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THE YURACARÉ INDIANS OF EASTERN BOLIVIA*

By LEO E. MILLER

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While we were at Todos Santos in August, 1915, there appeared one day the Indian guides that Padre Fulgencio had promised to send to conduct us to his mission kingdom among the Yuracarés; we thereupon packed into canoes such of our equipment as was necessary for the trip and started across the brown water of the Chaparé. On the other side of the river there was no clearing; the trees grew down to the water's edge; and the moment the canoes were left behind we plunged into the perpetual gloom of the forest. An indistinct trail led into the heart of the jungle. The Indians adjusted our belongings on their backs, securing them with broad strips of bark placed across the forehead; then they set out at a good pace. A number of women and children carrying boiled yucas and plantains trudged along in the rear of the procession.

There was not much undergrowth, but the ground, from which there is little evaporation on account of the dense canopy overhead, was very muddy. Every few rods we came to a deep streamlet which had to be crossed on the trunks of fallen trees; some of these slimy bridges were sixty feet long and almost impassable to us, but the Indians strode across as unconcernedly as geckos. Half-way to the mission the Indians stopped for lunch and a short rest, and by noon we reached the edge of the clearing, having covered a distance of twelve miles. After a tramp of half a mile through weedy fields of maize and yucas, we reached the mission buildings—a few dozen low grass huts clustering around an open square. At one end rose two structures of large size which served as the church and general meeting place. Near the center of the clearing a stately cross had been erected, hewn from the heart of a giant *ceiba*.

The priest was delighted to see us and spared no effort to make us comfortable. We were soon installed in a room of one of the buildings which served as a boys' dormitory, and a short time later started out to inspect our surroundings. At first the Indians were reticent and would peer at us from a distance; this was true particularly of the children, but as the days wore on we made friends with them, and from both the people and the priest we learned a great deal about their history and habits. The name Yuracaré, according to d'Orbigny, was given to them by the Quechuas, and means "white man"; this name is not especially appropriate, as they are of a

* This is the second of two articles by Mr. Miller, of which the first, "Across the Bolivian Highlands from Cochabamba to the Chaparé," appeared in the October number of the *Review* (Vol. 4, 1917, pp. 267-283).

decided brown color, although perhaps averaging lighter than the Quechuas; they were first discovered by Viedma in 1768.

At the present time, at least, the Yuracarés are a people of the hot, humid lowlands. Those who have not been captured and brought to the missions, or who escaped the unenviable fate of having been taken from their forest home by private "slaving expeditions," live along the smaller branches of the streams which eventually find their way into the Mamoré; this includes particularly the Chaparé, Chimoré, Ichilo, and Isiboro.

There were about four hundred Indians residing at the mission. Although attempts have been made intermittently for more than a hundred years to civilize these people, there were long intervals when the work had to be abandoned, and the families returned to their homes in the wilderness. Nearly all of the present aggregation have been brought together during the last few years. Newcomers are added to their number frequently. The priest, learning of other families far up some unmapped *quebrada* or streamlet, takes a few of the men who have learned to place confidence in him and whom he trusts, and starts forth on a long canoe voyage in search of them. The party approach the hidden dwelling suddenly, surround it, and persuade the occupants to accompany them immediately, giving them only an hour or two in which to collect their few belongings. Occasionally the Indians that are sought for learn of the approach of the emissaries, hide before their arrival, and render the long trip of no avail. When the expedition is successful and the families have departed to the waiting canoes, their huts are burned and the plantations destroyed. Knowing that neither home nor food have been left behind, they are not so apt to run away from their new quarters and go back to their old dwelling places.

