like my show of humor. [I guess it made him feel slightly ridiculous.]

Through my interpreter, I learned that I had to ~~personax~~ give an account of my reasons for being in this city, my destination and who

I was. This I did. When I was asked to furnish proof, the captain thought he had me stumped. I believe he would have ~~liked~~ <sup>been well pleased an expense</sup> to put me in prison so that he could invite his friends and show off his [American] captive. But I foiled him. I mentioned a few important names in Guantanamo. That helped. I told him I had lived in Guantanamo for three months. He looked doubtful and tried to trick me by asking where I had lived. When I replied in <sup>understandable</sup> nearly perfect Spanish just where I had <sup>lived,</sup> resided, he began to understand that I really was on the up and up [after all]. The reason I <sup>converse well</sup> could ~~do~~ <sup>so</sup> perfectly as to my ~~wharwhox~~ address in Cuba was because I had practiced it again and again before I ~~came~~ left College in June. <sup>about</sup>

The captain was tottering. I was coming off the victor. But still he hesitated to let me go. I tried one more thing. I showed him my Washington College YMCA card. That did the trick. [The captain had spent six months in the States and could read and speak just a pitiful bit of English, even <sup>worse</sup> ~~less~~ than my Spanish. But it so pleased him that he could translate the word Christian written across the top of my card that he smiled all over himself, told me that he had been in my country for half a year and that he could still read a little English.] He told me I was OK and that I could go. That I did right away. My Spanish friend followed.

I thanked <sup>friend</sup> my Spanish interpreter and we parted, he to go to his sleeping quarters and I to the "district" for a final visit. There were more drunken sailors and marines, poor devils. [they honestly act as though they haven't good sense.] Some are playing dice, some are drinking, some dancing, and some enjoying the women. [Honestly, I <sup>not</sup> would have any son of mine join the Navy if they offered him 1000 dollars a week. The boys certainly skid when they hit the deck for Uncle Sam.]

I came back after a short visit [in the street of iniquity] and sat down on the pier near where the launches, carrying the Navy men, are docked. [By the way, I forgot to mention that right here they have a ~~Red Cross~~ First Aid Hut that the ~~US~~ United States' service men can visit after they have sojourned with the women in the "district" or, for what is less likely, an injury of some kind. This Hut and its Navy attendant did a rushing business. This is the way Uncle Samuel does ~~his~~ his protecting. His is prevention and not cure.]

[Well,] I sat right near there, watching <sup>I watched</sup> the little Cuban boys, white, black, and mixed, swarm around the sailors and marines, asking them for money or offering to shine their muddy shoes. All of these people, Cuban boys and American <sup>e</sup> men, paid no attention to me. I looked so everyday Cuban in my big rimmed straw hat and blue jeans that, <sup>in the dark,</sup> they took me for what I desired to appear to be: a native Cuban of no money and, [seemingly], no ambition.

There was a marine, just a young boy on his first voyage, who was fifty percent drunk. This fellow was cutting up, [in true juvenile style:] boasting, cursing and shouting words [and words] of nonsense. Something must have crawled into his brain, half there, as it was, and made <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~ want to do something <sup>extra foolish</sup> ~~out of the ordinary~~ in its foolishness. He picked up a poor, stray dog that [unfortunately] happened to be near and threw him <sup>it</sup> ~~him~~ overboard. There was a sizeable splash that attracted more attention than was expected. A young, excited Cuban came up and swore that he was going to have the Marine, Gummings by ~~his~~ <sup>the American</sup> name, put in jail. His buddies argued and, [darn there hides], pleaded with <sup>the accused</sup> [that pompous native] not to make good his threat. They pointed out that it would mean the brig or worse for the boy if he were locked up while on shore leave. The Cuban seemed to get enough satisfaction from ~~the begging~~ <sup>having it</sup> ~~seeing~~ the Americans ~~beg~~ beg, so he [big-heartedly acting what he wasn't], said that he would forget it this time but not to let it happen again.

The sound of that Cuban's voice had no sooner died away <sup>when</sup> ~~than~~ I turned at the sound of <sup>another</sup> ~~a~~ loud splash. I felt disgusted, for [the <sup>It was</sup> splash] came from the contact ~~of the~~ with the water of the body of a drunken sailor who had unsuccessfully attempted to board one of the launches. His friends hauled him out. [Those navy and marine men certainly stick together, I have to give them that.]

After this none to uplifting excitement, I went out on the pier, found myself a soft ~~on~~ plank and dropped off into sweet slumber, to a temporary land where there were no drunken sailors, ~~bad~~ women or native shoe shine boys eagerly scanning ever pair of feet that came out of the "district", hoping ~~that they may offer a job.~~  
~~to earn a dime.~~

Maybe you wonder at my ability to compose my nerves [to the extent of going to sleep] in the midst of all this unlawfulness. There are two explanations, the latter being the more important: No one, no matter how poor he happened to be, would molest me with the hope of ~~getting~~ <sup>gaining</sup> any pecuniary increase. Not the way I looked. I had intentionally adopted my present wardrobe for the single purpose of passing as [a bum, as] a person who had no money, no food, nothing of value. The second reason was that I had made up my mind not to worry about anything. I knew, and believed with all my heart, that there was a God, my Father, watching over me, and that he would protect me from all ~~kind~~ harm. Therefore, I slept with all the tranquility of a child <sup>securely nestled</sup> fast asleep in his mother's arms.

It was nearly midnight when I woke up. It was not a clear night; the lights of the city were dimly visible, voices ~~of~~ carried a great distance. The first thing I did when I opened my eyes was to turn over on my left side and look in the direction of the Teresa. She was there, quietly tap, tap, tapping the pier. But there were signs of activity ~~of~~

on her small deck, movable objects were being fastened securely, ropes were being tested, men were climbing poles and ~~tying~~ <sup>dragging chains,</sup> ropes.

I was wide awake in a second. Action was what I craved from those ~~there~~ aboard the Teresa. And here it was, at last. As I walked toward the [still] schooner, I had the impression that the entire crew, from the mixed-blooded captain down to the little darky deck hand, had not the slightest remembrance of me and that, if I didn't show up when they were ready to weigh anchor, they would sail ~~away~~ without a qualm of conscience, [without a thought <sup>to</sup> my resulatnt unlucky plight.]

I hopped aboard and eagerly watched for an expression on the captain's face. But there was none. He ~~vertainly~~ was boss of the situation, and the crew moved as though they realized it [perfectly]. They took their orders from him and, as far as I could see, he was the only one that gave a command. I <sup>sat</sup> [took a seat] on the bow, out of the way ~~from~~ of this now swiftly moving crew of ~~fixe~~ six. Then I noticed that there were others beside the crew and myself. I could make out two young men, a girl child of three years, and a woman of unrepresentable appearance who looked me over with one expert glance and ~~looked~~ <sup>turned</sup> away, [having decided, no doubt, that I was not worth the <sup>trouble,</sup> seducing.]

soon the extra freight, <sup>passengers</sup> the four people named immediately above, went below to prepare their beds for the night. I decided to take a ~~look~~



look ~~in~~ <sup>at</sup> these operations and (so) started ~~down~~ below. I soon changed my mind. such conditions in which <sup>+ lay</sup> (these people) prepared to sleep! I much <sup>prepared</sup> ~~prepared~~ the open <sup>deck</sup> bow of the schooner <sup>to</sup> than her stuffy and unclean bowels. So I turned and climbed to the ~~maxc~~ deck, to the fresh air and the cloudy sky. I put on my sweat shirt and rolled my hammock into a pillow. This I placed on the stern of the boat, the bow not being so adaptable for a night's <sup>sleep.</sup> [slumber], [and prepared to sleep for the night.] the woman [freight] seemed to prefer the fresh air of the deck to the body smell of the hold, for she too was making preparations for the night ~~xcnlyxcwexcx~~ by making a comfortable armchair of some packages that she carried. she was settled, by the way, right at my feet. indeed, had I been a six-footer I would have had to double up to make room for her.

I said  
I said my prayers looking up to the murky sky, feeling strong as my mind dwelt upon the ~~strengthxcouragecxthatcxthiscx~~ majesty and power that lay beyond and that extended even to me on this little schooner sailing the <sup>Caribbean</sup> ~~Caribbean~~ Sea.

I slept like a log.

Sept. 3rd

STOP

I f I tend to wax poetic on the next incident, my sailing the <sup>SEA</sup> sea at dawn, please excuse me. I awoke, [just as <sup>another / day</sup> another day] the god of Creation gave <sup>(was</sup> ~~us another day~~ <sup>at</sup> the beginning] of another day. we were s

heading east, into the dawning light. To the left was the open sea, mysterious, wild, swirling ~~with~~ at everything that sailed within its wet grasp. On the right was the coast, dark, rocky, uninviting, holding destruction for any vessel that floundered ~~an~~ its shore.

Behind me ~~was darkness~~ the darkness through which we had just come, the ~~the~~ angry water battering the cold cliffs of the shore. But to the front, that into which we were sailing, was the rosy fingered dawn. Its beauty was so in contrast to that behind and on both sides that I gladly turned my back and faced the gentle wind, the <sup>red dawn,</sup> ~~bright light,~~ the wonder of another day on the sea.

The crew of the Teresa seemed to sense ~~some of the~~ the hand of God in the unfolding of the beauty before them. They were awed into silence. They had stopped <sup>their tasks</sup> at ~~their~~ <sup>w</sup> ~~base~~ to view the work of this Greatest Artist. I took in the whole beautiful scene with all the thirst of one who has lived in beauty and has come to appreciate it as much as life itself. The coldness and lust of nature on three sides of me, the transformed crew in such uncharacteristic poses [of reverence], the warming, creating sun of the new day, the sails of the little schooner bellied with the ~~morning~~ <sup>fresh</sup> morning wind, --- all of it left a picture I will never forget. God grant that I shall live to ~~some of the~~ enjoy and thrill at <sup>the</sup> such sunrises.

Soon we entered Santiago Bay, that beautiful ~~island~~ entrance to  
 and an old city. The sun was now shining brightly and the houses,  
 charming beautiful in their many, many colors, could be plainly seen. It was  
 such an <sup>unusual</sup> ~~unusual~~ sight to me that it left a lasting impression on my  
 mind, one that I shall remember with pleasure whenever I think of  
 Cuba.

