

a glimpse of a developing nation

The new Government has also brought education within the reach of every school-age

child by building several thousand new classrooms. Agrarian reform is being

widely promoted although critics of the plan still insist that it will seriously impair

efficiency and lower production.

Increased emphasis is being

placed on Chile's unexploited sea, timber and mineral resources. In the area of foreign relations president Frei has consistently advocated a complete reworking of the LAFTA constitution, the Treaty of Montevideo.

He has appealed to other Latin American leaders for the formation of a supranational organ to give the required leadership for economic integration and perhaps an eventual political integration.

The next several years will indicate whether Latin America's first Christian Democrat Government has been successful in providing a workable alternative to either Castroite Communism or the traditional Latin American dictatorship.



...a close-up view of life, Chilean style

By JANICE KOTASH

Thirty-six Canadian students and five professors flew 7,000 miles to get a close-up view of life, Chilean style.

There was no band at the airport in Santiago de Chile, the capital, but there were friendly students and welcomes, albeit in Spanish. There were also warnings that foreigners who changed their money on the black market, thriving as it is, soon got unceremoniously dumped in jail.

The World University Service committee of Chile, co-directors of the seminar along with WUS of Canada, was on hand to give us our introduction to Chilean Spanish—blurry, rapid, incomprehensible to many of our 10-easy-lessons-trained ears.

The 16th International Seminar had begun.

An orientation program in Mexico had eased us gently into Latin America, into the little and the bigger things that make up a different way of life.

Mexicans have supper at 8 p.m., Chileans at 9 p.m. or 9:30 p.m.

Mexican Spanish is much more distinct than Chilean, giving us a chance to practise our "donde esta el bano?"'s in easier surroundings. And Mexico is well along the road to progress compared to some of the South American nations, a fact we began to appreciate in retrospect.

The decisive liberal revolution of 1911—the revolution to the Mexicans, the others don't really count—was the theme of many discussions at the Mexican orientation.

During the five weeks in Chile—some of the time spent together in Santiago, some in smaller groups scattered throughout the long, spiny country—we had a rarely-given chance to study Chile in depth, to meet some of its prominent people and visit informally with others.

On the surface, life flows smoothly and easily in Chile, and in comparison with Bolivia, for example, its problems are not insurmountable.

But, earthquake damage was evident in many places, particularly in Valparaiso, Chile's major port and second city, where many buildings damaged or destroyed by the severe tremor in late 1964 have been left unattended because of the lack of money to rebuild.

A children's hospital in Vina del Mar, a resort city adjoining Valparaiso, was almost destroyed by the earthquake.

But it is still functioning, run by the Roman Catholic church, because it is so desperately needed.

No immediate solution to the financial problem of rebuilding is evident, so the sisters are continuing on a much smaller scale than usual—in rather permanent temporary conditions.

The little things seemed big to us at first, but at the end of our stay we were accustomed to the relics that ran as taxis, the high cost of orange juice, the lack of kleenex.

We looked for the Latin American character, the type of personality described so often in tourist pamphlets—flamboyant, emotional, unconscious of time units—we were still looking when we left.

We did encounter attitudes and actions which seemed foreign to us, but we weren't sure whether these were part of the Latin American character.

Our hosts showed us through new housing developments for teachers and workers, developments which shifted population from the congested areas of Santiago and the slums.

The Chileans are justifiably proud of these new areas. But after a few years, most are shabby and appear worn-out; we wonder-

ed what a "10-years-after" picture would show.

In Arica, a desert city on Chile's north coast which has its water supply piped across the country from the Andes, there is no control or rationing of the water.

Our hotel filled its pool for us; we later learned that some of Arica's slum districts live without water. But there are now laws to even out this situation.

After the Santiago sessions, the group split in two to travel through the north and meet in Arica.

We left Santiago's winter behind and found the sun again in the desert; we also found some fascinating archeological specimens in museums and pre-Inca sites in the desert.

Thousands of stone chips, rows of mummies, rooms of skulls, arms, and the odd foot made interesting studying.

Post-seminar travel was on an individual basis; we were turned loose in Arica to work our way to Lima where our return tickets were waiting.

Then we really began to meet South America on its own terms, without the protection of group arrangements and WUS executives making reservations and handing out the money.

We met and travelled with other students, who, like ourselves, were fighting the bedbugs, killing cockroaches and planning in advance what night the budget could stand a more expensive hotel with hot water and a shower.

We frequently travelled with Peace Corps workers.

Some seemed to be doing work of a questionable value (setting up a museum and teaching English in an isolated Indian village of Bolivia).

One worker startled us with his description of a fight between Venezuelan government troops and a rebel group that caught some of his fellow corpsmen in crossfire.

The shouts of Cuerpo de Paz! and the markings on the jeep were ignored; one of the workers, mistaken for a rebel, was killed, another injured.

Our trip to Bolivia and Peru brought us to areas packed with Inca ruins where a fascinating feeling for the past penetrates the lives of the people today.

We anxiously counted the days until our visits to Machu Picchu, the Lost City of the Incas, in southern Peru; then, in La Paz, the Bolivians gleefully told us of the Peruvian rail strike that cut off all access to the mountain-top ruins.

But we determinedly sat out the strike in Bolivia, and a week or so later were on our way to the highlight of our visit to Peru.

Machu Picchu, an Inca sanctuary, is clouded in mystery—never discovered by the Spanish, it remained lost in the jungles of the Machu Picchu mountain until 1914, when Hiram Bingham, an American explorer, was quite accidentally led there by two Indians living in the area.

But the experts cannot agree as to what, exactly, Bingham discovered.

It may be Vicabamba, the last Inca retreat where the remnants of the great empire died out; or Vilcabamba may still be out there, somewhere, in the wild Peruvian jungles and mountains, waiting for another Bingham.

Fog hovered around the ruins the afternoon we arrived—after waiting until the bulk of the tourists left, four or five of us had the sanctuary to ourselves, to crawl over terrace walls, stealthily poke around the royal mausoleum, and pay reverence to the stone where the priests "tied the sun" at equinox.

There is so much more to see down there, three months couldn't do it all. Argentina and Brazil, and the rest of the continent, is waiting for the next time around.