The Yuracarés are a tall, well-built people of a rather docile disposition; however, the older generation never becomes wholly reconciled to the new mode of life and remains at the mission only for reasons which I will mention later. In their wild state they live in small, family parties, obtaining their subsistence from the forest, which abounds in game, and from their fields of yucas. Their native costume is a long, shirtlike garment (*tipoy*) made from the fibrous bark of a tree. At the mission, this has largely been replaced by cotton clothes. Each family has been provided with a separate hut of adequate size, where the parents and very small children live. The boys and girls over five or six years of age are under the constant supervision of the priest and attend his classes; at night they sleep in separate, locked dormitories, which prevents their returning to their homes, and also keeps the parents from running away, as they will not leave without their children. Padre Fulgencio explained that this arrangement also keeps the children from observing and copying the customs of their elders. He recognizes the impossibility of reclaiming the forest-reared savage and devotes practically all his efforts to the younger generation.



FIG. 1.—Yuracaré Indians operating a home made cane mill.

The Indians marry at an early age, the boys at sixteen and the girls at fourteen. In their wild state each family rears four or five children; at the mission, never more than two, and frequently none at all. Should the first-born be a girl, she is permitted slowly to starve to death; the priest has inflicted severe punishment upon the parents in his efforts to break this custom, but so far all his work in this direction has been in vain.

So far as possible the Indians are discouraged in the celebration of their native festivals, but it frequently occurs that the entire populace appears with faces gaily decorated with black and blue dots, and all join in weird songs and dances the purpose of which remains a secret, as they cannot be induced to tell. They worship no divinity, being in this respect in a class almost by themselves.

Food at the mission is abundant. The clearing comprises several hundred acres and is planted in maize, rice, yucas, plantains, and sweet potatoes. Like most savages, these Indians have an intoxicating drink (*casiri*). It is made of the boiled root of the yuca. The women dig great quantities of the roots; peel and thoroughly cook them, after which a certain portion is chewed and expectorated into huge earthenware jars; the remainder is mashed and thrown in also, and water added. The following day fermentation has started and the greenish-yellow liquid is ready for use.

At the mission the Indians have learned the use of salt, and this fact perhaps as much as any induces them to remain, for, deprived of it, they cannot long exist. A small amount is given to each individual at stated periods, just enough to supply his wants until the time for the next distribution. There are instances on record where families have escaped and gone back to their nomadic life for eighteen months, then returned voluntarily to promise future obedience, so great was the craving for salt.

The rites attending the death and burial of a man are among the curious and persistent ceremonies of the Yuracarés. When the husband dies, the wife removes all her wearing apparel and casts herself upon his body, where she remains weeping and lamenting until the time of the funeral, which is a day or two later; all the women squat in a circle around the deceased, raise their voices in sorrowful wails, and recount his good qualities and heroic deeds. The men drink *casiri* and dig a deep hole in the ground; when the time for the burial arrives, the body is carefully deposited therein, together with all the possessions of the deceased, and the wife's clothing is placed on top, after which the earth is thrown in.

The weapons of this tribe consist entirely of bows, five or six feet long, made of *chonta* palm wood, and various kinds of arrows. The shaft of the arrow is always composed of slender bamboo, but the points vary greatly; for large game there is a long, double-edged blade of another variety of bamboo; slender, barbed points of *chonta* are used for birds; and a long, sharp spike of palm wood for fish. This tribe is wholly ignorant of the use of the deadly *curare* poison.

We were fortunate in timing our visit to the Chimoré for the dry season. Additions were being made to the already large areas under cultivation, and for this purpose the Indians were cutting down forest. They were required to work four days each week, the remaining three being devoted to fishing and hunting. All the men and boys participated in this work and seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. At first the undergrowth was removed; this naturally led to the discovery of many strange animals, all of which were promptly brought to us for examination. The number and variety of snakes was astonishing; even after having spent years in a similar type of country, I had never suspected that so many existed; which shows how inconspicuous they are until one actually goes over the ground with a comb, as it were. Green boas were captured, several species of the *fer-de-lance*, and many others which we did not recognize. Some of them were poisonous. Among them was one which, in appearance, closely resembled the green boa, but its attitude was defiant and even aggressive; examination showed that it possessed long fangs. One day several of the men came running into our room and shouted "*Pisisi*." We followed them to the clearing and found that they had discovered a huge bushmaster coiled under a log. They tried to drive the reptile out with long poles, but it refused to move; finally the priest pulled the enormous creature bodily from its hiding-place with the aid of a hooked stick; it was very sluggish and made no attempt to strike. After shooting it, we found that it measured nearly seven feet in length and five inches in diameter. The fangs, over an inch long, emitted about a tablespoonful of yellowish poison.