Unfortunately, ~~as~~ we sailed into a mist as we journeyed further  
 into the Bay and much of the beauty roundabout was obscured. One thing ~~that~~  
 could be seen with ease, though, was an old fortress. It reminded me  
 of the one that you meet as you approach Havana. <sup>the direction of</sup> ~~from~~ Key West.

Beauty is beauty and I enjoyed it to the fullest, but I hadn't  
 washed ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> eye. Now there is nothing unusual about that if you happen <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~  
 be a native. But I wasn't, so I felt the need of a refreshing rinse,  
 if only for my face and hands. Suiting the action to the thought, I  
 took a bucket dangling from a rope and dipped some salt water from the  
 Caribbean Sea. It was not so bad. After this abolution I resumed my  
 seat on the stern of the Teresa and continued to enjoy the view,  
<sup>even if it was very</sup> however misty it <sup>the</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>to</sup> be at that time.

Then the crew put on a show. ~~not~~ <sup>that</sup> they <sup>intended</sup> [did] it for that, [but]  
 that it <sup>It</sup> was one of the ways they got fresh food for the table. They went  
 fishing by throwing a big hook overboard. This hook was tied to a  
 long stout cord. Soon they got a bite and with more <sup>exertion</sup> ~~exertion~~ than you can

*the struggling fish*

easily imagine, they managed to drag ~~it~~ <sup>^</sup> aboard. I don't know to what ~~of~~ member of the fish family this finny creature belonged, but it was about two feet long and as big around as the average man's calf. One of the men took an axe and chopped it in thirds and gave <sup>a part to</sup> ~~it to each~~ a ~~third~~ <sup>^</sup> to each of the two men who ~~was~~ <sup>were</sup> helping him. The other third he kept for himself. After the division had been made, the butcher dipped a bucket of water from the sea and <sup>washed</sup> ~~cleaned~~ <sup>the</sup> deck of the blood. <sup>from</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the deck.</sup>

I realize that I ~~am~~ going into too much detail, but ~~the~~ these things are important to me, and I want to put them here <sup>so that I shall</sup> [in such a way as to] be able to always remember them. <sup>NP</sup> <sup>Landing was</sup> ~~WE~~ landed. That in itself isn't very important to you, chance reader, but <sup>for</sup> <sup>held</sup> ~~to~~ me it ~~was~~ <sup>^</sup> a unique experience.

I thanked the captain of the *Feresa*, ~~and~~ <sup>asked</sup> received his ~~noded~~ acceptance and stopped ~~aboard~~ <sup>^</sup>, to be halted abruptly by an important acting officer of the law. I said officer of the law but what I really mean is that <sup>it was a</sup> ~~a~~ soldier dressed in khaki, <sup>He</sup> wanted to know [just] who I was.

I must have looked funny to these people of Cuba, for here I was being stopped again, and it was to happen <sup>again</sup> [more than once] before I reached Havana.

Well, I submitted to a search by this official and a brother soldier who had come up when he noticed the crowd about me. They exclaimed at what my pack revealed: <sup>an</sup> ~~my~~ array of toothpaste, a can opener, a small roll of bandage that ~~Mike~~ <sup>^</sup> had jokingly given me in case ~~I~~ <sup>^</sup> broke

my leg,<sup>a</sup> toothbrush, needle and cotton, two small cans of fruit, and a few  
 [many, many] other things that made the staring Cubans [smile and] laugh.  
 it happened that i had made a map of all the provinces and had put  
 them in an envelope with [some] other important papers. One of the soldiers  
 discovered my map of Oriente Province, and with more excitement than  
 amusement he showed it to his soldier assistant. They put their heads  
 together and acted as though they had caught an international spy  
 in an attempt to blow up the whole hot country. But my rescue was  
 near at hand in the person of one of the crew of the Teresa. This  
 seaman explained to the soldiers who i was and where i was going.  
 i had the job of again packing my things, and the spectators seemed  
 to enjoy me more than ever. i surely could attract them. Can you  
 imagine those soldiers thinking i was planning to blow up ~~the whole~~<sup>their</sup>  
 [danged] country?

Tense change.

"A taxi boy, a native of Jamaica,<sup>a</sup> kindly conducts me to a ~~his~~ sleeping  
 place, and he does this knowing that i have nothing to give him. I can  
 bathe and shave where he takes me, all right. it is the Salvation  
 Army. Of all places. I change my disguise by shaving and washing and  
 putting ~~in~~<sup>on</sup> my other pair of pants and [a] clean shirt. Two English  
 speaking negroes are talking just outside my door. One is from  
 Jamaica, the other is from the West Indies. I leave for the American  
 Consulate. "

4/6/37

28.

Right here let me say that I made a big mistake when I changed my disguise before going to the Consulate. It made me look too good, too good for the story I told them. Which story, by the way, was the truth. It was a novel experience to walk up and down in this strange, bustling city of Cuba. The sun was hot, the hills were steep, the bricks radiated the heat almost as [good as] though they were regular radiators in an up-to-date American home.

As I looked for the American Consulate, I had the odd feeling of seeing, for the first time in my young life, the flags [or emblems] of other nations flying from <sup>some</sup> certain of the buildings. Finally I saw the emblem of the US, and with much uncertainty [in my heart], mixed <sup>s.</sup> with hope on top of hope, I made my way to <sup>the building bearing the emblem</sup> the second flight of stairs and walked into ~~to~~ a large, neat, quiet room.

Well, the <sup>result</sup> short of my unsuccessful experience <sup>here</sup> was that the ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ assistant to the American Consul informed me, most kindly and with oft <sup>repeated</sup> ~~said~~ regrets, that there was nothing he <sup>could</sup> ~~do~~ for his office ~~of~~ could do for me, because their's <sup>is</sup> was a commercial office and only seamen on commercial boats ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ came under their care. ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ I had mentioned Mr. Luce's name to this gentleman and it had been received with respect, but it could not open that door which was accessible only to commercial seamen.

If I had not looked so prosperous in my clean shirt and <sup>trousers</sup> pants, I ~~was~~ believe he would have done (a little) something for me anyway. I have a well grounded hunch that he felt that I had more money than I claimed to possess. Anyway, he said that he could offer me little hope in regards to getting a job on one of the boats that <sup>would probably</sup> ~~may~~ be sailing for the <sup>US</sup> any time soon.

when I left this office, I found a place to get something to eat. <sup>W</sup> With what a difference I am received now that I no longer look like a bum. The natives can tell that I am an American, and as I no longer look like a first class <sup>down & out,</sup> bum but, to the contrary, more like an easy going, prosperous American, they show me the true Cuban deference.

<sup>after</sup> ~~After~~ I had refreshed myself with more rice [only clean rice, this time] I left to seek Mr. Grist, the friend of <sup>Mr. Luce</sup> Mr. Luce to whom ~~he~~ had given me a letter of introduction. I found his house, all right. He turned out to be a swell fellow. Large and slow moving and with a heart as big as his expansive waistline, he made me feel at home. I believe he liked me. In fact, as we saw more and more of each other we became [better] friends. Now that was easy for me to do, as I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. But he was the giver, and therefore it was more of a compliment to me that he also was in a liking mood. [But] <sup>H</sup> he was fine. And [even now, after all this time,]

I think of him with a warm feeling in my heart. He took me in and offered me much more than I felt free to accept.

We talked in his house for a little while and then he got his hat and we left for the Steam Ship office. [I do not have a record of how many we visited, but I do know that it was at least two.] He was well received, [in both places], but as to getting me a job on a boat bound directly or indirectly for the us, there was nothing doing. While we were in the office of the United Fruit, I learned for the first time that ~~however~~ there had been a hurricane ~~in~~ across the Keys of Florida. At that <sup>no one</sup> [time neither of the men] knew just how serious it had been.

After Mr. Grist had exhausted his resources [as to the SS companies,] we went to a cafe and had something to drink. Only I ordered ice cream. Mr. Grist was [really] a fine man to talk to. He offered to get me a ticket on the bus <sup>going</sup> all the way to Havana, ~~for half price~~. I refused to accept this [very] fine gesture, because I knew that he was the one who would pay the other half. ~~This~~ My refusal to take advantage of this offer, thus proving that I was not looking for something for nothing, <sup>increased his desire to help me,</sup> [made him like me more than ever.] We talked [of] Mr. Luce for awhile, and he remarked that Mr. Luce was a very capable man and a fine fellow.

After this <sup>bit</sup> ~~bit~~ of refreshment we <sup>parted,</sup> ~~went,~~ <sup>to</sup> go to my rooming place ~~to change~~



to change my clothes and he to go to his house.

I took a short nap when I got back to the Salvation Army. The rest did me good. I donned my disguise once again, all except the beard, and set out for my kind friend's house. It was a long walk and mostly up hill, but it was all so strange that I did not mind it so much.

Mr. Grist and I made our way to the bus ~~station~~ station, going by street car and at his expense. He refused to let me pay my way. We had to wait for the buss to pull out, so he suggested that we have something to drink. I ordered ice cream, and thought it pretty good, tasting stuff. But I refused a second order of it. After all, I could not take advantage of his kindness.

This real man positively insisted that I let him pay my way to the ~~first~~ next town. As the distance was only 44K and the cost just 25 cents, I reluctantly agreed. Before going, however, he gave me a letter to one of his American friends in ~~this~~ <sup>town</sup> first town out of Snadiago de Cuba, P. Soriano, asking this friend to get me a ride on one of his trucks. As the bus pulled out of the station, Mr. Grist said to me, "God be with you." And as I turned to say so-  
 long once more, he repeated this blessing. And his prayer must have been answered, for though I had a lot of <sup>rough</sup> tough experiences, I got <sup>through</sup> through this long journey with

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nothing more serious than a greatly diminished waist line.]



