

In Bolivia, much the same situation prevails. Only one government in recent years has taken any interest in the Indians, that of Major Villarroel from 1943 to 1946. All attempts by the Indians themselves to organize and aid their own cause have been ruthlessly suppressed.

The next half century should be as fruitful as has been the last in bringing improvements in the conditions of the Latin-American Indians. The burst of energy in all fields — economic, artistic, political — which has accompanied the Mexican Revolution may be expected to be repeated in other Indian countries as soon as the hard shell which has encrusted them during four and a half centuries of oppression is finally cracked. The Indians of Mexico, of Guatemala, of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia are, after all, descendants of those who built the once-glorious civilizations of Nahuatl, Chichen-Itza and Coban, of Cuzco, Quito and Tehuanuco. If these sons of a glorious past can be aroused from their centuries-long lethargy, the traditions of a great culture should blend with the techniques of the present to evolve other cultures and nations which can take their places proudly in the family of nations.



By LANGSTON HUGHES

Vari-Colored Song

If I had a heart of gold,
As have some folks I know,
I'd up and sell my heart of gold
And head North with the dough.

But I don't have a heart of gold.
My heart's not even lead.
It's made of plain old Georgia clay.
That's why my heart is red.

I wonder why red clay's so red
And Georgia skies so blue.
I wonder why it's *yes* to me,
But *yes, sir, sir*, to you.

I wonder why the sky's so blue
And why the clay's so red;
Why down South is always *down*,
And never *up* instead.