The bushmaster, called *surucucú* in Brazil, is truly terrible. It grows to a length of ten feet or more and attains a great thickness. The ground color is reddish yellow crossed by black bands, sometimes forming a series of X's along the back. It does not take kindly to captivity and dies of starvation after a few months of confinement. It is one of the few snakes which are supposed to incubate their eggs. After selecting a hole in the ground, or in a stump, the reptile lays a dozen or more eggs; then it coils up on top of them and does not leave the vicinity until they hatch; at such times it is very irritable and will strike with deadly results any creature that disturbs it. The poison acts rapidly, and I heard of a case where an Indian died in less than half an hour after having been bitten.

There were also small brown salamanders, and lizards with spiny backs that resembled horned toads. Perhaps the rarest catch of all was a splendid example of the curious cane rat (*Dactylomys*), an animal seldom encountered on account of its rarity and secretive habits. It resembles a large rat, being twenty-five inches long and of a dark gray color; the toes are divided into pairs in order to enable it to climb slender stalks easily, and instead of claws it has nails. The pupils of the eyes are elliptical, like a cat's; when annoyed it uttered a hoarse scream, a sound which we had occasionally heard at night, but had not recognized.



FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.

FIG. 2—Yuracaré ready to start on a day's work in the forest.

FIG. 3—Yuracaré women and children.

After the brush had been removed for the distance of a hundred yards or more from the edge of the clearing, the Indians began to cut down the trees; some of these were of enormous size, especially the *ceibas*; one that I measured was twenty-five feet through the base, counting the supporting, bracket-like roots, and fifteen men hacked at it at the same time. When the tree fell, they set up a wild cheering and took great delight in watching this monarch of the forest tumble to the ground.

Three days of each week were devoted to hunting and fishing. Usually the Indians went many miles away, in small parties, returning promptly at the expiration of their allotted time. The children rarely accompanied them, and then only after having obtained special permission from the priest. Upon their return they brought baskets of fish and meat—enough to last until their next journey into the wilds. Nearly all fish and game were taken with bow and arrow. To secure the fish, they selected a small creek up the shallow water of which huge shoals went to feed and then shot them. After they had obtained a sufficient supply, they erected a framework of sticks, built a fire under it, and slowly roasted and smoked the fish; later they packed them in baskets between layers of green leaves for taking home. They also brought numbers of freshly killed animals for our examination for, in accordance with his promise, Padre Fulgencio had announced from the pulpit that all creatures taken by the hunters were to be shown to us first, and we were permitted to select any that were of scientific value. In this manner a number of peccaries, monkeys, and pacas were added to the collection.

The curl-crested toucan (*Beauharnaisia*) is a bird of the Amazon Basin that is seldom seen by travelers, even though they are naturalists and are making every effort to learn something of its habits. Bates records having seen many during his eleven years of exploration, and on one occasion he was attacked by a flock after he had wounded one of them. We therefore considered it an unusual streak of good fortune to find a large flock inhabiting a section of the forest within several miles of the mission. They were wary, nervous creatures, and spent their time in the top of tall trees, from which one of our men succeeded in shooting several with arrows before the remainder took alarm and flew away; they never returned to the locality. The bird is black above, with yellow underparts barred with black; the feathers on top of the head are flattened and curled, resembling shining scales, and are drawn together to form a ridge. On the throat and breast the brilliant yellow feathers are tipped with glossy black dots resembling beads of jet. Unfortunately the birds were not nesting, but the Indians reported having found their two white eggs in cavities in the taller trees. Another bird rarely encountered is the giant frogmouth (*Nyctibius*) which, while not so rare perhaps as the curl-crested toucan, is seldom seen, as it is nocturnal in habit and spends the days squatting horizontally upon some thick branch, where it resembles a gray lichen or is altogether invisible.