" The ride to P.Soriano is beautiful. The views going in and out of Santiago are the best of the whole ride from Havana to Santiago. The mountains are green, palm trees everywhere and white roofed houses dotting the mountain sides. I look back and see Santiago and the blue waters of the Bay. Beautiful. I see Mr.Ham. He gets me a ride immediately to ~~the~~ Bayoma. I ride on the <sup>top</sup> ~~back~~ of a fully loaded truck. "

As soon as I landed in Bayoma, I grabbed a little grub ~~for~~ the enormous price of ten cents. This great expenditure on my part disappoints the proprietor and I part, carrying with me the <sup>in my memory</sup> ~~unpleasant~~ look on his none too pleasant face. Immediately after I left him, I ~~went~~ to a store and bought some rope for my hammock. I bought a lot of it, much more than I needed, and made my way to wards the ~~ruskic~~ outskirts of the small city. By this time it was getting dark, too darn dark for me. I found the road leading out of the town and made my whistling way to find a place to tie my maca and sleep for the night.

It was too dark. I couldn't see a thing but the side s of the road I was traveling, so I made my way back to the town. I thought maybe I could find something there. However, even <sup>†</sup> here things didn't look so good. Finally, I came to the railroad tracks and saw before me a water tank. It was very dark now and time for me to ease my tired body

into a sagging hammock and sleep ~~for the night~~. There were some goats, young and old, occupying this shelter, and already they were preparing for the night. I know that they did not welcome my arrival, but I figured that it was their night's rest or mine. And I decided that I should be the one to enjoy <sup>a good sleep,</sup> ~~the~~ arms of Morpheus.

They objected strenuously and insisted on returning again and again to their lodging place. But I ~~insisted~~ <sup>insisted</sup> and after awhile they gave it up - or at least I thought they had given it up - and retired to a ~~so~~ not too distant place to look at me with all the dislike that goats can muster.

I tied my hammock. This was not a new experience for ~~me~~, as ~~Byron~~ and I, when we were down on the Caribbean coast for those eventful five days, had had to sleep in our own self made beds, and those beds had been hammocks. Well, the tying part was not hard to do, but it turned out that getting a good night's sleep was no easy job.

In the first ~~place~~, those pesky goats knew what they wanted, and what they wanted was their stolen bed place. Every once in awhile I ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> to ~~xxxxx~~ lean way out of my hammock and shoo them away. But they came back again and again. Finally, in exasperation, I picked up a stone and heaved it in their vicinity. I did not aim to make a hit but just to scare them. This served temporarily to keep them at a comfortable distance.

The mosquitoes were pretty bad, in spite of my mosquito netting, which I had doubled in order to strengthen my fortification against the pesky critters. During the night a soldier, in the course of his regular inspection rounds, I guess, discovered me sleeping in my meca. I could feel the fellow jump when his light flashed on me, and I heard the startled exclamation that escaped his lips. I know the poor guy was in a sweat of fear, and I had to [sort of] laugh to myself. I did not move or show any signs of running away, so he calmed down enough to ask me what I was doing and where I was going. I replied, with my eyes closed, for I was very ~~sleepy~~ sleepy, that I was from Guantanamo, was making my way to Havana and that I was doing the trip on foot. My Spanish was very bad, but he understood me and decided that I was harmless. After looking in all the freight cars parked nearby, he decided that he may as well let me and the goats alone.

Later in the night I heard machine gun shots and then, away in the distance, it seemed, scattered shots [Honestly,] I was so tired and sleep beggared that I hardly paid any attention to them.

The eventful day, that was topped by an equally eventful night, had as its high light the kindness of Mr. Grist and the chain of helps that originated with Mr. Luce.

Sept. 4th

35.

It was cool and bright when I woke the next morning at five thirty. I lost no time in <sup>swinging</sup> ~~tumbling~~ out and getting ready for my day's trek. My bed fellows, the goats and their young, were gone. The railroad track was bare of people. I had the sun and the coolness and the dampness of the beautiful morning all to myself.

~~xogabbadxaxixdxogcubxandthen washed~~

I found a place to ~~teat~~ eat and wash. After these necessities I felt much better. You know, there is one thing I must do every morning before I ~~can feel~~ feel like  <sup>tackling</sup> ~~tackling~~ the day's traveling: wash. Funny, [isn't it?] But true. I made my way to the bus terminal which happened to be in this small town. Here there was life and dust. The busses and trucks kept going in and out, some to Havana and some to Santaigo. I asked quite a few truck drivers if they would give me a ride. But they refused. I looked like a bum, once again. My beard was ~~beginning~~ beginning to show itself <sup>all its beauty, glory,</sup> ~~again.~~ I happened to remember that today, September 4th, was Daddy's birthday. So, <sup>unsuccessfully</sup> after giving up trying to get a ride on a truck, I sat down on the edge of the bus terminal and wrote Daddy a birthday note on a piece of paper torn from my diary. That note certainly was written in <sup>an unusual</sup> [a picturesque] place and with <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ than an unselfish thought in my mind. I wished him a pleasant day, told him where I was and requested that he send me five dollars to the YMCA in Miami, to be held there for me until I called for it.

9  
 Start walking at eight thirty<sup>am.</sup> Really walk. Think of home,  
 Roslyn. Hitch on the back of a small bus and ride a short way. Finally,  
 the drive r sees me and chases me off. This part of the country is  
 flat. The tropical sun is blazing down. The sky is a clear ~~but~~ blue.  
 Palm trees and ~~an~~ ~~Rix~~ palms are everywhere. The sun gets hotter. I  
 stoop and feel the road. It is scorching hot. My big straw hat is  
 valuable. I stop at one <sup>P.M.</sup> ~~am~~ and eat the chocolate and one <sup>of the small</sup> ~~cars~~ of  
 fruit I am carrying. Some Cubans on horseback stop and talk to me. I  
 start walking. It rains. I run and get ~~shelter~~ under an unfinished,  
 sideless, fan palm leaf shack. I sit down. I am sweating. I am [so  
 tired that] <sup>+</sup> I lie down on some of the palm leaves and fall tight asleep.  
 Wake up and walk down the road to a store I can see in the distance.  
 Cannot buy a meal. Am refused a ride to Holguin by a truck driver.  
 Cubans pay very little attention ~~to~~ or courtesy to a poor American,  
 but to a rich one it is a different story. Drink a lot of water.  
 Fish the dead and live ants out of it first. Buy some bread. "

As I <sup>a</sup>walked back to my sideless shack, I decided that I would take  
 a bath in the river that was nearby. The rain had stirred it up and  
 the result was that I had a muddy bath. But it refreshed me, mud  
 or no mud. I washed <sup>the</sup> ~~my~~ clothes I was wearing, too, and before putting  
 them on I spread them out in the now dry grass, ~~to dry.~~ <sup>then I laid</sup> I followed <sup>also</sup>  
~~suit~~ with my <sup>quickly drying</sup> body and enjoyed a refreshing rest.

Then I depressed with using a towel, which article I  
 didn't have anyway, I lay down on the grass,

No clothes on.  
 [reclining in the nude. <sup>complete</sup>]

I made my way back to the sideless shack [and hung my shorts, which were still a little wet, on a fence bordering that part of the road.] Then I got out my other can of fruit, the bread I had just bought, and the last of my chocolate. While I was eating, ~~some~~ three men came by on horse back and [they] hailed me. They knew I was an American and made fun of me, I believe. All ~~these~~ carried guns on their hips. They looked for all the world like American cowboys. And I guess they ~~were~~ Cuban cowboys, at that.

I decided that I would spend the night here, as it certainly offered a cleaner, drier place to hang my maca than ~~the~~ my lodging place of the night before.

The weather was <sup>perfect</sup> beautiful, the sun was going down in a show of glory, and I, a lone man, leaned back against one of the uprights supporting my shack and wrote to Roslyn, <sup>then</sup> finished writing in my <sup>journal</sup> diary for the day. It was tough going today. The sun certainly can do a lot towards sapping the strength out of you. The high light of these last eighteen hours was that I am thankful for such a strong pair of legs. They [really] carried me many a mile.

Just as I completed hanging my maca, a little boy, who lived in

a small shack about three hundred yards back from my own abode, visited me and said that his mother would not let me sleep there. I had no intention of giving up this <sup>good</sup> swell sleeping place without a fight, so I followed the youngster to his house and asked his mother, in my usually bad Spanish, if she minded my sleeping on her property. She was nice and said that I could.

I do not have a record of this in my diary, but I distinctly ~~xxx~~ remember walking in the moonlight before going to bed. Also, I read a few verses from my Scripture of St. Johns and said my prayers. The moon was high in the sky, the air was soft, the palm trees were serving their only purpose - as far as I have ever been able to find out - of adding beauty to an already <sup>glorious</sup> beautiful scene.

I decided to sit up awhile before hitting the maca. My thoughts were of home and of Roslyn, <sup>in Guantánamo.</sup> The stars were vying with the moon to see which could shed the more light. Both were doing [very] well. Some cows got inquisitive and came down to see just what <sup>an</sup> [a real] American looks like. I let them look until they got too forward, then I chased them away. Goats one night, cows the next. It dawned on me that there was no such thing as hitch-hiking in ~~Spain~~ this country, as the Cubans think that anyone who has the ambition to travel by hitch-hiking [travels] by foot) is crazy, and they do not want to ride with crazy people.



I went to bed and slept until near morning, when the cold woke me. The moon was just going down behind some hills and its shadow was one that I shall always remember, cold and sleepy as I was at the time. I put on my spare pair of pants and another pair of socks, crawled in my ~~maca~~ once again, pulled it around me and slept until the sun was about 40 minutes high.

*Sept. 5th*

I dressed for travel by taking off my extra pants and 3 or 4 pair of socks. Then I reached for the remainder of my bread, but found that some small animals had lunched off it during the night and what they <sup>had</sup> left for me was nothing <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ than a small bite, which I decided to leave for them. My company last night was not goats, but lizards, a few cows, the wind, the stars, the moon and my own sweet dreams. <sup>no</sup> mosquitoes. The lizards made a funny noise as they went <sup>scratching</sup> ~~skipping~~ across the top of the sideless shack.

"A truck picked me up and took me to Holguin. Luck. Eat two meals there and write Mama. Mail the letter I wrote to Daddy the day before. Try to get a ride by truck. No luck. A Cuban tells me of a Mr. Baker, an American, who may be able to aid me in getting a ride. Mr. Baker was not so hot. Cannot say much for him. And he an American, too. Walk." Then I had an experience that served to increase my respect for the poor Cuban.

