

With the Coffee Delegation in Brazil

Being a Brief Report of the Visit Paid to the Principal Cities and Some of the Leading Coffee Districts by the Eighteen Delegates Invited to Make the Tour as Guests of the National Coffee Department

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The Lynx-Eyed Reporter

WHEN the editor told me to slip into his suitcase and go along as reporter for the doings of the group of coffee men invited to visit Brazil as guests of the National Coffee Department, I was delighted to accept the nomination. I just love a parade!

MEMBERS OF THE DELEGATION

There were eighteen in the party that sailed away from New York that hot 21st day of July, 1934, on the "American Legion," and included were men from all branches of the trade and all sections of the country, as witness the roster: Mr. Herbert Delafield, chairman, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. James S. Carson, New York; Mr. D. B. Foster, Boston; Mr. Berent Friele, New York; Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Fromm, New York; Mr. W. H. Hickerson, New Orleans; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Joannes, Los Angeles; Mr. R. V. McKay, Omaha; Mr. Paul Nortz, New York; Mr. J. M. O'Connor, New York; Mr. G. M. Skinker, Denver; Mr. and Mrs. Traver Smith, New York; Mr. George Thierbach, San Francisco; Mr. William H. Ukers, New York; Mr. George Westfeldt, New Orleans; Mr. W. F. Williamson, New York; and Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Yonker, Washington.

Soon after sailing, Mrs. David S. Green, wife of the former U. S. Trade Commissioner at São Paulo, who was on board, was invited to join the party in an unofficial hostess capacity, a position which she filled with grace and distinction, because of her knowledge of Portuguese and of the Brazil character, and her eagerness to promote a better understanding between the delegates and their hosts. She accompanied the party on all its up-country tours and was an ever present first aid in many linguistic troubles, being particularly helpful to the ladies of the party in their shopping expeditions.

EN ROUTE TO RIO

Soon after embarking on the good old "American Legion," the keynote of the delegation was happily touched off by Mr. Hickerson of New Orleans, who invited the delegates to join with him in singing the following choice bit of doggerel set to the tune of "Ioway":

For we're on our way, on our way,
We will get a thrill, down in old Brazil;
For we're on our way, on our way,
That's where the coffee grows!

Space does not permit of a detailed report of all the activities en route to Rio. I may only touch upon the high spots. First, however, let me say, looking in retrospect as I write this back in New York, there was not a single untoward incident, not one bit of unpleasantness that marred the journey to Brazil and home again. Everything was as happily as a marriage bell. A spirit of real camaraderie ruled the entire delegation and, whereas the several previous delegations that visited Brazil had some internal differences, all was pleasantness and peace with this one. Incidentally, it was the first delegation not to approach Brazil, hat in hand. Nothing of sycophancy marked the attitude of the 1934 delegation. Indeed, its only casualty was suffered by George Thierbach, whose trunk got lost in New York and, although rushed to him later by fast air mail transport, he never did get into it until leaving Rio on the return journey. Perhaps you think that made a difference to Mr. Thierbach, who has long enjoyed a reputation as "the glass of fashion and the mold of form" in his native San Francisco, but you are mistaken. He has a genius for invention and his *ensemble* the night of the costume ball was pronounced a sartorial triumph, even if it didn't win a prize.

Mr. R. V. McKay was chairman of the singing society which gave a good account of itself upon the slightest provocation. In addition to the old favorites, Mr. McKay and his helpers taught us several new ones, including "I'm a Little Prairie Flower," the "Caviar" song, "I ain't a-going to do it," "We are, we are the Fireman's Band," "Mamma Don't Want No Peas, No Rice, No Coconut Oil," "Bell Bottom Trousers," and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze."

It was a bit of quiet humor to make Mr. Joannes chairman of the cocktail committee, for Mrs. Joannes will tell you, *sotto voce*, that what Mr. Joannes doesn't know about cocktails will fill a large size Rotarian note book. Mr. Joannes was