When the time for domestic cares arrives, the bird lays a single white egg on the branch which has served as its perch, or at the junction of a limb and the tree-trunk, without making any sort of a nest. Doubtless many eggs roll off of such a precarious spot and are broken. This bird feeds upon; beetles and insects caught on the wing, and some observers say that it also catches small birds—a statement I am inclined to question. One specimen that we procured was twenty-two inches long, with an expanse of wings of thirty inches. The mouth when opened measured five inches from tip to tip of the bill and was three inches wide; but the esophagus was less than half an inch in diameter, which would prevent it from swallowing anything larger than a humming-bird.

The nights at the mission were always pleasant. The priest usually conducted a short service in the chapel, and then we sat on the veranda for an hour's chat, while the children romped and played before being sent to bed. Sometimes one of the boys brought out a queer drum; the ends were made of skin taken from the neck of a *jabirú* stork. He beat it in slow rhythm, swaying his head from side to side with each low thud. The girls placed their arms around each



FIG. 4.—Yuracaré hunters wearing the *tipoy*, a long shirtlike garment made from the fibrous bark of a tree.

other's waists, forming lines of threes, and shuffled forward three steps and back, swinging their bodies all the while; suddenly they would whirl around once, take hold of one another's hands, and then the long line swept around at such a rapid pace that the individuals at the ends invariably were sent sprawling some distance away. After tiring of this, or any other pastime upon which they were engaged, they lined up and said "*Buenas noches, Padre*" in chorus. Then they ran away to the sleeping quarters.

After we had been nearly two weeks at the mission, we accepted the priest's invitation to accompany him on a short trip down the Chimoré. Twenty young men and boys were selected as paddlers; they started early one morning taking all of our personal luggage with them; a large number of girls and women followed soon after, carrying baskets of plantains, yucas, and other provisions. The missionary, my companion, and I brought up

the rear, and encouraged along the few stragglers we met on the way, for the distance from the mission to the river is three miles through the virgin forest.

The Chimoré is of about the same width as the Chaparé, although the water is, in normal times, somewhat clearer. It rises far to the south, and is formed by the junction of the Blanco and Icona. Some distance below, it unites with the waters of the Ichilo, a mighty river which flows from the south through a solitary and unknown wilderness, and up which Padre Fulgencio had ascended a number of miles on a previous trip. In latitude $15^{\circ} 30' S.$ the Ichilo and Chaparé join and form the Rio Mamorecillo, which lower in its course is known as the Mamoré.

The meaning of Mamoré, which is a Yuracaré word, is "mother of the human race." The Yuracarés have a legend to the effect that, far away, at the source of the Sajta, which is the beginning of the farthest tributary of the mighty river, there are three rocks of pyramidal shape rising in terraces one above another, in the heart of which the stream has its source. In the beginning of things this mass of rocks gave birth to the first people, for which reason it is called "Mamoré." Later the name was also given to the river, because its water teeming with fish supplied them with food and offered an easy highway for the dissemination of the race.