47

Up to this time I have given [you a] rather bad impression of the poor Cuban. Those that I have seen since I started on this trip have been what you would call peasants. They live by the soil and, as I found out <sup>when</sup> ~~as~~ I stopped at many of the houses and asked for water, they live on the soil as well. The floors of their houses are of ~~the~~ <sup>mother</sup> earth. In none of them did I [ever] see boards or straw or a flooring of any kind. These people live from hand to ~~next~~ <sup>mouth</sup>. Therefore, when they see someone like me come along, they have a strong suspicion that I am going to try to get from them what they seldom have more than enough <sup>of</sup> for themselves. That is why so many of them ~~were~~ were so harsh, so crude, so mean. They can't afford to give of their scant food or clothing. And, after taking one look at me, they no doubt thought that I came begging. But here I have a story [for you] that will change <sup>an</sup> [the] unfavorable opinion [you ~~may~~ have] of them. I know that the incident [I am about to ~~write~~ relate] caused me to look up to <sup>these</sup> ~~them~~ <sup>people</sup> more than I ~~ever~~ had before.

no ride. American and Cuban had turned me down. I was walking along, wondering what the day would bring, how many miles I would travel and how many of those miles would be by foot. [I signaled cars as they passed, but none of them saw fit to stop and give me a ride. Then] <sup>A</sup> a small bus came along. The ~~road~~ <sup>road</sup> ~~is~~ ~~full~~ ~~of~~ ~~them~~ is full of them, in spots, it seems. Well, I saw this fellow slowing down, so I turned ~~and walked in the~~ <sup>direction he was going which, was</sup>

and walked on. I did not want to make him stop, <sup>by</sup> think that I was a prospective passenger. He stopped, anyway, and his twelve passengers, all poor people, looked me over critically. I did not know what to do, as I was determined not to beg a ride on ~~such~~ a commercial vehicle of any kind. So I inquired of the driver the price to Camaguey, a distance, I knew, of 170 km. He told me, with the use of Spanish and a little sign language, that it was one dollar and ten cents. I believe I said "Wow". Anyway, I turned to walk away, but the driver called me back and asked me how much money I had.

Now, I had money. I started with four dollars and fifteen cents of my own, and MR. Luc e had ~~given me ten dollars~~ enclosed ten dollars in the letter he had given me to ~~take with me~~ as I left his office in Guantanamo. Of course, I had spent some of this, <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ I still had a good bit left. <sup>of my own money,</sup> However, I had a little sense, so the bulk of it was safely placed ~~away~~ in my wallet and I had only a <sup>few coins</sup> little change in my pocket, twelve cents, I believe. So I pulled two pennies and a dime out of my <sup>totaling</sup> ~~poCKET~~ <sup>jeans</sup> and held them in the palm of my hand for all those on the bus to see. Their was a mixture of expressed sentiment on that bus, some sighed for the unlucky American and some laughed at my plight. To them all, though, one thing was certain: the American was out of luck.

I did not wait for the driver to tell me to walk on, <sup>but</sup> ~~so I~~ turned away and started down the road. But the strange fellow called me again

and motinned for me to get in. I did. Naturally, he wanted to know all about me and why I was this far from the good old USA. I told him the best I could, changing the story a little bit so that it would appear more truthful to him. I did not want my good ~~sorc~~ samaritan of the Ford bus to get the idea that part of the reason I was taking this trip was for <sup>fun</sup> a lark. I learned, in the course of our fitful conversation, that he had been in ~~the~~ Key West for ~~six~~ months. Right here let me say that of all the poor Cubans who showed me any kindness, most of them had spent sometime <sup>in</sup> my country. I guess ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> they felt we had something in common and that a favor from them was in order.

This ride was a peculiar one. The people certainly did look me over. That I was a curiosity, was ~~certainly~~ certain. Each stop the bus made ~~ex~~ someone got off, and as he or she did, ~~they~~ a smile was always the thing they gave me. I don't say that <sup>to give</sup> ~~it~~ for you to get <sup>the</sup> the idea that I wanted more than a smile, because I didn't. I say it because their smiles were welcome and I appreciated them. Once, when everybody got out of the bus to stretch <sup>his</sup> ~~their~~ legs and allow the bus drive r time to pass the word of the day with other bus drivers at this ~~particular~~ particular stopping place, one of our passengers motinned for me to be sure to get back on when it was time to leave. All in all they were a good bunch of <sup>poor</sup> ~~poor~~ Cubans. I know that all of them were poor and that they seldom had more than enough for their families <sup>to</sup> ~~do~~

eat and ~~were~~<sup>to</sup> wear. But this particular group ~~and~~<sup>had</sup> room in their hearts to feel sorry for the poor American. God bless them.

The bus driver took me to V. Tunas, ~~which~~<sup>was</sup> a nice long jump to Havana. As we were going through ~~back~~<sup>the</sup> this city, the bus took one of the passengers to his house. It was a poor affair, hardly more than a shack. Several little children came running out as this passenger, probably their ~~father~~<sup>father</sup>, got off. Then the departing Cuban turned ~~at~~<sup>to</sup> me and offered me a dime. What could I do? If I refused too genuinely, they may suspect that I ~~have~~<sup>had</sup> money, after all, and ~~if~~<sup>if</sup> I ~~take~~<sup>took</sup> the dime I would be taking advantage of the kindness of a man ~~who~~<sup>who</sup> really needed every cent he ~~could~~<sup>could</sup> rake together. Finally I ~~gave~~<sup>accepted</sup> in and ~~with~~<sup>with</sup> smiles and handshakes we parted.

On the way ~~to~~<sup>to</sup> the terminal ~~for~~<sup>of</sup> this particular bus, the driver stopped at his cousin's house. I was sitting in the bus alone when a little kid came running out with a ~~time~~<sup>tin</sup> cup full of hot, dirty milk. Again I say, What could I do? I wanted to refuse for two reasons: they needed the milk more than I ~~did~~<sup>did</sup>, and I had no desire to stomach that none too clean beverage. But even the little boy seemed to know of my plight, for he looked at me with much concern and when I hesitated he insisted that it was for me, all of it, and that I should drink it right away. It was good for me, he said. I drank it, and as the cup's contents went trickling down ~~my~~<sup>to my</sup> unwilling stomach, I had ~~to~~<sup>to</sup> another

reason to change my opinion of these people.

When the driver came out he informed me ~~that~~ he was going to get me a ride to Camaguey, on a bus <sup>driver</sup> ~~man~~ by his cousin. This he did, and without taking more than a few words of thanks from me, the driver of the little old Ford bus waved good-bye and <sup>went</sup> ~~went~~ on about his day's work. By the way, I forgot to mention that he wrote his name and address ~~down~~ in my diary.

Here I quote from my diary: "The little towns are funny as you pass through them. Horses almost completely surround the provisions stores. Men dressed in riding boots, riding pants, dirty shirts, big hats and clanking spurs are walking about. <sup>Le</sup> ~~Le~~ reach Camaguey around 6:30pm."

I found a cheap place to get something to eat. After partaking of a fairly good meal, I started to look for a place to ~~spend~~ spend the night. I was tired and had decided that a bed in a clean spot, affording me <sup>a long night</sup> ~~about 12~~ hours rest, would be a good pecuniary investment. I found a rooming house. The head man called someone to show me to my room, which was on the first floor, right off the cafe and alongside the showers.

The first thing I did was to take a standing bath and wash all the clothes I had

the clothes I had worn that day. And don't forget this: When I took off these clothes, it was the first time I had done so in 24 hours. After washing and resting for a few minutes, I took a walk ~~thru~~ through the city. My diary has this record: "Much larger than Guantamo and more money here. The streets are narrower and the stores are not as rich looking as those in the US. And there are cafes all over the place."

I ~~want~~ went back to my forty-~~five~~<sup>5-</sup> cent room and prepared for the night. The first order of preparation, after taking off my ~~extra~~ clothes and preparing my mosquito netting, was to kill a mammoth cock roach. I gave this departed guest scarcely more than a seconds thought, for after all, what is one roach more or less. But no sooner had I turned out the light <sup>when</sup> I could hear them racing ~~around~~<sup>round</sup> on the floor. I do not know whether they were ~~herx~~ heralding my arrival or showing their ~~duplex~~ displeasure. But what ever it was they were kicking up some commotion. Finally I got out of bed and killed a few of them. But it did not do any good. About two minutes later ~~thx~~ they had ~~got~~ reinforcements to ~~take~~ their places, so I gave it up and went to sleep.

Goats on my first night; cows, my second; roaches, spiders, mosquitoes and a tarantula the third night. How do you like that for company? what more could <sup>a</sup> man ask? I did not know about the

tarantula

[letter] until I woke up in the morning and found him on the back of the chair which was <sup>immediately</sup> directly alongside of my bed. I tried to kill the viper but he got away. Imagine having a tarantula for a roommate? I went to bed last night at nine thirty and got up this morning at eleven thirty. Fourteen hours rest is not bad, and I <sup>started out</sup> ~~got up~~ feeling like a million ~~xxxxxx~~ dollars.

I do not have a record of this in my diary, but I distinctly ~~xxxx~~ remember a truck driver becoming infuriated with me because I swiped a ride on the back of his vehicle. "Walk. Buy <sup>a</sup> can of fruit for ten cents. Get a ride in a truck for 9km. Ride in a small horse drawn wagon for 12km. Walk 18km. Is dark when I reach Florida." [ @ 280 mi <sup>Santiago</sup> ]

I remember sitting myself down in a cafe which was located on the highway. The streets were crowded with people of all kinds. And they certainly were making a lot of noise, laughing talking and shouting. I recall seeing a youthful romeo walking down the street with two of his girls. This swain was not only ~~were~~ fortified with a woman on both sides but he had a nice big gun swinging from a holster on his right hip. He was dressed for riding. I ordered the usual rice, and added some coffee and milk. Bread, too. Before I finished eating, a little boy, dirty and ragged came up and tried to sell me something. I can <sup>it</sup> ~~just~~ remember what it was. I did not take any of his wares but gave him two



cents from my ~~own~~ personal fortune. That little fellow certainly was a humanitarian at heart, for no sooner had he disappeared than he and four of his cronies ~~re~~appeared and asked for money. I refused, I am sorry to ~~have to~~ say.