Arrived at the point of embarkation, the men began to load the five canoes which were waiting, and the women built a fire and cooked luncheon. In a short time everything was ready and the canoes moved easily down stream. The paddlers were adepts at their work and, as a good deal of rivalry existed between the different crews, they kept up an almost continuous race, with the natural consequence that we made good time. The scenery along the Chimoré is exactly like that on the upper courses of the many rivers of tropical South America; there is the same monotony of yellow water highway, flanked by walls of deepest green. One thing that impresses the traveler as much as any other is the immensity of the silent, uninhabited areas; and also their comparative worthlessness. For days, and even weeks, one may enter deeper and deeper into the heart of the undefiled wilderness and see always the same dark forest, the hurrying, mysterious streams, and the rafts of low, threatening clouds; hear the annoying buzz and feel the poisonous sting of the insect swarms; and swelter in the humid, enervating climate. The greater part of this country can never be cultivated to any extent, as the annual floods cover it to a depth of many feet; there are few eminences safe from the inundations, and those few are of inconsiderable extent.

Our Indians were all well armed and frequently took long shots at some of the creatures which ventured to show themselves in the early mornings or just before dark. They were expert archers and even shot large birds on the wing as the flocks passed overhead. Occasionally an otter appeared, always a hundred yards or more away, swimming rapidly with only the head

showing above the water; these animals were favorite targets, and from my seat in the middle of the canoe I had an unobstructed view of the arrows in flight as they left the bow of the man in front; he did not aim at his prey but some distance above it. At the twang of the bow, the arrow sped into the air, ascending slightly at first, and then dropping as it approached the mark; it described a curve exactly like a bullet fired from a rifle and remained in a perfectly horizontal position during the entire flight.

When making camp on a sandbank, the Indians stick their bows and arrows in the ground, near the shelters; this prevents their being stepped on and broken. In damp or rainy weather the arrows warp badly, but it is only a few minutes' work to heat them near a fire and bend them back into alignment.

Tropical rivers are noted for their treachery. We had a striking example of this on the Chimoré. Camp had been made on an extensive sandbank one day at noon, as we planned to spend a few hours hunting and fishing in the neighborhood. The sun shone brightly and there was nothing to indicate a change of conditions in any manner whatever; but scarcely had we unloaded the canoes and built a fire over which we intended to do the cooking, when we were startled by a dull roar that grew louder with each passing second; before we had time to gather our belongings and throw them into the canoes, a foam-capped, seething wall of water was upon us, sweeping down the river and carrying away everything in its path. As the wave dashed over the sandbank, the imprisoned air shot up from the great cracks and rents in the sun-baked earth, and set the raging mass of muddy water a-hissing and a-boiling. In a few minutes there were only the higher mounds of sand projecting above the roaring current, and against them hungry tongues of water lapped greedily until their bases were undermined and the whole mass crumbled and disappeared in the seething flood. Where our peaceful camp had stood but a few minutes before, there was now a sea of agitated water. After this, the water was so muddy that it was unfit for use without special preparation.

Animals were not abundant on the river banks, although we saw a deer or a small flock of curassows at infrequent intervals. If we went into the forest a short distance, however, we were sure to find game in abundance. On one occasion the Indians demonstrated their skill at calling up monkeys. A large troop of cebus and squirrel-monkeys were feeding in the tree-tops, but for some reason the men did not give chase as they usually do; they concealed themselves in the thick, lower growth and whistled a few plaintive *kee-oo's* at frequent intervals. In a short time the animals began to evince a great deal of curiosity, and many of them descended to the lower branches; then the hunters shot a number before the band realized what had occurred and scampered away.

Large areas covered with an impenetrable cane jungle are scattered all along the borders of the Chimoré. The tall stalks rise to a height of fifty

feet or more and are beautiful to look at, but impossible to penetrate, until a trail has been cleared with hatchet or machete. The plant resembles the well-known sugar cane of our Southern States, but grows much taller, and the stems are thin and hard; a large, white plume crowns each stalk. This plant is of inestimable value to the natives. The long poles are used almost exclusively in constructing their dwellings, and the leaves make an im-



FIG. 5—Yuracaré boys at target practice. Arrows are shot into a small potato suspended from a tall pole.

pervious thatch. Practically every stalk is infested with large, white grubs which live in the pith; these grubs, called *chata* by the Yuracarés, are extracted and used as bait in fishing. Many small runways perforate the matted growth; these have been made by capybaras, agoutis, and numerous other animals; even tapirs seem to appreciate the protection afforded by the thick cover and resort to it in the daytime, while jaguars noiselessly steal along the paths in the course of their nightly forages. One night we had an excellent illustration of how useful the cane plant, or *chuchilla*, as the Indians call it, can be in an emergency. We had landed on a sandbank rather early in the evening, spurred to this action by rapidly approaching black clouds, flashes of lightning, and the rumbling of distant thunder which bespoke the ar-

arrival of a tropical rainstorm. At first it looked as if we should be compelled to endure a thorough drenching, but Padre Fulgencio issued a few orders to the canoe men and they hurried away to neighboring canebrakes, with machete in hand; soon they returned dragging an immense quantity of the plant; four of the strongest poles were firmly planted in the sand to form a square, about fifteen feet apart, and the tops bent over and tied together with strips of their leaves; these served as the cornerposts of a shelter. Other stalks were laid across the top to form rafters, and firmly tied; the men then piled many more on top, binding each one to the rafters, until a complete hut had been built; although the height of the roof was fully eight feet, the ragged edges came down to the ground, entirely

enclosing the sides and forming a snug retreat against which the elements raged in impotent fury. After the first deluge subsided, other and smaller shelters were built; the Indians enjoyed the experience thoroughly; they threw aside all clothing, built fires over which fish and game were placed to roast, and squatted around the embers in a circle; doubtless indulging in pleasant reminiscences of the days before civilization with its restricting influences had come into their care-free existence.

Early next morning we were awakened by the reverberating howls of monkeys. The Indians rushed in a body from their shelters and, snatching up bows and arrows, ran in pursuit. A troop of red howlers had come to the *chuchilla* near our shelter; we could see none of the animals, but the tops of the canes waving as if agitated by a violent gust of wind told us of their whereabouts. Soon we heard shouts, and then the twang of bows, and the snarl of arrows as they ripped through the flesh of the luckless victims. This continued until the creatures disappeared in the interior of the dense jungle, and then the hunters returned dragging their quarry after them. We were eager to continue on our way, but in view of the efficient and willing service rendered by the men the night before, it was decided to wait a few hours and permit them to have a feast. A huge fire was built, and the monkeys, after having been skinned and washed, were set on spits to roast; the Indians crowded around, sang and shouted, and tore off and ate chunks of the half-roasted flesh; in a short time our orderly Yuracarés had returned to the realms of savagery, and were indulging in a performance such as I had repeatedly seen among the wild Nhambiquaras of Matto Grosso.

Lower down we saw numerous islands, some of large size and of a peculiar formation. The river, which had risen so rapidly a few days before, had gone down to its normal level and left these obstructions in the channel exposed high above the surface. A matted mass of logs and branches, of which a layer fifteen feet thick protruded above the water, formed the bases of the islands; on this, soil had gathered to a depth of five or six feet, and supported a luxuriant growth of vegetation. These islands are composed of deposits of driftwood which are left stranded on sandbanks during the season of high water, and while the edges are torn and jagged, the force of succeeding floods seems to be of insufficient strength to wash them entirely away. As we paddled along quietly near the banks the priest or the Indians pointed out many interesting and curious plants. One of these is the *palo santo*, or holy tree; it grows to a great height, but the trunk is comparatively slender. The peculiar name is derived from the fact that it is as carefully guarded as any sacred object should be, but in this instance by myriads of fire ants which live in the hollow interior of the trunk. If the tree is struck sharply with a stick, the ants pour out in endless files through minute openings; they are vicious insects, and the bite smarts and burns many hours after it is inflicted. The *tacuara*, a species of tall,

feathery bamboo, is another interesting plant of this region. When the stalk is cut down the leaves shrivel and dry within a few minutes. Large numbers of edible palms grew throughout the forest. The beautiful plume-shaped leaves droop in a great umbrella-like mass from the top of a column sixty or seventy feet high; thick clumps of straight, tough roots branch out eight or ten feet above the ground and form a solid support to the stem. A delicious salad is made from the tender leaves, folded up in the bud; or, if they are boiled, the flavor is similar to that of asparagus. To secure the bud it is of course necessary to cut down a tree, which has taken the greater part of a century to mature; but in a region where many millions of them are growing, the traveler is not inclined to be sentimental and only bemoans the necessity of an hour's hard chopping through the steel-like trunk before the coveted morsel is brought down.