After filling that never filled vacancy in my stomach, I looked for a <sup>place</sup> ~~place~~ to sleep. No luck. Nothing looked inviting. Then I heard a train whistle and so decided to try the tracks once more. Luck was with me again. My diary: "See two big water towers down by the tracks. Ask permission of the wife of the man who is in charge ~~if~~ if I can tie my hammock there. Yes. Sleep well. is great. Heavens beautiful. A horse keeps wandering around near me. Florida is a busy place by night. Night time certainly is Cuban's play time. They are shouting <sup>lottery</sup> ~~lottery~~ tickets, etc., Beggars ask money of you while you eat in a cafe. Bus horns ~~are~~ sounding. Music playing. A Bedlam of sound. Lots of colored people. Cowboys with pistols, taking their girls out."

Sept. 7th.

"A Knight of the Road am I, and the owner of two weary legs. Been walking for four hours and fifteen minutes. <sup>Just</sup> ~~it~~ is hot out there in the sun. The can of fruit I bought in Camaguey turned out to be so much junk. Was a Cuban product. Mailed a letter to Mama and one to Roslyn. Stopped at a store, the first in four and one-half hours of walking. Bought some bread, chocolate, milk and coffee. The people in the store were funny, trying to ~~talk~~ ~~spea~~ speak English."

4-13-37

"Were kind. A horse outside was raising a little Cain. I leave there much rested. The ground is flat, now, has been so for a long time. Everything is so green. The ground is so fertile. You can see for miles in all directions. The sun is burning hot, but the breeze is cool. Palm trees stand off against the sky. A tall dead tree can be seen for a long way off."

Here is a story of more Cuban kindness, and, as before, from a man who had spent some time in the States. I was walking along on this scorching hot day, when I reached a house. I walked up and asked the two men sitting on the porch if it would be possible for me to get a drink of water. One of them, the owner of the house, asked me if I wanted a cup of coffee. I told him No. He went into the house and came out with a glass of that invigorating liquid, H<sub>2</sub>O. I drank it with relish and, thinking that I could no doubt enjoy a strengthening cup of coffee, <sup>after</sup> ~~after~~ all, he again asked me if I would like to have a cup of this favorite native drink. I smiled at him once more and replied as I had before, in the negative. Then I left them and walked down the road. But I did not get very far before one of <sup>of the 2 men</sup> ~~them~~ called me back and asked me where I was going and why I was walking. I told him, and he offered to pay my way to Ciego de Avila. I started to refuse, but this worthy reminded me that he had enough money and that he would gladly pay my way. And when I told him I had already walked 21 km that day, he

13 miles

\* 59 km &lt; Florida

insisted on having his way. I gave in, gladly.

We st<sup>a</sup> down on the side of the road and waited for the little Ford bus that was due any minute. While we were talkin, my good samatarian showed me the spurs he was wearing. The four buttons on them were made from American money, two quarters and two dimes. His companion <sup>said,</sup> ~~said,~~ very flatteringly, that I spoke Spanish very well for one who had been in cuba for such a short while. I laughed at this, and he no doubt thought that it was due to my pleasure at his kind remark. But, in truth, it was because he did not know that I had studied the darn stuff for two years at College and that it was almost ~~as~~ Greek to me.

Soon the little bus came along, full of people staring at the Cuban man and his strange looking companion. We took the only ~~empty~~ empty seats on the tiny vehicle, two ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> the back ~~seat~~, and bumped along on our way to the next big town, Ciego de Avila. Before we reached this town, however, my friend got off, after first bidding me good bye and wishing me luck on my way to Havana.

I reached Ciego de Avila about 3:45 pm. "I am sitting in a drug store writing this. There is a sign above me advertising Life Buoy soap. <sup>It</sup> Is written in English, too. Way down here. And, Boy, am I dirty? I am. <sup>^</sup> Haven't had my clothes off for 28 hours, and I am tired of bathing in my own sweat. I am some dirty. But happy. This town is larger and

prettier than Florida. I have a very favorable impression of it so far. Everything is abustle. I ask a traffic cop where I can take a bath. He calls a Jamacian who is standing nearby, and this gentleman of color takes me to the city prison. There I had to answer more questions. The officers love to show their authority. But they were kind, in this case."

I certainly did enjoy that shower, and when I left there I felt like a better man. Knowing from past experiences that it was best to find a place to sleep before night came on, I decided to spend the night in the neighborhood of this delightful little town. So I walked down by the railroad tracks, my old friends of two previous nights, and looked for a decent place to hang my maca. I found two of them, but as it was an hour or so before dark, I thought I would keep on looking. I walked in the direction of Havana. As I passed under a big bridge that marked the outskirts of the town, I found a condition that I had never met before, in this country or in my own. People, poor, poor people, were living under <sup>this</sup> bridge in houses and lean-tos that they had constructed. They were crude dwellings, to say the least. All was poverty: the general appearance of the under-the-bridge people, their home-made homes, the cooking methods they were employing, the way they looked up and eyed every chance passerby. I felt sorry for them; their plight was a hard one and one that offered little chance of either

immediate or future improvement.

I knew that these people would welcome me as much as a chorus <sup>girl</sup> ~~girl~~ would welcome a double chim, so, for that reason and for others, I decided to sleep somewhere outside of that town. I moved on. Two km had passed under my tiring feet when I happened to see some boys walking down the highway, carrying wet bathing suits. I noticed that they <sup>had come</sup> were ~~coming~~ from a <sup>cross</sup> road about a half a km ahead. When I came opposite this road, I saw a big sign that advised me that I was standing at the front entrance of the exclusive Club de Cazodules. Nothing daunted, I walked the long ~~way to the~~ distance, about a  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile in our language, to the club proper.

Several boys and girl were just coming from their swimming pool, water dripping from their up-to-date swimming suits. They looked what they were: the upper class Cuban. I singled out the head man and asked him to give me permission to hang my maca there for the night. He looked me over, hesitated for a second, and then replied with an emphatic No. I <sup>did not</sup> ~~didn't~~ stop at that one <sup>refusal</sup> ~~refusal~~. I told him, in my same weak Spanish, that I was all right and that I wanted only to hang my bed there for just one night, and that the early morning would see me on my way. His answer was as before, No.

Then another break came my way. One of the retiring swimmers

was a former student at Havana University, the only University in the country. Fortunately, this student had studied English and both read and spoke it fairly well. I talked with him for a moment or two, telling him who I was and what I wanted. He listened to me with more than polite interest, while all his friends looked on, with admiration at him and with mingled disgust and pity at me. After we were ~~in~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~good~~ the essentials as to me and <sup>general purposes in life</sup> ~~my whereabouts~~, I showed him two pictures of me taken in my better days. All his friends, including the club ~~and~~ manager <sup>and a few children</sup> and himself, looked first at the pictures and then at me, wonder and disbelief on <sup>their</sup> ~~their~~ faces. ~~The student's friends looked, too, and their faces reflected the expressions of the manager and the Havana student.~~ Seeing that I had not completely won my point, I showed the young fellow my Y card. He was slipping. Finally, I produced the letter from Dr. Mead, the one he gave me before I left for Cuba. This did the trick. The student explained it all to the manager of the club. This official saw the light, asked a few questions of my interpreter and then gave me permission to hang my <sup>meat</sup> ~~meat~~ there for the night.

"Accompanied by the inquiring gazes of these better class Cubans, I unpack and prepare for the night. Soon only the night keeper and I ~~are~~ are there. He goes swimming while I <sup>stand on the small pier & look on.</sup> ~~wash some clothes under the shower.~~ We talk for a while. To bed. Pretty place but the mosquitoes are terrible, in spite of my netting. Walked 23km. Good day. Rode 46km. Eat a piece of bread and chocolate for supper. Drink some water, too.

"Been on the go one week. Like it. have learned lots."

After a poor night, as far as sleep was concerned, I got up ~~and~~ when the sun was about a foot high. <sup>that's</sup> ~~it's~~ not so bad when you consider the day I had ~~put~~ in and the night of mosquitoes I had just experienced. It was wash day for me. I rinsed 2 shirts, some socks and shorts, and ~~gave~~ myself a good bath under the club's shower. The clothes I put on the tennis court to dry. I do not have a record of how I performed this abolition for my own naked hide. but I must have done it some way, for I know perfectly <sup>well</sup> that I am not all wet now, this 5th day of May, 1937. (Excuse the joke, please). While I was waiting for King Sol to take the moisture fm my clothes reclining on the court, I applied myself by sewing the several mosquito entrances in my netting. This was important, you can bet.

while I was employed in these domestic necessities, a man, who had been in the US, arrived at the club and invited me to stay as long as I liked. He topped this off by suggesting that I join him in a swim, which I was successful in politely declining, there swimming hole not being so hot. while this one time resident of the US was enjoying his morning plunge, I ate some of my bread, downed the last of my chocolate, packed my clothes, gave my very sincere thanks for their kindness, and hit the trail once more.

"Walk. Hottest day. Make 19km. Car picks me up and takes me 5km.  
 Have <sup>to</sup> 18km to the next town. have walked  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours in the tropical sun.  
 Sweated plenty. "

Then, ~~unknown to me at the time,~~ <sup>unknown to me at the time,</sup> I entered a little two-store town <sup>which</sup> ~~that~~ was going to provide the beginning of an unusual experience. This little town was a funny affair. It had, as <sup>the</sup> ~~its~~ name implied, two stores. One was a general store, the other was of an unknown quality to me, it being shut tightly all the time I was there. Mule teams were going in and out, the drivers cracking their long whips, brushing their pistols swinging at their hips, snaking the dust fm their wide sombreros. indeed, it was a picturesque scene, natural, alive, vital.

The two stores were divided by a rd and in the center of that rd was a big, shade-providing tree and under that tree was a small refreshment stand, run by a woman and assisted by her two children. I bought some coffee, ~~xx~~ milk, bread and cakes. The repast livened me considerably, though my feet still felt as though they could stand a good rest and a cool plunge under refreshing water.

I could not make up my mind whether I should spend the night here or go on. Finally, after resting for awhile, I walked <sup>down</sup> ~~out~~ on the highway until I came to a bridge, under which flowed a ~~cold~~ cool river



lined with beautiful ~~shady~~ trees. I gave myself six minutes to try to get a ride. I failed to allure some driver into picking me up, so I vacated the bridge and retired to the coolness that was offered below. "I and the sweat" soon parted, Soap and a plentiful supply of cleansing and rinsing water doing the trick. I felt like a new man. I laid in that water and let it flow over my tires/carcas. Then, after I felt clean and cool enough, I paddled to the shore and ~~xxx~~ stretched on the bank and let the sun do the ~~thick~~. I dressed, all but my shoes. These I carried up to the bridge and ~~there~~ sat myself down on the small curbing ~~there~~ until they dried. Thunder interrupted my train of thoughts, which were, I believe, somehwre down in Gtmo. I hurriedly put on my shoes and returned to the little two - store town.

The approaching storm had driven most of the people ~~xxx~~ into the o one store. Now this store can bear a good description, as it <sup>played</sup> ~~played~~ a part in the experiance that was to follow. One part of the store was devoted entirely to the business of the store; holding the supply of saleable goods and providing the <sup>place</sup> ~~place~~ where the owner made his sales over a not-to clean counter. The other section of the store looked like a garage. It provided the lounging place for those hwo had the time and the inclination to ~~knudge~~ loaf. There was a table, several chairs -- one of which was occupied by me -- an oil can, some boxes, and a few odds and ends that would proably never be <sup>any</sup> ~~any~~ good.

I succeeded in getting a chair in this now crowded garage and pulled up to ~~watch~~ the game of dominos that the Cubans were beginning to play. This is a great indoor pastime with them and one in which they indulge with <sup>much</sup> ~~great~~ gusto. This particular game was a noisy one, loud laughing, swearing (I guess), and <sup>much</sup> talking accompanied ~~by~~ each play. Nobody paid much attention to me, thank goodness. I just sat on the edge of my chair and watched, asking no questions, not seeking to be seen or heard.

All was going well when a big, important looking ~~negro~~ mulatto with a gun on his ~~hip~~ hip came up and inquired ~~if I thought I was~~ where I was going to spend the night. I know I looked like a bum and all that, but I did not think it was within his jurisdiction to put such a question to me. I looked at him in a questioning way. He returned my look with a glare. I do not remember just what I ~~said~~, but whatever it was he did not believe me. ~~He~~ let out a torrent of Spanish that went over my head like a big wave ~~not~~ breaking on some ocean shore. It engulfed me with a lack of understanding. I could carry on a small conversation when it was accompanied with many gestures and slow speech, but the speed that he used would <sup>have</sup> confused any but the best linguist. I told him in my weak Spanish that I did not understand. That was like ~~xx~~ giving him a swift boot in the pants. ~~If~~ he had not been so dark, I <sup>know</sup> ~~honestly believe~~ that he would have turned red with

temper accompanied with much blood rushing. As it was his low face became even lower and he let forth another torrent, even faster than the one that had gone before.

There was a man at the table playing dominos who laughed loud and long and spouted at the top of his vulgar voice that I ~~2Max~~ "No entende". I surely felt like handing <sup>this</sup> ~~the~~ guy a stiff one on the jaw, and I made a mental note to remeber his pan and to put into life my mental note. He made me some mad. His ridicule did not sooth the mulatto any. In fact, this show-off was glowering like a pig about to sink his nose in the mud. I looked aorund to see if any one in the room understood English. there was one boy who had been in the States for <sup>a</sup> ~~the~~ short while and could handle a lit tle of my lingo; but he had a weak, sheep-ish look on his face and soon ducked out ~~after~~, after ~~askix~~ answering one or two of my questions regarding what the mulatto had said.

It was raining cats and dogs and I had no desire to give up my warm garage. Not that it was clean or comfortable, but it was dry. I looked the shady man in the eye for awhile and just sat there. After five or six minutes it ~~heppened to stop~~ <sup>stopped</sup> raining. I walked out and looked around. A small, crummy looking bus driver came up and ~~asked~~ leered that I had better take the bus. I told this pot that I did not have the money. <sup>to the garage</sup> he enjoyed that. I walked back ~~in~~ and my colored friend, with the gun swinging on his ample, yet capable, hip told me that it was the outside for me. I laughed. he looked so much like

an old cow that had succeeded in getting her nose through the fence to the better grass on the other side that I had to ridicule him with a bit of real mirth. He did not like it, you can bet.

It was pitch dark out ~~ixd~~ side and as murky as you could imagine. Just a night for a murder or, what is better, a warm bed in a cozy room. I would have preferred the latter. As for the first, I could do without. The little, swamp looking bus driver came up and asked me about riding on the next bus that would soon be by. I told him No. I started to walk the 19km to Jatibonico. Then it began to rain and I had to get the bus. When I told the wizened little cuss that he could flag the ~~next~~ <sup>next</sup> passenger vehicle that loomed in the darkness, he laughed a leer and started to make fun of me. I walked a way from the lout and left his ~~knocking~~ <sup>contempting</sup> the rain drops with his foul words.

I got the bus, doggone it, and arrived in Jatibonico, <sup>t</sup>twenty cents poorer.

I stopped at a cafe and got some coffee and bread. There is ~~some~~ something about this combination that soothed my appetite. You get a glass <sup>of</sup> ~~ixixix~~ hot milk and then the waiter pours the coffee <sup>in</sup> ~~on top~~ of it. Just the opposite of what we do in this country. It is good, especially if it is good and hot, which it often was not. The bread probably would not win recognition by the Good Housekeeping or by the Better Food Bureau.

<sup>but it</sup>  
~~It~~ was good and helped to fill ~~up~~ that

everlastingly empty pit called my stomach. A little kid came up and smiled at me. I do not remember whether or not he had any thing to sell, but I do recall giving him two cents, a heap of dough from my precious store and a whale of a sum for this poor Cuban waif. We were both made happy by the gift. After he left, however, I beat a hasty retreat, because I did not have enough to give to all his friends and brothers who, no doubt, would soon be hovering about besieging me with requests.

I had ~~many choices~~ several choices staring me in the face, but all of them, except one, meant either rain and wet or money. Rain and wet if I tried to sleep out and money if I choose a hotel. I decided to try something heretofore not attempted by me: the city prison. The prospect was not a bright one, you can bet. But when does a beggar ever have much choice? Especially when he has to go a thousand or more miles on a very slender and rapidly diminishing thirteen or fourteen dollars. (This is counting the five spot I expected receive from Daddy when I reached Miami).

So I inquired the way to this uninviting place and set out. I ducked the rain as much as I could and arrived in a comparatively dry state, thanks to my nimble feet~~x~~ and the obliging doorways etc ~~that~~ happened to be handy.

You should hve seen the <sup>soldiers</sup> ~~soldiers~~ in this prison when I made my a

appearance. They looked me over in surprise and marveled at my appearance when they discovered that I was an American. The soldier in charge was a young fellow with a distinct sense of humor at my plight. He laughed and had a good time, as did all his fellows. I had to unpack before them -- fearing bombs, I guess -- and they enjoyed in picking up each of my articles and showing it to one another. Finally, the young soldier in authority said that I could spend the night there, and he detailed himself to show me my <sup>quarters</sup> ~~residence~~ for the night. We passed two cells, both occupied by negroes, on the way to my "room". What a shock I received when we reached it. My diary has a record of the following: "I am shown a place where I can hang my hammock -- A cell, dirty, foul, smelly, lightless, and occupied by a negro 'traveller' who also smells." I remember walking into the cell and stumbling over someone sleeping on the floor, the 'traveler' I mentioned above. He was <sup>nearly as</sup> ~~black~~ <sup>black</sup> as the cell itself and therefore <sup>hardly</sup> ~~nearly~~ indistinguishable. I recall that there were a couple apples or oranges ~~lying~~ laying on the floor near him.

I lost no time in backing out of this ~~spot~~ place and made my way to the office, where I asked the young soldier if he had anything better. I tried to explain that I was not a bum and that I deserved <sup>a little more consideration</sup> ~~something better~~. He laughed some more and told me that there was nothing ~~else~~ available but the cell he had pointed out to me.

I returned, disgust showing in the very outline of my tired back. ~~xcnaxcdixtyx~~ Fortunately, I was not dirty, for the shower smelt like the inside of a low ~~xxx~~ class pig sty. ~~ichungxnyckamuscckchekurcncthr~~ I hung one end of my hammock on the bars of the window and the other end on the bars of the door. I pulled the ropes as tightly as I could, put my immediate necessities in my hammock at the foot, gave the other ~~foh~~ to the young doldier for safe keeping, took off my shoes, climbed into my ~~hx~~ high, swinging bed and, vowing to leave at 4 in the morning, I slept soundly in that smelly cell until six the next morning. When I woke ~~up~~, a spot of sunlight was coming from somewhere, my negro traveler was gone, and I felt like a new man, so ~~xxx~~ well had I slept.

As I remember, the guard had ~~a~~ changed during the night, and the morning found me confronted by an entirely different crew of soldiers. This fact was made evident, not only by their strange faces but by the fact that they insisted ~~on~~ seeing everything I had in my two packs. I believe every soldier and no-count official in Cuba knew the contents of ~~thaxoxxc~~ those two necessary <sup>bundles</sup> ~~packages~~. After they had looked to their hearts contents, I was allowed to repack. This was done out on the front <sup>porch</sup> where I had plenty of room. But even here two wearers of the ~~army~~ brown looked on and offered me worthless advice. Finally, I completed this job and made my way to a place for breakfast. ~~XXXXX~~ "Eat. Write

to Mama and Mike. Break the ten (confound it) and set out for the next town, 28kms away. A truck picks me up and, at Sancti-Spiritus, I help change a tire. Takes about three and one-half hours. Boy, these Cubans believe in taking things easy. I buy some ~~bananas~~ ~~bananas~~ ~~bananas~~. At the garage an American family drive up in their car. They are rich, no doubt, and act as though the Cubans hanging around are to be complimented for ~~not~~ looking at them so admiringly. I am afraid that is the way ~~with~~ <sup>of</sup> most American visitors in this country. "

*Finally, we*  
 We rode on after this unnecessarily long lay over, my two companions, brothers, <sup>no</sup> rather jolly people. One of them had been in Key West for three months, but he had forgotten all the English he had ever known. We get along well. They can see, - believe, that I want only the ride. Nothing else. They like this, I am sure. Soon we reached a town by the name of Guayos. ~~Here~~ we had another long rest and, as I was feeling in a lucky mood and had plenty of time on my hands, I wrote to rather great <sup>extent</sup> in my diary. I think it better that I quote directly from it at this point in my experiences.