The country between the Guapay and the Ichilo is probably as little known as any part of South America. This strip of land, covering approximately five thousand square miles, is heavily forested, and is the home of a tribe of savages known as the Sirionós. Judging from the accounts given to us by our canoe men and the priest, they must be a terrible and indomitable race. The Yuracarés fear them greatly, and, as we neared the Ichilo, they preferred to keep the canoes in the center of the river and seemed reluctant to land; if they shot at an animal and the arrow missed its mark and dropped in the forest, they did not go in search of it; a half day of careful work is needed to make an arrow, and, as a general rule, Indians are very careful to hunt for any they may lose; but in this instance, they preferred the loss of the arrows to risking their skins in the dense cover. Four of the Yuracarés at the mission, one a girl of twelve years, bore unsightly scars—the result of having been ambushed by parties of the Sirionó tribe; I was also told that occasionally some of the Yuracarés are killed by them. The Sirionós seem to have no permanent homes and cultivate the ground to a very limited extent, if at all. They are a tribe of wanderers and roam the forest in small parties, killing game for food. In appearance and stature they are not unlike the Guarayos, but in temperament they are totally different and have successfully resisted every attempt made to subdue them. Their weapons are bows and arrows; the former of great height and so powerful that they cannot be drawn with the arms alone. In order to shoot, the Indian throws himself on his back, grasps the bow with the feet and draws the cord with both hands; the arrows, of which the priest had collected a number, are seven or eight feet long and made of wild cane or *chuchilla*. Apparently the Sirionós are unacquainted with the use of poison.

Probably the Guarayos suffer more at the hands of the Sirionós than the Yuracarés, because the former two tribes come in contact more frequently. Padre Wolfgang, in charge of one of the missions of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, was on one occasion attacked and several of his men were captured; a few



FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

FIG. 6—A Yuracaré dwelling.

FIG. 7—A corner of the Franciscan mission on the Chimoré.

days later he found them nailed to trees with numerous long thorns. On another occasion he surprised a party of Sirionós and succeeded in capturing seven; these he took back to the mission, but they proved to be intractable. He found it necessary to tie them to posts in order to prevent them from escaping; they steadily refused food and water, and after a few days four sullenly died of starvation. The priest took pity on the remaining three and released them.

After five pleasant days on the Chimoré crowded with interesting and unusual experiences, we returned to the mission and spent a few days there packing the valuable zoological collections. We then set out to go back to our base on the Chaparé, deciding to proceed by way of the Coni, a small stream emptying into the Chaparé, a few miles above Todos Santos. We followed a path through the forest for a distance of three miles, arriving at a large clearing which was planted in sugar cane. We were greatly surprised to find that the owner was a Quechua, who had deserted his home in one of the high valleys near Cuchicancha and had come to live in the hot tropics. He had constructed a crude wooden mill for expressing the juice from the cane stalks, erected a still, and was making alcohol. We had gone to the mission with the intention of remaining a week, and with many misgivings as to the outcome of our visit; but the good missionary had proved to be a most kind-hearted and generous man, and more than three weeks had flown by before the many imperative duties ahead forced us to return reluctantly to the port.

Padre Fulgencio walked to the Coni with us and supplied men and canoes for the six hours' journey to Todos Santos. His regret at our departure was as genuine as our own, and I look forward with pleasure to another and longer visit to the mission and the boundless country of the upper Chimoré.