"Guayos is a funny ~~kind~~ place. Looks as though it was a town at one time. Now it is bog and arid and dusty. The men, plenty of them, are all dressed for riding; horses are all about. Reminds me of the mental pictures I have made of our own early Western towns. Few women in evidence. Noise, talk, roll of dice. The Cubans surely do not believe



63.

that "cleanliness is next to godliness". I have not had a clean meal since I left Guantanamo. My beard is long~~xx~~ -- six days. I fit right in with the crowds. What, with my hat, my jeans, my beard, I am almost a native. All is lost, though, when I <sup>doff my sombrero</sup> take off ~~my hat~~, allow anyone to stare at me too closely, or open my mouth to speak. Been on the "go" nine days. I would like to find a nice shady stream like the one Mike and I used to follow in Guantanamo. My diet of hot milk, coffee, and bread ~~xxxxxx~~ since Friday night is not so good for <sup>anyone</sup> ~~someone~~ who is using all the energy I am using. Lost my comb on the 3rd and bought one today -- 6 days without combing my golden locks. The truck and its crew of two are taking a rest for a couple hours. Oh, these working Cubans. Won't it be great to get back in my own country. If I had my choice of jobs in Cuba I would take that of Health Commissioner. I'd clean this Island until it shone. There would not be any bad teeth, terrible skins, ruined stomachs, dirt floors, filthy people. Cuba needs education for all its ~~people~~ children. But even then it would take two generations to put the results into effect: one generation to educate the children, and the following generation for the newly educated generation to induce the older generation that the new generation at ~~xxxx~~ <sup>last</sup> knows the right way to do things." I guess you will agree with me that I did some thinking while I was ~~not~~ waiting for my friends to make up their minds to drive on.

W  
 when the sun had ~~passed~~ that point in the sky where it ~~can do the~~ <sup>does the</sup>  
 most damage to the human brain, the driver and his young brother  
 drove on. They did not have to signal me that they were ready; I had  
 been waiting and watching for the last hour and a half. I was glad to  
 be on the way. That town was hot and dusty. Now, if it had had a nice  
 cool river running through it, that would have been different. Then I  
 could have taken a much needed bath and relaxed, while I dried, on the  
 rocks that no doubt would have been near the river. Anyway, I was  
 anxious to hop aboard and lost no time doing so. <sup>when I saw them</sup>  
~~prepare to leave.~~

After a while it began to rain, and my companions very efficiently  
 put up adequate curtains and all was dry. Then they started an  
 argument that my Spanish succeeded in telling me was about me. They  
 were discussing whether I should get off at the next big town, Santa  
 Clara, or to the Capital of the Province next to Habana, Matanzas.  
 I remember looking from one to the other with all the unconcern of  
~~a dilettante~~ of one who is supposed not to be able to understand  
 what all the talk in the foreign tongue was about. The big brother was  
 for letting me off at the first stop, Santa Clara; the other was for  
 taking me on <sup>to</sup> the Matanzas. Finally, the younger brother won and I  
 was informed by that winner that I could enjoy the comfort of my  
 truck seat to the more distant of the two towns under discussion.  
 I mumbled my thanks and accompanied them by grins that, if they could  
 have talked out loud, would have shouted appreciation.

We drove into a small town and ~~handcarried~~ delivered part of the <sup>load</sup> stuff that the truck was carrying. We also had dinner at this <sup>place</sup> ~~place~~, the big brother paying, even though I produced the necessary amount of money and made an honest effort to pay for my own feed. He refused to think of it and determinedly pushed my money toward me. The meal was a good one, too. No 5cent dinner, that. I believe it cost <sup>every</sup> ~~every~~ bit of 25 cents. I believe one reason the big brer was so kind was because he could see that I did not want to receive something for nothing. That is, nothing but the ride, <sup>but</sup> even that I worked for. At <sup>this</sup> ~~this~~ ~~last~~ stop -- which was the first one where they had unloaded some of their goods, -- <sup>while I was absent</sup> I ~~had~~ helped the youngster unload several bales of heavy material. And there is a funny thing about the business relationship between these two brothers: the older one was willing to let the younger one do all the work. He seldom gave him a lift on even the heaviest loads.

we reached Santa Clara, a very pretty town, about eight o'clock. People were all over the streets, ~~having~~ the usual Cuban good time of laughing and walking arm in arm, ~~in the streets~~. There were some pretty girls ~~there~~, too, all chaperoned, of course. The truck stopped at a little novelty shop and the youngster proceeded to unload four bales of palm. That stuff is heavy. I gave him a lift. he took the opportunity to show me that he was very strong. Which he was. Very. And only nineteen years old.

We rode on through the night, passing the time by trying to talk to one another. It was a novel experience for me, traveling with these two Cuban truck men. They were good fellows and very kind. They laughed at me a lot. <sup>The young are</sup> ~~what~~ <sup>what</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> asked me ~~what~~ <sup>my</sup> job was back ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> the States, <sup>I</sup> told them that I was a <sup>mail</sup> ~~mail~~ man. They appreciated this, ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> if I had told them that I was a recent College graduate, they would have been less friendly, I am sure. Jovellanes hove into view along about eleven-thirty. It was another of those little towns along the way, unimportant, dirty, dusty. retarded in development. My crew rolled up to a curb in front of a cafe and we all hauled out for some coffee and milk -- at the big brothers expense. Again he refused to let me pay. Other trucking crews came up while we were there, all seeming to know each other and none paying me hardly more than a casual glance. I sure looked like something. My beard was of a nice, easily noticeable length; my clothes were begrimed; my face was a delightful brown.

I believe I ate twice while we loitered there. The Cuban truckers laughed and talked and passed the time of the day. They were a tough looking bunch. Anyone of them could have passed as a ~~knife~~ ~~carrier~~ ~~or~~ ~~as~~ ~~more-than-an-ametuck~~ ~~slug~~. but they were happy and ~~took~~ ~~carried~~ on more like a bunch of kids than anything else.

They do not live very healthy lives as far as cleanliness <sup>goes</sup> ~~went~~. ~~in~~

At the time they must have reminded me of the way animals live, for I wrote in my diary: "The truck crews are hard men, they ~~live~~ live like animals - some of them. They sleep on bags. Never bathe. Filthy. They seem happy, though." I recall that my own truck boss spread some bags on the back gate of his truck, layed down on them, pulled the canvas covering ~~xxxxx~~ that was used to protect his load from the rain over him and proceeded to sleep. The youngster and I went into the cabin of the truck, <sup>to warmth</sup> ~~to warmth~~, I thought. But that <sup>hope</sup> ~~dream~~ was soon banished by the driver opening wide the windshiled. I told him it was cold and that we would be better off with it closed. But he made me understand that he kept it open so that he would not fall to sleep. He was not any warmer than I was, but he needed that cold air ~~On~~ his face and ~~over his~~ body to keep him from slumbering and thus running up a pole or going in a ditch.

About an hour before dawn we stopped some where for something. I took the opportunity to stretch out on the front fender and sleep. This I did in real style, for I was tired and cramped. I do not ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxxxx~~ ~~xxxxx~~ remember how long we stayed there, but it was long enough that when we started agin I felt a little refreshed. I guess it must have been about 45 minutes all told. If you want to try a new kind of bed, try to front fender of a big truck. You can sleep in <sup>real</sup> style. Just prop your head against the side of the hood, let the fender support your back, ~~and~~ stretch your legs on the running board, and if you're tired,

you'll sleep like a log - maybe, I did.

When it was bright and a little warmer the truck and its crew of two and the passenger, me, rolled on toward Mantanzas. At this early hour all of us were in a mellow mood, and my friends proved it by offering to take me all the way to Habana. They were swell. All the time I was with them they did not allow me to <sup>pay</sup> ~~pay~~ a cent for anything -- and they are poor. "Not all of these people are kind. I guess it is a 50-50 proposition."

It is September 10th, my first Tenth away from Mike and our third Tenth all together. She is a swell girl. I <sup>wonder</sup> ~~wonder~~ if it will turn out as she said on that last night: "God will not let such a wonderful friendship end here." We are riding along. To quote directly from my diary: "My friends will take me to Habana if I desire. But I want to see Mantanzas. The entrance to this important city is a beautiful one. The road has palms on both sides. The Atlantic Ocean comes in in a 'cove-like' shape, and on one side of it are the houses and buildings of this very attractive ~~place~~ citadel. I bid my pals good-bye. They were OK. I believe the big reason I went across with them was because they could see I wanted nothing but the ride."

I walked up the main street of this fine city. To say that I looked like a bum would be putting it mildly. I had one long, long beard, a not to clean face, a sadly wrinkled shirt, and a much soiled pair of blue jeans. And you should have seen my pack, the newspaper covering

was torn in many places and it was so faded from the sun that it did not look like newspaper at all. And my hat! I have not mentioned that very often for the simple reason that I did not think to do so. It was very ~~big~~ high and big around and <sup>bleached from the sun</sup> ~~sunburnt~~. It sat on my dome in such a fashion that my face did not look ~~at~~ like my face at all.

I stopped at a prominent stand and purchased four bananas for the terrific amount of one cent. I ate them with relish and under the gaze of many, many inquiring eyes. After smacking my lips over the conclusion of this very pleasant repast, and feeling that there was still much of my stomach that was ~~still~~ unfilled, I walked into a very attractive store, which looked very much like one of the drug stores in the US, and ~~ordered~~ ordered the inevitable coffee and milk. This I digested, while several well dressed Cubans looked on. I am not exaggerating a bit when I say that people actually stopped and stared at me. I do not know that they were thinking, but I do know that there were no smiles of welcome on their pans.

I decided that, for my own good, I should make a change in the packs I was carrying. Their general delabated condition was winning me more frowns than I felt would do me good. I did not want some self important soldier to tell me to get out of town. I wanted to see this pretty place, and besides, I wanted to find a place to take a bath.

I swung my pack across my broad, though somewhat thinner, back, and marched toward the Atlantic ocean. I was bath bound and a sprightly whistle found its place <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ my wandering heart. ~~xxxx~~ On the way I had to pass one of those Cuban Guard houses. The soldiers -- negroes, mulattos, whites -- were loitering around, looking eagerly here and there to see if ~~there was~~ someone looking at them. How those babies like to show off. For some reason or other they did not molest me on the way down. I guess they figured that I could not do much damage to their ocean.

The ocean loomed wide and big and clean as I reached the top of a small hill. How glad I was to see that wide expanse of inviting blue. I guess I must have reeked with several unpleasant odors. Anyway, relief was in sight, and I hurried my already eager steps.

<sup>hastened</sup> I ~~hurried~~. When I reached an advantageous spot, <sup>on the beach</sup> one where I was comparatively free from staring eyes, I doffed my sweat stained clothes, keeping on my shorts, however, and dived into the waiting waters. How darned good that felt. I was a new man in less than a thrice. After this cleansing dive, I proceeded to wash my clothes. I had to do without the help of soap, but that did not daunt me in the least. I scrubbed and rubbed and dubbed those clothes until they were as clean as the day they were born. Then I hung them on two nearby row boats to dry. The sun very kindly attended to this necessity, while I swam hither and



yon, splashing much water in my wet joy. All during this I had a small audience. fortunatley that did not come <sup>so close</sup> ~~too close~~ that they could see through my almost transperent shorts. they kept ~~their~~ distance, maybe out of fear of what a clean American might do to them, or just beaguse they were afraid to come closer, ~~on general principles.~~

After a while I came out of the water and sat on the edge of my clothes dryer, allowing my nearly naked body to feel the never failing drying power of the sun. Soon all was in readiness and I ~~xxxxxxx~~ set out for the town. Eyes were following me on this trek inward. Inquiring eyes.

On my way back I had to pass through the Guard House and all its soldoers, I walked jauntily along, whistling a snappy American tune, happy in my newly ~~gained~~ cleanliness. When I was half through the soldiers hang-out, a blustering guard, black of color, bawled out that I should halt. I looked ~~at~~ the big black cuss and ~~xxxxxxx~~ kept right on going. Then that individual stepped foward and threw his rifle right under my nose and shouted that I was to stop and darned quick, too. I stopped. I believed he was trying to show off. But, whether he ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> or not he had the gun, and a man with a gun <sup>really</sup> always has the upper hand. I was relieved of bandying mutilated Spanish with this shining black by the tiemly hail of another of the guards, proably of higner rank than my dark accoster, as this latter did not try to

<sup>This guard is</sup>  
 detain me. ~~He is~~ white. I went to him. He climbed off his chair and asked me a lot of questions. I told him I had been taking a bath in the ocean and, right at the present, I was on my way to see the American Consul in Mantanza. I lied this last, as I wanted to give him the idea that, even though I was in his country, I was not without some protection. "I get by." They just try to act and look important. They are a dumb lot."

I ~~walked~~ looked around for the railroad tracks and after quite a search I managed to locate <sup>them</sup> ~~it~~. I had the idea that I might spend the night there and, as was my usual practice, I set out early to find a place to hang my maza. Of course, it was still very early in the day but I thought, <sup>that</sup> if I could pick out a place now I would not have to worry about that important matter for the rest of the day. So I looked for the tracks, found them, but failed to <sup>discover</sup> ~~find~~ a decent place to sleep for the night. So I walked toward .

I noticed that the people continued to look at me, unfavorably, I would say. This gave me the idea that it might help if I rid myself of my delabated packs and get something more decently appearing in which to carry my necessities. This proved to be a problem, however.

The storekeepers, while very kind, had great difficulty in understanding what it was I wanted to buy.

Place after place I had to leave, defeated, either because ~~they~~ could not understand me or because they did not have what I wanted. Then, for about the ten millionth time on this trip, fortune smiled on me. A little Cuban boy happened to notice my discomforture <sup>at</sup> ~~is~~ being my ~~attempts~~ <sup>inability</sup> to be understood and told me that right around the corner, in a store, there was an American ~~and that maybe he~~ <sup>who</sup> could be of help. I gladly followed the boy, and he finally pointed out ~~to me~~ the American of whom he had spoken. I do not remember whether or not I awarded the youngster from my slim bank account, but <sup>to me</sup> certainly hope I did, for he deserved it.

The American very kindly wrote on a piece of paper the word "basket", and, armed with this written interpreter, I once more stormed a corner grocery store. Success. I bought a good basket, tore the paper from around my clothes, placed them in my newly acquired carrier, and walked up the main street of the town, feeling, because of such a slight, though important, change, very much the gentleman. Staring eyes followed me ~~even~~ now, but I felt better and did not give a particular hang. For one reason, I was ready to leave the town. Did not I have my bath? did I not fail to find a quiet abiding place for the night? was not Habana almost under my very nose? Yes, yea, and yep.

So I set out for Habana.

The road leading in that direction is <sup>a ~~hill~~</sup> ~~hill~~. " The hill is steep and the sun is hot. At the top of this hill is a beautiful stone building called the 'Instituto De Homicultura'. Across from it is a lovely stone plaza, with benches flowers, trees, and a stone monument. I walk out on it and, standing on its edge, I can see the attractive city of Mantanza on the plain below. It is indeed a magnificent sight. The ocean and the city <sup>make</sup> ~~give~~ a memorial picture. Most of the houses seem to be on a plain, but I know the height from which I am looking deceives the eye; for ~~the city~~ many of the houses are on inclines. These native abodes are white, their background is ~~blue~~ green and bordering it on one side is the Atlantic Ocean. On the other side of the cove in which the ocean comes there is the green beauty that is Cuba's. ~~A~~ picture I have not forgotten to this day, nearly two years later.

I start walking. The sun is coming down like ninety and I am sweating like seventy. The road ~~is~~ hilly and the going is slow. Leaving Mantanza is one of the prettiest parts of the whole trip. The ground is in hills and the trees seem different. "I look back and see Mantanza, with its houses looking like small sun-dried skeletons in the distance. " I resolutely turn my tired, damp head in the direction of

~~to go and~~

Habana. I have a long distance to go and I am beginning to feel the effects of no sleep the night before. My legs <sup>did</sup> not <sup>feel</sup> so tired, but my head <sup>felt</sup> like it was ready to lie down anywhere and <sup>sleep</sup> ~~sleep~~ the clock a round. Every once in a while I stop and ask some chance road-side resident if he will give me a drink of water. All obliged and, after ~~xxxxxx~~ <sup>giving</sup> me the once over five or six times, even offered to fill my glass a second time. Once I passed a country school and saw the little Cubans, future revolutionists, getting their reading, writing and arithmetic.

The trucks that pass <sup>ed</sup> me on the road did not deign to halt long enough for me to grab a ride. They think, as I said before, that ~~anyone~~ <sup>anyone</sup> who is ambitious enough to hitch-hike in that hot country is very apt to be unbalanced mentally. So I walk and walk. Soon I have knocked <sup>off</sup> the tiring distance <sup>of</sup> 16km. Oh, for a place to lay my tired head. A hay loft would do, or even a nice brick pavement. When it starts to rain. Rain! That is one thing I have always tried to keep ahead of. It brings no pleasant anticipations to me. Wet! That is no fun, you can bet.

A slow truck looms in the distance. It's blunt nose is <sup>dragging</sup> ~~heaving~~ the rest of its huge bulk up a steep incline. Its pace is a slow one. The crew pass me by. but I decide that I have got to watch out for myself, so I jump aboard after the bulldog ~~nosed~~ <sup>nosed</sup> thing passes me

by. The crew are unaware of my stowing away. They ride blithely, thought slowly, on.

My wheeled vessel is <sup>loaded</sup> bags of corn, a very lucky think for me, & as they can easily be made into a comfortable couch. This I do and proceed to enjoy the ride. I have no idea what the crew will say when they discover they have a passenger, but I cannot worry about that. I am too tired -- and comfortable, now.

Then, it happened. The crew stopped. I must have been somewhere on the border of dreamland, for I failed to make a quick exit, and was caught red-handed. I sat in a springing position. I knew that most ~~anything~~ <sup>anything</sup> could happen. But the unexpected took place. The truck driver smiled and asked me if I had a match. I breathed for the first time in about thirty seconds and handed him the small box of waxed matches I kept in my shirt pocket. He offered me a cigarette in return. I refused, of course, and he proceeded to try match after match; all of them refusing to even sputter. Finally, he gave up in disgust. I had to laugh. The matches were so wet from the sweat of my body that they failed to ignite.

In a little while the truck moved on and I set about making myself comfortable. I ~~carefully~~ moved a couple of the bags an inch or two, ~~and~~ covered myself with a few ~~bags~~ empty bags, for it was getting ~~cold~~

cold, and settled in a comfortable position. It rains. I am warm and comfortable, though, and I let it rain. Then the elements change their mind and the sun <sup>comes out to go</sup> goes down in a most beautiful sunset. The ride is a glorious one. The sun is closing another day, the palm trees are adding ~~the~~ to the beauty, the lovely foliage does its part to contribute to the ~~beauty~~ scene. The moon, still young, and pale by the ~~fading~~ sinking sun, <sup>takes its place in the clear sky,</sup> "One more day and the moon will be full. Beautiful. I am ~~sl~~ <sup>sleepy</sup> no sleep the night before. The ride is a great one. I look up so that I can see the receding mountains basking in the sunlight. Cold. Wrap up in the empty bags. Dark. Moon is bright. No sign of rain. Lovely. And so, with my thoughts on the beautiful, and wrapped in two corn bags, I fall sound to sleep on my last ride to Habana. ~~xxxxxx~~

To the casual reader, this would seem a very humble entrance into the city that had been my goal for ten long days. It would seem that I should have done something to make my last ride a more pretentious one, something grand, something out of the ordinary. But I would not have changed ~~it~~ it. I was comfortable, dry, warm and happy. ~~xxxx~~ This ignoble entrance symbolized my whole trip and it was fitting that I ~~sh~~ should hail Habana in this fashion. Suppose I had been riding in a big car. That would have been too much. In the first place I would not have deserved such luck. On the other hand, I would not have had the peace and quiet that ~~I did~~. *enjoyed on the back of my*

*Truck.*